

BY JAMIE MCGUIRE

# BEAUTIFUL *Disaster*

“I want you,” I said... “Don’t make me beg,” I whispered against his mouth... My fingers ran down the length of his back and settled on the elastic of his boxers, nervously running along the gather of the fabric... His tongue found its way to mine once again, and when I gained the courage to slide my hand between his skin and the boxers, he groaned. Travis yanked the T-shirt over my head, and then his hand impatiently traveled down my side, gripping my panties and slipping them down my legs with one hand. His mouth returned to mine once more as his hand slid up the inside of my thigh, and I let out a long, faltering breath when his fingers wandered where no man had touched me before. My knees arched and twitched with each movement of his hand, and when I dug my fingers into his flesh, he positioned himself above me... His free hand left my back, and then he pulled his boxers down, kicking them off as if he couldn’t stand them between us. The package crackled in his fingertips, and after a few moments, I felt him between my thighs... and then his body tensed, pushing himself inside of

me in a small, slow movement. ...when he rocked into me again, I clenched my eyes shut with the pain. My thighs tightened around his hips, and he kissed me again. ...When I opened my eyes, he pressed inside me again, and I cried out with the wonderful burning it caused. Once I relaxed, the motion of his body against mine was more rhythmic... I pulled him into me, and he moaned when the way it felt became too much. ...A thin sheet of sweat began to bead on our skin, and I arched my back as his lips traced my jaw and then followed a single line down my neck... When I said his name, he pressed his cheek against mine, and his movements became more rigid. The noises from his throat grew louder, and he finally pressed inside me one last time, groaning and quivering above me.

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He wasted no time undressing me, and when there was no more fabric between us, he gripped the iron vines the headboard with both hands, and in one quick

movement, he was inside me. I bit my lip hard, stifling the cry that was clawing its way up my throat. Travis moaned against my mouth, and I pressed my feet against the mattress, anchoring myself so I could raise my hips to meet his. One hand on the iron and the other on the nape of my neck, he rocked against me over and over, and my legs quivered with his firm, determined movements. His tongue searched my mouth, and I could feel the vibration of his deep groans against my chest as he kept to his promise to make our last day together memorable... An hour had passed when I clenched my eyes shut, my every nerve focused on the shuddering of my insides. Travis held his breath as he thrust inside me one last time. I collapsed against the mattress, completely spent.

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**Not For Minors**  
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