

She pulled him closer, feeling every inch of his body tight against hers. Clawing, pulling at his shirt, and seeking out skin like an animal. Her want was raw. She could taste it, like the tang of a fruit, in her mouth. She could feel his hands on her, tugging and yanking at her in return. She aided him with her jeans, the devil button and zipper; her bra with its impossible clasp. He was getting better, she mused. Or, no, he was always irrevocably, undeniably, purely good.

It hurt sometimes to think of just how amazing he was, how much he could baffle her and send her babbling—meaninglessly—forth, with just one smile.

She was getting better. They were getting better. One word: that “we”, that “they”, that “us”, bonded them and sent her reeling backward in time to the beginning as she felt his hot mouth crash down upon hers.

His hot body melted into her. His thumb dipped just under the waist-band of her knickers and she lost control. His teeth sunk into her lower lip and—mind spiraling—she knew what was bound to happen. She wanted it to happen. Innocence blurred as he slid silk knickers down her hips. Her body lifted, wriggled, and adjusted in aid, kicking them off. She kissed him again, pushing forward; her heart swelling. His boxers were a slip and a tug, and no more.

Skin on skin: “we” together. And when he plunged into her, the world faded into the background, dimmed by his blindly radiant image. She couldn’t focus. She couldn’t breath. She could only feel—him. Beyond any barrier, beyond all reason, she pulled him closer, deeper, moaning and muttering with every wave of ecstasy he caused her to feel.

She couldn’t control herself, flipping him over as lust rose within her, possessing her and causing her to smirk at him and toss her hair, playing the seductress she would never be.

She wanted just fall into his sharp blue eyes, wanted to penetrate his eyes and mind with the deep emotion she felt. Her nails dug in and as he whispered for her to, “help him finish,” she knew she couldn’t. She knew she couldn’t let go. She continued, recklessly, picking up speed: faster and faster still, until her heart felt like it might explode. And without warning, without any notice—except the bruises he left imprinted into her hips, as his fingers dug deep into her flesh—he came.

Like an intense release, her soul felt as though it were soaring upward faster than sound or light. For a moment, she couldn’t even see him, couldn’t even feel her own body: independent and blissful. She slumped onto his chest, panting and sweating, when she regained her sight and the pleasant tingling feeling that her skin permeated. His skin hummed with warmth.

After a brief moment she moved herself, pulling up, disengaging herself from him and momentarily moving from his chest to lie beside him. She clung to his side. But as she lay there, with her face pressed into the hot flesh of his neck, she knew it was not enough. She clutched at his hand, clutched to a reassurance in the back of her mind. He nearly loosened her tongue when he kissed her forehead; but she swallowed the jumbled O L E V back down, locking it away in a cage made of steely fear. Left clinging to him, always selfishly wanting more, she feels remarkably warm and inconceivably contented.

Comment [1]: Sentence deficient of subject.

Comment [2]: Question semantics; consider revision.

Comment [3]: Question punctuation.

Comment [4]: Question grammar; consider revision.

Comment [5]: Suggestion: “had always been”.

Comment [6]: Question semantics; consider revision.

Comment [7]: Question relevance.

Comment [8]: Suggestion: connect sentences with *em dash*.

Comment [9]: Question semantics, relevance; consider revision.

Comment [10]: Repetitive statement.

Comment [11]: Example of repetition; see *Comment 10*.

Comment [12]: Irrational action; consider delaying.

Comment [13]: Question punctuation; *em dash* is used to signify interruption of thought (or to connect two thoughts).

Comment [14]: Suggestion: connect sentences with *semicolon*.

Comment [15]: Question punctuation.

Comment [16]: Question relevance.

Comment [17]: Question punctuation; see *Comment 13*.

Comment [18]: Consider italicization.

Comment [19]: Absence of “to”.

Comment [20]: Suggestion: replace *comma* with *em dash*; see *Comment 13*.

Comment [21]: Question punctuation.

Comment [22]: Question relevance.

Comment [23]: Question punctuation.

Comment [24]: Irrational action; character did not orgasm; unless description is induced psychologically.

Comment [25]: Question grammar.

Comment [26]: Question punctuation.