

One Last Stop

BY CASEY MCQUISTON

Somehow the buttons of August's shirt are undone, and she can't think about anything but wanting more, wanting skin on skin. ... Still, she slides her fingertips under the waistband of Jane's jeans, catches the hem of her T-shirt, and she waits half a second for Jane to stop kissing her and nod before she's untucking and pushing it up, ... she's dropping a kiss on Jane's sternum, and she's pressing her open mouth to the swell just above the cup of her bra, ...
... "Look at you," she says, dragging her thumbs out from the center of August's stomach to her hips, skimming over the waistband of her skirt. She leans in and tucks her face under August's collar, bites her shoulder, presses a kiss there, ...
... Jane's hands are spanning her waist, brushing the delicate lace edges of her bra, and her mouth is trailing lower, ... then she's pushing the lace out of the way. There are hands, and mouths, and fingertips, and tongues, and a sound coming out of August somewhere

between a hiss and a sigh, and there's Jane's breath hot on her skin. ... The hand on August's thigh is inching up her skirt, fabric gathering at Jane's wrist. When Jane leans into August's ear, the cotton of Jane's bra is against her, the insistent heat of her body, the unbearable slide of skin against hers. "I wanna go down on you," Jane murmurs. ... "That's the worst line I've ever heard," August says, fighting to keep her breath steady as Jane tugs on the top of one of her thigh highs with her teeth. ... Jane's fingers catch on the waistband of August's underwear. ... the reality of Jane kneeling between her legs and tugging her underwear down her thighs, ... She pushes the hem of August's skirt up ...
... August turns her head to the side, trying to ground herself to the sturdiness of the door against her back, the way her shirt bunches up between her shoulder blades when she shivers, how her breath clouds the glass in a steady, too-fast rhythm.
... She looks up at August, a

strand of dark hair falling across her eyes, mouth busy, ... But this, this— Jane's mouth on her, wet fingers, every hum and hitch of Jane's breath getting her off as much as a touch, the give and take of how good it feels to make someone else feel good—is sex. ... When August pulls her into another kiss, she can taste herself on Jane's tongue, and that, more than anything, the fierce wave of possessiveness it pulls over her, is what has her fumbling at the fastenings of Jane's jeans. ... The fucking divine construction of Jane's fingers when they press into her, ... It's over in a gasp, ...
... an open-mouthed kiss that's more a hot exchange of breath than anything else, teeth and skin, a low swear. Jane slumps forward, ...

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