

Forbidden

BY TABITHA SUZUMA

My lips follow a path down his neck, into the hollow beneath his collarbone. ...Raising my head, I softly kiss the corner of his mouth before moving away across his face. His mouth follows mine and I tease him, refusing to allow our lips to meet, until his breathing quickens and he releases my hand to cup my cheek and coax my mouth toward his. We finally start to kiss—soft, gentle, fluttery kisses. ...He touches my face, runs his fingers over my cheek, and we continue our small, feathery kisses, skin against skin, so warm, so familiar, so gentle, until he reaches up behind my back and unhooks my bra.

He strokes my breasts with quivering fingers, circling my nipples, sending nervous shivers of excitement through me. ...As he reappears, hair ruffled, he brushes his fingertips across my skin, kissing my breasts. I unbutton his jeans and he inhales sharply, his body immediately contracting beneath my touch. His breath is hot, fast, and damp against my cheek and he reaches for my mouth, kissing me harder still. ...He is kissing my neck, my shoulders, my nipples, breaking off to take in small gulps of air, his hands on my breasts, my stomach, inside my knickers, pushing them down my legs. I slide them off and step out of them, then reach for his boxers and pull them down. ...He follows me onto the bed, lying down beside me and continuing to kiss me, stroking my nipples with his fingertips, licking my neck. I touch his penis but he pulls my hand away, breathing hard. ...This time he is on top of me, propped up on his elbows, rubbing his face against my cheek. ...Tentatively I move my legs

apart and draw up my knees. I feel it prod my thigh. ...After several near misses, he leans over to one side and reaches down to try and guide it in. ...I reach down and, after what seems an eternity, get it to the right place. ...Lochan presses against me; I wince in anticipation: This is never going to fit. ...Then I feel him begin to push his way inside me. I inhale sharply. ...And I can feel him inside me, his body trembling with the desire to go further. ...He begins to push farther. A sharp stab makes me flinch, but then suddenly he is all the way in. ...He begins to move slowly back and forth, his elbows sunk into the mattress, clutching at the sheet on either side of my head. ...The pain between my legs starts to fade as he continues to move inside me, and I feel another sensation, one that makes my whole body quiver. I run the backs of my hands gently down his chest and stomach, into the depressions between his hips and then up the sides, urging him with my hands to move a little faster. He does, pressing his lips together and holding his breath, the flush on his face deepening, spreading down to his neck and across his chest. ...The feel of him inside me, moving against me, making me shiver with excitement. ...With a small gasp, his movements begin to quicken. ...I feel him twitch inside me, his pelvic bone digging into mine. ...Then, with a deep, sharp inhalation, he presses himself hard into me, again and again, shuddering violently with a series of small, wild sounds.

Once he is still, the full weight of his body presses down on me and he collapses against my neck.

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