

ANATOMY OF A SINGLE GIRL

By Daria Snadowsky

Also, I'm preoccupied with thinking, I'm having sex again! ...Thankfully, the second time, I'm more into it and have hardly any pain. But as sensual as Guy is, the sex itself still feels awkward. I suppose thrusting is an inherently comical activity, no matter what the guy's experience level. ...First I lift my leg up over his shoulder, which supposedly does the trick for a lot of women, but I'm not flexible enough to pull this position off for long. Then next time we do it, Guy tries rubbing my clitoris with his fingers, though it's uncomfortable having his hand wedged between us, and we give up on that quickly too. ...But just then, Guy stops, sits back on his knees, and asks, "Dom, you know you can move and stuff, right?" "Move?" I lift my head off the pillow. "I move all the time." "Not just your arms and legs but, like, your hips. That's what the other girls did." "Oh. How'd they do it exactly?" "Well, everyone had their own thing." He wiggles his pelvis back and forth, side to side, and then around. "And they definitely liked it more." "All right," I say, my enthusiasm rekindled. "I'll try." Soon we're at it once again, and now I know why I didn't move before—because I couldn't, at least not easily. It takes work to maneuver with a heavy male midsection sandwiching you against a bed. At one point I do manage to arch my back so Guy's entering me at more of an angle toward my stomach, and immediately I get a kind of hot flash from deep within myself that I've never felt before. I can't take his weight for more than a couple seconds, though, before my back drops flat against the mattress. "Dammit," I mutter. "I was getting somewhere." Guy rolls off me and says, "Dom, I really think you should get on top." ...Because if sex feels awkward, it must look awkward, and as long as we're in the missionary position, I'm largely covered. ...I sit up and command him, "On your back, stat!" Once he reclines, I hold up his penis with my

fingers and straddle him before slowly descending on it. Then I just sit there for a moment, our torsos at right angles, taking in this new vantage point. I was certain I'd miss that safe feeling of having Guy's weight on me, but it's liberating not being pegged underneath him. Now the only part of me that's really being touched is my insides, and I can center all my attention on that without distraction. Guy gently pushes his pelvis upward, so I begin moving with him and then against him at varying speeds and directions. At first I don't care how it feels and just revel in my newfound freedom. It must look like I'm hula-hooping and riding a pogo stick simultaneously. But eventually I arch my back again to see if I can re-create that fiery sensation from before. I do. I keep on moving. I'm glad the other Betas are far away playing paintball, because when I climax, I couldn't have stayed silent if I'd tried to. The intensity's beyond anything I've ever experienced before with Guy or by myself. My skeleton feels like a tuning fork that's been struck. It actually kind of hurts, but it's in an exquisite way. ...The shriek I let rip certainly doesn't sound like I'm enjoying myself, and the groans I hear on the hospital wards could easily pass for orgasms. ...When Guy finishes, I'm too keyed up to lie down with him. ..."I came!" I yelp. "No shit, Sherlock. I could feel it." ...I scamper back to Guy and reach for another condom from his stash under the bed. "Let's do it again!" ..."Dom, this isn't something we can bargain over. But I assure you, we'll fuck the second I feel capable, okay?"

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