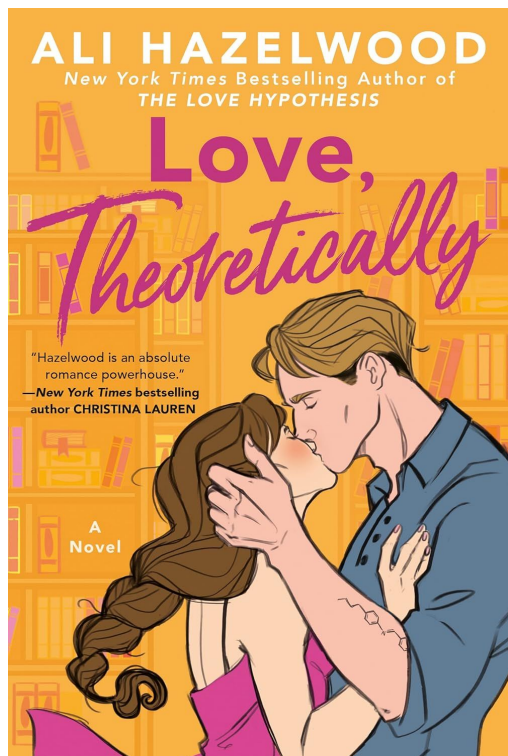


Love Theoretically



Book Summary

Follows Elsie Hannaway, a theoretical physicist, who works as an adjunct professor and a fake girlfriend to make ends meet.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; acephobia/arophobia, alcohol, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, chronic illness, death/grief, financial insecurity and lack of health insurance, gaslighting, obscene sexual activities, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, sexism, sexual nudity and mild violence.

Adult

By Ali Hazelwood

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CONTENT WARNING

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Deviant Content

Page	Content
254	<p>“Wait. Wait, let me—” His fingers close on my wrists and draw my arms around his shoulders. His hand slips between my thighs, lifts one up to make room for his hips, and then we’re locked together, finally close enough.</p> <p>I moan into his mouth. He grunts and breaks the kiss. “Is this okay?” he pants. Something hard pushes against my stomach through his jeans. “Is this okay? Do you—”</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>“Thank fuck.” He sweeps my hair away and holds his nose to the hollow of my throat. Inhales sharply. “You smell out of this world. I’ve been stuck on it since last summer, but it’s gotten better, and—”</p> <p>“Bed. We should go to bed.”</p> <p>“We’re not going to bed.” He nips my cheekbone, then licks the sting off, and we both moan at the feeling. “I’m not going to fuck you. We’re just . . . making out. Fooling around. This is not . . .” He hooks his finger into the soft cup of my bra and lowers it. His forehead presses against mine and he looks down, to the hard point of my nipple. “Jesus,” he mutters.</p> <p>“I can take it off—”</p> <p>“No.” He groans softly and thumbs the pebble back and forth. Pinches it just this side of too much, making me gasp. “I’m not going to fuck you, but</p>
255	<p>God, I could.” His entire palm rubs against my breast, and my whimper is humiliating. This is going to feel good. Really, really good. It’s already much better than . . . than anything. Pulling embarrassing, unfortunate noises out of me.</p> <p>“What do I do?” he asks, fitting his fingers in the dips of my ribs.</p> <p>I look up at him, glossy-eyed, already a little dazed. “What?”</p> <p>“What do you like?” He’s looking down at my body like it’s a beautiful space oddity, something belonging to a minor goddess, to be investigated in filthy, methodical, obscene ways. His hand traces my flat stomach. Skims the place where my thigh highs transition into tender skin. Brushes reverently against the pod right above my panties, like this little thing my life depends on is as much a part of me as my navel. J.J. asked me to take it off, said he found it off-putting. Made bionic woman jokes. And then there’s Jack. Licking his lips and asking, “Where do I start?”</p> <p>I have no clue. “Um . . .”</p> <p>He kisses me again, this time slow and gentle, pulling back from that initial brink. He uncovers my other breast, and his fingers are back, playing with my nipple like it’s an instrument. Liquid warmth hooks low in my belly. “Trial and error, then.”</p> <p>“What do you do with other girls?”</p> <p>“Other girls?”</p> <p>“Normal girls.”</p> <p>He laughs into my collarbone, then starts sucking on it. “Elsie.”</p> <p>“I just want to know. If I . . . if I weren’t me, what would you do?”</p> <p>“No.” Against my sternum.</p> <p>“I just—honesty, you said.” He’s licking the inside of my breasts like they’re luscious, sweet fruits. I run my fingers in his hair, bow into him, beg, “Please.”</p> <p>He hums against my nipple. I wait for him to take it into his mouth, tense as a violin string, and when he doesn’t, when he pulls back to stare at me, I nearly groan.</p> <p>I do groan. A soft, miserable whine.</p>
256	<p>“If you were any other woman . . .” His palms stroke my knees, spreading my legs apart. “If you were anyone but you, I would take you to bed. And I’d fuck you everywhere you let me.” His fingers are like electricity, climbing up my inner thighs, lighting up nerve endings. “I would go down on you, maybe while you’re going down on me. And because your tits look like</p>

Page	Content
256	<p>something I'll be dreaming about for decades, I'd ask for permission to come on them. Paint a picture." He reaches the elastic of my panties. I inhale, sharp. "I'd clean you up and feed you before taking you home, if you wanted me to." His thumb pushes the wet cotton to the side. Slides underneath. "But you wouldn't be you. And afterwards I wouldn't think of you very much."</p> <p>He taps against my clit and I let out a moan. It's knee buckling, how good this feels, the rush of pleasure climbing down my spine.</p> <p>"This is way too fast," he says hoarsely, but he's drawing slow circles around me. My pussy throbs in time with my heartbeat, and my nails dig hard into the windowsill. I am grateful for my black panties, which won't show how wet I am. For the low lights. I'm grateful that I can close my eyes, pretend he's not looking at me and seeing every little thing I'm made of. "Elsie, maybe you should ask me to stop."</p> <p>"Don't. Whatever you do, please don't stop."</p> <p>He laughs, breathless. "More? Less? What do you want?"</p> <p>I want everything, and nothing will ever be enough. I'm empty and I ache and I'm clenching around nothing and—</p> <p>"Elsie, what do you—"</p> <p>"I don't know," I whine, burning, out of control. "I don't know, but please—can you—"</p> <p>"Shh. It's okay." The thumb presses harder, and my head falls back against the window. "I barely know what I want from you, and I've had much longer to think about it." He's close, licking my neck and my nipples, scraping his teeth around my throat. It makes everything worse and so much better. "I don't know what I'm doing, either. Not with you. This is new."</p> <p>My head is a jumbled mess of pleasure and panic. This is—oh God. "That's humble of you," I manage to push out. My hips shift, trying to meet</p>
257	<p>him and get more friction. Jack sees me strain, and he does nothing. I hate him. I hate him, I hate him, I—</p> <p>"There's something really humbling about having the face of your brother's girlfriend in your head every time you come."</p> <p>Another whimper. Mine. "I was never his."</p> <p>"I didn't know it. For months, I didn't know."</p> <p>I want to ask him what he thought of. When it started. I just say, "I was sure you hated me."</p> <p>He laughs, a little wistful, and leans in for a kiss against my temple. "I did sometimes. For making me hate my brother, just because he was the one who got to eat you out." His hand twists, and something in his grip changes: more points of contact, Jack parting my folds, the heel of his hand pressing against my clit. It's even better. So much better. "Should I put a finger inside you?"</p> <p>A flush spreads up from my chest. My entire body is burning, a blend of embarrassment, heat, pleasure.</p> <p>"I don't . . . I usually . . ."</p> <p>I feel him nod against my cheek. "No, then."</p> <p>"But . . ." Historically, penetrative sex has done very little for me. But then so has kissing or touching, and as I sit here, trembling from Jack's hand between my legs, I cannot help thinking that maybe there could be more to that. "Trial and error," I say, which makes him laugh, a deep rumble in his chest.</p> <p>"You sure?"</p> <p>I nod. And then his middle finger nudges at my opening, tapping gently while his thumb strokes my clit, and I think it's going to be a process, I think my body is going to have to work for it, but</p>

Page	Content
257	<p>I'm wrong. He sinks inside me like a stone in water, gentle but not tentative, and it's tight, but the friction is good. He pulls back to hold my eyes, and we stay like that, both vaguely surprised, both not quite daring to breathe. Until he kisses my mouth and hooks his finger inside me. I arch and contract around him. We both jolt.</p>
258	<p>"Fuck," he breathes out. "Here, huh?" He does it again, hitting a spot that's somehow indecently, massively perfect. My entire body blooms with heat, thrums from the intensity of it. "Oh my God, Jack, you—"</p> <p>He does it some more, and I lose any ability to speak. His kisses deepen, become more aggressive, but I am too lost in the pleasure shooting up to my brain, too uncoordinated to return them in any meaningful way. He realizes it, I think, because he groans in the back of his throat, and his other hand moves between my shoulder blades and he pulls me into his chest, a soft creature he scooped up from the floor, squirming under him, melting between his fingers, utterly defenseless. "I imagined being with you like this a lot. But, Elsie, this is unreal. You are unreal." His lips trail across my cheek. "When I get inside you, I'm going to lose my fucking mind," he pants against the shell of my ear, like it's too dirty to say out loud, even alone in a dark room.</p> <p>"You are inside me—"</p> <p>"You know what I mean." He bites my lobe. His hand caresses up and down my spine, a soothing touch that's the polar opposite of the slick mess between my legs. "Two?"</p> <p>I swallow. My thighs are starting to tremble, and a frightening thought occurs to me: I might come from this. I might actually have an orgasm. I might lose all control and a fair bit of dignity, in front of someone else. In front of this someone else.</p> <p>"Elsie? One finger okay? Or you want more?"</p> <p>I don't know. No. Yes. I shake my head and blindly grab his arm, digging my nails into him. His biceps is an oak tree, no give to the heavy muscles, and I feel less stranded. Anchored. I want more of this. Of Jack. But I'm already full, bursting at the seams. "You have really big hands," I say, and I don't say, I like your hands. I love your hands. I watch your hands.</p> <p>"Okay." He wets his lips against mine. We're drawing a map together, of a place neither of us has visited. "Okay, let's stick with one."</p>
259	<p>"I think . . ." I cup his cheek. Make sure my eyes are on his. "I think we should go to bed. Have sex. Real sex."</p> <p>He laughs, strained. "I think you should let me go on my knees and eat you out until tomorrow morning."</p> <p>God. God. I shake my head, dizzy, warm, dazzled. "Let's just have sex. You—you can't be enjoying this," I tell him around a moan. I clearly am. Enjoying it.</p> <p>"You sure?" He angles me a little, and there is no mistaking the hot bulge of his cock against my hip.</p> <p>"Oh."</p> <p>"Yeah."</p> <p>"I'm not—I'm not even doing anything. If we went to bed, I could—" "You make soft little sounds. You shift your hips when I do—ah, yes.</p> <p>This. And these tiny spasms around my finger, which make me think of you clenching around my cock. Given how tight you are, it isn't happening anytime soon, but—" He closes his eyes and takes a deep, undone breath. "Sorry."</p> <p>His rhythm on my clit is picking up, and I'm fading fast, all shallow breathing and spotty vision.</p> <p>"Sorry?"</p> <p>"Just trying to get a grip."</p> <p>"You don't have to get a grip. You can take me upstairs and—"</p> <p>My channel contracts around him and we both groan. "You sure you don't want two fingers, Elsie?"</p>

Page	Content
259	<p>I let my shoulders fall back against the window. It's wet with my sweat, not cold anymore. "We should try."</p> <p>He watches himself this time. He stares at his index finger disappearing inside me alongside the middle, his other hand drawing calming patterns on my waist. I clench and gasp and twist on him, but he doesn't let up, keeps pushing in slowly, and after some resistance, I'm taking him, arching involuntarily to make room, letting out a final little noise of gratitude and disbelief. "Jesus," Jack says. "Fuck."</p>
260	<p>I'm getting used to it. This sense of being crammed with something hot and beautiful. I move experimentally. Squeeze around him till we both make sounds that belong to animals. "Good?"</p> <p>I nod. The edges of my vision are blurry. "Good."</p> <p>His kisses are gentle pecks, almost chaste. Afterthoughts, punctuations to this lurid, soaking thing we're doing. "So maybe you like to be full," he says, voice husky.</p> <p>I nod. Maybe I do.</p> <p>"I will give you anything I have—anything you want, if you let me go down on you right now." I lie back, enjoy the fullness, and try to decide in the mush that is my brain. "I've never done it," I whisper, and Jack must find the situation unacceptable, because he drops to his knees in front of me and inhales deeply against the crease of my abdomen.</p> <p>It takes exactly two swipes of his tongue to send me to outer space. One around my opening, where he's stretching me too wide, and I think I'm going to die of embarrassment, of heat, of the liquid pressure that grows with each of his guttural groans. Then he moves up to my clit, and I know—I know—that nothing has ever felt like this in my life, that good things come sparingly, that I should try to make this last, but it's over before it starts. My body seizes and snaps and bursts into a bubble of simple, pure, physical pleasure that feels too intense to weather alone. My fingers pull Jack's hair too tight, dig in his scalp, and he keeps on eating at me, even when I'm coming down. His fingers stay deep inside, as if to give me something to contract around while I ride it out, and it's perfect, this. It's explosive, crashing, nuclear. Somewhere in the universe antimatter is being produced, and it's all because of this. Because of us.</p> <p>"I think I'm dying," I say the second I can breathe, completely serious.</p> <p>My heels are digging into his back, and wet noises rise up from where he's still running his tongue over me.</p>
261	<p>"I think I want to do this every day," he responds, kissing my pussy like he would my mouth. "Every day for the rest of my life."</p> <p>His words barely register, the glow of pleasure scrambling my mind as he pulls out his fingers and stands to press a soft kiss on my jaw. He murmurs soothing praises and nuzzles the top of my head, like he knows how disoriented I feel. I think these are cuddles. They feel as good as the orgasm.</p> <p>Then something occurs to me: I came. He didn't. I think of that moment of tense desperation just before, the fear of being stuck on the verge of pleasure, and I wonder if that's where Jack is at now. If that's how he feels, pulled too tight, too big for his skin.</p> <p>"I want to have sex," I tell him for the millionth time, and it's true. I do. I want to see Jack come, for a whole host of reasons that have little to do with him. I'm utterly, purely selfish.</p> <p>"Against tonight's rules," he mutters into my shoulder.</p> <p>"So you're just going to stop?" I shift my thigh, and it's still there. His erect cock.</p> <p>"I'm fine with—"</p> <p>"Honesty," I cut in. We're both starting to wield the word like a weapon. "What do you want now? Putting aside your 'rules.'" I roll my eyes at the last word, which seems to amuse him. My stomach blooms with heat—a physical reaction to his dimple.</p>

Page	Content
261	<p>“I don’t have to—” “Honesty.” “Okay.” He exhales and stares down at my body. Considers the possibilities. “I want to come on your stomach.” “Oh.” I expected . . . I don’t know what. Not this. “Is it a . . . kink you have?” He shakes his head. “Not usually, no. But . . .” He looks past my eyes, uncharacteristically bashful. “Honesty?” I request. “I never thought of myself as the possessive type. But . . . you were someone else’s for a long time. It drove me a bit crazy in my lizard brain.”</p>
262	<p>I nod, thinking of my own vague jealousy. “I think you should, then.” He swallows. “Yeah?” “Yeah.” I bite back a smile. “Make sure your clothes stay on. Rules and all.” He gives me a dirty look. For a second I’m giggling on the high of teasing him, then there’s his belt clinking undone, the catch of a zipper, brushes of fabric as he takes himself out, and the smile dies on my lips. I am looking, and he isn’t. He doesn’t watch for my reaction. Just takes himself in hand, pumping up and down. His cock is hard, long and thick in a way I didn’t think possible. I glance at the way he’s stroking himself, then away to the couch, then at him again, and ask, “Doesn’t it . . . get in the way?” It’s a mortifying question, and I want to air-fry myself out of this plane of existence the second it’s out of my mouth, but Jack’s not listening. His eyes move rapidly all over my body, like I haven’t been almost naked in front of him for the past ten minutes. “You really are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he murmurs. “You said you don’t care. That you barely notice. That there are lots of beautiful women.” “I don’t know.” He’s usually so confident, but right now he sounds as disoriented as I feel. “With you, I notice.” He nips wet kisses down my jaw. “You think you can come again?” Impossible to tell. I haven’t come with another person before, and an improvement rate of 200 percent seems steep, but maybe? I’d rather be present for this, though. Study him. Know what Jack looks like when he’s not fully in control. “I think I don’t want to.” He nods, and what happens next is not really for me. He steps between my thighs and angles the underside of his cock so that it hits my clit. It has us both gasping, but it’s about what he wants. As is the way he slots the head against my opening, and the long moment he leaves it there, grunting, a turning point in the multiverse, where two futures exist: one in which he pushes in and fucks me, the other in which he follows those inflexible rules of his.</p>
263	<p>Unfortunately, Jack Smith-Turner is a stickler. It occurs to me that I could be doing this for him. I could be more than just a warm body and slender arms looped around his neck. “Should I—” “Not tonight.” His movements are picking up, knuckles brushing rhythmically against my slit. “I just want to look at you. Know you’re here.” He uses my slick to make himself wet, hard, fast pulls, and after just a handful of seconds I see the tension in his arms, the muted tremors in his fingers, how close he already is. “Shit, Elsie.” His voice is urgent. A little desperate. His forehead presses against mine. “There were days, these last few months, when you were all I could think about. Even if I didn’t really want to.” Then a choked “Fuck” that feels like a rush of breath against my lips, and I know he’s there. I think he’ll finish with a growl, make a mess out of me, maybe admire his handiwork, but that’s not what happens at all. Instead he pulls back so that his eyes can hold my own till the very last moment, glassy and nearly all black. His free hand searches blindly, frantically. It grabs</p>

Page	Content
263	<p>mine when he finds it, twining our fingers together in a tight grip, and that's when I know. When I realize deep in my belly that for Jack this is not about friction or about fucking. It's not even about coming, or about anything else I might have stupidly suspected.</p> <p>This is about him and me. And the possibility of something that goes far beyond the both of us. "Elsie," he mouths when he comes. He seems to retreat into himself, to dig deep into his head to deal with the shocking pleasure of it and avoid losing his mind, and all I need to do is hold him tight to remind him that yes. I'm here. With him.</p> <p>I'm here.</p> <p>It's downright terrifying, what this could be. What I want it to be. It makes me tear up, and then it makes me sob, and then it makes me clutch at Jack for dear life, the splotch of his semen sticking to his shirt and my stomach, pooling in my belly button.</p>
277	<p>He takes my panties off. Slides them under his pillow—hoarding, like a dragon. "You could be my entire world," he whispers in my ear before</p>
278	<p>moving to my collarbone. "If you let me."</p> <p>I stroke his hair. "I think I will."</p> <p>"Then I'm sorry."</p> <p>"What are you—ah, what are you sorry for?"</p> <p>He's making room for himself between my legs, spreading them open, touching me there purposefully, exploringly, urgently, like he's looking for answers. Do I want this? Am I ready? Am I wet enough? Yes. Yes. I don't know.</p> <p>"Because I'm never going to let you go."</p> <p>I moan. His erection brushes against my stomach, and I reach down for him. I want to feel him, too. I want to touch him. But the second my hand closes around him through his pants, he seems to stutter. His expression blanks and then he inhales sharply. He is hard. He's really hard.</p> <p>"Stop," he orders, choked.</p> <p>I obey. But say, "Honesty? I'd like to keep going."</p> <p>He's not sure whether to believe me. But he lets me push us on our sides, and when I slide my fingers past his waistband, he's still, motionless but for the movement in his throat.</p> <p>"You don't like this?" I ask.</p> <p>"I do," he rasps.</p> <p>"You seem . . ."</p> <p>"It's new for me, too."</p> <p>I laugh softly. "Hand jobs?"</p> <p>"Being with someone that I . . ." He doesn't finish. My fingers wrap around him, and his eyes drop shut. He seems to fall backward. Into himself. "Fuck."</p> <p>I pump up and down, but it's weird, clumsy, with his pants on. He's too distracted by my touch, and I have to tug at the waistband several times before he understands that I want him to pull them down.</p> <p>"Can you tell me? How do you like this?" I ask, adjusting my grip. I need two hands. Yes, it'll be better with two hands. Still an awkward position, but also intimate, how close we are. Nice. I smell him deep in my nostrils and he's good. So good.</p>
279	<p>"I like it too much, Elsie."</p> <p>"No, I—" I shake my head against his chest. "Tell me how you do this. When you're alone."</p> <p>"This is—fuck, it's good. Just . . . slow for now. Steady. And if you—the head—yes. Yes, there."</p> <p>"What else?"</p>

Page	Content
279	<p>I hear him swallow. “Your voice.”</p> <p>“I . . . What?”</p> <p>“Just speak.”</p> <p>“I’m not . . .” Laughter bubbles out of me. “I don’t think I can do dirty talk.”</p> <p>“You can go with nematics. You can count to ten. I don’t care, just—”</p> <p>“I . . . I could talk about George’s offer. How I’ve been seriously considering. If I accepted, we’d be working together. I’d be at MIT with you next year. I’d earn a livable amount of money, so maybe we could go to lunch together sometimes. I’d buy—”</p> <p>He makes a deep, guttural sound. His hand moves down between our bodies, and I think he’s about to shoo me away, but his head dips forward and his fingers tighten around his balls, then fist around mine. “I want to fuck you,” he says into my hair. “Please, let me fuck you.”</p> <p>I simply nod.</p> <p>It’s beautiful, having him on top of me. He’s so wide and heavy, I’d have expected feeling constrained, unpleasantly held down, but there’s none of that. I wrap my arms around his neck, tip my chin up to kiss him, let him press me into the mattress and deliciously contain me. And then, when his stomach slides across mine, I get a stab of panic. “Wait.”</p> <p>He stops instantly. Looks down at me, watchful.</p> <p>“If it’s not good, we’re going to work on it. Right?”</p> <p>He laughs against my lips. “It’s already the best sex I’ve ever had.”</p> <p>“But if—”</p> <p>“Yeah.” He eases my legs open, or maybe they spread all on their own.</p> <p>His cock pushes against my abdomen first and then slides down the wet</p>
280	<p>mess of my folds, slots against my entrance. “We will.”</p> <p>It suddenly seems improbable that this is going to work. He’s much bigger than J.J., and even though I was aware of this before, at some abstract, theoretical level, the practical implications are now glaringly obvious. This is a physical impossibility. That, or it’s going to hurt like hell. And this is the part of sex I’ve always liked the least—someone pushing inside me, and me struggling to adjust, to keep up, to accept. I imagine it will be the same, and for a split second I wonder if I could bear it, not liking this. With Jack.</p> <p>It’s new, worrying about my own enjoyment. I’m contemplating it, vaguely dumbfounded, when something changes.</p> <p>Jack presses into me.</p> <p>The head of his cock slides inside, just one or two inches.</p> <p>My body contracts around him in a small spasm.</p> <p>I let out a choked cry, and he slurs something that sounds like “Fuck” against my cheek. I arch into him as air rushes out of my lungs, trying to get closer, trying to chase that feeling.</p> <p>This is—nice. Really, really nice. Unprecedentedly nice. Maybe I’m just wet enough, maybe I’m more relaxed than ever, but he’s not even halfway inside and I’m fluttering around him, the tingling of an orgasm already deep inside my belly.</p> <p>“Holy fuck,” Jack rasps, and helps me go after whatever this is. His hand slips between us, thumb pressing against my clit, and I tighten even more around him, a reedy whimper coming out of my throat, mixing with his loud groan.</p> <p>My head whites out. I’m confused. Dizzy. I don’t think I came, but this is good in a way I cannot even begin to parse. This feels right, and my body knows, because it welcomes Jack inside like I’m where he belongs.</p> <p>So maybe you like to be full.</p> <p>Yes. Yes. It appears that I do like to be full.</p>

Page	Content
280	<p>“Is it all in?”</p> <p>He shakes his head. I consider laughing in his face, telling him that he’s lying, but he’s in no shape to do so. His eyes are glassy. The arm he’s</p>
281	<p>propped himself up on is shaking on the side of my head, like the effort to pace himself is somewhere above the realm of what’s human.</p> <p>“You’re . . . big.”</p> <p>He nods, like he knows and it doesn’t matter. My nipples are hard pebbles against the expanse of his chest, and the contact is exquisite. I could come just from this—rubbing myself against him.</p> <p>I let out a reedy laugh. “Is this what sex feels like for normal people?” I ask, moving my hips, circling, tipping back and forth, just to see where this could end up going. The possibilities are tantalizing.</p> <p>“No one has felt like this in all of history,” he tells me, voice deep and shaky, and then he’s kissing me hard, his tongue licking inside my mouth, and after a few seconds of that I’m softer, I’m open, I’m lost, and it takes only two upward thrusts, one forceful and the other almost accidental. Then I’m taking him right to the hilt, feeling his sack flush against me, and it feels like something dreamt, something meant to be.</p> <p>“Fuck,” he murmurs again, but I barely hear him. I focus on my own body, the way it’s stretched full. I feel Jack in the bones of my skull, in the tips of my toes, and everywhere in between. I thrum, flutter gently around him, and even though I’ve never been this close to anyone else, it’s still not enough. He must know, because he gathers me off the mattress in his arms. I am completely, utterly surrounded by him, by the perfect tension of this moment, and Jack begins to push in and out of me, in and out, delicious rhythm and drawn-out friction.</p> <p>I cannot take it. It’s too brilliantly, stupidly good. My head lolls back against his pillow, and his lips find my jaw, nip my chin, bite my neck. “I’m going to fuck you everywhere, Elsie.” He licks the hollow of my throat. “Between today and the day we die, I’m going to fuck you everywhere.”</p> <p>I nod. Let him know that he can. There is a tight, liquid pool blooming inside my stomach, twitches of pleasure making their way down my limbs, surging up my spine. I reach for Jack again, pull him to me for the kisses I want, but it doesn’t work. We’re too raw, too new at this, too desperate to catch every drop of this. Our lips press together, then they pause, forgotten by both of us.</p>
282	<p>“Can you come like this?” he asks, his breath a hot wash against my ear. I’m drifting away. I’ll never hear his voice and not think of this. Of the deep, rough bite of it sinking inside my brain. Of the whispered Yes and This way and Perfect and—</p> <p>“Elsie.” His body trembles around mine. On the verge of tipping over. “Can you come this way?”</p> <p>“I don’t know. I—maybe?” I’m close, I think. About to snap. It’s phenomenal, the way he hits everywhere inside me at once, a masterpiece of biology that something could work so gloriously, and I just need a little more—just a little more—</p> <p>“Shit.” His thrusts quicken, he buries his face in my throat, and I think he’s getting close. I think he didn’t expect it. He doesn’t want to come, not yet, but this might be fully out of his control. And it’s what I want. To see him lost in something. “You’re good. This is good,” I urge him, and the word is such a paltry substitute when what I mean is This is the best thing I’ve ever felt and Thank you and Whatever you want, really, whatever you want, just take it.</p> <p>“Fuck,” he says again, and I see it in his face, the second it’s all over for him. His hand closes around my hip, holding me to him while he presses as far as he can go, and then I feel his cock jump in quick, jerky movements. “Elsie.”</p>

Page	Content
282	<p>I'm moaning. He's gasping. His skin slides against mine, sweaty, and my body clamps down on him. His back tenses into a slab, and I hold him while his hips turn erratic, then stop, then— The heat spreading inside me comes to a halt. I watch Jack's eyes go blank, feel him bite my collarbone like I'm his anchor, like he wants to be reminded that I'm really here. The grunts he lets out come from somewhere deep inside him, somewhere I doubt he himself knows, and I hold him to myself until his orgasm dies down to a few clumsy, involuntary thrusts. I'm still buzzing with thrumming, unsnapped tension. And it should be frustrating—it is frustrating that he came and I didn't, that there's heat pushing against the seams of me, simmering from within. But it was good</p>
283	<p>anyway. And after a moment he pulls out, breaths rapid and choppy, and looks down at me. His expression is shaken, a little astonished.</p> <p>"Shit," he breathes into my neck, his heart a drum against my skin. I cannot stop trembling. "I'm sorry."</p> <p>"It's okay. I—"</p> <p>He pushes my legs open with his palms, and I arch like a rainbow when he slides two of his fingers inside me, feeling blissfully full again.</p> <p>He can kiss me properly now, soft, deep, hungry, and says, "Let me— I'm going to—"</p> <p>He's more reptilian brain than anything else. I'm wet with his come and my own slick, and he draws fast, beautiful circles around my clit that immediately push me over the edge. I shut my eyes tight and come in strong waves, and when I do, he pushes inside me again, something delicious to clench around, something beautiful and grounding, and when we fall asleep like that, I think that wherever it is that we're going, maybe, just maybe, it might turn out to be a place I never want to leave.</p>
285	<p>"Elsie. Work on how little I last." He bites the spot where he kissed me, and then his cock is rubbing against me, breaching my entrance. He makes a few soft, grunt-like noises next to my ear, then presses to the hilt in one single push. I spasm around him, and the drag against my muscles is sun-extinguishingly good. It's still a snug fit, but I'm wet from his come, soft from sleep, and he slides inside like a dream.</p> <p>He pinches my hard nipple, like he knows exactly what my body wants, even when I don't. His palm presses against my abdomen, and I wonder if he can feel himself move within me, if he can tell how full I am. His thrusts are long and slow, at once leisurely and forceful enough to shift my entire body closer to the headboard.</p> <p>"Okay, okay, I—" He laughs ruefully, breathless against my throat, and I reach behind me. To touch his cheek, to hold on to him. "Maybe you should be in charge. Before I fuck you into the mattress again."</p> <p>Shockingly, I'm still capable of blushing. "What do I—"</p> <p>"Just—move." He presses a kiss where my neck meets my shoulder.</p> <p>"Do what feels good. Let me see you—yes. Yeah."</p> <p>I grind my ass against his abdomen, shallow, slow, awkward at first, because the position is weird and because what even am I doing? But my hips circle in a long, sinuous move, and something hits just right, and—</p> <p>We gasp in unison.</p>
286	<p>"There?" he murmurs against my ear, angling my hips to give me even more. "That's how I make you come?"</p> <p>My mind blurs. "You already made me come."</p> <p>He makes a guttural noise. "I want to feel it. When my cock is inside you."</p> <p>I moan, and then I'm not in charge anymore. The pleasure gushes inside me, scarily strong, quicker than I thought possible, unraveling like an avalanche. I squeeze his fingers and he</p>

Page	Content
286	squeezes back, and when my body clamps down on his, he does press me into the mattress, and he does fuck me like his control is not fully there, and he does say my name over and over, like a war chant. He smells like sex and our sweat and the best sleep I've ever had, murmurs sweet, filthy things in my ear, promises that he'll never let me go. The sun is high in the sky, Jack is deep inside me, and I smile into the sheets for no particular reason.
292	He takes my hips within his hands and holds me like I'm a precious artifact, at once firm and gentle. His kisses between my legs are long, savoring, messy, slow licks that have me arching up against the couch and trembling into his mouth. There is something shameless about this—the way he enjoys it, the sounds he makes, the fact that he seems to go away at moments, like he does this for his pleasure more than for my own.
293	“Oh,” I say, clawing my nails into his scalp. His arms wrap around my thighs, palms holding my knees open, and for a while I manage to swallow down the begging, moaning sounds in my throat. Then no more. “Oh. Oh, Jack” and I come once, then once again, then some more, and then his shirt is off and he's above and inside me, patient thrusts as he kisses me endlessly and tells me how beautiful I am, how much he loves this. Breathless laughter against my gasps as he reminds me of when I was afraid that this wouldn't be good between us—that this resplendent, life-altering, unearthly sort of pleasure might not be enough. “It was cute,” he rasps in my ear, “how you thought that fucking you once would make me want to fuck you less.” I cling to the sweaty muscles of his back, feel my entire body shake, and when he orders, “Eyes on me,” my lids flutter open and we both come. The pressure in my belly and chest is heavy, overwhelming, delicious, and my nails sink into his shoulders as the evening becomes night.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	35
Bitch	11
Breast / Tit	8
Clit	3
Cock	15
Dick	7
Fuck, Fucking, etc.	85
Piss	8
Pussy	2
Shit / Bullshit etc.	91
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	7
God / God damn etc.	57
Hell	14
Jesus	11
Lord	5
Christ	2