

It Ends With Us

By Colleen Hoover

One of his hands moves to the back of my bra and he unfastens it with ease...He pulls my shirt and bra over my head. I begin to push myself off of him so I can pull off my jeans, but he pulls me back onto his lap....He lowers his mouth to my chest and my eyes fall shut when I feel his tongue slide across my breast.

...His other hand slowly begins to find its way between my legs and then inside my panties and then inside of me.

He pulls my hips back to meet him and then I can feel him freeing himself from his scrubs. He grips my hip with one hand while shoving my panties aside with the other.

Then he pushes forward until he's all the way inside of me.

...His hand slides down my stomach and settles between my legs. I can no longer keep up with his rhythm. I can barely even stay on my knees. He's somehow holding me up with one hand and destroying me in the best possible way with his other hand. Right when I start to tremble, he pulls me upright until my back meets his chest. He's still inside me, but now he's focused on my heart again as he moves his stethoscope around to the front of my chest. I let out a moan and he presses his lips to my ear. "Shh. No noises." I have no idea how I make it through the next thirty seconds without making another sound....His other arm is tight against my stomach as his hand continues its magic between my legs. He's still somehow deep inside

me and I'm trying to move against him, but he's rock solid as the tremors begin to rush through me. My legs are shaking and my hands are at my sides, gripping the tops of his thighs as it takes every ounce of my strength not to scream out his name...He pulls out of me and flips me onto my back and then his mouth is on mine and he's inside me again. My body is too weak to move and I can't even open my eyes and watch him. He thrusts against me several times and then holds still, groaning into my mouth. He drops on top of me, tense, yet shaking.

-Page 173

Then I prop my leg over the back of it, letting my skirt slide down my thighs and pool at my waist. Ryle drags his eyes up my body, grinning as he makes his way over to me. He drops to his knees on the couch and slowly crawls up my body....He presses himself between my legs and I let my head fall back as he kisses down my neck.

...He's pressed against me, bulging against his scrubs. I move my hands and shove his scrubs down far enough so that he can slide inside of me. He continues kissing my neck as he takes me right there on the couch.

-Page 227

