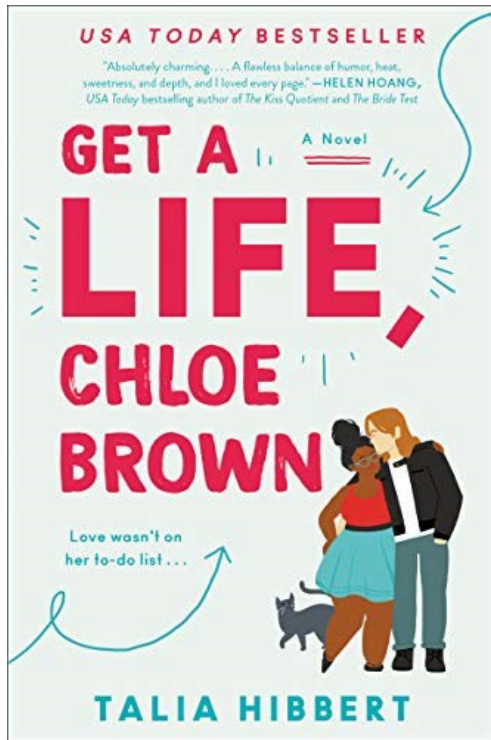


GET A LIFE, CHLOE BROWN



Book Summary:

A chronically ill young woman wants to be more adventurous and falls in love with her reckless neighbor.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; sexual nudity; and alcohol use.

Adult

By Talia Hibbert

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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25	2. Enjoy a drunken night out. ...5. Have meaningless but thoroughly enjoyable sex.
32	Not because she was above lusting after a man she looked down on, but because she didn't seem the type to lust at all.
45	"It's Sunday, after all. No work, few obligations. A perfectly acceptable day for recreational drug use." ..."Do you take drugs on Sundays, then?" he asked finally.
50	Usually when she'd taken her strongest painkillers and was therefore high as a kite.
65	He'd watched too many rubbish spy films where propositions always ended in blow jobs. ...He'd have been less surprised if she'd gone with the blow job thing.
71	"With sweaty cleavage and frequent, strangely sexual grunts?" Dani mused.
72	"How did you broker this deal?" Eve asked innocently, fluttering her lashes. "She offered her body of course," Dani grinned. "Oh, be quiet, the both of you. I'm not so desperate as that." "Because sleeping with that man would be such torture," Eve snorted. "He is sex on a stick, Chlo. And he's so sweet."
73	"In that case, I expect you to sleep with him as soon as possible. Isn't sex on your list?" ..."Oh, go on, Chlo. Shag him. Tell us all about it."
76	Last of all, she'd put a note in her journal, under the weekly to-do section. It was a single word. Red. She hadn't been sure what else to put. What did one write about a man with hair like a hall of fire and silver rings on his fingers, a man who smiled at everyone and didn't feel awkward about it, a man who was the exact opposite of boring Chloe Brown?
81	And he'd been with a woman. Touched her, kissed her, woken up with his own come painting his belly and her name on his lips. Chloe. Suffice it to say, he wasn't too happy about the implications. His wet dreams were few and far between because he was a grown man, and when they did happen, they involved cheerful, faceless women who didn't mind getting come on their tits. Maybe Chloe wouldn't mind getting come on her tits, either—Dream Chloe certainly hadn't—but she definitely wasn't cheerful or faceless. She also wasn't orgasm safe. ...Something that whispered to him even now, heating his skin with memories of last night, swallowing up his good intentions and making his cock swell against his thigh. He took a breath, then another. He closed his eyes and drummed his fingers against the sheets. He resisted sudden, twisted temptation for as long as he could. Which turned out to be about five seconds. Then he cracked like a perverted egg. He was still wearing his uniform overalls, so it took one hand to pop open the buttons, reach past the waistband of his shorts, and palm his cock. When his mind

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	<p>helpfully produced the three-day-old memory of Chloe's bare calves and gleaming collarbone, he was caught between self-disgust and relief. On the one hand, it was incredibly weird that those glimpses were enough to get him going. On the other, it was also pretty convenient, since he would never actually see her naked body.</p>
82	<p>He squeezed the base of his shaft and felt an electric pulse of pleasure. His other hand moved to cup his heavy sac, full and firm and tight against his palm. He didn't know whether to be relieved or worried by the realization that this wouldn't take long. A minute, at most. He stroked himself hard, twisting his fist as he reached the swollen head, smoothing slick pre-come over sensitive skin with his thumb.</p> <p>Sinking into her was tempting, but he moved down her naked body instead. Eyes shut against the truth of his own weakness, he breathed her in, bathed in her heat. Lowered his head. Swept his tongue over her, parting plump labia to tease her clit and taste the wet, scorching center of her cunt. In the real world, he shuddered, as if his body was overwhelmed. His next breath sounded more like a gasp. He stroked himself faster and thought about how she'd react, how her thighs would tighten around him and her hips would arch up toward him and that dangerous voice of hers would crack on his name—</p> <p>Someone knocked at his front door.</p> <p>Red shot out of bed and stared down at himself. His overalls gaped open in a helpful little window of perversion, displaying his jutting cock—also known as the undeniable evidence of what he'd almost done. But, he told himself feverishly, last night didn't count since it had been a dream, and this didn't count because he hadn't actually come. It didn't count. Everything was fine. He cleared his throat, shoved his traitorous dick out of sight, and headed for the bathroom.</p>
84	<p>The baggy cut of his clothes hid the fact that his cock was, for some reason, still hard. He stared at his own hands and found them unusually paint-free and, more important, come-free. Because he hadn't actually come.</p>
85	<p>The he remembered that he was trying to seem normal, unsuspecting, and not at all like a man who wanked over women- tenants- he barely knew.</p>
86	<p>He just needed a good shag, and she was undeniably gorgeous, and his subconscious had slammed both facts together.</p> <p>...He liked it. But then, he liked all the prissy shit she wore. Despite himself, he let his gaze drift to her legs. He could see her calves again today, and her ankles, circled by the leather straps of her shiny shoes. He drank in every detail like some sexually depraved Victorian bloke.</p>
88	<p>Not that kind of ride, he told his cock firmly.</p>
89	<p>They stood for a moment, staring at each other like a pair of tits.</p> <p>..."I don't know. You're not going to ravish me, are you?"</p> <p>...He bit back a smile and took her to his bedroom. Then he wondered what the fuck he'd been thinking. Did blue balls lower intelligence? Maybe. It was the only reasonable explanation for him setting Chloe loose in his room, also known as the scene of his almost orgasm.</p>

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97	"Do you know," Chloe said, apparently confused, "I'm not sure I understand your obsession with genitals, Red."
99	Now, according to that demon, was the time to roll her over, push up her skirt, and make her beg.
105	He straddled the bike, and she wondered absently if he might be persuaded to straddle her. Purely so that she could cross item number five, meaningless sex, off of her list. ...Aside from the fact that his hotness was vaguely terrifying, she couldn't sleep with men who were clients, or men who lived just across the courtyard, or men who already knew certain things about her health and would therefore nervously reject all advances as if her vaginal canal were made of glass.
106	As if he'd heard her thoughts, Red's long, strong fingers wrapped around her calf and she almost fainted. He squeezed and something inside her clenched. Okay, not "something": her pussy.
111	He'd only meant to run around the block real quick, but he was worried that if he stopped now, he might do something awful, like kiss the fuck out of Chloe Brown.
112	Knowing his luck, they'd investigate further, find out about Smudge, and decide that Chloe was trading sexual favors for pet privileges.
113	He tore his gaze away and opened the bike's pannier, retrieving the case that usually held his shades, but currently held Chloe's glasses. Her eyes were all soft and unfocused without them. For a moment he wondered if she took them off when she had sex, or if she wouldn't want to give up even that ounce of control.
116	"What matters is that I have a proposition for you." Goddammit, his dick just wouldn't stop reacting to that phrase.
117	"The more you hesitate," he told her, "the more I imagine terrible and/or kinky explanations." "Kinky?" she echoed, then slapped a hand over her mouth like she'd just blurted out, Fuck the pope. "I- no. It's not. It's just a list of things I want to do. Fun, exciting things." "Like bondage?"
148	"The list is not up for debate. I look forward to Saturday, when we will go to various shady establishments and drink far too much alcohol together."
149	She'd never seen him do that before. How fortunate that, the first time she witnessed it, there was a mountain of fleecy fabric in place to hide the way her nipples reacted.
163	Once upon a time, Chloe remembered, she had absolutely loved sex.
164	Her breaths were shallow, her temperature was rocketing in a way that had nothing to do with her outfit, and her desire was a drumbeat pulse pounding between her legs. Her pussy was so swollen it felt like a fist clenched between her thighs. ...And then what? Would he strip her naked, shag her senseless, and see her on Saturday night to continue the list?
165	She couldn't look at him, because she knew what she'd see: living, breathing sex, a man who could so easily make a mess of her.

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166	She wanted to twin their fingers together again and ground herself in him. It was on her list, after all- meaningless sex.
174	Everything in him turned hot and liquid, except his dick, which was, or course, rock fucking hard.
176	Her cleavage was so deep she might as well just throw in the towel and go topless.
178	He bent his head to her ear, and the feel of his breath against the side of her throat made everything between her legs tingle. She pressed her thighs together while he shouted over the music, "What do you want?"
179	<p>Then he brought it to his lips, and she caught the sharp scent as his throat bobbed with each long swallow. Coke and something, definitely. As definite as the slick arousal growing between her legs.</p> <p>...She faced front and grabbed a shot. It went down easy, but she found herself making a face. It was sweeter than she remembered. And, speaking of memories- this had been a lot more fun when she'd shared a row of shots with her girlfriends, drinking one after the other, shrieking foolishly afterward like they'd done something shockingly wild.</p> <p>...She bit her lip and downed the next shot.</p> <p>...He nodded as if that made a like of sense, took the shot, and downed it.</p>
182	He could slide his hand up her skirt right now, and no one in this hellhole would be any the wiser.
207	Maybe the universe was telling him to kiss her, take off her glasses, and push up her skirt.
209	<p>She'd thought he would kiss her. He bit her instead.</p> <p>The tip of his nose bumped hers, his big hand cradled her jaw, and his teeth grazed her lower lip. Soft and slow. Tugging slightly. She felt that tug right between her thighs, a molten rush. He bit again, harder, and arousal shivered over her skin. Her nipples tightened, as if they were trying to catch his attention like a pair of shameless hussies. She approved. More bites, everywhere. Clearly telepathy wasn't his strong suit because he didn't rip off her clothes and devour her, one breast at a time; he licked her lip instead. His tongue swept out to soothe the tingle left behind by those bites, except it didn't work. That wet slide turned the tingle into a spark, a current, a bolt of lightning. She moaned.</p> <p>He pulled back, slowly, slowly.</p> <p>"There," he whispered.</p> <p>"More," she told him.</p> <p>"Know what I'd do with you, if you were in my bed?" His voice was gravel and bittersweet longing. "Kiss you until I couldn't taste myself anymore. Just fruit tea and too much mouth. Put my hands on every inch of you. So soft, Chlo." He swept his thumb over her skin.</p>
210	<p>He groaned. The thumb stroking her cheek moved lower, parting her lips. She bit him back. He swallowed so hard she heard it. She sucked his thumb into her mouth. He groaned again.</p> <p>...Please don't make this complicated. I really want to put my mouth on you.</p>

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211	<p>Because he'd wrapped his arms around her, shielding her from the night air with his big, warm body. And because all she could feel at this moment was a painful mix of pleasure and frustration.</p> <p>"Good," he said. His lips brushed her frantic pulse. "Let's play I want."</p> <p>She settled against him, put her hands on his thick forearms as if she could stop him from letting go. "I want? As in, I want to trace the tattoos on your chest with my tongue?"</p> <p>...The fact that he was turned on by something as simple as her words made her brave. Reckless. Wild, for a woman like her. "As in..." She thought for a moment, flicking through fantasies she'd never let herself fully acknowledge. "I want to lie naked with you just to know what your skin feels like against mine?"</p> <p>"You're good at this." He shifted behind her. The hard jut of his erection hit the base of her spine.</p> <p>"I want to see your cock," she blurted, then bit her lip.</p> <p>He groaned. Pressed his face against the back of her neck. "My turn. "</p> <p>"Tell me."</p> <p>"I want to see you. Right now, in the light. I want to see how you look when you're so turned on it's making you shake."</p> <p>He was right, she realized; she was shaking. "Oh."</p> <p>"I want to put my hand under your skirt and feel how hot your pretty cunt is. But I bet you wouldn't let me do that in public."</p> <p>She sucked down a gulp of cold air to stop herself from burning up inside.</p> <p>"Certainly not," she lied.</p> <p>"I want to know how wet you are right now."</p> <p>"Very," she whispered.</p> <p>He put a hand on top of hers, laced their fingers together. "Touch yourself, if I can't. Will you do that in</p> <p>When she slid her hand under her skirt, his came along for the ride. But she didn't lead for long. He took over, as if he couldn't help himself, all firm, easy strength. Slowly, he trailed their interwoven fingertips over her inner thigh. Chloe swallowed a gasp. "This is cheating," she breathed.</p> <p>"Nope," he said softly. "Ain't this what they call creative problem solving?"</p> <p>She couldn't speak. She had no oxygen left; the hypnotic circles he made, the sensations he sent dancing over her skin, had stolen every last breath from her lungs. There was too much blood in her veins, too much need pulsing through her clit. Her belly was tense and trembling, her body rigid, every muscle taut. She was on the verge of overloading in the best way possible.</p> <p>...Today, though, all she felt was frustration because Red's slow, addictive circles over her thigh had stopped.</p> <p>She tried to tug his hand back into motion, and he laughed. "You always surprise me, Chloe."</p> <p>"They can't see us."</p> <p>"You're bad tonight." His voice was all gravel. "Don't know why I'm trying to behave."</p> <p>"Feel free to stop trying." She was done pretending to be demure.</p> <p>He caught her earlobe between his teeth and an arrow of sensation flashed through her. "All right." Rough, wicked words. A switch had been flicked. Beneath</p>

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	<p>her skirt, his hand disentangled from hers. He was bolder without her. He squeezed her thigh and whispered hot against her cheek, "I want to hold you open like this when you take my cock."</p> <p>When she closed her eyes she could see it: him kneeling over her, forcing her legs apart, fucking deeper and deeper. She whimpered and the sound seemed to spur him on. He pressed his palm against her pussy, cupping her possessively over her underwear, and the same moan shuddered through both of them at once. "You're soaked. You're fucking— Chloe—"</p> <p>"Please," she gasped, her hips jerking forward. "Please." The heel of his hand was a delicious pressure against her swollen clit. How did he know where to touch, how to touch? He was some kind of vaginal magician. When he hooked one thick finger under the edge of her knickers she wanted to scream. Bit her lip hard. Shook with the effort of keeping quiet.</p> <p>Supposedly, Chloe felt more than other people did. Chronic pain literally rewired brain pathways until you were more conscious of your own body than you should be, until you hurt more intensely than was healthy. An inescapable cycle. Only now did she see a potential upside: she must feel more pleasure than normal, too. She must. Because surely this wasn't ordinary. Lungs tight, ears ringing, heart shaking instead of beating, and her pussy slick and swollen—this couldn't be ordinary.</p> <p>But he was shaking, too, his breaths heavy, his body tense behind her. So maybe it was ordinary with Red. Maybe this was just the way things were between them. He tightened one strong arm around her as if he could hold her steady, keep her safe from the surge of desire threatening to short-circuit her system. But he couldn't, because he was the cause. His fingers parted her folds with heart-stopping certainty, spreading her open like she belonged to him. He delved into her wetness and growled, "God, I'm losing my fucking mind. Kiss me. No. Don't. I'll lose it."</p> <p>She twisted, tipped her head back, and sucked his bottom lip into her mouth. She wanted to consume him. This wasn't quite a kiss, was it? He groaned and found her aching clit, his fingers slick with her arousal. His touch was an easy glide, barely any pressure, just electric sensation. She jerked her hips toward him but he resisted, lightly circling that swollen nub until she felt drugged with pleasure, breathless with need.</p> <p>He dragged his mouth away from hers and sucked at her jaw, her throat. His usual calm had been shattered, the jagged edges glinting dangerously in the low light. "Turn around. Show me your tits. Please."</p> <p>She wanted to. So badly. Who was she? Apparently, the kind of woman who thrilled at coarse orders like that, and broke a little bit when they were followed with hoarse manners. She turned, rose up on her knees between his legs. Somehow, he kept stroking her, kept up his beautiful torture. Her hands trembled as she tore open his borrowed jacket and shoved down the front of her dress. He growled, then bent his head and used his teeth to drag down one side of her flimsy bra.</p> <p>She felt cold air against her tight nipple for a moment before his warm, wet mouth enveloped her, the change a sweet shock, an almost pain that she craved more of. Wasn't that strange, craving pain? But this pain was different. This pain</p>

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	<p>was good.</p> <p>And then it was gone, replaced by tendrils of pure pleasure that coiled around her limbs, tightening with each lazy lick. He suckled her breast and circled her clit and she felt that frantic fluttering deep inside that meant she was going to come. She sank her fingers into his hair, hair that looked like fire but felt like cool silk. "Keep. She couldn't get the words out, but she didn't need to. He kept. And kept. Luckily for both of them, Chloe always came quietly. She didn't have enough oxygen to cry out; the screams building in her chest came out as desperate gasps. Her head fell back as pure satisfaction flooded her body. Red bit her nipple gently and nudged her clit one last time, then chuckled at the strangled sound of protest she made. By the time her heart stopped ramming against her ribs, he was putting her knickers in place and tugging her bra over her breast.</p> <p>...As they stepped off the monument and into the light, her gaze fitted down the hard shape ruining the line of his jeans. That didn't look good for him, either. Pre-orgasm, her arousal had made her brave, but now she had to force her words out. "Um, Red...I don't suppose- well, I mean, obviously you haven't- and if you-"</p> <p>"Chloe, love. Please don't say you'll finish me off. I'm trying really hard not to fuck you in a back alley, here."</p>
217	<p>Feeling a pulse of pleasure inside her, like an echo.</p> <p>...But that, obviously had been the horny demon inside her telling lies to get what it wanted. Because now she'd come, and suddenly she was complicated again-complicated and getting dangerously attached.</p> <p>Tut, tut, horny demon.</p>
219	<p>He's a man I love spending time with and also want to lick, and I'd like to care for him, but I don't really care?</p>
261	<p>Red slid a hand over her jaw and tipped her head back. She sighed as he slanted his mouth over hers and gave her the sweetest kiss he was capable of, because that's what she'd just given him. Slowly, carefully, he sank into the mouth he'd dreamed about. When he felt the edge of her glasses against his cheek, he pulled away to let her take them off—but she followed with a sound of protest. That indecisive hand of hers finally stopped hesitating; she threaded her fingers into his hair and tugged, pulling him closer, trapping him. Apparently, she didn't care about her glasses. His hand slid down from her jaw to her throat, just because he wanted to feel more of her skin. She hummed low and pulled his hair again, setting off flashes of pleasure like camera pops behind his eyelids. Her tongue licked shyly at his and arousal shot up his spine, bright white and urgent scarlet. She pressed herself against him, full breasts and soft belly and breathless pants into his mouth. One of her hands tugged at his T-shirt before slipping beneath. The glide of her fingertips over his abdomen made him moan like she was sucking him off. Touch me. Want me. Be mine.</p> <p>He liked to let her lead, but God, someday soon, he'd touch her, too. Anywhere. Everywhere. He wanted to feel her stomach tremble under his lips when she sucked in a breath, wanted to hear her beg for more as he palmed her tits, wanted to taste her hot pussy melting under his tongue.</p>
262	<p>"And when I said Slow down, I meant, Give me a second before I come. Not Go away."</p>

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263	<p>And, when she burrowed deeper into his arms, she felt his hardness through his jeans, pressing into her belly and singing through her blood.</p> <p>...He wrapped an arm around her waist, hugging her tighter against him. No avoiding that erection now. She tried to maintain some dignity, succeeded for half a second, then crumbled like feta and rocked her hips into his. The choked groan he gave was...pleasing. The way he screwed his eyes shut and let his head fall back, exposing the vulnerable line of his throat, was intoxicating. Sounding pained, he asked, "Orgasms cause endorphins, right?"</p> <p>"They do."</p> <p>"Want one?"</p> <p>...Then her backup brain kicked in- the smaller section of her mind that took over like a generator whenever something wiped out her general brain's power.</p> <p>"Something" such as the casual offer of an orgasm.</p>
264	<p>His callused thumbs swept over her cheeks while their bodies pressed together from chest to thigh, his erection rigid against her belly. His lips claimed hers hungrily, every slick, hot glide of his tongue tugging at something delicious between her thighs. She moaned, and he pulled back as if that was what he'd been waiting for. The size of his jet-black pupils made his pale eyes seem strange, otherworldly. "Bedroom," he said.</p> <p>She ended up sitting primly on the edge of her bed with a tightly leashed storm of a man kneeling between her thighs. He wrapped his big hands around her bare ankles and muttered, "You always wear those fucking shoes, and these skirts. You drive me out of my mind."</p>
266	<p>She slid her bra straps off her shoulders, but he finally found his voice. "Woman. Don't take that think off unless you want me to die here."</p> <p>She rolled her eyes. "So dramatic."</p> <p>"You don't know how much I want you," he whispered, his gaze devouring her bare skin. "I can't fucking tell you. I don't know how."</p> <p>Maybe that was true, but right now, she thought she heard it in his voice and saw it in his eyes—and felt it, when he ran his hand from her skirt-covered hip, to her waist, to her ribs. He toyed with the lace at the edge of her bra, then leaned forward and kissed her belly. She sucked in a gasp at the rasp of his stubble, the heat of his tongue. Languid need turned the blood in her veins to wine.</p> <p>She tipped her head back and murmured, "I don't suppose you'd take your shirt off for me, would</p> <p>"I think that can be arranged." He dragged his shirt over his head. The ache between her thighs only worsened at the sight of him. He was so divine.</p> <p>...He pushed her skirt up her thighs and said, his voice rough, "I like the way you look at me."</p> <p>..."I don't think you want me to be quiet." She said it without thinking and was rewarded with a wicked smile.</p> <p>"No. I don't." He rose up on his knees and kissed her again, licking into her mouth, hungry and filthy in a way that got her really wet, really fast. He hiked up her skirt, but instead of touching her desperate pussy he splayed his hands over her ribs again. Slid higher. Reached into her bra and cupped the weight of her breasts, squeezing, kneading, shamelessly enjoying. She shuddered against him, moaning</p>

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	<p>into his mouth. He bit her lower lip, then sucked away the sting. Each slow pull sparked electric pleasure in her clit. If he didn't get a move on, she was going to start touching herself.</p> <p>"Here's something I haven't told you," he murmured against her lips. "I love your tits." His thumbs swept over her nipples, circled her sensitive areolas, and when she whimpered, he kissed her again, fast and hard, as if he wanted to take her pleasure into his body. Then he continued. "I love your tits, but not as much as I love your legs. Don't ask me why. I've been fantasizing about your thighs." His hands skimmed back down her body, over her hips and belly, until he squeezed the aforementioned thighs. "All soft and thick and lush." He groaned and pressed hot, openmouthed kisses to her jaw, her throat, her collarbone.</p> <p>She sucked in a breath when his mouth reached her cleavage and kept going. He'd told her to keep the bra on, but now he muttered, "Fuck it," and pulled down a cup until she spilled out. Then the tip of his tongue, impossibly light and achingly delicate, nudged her nipple. At the contact, a moan shot from her lips. Her body arched without permission, her hips rocking forward. He took her nipple into his mouth, sucking hard, and she lost the very last of her control. It was as if she'd been on the edge of consciousness, clinging to lucidity by her fingertips, but now she was tumbling into a dream world. She was lust.</p> <p>"Red," she gasped, her fingers sinking into his hair. "Oh, my God, Red. More." She grabbed one of his hands and shoved it between her thighs, rocking her swollen clit into his palm. He released her nipple with one last, sweet lick and her sensitive skin tingled from the rasp of his stubble. She wondered how that same sensation would translate against her inner thighs. God, she wanted that.</p> <p>"You want to know what I like best?" he asked conversationally, as if this was a perfectly ordinary interaction. As if she wasn't frantically grinding against his hand.</p> <p>"What?" she gasped, barely caring, barely hearing.</p> <p>"This," he murmured. "You. My desperate little angel. Losing it for me." He took his hand away and she whimpered. The sound turned into a moan when he finally pulled down her underwear. "Oh," he said. "And this." Without warning, his thick fingers slid through her folds. Her gasp was ragged, torn from somewhere deep inside her. The way he parted her was so intimate, it should've been obscene. He spread her open and said, "Your soft, wet cunt. Oh, Chloe." His thumb circled her clit just right, so right she thought she'd fall to pieces, disappear in a shower of sparks, a fleeting surge of dangerous power. "You're all swollen and slippery and I . . ." He broke off, shut his eyes, his expression agonized, and bit his fist. "No," he muttered. "Not today."</p> <p>"Yes, today," she ordered, spreading her thighs wider, arching her back, showing him everything he claimed to love so much.</p> <p>He held her gaze, his thumb still teasing her clit. "I'm not rushing this. Also, I don't think you have condoms."</p> <p>Oh. Yes. That was a rather intelligent point. "Don't you have one in your wallet, or something?"</p> <p>He snorted. "You're confused about the state of my sex life. No, there's not a condom in my wallet. And even if there was, I wouldn't give you what you want. I'd need to take my time. And I like hearing you beg." "You're evil."</p>

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	<p>"You like it." He cupped her jaw, kissed her gently. He always touched her so carefully, but she didn't feel like he was afraid of breaking her. More like he worshipped her even as he debauched her. More like she was his, and precious, but he planned to come all over her anyway.</p> <p>Mmm. Please.</p> <p>He eased his tongue into her mouth and pushed two fingers inside her—not deep, not hard, just teasing. Stroking. Exploring. When he glided over her G-spot she stopped breathing for a moment. Then she started again, and her next exhalation was a rush of "Oh, that, stay there, stay there."</p> <p>"Yeah?" he whispered against her lips. "Sure you don't want me to—?" He pulled out and she sobbed. Then he circled her clit, fingers wet with her arousal, his touch so certain, she screamed.</p> <p>And then he went back to her G-spot.</p> <p>She clutched his shoulders because she felt like she might faint. "Red, please, please—</p> <p>"All right, love," he murmured, his fingers moving faster, his warmth fading as he moved away. His next words were a hot breath against her thigh. "You're so beautiful. So beautiful, and the longer I look, the better it gets."</p> <p>How he could say that, when he was shirtless and stunning on his knees before her, torturing her, she had no idea. Then he lowered his head and flicked his tongue over her swollen flesh, and it didn't matter, because nothing mattered except feeling. Feeling this. Feeling him. His mouth was hot and wet and slow, so slow, as he licked and sucked her clit. His tongue rubbed every inch of her with shameless intensity, slick and thorough and dizzyingly good. She moaned, choked out his name, pulled his hair, but none of that released the divine, impossible pressure building just beneath her skin. He did that. He loved her steadily, thoroughly, his fingers thrusting deep inside her while he lapped, sucked, pressed deep kisses to her labia the same way he'd owned her mouth. She melted, and he licked up her wetness like nectar.</p> <p>Her orgasm was so powerful she thought she might black out. She released a high, desperate, gasping sound that might've been his name, might've been nonsense, might've been "Oh-my-goodness-this-is-fantastic-thank-you-so-much." Who knew? Certainly not Chloe, because sheer pleasure took up so much of her body that it shoved awareness out of the way to make room. She came until she was nothing but a limp, worn-out mess of a woman with hot tears spilling over her cheeks.</p> <p>Red held her tight and kissed her hard, and she sucked her own taste from his tongue. Then he brushed his lips over her tears and murmured, "I knew you'd cry."</p>
272	<p>Chloe didn't think it was unreasonable to say that an orgasm courtesy of Red's wicked mouth was now her favorite way to start the day. And, speaking of: an orgasm courtesy of Red's wicked hands was her favorite way to float into sleep. ...Then he took her to bed and stroked her until she fell apart for him.</p>
274	<p>She crossed out item 5, meaningless sex, with relish.</p>
281	<p>But he managed to stay upright, and his reward was her mouth: she kissed the hell out of him.</p>

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	<p>Reality shifted, shrinking to a fine point that consisted of nothing but her hands tangling in his hoodie and her tongue easing tentatively over his. ...He tasted her like sweet nectar, bit her lower lip, swallowed her soft little moans greedily.</p>
283	<p>She dropped the bug repellent and jumped him again. Literally threw herself into his lap. He barely caught her, and then she was kissing him, kissing him, kissing him with the kind of hot, dark determination he felt for her, and it was wonderful. Her hands slid into his hair, her body rocked against his, and he felt as if she'd reached into his chest and squeezed his heart because it was suddenly, blatantly obvious that it belonged to her.</p>
284	<p>He kissed her again because she was addictive. But then he reminded himself that he had specific and important plans, none of which included fucking Chloe on her living room floor.</p>
287	<p>His lips moved from her ear to her throat. He kissed her there, the sweet, subtle guide of his tongue making her body hum with erotic energy. Then he stopped for long enough to ask in a low, rough voice, "Would you let me boss you around if I made it good?" ...He kissed her throat again, hotter and wetter this time. ..."Yes." She bent her head, exposed more of her throat to him, her pulse racing.</p>
289	<p>He gave her an odd look. "Well, you didn't think I was going to fuck you on the ground, did you? I'm not a complete animal."</p>
291	<p>"Letting you put your tongue in my mouth again." "Shut up," he grinned. "You'd always let me put my tongue in your mouth."</p>
294	<p>Her lips curled, that familiar, uneven smile so sexy he felt it in his chest- and his balls. ...He hadn't imagined something this innocent could make him want to suck sugar off her tongue and drag her into the tent.</p>
295	<p>"Oh, I don't know about that. Isn't it the game where a girl asks something useful like, What's your favorite animal? And then a horny little monster- ahem, I mean a boy, uses his turn to ask if she's ever had anal sex?"</p>
298	<p>He bent his head, brushed his lips over her cheek, and the feel of her was like the sweetest possible punch to the gut. This was all it took; one taste, and his hard-on was probably jabbing her lower back. But she didn't seem to mind, because she tangled her fingers in his hair, yanked him closer, and pressed her lips to his. For precious, perfect seconds, her tongue slid, tentative but demanding, into his mouth. Everything was as intense as her midnight eyes, delicious as her thighs, urgent as the way he needed her.</p>
300	<p>He pushed the length of her braid aside and kissed the back of her neck, soft and vulnerable.</p>
306	<p>He sank his fingers into her hair, pulled her closer, and kissed her. She came to him so easily, like she knew this was where she belonged and how they should be: the two of them kissing in the cold, their bodies creating more heat between them than the fire just a few feet away.</p>

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308	<p>She was drowning in long-coming lust, and soon she'd be under him. Lord, she couldn't wait to be under him.</p>
310	<p>He pushed her back against the cushions and she laughed as she bounced a little on the blow-up mattress. But the laughter faded in her throat when Red lowered his body over hers, pressing her firmly into the blankets, grounding her and whipping her into a frenzy all at once. Her lips—and her legs—parted on a gasp. He kissed her jaw and whispered against her skin, "So. You gonna let me slide inside that pretty pussy tonight, Chlo?"</p> <p>"Yes," she breathed, trying to arch up against him. But she couldn't because there was no space between them in the first place, the hard planes of his body forced intimately against hers, her legs wrapping around his waist as if they were puzzle pieces slotted perfectly together.</p> <p>"Good." He kissed, then licked, then sucked the base of her throat. She shivered at the hot, wet love, at the lust it stirred between her thighs, and wondered if he could tell her pulse was racing. He must be able to hear the way her breaths sped up and grew ragged, must feel her hips trying their best to rock against his. Her clit was already swollen and needy and desperate for a little more pressure, for sweet friction. He didn't provide it. Instead, both of his hands found both of hers and he twined their fingers together. Through their clothes, she could feel his hard cock wedged tight against her cleft—and yet, all he did was hold her hands.</p> <p>"Red," she whispered.</p> <p>He kissed her cheek, her temple, her nose. "Chloe."</p> <p>"Not to ruin this very romantic moment, but would you possibly consider fucking me now?"</p> <p>His laughter rumbled through his chest. "I've already considered it. Frequently."</p> <p>"In that case, would you hurry up and do it?"</p> <p>"Demanding, aren't you?" But without warning, he thrust his hips. The thick jut of his erection nudged her clit so beautifully that even with all the clothes separating them, pleasure ripped through her. She was gasping, her sight unfocused, her body already reaching a tipping point. That easily. oh, God. "Baby," Red murmured with a smile in his voice. "You should've told me you were desperate." She gritted her teeth. "Shut up."</p> <p>"Are you sure that's what you want?" His lips brushed her ear, the glide of skin on skin hot and sensual. "You seem to come much faster when I remind you of how bad you want it."</p> <p>"Chloe. Will you take your hair down for me?"</p> <p>Even though it would wind up a mess in the morning? "Yes. Whatever. Just—"</p> <p>"I know, I know. Just hurry up and fuck you. Come here." He rose up on his knees and she felt so suddenly cold and alone, she actually whined out loud. But then he pulled her up into a sitting position and said, "Hair."</p> <p>Her hands rose obediently to undo her braid. But they froze when he yanked off his hoodie and T-shirt, her mind skittering to a stop at the sight of his bare torso. In the low, warm light, his fair skin was burnished pale gold. Shadows played over the lean lines of his body, the ridges of muscle. He flashed her that confident smile as he removed the rest of his clothes. "Now, Chloe. I know you're wearing twenty thousand layers of clothing and I'm pretty eager to get it all off, so if you could—"</p>

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	<p>"Okay," she blurted out, because when he spoke his hands stopped moving, which meant that the fabric covering his body stayed in place,</p> <p>which meant that she still couldn't see his cock. And she really, really wanted to see his cock, now, immediately, for what she abruptly realized would be the very first time. She unraveled her braid with suddenly rapid fingers, then started dragging her hoodie over her head. Next was her T-shirt, her undervest, her sports bra—God, that was a nightmare—Holy shit, Red was naked.</p> <p>She'd been yanking off her clothes, putting her glasses away, and cataloging everything she had to remove, and then she looked up, and there he was, just fucking naked. And glorious. Her mouth practically watered as her gaze dipped lower, taking in all of him, blurry as he was. His thighs were thick and muscular and dusted with fine golden hair, and as a definite leg girl she'd usually take her time enjoying them —except she could barely spare them a glance when his dick was right there, curving proudly up against his taut stomach. It was rigid, heavy, the swollen head flushed and glistening. She reached for it as if hypnotized, but he caught her wrist, holding her off with ease.</p> <p>His voice more urgent than she'd ever heard it, he gritted out, "You. Clothes. Off." Then he grabbed the waistband of her tracksuit bottoms, the leggings underneath, and her underwear all in one go. How had he managed that? Was he a witch? The question flew out of her head when he pulled, easing the clinging layers of fabric off her. In the name of teamwork, she dealt with the vest she was still wearing, then started wrestling with her sports bra. Which, unfortunately, was not the most graceful thing she'd ever done.</p> <p>But Red didn't seem to mind, possibly because it involved a lot of jiggling and bouncing around. In fact, by the time she yanked the bra off over her head, his labored breaths sounded more like growls and his eyes were glued to her like a tongue to treacle. He dragged the last of her clothes off of her ankles and then they were just two people sitting in a tiny, pillow-strewn, fairy-lit tent, staring at each others' naked bodies.</p> <p>She liked what she saw.</p> <p>He liked what he saw, too. She knew because she could see the frantic rise and fall of his chest, and because his high cheekbones were stained scarlet. His eyebrows were drawn in a fierce expression that sent a spiral of jittery desire through her nerve endings. He wrapped one big hand around the base of his dick and squeezed. "Chloe?"</p> <p>"I have this idea. I think—just hear me out, yeah?—I think that you should maybe consider being naked all the time. I mean, just, always. Think about it, okay?"</p> <p>"I will," she said, and then, just to see what would happen, she ran her fingertips over her own chest, circling her nipples. "I'll definitely</p> <p>She never managed to finish that sentence, because when she touched herself it was as if something in Red snapped. He lunged for her, but when he pushed her back onto the cushions he was gentle despite the wound-up tension she could feel vibrating through his body. And then his mouth was all over her, sucking at her breasts, licking at her throat, while his fingers went straight to her wet, aching pussy. He moaned when he felt how slick she was, the sound muffled against her</p>

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	<p>breast. Then he shoved those wonderfully thick fingers inside her and she let out a moan of her own, a sharp, broken thing that was closer to a scream.</p> <p>"Oh my God, Chloe." He said it again and again, rasping out her name as he rubbed her swollen, sensitive depths. "Oh my fucking God, you feel so good. Fuck, I can't wait to be inside you."</p> <p>"Hurry up then," she gasped, her hips jerking as he stroked that secret spot in her, the one that scattered stars across her vision and made her feel more limp and languorous with pleasure than any drug. "Oh, please, just hurry up."</p> <p>"I want you to come first."</p> <p>"Oh, for—"</p> <p>He kissed her again, softly, until she released her lower lip from the cage of her teeth. And then he kissed her harder, hotter, wetter, his tongue thrusting in a bold, steady way that made her breathless. When his fingers started moving inside her again, they matched the rhythm of his tongue, fucking her in that deep, consuming, almost obscene way that drove her so damn wild.</p> <p>He broke the kiss even as his thumb nudged her clit. When she moaned and arched into him, her body demanding more, he smiled. "Relax. We have all night."</p> <p>"O-okay," she gasped out, her voice shaking. Her whole body was shaking, in fact, vibrating as coils of energy lashed around her, holding her hostage, driving her toward what felt like an explosion. "Sounds good."</p> <p>He laughed darkly. "Yeah, baby. Sounds good. Good like these little moans you're giving me." He kissed her again, quick and hard and so hot she felt seared down to her soul. The thumb that had brushed her clit so delicately touched her again, firmer now, deliciously so. He circled the swollen bud and her whole body jerked as if electrocuted. So he did it again. And again. Even when she dug her nails into the curve of his arse. Even when her breathy sighs turned into something like sobs. Even when she sank her teeth into his shoulder because she was just so fucking beside herself, didn't know what to do with all this swirling, swelling, pent-up sensation.</p> <p>He didn't stop. He didn't even falter. Instead he told her she was gorgeous, falling apart for him, and that her pussy was going to kill him, and that she was so wet he could feel it dripping into his palm, and that he could do this forever just to feel her shaking under him—</p> <p>And then she came so hard she couldn't hear him anymore, couldn't see him anymore, for a moment couldn't even feel him anymore. But God, she still knew he was there.</p>
316	<p>She was soft, soft all over, from the gentle weight of her full breasts to the lush roundness of her belly to the sheer decadence of her hips, her thighs, her —fuck. He dug his short nails into the palms of his hand and dragged his gaze away from the plump, pouting lips of her cunt, but it didn't help. Without permission, his fingers rose to his lips and he sucked off her honey, groaning at the taste. So fucking good. Even better than he remembered.</p> <p>"Oh, gosh," she said suddenly. She sounded worried. Why the fuck did she sound worried? "I bit you!"</p> <p>Ah. He smiled and bent to kiss her little frown, his shoulder still stinging from her teeth. "I liked it."</p> <p>"Really? Well, that's okay then. But still. I should've asked."</p>

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	<p>"You were busy." He kissed her again. Busy coming on my fingers. "But now you know. I like it."</p> <p>She gave him an impish smile. "Hmm. Well, Red, you made me come, so if you're a man of your word you will now fuck me into oblivion."</p> <p>He almost choked on his own tongue. The pressure building at the base of his spine got even worse. "Into oblivion, huh?"</p> <p>"That's what I said. Get on with it. "</p> <p>Well, that was him told. He found the strip of condoms he'd packed, ripped one open, managed to roll it on with gritted teeth. Maybe she would've done it for him, and maybe that would've been hot as hell, but since he wanted to actually get inside her before he went off like a gunshot, he needed to keep touching to a minimum.</p> <p>Of course, as soon as he thought that, she grabbed his hair and dragged him down, pressing all her soft, lush curves against his body. Her skin was hot and damp from the exertion of her orgasm. Her pussy was wet and open, ready for him, begging for him as she spread her legs and reached down to grasp his erection. In his ear, she whispered, "Hard, please."</p> <p>Oh, holy fucking fuck. "Chloe— "I mean it." She squeezed him, then positioned his shaft at her entrance. His eyes rolled back into his head. He felt as if he'd been burned in the best way, branded. Jesus. He grunted something that barely sounded human and thrust, the need uncontrollable, his body reduced to its most basic instincts. She was so slick, she took him all at once, releasing a low moan that sent shivers through his body.</p> <p>When he was buried inside her, he held still for a moment, sucking down air because he felt almost dizzy with pleasure, running his hands over her thighs because he couldn't quite believe that he had her. He had Chloe Sophia Brown. And she was fucking glorious.</p> <p>She rolled her hips beneath him, and he gasped out her name. She bit him again, at the base of his throat this time, and he almost came on the spot. Then she slid her fingers into his hair and dragged him down for a kiss that stripped him to the bone, that destroyed him from the inside out, her sweet little tongue tasting him with shameless greed, her lush mouth frantic. And she whispered, "Please."</p> <p>He grasped her soft hips, buried his face against her shoulder, and fucked her. Each thrust was slow, hard, deliberate, wringing gasps and then whimpers and then long, rolling moans from her. He gritted his teeth as his orgasm came barreling at him like a freight train. It would be so fucking good, but he didn't want this to end. It couldn't end. Being inside her was undoing him, taking him apart and putting him back together differently, better, more himself than he'd ever been before. So he forced himself to hold off and gave her what she wanted, what she begged for: more of his dick, more of him.</p> <p>But when she came again, shuddering beneath him, her hot pussy fluttering around him, he couldn't stop his release. With a growl, he thrust wildly, once, twice— and then everything around him shattered until it was all just colors and light, colors and light.</p>
321	"Clearly I am excellent in bed."

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322	His dirty clothes were stuffed in Chloe's washing machine, which she seemed to use as a wash basket. His bags were in the living room, which he couldn't get to without running through the hall, balls swaying in the breeze for whoever just came in to see.
328	After far too long, Chloe's sisters took pity on her and left her to her "obvious sex fest."
359	<p>And kissed him.</p> <p>He stumbled back into the wall, and she followed. Her hands slid into his hair and her body pressed tight against his, but her lips were petal soft. Searching. Tentative. As if she wasn't sure how he'd react.</p> <p>As it happened, he reacted like a starving animal.</p> <p>He couldn't silence the groan her touch teased from him, couldn't stop himself from shaking, not when his blood surged with the knowledge that this was actually happening. His lips parted hers hungrily, and when she glided her tongue over his he gave a wounded, desperate growl that must've told her everything she could think to ask.</p> <p>...He dropped the notebook. His hands went to her waist, then her hips, then the row of buttons sewn down the front of her jumper. Her hair next, smoothed-out ripples under his fingers, then the gentle curve of her throat, and then her face. Everywhere, he was everywhere. Wasn't enough.</p> <p>She pulled back and panted, "I'm sorry."</p> <p>Carefully, he took off her glasses. Now she was young and vulnerable, giving him that soft focus. "For what, love?"</p> <p>...She grabbed the front of his T-shirt, dragged him close, kissed him again. It was slower, this time, not as urgent. Talking touches. The sweet pressure of her mouth on his: I want you. The way she smoothed her hands over his chest: I missed you. And when he laced their fingers together?</p>
364	<p>But then Chloe got tired, so they lay down. And then she kissed him, and his brain malfunctioned, and the next thing he knew he was on top of her, holding her hands and licking into her mouth while she moaned.</p> <p>..."What?" he growled, dragging his lips down her throat.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	6
Cock	13
Cunt	4
Dick	15
Fuck	106
Piss	22
Pussy	11
Shit	75