

A Sin SUCH AS THIS

By Ellen Hopkins

His hand crept over my side to cup my breast, and my nipples rose taut, waking before the rest of me totally did. He scissored them between two fingers with enough force to shoot sparklers, hot and just painful enough to bring me completely conscious and aware of his erection, snaking between my legs... Right-left up my legs, which I gratefully parted, granting access to the tunnel already sodden. His mouth settled at the entrance, tongue dancing over the desire-hardened marble before curling down inside of me. I came in twenty seconds. "My turn," he said, moving into position and stopping, the knob of his cock tantalizing. "Say please... *As wet as I was, his breathtaking girth slipped in easily, and his well-practiced hips drove the length of him all the way in, up against my sweet spot. He pulled back, so slowly, an exquisite tease before rocking back into me again.*" "Don't come," I begged, just as he brought me off with a huge cloudburst. "I want to watch you jack off."... He pulled out of me, slick with my orgasm, and his hand closed around his cock, stroking it in a circular motion, effort on the forward

direction, which surprised me. I always thought it worked the opposite way. It was a powerful turn-on, especially when he said, "If I'm doing this, so are you. Touch yourself." I touched myself. He stroked himself. We traded off. And we came together.

-Page 184

When we've emptied our glasses, I put them aside and scoot sideways into Cavin's lap, and all it takes is a demanding kiss to bring him rigid between my legs. It would be easy enough to allow him entry right now... *Some women, I've heard, don't enjoy giving head, but it's almost as much a turn-on for me as receiving it is, even though it's something of a feat with Cavin because of his size. But I enjoy a challenge, especially this one, and at this angle I can bring him over my tongue and into my throat on entry, then slowly lift my face, applying enough suction to make him moan his pleasure.* At one point I pause long enough to ask, "Is my mouth wet enough for you?" "Perfect," he manages, asking

for more with the plea of his hands. *I make him as slick as I can, then fold my breasts around him, sandwiching his pulsing shaft. Up. Down. Up. Down.* Sensuous rise and fall. His hands enfold mine and he quickens the tempo, grasping my nipples in the Vs of his fingers and vising them to the point of just-pain. Together, we bring him very close to climax, something he refuses... Quickly, he's inside me, brimming me with every thrust, and oh, how I wish I could lock both legs around his waist. I make do with one, lifting my hips as best I can to meet the drive of his body... My orgasm escapes in a superheated geyser... One strong arm lifts me gently, turning me onto my side, and he enters me from behind. Five long, hard strokes, and he shudders, exhaling, "God, I love you," into my hair as he comes.

-Page 285

