

She stops mid-rant as soon as I cup her between the legs. ...I reach down to her thighs and spread her legs with my hand.

...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. She doesn't make a sound, so I pull them out and re-enter her with three fingers this time.

...She pulls at my hair and spreads her legs for me, wanting me to bury myself inside of her. I do. I push her panties aside and shove into her so hard and fast, she lets out a moan...I take one of her breasts in my hands and bring it to my mouth. I slowly kiss my way down her stomach... ...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....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. **...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. 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...

...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....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....Now she's pressing my face into her, begging me to go faster. 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 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. ...The only thing that can relieve that pressure is to push into her, which is exactly what I do. She lifts her hips and meets my thrusts...I've never been inside a girl without a condom before,...
...I close my eyes and bury my face against

her neck as I work to increase the pace between us. 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.

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MAYBE NOT

By Colleen Hoover