

# Ugly Love

by Colleen Hoover

His lips meet the spot just below my ear, and I want to pull him closer and push him as far away as I can. His mouth continues to move across my skin, and I feel my neck tilting so that he can find even more of me to kiss. His fingers tangle in my hair as he grips the back of my head to hold me still against his mouth.

...We open our mouths at the exact same time and completely devour each other. We're frantic, pulling at each other, moaning, digging into each other's skin.

...I unbutton his jeans, and he unfastens my bra, and before we're even in my bedroom, my shirt is off. Our mouths never separate as he shuts my door, then yanks off my bra. He pushes me onto the bed and pulls off my jeans, then stands and removes his own.

...As soon as he's back on the bed, he's over me, against me, then inside me.

With every thrust inside me, his lips slide over mine, and his eyes grow hungrier, but he never once kisses me.

...His eyes remain focused on mine the entire time as he moves in and out of me. With each thrust, I hear his words from just a few short weeks ago repeat in my head.

..."You feel so good," he whispers. The words fall into my mouth, forcing moans out of me in reciprocation. He lowers his right hand between us, placing pressure against me in a way that would normally cause my head to fall backward and my eyes to fall shut.

..."Don't stop," my voice says, becoming more possessed by him the longer this continues. "Wasn't planning on it." ***He applies more pressure, both inside and outside me. He grabs my leg behind the knee and pulls it up between our chests, finding a slightly different angle to enter me. He holds my leg firmly against his shoulder and somehow thrusts into me even deeper.***

...I begin to shudder beneath him, and I'm not sure which one of us broke down first, but we're kissing now. We're kissing as hard and as deep as his thrusts inside me. He's loud. I'm louder. I'm shaking. He's shaking harder. He's out of breath. I'm inhaling enough for both of us. He pushes into me one final time and holds me firmly against the mattress with his weight. "Tate," he says, moaning my name against my mouth as his body recovers from the tremors. "Fuck, Tate." He slowly pulls out of me and presses his cheek against my chest.

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