

Man O' War

By Cory McCarthy

My body heated, hummed. I held back, lips parting from hers soon but not fast. ...I opened my mouth to comment, and she shook her head, pressing me down onto her bed, her knees straddling my lap. She kissed me this time, and it was long and hard, and soul-deep. ...Euphoria. And that's why dysphoria was so aptly named. They were similar experiences, endless light, the other? Absolute nothingness. Indigo Waits made me feel euphoric. Like catching the wind, sailing. Our kissing lapsed into a kind of madness, and I tried to reel it back in before we turned irrevocably naked. "Should we stop?" I asked, eyes searching for hers until I found them and looked away. ... "Do you want to stop, or do you think we should because yielding is deemed socially respectful decorum?" ...I blinked hard, unable to see past the hormones that left me extra aware of my hands and Indy's extraordinary ass. "The second one." ...Indy was still straddling my lap, and I held the tops of her hips, thoughts whirlpooling. "I can wait, but if you're waiting for me, I'm ready." "Right now?" I'd worked myself up to kiss Indy. Now she was asking for a lot more. I could do this; I certainly wanted to. I squeezed her legs, fingers edging toward the feverish center of her body. Indy threw her head back and groaned, and I was nearly undone. I looped off her baggy pajama top, revealing those sound shoulders, hard nipples, and the excruciatingly soft skin of her chest. Her kisses moved to my neck, and I lost my shirt, my binder pulled as tightly as possible, limiting each breath. Nuzzling the nook between her shoulder and neck, I asked, "Chest? Yes or no?" "Yes, please." My hands brushed every inch of her, palms open on her nipples that were so sensitive her sounds grew wild and her knees

clamped on my hips. We switched positions, and I sank between her legs. Indy tossed herself backward on the bed, and I tugged away her unders, kissed her wide-open until her body rippled and arched, and she nearly pulled my hair out. She came just like she changed her clothes: unabashed and unbound. Intimidating and proud. Afterward, she reached for me with the same kind of hunger that had driven me here in the first place, only I was having trouble breathing. Relaxing. Feeling. Her hands went after my belt, and I couldn't help begging my dysphoria, Not now. Please don't do this to me right now. My three-pound binder was holding in a million pounds of flesh. ...I tackled her, flipping us with my weight, lifting my hips to kick off my pants. My skin loved the warm angles of her body. Indy's neck and arms, her shaking legs. We pressed into each other at the same moment, and when I found her eyes wide, searching out mine, I didn't know what was wrong. I nearly asked, nearly stopped us. But there was nothing wrong with Indy staring into me while touching me so tenderly I wanted to cry. ...Intrusive thoughts rose from my depths. Joss calling my orgasms too masculine. Taylor scolding me to come like a woman, to surrender to it or some shit. I'd long since pretended to finish before I had. ...We kissed madly, came so many times. Our bodies shook into pieces, each one was more satisfying than smashing dinnerware on cement. We stayed in that bed for days, literal years following the countdown of midnight.

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Not For Minors
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