

THIS IS KIND OF AN EPIC LOVE STORY

By Kacen Callender

He kisses the corner of my mouth, and suddenly the laptop is shoved out of the way and he's on top of me, kissing my neck, his hands on my pants—when I sit up. He's breathing hard. "Are you okay?" I nod, but I'm nodding too fast. "Don't worry," he says. "I know what to do." And he pushes me back to the bed, tugs up my T-shirt, lays kisses all over my skin, kisses that have me catching my breath, until he's got both my pants and my boxers down, and my hands are in his hair, and I don't want him to stop—but he pulls away and starts to pull his own shirt off. He looks more nervous about it now too, and he sits in front of me for a second, until he kisses me. This kiss is slower. I'm on my back again, his leg pressing in between my legs, his mouth on my neck, my chest, my stomach—my skin's burning up. He sits up, breathing hard. "Are you okay if I'm on top?" It's a scary thought, but I'm pretty sure I want him to be. I nod and we're still kissing—he pauses and reaches for his nightstand, opens up a drawer, and pulls out a tube of lube. For some reason, the lube is what makes me more embarrassed about any of this. He kisses me again, blocking my view, so I can't really see what he's doing, can only feel his hand slippery and warm, pressing into me, literally inside of me, and it really effing hurts—"Are you okay?" he asks. He's watching my face closely, intently. I almost want to say no—it hurts, and I'm freaking out. But a part of me doesn't want him to stop either. I nod. "Yeah. I'm okay." He buries his face into my neck, his finger moving around, and I can tell he's trying to be gentle—and the more he moves it around,

the more I get used to it, the more it starts to feel good. His mouth is by my ear, breathing against it. He asks if it's okay if he—and he can't really say it out loud, but I know what he means. I nod. Ollie pulls away, seems to swipe a condom out of midair and rolls it on. A wave of nerves washes over me. He pushes in slowly, and the pain grates. I almost try to push him away. He pulls back to look at my face. "Does it feel good?" I try my best to smile and nod so that it doesn't look like I'm grimacing. He watches me. "It doesn't feel good at all, does it?" I hesitate, then shake my head, and we're laughing a little together, but I put my hands on his back so he knows I want him to stay. "You can keep going. Maybe it'll start to feel good. Just—you know, move slow." He keeps going slow, but it never really feels good, though I guess it doesn't hurt as much by the end. We both end up on our backs, just breathing heavy, Ollie's cheeks and chest red. I'm so completely sore that pain springs up my back whenever I move, so I just stay exactly where I am.

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