

TWO MORE DAYS: AN ANTHOLOGY



Book Summary:

A collection of short stories by various authors.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene and aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and violence.

Adult

By Colleen Hoover and The Bookworm Box

ISBN: 9781978695986



5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
12	<p>And then I would be in the presence of the man who was both my personal hero and my vagina's.</p> <p>...Never forget that you are an accomplished, modern woman who shouldn't be acting like a prepubescent girl with her first crush. So what if he gave you the best sex ever? Get over it!</p> <p>...After we'd both looked death in the eye, we'd lost ourselves in a bottle of expensive tequila and then a night of mind-altering sexual healing.</p>
28	<p>As Stuart opened his mouth to answer, I quickly replied, "We'll start with two shots of your most expensive tequila."</p>
30	<p>We then threw back our second shots. With the liquid beginning to hum through me, I reached once again for the bottle.</p> <p>..."Don't worry yourself, Agent Isaacson. I've had a lot of practice holding my liquor."</p>
33	<p>Then he reached for the tequila and poured an enormously full glass. After throwing back a bit, he replied, "I plead the fifth."</p>
34	<p>I flashed him a wicked smile. "Because I've caught you checking out my tits before."</p> <p>...Lust glittered in his eyes as he leaned in closer to me. "I can't help appreciating a gorgeous pair of tits."</p> <p>I threw my head back with a laugh. "You're right. I have been blessed." I could've blamed my next action on the tequila coursing through me, but it was likely I would've done the same even without alcohol. I'd pretty much made my decision about how this night was going to end when I'd thrown back my first shot.</p> <p>I reached out one of my hands to grip Stuart's tie. As I ran my thumb down the silky material, I said, "I'm glad you noticed." A growl rumbled from deep within his chest, which sent heat scorching between my legs. "You're a fucking tease."</p> <p>..."What are you proposing?" With a jerk of his tie, I pulled his face to within inches of mine. "That we go upstairs to my hotel room and fuck our brains out." His nostrils flared. "You and that mouth." "I'd like to do things to you with my mouth."</p> <p>..."Then let's go upstairs." "Everything within me is saying this is a bad idea. Well, everything except my cock."</p>
38	<p>SLIDING ONE OF his arms around my waist, Stuart drew me to his side. We then began making our way to the elevator. When we found ourselves alone in the darkened alcove, Stuart dipped his head and brought his lips to mine. As his tongue delved into my mouth, I moaned. Fuck me, the man was one hell of a kisser.</p> <p>...At the ding of the elevator arriving, Stuart pulled me flush against him before dragging us onto the car. "Wait, I think we need to discuss this." Grinding myself against his growing erection, I replied, "I've got protection if you don't."</p> <p>..."Are you always this charmingly tactical when it comes to fucking?" He glowered at me. "No, smartass, I'm not. It's just I'm not used to fucking the best friend of my boss's daughter."</p> <p>..."This isn't typical one-night stand territory. With me working with the Service and you being with Caroline, it's inevitable that we'll see each other again."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Apparently, you’ve never had a friends-with-benefits arrangement before, have you?” “No, I haven’t. I’m either committed, or I’m never seeing you again.” I threw up my hands. “Enough with the talking. You’re killing both my alcohol and sexual buzz. I’m pretty sure we’re both mature enough to handle this.” “And what exactly is this?” “A night of sexual healing and nothing more.” Stuart seemed to survey my words before bobbing his head. “That works.” “Of course, I’m sure it’s going to be hard for you to see me again and keep your hands off me.” He snorted. “I’m sure it will.” I edged back over to him. “Although I have to say, with your hot bod, it’s going to be agony for me.”</p>
40	<p>“Tell them you lost it in the line of duty.” He chuckled. “Sex isn’t part of my job description.” “It is tonight. Instead of serving the populace, you’re going to be serving my vagina.” Stuart brought his hand up to run his thumb over my lip. “That mouth.” “I could’ve really been bad and said pussy, rather than vagina.” His dark eyes rolled back into his head. “You’re going to be the death of me, Selah.” He then made quick work of unbuttoning my shirt and sliding it off my body. As Stuart pulled free of the kiss, his gaze zoomed in on my bra-clad breasts before his hands moved to undo my bra. Just when I thought he was going to touch my breasts, his hands gripped my forearms instead. At what must’ve been my surprised expression, Stuart winked before jerking my arms above my head and pinning them against the wall. I quirked my brows at him. “Did they teach you that disarming technique at Quantico?” I asked. “They did. But never on a gorgeous woman with amazing tits.” Giggling, I replied, “Is that right?” “Mm-hmm.” Since his hands were occupied with mine, it left his deliciously talented mouth free. After briefly kissing my lips, Stuart began trailing kisses over my chin, along my neck, and then down my breastbone. As his tongue skirted over the tops of my breasts, my nipples tightened even further. They were already erect from both the chill in the room and the heat of Stuart’s actions, and they ached to be licked and sucked. But Stuart continued to tease them and me. He kissed my all around my breasts, tonguing the undersides. Arching my back, I tried a different strategy by thrusting my nipples closer to his mouth, huffing out a frustrated breath. “Okay, Agent Isaacson, is this some other form of torture you learned?” I panted. When he had the nerve to laugh, I started to pull my arms free, but his strong forearm kept me pinned in place. “You’re not going anywhere until I let you.” Normally, I wasn’t one to like being bossed around during sex. I wasn’t submissive in life or in the bedroom. But there was something about the way he said it that made me hot as hell. “What are you going to do to me?” Stuart didn’t reply. Without taking his eyes from mine, he brought one hand down to jerk down the straps of my bra. The minute Stuart’s warm mouth closed over my right nipple, I groaned with pleasure. One of his hands came up to cup my other breast while his tongue flicked against my hard bud before his teeth grazed it. The sensation caused me to thrust my hips forward to rub against Stuart’s erection. “You keep doing that and I won’t even last two seconds inside you,” he groaned. “I don’t care. I just want your dick inside me—now.” “My pleasure.” Stuart’s hand left my breast and slid down my abdomen to unbutton my dress pants. When his hands dipped into the waistband of my panties, I sucked in a breath. As he slid his fingers against my</p>

Page	Content
	<p>clit, he said, "Mm, you're soaked." Arching against his hand, I murmured, "Please." "Please what?" "Make me come." Stuart's answer was to slip not just one but two fingers deep inside me. As he pumped them in and out, his thumb rubbed against my clit, and I began frantically moving my hips. I panted and moaned as I worked toward coming. When Stuart pushed in a third finger and swirled them to my G-spot, I came undone. Throwing my head back, I shrieked and screamed as my walls convulsed violently. As I came back to myself, Stuart was sliding off my jeans and panties. When he started to leave me, I grabbed his arm to stop him, but he shook his head. "Protection time," he replied with a grin. "I see." Stuart went over to the coffee table to retrieve his wallet from his pants pocket. When he came back, he waved the gold wrapper at me. "For the record, there's plenty more with this came from." With a laugh, I replied, "That's good to know." My laughter died at Stuart's intense gaze. His eyes raked over my body, warming me from head to toe. When he bent over to slide off his underwear, it was my turn to see all of him. "Holy shit," I muttered as I licked my lips at the sight of his long erection jutting out from a smattering of dark hair.</p> <p>... "You're going to make me blush," he teased. "Oh please, you know you're eating this up." A wicked gleam burned in his eyes. "I'd like to eat your pussy up." Shuddering, I replied, "You'll get no arguments from me." "I didn't realize you were so greedy. You've already had one orgasm and now you're demanding another before I've even had one." "Then put it on the menu for the next round." He chuckled as he ripped open the condom wrapper. "Works for me." He slid the condom down his length, and then just stood there staring at me. "What is it?" "I'm a bastard for even admitting this." Anxiety pricked over my skin. "What?" "I've fantasized about this for weeks." Lust washed away any of the anxiety I was feeling. All this time we'd been together, and he'd barely acted like I existed. "You fantasized about me?"</p> <p>"Fuck yeah." "I didn't think you even thought of me like that," I admitted. "Oh, I did. I thought of you in lots of positions. With your mouth full of my cock. On your knees as I took you from behind. In the—" "Stop talking and start doing!" I commanded as I pounced on him. In a tangle of arms and legs, we crashed back against the wall. Stuart's strong hands gripped my hips. When he lifted me up, I wrapped my legs around his waist, my feet resting against the hard muscles of his ass. Taking his cock in his hand, Stuart guided it between my legs. When he rubbed the head against my slick opening, I dug my fingernails into his back. "Please!" This time he didn't argue about being in charge. He slammed into me. As I shrieked with pleasure, Stuart groaned. He began pumping hard and fast inside me. With each thrust, my back banged against the wall. While his arms held me tight, his mouth seemed to be everywhere—on my lips, on my neck, on the tops of my breasts. Just as my back started to get banged up in the best possible way, Stuart gripped my waist tight and stilled his movements. With him still buried deep inside me, he walked us over to the bed. God, that felt really good. Gently, he eased out of me before laying me down on the bed. He then climbed on top of me. "Haven't finished with you yet," he growled. I think I almost came again. I'd forgotten how good his growly voice was. After he once again filled me with his length, he pulled back out before slamming back inside me, causing the both of us to moan. Sliding my hands down his back, I smacked one of the globes</p>

Page	Content
	<p>of his ass. Stuart’s response was to thrust even harder. We kept our gaze locked on each other as he worked hard to bring us both pleasure. Gripping my waist, Stuart rolled over onto his back, bringing me up to straddle his thighs. He gripped my hips and ground me hard against his dick. “Do you want me to ride you hard?” I panted. “Hell yeah.” And I did, because I’d wanted this. Him. I then began rolling my hips faster back and forth. As my breasts bounced with my exertions, Stuart slid his hands up my ribcage to cup them. Closing my eyes, I bit down on my lip as Stuart alternated between tugging and pinching my sensitive nipples and squeezing my breasts. When I tightened my walls around his dick, Stuart stilled his hands. “Fuck, you feel amazing.” “Mm, you too,” I panted. “Are you getting close?” “Yes, oh yes.” To help send me over the edge, Stuart brought his hand between my legs to rub my clit. “Yes, oh, yes,” I murmured as my eyes rolled back in my head. He knew my body too well. How, I didn’t know. “Stuart!” I cried as the first waves of my orgasm began pulsing through me. His fingers continued rubbing my clit as I rode out the sensations. When I started to come back to myself, his hands went to my hips. And then, as his heels dug into the mattress, Stuart began lifting me on and off of his dick. At the same time, he pumped his hips to slam into me. The sound of our sweat-slickened flesh smacking together filled the room and drove him on. A loud groan rumbled from deep within his chest as he started to come. His hips continued pumping as he emptied into me. Exhausted from both my exertions and my third release, my body collapsed onto his chest. After wrapping his arms protectively around me, Stuart nuzzled my hair. “That was fucking amazing,” he murmured. “It sure was,” I replied. We lay there for a few moments. “Is this about the time you do your walk of shame back to your room?” He chuckled. “Are you trying to kick me out?” “Hell no.” I ran my fingers over his chest. “I was deviously planning on letting you stay to squeeze another round out of you.”</p>
49	<p>Ignoring the pain, I threw my head back and hissed, “Because Stuart and I fucked the night of the shooting!”</p>
52	<p>I swept my hands over my mouth. And if she was standing in the dining room earlier, she knows he fucked a crazy woman.</p>
53	<p>When I thought my chest might explode with emotion, Stuart placed his hands on the sides of my neck. He then dipped his head and brought his lips to mine. And just like that, Stuart had saved my life once more.</p>
61	<p>It’s also the kind of pour that only requires you to drink two glasses before you finish off a bottle of wine by yourself on a Wednesday night because you’re freaking out, you lush. I sigh, toss the now-empty bottle of wine in the recycling bin, and take another drink while I stare at my fully packed suitcase that sits by the doorway. ...I lift the glass of wine to my lips, shut my eyes, and guzzle half of it down.</p>
67	<p>A vodka nip at eight in the morning?</p>
68	<p>“Is it going to have vodka?” she asks seriously, and for some reason, I get the feeling that if I say no, she’s going to cut off all of her support. Maybe even throw me off the plane herself. “Yes. I’m sure there will be vodka.” She winks and clicks her tongue at the same time as doing a finger gun point, and</p>

Page	Content
	I start to wonder if maybe Evelyn has already had a couple of vodka nips this morning.
69	“Okay...so what happens tomorrow? That’s the day of your birthdays, right? And you’re having the party with all the vodka?” ...“And I’m still all ears, doll,” Evelyn comments, taking another drink of her vodka.
70	I’m not sure if all the vodka nips have her off her game, but Evelyn’s so-called advice downright blows.
74	After I’d bitched at him for being a lunatic, we spent the rest of the night drinking beer, listening to music, and popping balloons.
75	Evelyn’s freaking vodka manufacturer knew it, and I’m going to turn out to be Julia freaking Roberts after all.
76	“But first, how about I buy you a drink?” She grins. “Vodka tonic, please.” I wave down the bartender and tell him our order—beer for me, white wine for Em, and a vodka tonic for Michelle. Once three drinks are added to my ongoing tab and set in front of me, I toss a few bucks into the tip jar, hand the vodka to Michelle, and take the beer and wine into both of my hands.
129	He kisses me until I feel weak in the knees. ...When I pull away, not because I want to but because I’m afraid I won’t have any brain cells left if I don’t, both of us are breathing hard, our eyes glassy, and we have sex hair minus the sex. I have a feeling that if we weren’t in this office, our clothes would be strewn across the floor.
130	He leans over the desk and kisses me again. This time is soft and I turn into a puddle.
141	We’ve kissed a lot, and with how explosive we are together, I think sex is definitely on the table. Soon. Like, tonight. Unless I come to my senses first. Which I keep thinking I’m going to—I’m going to end this before it really gets started, I’m going to say goodbye and move on because this can only lead to heartache for me...but maybe I should enjoy one night with him first. Because every girl needs one night with a man like him, right?
142	Instead of taking the food out, he turns the oven off and pulls me to him again, taking his time kissing me. And I forget about food and everything else but the feel of his mouth on mine, the way he kisses down my neck, heat and chills colliding. I need this more than my next breath. I push him back against the wall and he groans, pulling my legs up around his waist until I’m squirming against him. And that’s when I know...I’m not going anywhere. If I lose him, I lose him, and I’ll deal with that then, but this...if there’s any hope of having more moments like this, with him, I will gladly risk the future devastation to live in this heaven right now.
149	When Francesca returns, I let her know I want an add-on lip wax...and not for my face. The other lips. Not that I’m planning on sex on our first date, but you never know if a gust of wind will blow my dress up and rip my panties off. If that happens, it’s best to be prepared.
153	My pink-tipped toes curl in my strappy heels when his aqua eyes drift over the blush-colored cocktail dress that

Page	Content
	<p>stops just above my knees. "You look stunning," Dr. Matthew says, wetting my smooth-as-silk vagina.</p>
156	<p>"I'd love that," I say. Something akin to pride washes through me at my skills of seduction. I'm a nymph. ...Take him wonder by wonder. Then I'll go home and eat ice cream in my pajamas, like all mature sexual wunderkinds.</p>
158	<p>I'M THOROUGHLY PREPARED to put out. Sex time is precious in Matthew's busy schedule, so who knows if the opportunity will arise again? Plus, he's a fantastic kisser. And I got the wax. After the pain of having hair ripped from my body, my nether region deserves its moment to shine. Dr. Matthew wrenches his lips from mine and loosens his tie with a forceful jerk. "I want to see if your pussy is as pink as your dress." A dirty doctor. Yum. "Are you a good girl, Chloe?" "Not really. I mean...I'm probably selfish at times and should pay more attention to my friends." He braces his hands on the granite. "Do you like to be dominated?" Well, this is a problem, because based on experience, I'm not into pain. "Define dominated." "BDSM." I was afraid he would say that. Why can I not catch a break? On some dating sites, people tell you what kind of kinks they're into. Then again, those sites aren't hooking people up with FriendsOfFriends who may not be prepared to field questions. I soften my words with a trail of my tongue along his earlobe, because I hope this isn't a dealbreaker for the evening. "Not really?" He palms my breast. "That's a shame, because I really want to show you things you've never experienced. Worship your body." He glides his hands up my thighs, beneath my dress.</p> <p>"I want to give you the strongest orgasm of your life." When you put it like that, I guess I can give it another shot. "Okay. Do that, please." "Fuck, yeah." He scoops me up from the counter in an amazing display of mature man strength and stalks out of the kitchen. "I'm going to tie you up. You do not know how you drove me crazy with those sleep facts." "I did some research," I say, clinging to his shoulders as he vaults up the fancy staircase to the second floor. "I like a woman who makes an effort." He stops outside of some double doors, and I earn bonus effort points by turning the knob for him. Inside the gigantic room, he sets me down by the bed and drops to his knees. "I need to know what color your panties are." He inches up my skirt. "Pink. I can hardly restrain myself from diving my face between your thighs." "Maybe you shouldn't?" Those words are a catalyst for our clothes to fly off like magic.</p> <p>He's ripped, with abs and etches, and I have no idea how he finds the time in his busy schedule to exercise. "On the bed." I do as he says, and my god, his bed is like a cloud hugging me. Soft yet firm, with satin sheets beneath the plump comforter. So this is how the other half lives. My bravado falters when he releases restraints from the headboard and binds my wrists. It's not so bad, though. They're silky and don't chafe like Dune's did.</p> <p>"God, you look so hot tied to my bed. I want to possess you and let everyone know you're mine." His phone rings. "Shit. Hold on." Like a panther, he prowls to the dresser to put his phone on speaker. "Dr. Stone." He trails a finger up my stomach as he listens to whoever is on the other end. A naked doctor with his date tied to the bed must violate many HIPAA rules, so I do my best not to listen</p>

Page	Content
	<p>in on the snoring problem he's trying to fix. This is awkward, but I really can't complain it's taking so long, because he's saving lives. Finally he ends the call, and I chew my lip, wondering if the moment is lost between us. It's not. His cock springs to life, jutting forward. "Are you ready for me?" "Yeah." My voice drops to a hush as he climbs onto the bed and straddles my body, a knee on each side of me. "I'm in control here," he says, sliding his hands around the curves of my breasts. My heart pounds in my chest when he leans down to lick my nipple before sucking it into his mouth. I moan just as his phone rings again. phone. "Dr. Stone." Apparently he's not in control. The irony nearly makes me giggle, but I stifle it and try to stay in sexy mode as he advises someone to come into the office to discuss their sleep apnea. After hanging up, he's back in a flash. The bed dips under his weight. "Goddamn, you're sexy," he says, running his cock between my breasts. "I'm going to release you, because I want your hands on me. Plus, the phone keeps fucking ringing.</p> <p>I'm afraid we'll have to train you another time." Train me? I let that slide, and once he's sheathed himself with a condom, my freed hands fist into his hair, tugging him closer for a kiss to ignite the flames in me again. They're a little extinguished with the interruptions, and now I'm thinking about Austin's comment about the effort I put into this and I really don't want to think about Austin, but...couldn't Dr. Matthew have found an on-call replacement for tonight? Strong hands flip me over and pull me up on my knees, ass in the air. All thoughts vanish except ones of Matthew's husky groan when he runs the tip of his cock down my ass and between my bare pussy lips. "You're dripping wet. You want this?" "Yes." My fingers clutch the luxurious comforter, trying to gain leverage on the slippery fabric as I push back against him. When he eases the head in, I groan. "Say my name," he says, easing in and slapping my ass. "Say Dr. Stone." "Dr. Stone," I cry out when he pushes deep inside. A hiss escapes him, and my thighs tremble with the effort it takes to stay upright as he drives into me, over and over. His phone rings and I look over my shoulder and plead, "Don't stop." With haste, he rocks his hips back and forth, sliding a hand down to circle my clit. The phone continues ringing, and now I feel guilty that someone might die because of me. My breasts bounce with the ferocity of his thrusts and I make a decision for the good of humanity. The mature decision. I will sacrifice my orgasm to save a life. "I'm going to come," I whisper, hoping the lie doesn't reach God's ears. "Do it," he commands. Ashamed to say, I put on a convincing display so he can help whoever keeps calling. Then Matthew's orgasm tears through him with a powerful shudder, and then he rolls off, discards the condom, and answers the phone, all in one smooth movement.</p>
166	They say the best way to get over one man is to get under another one... and another. And another.
191	Desire torched through my veins, seeing her in just a plain white tank top with no bra. The shadows of her nipples peaked against the fabric and my fist tightened against the clothes I had in my hand, trying to fight through the way I wanted to fill my grasp with the weight of her pert, perfect breast.
192	I shifted my weight, mentally threatening to castrate myself if my dick didn't get in line with the whole no fucking-touching-our-charge mandate.

Page	Content
195	<p>Her chest pressed against my arm as she grabbed the edge of the paper so we were both holding it, but I was no longer focused on it like she was; the feel of her softness so close to my skin sent a bolt of lust straight down to my dick. I'd thought this would be safe. In public. In the open. I was wrong. It was only the thin blue line of duty that held me back from dragging her into my arms and kissing her the way I wanted.</p> <p>...The only Hancock you want to see is her hand on your cock.</p>
202	<p>I'd never been kissed before; I didn't count Sean's attempt. But this was no first kiss. This wasn't even a tenth kiss. This was a world-ending, if-we're-going-down-we're-going-down-swinging kind of kiss. His tongue broke through the barrier of my lips and teeth. It raided my mouth, leaving trails of fire after every stroke. There was no learning curve. Like most things in my life, it was either adapt or die. So, I kissed him back just as wildly. Heat ripped through my body like a flame-soaked arrow before it landed deep between my thighs, right into the desire that was packed like dynamite into my core. My sex ached. It dripped and soaked my underwear with how badly I wanted this man. The one who cared about what I wanted—who put it above his duty. And I felt how he wanted to. Every groan of desire vibrated his chest against my sensitive nipples. I curled my hands into his shirt, yanking me as tight as I could to his front, fitting my softness against the hard planes of him. But my stomach, that was where I really felt him—the thick length of him. It made my toes curl and my core clench to feel how hard his cock was for me. I whimpered against his lips, needing more. Needing him. “Archer,” I pleaded. “If we weren't here,” he began roughly. “If we weren't us... I'd take you over my knee, little girl, and spank you until you came.” I gasped, my core tightening like a hot coil. “I'm not a little girl,” I found the strength to insist. “No, you're not,” he agreed with a harsh chuckle. “But your pussy would be. Little and tight and full of fire.” I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Couldn't do anything but hang on to his words like they were the only thing keeping me alive. “Which is why I'd finish by splitting her open with my fat cock,” he went on, grinding that part of him against me. “And because you're not a little girl, you'd take it. All of it. And you'd come screaming my name.” I cried out, pleasure lashing so severely over me, my knees weakened.</p> <p>“I want that,” I blurted out. “I want you.” Forget the kiss. Fuck the kiss. I wanted him. “Please, Archer.”</p>
229	<p>Monsieur Broussard was a hard worker, a terrible gambler, and a drunk.</p>
231	<p>Or as Javier liked to say, “It sucked balls.” A term that Odette still flushed at thinking about his explanation of the phrase. Sex, she had learned, was amazing.</p> <p>...The drunk man's mouth twisted, possibly to muster a shout or puke.</p>
233	<p>Sipping at his hot pink drink, Javier's hips swayed in a way that Odette could never accomplish. Not even two tequila shots in and definitely not after four.</p>
252	<p>“Let me rephrase ... I'm going to find a sexy guy who's good in bed. We're going to fall in love in a starcrossed lovers sort of way, and he's going to insist on paying for my college tuition because we're so in love ...in a non-whoring-myself-out kind of way.”</p>
253	<p>“But who gives a fuck. It's still a fine ass,” he said.</p>

Page	Content
254	Only her cherry had been popped, and so had her friends'. The random guys with cheesy pick-up lines were entirely possible, though.
256	By the time she returned to the beach party, her sidekicks were well on their way to full intoxication and hanging all over every guy who didn't already have a girlfriend fawning over him.
258	<p>"Wine? Martini? Beer? Sex? What can I offer you?" He wet his lips while pouring himself a few ounces of tequila. Sex.</p> <p>...In a bold move, she stepped closer, wrapping her hand around his, bringing the tumbler to her lips. It burned going down, but she welcomed the warmth spreading along her skin, or maybe that was Sam's gaze. Whatever it was, the thrill intoxicated her more than the alcohol.</p>
259	<p>Was it a test? Did he want to see if she'd have sex with a married man?</p> <p>No. She wasn't having sex with a married man. Fun, flirty, one-night stand?</p> <p>Absolutely.</p>
260	<p>"Should we have some more tequila?" she asked with the tremors in her body releasing into her words like little staccatos.</p> <p>...He released her hand and ghosted his fingers along her bare calves, behind her knees, and up the back of her dress along her thighs. "I want to be sober for this."</p> <p>...His hands reached her pink thong, fingers curling around the material as he slid it down her legs. She lifted one foot and then the other. He brought the thin material to his nose and inhaled, his eyes drifting shut as if something about her scent drugged him. "Shel ..." he murmured, accompanied by a soft moan. Her heart sprinted as she anticipated his next move. Unzipping her dress. Gazing at her naked body, sans her high heels.</p> <p>...It felt a little taboo when he asked her to touch herself ... when he unbuttoned his pants and began touching himself too. Shelby's gaze remained attached to the hand gripping his erection, and Sam's glassy-eyed gaze focused on her two fingers sliding between her legs. This was a different kind of sex than Shelby had ever experienced, a different kind of thrill. With his other hand, Sam reached forward and cupped her breast. Shelby's breath hitched. He didn't stay there long before he reached high, cupping the back of her neck and bringing her head down to his. They kissed. Slow and teasingly. Then Sam pulled Shelby's hand out from between her legs and guided it between his, coaxing her fingers around him before teasing her where her fingers had been just seconds earlier.</p>
261	When it mattered most, she made sure he donned a condom before she straddled his lap, still in her heels. Shelby kept her mind focused on the sex, not letting it wander in the direction of white knights in big yachts, declarations of love, and complete submission—relinquishment—of her future to be something as simplistic as a wife doing charity work and getting weekly manicures and pedicures. And it wasn't easy. Sam gave her toe curling pleasure. He showered her with compliments, and carried her to the bed after they were done, spooning her into his body where they were lulled to sleep by the soft rocking of the boat.
262	<p>"I'm going to jump in the shower. You can think about it. If you want to go back, I'll drive you." Sam threw back the sheets, exposing his glorious naked self.</p> <p>...She rolled her eyes. "I'll need something besides this dress." "I have clothes. You can wear my shirts if you need to cover up for whatever ridiculous reason."</p>

Page	Content
	Shelby gulped. "I ..." Her breaths came out a little ragged as he unzipped her dress. "I might need underwear." "No, Shel ..." He kissed her, palming her breasts after her dress pooled at her feet. "You won't."
265	"I didn't lie to you. I told you the fucking truth, and you still spread your legs for me. I'm pretty sure that's your problem, not mine." ...He eyed her again, like they were back to being lovers, like he was seconds away from ridding her of his shirt and burying his face between her legs while she ripped at his hair and lost her ever-loving mind.
266	Sam hit her. He backhanded her so hard it made her lip and nose bleed. It made the vision in her eye blur for a few seconds as she stumbled backwards.
285	Then they said I'd let some college kid take my virginity, and that made them grow. Then it wasn't just one college kid but a whole fleet of them, and I'd had sex with all of them in the same night.
286	Monday at school an even worse rumor was circulating. Trey said he'd had sex with me at the movies. It's strange to be a virgin and be accused of being a whore.
294	"And maybe do some shots of tequila," I added with a shrug, avoiding his eyes as I gathered our cups from the table.
295	In his defense, I did lead us straight to my favorite dive bar on the river and order two shots of tequila immediately after. ..."Sad?" he asked, sucking the lime with a sour face as the tequila burned down.
302	Because in the next breath, Parker pressed his lips to mine. My eyes shot open in shock at the contact, at the feel of his hand gripping behind my neck, the other wrapping around my waist and pulling me closer as he inhaled a stiff breath and kissed me harder. My heart thudded hard in my chest, once as a warning, twice as a plea, and a third time as a desperate wish for me to ignore the fact that it was wrong to kiss him back. And so I did. I reached for him in equal earnest, both of us gasping as I opened my mouth and let his tongue sweep inside. I whimpered on a moan of pleasure, and Parker cursed under his breath, pulling me in even more. I wanted that kiss to consume me. I wanted to remember the way his mouth moved with mine forever, the way his hand felt gripping my hair, the way he tugged just enough to tilt my chin up and devour me like he'd wanted to his entire life. ...I smiled, still shaking my head. "It's okay. It's fine. You're just drunk."
310	With that, he slid his hands back into my hair and pulled me to him, his mouth finding mine in a desperate kiss that seemed to explode like a box of dynamite in the middle of the meadow. ...Parker held me even tighter, pressing his lips to mine so hard I thought they'd bruise before I opened my mouth and he swept his tongue inside.
326	He opens his mouth to respond, but I shake my head, using my free hand to grab the back of his neck lightly and pull his lips toward mine, kissing him fiercely.
328	I move both hands up and down his shoulders before linking my fingers together behind his neck, lips reconnecting with his once again. This kiss is more heated than the others, and the butterflies assaulting my stomach and the tingles spreading throughout my body are a testament to that. Robbie smiles against my mouth, the pressure of his lips on mine hard and insistent and filled with need.

Page	Content
	<p>We fumble with each other’s clothes, lips never leaving the other’s for longer than a millisecond or two. And it’s like the last few years without any real communication never happened.</p> <p>...When I’m left in a simple lingerie set—I wanted to feel sexy while out tonight—I’ve never been more thankful for Target and their affordable clothing. I know I look good.</p> <p>...Are my boobs a little uneven in the cups that hold them? Absolutely. But with the way Robbie is eyeing my body as I lie back on the bed just cements my previous statement—I look good. And I feel confident and wanted and sexy in my own skin, and when Robbie leans his body over mine, just barely resting his weight on mine, I suck in a breath as arousal and need light my body on fire.</p> <p>“You’re so beautiful,” Robbie says, smiling down at me just before his lips meet the top of my left breast and his mouth sucks gently on my skin. I arch my back in response, moaning quietly at the feel of his wet tongue and lips against my bare skin. It’s sensual, and the need in me continues to build higher and higher as his lips move against my skin. And although I want them all over me, I need them back on my mouth. “Kiss me,” I groan, hips meeting his as my arch deepens and his weight lowers further onto mine. It doesn’t feel suffocating, not like with some other partners I’ve been with.</p> <p>...But I push those deeper feelings aside and focus on the moment in front of me; focus on him. He doesn’t acknowledge my demand with words of his own. Instead he gives me what I want, his mouth meeting mine soft and hard. He trails a hand down the side of my body, changing directions and roaming inward over my belly button and toward my most intimate spot. I hitch a breath, his kisses pulling from mine to silently ask my permission. I nod, biting my bottom lip. “Yes,” I breathe out. “Yes, please.” He toys with the elastic top of my underwear before moving down my body and sliding them off as he does, his own joining mine on the floor shortly after where they lie discarded. He places an open-mouthed kiss on one ankle then the other, making his way up my legs until he reaches my inner thigh, where he trails a lazy lick before cementing it with a kiss and moving up until his eyes are level with mine. “Do you have any condoms?” Robbie questions, a hand gripping my hip.</p> <p>“I do,” I answer. “It’s probably best we don’t risk it all with the pull-out game this time. We might not get as lucky.” He visibly cringes at the reminder of our time together as teenagers, and I can’t help but laugh. “We were wildly irresponsible with that, weren’t we?” he asks warily, though there’s laughter in his eyes. I reach my hand down to the side of my bed, digging around in the open box I have beneath it with my most essential bedroom items—lube, plugs, clamps, various vibrators and dildos, and of course, condoms. I pull one out and hold it up to him between two fingers, just as anxious as he clearly is for us to do this. I watch as he unwraps and slides the condom on effortlessly before lining his pelvis up with mine and returning his lips to my own. I giggle as the tip of him nudges against my opening, and I spread my legs wider on either side of his body to give him easier access, breathing in deeply to calm the bundle of excitement coursing through my veins.</p>
330	<p>“It’s cliché, but I’ve really never been more sure of anything. Oh, take me, Robbie Olsen!” I exclaim with exaggeration, like the voices of the actors in the sex scenes</p>

Page	Content
	<p>he's done—yes, I've watched every single one with mild envy. His chest rumbles with laughter, and he grabs my mouth with his, kissing me hard as he plunges inside my body as deep as he can in one go. I moan against his mouth at the welcome intrusion, wrapping one arm around his shoulder, the other gripping the comforter beneath us as he continues to pound into me. One thrust after the other, my body comes alive, and so does his. I can feel it in the way his eyes hold mine, in the way his lips move from my mouth to my neck to my cheek to any part of my body he can get to at this angle. It's intimate and raw and sexy—it's Robbie. "Best redo ever," I manage between thrusts, my hips colliding with his in a chaotic, unorganized dance that's hitting all the right spots. He grunts, eyes rolling as he buries his face in the crook of my neck and gives it a gentle bite. "Yeah, yeah."</p>
343	<p>Considering Mila was walking over to us from the bathroom, I decided it wasn't a good time to express my concerns about whether or not I'd pass out in the delivery room from witnessing a baby come out of one of my favorite places in all the world. My wife's pussy. ...There were a few things that I appreciated about Mila's pregnancy. First and foremost, it made her horny as fuck. My dick basically lived inside of her since she'd announced she was pregnant to me.</p>
344	<p>Peanut butter and pickle sandwiches were a thing of the norm, watermelon and pizza—she was all over that shit.</p>
346	<p>Have you seen women do yoga lately? Yeah, let's just say I may or may not have gotten a half chub when she sat down and went right into the spread-eagle position.</p>
349	<p>"Will my dick cause brain damage if we have sex in her last trimester?"</p>
350	<p>"How soon can we have sex again?" Six weeks! I hadn't gone six weeks without having sex since I started having sex at fifteen. Damn. Blowjobs for me it is, then. "Can I still suck on her nipples if she's breastfeeding?" Not unless you want a mouthful of milk. Even I know that one. "Is it normal for my wife's boobs to leak during sex?"</p>
351	<p>He'd never want to have sex with me again!</p>
353	<p>He's never going to have sex with me again! I know it!</p>
354	<p>"Oh my God, you're never going to have sex with me again." "You want me to have sex with you again after watching this woman bleed out a baby?"</p>
355	<p>"I'd love you if ten aliens came out of your pussy, babe."</p>
388	<p>Maybe, if I get drunk enough, I'll find the courage to tell Tyler exactly how I feel.</p>
391	<p>The bartender slides Mr. Hollywood's drink on the counter and hands me the shot of Don Julio. Whatever that is. Normally I'd balk at a stranger ordering me a shot, would balk harder at the thought of sharing my problems with him, but these aren't normal circumstances. As he watches me lift the glass to my lips, I can't pretend his gaze isn't on my mouth. His attention sends a buzz through me stronger than any amount of booze can deliver. I shoot it back, only wincing on instinct. Maybe it's better than Cuervo, maybe not. After my first three shots, I can barely taste this one.</p>

Page	Content
393	Those butterflies aren't just fluttering. The little sluts are doing a striptease. The tequila. We're definitely blaming the tequila for this.
404	He sweeps his lips over mine, moves a hand to my hip, and squeezes. "Thank you." For a moment I think he might feel me up a bit, might deepen the kiss and remind us both why we're here, why we ever believed we could last, but he doesn't. He rolls off me.
421	<p>"You know what would help you forget about him? You need to get yourself a solid fuckboy." That surprised another laugh out of me. "I don't think there are any solid fuckboys. Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose?"</p> <p>"Touché. What I really mean to say is you should find yourself a fun little one-night stand. You've always been so good. Try on how the other half lives for a change. Have yourself a bad girl season. I think it would be a fun distraction for you." "A one-night stand?" I repeated dubiously. "Yeah. Just hit it and quit it." I rolled my eyes.</p> <p>"Have you heard this one? Nut and bolt." "That's new," she returned then seemed to think for a moment. "I guess it's better than toot it and boot it."</p>
425	Next thing I knew we were taking tequila shots together, and Scarlett and Dante were suddenly back and joining in. "Because tequila!" we toasted. It was like someone else had taken over my body, someone with fewer inhibitions.
427	I blinked and was flooded with sensory memories from mere hours before. His massive form over mine; his big, beautiful hands all over my body. His full mouth on mine. I loved that mouth. So well defined but so soft on contact. And the way he kissed. With barely restrained ferocity. Like he'd gone mad, and I had made him that way. I didn't have to rack my mind and compare for so much as one second to know that he was the best lay of my life. The man could fuck like a machine. Like he was built for my own personal satisfaction. Apparently football wasn't the only thing he'd trained like a pro for. I stretched and found my back rubbing against the most delicious wall of hard male flesh I'd ever had the fortune to be near enough to touch. And I had. God, had I. More sensory memories flooded me. My lips on his flesh, my tongue running reverently down the hard ridges in his abdomen and then lower over his sides, down his V line to his magnificent cock that was more than I could fit in a mouthful, but boy had I given it my best shot. Soft, warm lips on my cool neck brought me out of my giddy recollections. The warmest, most delicious growl of a voice spoke into my ear. "That was unbelievable. Better than I imagined, and I've imagined it a lot. I could get used to waking up to this." I supposed it made sense that the world of one-night stands would be full of brash praise and empty promises, and this guy was clearly good at the game.
428	"Image a fifteen-year-old me watching you sit on the lifeguard tower." He had his hands running over me as he spoke, one gripping my breast with utter care, the other slipping inexorably lower, manipulating my clit with delicate precision. "I half-toyed with the idea of trying to drown just to get you to touch me. I'll forever have a thing for white one-piece swimsuits with little red crosses on the left breast, and it's all your fault." He was panting in my ear, his thick member pushing harder against my backside by the second. I was right there with him, my breath leaving me in short, hard bursts. "And now here we are," he continued, "you silky

Page	Content
	<p>wet and panting, me ready to have you any way you want it. Isn't life great?" It took me a few laborious moments to get out my breathless reply. "I can't believe you can really go again after last night," was all I could manage.</p>
429	<p>I watched him with no small amount of fondness, mustered up some anger at myself for feeling the things I was feeling for a guy I barely knew, telling myself the affection was just a natural reaction to anyone that could make me come that many times in one night. And while he was still out cold, before I embarrassed myself with any casual-sex morning-after faux pas, I fumbled into last night's clothes and got the hell out of there.</p> <p>... "This one-night-stand thing isn't working for me," I promptly began.</p> <p>... "Excuse me? I thought you were pushing the one-night-stand thing? Now you're telling me to have babies with a guy I barely know?" "To be fair, you brought up the babies. But I know the guy. The guy is solid, and he's crazy about you. I'm liking this for you." "What was with the one-night-stand talk last night then?"</p>
432	<p>Well, there you go. A one-night stand as closure. Scarlett must have been on to something.</p>
438	<p>Fitz gave me a smoldering look. "You're going to have to tell me the best way to do this. I've never joined the mile high club." I laughed. The idea of me teaching him, the best sex I'd ever had, some tricks was just too delicious, but at least I had something on him.</p> <p>...I smiled at Fitz, my best impression of a good-girl-gone-bad siren's smile, and it reeled him right in, which did wonders for my wounded ego and my bruised heart. "Won't everyone hear us?" he asked, but he was moving closer, crowding into me as he did it. I bit my lip and he watched the motion like it was particularly fascinating. "The engines are pretty loud, so if we're quiet we should be able to pull it off," I explained. He smirked in a way that warmed my insides. "As I recall, you're not that good at being quiet." As he spoke, he gripped my hips with his huge hands, stroking down to the hem of my skirt and inching it slowly up. He sucked in a breath as my skin was bared and I parted my legs to make room for him. He pushed his hips into the space as soon as there was room for him.</p>
440	<p>Surely saying something like that was against the one-night-stand rules.</p>
442	<p>"You know what I mean. That thing you did in the shower. Not all of us are fluent in deliciously dirty verbal smut fests like you." Some of the things he'd said that night were still making me blush.</p>
443	<p>"You make this thing sound so permanent," I said carefully. "What happened to this being a one-night stand?"</p>
478	<p>The best fuck—hell, the best friend I've had in a long time.</p>
479	<p>"It says my best friend is living a double life and having sexual relations without telling me!" I roll my eyes at her play on words. "Let me see." She flashes the screen my way, and I can't help but laugh when I read the message. Looking 4 a tight pink pussy? I'm a real girl looking 4 a nice cock. A clickable link follows. The "real girl" comment, along with the fact that it looks like it was sent to about twenty other recipients, is a dead giveaway. Spam. Again. "Ugh," I groan. "Are you telling me you don't get these, too?" Every week, without fail, I get at least three of these porny, grammatically incorrect text messages.</p>

Page	Content
480	You're barking up the wrong tree. I'm the proud owner of a tight pink pussy myself, so unless you've got something slightly more phallic to offer, lose my number.
481	"Where are we meeting her?" I ask. She was deciding between two bars, last I knew. None of us are twenty-one, but that won't stop Lara from forcing all of us to bust out our fake IDs for the occasion. One fake ID might fly under the radar, but three girls in one group? I don't like those odds. "Outlaws. She wants to ride the bull," Chloe says, an amused smirk tugging at her lips. This should be fun. Four hours later, we're full of some delicious blue drink that I can't remember the name of and greasy bar food.
483	"Call me in the morning," I say, giving her ass a love pat. ..."Someone who wants me to prove to them that I'm the proud owner of a tight pink pussy as you so eloquently put it."
487	I suppress the urge to make a cock joke.
489	Yeah, I gathered that much. About the porn texts, not the friend. Me: So, you telling me that you're not the 'proud owner of a tight pink pussy'?
498	"HEY, SEXY." I turn around to see Liv sliding onto a barstool. She's been a friend of Ethan's since we were kids, and we've hooked up here and there over the years, but it's never been anything more than that. It started when she was on the rebound and I was...well, horny. ...Zero expectations. Zero commitment. That was the deal. We had a good thing going for a minute, but as with all casual hookups, it's run its course.
503	After refilling their pitcher of Miller, because of course they drink Miller High Life, I slink off to the back room to check my phone. ...She sent me a picture. "Holy fuck," I say out loud, taking in the image on my screen. It's her, lying in bed on top of white sheets that look more expensive than my whole apartment. She's holding the phone above her, only showing her lips down to her stomach. She's wearing some type of nude-colored bra, or maybe a crop top, I don't know the fucking difference. All I know is her tits are perfect. ...Her pink lips are puckered, like she's sending a kiss, and the caption reads I'll be waiting. I reach down to adjust my pants that suddenly feel a hell of a lot tighter. It's an innocent picture, nothing explicit about it, but it's probably the hottest thing I've ever seen.
504	Coop is in bed, sending me pictures, telling me she wishes I were there, and my dick is threatening to burst through my zipper.
505	Ten minutes later, I'm home. I toss my keys onto the counter and pull a bottle of beer from the fridge. I crack it open and take a swig as I send her another message. ...Me: I can't imagine not meeting you at this point. Coop: If you were here right now, what would you do? Me: If you want to have phone sex, all you gotta do is say so. She doesn't answer right away, but I can feel the tension, even through text. Cooper's horny. That makes two of us. Me: Is that what you want? You want me to say dirty things to you while you play with your pussy? My heart stalls in my chest, hoping like fuck I'm not reading the situation wrong. Coop: What if I already am? Game on. I take the three steps necessary to make it to my couch

Page	Content
	<p>and pull my shirt over my head. The jeans are next. I kick them off, along with my shoes, before I drop onto my couch. Me: Are you teasing me, Coop? My gut tells me she isn't, but I have to be sure before I make a fucking fool of myself. Coop: Do you want me to? Me: What I want is to make you come with my tongue, but since I'm here and you're there, you're going to have to do it for me. Coop: Tell me how you'd do it... Me: I know exactly how I'd do it. I've imagined it a thousand times. Coop: So tell me. Please. The 'please' does it for me. I'm hard as hell knowing she's touching herself, thinking of me. Me: I start by kissing those pretty pink lips before slowly moving down to your neck. Then I slip my hand inside your shorts, finding you already wet. I rub you there, working you up until you're practically riding my hand. Me: Then when you're close to the edge, I pull back. Coop: Don't you dare stop. Me: I push you against the wall and unzip your shorts, pulling them down just enough to see you, along with your underwear. I drop to my knees in front of you and you squirm, shifting your hips closer to my face. Then I ask you to tell me what you want me to do. I want to hear you say the words.</p> <p>Coop: Reid... Me: You say you want to feel my tongue, so I lean forward, spreading your lips with my thumbs. I flatten my tongue, giving soft licks at first. Your hips jerk forward, wanting more as your hands grip my head, your fingers curling to fist my hair. Coop: I want that so bad... Me: Are you close? Coop: So close. Me: I want to break another rule. I want to hear you come. Coop: Oh, God. Me: You don't have to say a word. Just pick up. I was already attracted to her personality, but I had a feeling Coop was fucking hot, too. Her picture all but confirmed it. Granted, I only saw the bottom half of her face, but it was enough to know. Unable to resist a second longer, I pull my dick out, stroking it while I wait for her answer. I close my eyes, imagining what it would be like to sink inside her. My phone vibrates on my thigh, pulling me from my thoughts. Coop: Okay. It's all the permission I need. I don't give myself a chance to consider how potentially awkward this could be before hitting call. She picks up after the second ring, but she doesn't say a word. It's quiet for a minute, but then I hear her. Propping my phone between my head and shoulder, I listen closely. Her breathing picks up after a few seconds, and I can tell she's getting close. She doesn't put on a show. There are no exaggerated, fake porn-star screams. It's all soft moans and shallow breathing, and the sound goes straight to my dick. "That's it," I coax, pumping myself faster. I wasn't planning on talking, but the words are out of my mouth before I can stop them.</p> <p>"I want to know what you sound like when you come." Cooper cries out, and the sound is so fucking sweet. It can only be described as something between a whimper and a soft grunt. "I'm coming," she breathes, and that's all it takes. My abs tighten just before the orgasm hits me hard and fast. I clamp down on my bottom lip, stifling a groan as I come. I slow my hand, giving a couple last pumps, our shallow pants the only sound between us. Once both of our breathing returns to normal, I reach down for my shirt, haphazardly swiping at the cum on my stomach.</p>
509	<p>Now that I'm coming out of my post-orgasmic haze, I cringe internally, feeling slightly embarrassed. You weren't embarrassed five seconds ago when you sent him a selfie and initiated phone sex. I groan, rolling onto my back. I knew exactly</p>

Page	Content
	<p>what I was doing when I sent that picture. I don't know what it was about today that had me feeling so...turned on. Maybe it's the fact that I haven't been able to talk to him in a few days. Maybe it was simply due to the fact that I haven't had sex in months. Even that didn't compare to how it felt tonight, and Reid didn't even have to touch me.</p> <p>...Reid: Are you asking me for a dick pic, Coop? Me: No! Reid: Because if you wanna see it... Me: Shut up and send me a picture.</p>
511	Reid: Last night I told you my dirty little fantasy. Now you have to tell me yours.
519	"Lara's boyfriend's friend...or something. He goes to ASU, too. Who cares? It's a party. There's beer and boys."
520	"Make yourselves at home. If you don't want keg beer, there's shit in the fridge.
521	Drinks in hand, we all head out back. Lara finds us a spot, three lawn chairs right next to the pool. We get splashed pretty much anytime someone jumps in, but it's hotter than hell, so I don't mind. Three beers later, that warm and fuzzy feeling that comes from just the right amount of alcohol hits me.
526	<p>I DON'T KNOW what the fuck I'm trying to prove by asking Alex to come over. That I'm not some lovesick, heartbroken pussy, I guess.</p> <p>..."Old enough." "And how much have you had to drink?" She rolls her eyes, annoyed by my line of questioning. "I've had three beers in the span of two hours. Tragically, I'm sober as a judge." "Then get your pretty little ass over here." We both move toward each other at the same time. Alex drops her purse to the floor on the way. She stops right in front of me, looking up at me with big, innocent green eyes. She wants this. She just doesn't know how to initiate it. I slide my fingers down the side of her cheek, tipping her chin up. Her eyes fall shut as I dip down, bringing my lips to hers. She opens for me, her tongue sliding along mine. I'm hard instantly. My hand finds its way under her skirt and I rub her through the damp spot in her underwear and she gasps into my mouth, leaning into me, her hands shooting up to grasp my shoulders for balance. Grabbing her ass, I lift her up. Her legs automatically lock around my waist as I walk her to the couch. Still holding her, I drop down onto the couch. Alex straddles me now, staring down at me while my palms flatten against the tops of her bare thighs. She leans back enough to pull her black top over her head before letting it fall to the floor behind her, revealing a perfect set of tits. A look I can't decipher crosses her features as she brings her fingertips to ghost along my jawline before she seems to shake the thought away. "You're beautiful," I say, surprising myself. But the words are true, nonetheless. "Then fuck me," she whispers, tucking her blonde hair behind her ear, the innocent gesture a stark contrast from the words coming out of her mouth. Lifting my hips, I pull my wallet from my pocket, fishing out a condom while Alex unbuttons my jeans. I shove them down my thighs, my boxers going with them, just low enough to free myself. Alex swallows hard when she sees me, her delicate hand reaching out to circle my cock. I groan at the feeling, my hips flexing. I tear the foil wrapper with my teeth then hand the condom to Alex, letting her roll it down my length as I lean forward to taste one of her nipples. Her hands circle my neck, fingers curling in my hair as she arches into me. I tease her for a bit, alternating between light sucking and soft licks, and when I can't physically take it any longer, I pull the</p>

Page	Content
	<p>flimsy scrap of underwear to the side, line myself up with her slick opening, and push inside. Alex sucks in a breath, and I stay still, letting her adjust to the fullness. My thumb finds her clit, rubbing it in circular motions until she starts to grind on my lap. Her skirt is pushed up her hips, allowing me a perfect view of her pussy around my cock, her hair brushing the tops of my thighs as she tilts her head back, slowly rolling her hips. “Oh, fuck,” I groan, somehow unprepared for how good it would feel. She’s tight, warm, and wet as hell. My thoughts try to drift back to a conversation I had with Cooper about this very thing, but my mind is quickly wiped of all thought when Alex starts to really ride me. She rises onto her knees before sinking back down, making it feel impossibly deep. She repeats the motion, my head falling against the back of the couch as she moves. Unable to hold back any longer, I grip her hips and thrust up into her, her tits bouncing with each hit. Alex’s mouth falls open in a silent scream, her eyebrows pulling together. I’m not going to last much longer. Not when it feels this good. I fuck her harder, as she pushes her hair out of her face, and I notice for the first time, a small, gold hoop earring dangling from her ear. Everything seems to go in slow motion as my mind struggles to piece together what my body has already seemed to figure out. I smooth my hands up her back, bringing her in close as she starts to tighten around me. Her hips move faster, almost frantic, grinding into me as she gets closer. “I’m coming,” she breathes, and it’s a lot like deja vu. I freeze, but she’s too lost in her impending orgasm to notice. And it’s only when she moans that sweet sound—the one somewhere between a whine and a grunt—that I know for sure. That sound has been burned into my memory since the night I heard it. Alex is Cooper. I’m fucking Cooper. It can’t be. Her pussy squeezes me as she comes, and before I know it’s happening, my stomach tightens and I’m coming harder than I ever have. Between the sex and the revelation, I’m feeling straight up drugged. My pulse pounds in my ears, heart threatening to burst through my fucking chest. How? “Oh my God,” she says, collapsing against my chest.</p> <p>“That...was amazing.” I have no words. Not the slightest fucking clue as to what I’m supposed to do now. Alex—or Coop—fuck if I know, presses a kiss into my neck before she lifts off of me. My dick slides out, and I pull the condom off, tying it off as she pulls her skirt back into place.</p>
530	<p>“Maybe they’re the ones missing out.” She pushes against my chest, forcing me to lie back as she slides down, dropping to her knees in front of me. I press the palms of my hands into my eyes, conflicted. I shouldn’t let this happen, not now that I know she could be Coop. But when she takes me out of my boxers, wrapping her warm mouth around my cock, I lose all ability to think rationally. Fuck it. I’m already going to Hell. Might as well enjoy the ride.</p>
531	<p>The best fuck—hell, the best friend I’ve had in a long time.</p> <p>...After Alex made me come with her mouth, I returned the favor. Because I’m a gentleman like that.</p>
535	<p>“Explain how you lied to me? Tricked me? Fucked me?”</p> <p>...“After you fucked me—”</p>
537	<p>“Full disclosure, I’ve hooked up with Liv, but we weren’t ever in a relationship, and it’s been months since we—”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...“I need you to know, Coop. I need you to know that I have never wanted anything with anyone before you. For as long as I can remember, I’ve never felt like I belonged. Like I could pick up and leave any day, because I have nothing for me here. I never felt connected to anyone. Until one day, when a girl texted me about tight pink pussies and her love for Adam Sandler.”</p>
538	<p>“Can I kiss you now?” “A kiss? That’s all?” His eyes darken, pulling me closer by the belt loop of my shorts. “What do you have in mind?” “I was just thinking that I’ve already had Cameron inside me, but I’m really craving Reid right now.” Before I can blink, Reid scoops me up, throwing me over his shoulder. I squeal, not expecting that.</p>
540	<p>Reid’s hand slides into my hair as he pulls me in, silencing me with a kiss. His tongue sweeps into my mouth, intense, hungry, and unhurried. My fingers clench his t-shirt as I push up onto my toes, kissing him back with the same enthusiasm. He groans into my mouth before abruptly pulling away.</p>
546	<p>I could put in my earbuds, listen to Eric Clapton, and remember how Pierce had slow-fucked me for the entire nine minutes of “Wonderful Tonight”—the live version—even as I’d begged for faster, harder.</p>
549	<p>“I just want to publicly thank our dear friend Kit. Without her, I doubt this sendoff would be happening. You see, a year ago, she and Pierce had an affair.”</p>
558	<p>Pierce’s eyebrows drew together as his muscle flexed under my hand. It was such a small thing, but God, desire coiled in me. What I wouldn’t have given to have his strong arms trapping me to the mattress one more time. His body rippling with strength as he thrust into me, all at once, too much. Never enough. That weekend, I’d taken all he’d had to give. That weekend, he’d done things to me I’d only read about. It had started with my scarf as a blindfold. Then escalated to a spanking that’d tipped me into my orgasm. To him tying me to the bed and taking his sweet, torturous time kissing me all over. Hours fucking me to the point of climax and stopping right as I was about to come. He hadn’t allowed it until I was near tears aching for release.</p>
559	<p>When she’d walked in, I’d been secured to the bedframe with his work ties. I wasn’t sure how long she’d stood there before we’d noticed her. She must’ve seen him drag a spatula down my tummy and then gently slap it on my bare pussy. “Shame drove me away, yes. But I loved everything you did to me.” “What are you asking for, Kit?” He tilted my chin up with his knuckle. “A spanking right here in the kitchen? With the staff coming in and out, and Monica out front?” Yes. “No, of course not,” I said through a stuttered breath. “That’s too bad. The way you’re arching your tits toward me, I thought maybe you were begging for something.” I hadn’t even realized I’d bowed my back, driven by the blossoming of my ever-present, sleeping ache for him. “Something,” I repeated. “Anything. There’s almost nothing I wouldn’t let you do to my body.” His chest rumbled right before he took my shoulders and spun me around. I didn’t have even a moment to relish his dominant grip before he’d yanked my tight skirt up to my waist. A second later, my thong shackled my thighs. A hard slap landed on my ass cheek, and the sting was so long desired, so delicious, that I couldn’t help but cry out. “Mmm. I miss a woman who makes as much noise as you,” he said in my ear. Pleasure flooded me. This was where I’d wanted to be for so long—back in</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Pierce’s possession. My thighs already trembled with need. But . . . Monica. This wasn’t fair to her. She could walk in any moment. “Please . . .”</p> <p>“What are you asking for?” “I don’t know.” Pierce tugged the hem of my skirt back into place. Disappointment warred with my conscience. He’d been overcome just now, willing to risk everything. He still wanted me—but not as badly as he used to. My breath caught as his hand slipped between my legs and moved down my inner thigh. The tantalizing scrape of his palm against my sensitive skin made me squirm. I bit my bottom lip to keep from degrading myself with pleas. His fist wrapped around the crotch of my thong. I expected him to put it back in place, too, but instead, he slipped it down around my ankles. “Step out.” I looked back as I did, and he stuck my underwear in his pocket, then stood. “These would make a good restraint.” “You said it disgusted her.”</p> <p>“Her?” he asked. “There is no her. No one else makes me like this. Only you.” As if the tremor in his voice didn’t make his arousal clear, he moved his hips forward, probing my ass cheek with the hard, enormous dick I regularly dreamed of. He growled in my ear for the first time in too long. Under the fluorescent lights, his hair alternated between smooth chestnut brown and gritty dark blond. I fought the urge to wind my fingers through it. “Fuck,” he said, stepping back and making a fist against his scalp. “It has to come from you, Kit. I won’t beg.” In his eyes, I saw the same vulnerability he’d given me during our illicit weekend together. Friday night, after we’d fucked in the kitchen, we’d stood at the counter and pinched lo me in noodles from a takeout box while swapping obscure movie memes. That might’ve been the last time I’d seen him laugh. There’d been moans, mewls, commands, smiles, licks, kisses—but as we’d lazed in his messy sheets under a post-fuck haze of satisfaction and guilt, he hadn’t laughed again. The weekend had drawn on, and it’d become too heavy and real. Saturday, we’d made love. Night had fallen, the clock had ticked down, and it’d turned to desperate fucking.</p>
562	<p>“Yet, I smell it on you. And it makes the memories so vivid, all but erasing our year apart. What do I want?” he asked darkly. “I want to come home and find you in the exact position I last had you.” I inhaled deeply. Spread out on his bed, stripped of clothing, undergarments, propriety, control.</p>
564	<p>But my pussy, too. Pierce had made sure of that. Though he’d barely touched me, I was wet.</p> <p>...I stopped in front of her, my heart pounding. “I’m sorry.” “For what?” she asked. “Ruining my evening? Or fucking my boyfriend?”</p>
567	<p>Naked, not a shred of clothing on me, I recalled Pierce’s words from earlier. “I want to come home and find you in the exact position I last had you.”</p> <p>...Instead of going onto the fire escape, I sat my bare ass lengthwise on the roomy ledge, one naked half in my apartment, the other exposed to Manhattan. I’d never sat out here nude, but if my neighbors cared enough to look, well . . . whatever.</p> <p>...After lighting a cigarette, I pulled my knees to my chest. I nearly whimpered remembering that Pierce still had my thong in his pocket. Perhaps tucked into his palm as he made small talk with guests. He knew just how to own me when we weren’t even in the same room.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>I glanced at my basic metal bedframe. It didn't even have posts to be tied to. Would my twin mattress even allow me to spread my legs wide enough for Pierce's viewing pleasure? I could test that in seconds. More senseless urges.</p>
568	<p>I had no reason to get into the position he wanted me. Not that I hadn't done stupider things in his absence— mainly, not being able to completely kick my smoking habit, just so I could occasionally feel close to him.</p>
570	<p>He stopped inches from me. "Is it easy or hard to be with me now?" I couldn't help my gaze from falling to the outline that bulged against the fly of his trousers. Hard. Very hard. I knew how unrelentingly hard he could get, how hard he could shove that huge cock into me. My insides coiled nice and tight at the thought. "How'd you find me?"</p> <p>"Your friend Jillian. I wasn't going to let you escape again." He took the cigarette from me and, after a drag, leaned past me to stub it out on the mesh frame. His suit fabric brushed my arm as he spoke close to my ear. "Should've been in position, waiting for me." My nipples hardened. Pierce could've found me legs open, ready to be used. "I promised myself I wouldn't chase you," he said, righting himself. Standing over me. "Right up until the moment I walked out of the party. I couldn't be there knowing you were here. Waiting."</p> <p>... "And yes," he added, scanning my bare body. "I know you've been waiting. I can practically smell your arousal, and I'd stake my life on the fact that you're wet." I lost my breath. "I have been since you spanked me." "I know, Kitty. I'd slide right in, wouldn't I?" The tender ache between my legs grew. He probably knew that, too, considering the rare but dangerously easy smirk on his face.</p>
572	<p>"Now, I look at you," he said. "I love just looking at you. I haven't gotten to do enough of that." I knew what he meant. I could picture Pierce naked and tall with that menacing thing between his legs, even at rest. But I'd only actually seen him that way for a brief moment in time. I loved him in his urbane, tailored black suit, but asked, "Will you undress, too?" "No." Chills lit over my skin. He probably liked how his suit made him seem bigger, while I was completely nude. Out on a limb, waiting for him to shove me off. To drag the tip of a blade between my breasts before he slipped it between my ribs. Hurt me like I'd hurt him. Maybe he didn't know that I'd also broken my own heart by leaving. Pierce watched me with dark, dancing eyes. He read the thoughts in my head. Vulnerability did not come easily to me. It was torture to sit here and stew in it. But he knew that. "You go out there naked, where others can see," he said.</p>
574	<p>"Kitty." He took my chin in one large hand the way he used to. I wanted my hair wrapped around his fist. Those long fingers thrusting inside me. Pushing into my mouth, making me taste myself.</p> <p>...Because every nerve in me vibrated with need. Starved for him, I blindly unzipped his slacks, holding his gaze until I could no longer resist looking. The naked, unsheathed beast strained to be released. I let it free, and he inhaled sharply. I'd only sucked him off twice in my life, but I'd recounted the details over and over after I'd left so I wouldn't forget. The second time, he'd ordered my hands behind my back. Now, I clasped them at the base of my spine. My nipples, already hard, turned to stone as I met his ravenous gaze. Gently, he squeezed my jaw, and my lips parted. He slid the tip of himself between them, over my tongue.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>I tried to get more, but he held me firmly in place. Once he was halfway in, I closed my mouth on him, and he groaned. "Good. Good girl." He released me, and I took him deeper. "Christine," he said with all the yearning and hurt he could pack into my name. "It's been too long." I'd make it all up to him by sucking him dry. I bobbed my head on him, flattened my tongue for his shaft, gripped my hands so tightly behind my back, there couldn't have been a drop of blood left in them. It was an art, giving a blowjob without anything to hold on to, and he knew it. He liked my struggle. He grasped my cheeks and took over, thrusting to the back of my throat, deeper than I could get on my own. So deep that my obedience broke, and I grabbed onto his wool pants. Finally, he was back inside me for real. Consuming me outwardly the way he had inwardly for so long. I loved his domination of my mouth, the bold way he'd waltzed through the front door knowing I'd let him take what he wanted. His hands slid into my hair. He cradled my head like he was preparing to study my brain. Instead, the composed, heralded, serious neuroscientist that I loved thrust his cock in my mouth until I gagged. "I have dreamed of fucking your mouth again," he said. My throat constricted around his crown before he jerked and withdrew. "If you're trying to make me come before you, you know that won't work." Gasping for air, saliva on my chin, I stared up at him, all broad and big, sheathed in his perfect suit as I sat there waiting for his command. But I knew what he wanted next. Where he wanted to bury himself and finish. I coughed a little, working out my jaw. "Did you bring a condom?" "No." Disappointment was instant. I wanted it as much as he did, if not more. "I don't have any." He tilted his head. "Why not? Some undeserving bastard took the last one?" I shook my head. "I haven't been with anyone since you." "What?" He stooped to take my waist and hoisted me over his shoulder. "Pierce," I exclaimed as my eyes met his tight ass in suit trousers. "You've been waiting that long?" he asked. "That's a crime, Kitty. I need something to fuck you on now." He wandered around the studio. "Your tiny bed's not big or tall enough." "But the condom." He'd been fastidious about using one the last time we'd been together. "You're going to pull out?" "I've half a mind to knock you up and bind you to me for good." I bit my bottom lip hard as desire ripped through me. I'd never heard him say such a thing. It was wrong, but the ache inside me gaped wider, hungrier. He chose the bathroom, setting my ass on the sink. Maybe because it was the ugliest place for us to sin. Or maybe, I realized as he flipped on a light, because there was a full-length mirror on one wall. I could watch as he hooked large hands under my knees and spread them wide. As he slid me to the edge, lining me up perfectly for his utter destruction. He glanced at our reflection, too. With my hips pulled forward on the small counter, my back rested against the wall. He had me pinned there, a helpless, naked girl, waiting to be impaled by a fully dressed man. Only his huge dick was out, pink and veiny and throbbing as he began to push it inside me. Slow. Too slow. "Oh." I writhed to try to get him deeper. "Oh, God. Pierce." "What is it?" he asked. "Why are you mewling like a little cat?" I looked him in the eye, grateful I could finally see his beautiful face with the lights on. "It's been so long. Just do it." His hands moved to my hips, where he dug his fingers into my skin and pulled me onto him with a punishing thrust. Finally. "Yes." I moaned, filled by him. "More." He gripped me and drove hard, deep, again and again. It was so good, so,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>so good—too good. Without thinking, I fisted his lapels and brought him to me. He dipped his head and froze, his mouth hovering over mine. Please, I silently begged. One small kiss, and I'll never ask for anything again. He didn't have to give it to me, but I could see he wanted to.</p> <p>I put my palm to his face. His jaw clenched under my touch, and he pressed his mouth to mine. He parted the seam of my lips with the tip of his tongue, and we opened to each other. I'd never not recognize the inside of his mouth, the flavor of our mingling saliva. I sighed into his warm, hungry kiss. Our tongues searched, plunged, mapped—familiar territory to be recharted while I deftly undid his tie. Slid it off. Unbuttoned his shirt and ran my palms through the curls on his broad chest. I had to pause a moment as I got choked up. It was one thing to submit, to be fucked by him. But to kiss him? Touch his hot skin? They were gifts worth savoring.</p>
578	<p>That answer should've sufficed. And yet, unfairly, I hoped he'd say it back now that I'd put everything on the line for him. My chin wobbled as I opened my eyes and finished unbuttoning his shirt. I pushed it off with his blazer, then opened his belt. "Please, be naked with me." Without pulling out, he managed to shed his pants. I hugged his neck and watched in the mirror as he rolled his hips. I wrapped my legs around him to pull him deeper. I craved him this way, leaning his hands on the counter, dropping his forehead to my shoulder as he picked up his pace, his ass clenching deliciously with each thrust. My orgasm was already close to the edge. It'd lived there since his last touch, waiting for him. Watching us fuck brought it on fast. He drew back to look me in the face, his gold-flecked eyes reading me clearly. "Please, Benjamin," I begged, remembering I'd once gotten him to relent by using his name in my most excruciating throes of desperation. "Let me have it." "Mmm. I'll give it to you this time, since you've been so patient and so clearly deprived," he said. "But you're going to have to work for the next one."</p> <p>He kissed me hard. Knowing what was coming, I gripped his shoulders and held on. His fucking took on a new fervor. A new purpose. Make me come. I swallowed his groans. He picked me up, pinned me against a wall, and nailed me to it, fast and relentless, until my tightly coiled body sprang open, my orgasm blossoming from where we connected, spreading out to every part of me. "You're so fucking open when you come," he uttered as my climax peaked. "So soft, yet so tight. So giving, yet so greedy. I can't wait much longer." "Don't wait," I breathed. "Where do you want it?" he asked in my ear, his voice full of gravel as he continued to pound into me. "Tits? Stomach? Face? Tell me quick." "No, no, no." I gripped his cheeks and drew back to look him in the eye. "I want it in me." My pussy spasmed again, as if I could come just at saying the words. The thought of claiming me must've done something to him, too. His whole body jerked, and with another plunge, he came fast and slippery, filling me with liquid heat. "Fuck. I didn't mean to . . ." His face fell into the crook of my neck, his breath warming my skin. "Fuck." We stayed that way a few moments. Every now and then he'd draw back and thrust again, as if milking every last drop into me. Once he'd softened, he kissed my temple. My cheek. The corner of my mouth. "I haven't been with anyone either," he said quietly.</p>

Page	Content
579	His inability to stay away, the impulsive declaration that he'd stay in New York, his abstinence, our unprotected sex.
580	We made love over and over, until light crept in, and we could no longer keep our eyes open.
581	No trace of Pierce anywhere, as if I'd dreamed the whole thing. My sore pussy and stiff limbs told me I hadn't.
584	On the remote chance it was his keys I heard hitting the counter, I stayed where I was. Gripping the bedframe. Legs spread to each corner. Tits and eyes aimed at the ceiling. My stomach quivered with each heartbeat as footsteps approached the bedroom. His presence filled the room before I even let myself look. Thank God. My eyes traveled from the ceiling to meet Pierce's hungry, naked gaze. "You're here," he said, his voice deeper than usual. "Just as I last had you." It hit me all at once. Pierce had my entire body and heart in his hands. And perhaps most anxiety-inducing, the thoughts in my brain—an organ he knew better than nearly anyone else in the world.
651	She had dark hair and deep, passionate eyes. Her athletic body told me if I wasn't careful, she could race me up all sixty stories of the John Hancock Tower—the tallest building in Boston—and win. But she still had plenty of delicious curves and long, lean legs I could get lost between. ...Before I could respond, a waitress came to our table to take our drink orders. Rose asked for a glass of wine, and I requested a beer.
696	I glare at his back, bringing my beer to my lips and take a slow drink. ...She stares straight on, standing completely still in the middle of the dance floor in the tiniest fucking dress, a fire in her eyes I've never seen, and a smirk that sends uncontrollable heat to my groin. ...Her chest rises with a deep inhale as she shifts closer, the ends of her long, red hair teasing my forearms, and my dick strains against my jeans even more. ...Eighteen. Only two years shy of my twenty and completely fucking legal to be with. To play with. Son of a bitch. It was tough to ignore her before, but there was always her age that kept the line where it belonged, right fucking between us. She puts my hand on her hip, flattening my palm there, and I test the feeling, my fingers spanning across the stretchy material covering her skin, skin I have an overwhelming urge to feel. My free hand comes up to skim across her bottom lip, and a groan leaves me when the little vixen opens up the slightest bit, allowing her tongue to brush across the pad of my thumb. I don't know why, but I tug her closer, an unknown satisfaction flaring in me when she whimpers as my hard-on presses against her stomach. She runs her fingertips up my chest and neck until she can pull my face closer to hers, but she pauses after aligning her mouth with mine.
699	I'm about to fuck my best friend's little sister.
701	My brows lift and she chuckles lightly. Finally, her palms come up, flattening against my chest and my dick jumps. "You want me, Xavier," she whispers. "I want you. There's nothing wrong with that."

Page	Content
702	<p>“Then put your mouth on mine. Now. There’re only so many hours left tonight, and I plan to use each one.” If I’m going to hell for this, I’m doing it good and winded. She smirks. “Are you as bossy in bed as you are in real life?” I let my hard-on brush her stomach and she sucks in a breath. “You ready to find out?” “More than.”</p> <p>“Then open that pretty mouth I might have to fill sometime tonight and kiss me.” Without a second’s hesitation, she does. Nova’s lush, full lips press into mine with more need than I was ready for.</p> <p>...Her kiss is rougher than I’d think her capable of, demanding and fluid, and my dick couldn’t get any harder from the taste of her greed. From the taste of her, period. Her arms wrap around my neck while mine scoop her from under her ass and then we’re falling onto the mattress behind her. A husky laugh leaves her, but it’s quickly cut off when I push the fabric of her dress up and over her panty line so I can skim my fingers across her center, teasing her into a tailspin. She moans into my mouth, pressing into my hand as hers move to grip my shoulders, but I lift her, and they quickly latch around my neck. I spin us and fall back onto the comforter, bringing her down on top of me. She laughs, peeling her shoes off and tossing them to the floor. The times I couldn’t push her from my mind, and gave in, letting it run as wild as it wished, she played a shy little part. I was the guy who brought her quiet little self to life, but it seems I was wrong as she needs no prompting, and has her dress off the next second and is gliding down my body, sans bra. Her nipples are hard, grazing along my skin, and she giggles to herself when my muscles twitch the slightest bit. With the tips of her fingers just above the band of my briefs, her eyes pop up to mine. I bend the slightest bit so I can grab a piece of her fiery hair between my fingers, ever so slowly, her nails begin to dig into my skin. “If you’re waiting for permission, you don’t need any.” I tug gently and let the curl fall. “You want something from me, Nova, take it. I’m all yours.” I’m a little struck at how easily the words come out. Nova surprises me when her lips curl into a smirk as she slips her fingers under my briefs, prepared to tug them down. “For tonight.” Right. That’s what we agreed to. That’s what it has to be. I lose my train of thought when the softest lips fall onto the head of my dick. My legs jerk and my eyes slice to the action, watching with heat doubling in my groin as she tastes me. Her eyes are closed as she runs her lips down my length, all to come back up and slip the tip inside her warm mouth. She sucks me, gently at first, but then takes me in more, and she speeds up, pumping me with her mouth and damn near taking my skin with her as she bobs on me. My head falls to the pillow with a low groan and I feel her lips curve around me. “Fuck, Nova.” I stretch out, reaching down to grip her head, but leaving her to move as she wishes.</p> <p>“You’re fucking rocking me right now. Keep...” I moan, her tongue playing tricks on the throbbing vein in my cock. “Keep that up and I’m going to come.” “That’s the point.” Her voice is muffled with me half in her mouth. But I don’t want to come in her mouth. Or I do, fuck yeah, I do, but not yet. I want to feel her. I drag my hands to her cheeks, running the pads of my thumbs over her upper lip, brushing along my cock at the same time, and her eyes lift, hitting mine. Fuck me, I almost forget what I was about to say. That green in her eyes is dark, hungry hunter green, and her chest bounces with her short, stimulated breaths. She’s</p>

Page	Content
	<p>fucking stunning. Gorgeous. Mine. Mine tonight... "Come here, baby," I rasp. Nova inhales long and deep as she lifts from me, slowly crawling up my body, her eyes never leaving mine. Not when she's eye to eye. Not when I reach between us to align myself with her center. And sure as fuck not when she slides right down, painfully slow. She winces, a small frown building on her forehead, but she lowers her lips to mine, and I don't wait for her kiss. I take it, tear my head from the pillow and grip her face, kissing her plush, orange cream lips, and lifting my hips into her. She whimpers into my mouth, and pushes down farther, her ass now flush against my skin and calling one of my hands to it. I squeeze her, smack it gently, and she chuckles into my mouth, but it's cut off with a moan when I start rocking beneath her. Slowly, she follows, finding her rhythm, and my muscles clench, my dick straining inside her, and she rips her mouth from mine, pushes off my chest, but keeps her hands flat on me. She rides me in perfect beat with the bass creeping in from under the door, never once looking away. I reach up, gripping her breasts and groaning at how perfectly they fit into my palms. Her hair falls over us both and I'm hit with a heavy sense of... I don't even fucking know. But it leads me to push off the bed, pausing her movements altogether as I grip her face and hold it there. Concern pulls her brows together, but as she looks at me, they smooth, and her hands come up. One runs through my hair while the other brushes along my jaw. "Hi, Nova," I breathe and I don't know why. But I don't care, because she smiles, and it's not a smile I've seen from her. It's tender, a sexy shy smile, but more pleased or aware, maybe of something I'm not. Maybe because she knew what this, us, together would be like when I didn't allow myself to consider it. This is the girl who asked me to kiss her so she'd know what to do when she was asked on her first date. I'm the guy who gave her what she wanted, pretending I didn't want it too. She's the girl who came to me when her heart was broken by a punk at a freshman high school dance. I'm the guy who broke said guy's nose, secretly. She's the only one who cried the day I got accepted to Avix U, a college thousands of miles away from where she'd be. Her brother was accepted the same day, and for him, she shed happy tears. For me, they were sad. I saw it, though she denied it then. I knew that day I had to stay away from her. I had to stay away from her because I liked it, her crying for me. Her doing anything for me I liked. Craved. Fact is I craved her. First it was Neo in our way, and then it was our age. Now, nothing sits between us.</p> <p>At least, not right now. Tonight only... Her fingers come up, smoothing the frown from my face I didn't know had crossed over it. Gently, I turn us, laying her flat on the mattress and crawl on top of her. She smiles up at me, her arms wrapping around my neck and tugging me down. I start moving, in and out, in slow motion and she bites into her bottom lip, making me want to do the same. So I do. I kiss her, nibbling where she did, and then dip into her neck. "Xavier," she moans my name, and it's fucking done. Every nerve in my body sounds off, twitching and tingling, and I feel her in my toes. Her knees come up beside us and she rocks with me. "You're a fucking dream, Nova. So soft," I groan. "So fucking good, baby." She's panting, gasping into the air, her head thrashing around and nails digging into my back. "You're going to come, aren't you, baby?" "Yes... mmm, X." She squeezes me with her walls, lifting her hips up and begging for more, deeper, so I give it to her. Nova cries out beneath me, her body twitching and I'm right</p>

Page	Content
	<p>behind her, pushing to the hilt and jerking, coming inside her tight, pulsing pussy. “Oh, fuck me,” I growl, flexing and giving her my weight. She pants, breathless in my ear and has my pulse leaping. I turn my head, capturing her lips and kissing her hard, and she is shaking again, so I push in as far as I can, barely moving at all and she clutches me tight, her body a rock wall until it again shatters and she shakes wildly. Her hand comes up, running through the short hairs at the base of my skull and she scratches there, biting on my earlobe as she begins to laugh. “Oh my god.”</p> <p>She pauses for air. “That was more than my fantasies allowed.” I chuckle, slowly pulling out of her and drop beside her, tugging her naked chest into mine and keeping her right on me.</p>
709	<p>WE’VE GONE FOR two already and explored little more of each other. Each time I think to myself I’m supposed to stand now, to help her back into her dress, kiss her well, and tell her good night. That I’m to leave this room with a secret the two of us will forever share, but instead I find my mind racing, trying to decide what I want to do to her next... and after that, and after that. She responds well to me, demands the way I like, and her sounds... fuck.</p>
711	<p>I kiss her gently, and she allows her legs to fall open around me, welcoming me. Waiting for me. Slowly, I push inside her heat, and her back bows off the bed. I bury my head in her neck, kissing her there. “Stay with me tonight, Princesa.” The words leave me before I mean for them to and her muscles clench.</p>
715	<p>But... there had been that one time when I’d caught his stare on my ass. I was banking on that rare moment of appreciation and doubling down on it being my ticket to Cancún. After all, I wasn’t above using any tool—including my body—to get that exam rescheduled. I needed that week on the beach, guzzling ice cold beer and dancing to reggae music, and if I needed to seduce Mr. Miller to accomplish it, then fine. Also, let’s be frank—I’ve been drooling over that man since the first day I walked into econ and saw his deliciously sexy scowl. Apparently, I’m not the first coed to try to get into his dark gray dress slacks. Rumors are that he broke it off with his serious girlfriend who worked at Goldman Sachs and had a permanent stick up her ass. I saw a blonde matching that description in the back row during the first class. I’d waited after class to ask Mr. Miller about the syllabus, and she’d stared me down as if I’d offered him a lap dance.</p> <p>...I didn’t need the man to sleep with me, I just needed him to agree to one measly exam reschedule. ONE.</p> <p>And, on the off chance that Mr. Miller did want to sleep with me... I was prepared. Like, prom night 2010 prepared. Freshly shaved. Loofahed within an inch of my life. Misted with a new Bath & Body Works scent that my gay roommate called Apple Whoredom but smelled so delicious that I was tempted to chug it from the bottle. I had my hair down, a tight white tank top sans bra, and a navy skirt that fell mid-thigh and could easily be pushed out of the way.</p>
716	<p>No big surprise: Mr. Miller was being a dick. I don’t know what about that trait turned me on, but every time his jaw tightened, and his eyes blazed with irritation... ahhh. It was like turning up the temperature dial for my body. Skin flushing, palms sweating, loins—did I really just say loins?—aching.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>And now, even though I could only catch every fifth word, I could hear the bite in his voice, rising in octave as he berated whoever was on the other side of his desk. I caught the word “responsibilities” and had to pin my knees together to keep myself from squirming. My last boyfriend said I had something wrong with me—the way I gravitated to older men. He’d insisted, in that annoying Boston accent that hit strong when he got drunk, that I must have Daddy issues and that it was “really creepy” that I found forty-year-old men attractive when they were twice my age. I hadn’t bothered to respond. I was already bored with him, my interest in preppy boys in too-short shorts waning when compared to the salt-and-pepper haired cop who checked IDs at The Grove, or the polished indifference of Mr. Miller, who ran a hedge fund when he wasn’t an adjunct professor. I’m completely unashamed to say I followed him to his car one day, my books tucked against my chest, my ears perked, my tennis shoes quiet on the sidewalk, and watched as he ducked into a low-slung Mercedes, his phone to his ear, his voice a low growl as he tore into whoever was on the other end. I almost stopped him then and dropped to my knees in the middle of the parking lot. I wanted to undo his polished belt, looked up into his face, and reveal all of the filthy things I wanted him to do to me.</p>
718	<p>“Miss Flick.” He’d shaved, his strong jaw bare, his eyes wary as they swept over me. It was a long canvas, one that thoroughly examined my thin tank top and bare legs. I swept a nervous hand through my hair and tucked it behind one ear. ...The last older man I’d been with had been a bubbling mess of excitement, barely able to keep his jaw from hitting his knees when I’d pulled up my shirt and showed him my tits. This man... Mr. Miller... my mind went blank.</p>
719	<p>I should have taken a shot of tequila before I came in. ...Prayed to some pagan God of sexuality. ...“Right...” He regarded me with curiosity, and now I had to do the hard part. The thing that would either get me expelled, shot down, or... maybe... get me a new exam date and an end to the mounting desire that had been building for him ever since I’d first entered his class. I brought my hands up and under the loose hem of my skirt until I felt the cotton band of my boy shorts. Could I seriously do this? My insecurities battled with my maddeningly intense crush. I went for it, looping my fingers in the panties and working the stretchy fabric over my hips until they fell. I held eye contact with Mr. M as I stepped out of them. His gaze didn’t follow the path of my underwear. Instead, it held tight to my face, which was beginning to burn despite the cool room. He cleared his throat. “In the interest of a proper negotiation, Miss Flick, lock that door.”</p>
721	<p>FUCK ME, THIS woman was going to burn down my life. Laney Flick, whose parents were—fuck me deeper into hell—clients of my brokerage, twisted on her pale pink sandals and flipped the lock on my door without hesitation. When she turned back to me, I saw the flash of uncertainty on her face. The tell was quick but present, her nervousness further broadcasted by how she smoothed her skirt into place. This wasn’t a huge surprise. I had known, the minute she’d strolled into my classroom, her cell phone to her ear, her gaze locking on me like a cat spotting a mouse—that she would be a problem. Her glossy pink lips had curled up a little as she’d ended the call without saying goodbye, then slid into her seat</p>

Page	Content
	<p>in a way that had made her sundress rise higher on her thighs. I'd only been a few days into this adjunct thing and had already decided I would never do it again. Way too much pussy, and all of it seemed to be focused on me. It was annoying and unwelcome, and I immediately shelved Laney into the pile with all of the others. That had been a mistake, and she'd been clawing her way out of that pile and higher on my mind ever since that first knowing smile. For one, she was smart, wickedly so. And she had a mouth on her, one that wasn't afraid to push back on a concept or volley out criticism when it was warranted. For another, she was frustratingly tempting. It was her movements that had done me in. The casual bite of her bottom lip as she studied a quiz question. The slow roll of her knee, back and forth as she slouched in her seat, each outward pass showing me a flash of her upper thigh. The knowing way that she met my eyes, without faltering, as if challenging me to do something. The second time I fucked Caitlin while thinking of Laney, I broke up with her. Ever since then, I'd been counting down the days for this torturous semester to end so that I could get the hell off of this campus and never have to see Laney Flick again. In my mind, in my shower, in my bed, my hand wrapped around my cock... I'd already fucked her nine ways to Sunday. I was almost to the finish line and didn't need to trip and fall now, yet that was precisely what I was about to do. I pushed on the edge of my desk, rolling my chair back until it hit the bookshelf against the wall. I gestured to her. "Come here."</p> <p>Five steps and she was there, close enough that the edge of her skirt brushed against my knee. I pointed to the desk. "Sit on the edge and face me." She perched on it so willingly that I almost smiled. Almost. I was too busy gripping the pen in my hand so tightly that the metal threatened to bend. The desk was high, so much so that her feet hung, her sandals dangling. If I fucked her, they'd fall off. I tried not to think about that because I couldn't, wouldn't do that. This was just a game. A test. Something to give me a year's worth of jack-off fantasies before I left this tiny office and the life of academia behind. "What do you want out of this negotiation, Miss Flick?" I rolled the chair toward her and went for my agenda book. The movement startled her, and she flinched as my tie brushed against her knees, my face almost to her small breasts, as I reached past her to grab the small leather portfolio. I fought the urge not to inhale the candy scent of whatever she was wearing and sat back, putting at least three, maybe four feet between us. "You mentioned your exam date?" She faltered, and it was surprising how affected she was by proximity. That was unexpected. My previous interactions with her had led me to believe that she'd be an aggressive tiger in bed, but this hesitance, these nerves... it was causing my dick to swell and my own self-control to waver. "Yes." She swallowed. "If you have something the following week—the one after Spring Break." I opened the leather portfolio and flipped to the suggested week on my calendar. It was packed full, as it always was. A one-off exam retake would be a complete pain in the ass, which is why I'd refused it to every student who'd pleaded and begged. "Anything else?" Her forehead scrunched into a sea of lines. "What?" It was a good thing that this calendar was covering the increasing bulge of my dick. "Is there anything else you want from me?"</p> <p>...I forced the smile from my face and gave her my sternest look, the one that</p>

Page	Content
	<p>generally ended all discussions, "Open your knees." She obeyed without hesitation, but not far enough. Her skirt now lay high on her thighs, the drape of it keeping her modest. "Wider." My voice didn't behave. It rasped on the word as if my self-control was waning. It was right. I'd broken off my engagement with Catilin two months ago, and this woman now spreading herself on my desk was the only person I'd been able to get off on since. I'd almost made it through this semester, and now it was all about to go to shit. I should have stood up and left. Stuck to my exam schedule and let her figure out a way to make it happen. I could have kept my dignity and reputation intact, maintained some semblance of self-control, and just gotten in my car and driven away. "You took off your underwear for a reason, Miss Flick. If you had something to negotiate with, now is the time to show it to me." I was going to hell, yet every piece of my body wanted this; every nerve stood at attention as her pale pink nails trailed along the scalloped edge of her skirt and then gripped the fabric. I lifted my gaze to her face. Her cheeks were still pink, but her eyes were bold on mine, the confident play of a smile pulling at that mouth. She knew she had me. She knew that I wanted this. Hell, from the tight grip of my hand on my portfolio, she'd probably guessed why I was covering up my lap. "Is this what you want, Mr. Miller?" She brought her fists up to her breasts, the dark navy of the skirt twisted in her grip as she lifted it fully up, exposing everything. Fuck. Me. I ground my teeth as I fought the urge to look down, fought the urge to react, to gawk, to do anything other than maintain an air of cool aloofness. I was a grown fucking man. I had fucked a dozen women before her. I would not be affected by this. I looked down. No man on the planet would have been able to resist. I swore under my breath. She looked fucking delectable, her creamy skin exposed, legs wide, her lips hidden by the polished wood surface of my desk and one thin stripe of light red hair. I rolled forward and used the tip of my pen to brush the fabric of her skirt further out of the way. The cool metal tip scraped along her skin and she let out a small gasp.</p>
726	<p>HAD GOTTEN in too deep. Mr. Miller hadn't even touched me and I was already starting to fall apart. My thighs trembled as the smooth tip of his pen moved across my mound. My hands sagged, lowering the skirt, and he made a tutting sound. "Keep it up." He rolled his chair so close that his shirt sleeve brushed against my knee. I expected him to reach for me, but he didn't. Not just yet. "Pull your knees up, feet on the desk." "My feet?" I repeated dumbly. "Yes, Laney." He turned and tossed the datebook and pen onto the floor. He ran his palm up my thigh and squeezed gently. His hand was warm, slightly rough, and I stared at it as I processed what was actually happening here.</p> <p>Mr. Miller is touching my thigh. I was bare against his desk. He wanted me to put my feet on the desk, which would open me up—completely—to his eyes. I shook my head. "I can't. I—" "You can." His eyes met mine, and he was only a foot or two away, looking slightly up at me. If I moved my feet, raised my knees... his face would be right there. He'd see exactly how wet I was, exactly how much I needed him. He'd see every glisten of moisture, fold of skin, curl of hair. I was confident, but I wasn't that confident. "Close your eyes." I frowned.</p> <p>"What? Why?" "Just do it. Just for the next few minutes. Trust me." I obeyed just so he wouldn't see the insecurity in them. Everything went dark. No more office,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>credenza, or window. And more notably, no more view of his face. That thick dark hair with streaks of silver. The intense heat of his eyes. The tight clench of his jaw. Those lips. Everything disappeared, and I allowed myself to relax enough that when he lifted my thigh, I didn't fight it. He pulled the pink sandal off and placed my foot on the desk. Something clattered to the floor, and I ignored it, leaning back on my elbows, on top of his papers. I waited for him to complain, but he was already placing my other foot in the opposite position. His movements were quick and confident and didn't give me room to question or second-guess the fact that my hips were now being pulled to the edge of the desk, where I was on full display before him. "Jesus," he muttered. "You're beautiful, Laney. Just stay just like that for a moment. Keep your eyes closed." I obeyed, forcing myself to relax and appreciating the release of pressure that came with the simple act of closing my eyes and surrendering myself to him. The air conditioner hummed, and someone yelled something in the hall, reminding me of where we were. On campus. In his office. The stacks of papers cushioning my elbows were probably the economics reports from my fellow classmates. His palms swept down my open thighs, and I inhaled when I felt his hot breath pass over my exposed pussy. "You're dripping onto my desk." One of his fingers dipped into me, then drug over my clit, and then pushed back in. He repeated the action, his touch gentle as it traveled over my most sensitive area, then bolder as it thrust inside of me. A moan rattled out of me, and I fought the urge not to rock my hips into his hand. I felt his mouth, wet and hot, settle on me, and I lost all reasonable thought. A page crinkled under one hand as I clawed out, my back hitting the desk as my eyes snapped open and the popcorn ceiling of the office came into view. He pinned me down with his hands and focused deeper on the task. And the man had talent. I groaned aloud, a coil of pleasure winding outward from his mouth as his tongue moved and played against me in some sort of tantric harmony. It built, and I cursed. I trembled. I clawed his shoulders and fisted his hair, and pulled him tighter against me. An animalistic mew ripped from my throat, and he slid his hands under my ass and gripped one cheek in each, lifting me off of the desk and up for his mouth like I was a bowl of water he was drinking from. "Don't stop." I panted the words as my knees looped over his shoulders and my skirt bunched around my waist. He chuckled, and the sound vibrated against me. "Don't worry." I wasn't sexually inexperienced. I'd found my first orgasm myself, then taught my second boyfriend how to deliver the same. The last older guy I dated lasted over five minutes, twice as long as any college guy before him, and just long enough to give me what I needed. I'd had a half dozen guys go down on me, and each had been an awkward wince-inducing instruction session that had resulted in me rolling away and onto all fours. But this was a man who knew exactly what he was doing. This was an experience in itself, one that I wasn't prepared to end anytime soon. He was greedy but controlled—burying his face in me with no doubt that he loved what he was doing and wasn't afraid to be intimate with every inch of me. He squeezed my butt cheeks, and when a firm finger pressed against and into the tight pucker of my ass, I lost my objection in the twist of dark pleasure that the intrusion brought. Holy fuck. Screw my spring break. Screw my GPA. All I wanted, from this millisecond forth, was to worship at the throne of this man's</p>

Page	Content
	<p>sexual skills for the—a cry broke free of my chest as an intense wave of pleasure erupted between my legs, my orgasm building, tripling and unfolding in a tightly packed blossom of pleasure that had me screaming one long hard vowel. He kept his mouth on me, but clamped one of his hands over my mouth, muffling the sound. Trembling to a stop, I greedily sucked his fingers in as he lowered me to the desk and straightened, wiping his mouth with the back of a shirt sleeve and reaching for his belt buckle. “Tell me what you want.” My knees were open, my legs lazy and unusable, my body still under the effect of the orgasm. Through my haze, I could see the stiff poke of his cock against his dress pants and grew bold at the raw desire in his eyes and the thick coat of need in the words. “Everything.” He yanked his belt open and unzipped his pants. ‘You’re going to have to be more specific than that.” I worked myself back onto my elbows and pointed my knees to the ceiling, resuming the position he had first put me in. “I want you to fuck me, Mr. Miller.” He briefly closed his eyes as he swore under his breath. “Don’t test me, Laney. I’m willing to bet you’ve never been properly fucked in your life.” He reached forward, and I stiffened with expectation, disappointed when he pulled at the desk drawer instead for me. The drawer opened, unveiling pens, notepads, and a calculator, all laid out in perfect and precise order.</p> <p>He reached for a foil square at the back. I hummed in appreciation at the foresight. “Dirty professor.” “Only with certain students.” I scowled at this, suddenly not so confident it was a joke. “How many students?” He tore open the package and reached into the open fly of his pants. “Does it matter?” It shouldn’t have, but suddenly it did. I went to close my knees, and he blocked the motion. Holding my gaze, he rolled a condom onto his cock with an ease that both turned me on and unnerved me. “It matters,” I snapped. “How many of your professors have you opened these legs for?” He ran a hand possessively over my mound, and I fought to maintain my composure when he pushed his thumb into me. A man shouldn’t have these skills. Women were the ones who were supposed to bring men to their knees, to destroy their composure, to tease them into submission. Instead, I was all but quaking at just the casual touch of his hand. “Hmmm?” he nudged. “You tell me first.” I glared at him, my irritation tempered by the growing need and satisfaction caused by one of his fingers, then two. I inhaled at three, and his mouth crooked into a smile. “I’ve never fucked a student, Laney.” He positioned himself at my entrance, and I tried not to stare at his size. “Honestly, girls your age never interested me.” “Oh yeah, twenty-year-olds with tight pussies are sooo boring,” I drawled. “It’s more that they can’t take a proper fucking.” He pushed his head in, and I let out a soft grunt. He thrust deeper, and my head dropped back on its own. Shit, he felt good. Thicker than I was used to. I was so wet, so ready, and I squeezed my inner muscles as he buried himself fully in. “I can take it,” I breathed, lifting my head and meeting his eyes.</p> <p>He pulled me forward until I was upright, our bodies fitting together, my chest to his, and withdrew, then pushed back in. “You think you can?” he asked gruffly, his mouth inches from mine. I wrapped my legs around his waist, tightening our fit. “Fuck me faster,” I demanded. “In a minute. Pull off your shirt. I want to see you.” There was a tangle of arms and bodies as I navigated out of the tank top without falling back on the desk. I tossed it to the side, and he stared down at me as his</p>

Page	Content
	<p>hips moved deliberately against me.</p> <p>“Jesus, Laney.” He cupped my left breast with one hand as he supported my back with the other and ran his thumb reverently over my nipple. “You’re fucking kryptonite, you know that?” I rocked into him, needing more. He twisted his fingers through my hair and pulled on the strands, tilting my head back. He kissed me softly at first, almost sweetly. Then deeper, in concert with the increased movements of his hips. I moaned against his mouth and scraped my fingers through his hair. Locked my heels around the stiff fabric of his dress shirt and competed back against his kiss. At some point, our mouths broke apart, and I let out an unintelligible string of begs. He responded with a perfect staccato of thrusts that took me onto a new plane of pleasure that twisted, rolled, and broke into a wave of ecstasy. I bit into the shoulder of his shirt to muffle the sound of my scream. He continued, hard and fast, my bones shaking, my orgasm waning as he kept on for another minute before he tightened his hand on my neck, and he grunted out my name, his strokes slowing before he finally pressed fully in and stopped. He lowered his mouth to mine and kissed me deeply. “That was not how I expected today’s office hours to go.” I grinned. “It went better than I expected.” He dropped the condom into the trash can before retrieving my shirt and passing it to me as he zipped up his pants. “This is awkward.” “Is it?” I pulled the tank top over my head slowly, my limbs still lazy with pleasure. “Isn’t it?” He studied me with interest as I pushed myself off the desk and to my feet. “I don’t think it’s awkward. I think it was hot.” “You never answered my question about how many of your professors you’ve slept with.” I put my right sandal on and looked around for the left. “You would be the first.”</p> <p>He said nothing, and I glanced over at him. “Pleased or disappointed?” “It’s under the file cabinet.” Ignoring the question, he pointed to a low file dresser, and I bent forward, scooping it up. He groaned at the view. “Don’t tempt me, Miss Flick.”</p> <p>“Ah, so it’s Miss Flick now?” I slid it on and looked for my panties, which were still on the floor on the other side of my desk. “Email me your preferred exam dates, and I’ll see if any of them work for me.” Huh. A negotiation: complete. I tried not to let the comment hurt. After all, that was what I had come in for. At least, what I had convinced myself I was coming in for. “Sure. Whatever.” “Given that this is a special exception, we’ll have to book the testing center for the rescheduled exam. Unless you’re comfortable taking the test somewhere else.” I stepped into the left leg of my panties, then the right. “Somewhere else? Like where?”</p> <p>“There’s a conference room at my office we can use. Or the library here at the school. It can be anywhere. Depending on the date, I may need you to come to my house.” I pulled the panties up my legs and grinned.</p> <p>“Your house sounds good.” “I cook one hell of a steak.” “You give one hell of a fuck.” His professional scowl was back, but now I could see the amusement in it, the toy of features, the game behind his stony stare. “Watch your language, Miss Flick.” “Yes, Mr. Miller.” I retrieved my notebook and reached for the door handle, flipping the lock open before glancing back at him. “Will there be anything else?”</p> <p>“No.” His gaze trailed over my ass before returning to my face. “I suggest you study and rest up. The final exam is very long and extremely hard.” I grinned. “I think I can take it.” I pulled open the door. “Thanks, Mr. Miller.”</p>

Page	Content
743	<p>One hour and six vodka shots later, I blurted out the truth as Kat stared at me from across our small cocktail table.</p> <p>...Kat grinned over her dirty martini, shaking her head slightly.</p> <p>...I burst into laughter as the warmth of the buzz spread throughout my limbs.</p>
744	<p>A few pelvic thrusts later and we were locked in a raunchy dry hump.</p> <p>This was the answer; I was going to leg grind my way to getting over Luke, one sweaty semi-okay looking human male at a time. "You're so sexy!" he shouted in my ear, his hands on my lower back, sliding down towards my ass.</p>
745	<p>Shit. I instantly sobered up to a three-shots-of-vodka level.</p> <p>...Rex was Luke's ride-or-die, and we got along about fifty percent of the time, the amount of time he wasn't trying to have sex with me or Kat.</p>
746	<p>I was still a bit tipsy, although not nearly as much as before. Luke showing up to a human bar and tossing my dry hump date across the room had sobered me up good. I was at a two-shots-of-vodka level now.</p>
747	<p>"We were on our way to a feeder bar," Luke said, his voice colored with embarrassment. Gross. A feeder bar was basically a strip club. The vampire men starved themselves and then paid women to be able to feed off them. Usually it turned sexual. Okay, it always turned sexual. It was basically a brothel.</p>
750	<p>"I've wanted you for so long. I've fanaticized about making love to you for years."</p> <p>...Luke Havenwood fantasized about me. Me. The air sucked from the room until it was just Luke and me in our truth vacuum. Make love. He wanted to make love to me. "Ditto," was all I could manage. He reached out then, trailing his fingers across my neck and then down to my collar bone. "I thought so. But Ellie... I have to marry Isabelle. It's my duty to my family, my people, but I wonder... what if we had just one night together." Just one night together. It was heartbreaking and exciting all at once.</p> <p>...But they did have affairs, stolen kisses, one night stands, hidden affections.</p>
751	<p>"Okay." The words barely left my lips before he crashed into me. A whimper of pleasure burst from my throat as he lifted me up so that I could straddle him, his hands on my ass. I looked down at him, my blonde hair falling in a curtain around us as he looked up hungrily at me. The kiss. The kiss we shared when we were sixteen, we were both thinking of it then, I knew it. I'd thought about that kiss for weeks after, touching my lips when the memory surfaced. It was mind numbing, soul melting, firework producing. Would another kiss be the same? Or just subpar? Only one way to find out. Reaching up, I cradled his strong jaw and then dragged my fingernails down his neck before resting at his pecs. He grinned, and holy hell, he was so sexy my stomach did a full on Olympic worthy summersault. I leaned down, brushing my lips across his lightly at first, until a fiery inferno exploded between us. He growled throatily and I opened my mouth to deepen the kiss. His tongue, sweet and wet, brushed against mine slowly. We were tasting each other, savoring this moment. He released one of his hands from my butt and dragged it across my back to the front, tucking it under my shirt. I moaned as he grabbed my breast and I took his bottom lip into my mouth. Fireworks. Again. Always firework kisses with him. What if it could always be like this? What if we had more than one night? I pushed those dangerous thoughts aside and brought myself back to the present. Luke carried me into the</p>

Page	Content
	<p>bedroom and lay me gently on the bed, his eyes roaming over my body slowly like he was savoring this. Reaching up, he pulled his shirt off, and I did the same, my skin heating up under his gaze. Then went his pants, and I mirrored his movements, both of us watching each other with hungry expressions. His boxers were tented, which made me grin, and I was the first to pull off my panties. He was a blur of motion, before me in black boxers one second and then fully naked on top of me the next. "Ellie?" he huffed, holding himself up on top of me as warmth pooled between my legs. My body ached to be closer to him. I opened my thighs, arching my hips upward.</p> <p>...Leaning forward, he trailed the points of his teeth across my neck, leaving a trail of fire in their wake. "Ditto," he breathed as our bodies came together as one, his pelvis and my hips crashed into each other as I cried out in pleasure while he swallowed my sounds. The pulse in my neck throbbed as he trailed his tongue down my collarbone and took my nipple into his mouth. I gasped in pleasure as he rocked on top of me and my nails trailed down his back eliciting a growl. Pressing himself harder into me, a huff of gratification rushed from my lips as he plunged deeper inside of me.</p> <p>...I'd heard biting during sex was orgasmic, but it was also seen as dirty. I didn't care, I wanted that with him, I wanted everything with him. I nodded and he licked his lips. Leaning closer to me, he grazed my ear lobe and then trailed his teeth down my neck. I could feel the deep inhale of his breath feather across my skin and then the puncture of his teeth. There was a sharp pinch before it was quickly replaced with ecstasy. My back arched as I pressed myself harder into him and we both cried out. A deep throaty groan ripped from his lips only to be smothered by my own skin as he fed from me. I worked my hips faster, aching with need as his hand slipped between us to rub circles over my most sensitive spot. Pleasure radiated from my entire core as the mother of all orgasms rocked my body then. Luke pulled away from my neck, capturing my open mouth in a kiss. As the coppery tang of my blood hit my tongue, with both moaned. His body seized over mine and I could think of only one thing.</p>
756	We would have stolen nights, and I would become a mistress, something I despised.
758	Luke reached out and pulled my lips to his, capturing my mouth in a kiss.
764	"Did you fuck him?"
774	I know how much losing his mother affected him as a kid. It sent him down a spiral of drugs and alcohol.
778	Why do I keep holding out for just one person? I've gone through a series of guys, brief sexual interactions that are meaningless.
780	"Pipes." His mouth parts as his hands move up my throat to my face. He bends his head and meshes his mouth with mine. He eats at me hungrily, tasting the dips and valleys of my lips, our tongues tangling, searching and exploring. We part, our chests heaving in sync.
784	I pick up my margarita and clink the glass against hers, the foam on her beer spilling over onto the table. She quickly mops it up with a cocktail napkin before we both sip our drinks. I end up taking a bigger gulp than I should, almost choking

Page	Content
	<p>on the tequila. Bless the bartender for making this so strong. ...It's a hot and sunny October day, our usual delayed summer here in San Francisco, and we're at a bar on the Embarcadero, watching the boats in the bay while day drinking.</p>
786	<p>And the most blissful look on her face, one that went between the kind of satiety you get after good sex, and the kind of adrenaline-high you get from a tattoo.</p>
790	<p>Anyway, I don't think I'll be a volunteer. Sure, I've always been fascinated with blood and vampires and the whole idea of them, but again, if this is just a bunch of dudes getting off on some blood play kink fetish, then no thank you.</p>
801	<p>"Honestly, so am I," he says to me. "But some people have a blood fetish, or just want to be part of something like that, and then there are those like Shannon who, well...I can't say I've quite experienced it since no one has fed off me before, but I hear it can be comparable to sex." The way Wolf says the word sex makes me flush from head to toe. ..."First time around vampires?" he asks. I nod, unable to speak. The vampire grins at me. "I can tell. You look like you need a strong drink. Of the alcoholic kind, of course." Of course.</p>
803	<p>Sometimes I think I catch Wolf staring at me in a certain way. It's something hot and calculating and I can't figure out if it's because he wants to drink my blood or if he wants to fuck me.</p>
805	<p>There's no way a human being can work in a house full of vampires, handing out drinks when what the customers really want is a chaser of your blood along with the vodka.</p>
806	<p>It takes just a few seconds for the man to start running and close in. Oh my god! He's coming for me. He winds up and before I can scream, he hits me and my jaw explodes in a cascade of pain and I'm falling backward onto the pavement, my vision going black as my eyes pinch shut. I can't even think, can't move. I'm in so much pain, so stunned, that it takes me too long to put everything together. Then the man is grabbing me by my hair and dragging me backward across a lawn and I'm shrieking from the pain, trying to yell, knowing I have to scream and fight and do everything I can to try and escape. But before I can, he's kicking me in the stomach and now I'm just this shell of the person I was. No air in my lungs, no strength in my limbs. I'm muttering nonsense, the pain overwhelming me, the panic clawing at me, telling me I have to keep trying, I have to get up, I have to fight, but all I can do is curl up into a ball, trying to protect myself. And then the man is on top of me, opening my arms, his weight making my chest cave in, his hand pressed over my mouth. I open my eyes because I want to see him, and even though it's dark and my vision is going hazy at the corners, I can make out an ugly white face, someone in their forties, graying facial hair. I don't know this person. But I know he means to kill me. Then his hands go down to my jeans and he's trying to get them off and I know what else he means to do. I'm trying to get up, trying to work through the pain in my chest, the way I can't breathe, but then he's pushing me down until my head is smashed back against the ground. I open my mouth and manage to bite his hand. It tastes like grease and salt, and the man responds by punching me in the face again. Stars explode behind my eyes, my body sinking into the ground as I</p>

Page	Content
	lose the will to move, to stop him, to fight back. Please stop, please stop, I keep repeating in my head as he pulls my jeans down over my hips and I hear his zipper go down and—
830	And with that, Jake takes two steps toward me, places his hands on both sides of my cheeks to hold my head still before slanting his lips over mine in a bruising and desperate and incredible kiss. Before I can even process that I need to push him away or that I want more, he steps back, tearing his lips from mine. “For old times’ sake,” he murmurs, his eyes intense, the taste of his beer on my lips, before turning on his heel and walking into the darkness from whence he came.
832	“Not unless those bags are because Chandler was busy keeping her up all night with some pre-marital sex.” Jenny laughs.
874	<p>I was breathless, sweating, and panting, and almost bursting because I was about to climax with Aiden poised above me, his dick inside me and his forehead scrunched up as I wasn’t going to be alone in coming soon. But then he said those words, and a chill went down my spine because I knew, I just knew. I wasn’t meant to hear them. He froze while I was still throbbing, and dammit, I wanted him to finish, but what the hell?</p> <p>...He groaned, grinding in and against me, holding himself up with his arms on the bed beside me. “What?” Oh, no. No way, buddy. I shook my head. “You said, ‘Two more days until it happens.’” He froze again. That shiver down my back doubled because this wasn’t good. This was so not good.</p> <p>...And now we were fighting. We were fighting while fucking, and I was about to come.</p>
875	We’d had an active sex life, for maybe longer than we should have, but I loved him.
876	<p>I was used to it, but while I endured most of the gossip and the whispers about me, I drew the line at my sex life.</p> <p>...All that was to explain that I enjoyed sex and I didn’t feel guilty about it and because of that, I was hella frustrated. I still wanted to climax!</p>
878	<p>I STEPPED OUT of the bathroom the same time Garner stepped out of a bedroom. I smirked. “Your dick’s almost out, bud. You and the Codester have a fight?”</p> <p>...This happened, and I’d get to listen to him bitch about her for two days before he’d disappear for a fuckfest.</p>
881	The only things we had in common—and that list was seriously short—were that we both loved Aiden and we both had seriously active sex lives.
883	<p>He frowned, but remained distracted as his eyes were lingering on my breasts.</p> <p>...He shifted and looked, then his smirk turned cruel. “The fact that I can smell you?” His eyes moved to mine, and he winked. “He tore out of here, told me to take care of you.” He gripped his dick and stroked it. “How about it? We had that one crazy weekend.”</p> <p>He was kidding. Kase Croux would never touch me, not unless he got permission from Aiden. And that weekend—I suppressed a shiver at the mention because there’d been a lot of permission during that one and only weekend. It’d been Aiden’s birthday and he had a request for us. He wanted to watch. Yes. There was</p>

Page	Content
	some kink in our sex. Look down on me, if that made you feel better. I growled at him even bringing it up now. "Can you untie me?"
885	<p>For Aiden to say it to me, to stop mid-sex—he did that for her.</p> <p>...That one weekend, it had changed things for us. Aiden, Kase, and I had gone camping at a weekend rave. The plan had been to simply have fun. We didn't do drugs, but it was one of the weekends that we thought it'd be okay to experiment. That'd been the plan. Then we got there. The music was already starting. Sex and sweat were in the air, and by the time the tent was put up, Aiden was on me. Kase had dipped out. He came back hours later, stepped inside, saw we were still going, and started to leave again.</p> <p>"Wait." Aiden rotated me, positioning me so that I was on full display for Kase. He ran a hand up my side, and I could feel him grin over my shoulder. "For my birthday." Kase's eyes got dark, molten. His lips parted. "What for your birthday?" His tone had been grating. Aiden ran a hand down between my legs, and then he slid a finger inside me. I gasped, arching my back. He added, "You and her. I want to watch." "You serious?" "Hell yes." We never talked about that weekend. Not once. Was I a slut? I'd been with two guys in my life. Did that make me a slut? I didn't think so, but the hatred had gone down a level between Kase and me. Now, I couldn't help but wonder if Aiden had already started with Sadie by then. No—I shoved that thought out of my head, and I fixed Kase with a look. "Untie me," I rasped out. His eyes narrowed, but he undid the knot. He didn't step back. He stayed right where he was, his gaze not wavering, and he was looking over all of me. I scooted to the edge of the bed, my chest starting to heave, my pulse picking up at what I was going to do, and I still couldn't let myself actually think it, but hell yes, I was going to do it. He glanced down, seeing my legs coming down on either side of his. "What are you doing?" I touched his jeans, expecting him to back away. He didn't. I ran my hands up the sides of them, going to his waistband. Reaching for the button. "What are you doing, Coda?" He still didn't move back. I undid the button, moving to the zipper.</p> <p>Now he began to lean back. "Coda." I let my gaze fall, taking in the entire ropes course of his stomach muscles. It looked like a maze, one with dips and valleys, and the two obliques that led down, right to his dick. And I was remembering how his dick felt that night.</p>
888	<p>How he held me, how he pounded into me, how he made me gasp his name and how he made me plead, and how I had loved every second of it. I was letting myself remember how his touch had started to become addictive, how Aiden had left us alone, knowing what we were doing, and how time had ceased.</p> <p>...I pulled down his zipper, and just as I started to reach for him, he caught my wrist. "What are you doing?" I took my hand back, but I knelt on the bed, sitting up as his gaze swept down over my breasts.</p> <p>..."He's been banging your sister."</p>
891	Having sex was my sin, my only sin, and I wasn't going to be ashamed of that either.
892	"He's fucking my sister."
893	<p>"Fuck me."</p> <p>..."You and Sades were tight." I groaned. He'd followed me to the bathroom,</p>

Page	Content
	standing in the doorway, and I looked up. He'd pulled on his pants, but no shirt. I could see my nail marks down his front, and knew there were matching marks on his back. I could almost feel his marks on me. My neck. My breasts. Lower. And then even lower. I felt him all over me again, inside me.
895	"You're bargaining on behalf of the guy who screwed you over for the chick he screwed you over for?" I winced. "That chick is your sister."
898	It consisted mostly of a dry sardonic humor, alcohol, and not taking shit from anyone, including ourselves.
900	I hadn't had sex since him, and for me, that was a travesty. My vibrator was worn out, and I was frustrated. ...I didn't know the college team Rosalie's friend was on, if he was the home team or the visiting team, but I was blaming my brain for not being able to disassociate Kase with soccer and sex, because when we got off the train and walked the couple blocks to where the field was, I was throbbing with sexual desire.
908	"Suck it, Croux." He shot back, not skipping a beat, "That's what I'm hoping you'll do." He glanced sideways at me, his grin still there, but waiting. ...For a healthy sex drive, it turned out that only came out to play for two guys. I was so screwed because I did not want to analyze why it had been those two guys. "Is that what we're doing here?" He kept driving. "I thought I was obvious." ...After that party and his pull-out, I iced him out.
910	But this one was in the middle of a huge high-top table. Suddenly, a flame lit up the same time as Kase opened the bourbon. He took a swig and slid it over to me. Shit. Well, okay. This was what we were doing. I took a swig, swallowed over the burn, and slid the bottle back. Kase took it, eyes on me the whole time, and took a second slug. He raised an eyebrow, holding the bottle. I nodded. He slid it over. We repeated this two more times. It wasn't because either of us needed to be drunk. ..."He fucked my sister. What do you think?"
911	He was fucking her when I got there, and I barely remembered my promise to you.
912	"I think he'll always be with her. She's the one he chose to be his political wife, but fuck, I bet he had a side chick already waiting for him within six months." ...And," his eyes dipped over my face, my mouth, down my body, "I brought you here for a reason." Such a crass and crude way of speaking, but damn, it was making me throb for him. ...My entire body was throbbing. It was coming alive, and he was the reason I was scrambling. ...His eyes sparked and his head cocked to the side. He spoke, low and silky, and it felt like a caress by itself. "I want you every time I'm in town, every holiday you have, every long weekend you have. I want you flying over, and if we're doing that, I don't want any other guy sliding inside of you." My throat swelled up, and I needed a moment to breathe. "That—that sounds like a relationship?" I whispered, and I hated that I whispered it. That was weak. I wasn't weak. "It's

Page	Content
	sexual, how about that? Only me for you and only you for me. I want you bare the next time I see you.”
913	He moved over to me, taking my hand, and he spoke into my ear, “Because I can still taste you a year later. That’s why.” He waited a beat. “Yeah?” Yeah. Oh yeah. Desire was already flooding my entire body, and my mind shut off after hearing that. I whispered back, and didn’t give one shit this time that I was whispering, “Yeah.” He squeezed my hand, then led me into the bedroom. I’d just made a second deal with the devil. I didn’t care.
920	“I bet it’ll zip if I buy some Spanx.” “Okay, but how are you going to breathe? Chase will get down on one knee and propose, and you’ll pass out before you even get to say yes.” “Laxatives. Water pills. I can do this.”
921	I hang the dress back up in the closet, and then I go to the bathroom to dig through my medicine drawer. I find a package of water pills and take one.
925	“You want to be on top?” Chase asks. I roll on top of him, but hate that the light is still on. When we first met, I felt sexy against his body.
936	He presses his mouth to mine and he kisses me.

Profanity	Count
Ass	76
Bitch	14
Cock	21
Dick	33
Fuck	248
Piss	11
Pussy	24
Shit	97