

# MAYBE NOT



## Book Summary:

Roommates become lovers and work through a turbulent past together.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; and profanity.

**By Colleen Hoover**

ISBN: 978-1-5011-2571-3

**CONTENT WARNING**

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

**4**/5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>She's in the shower.            My shower.            She's probably taking off her shirt right now, tossing it on the floor, pulling her panties down over her hips.            I'm fucked.</p>
7	<p>Dammit, she's hot.            Why does she have to be hot?            And I know it was just a glimpse but...she shaves.            Everywhere.            ...A hot girl with a sick tan and hair so long and thick, it covers up her breasts when it's wet, and shit, shit, shit.</p>
8	<p>"Have you slept with her?"            ..."You have to be honest with me, because I think you might be in love with her and I need you to tell me you're not, because I think I might want to kiss her. And touch her. A lot. Like, everywhere."</p>
9	<p>"...And I just saw her naked and now I'm useless. Ruined. She's so damn perfect beneath all those clothes and..." I look up at him. "I just want to make sure I'm not stepping on any toes when I fantasize about her tonight."</p>
17	<p>"You're fucking her," I say.            "Stop it, already! I'm not fucking her."</p>
18	<p>I liked it better when I thought he was fucking her.</p>
19	<p>"I didn't. After Bridgette found out that her biological mother had an affair with our father, she found me and asked me to help her find him."</p>
23	<p>"We could if you would go back into doing porn films."            "It was one porn," Bridgette says defensively. "We needed the money. Besides, I was in it for all of three minutes, so will you please stop bringing it up."            Holy shit. Please say the name. I have to know the name of this porn.</p>
24	<p>I'm also a guy who's about to do some heavy research into the porn industry, because I have to find that movie. Have to. It's all I'm gonna be able to think about until I see it with my own eyes.</p>
25	<p>The last thing Brennan needs to know is that his possible sister was in a porn film. ...I spend the next fifteen minutes googling her name, looking for anything porn-related.            ...Most people spend as little time as possible in their work clothes, but Bridgette seems to like flaunting her ass in my face.</p>
26	<p>I pause at the bottom of the stairs and watch as her ass makes its way toward my car.            ...Bridgette laughs under her breath. "Yes, Warren. I love it. I love when disgusting men grab my ass night after night, and I especially love it when drunk guys think my boobs are an accessory and not an extension of my body."</p>
27	<p>After I make it home, the first thing I want to do is set timers on every single porn on pay-per-view. I spend the next few hours fast-forwarding through most of them, pausing it any time it lands on a girl that even remotely resembles her. I take into account that she may have been wearing a wig, so I can't rule women</p>

Page	Content
	<p>out simply based on their hair color.</p> <p>Ridge takes a seat next to me on the couch and I consider putting the TV on caption for him, but I don't. Let's be honest, pornos aren't known for their riveting story lines.</p> <p>Ridge elbows me to get my attention. "What's with this new fascination?" he asks, referring to the fact that I've done nothing today other than watch porn after porn.</p> <p>I don't want to be honest, so I just shrug. "I like porn."</p>
29	<p>Shit. Time flies when you're watching porn.</p>
31	<p>Under any other circumstance, I would be kissing her right now. My tongue would be as far into her mouth as I could get it, because fuck it's a nice mouth.</p>
32	<p>She wants me. She wants me to touch her, to kiss her, to carry her to my bed. I wonder if she's as mean in the bedroom as she is out of the bedroom.</p>
33	<p>I turn out my bedroom light and walk to my bed, trying to get the image of what almost just happened out of my head. After several minutes, I give up trying to fight it. I decide to use the thoughts of her to my advantage as I slip my hand into my boxers, thinking about those orange shorts. That mouth. The small gasp of breath she took when I leaned in toward her.</p> <p>I close my eyes and think about what could have happened if I wasn't so stubborn. If I would have just kissed her. I also think about the fact that she's just a few feet away, hopefully just as sexually frustrated as I am right now.</p>
34	<p>Shit.</p> <p>Now she's heading toward me with books in her hands.</p> <p>Shit.</p> <p>She's sitting on the couch. Next to me. In that thin tank top. Without a bra.</p> <p>...I force my eyes on the TV, still in search of whatever porn she was in. I could just ask her, but that's not a good idea. If she knows I know she was in a porn film, she'd probably do everything she could to make sure I never find out.</p>
35	<p>I wonder if Bridgette is loud during sex? Probably not. She's more likely stubborn, refusing to give up any of her sounds.</p> <p>...I eye her curiously. "How would you know? Are you a porn expert?"</p>
36	<p>"Yeah, well. You're addicted to porn."</p> <p>I laugh under my breath. "At least I wasn't in a porn."</p>
37	<p>"All you do is watch porn and stare at my ass. You're a lazy pervert."</p> <p>"All you do is flaunt your ass and fantasize about me kissing you."</p> <p>"All you do is watch porn and stare at my ass. You're a lazy pervert."</p> <p>"All you do is flaunt your ass and fantasize about me kissing you."</p> <p>"You're disgusting," she says. "As a matter of fact, watch the porn. I'm sure you'll need all the pointers you can get."</p> <p>Okay, that's low. She can insult my laziness, my finances, my new porn addiction, but she cannot insult my bedroom skills. Especially when she doesn't have firsthand experience. "I don't need pointers to please a woman, Bridgette. I was born with natural talent."</p> <p>...Somewhere between being called an asshole and this moment, I've become more turned on than I've ever been in my life.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...She licks her bottom lip, and I have to grip the couch cushion to keep myself from attacking that mouth.</p>
38	<p>My tongue forces through the barrier of her lips and she devours me in response. I kiss her hard, and she kisses me even harder. I'm pulling at a fistful of her hair while she scratches down my neck with her fingernail. Fuck, it hurts. She hurts. I want more.</p> <p>I'm hovering over her and then pressing myself against her, pulling her knee up so she can wrap it around my waist. Her hands are in my hair, and I don't want her to move out.</p>
39	<p>I think all the lies that were just passing through my head as my dick tried to convince me she was actually a decent person.</p> <p>..."You probably fuck like a limp noodle."</p> <p>"I fuck like I'm Thor."</p> <p>...She immediately stands up to walk to the kitchen, and I hate that I'm staring at her shirt. I can see her nipples poking through the thin fabric, and I want to point at her and say, "I did that! That's all me!"</p> <p>Instead, I close my eyes and try to think about whatever will stop my wanting to follow her into that kitchen and bend her over the counter.</p>
40	<p>I plug in the TV, because there isn't a doubt in my mind now. I have to find that porno, because after experiencing that kiss, I'm addicted.</p>
41	<p>And now, Ridge and Brennan are both still gone and she's at work and I've exhausted all the porn on pay-per-view. I can't keep track of how much porn I've watched in the past two weeks. It's ridiculous. How many could there possibly be?</p> <p>...She twenty-two now, so that's four years of porn films to sift through.</p> <p>..."Where the hell do you keep the alcohol?"</p> <p>...I stand up and walk over to the sink. I open the cabinet beneath it and take out the bottle of Pine-Sol. I don't even bother grabbing her a glass. She looks like the type who can take a good swig.</p>
42	<p>"Ridge thinks he's clever by hiding it in old cleaner bottles. He doesn't like it when I drink all his alcohol."</p> <p>She brings the bottle to her nose and winces. "Is whiskey the only thing you have?"</p> <p>I nod. She shruggs and brings the bottle to her lips, tilts her head back, and takes a long swig.</p> <p>She hands the bottle back to me as she wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. I take a sip from the bottle myself and then hand it back to her.</p>
43	<p>"Great parents, being lucky enough to have a job, loyal friends, sunny days, and roommates who starred in porn films."</p> <p>..."Is that why you watch so much porn? Because you're hoping to find out which one I was in?"</p> <p>..."It was a porn, Warren. I wasn't wearing a sweater."</p> <p>That means yes.</p> <p>"Did you have sex on camera?"</p> <p>She shakes her head. "No."</p> <p>"But you made out with a guy?"</p>

Page	Content
	<p>She shakes her head again. "Wasn't a guy." Holy fuck.</p>
44	<p>She should drink whiskey every day. "So you're telling me you made out with another girl? And it's documented somewhere? On film?" ...Her mouth is warm and responsive and when I part her lips with my tongue, she actually lets me. I don't know if it's the whiskey or her, but my heart is thrashing around in my chest like a caged beast. I slide my hands down her back until they meet her ass and I squeeze as I pick her up and set her back down on the bar. ...I bring my hands up to her cheeks and lean in again, taking her lips between mine.</p>
45	<p>"If I have sex with you, you have to promise you won't get clingy afterward." I laugh, but I don't move away from her neck. "If you have sex with me, Bridgette, you're the one in danger of becoming clingy. You'll want so much more of me, I won't be able to tell the difference between you and Saran Wrap." ..."Your laugh." I kiss her on the lips. "Fucking phenomenal," I whisper into her mouth. I lift her off the counter and keep her wrapped around me as I make my way across the living room. As soon as we're in my bedroom, I close the door and push her against it. I keep her pressed against the door with my body while I remove my shirt. I find the hem of her shirt and begin to pull it over her head. "I can't tell you how many times I've fantasized about this, Bridgette." She helps me pull her shirt over her head. "I haven't fantasized about it at all," she says. I smile. "Bullshit." I lift her again and carry her to the bed. As soon as I lay her on it and begin to crawl on top of her, she pushes my shoulders and shoves me onto my back. Her hands meet the button on my jeans and she undoes them. I attempt to take control again by pushing her onto her back, but she's not having it. She straddles me and places her hand on my biceps, pushing my arms against the bed. "I make the calls," she says. I don't argue. If she wants to be in charge, I'll absolutely let her. She sits up straight and brings her hands around to her back to undo her bra. I lift up and begin to reach around to assist her, but her hands are back on my arms in a flash. She pushes me to the mattress again. "What did I just say, Warren?" Holy shit. She's not kidding. I nod and focus my attention back to her bra as she lifts up and unfastens it. She slides the straps slowly down her arms and I can't keep my eyes off her. I want to touch her, to help her, to be the one to remove her bra, but she's not allowing me to do anything. My breath catches in my chest when she flings the bra away. My God, she's perfect. Her breasts are the perfect size, appearing as if they would fit right in the palms of my hands. But I wouldn't know, because I'm not allowed to touch them. Am I? I hesitantly lift my hands to feel the softness of her skin, but she immediately</p>

Page	Content
	<p>shoves my arms away from her, back to the bed.            God, it's torture. Her breasts are right here, inches from me, and I can't even touch them.            "Where are your condoms?"            I point to the nightstand on the opposite side of the bed. She slides off me and I watch her closely as she walks to my nightstand. She opens the drawer and sifts around until she finds one. She puts it between her teeth as she walks back toward the foot of the bed. She doesn't climb back on top of me. Instead, she hooks her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and begins to shimmy out of them.            I'm harder than I've ever been, and I can feel my pulse throbbing throughout my whole body. She needs to hurry the hell up and climb back on top of me. She leaves her panties on as she bends over and begins to pull my jeans the rest of the way off. She hooks her hands in my underwear and pulls them down as well, the condom wrapper still dangling between her teeth. Her hair is the perfect length, trailing lightly over my skin like feathers every time she leans over me. Once all my clothes are off, her eyes focus on the hardest part of me. A smile tugs at her lips and her eyes meet mine. She pulls the condom out of her mouth.            "Impressive," she says. "This definitely explains your inflated ego."            I take the insult with the compliment, because I already know Bridgette isn't the type to dish them out.            She straddles me again, still wearing her panties. She leans forward and presses her palms into my forearms. Her mouth meets mine, and her breasts press against my chest, causing me to groan. She feels incredible. So good. I'm worried now, because we haven't even had sex yet and I can already tell I'm ruined. I can feel her wetness through her panties she torturously slides up and down, up and down as slow as she possibly can. Her tongue is in my mouth, and I keep trying to grab the back of her head, grip her by the waist, but every time I move, she stops me.            ..."Open your mouth," she whispers into my ear. I do, and she places the condom wrapper between my teeth. bite down on it and she uses her own teeth to grip the other end of it as she pulls away from me, tearing the wrapper open between both our mouths.            Okay, that was hot.            So hot.            We should quit our jobs and do this full-time.            She pulls out the condom and sits straight up. She looks down and licks her lips as she slides the condom over me and I moan, because her hands are fuck. They're too much. I want them everywhere.            ...She lifts up higher on her knees and pulls her panties to the side, leaving them on as she begins to lower herself on top of me.            ...She winces slightly when she begins to take me inside of her, and I feel kind of bad that it hurts her. But not bad enough to stop myself from lifting my hips and sliding into her the rest of the way.            As soon as we're flush together, we moan in unison.            ...It's as if her body contours perfectly to mine, fitting every line, and curve and dip. Neither of us moves an inch while we fill the room with heavy gasps, giving</p>

Page	Content
	<p>ourselves a moment to adjust to the sheer perfection we just created.</p> <p>"Fuck," I whisper.</p> <p>"Okay," she replies.</p> <p>She begins to move, and I don't know what to do with myself. My hands want to hold her by the waist as she slides up and down, but I also know I'm not allowed to touch her. My eyes take her in as she continues her movements, her perfect, methodical, sweet movements.</p> <p>After several minutes of watching her on top of me with her eyes closed and her lips parted, I give up. I can't touch her. My hands grip her waist and she tries to pull them away but I just grip harder, lifting her when she rises and pulling her down when she falls. She gives up trying to fight me after seeing how much better my strength can make it feel.</p> <p>I want to hear her moan and I want to hear her fall apart on top of me, but she's holding it all back, just like I knew she would.</p> <p>I slide my hands up her back and pull her forward until our mouths meet. I keep one hand on the back of her head and one on her waist as she continues her rhythm on top of me.</p> <p>I curve my hand around her hip and slowly slide it over her stomach, until I'm touching her. I slide a finger between us, separating her, feeling her warmth and wetness surround me. She moans into my mouth and I begin to rub her, but she immediately stops moving. She grabs my wrist and pulls it away from her, slapping my arm against the mattress again.</p> <p>Her eyes open and focus firmly on mine as she slowly begins to move again. "Keep your hands on the mattress, Warren," she warns.</p> <p>Dammit, she's making this difficult. I need to feel her again, and when I'm done touching her, I want to taste her. I want the wetness and warmth all over my tongue.</p> <p>But first, I'll let her have her way. I close my eyes and stop trying to take control. I focus on her tightness, swallowing me up. I focus on the fact that each time her body meets mine, I'm as deep inside of her as I can possibly go.</p> <p>She leans forward and her breasts dance back and forth across my chest as she moves on top of me.</p> <p>...My legs begin to tense and my hands are searching for something to grip as I feel myself building. She can sense thrusts become faster and harder. I keep my eyes closed as my body begins to shake beneath her.</p> <p>I want to cuss and groan, and let her know how good this feels as I release inside of her, but I don't make a single noise. If I'm not allowed to touch her while I come, then she's not allowed to hear how much I fucking love every second of it. She continues to move over me as I quietly succumb to the tremors. When it's over, she comes to a stop on top of me. I open my eyes and look up at her and catch her smiling down at me. As soon as she realizes I'm looking at her, the smile is gone.</p> <p>I want her to collapse on my chest. I want to roll her onto her back and take her in my mouth until she's screaming my name out in ecstasy, rather than anger. Instead, she slowly slides off of me. She stands and turns toward the bathroom.</p> <p>"Goodnight, Warren."</p> <p>The door closes behind her and I'm lying here in complete confusion. I would be</p>

Page	Content
	<p>running after her right about now, but I'm still too weak to move. I give myself time to regroup, and then I remove the condom and toss it into the bathroom trash can on my way to her bedroom. I swing open the door just as she's crawling into her bed. As soon as her head meets her pillow, I'm on top of her, kissing her. As expected, she pushes me away.</p> <p>..."I'm not being clingy," I say, kissing my way down her neck. "We're not finished."</p>
52	<p>In all my years of experience with girls and even in all the recent porn I've been watching, this isn't how sex usually goes. People are selfish by nature and the fact that she doesn't even want me to get her off is confusing the hell out of me.</p> <p>..."We fucked, Warren. It's over, now go to sleep."</p> <p>I shake my head. "No, Bridgette. You fucked. You did all the work and you didn't even get to enjoy it. I don't understand why you won't let me touch you."</p> <p>..."Warren, it's fine. It was fun."</p> <p>...She doesn't like the other part? The part where she has an amazing, mind-blowing orgasm?</p> <p>..."Is this how sex always is with you? You have to be in complete control, to the point where you don't even allow someone to get you off?"</p> <p>..."I'm not discussing my sex life with you, Warren. Go back to your room."</p> <p>..."Are you telling me you've never had an orgasm during sex?"</p> <p>The covers fly off her head and she rolls onto her back. "It's never been an issue with anyone until you," she says angrily.</p> <p>...Rather than stand and walk back to my room like I know she wants me to do, I lift the cover and slide in behind her.</p> <p>...She practically growls at me. "Believe it or not, I'm perfectly happy with my sex life, and I don't need you to Oh, my God." She stops mid-rant as soon as I cup her between the legs.</p> <p>...She doesn't move, so I roll her onto her stomach and slide on top of her. I pin her arms beneath my hands, just like she did me earlier. "Please don't resist me," I whisper into her ear. "I want to be in control, and I want you to do what I say." I run my tongue across her ear and watch as chills break out on her neck.</p> <p>"Understood?"</p> <p>Her breaths are shallow, and she squeezes her eyes shut with her nod.</p> <p>"Thank you," I tell her. I kiss my way down her neck and shoulder, and then work my kisses slowly across her back. Her entire body is tense and knowing that she's never experienced an orgasm at the hands of another guy already has me hard again.</p> <p>I reach down to her thighs and spread her legs with my hand. She buries her face into her pillow and it makes me smile. She's never been this vulnerable with someone else, and she doesn't want to give me the pleasure of seeing how much she enjoys it.</p> <p>I keep my eyes focused on her anyway as I slowly push two fingers inside of her, waiting for her to moan into her pillow.</p> <p>She doesn't make a sound, so I pull them out and re-enter her with three fingers this time.</p> <p>I press my forehead into her pillow, right next to her face, and I wait for the sounds to escape.</p>



Page	Content
	<p>Nothing. I laugh quietly, because I really have my work cut out for me.</p> <p>I pull my hand away from her and flip her onto her back. Her eyes are still closed tightly so I grab her jaw and press my lips to hers. I kiss her hard and deep, until she begins to kiss me back with just as much anger. She pulls at my hair and spreads her legs for me, wanting me to bury myself inside of her.</p> <p>I do. I push her panties aside and shove into her so hard and fast, she lets out a moan and my God, I need more of that. So much more. But I don't have on a condom, and this time isn't about me, so I pull out of her. I take one of her breasts in my hands and bring it to my mouth.</p> <p>I slowly kiss my way down her stomach and the lower I get, the tenser her body grows. I can feel her hesitation and part of me wants to devour her immediately, but part of me needs to know that I'm not going too far, too fast. I can tell by the stiffness in her posture that she's nervous now. I position both my hands on her waist and look up at her. She's chewing nervously on her bottom lip and her eyes are terrified.</p> <p>"Have you never let anyone do this to you?" I whisper.</p> <p>She releases her bottom lip with the shake of her head.</p> <p>I pull her hips down several inches on the bed. "You're too stubborn for your own good." I lift her and begin to lower my mouth to her, but she pulls back and sits up.</p> <p>I grip her hips and pull her back down. "Lie back and close your eyes, Bridgette." She continues to look at me with fear in her eyes, refusing to lie back down, so I lift up onto the palms of my hands. "Will you please stop being so stubborn and just relax? Fuck, woman. I want to give you the best ten minutes you've ever had in your life, but you're making it really difficult."</p> <p>She bites her lip hesitantly, but she does as I say and slowly lowers herself to the bed, relaxing into her pillow.</p> <p>I smile triumphantly and press my lips to her stomach again. I start just below her belly button and trail slow kisses all the way down until I meet her panties. I hook my fingers into the waistband and pull them down, over her hips, over her thighs, and I continue to slowly remove them until I'm at her ankles. Once I toss them on the floor, I lift her leg and press a soft kiss against her ankle, then her calf, then the inside of her knee, repeating the kisses all the way up her thigh, until I'm inches from sliding my tongue against her. As soon as I position my mouth over her, I can feel her warmth beckoning me.</p> <p>"Warren, please..." she begins to protest. As soon as the word, please leaves her mouth, my tongue slides against her, separating her. She lifts her hips several inches off the bed and cries out, so I grip her waist and pull her back down to the bed.</p> <p>She's sweet and salty and as soon as my mouth is against her, I'm convinced she could satiate every ounce of hunger I'll feel for the rest of my life.</p> <p>She cries out again, still trying to pull away from me.</p> <p>"What...God...Warren..."</p> <p>I continue to lick her, devour her, run my tongue over every bare part of her so that I leave no inch of her untasted. Her hands find their way back to my hair just as my fingers find their way back inside of her. I'm filling her, consuming her with my tongue, and she's taking every ounce of me she can get. She's no longer trying</p>

Page	Content
	<p>to scoot away from me. Now she's pressing my face into her, begging me to go faster.</p> <p>Her hands leave my hair and meet her headboard as she grips it tightly and locks her legs around my shoulders. I keep my fingers buried inside of her as she cries out my name with each tremor that racks her body. I continue to please her until her shudders subside and her moans fade into silence.</p> <p>I kiss the inside of her thighs as I pull my fingers out of her. I kiss all the way up her stomach until I'm pressed against her again, wanting to slide inside her and stay the night.</p> <p>I want to kiss her, but I don't know if she'd want that. Some girls prefer not to be kissed afterward, but my mouth is aching with a need to feel her lips against mine.</p> <p>Apparently she wants the same thing, because she doesn't even hesitate when she pulls my face to hers and kisses me with a moan. There's so much pressure in every inch of my body, because I want to take her again. The only thing that can relieve that pressure is to push into her, which is exactly what I do.</p> <p>She lifts her hips and meets my thrusts and I know I should stop. I have to stop. I don't know why I can't stop.</p> <p>I've never been inside a girl without a condom before, but she makes me stupid. She renders my conscience useless, and all I can think about is how incredible she feels.</p> <p>And also how much I need to stop.</p> <p>Stop. Warren. Stop.</p> <p>I somehow pull out of her and press my face against her chest, gasping for air. It hurts. God, it hurts. I live in the next room, where there's a drawer full of condoms, but I'm not sure I'd make it that far if I tried to stand.</p> <p>She pulls my face back to hers and presses her lips to mine. She slides her hands down to my lower back and she pulls me against her, pressing her warmth against me as she urges me to move with her.</p> <p>She feels incredible. It's not the same as being inside her, but the way she's moving against me feels pretty damn close. I close my eyes and bury my face against her neck as I work to increase the pace between us.</p> <p>I grab a fistful of her hair and tilt her face to mine as I look down on her, watching as we both grow nearer to yet another release. She winces and I feel the first of her shudders pass through her. "Warren," she whispers. "Kiss me."</p> <p>I do.</p> <p>I cover her mouth with mine and drown out her moans with my own as I feel the warmth of my release spread between us. I'm holding her as tight as I can, kissing her as hard as I can.</p> <p>All my weight is against her now that I'm physically incapable of holding myself up for another second. Her hands slide from my neck and fall to the bed. I'm too weak to speak, or I would be telling her how amazing she is. How good she feels. How perfect her body is and how she just single-handedly got the upper hand for all eternity.</p> <p>I can't speak, though. My eyes fall shut from pure exhaustion.</p> <p>Pure, blissful exhaustion.</p>
60	"You had sex with her?" he signs.

Page	Content
61	<p>"Did you just tell him we had sex?"</p> <p>..."We had sex last night. How did you tell him before it happened?"</p> <p>...She looks at me with as much seriousness as she can muster. "It was a onetime thing, Warren."</p> <p>I hold up two fingers. "It was twice, actually."</p> <p>..."You especially weren't enjoying the part when you were on your back, and my tongue was..."</p>
63	<p>I toss the covers off and begin to walk to my door, but immediately U-turn to the nightstand for a condom. All I have on are boxers, so I slip it beneath the elastic band and open my bedroom door.</p> <p>Boobs.</p> <p>Her boobs.</p> <p>They're right there.</p> <p>Her hand is in the air, poised to knock on my door.</p> <p>...She's wearing a black lace bra and the tiniest pair of panties I've ever seen in my life. She lowers her arm and we star at each other for a solid five seconds before I'm pulling her inside, slamming my door and pushing her up against it. Her tongue is in my mouth faster than I can slip my hand beneath her bra.</p> <p>"Is this what you sleep in?" I say against her mouth, pulling the straps of her bra down.</p> <p>"Yes," she says breathlessly. She tilts her head and pushes my face against her neck. "But sometimes I sleep naked."</p> <p>I groan and press myself against her, ready to sink myself inside of her. "I like it." I spin her around until her chest is pressed against the door and her back is to me. I wrap my arm around her and grab one of her breasts while I slide my other hand down to her ass. She's in a thong. A teeny, tiny, black, lacy, beautiful thong. I rub my hand over her and then slip my fingers beneath the thin veil of fabric, pulling it down to her knees, I Witch as her thong falls to her ankles and she kicks it aside. I position myself directly behind her run my hands down her back and to her waist. "Put your palms against the door."</p> <p>She doesn't move them right away. Can fed her hesitation. I'm sure she doesn't want to hand over control again, but she needs to realize she lost control the second she showed up at my bedroom door.</p> <p>I watch as she slowly presses her palms against my bedroom door, I lean forward and brush her hair away front her neck, dropping it over her shoulder. "Thank you," I whisper against her neck. I pull her hips until she's flush against me, and then I remove my boxers and open the condom.</p> <p>"Bend over a little more," I tell her.</p> <p>She does, She's such a fast learner.</p> <p>I wrap my fingers in her hair and twist my hand around until I have a fistful of it, and then I just enough to get her to lift her face. She whimpers when I do this, that little whimper is all it takes for me to push into her, as far as I can go until she's completely full.</p> <p>"Make that sound again," I whisper.</p> <p>She doesn't so I tug at her hair. The noise escapes her throat and it's so beautiful and full of desire. I pull out and push back into her, and the same sound passes her lips. I can't take it. I don't know if I can do this standing up, because that</p>

Page	Content
	<p>sound is making me dizzy. I cover one of her hands with mine and squeeze, giving myself the wall support I need to continue moving in and out of her. Every time she whimpers, I push into her a little bit harder. She begins to whimper, over and over, occasionally replacing that sound with my name, and I already know I'm gonna sleep like a rock tonight.</p> <p>Right when I feel myself growing close to release, I pull out of her and reposition her so that her back is against the door. I lift her legs and wrap them around my waist, sliding back inside of her with ease. I keep one wrapped arm wrapped around her waist to hold her up and my other hand pressed against the door for support. My tongue is fighting hers, and I'm swallowing every sound she's willing give me.</p> <p>Her hands are gripping my neck, so I reach behind me and pull one of her hands away. I press her palm against her chest and slide it slowly down her stomach. My forehead meets hers, and I look her hard in the eyes.</p> <p>"Touch yourself."</p> <p>Her eyes grow wide, and she begins to shake her head. I place my hand on top of hers and I look down at where our bodies join together. I move her hand. a few more inches until her fingers are right where I want them. "Please," I breathe out, desperately.</p> <p>I need my hand for support, so I pull it away and press it against the door beside her head. I'm still holding her around the waist with my other arm and slowly pushing in and out of her. Our foreheads are still pressed together, now my eyes are planted on her hand as she timidly begins to move her fingers in a slow, circular motion.</p> <p>"Holy shit," I exhale. I watch her for a minute or longer, until she starts to relax her hand, and then I move my eyes back to her face. I pull away and stare down at her, watching as her head falls back against the door. Her eyes are closed eyes are closed and her lips are slightly parted and all I can feel in my heart is kiss her, kiss her.</p> <p>My lips come down gently against hers and she moans softly into my mouth. I tease her lips with the tip of my tongue, sliding it across her top lip and then her bottom. Her are becoming more frequent, and the more I press her against the door, the better I can feel her hand moving between us.</p> <p>I can't believe this is real life. I can't believe she lives five feet away from me and she's willing to give me this part of her. I'm the luckiest man in the world.</p> <p>She starts to whimper again, but this time my mouth is resting against hers and I take in every single one of the sounds she makes. She tilts her face more and more to mine, wanting me to kiss her hard, but I'm enjoying this too much. I love the way she looks right now, eyes closed mouth open, heart exposed. I don't want to kiss her. I want to keep my eyes open and watch every second of this.</p> <p>I stop moving inside of her, and wait for her to finish, because if I keep moving, I won't last another second. She begins to open her eyes, wondering why I stopped, so I lean into her. "You're almost there," I whisper. "I just want to watch you." She relaxes again I continue to watch her, soaking-up every whimper and moan and every movement she makes like I'm a sponge and she's my water.</p> <p>As soon as her legs begin to tighten around my waist, I grip her hips with both hands and resume moving inside of her. Her whimpers turn into moans, and her</p>

Page	Content
	moans turn into my name and it takes us all of ten seconds before we're both shaking and gasping for breath and kissing and groping and then finally, sighing. ...After a solid minute of working to catch our breath and regain the ability to move, I slowly begin to pull out of her.
69	Three solid weeks. Twenty-one nights. Over thirty times we've had sex. Absolutely zero interaction during the day. ...As much as I want to pretend I'm as casual with this arrangement as Bridgette is, if another guy even looks at her ass in those shorts, I won't be able to refrain from beating his ass.
73	"Are you opposed to porn?" "Not opposed to the principle of porn, but slightly opposed to being featured in one." ...At least I won't have double the reason to watch every porn I can get my hands on.
74	I shake my head. "No way are you putting me further away from Bridgette. Our bathroom sex is my favorite."
83	I force my mouth against hers and I kiss her with a possessiveness I didn't even know was in me. I kiss her so desperately, I forget that I'm still mad at her. My tongue dives into her mouth and she takes it, giving me her own desperate kiss in return, grabbing at my face, pulling me closer. I can feel her in this kiss like I've never felt her before. ...Does she want me to take her against the shower wall?
86	"If you are planning on asking me questions like this all night, I'd much rather you just fuck me."
88	What has changed are our nights together. The sex. It's different now. Slower. Way more eye contact. Way more kissing. Way more buildup. Way more kissing. So much kissing, and just on the mouth. She kisses me everywhere, and she takes her time when she does it.
89	We've been sleeping together for a few months now, but this is the first time we've ever actually done anything that didn't involve sex. ...I'm watching porn, naturally, because Bridgette still refuses to give me the name of the one she was in.
90	She points at me. "You. Touching me. Kissing me. PDA. Gross."
91	I look down at our hands and seeing them linked together on the seat between us feels like I just went further with her than the night we first had sex.
100	"...We could give the kid back, take the money, and spend the rest of our lives having sex all day."
102	Besides, I kind of like that no one gets it. And even though we had this really crazy, nonsexual experience with the hand-holding and the cheek kissing the other day, it hasn't affected us in the bedroom. In fact, last night we moved past the slow and steady streak we've been on and played out a fantasy of mine that

Page	Content
	involved her Hooters uniform. ..."Stop. I don't care. How many times do I have to tell you I don't care about your sex life?"
106	I wrap my hands around her head and pull her mouth to mine at the same time that I stand up and being making my way into my bedroom. I shut the door behind us and walk over to the bed and drop her on it. I take off my shirt and throw it to the floor. ...I kiss her again, frantically.
118	"Exactly. Move your bed to my room. We both have full-size beds. Putting them together would be like having a king, and we'd have more room to have sex, and when we're finished you can roll over to your side of the bed and I can watch you sleep."
119	"You're not a whore," I say to her with mock reassurance "We haven't had sex...oh, wait." I grimace. "You are such a whore. A huge, slutty whore who wants me to try anal with her tonight."
120	"I'm not telling you the name of that porn."

Profanity	Count
Ass	27
Bitch	7
Dick	3
Fuck	29
Goddamn	1
Piss	11
Shit	6