

COLLATERAL

by Ellen Hopkins

Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch. And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my California girl...BD (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. ***I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow.*** I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn."...BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. ***I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little.*** ...SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED When he finally slipped inside me. ***If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable.*** As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as ***he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection.*** A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sex-squeals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something. But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me. ***I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again.*** He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together.

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He reached out. Touched my breasts with hands much too gentle for their size. Then they slid around my back, coaxed me forward, and his lips circled my right areola, sucked it like a baby might. Hungry. He sat me on his lap, his incredible erection straining against his pants, pushing his zipper into the thin strip of cloth covering my crotch. "Cole, I exhaled. "God, baby, I need you." ***...I kissed his eyes, his mouth, his neck, down his chest to granite hard penis, urged it into my mouth.*** I am no expert, but did all I could to bring him all the way off. He came very close, but stopped short. No. I jerked off this morning, twice in fact, thinking about you and what we'd do.

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He rips himself out of his pants, lifts my shift, yanks off the bikini bottoms. His hands lace into my hair, hold my head against the pillow. He is inside me before he says, Don't you ever leave me like that again. Do you understand? He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips. I lift my own, wrap my legs around him, open myself to accept his metered plunging.

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His mouth roamed my body freely, and every time his tongue made me squirm, he gripped harder. His kisses were laced with lust...***He plunged his face between my legs,*** driving into me with tongue and teeth and fingers until I begged him to stop. No. It was a growl. ***Give me your cream.*** I had no choice, he made me come, but then I pleaded for, "More. Fuck me."...***Suddenly, he was inside of me, driving into me with animal ferocity.*** Wilderness, personified. There was lust there, yes. And more... ..In one gigantic shudder, it was all released, right there in me.

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