

Sam's words are the ones every person wants to hear from the lips of their loved one. Or liked one, because while I don't love him yet, I definitely like him. I like Sam Thatcher a hell of a lot. And one day, I think I could love him.

So, I take a leap.

This time, it's me who initiates the kiss, stepping off the stool and reaching on tiptoes to take his mouth in mine.

The moan he lets loose as I slide my hands up his chest is deep and delicious. I feel its vibrations, a gentle humming that buzzes against my palms, making me clutch at the soft cotton of his shirt. He's warm beneath my touch, and when his hands encircle my back, I can't help but press myself against him.

He traces his hands down to my ass, cupping its curves as he lifts me up and guides my legs to fit around his hips. Sam backs us up until I'm on the edge of the counter, stable enough that he can momentarily release me.

"I want to feel your skin against mine, Lila," he whispers in my ear, running his teeth on either side of my lobe.

"Take off my top," I order him. He obeys, whisking the cotton fabric of my t-shirt off and throwing it behind him.

The way his eyes widen as he takes in the lace bralette I have on sends a flush of moisture to my core, and I cross my legs, trying to keep the desire in check.

He notices the move and gently pries my knees back open.

"Are these coming off, too?"

I nod, unable to speak as he unbuttons my jeans and lowers them, inch by excruciating inch, down the slick skin of my legs.

"Stop teasing me!" I finally bite out when it feels like it's been five minutes and my pants are only at my knees.

There's a wicked twinkle in his eyes and for a second, I wonder if he's going to keep playing with me, but then he rips the pants off.

My exhale of relief is cut off when he attaches his lips to mine, treating me to a kiss that doubles as an artful exploration of not just my mouth, but my cheeks, jaw, and neck. Though I get lost in it for a few beats, my lower half cries out for his attention, forcing me to take Sam's hand and glide it to the wet spot in the center of my lace thong.

He curses under his breath as he strokes a finger down the line from clit to crevice.

"God, Lila. You're so wet."

"Yes, I am. Wet and ready for you. Are you gonna keep making me wait?"

"Patience, darling," he growls in my ear before lowering to his knees. He wrenches my thong to the side, giving him unfettered access to my cunt. His hot breath hits me first,

followed by the slide of his tongue from side to side. He laps at me. I squirm and grasp onto his hand, needing something to anchor me. I can already feel my orgasm building, but I hold it in. I don't want to come yet. Not until he's inside me.

That resolution becomes more difficult to keep when he slips a finger inside, pumping in and out in time with the rhythm of his tongue on my clitoris.

Sparks spread from my chest to my breasts, my nipples pebbling as the pressure increases.

"Come for me, Lila," he whispers against me.

I shake my head, feeling the cold marble of the counter beneath me.

"Not yet. Not until—"

He must read my mind, because I hear the click of a belt buckle, a rustle of fabric, and the rip of foil. When I look up, Sam is sliding on a condom.

"Do you want—"

"Yes. Now." I sit up and grab his waist. He glides into me. I bite the taught skin of his shoulder, swallowing a cry.

"Lila, you feel so good," he rasps in my ear.

I moan in response, my communication skills reduced to primal sounds as I release myself to the sensation of Sam filling me completely.

It only takes a few hard thrusts before the dam breaks and I'm flooded with feeling, coming harder than I've ever come before.

Sam looks at me like I'm a vision, a god, someone to be worshipped, and I bask in his gaze.

But when he grips the dip in my waist with his rough hands, I get distracted.

"Can I lay you down?"

He looks desperate, and I know that whatever he's about to do, I'll love it. His body and mine are yin and yang, two halves of a whole.

"Yes."

As my back meets the counter again, Sam lifts my legs over his shoulders. I keen in approval, the new angle forcing his cock even deeper inside me, until it really does feel like we're part of each other, fused at our centers.

His movements reach a new speed, his hips moving back and forth so fast they're a blur. His hands come to my breasts, fondling my nipples, tweaking and twisting them. It's delicious, incandescent. It's another orgasm, hitting me just as Sam cries out, his cum spilling into the condom, his front collapsing over mine, our foreheads meeting and our breaths mingling.

It's the best sex I've ever had. And it's only the beginning.