

MAYBE NOT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; and profanity.

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CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
30	<p>"We can't afford our own place," Bridgette says.</p> <p>"We could if you would go back to doing porn films."</p> <p>"It was one porn," Bridgette says defensively. "We needed the money. Besides, I was in it for all of three minutes, so will you please stop bringing it up."</p> <p>Holy shit. Please say the name, please say the name. I have to know the name of this porn.</p>
31	<p>I'm also a guy who's about to do some heavy research into the porn industry, because I have to find that movie. Have to. It's all I'm gonna be able to think about until I see it with my own eyes.</p>
33	<p>...but Bridgette seems to like flaunting her ass in my face.</p> <p>I pause at the bottom of the stairs and watch as her ass makes its way toward my car.</p>
34	<p>Bridgette laughs under her breath. "Yes, Warren . I love it. I love when disgusting men grab my ass night after night, and I especially love it when drunk guys think my boobs are an accessory and not an extension of my body."</p>
35	<p>After I make it home, the first thing I want to do is set timers on every single porn on pay-per-view. I spend the next few hours fast-forwarding through most of them, pausing it any time it lands on a girl that even remotely resembles her. I take into account that she may have been wearing a wig, so I can't rule women out simply based on their hair color.</p> <p>Ridge takes a seat next to me on the couch and I consider putting the TV on caption for him, but I don't. Let's be honest, pornos aren't known for their riveting story lines.</p> <p>Ridge elbows me to get my attention. "What's with this new fascination?" he asks, referring to the fact that I've done nothing today other than watch porn after porn.</p> <p>I don't want to be honest, so I just shrug. "I like porn."</p>
36	<p>Shit. Time flies when you're watching porn.</p>
42	<p>Shit.</p> <p>Now she's heading toward me with books in her hands.</p> <p>Shit.</p> <p>She's sitting on the couch. Next to me. In that thin tank top. Without a bra.</p>
43	<p>I wonder if Bridgette is loud during sex? Probably not. She's more likely stubborn, refusing to give up any of her sounds.</p>
45	<p>"All you do is watch porn and stare at my ass. You're a lazy pervert."</p> <p>"All you do is flaunt your ass and fantasize about me kissing you."</p> <p>"You're disgusting," she says. "As a matter of fact, watch the porn. I'm sure you'll need all the pointers you can get."</p> <p>Okay, that's low. She can insult my laziness, my finances, my new porn addiction, but she cannot insult my bedroom skills. Especially when she doesn't have firsthand experience. "I don't need pointers to please a woman, Bridgette. I was born with natural talent."</p>
47	<p>I think all the lies that were just passing through my head as my dick tried to convince me she was actually a decent person.</p>

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48	<p>She immediately stands up to walk to the kitchen, and I hate that I'm staring at her shirt. I can see her nipples poking through the thin fabric, and I want to point at her and say, "I did that! That's all me!"</p> <p>Instead, I close my eyes and try to think about whatever will stop my wanting to follow her into that kitchen and bend her over the counter.</p>
57	<p>I can feel her wetness through her panties she torturously slides up and down, up and down as slow as she possibly can. Her tongue is in my mouth, and I keep trying to grab the back of her head, grip her by the waist, but every time I move, she stops me.</p> <p>..."Open your mouth," she whispers into my ear. I do, and she places the condom wrapper between my teeth. bite down on it and she uses her own teeth to grip the other end of it as she pulls away from me, tearing the wrapper open between both our mouths.</p> <p>Okay, that was hot.</p> <p>So hot.</p> <p>We should quit our jobs and do this full-time.</p> <p>She pulls out the condom and sits straight up. She looks down and licks her lips as she slides the condom over me and I moan, because her hands are fuck. They're too much. I want them everywhere.</p> <p>...She lifts up higher on her knees and pulls her panties to the side, leaving them on as she begins to lower herself on top of me.</p> <p>...She winces slightly when she begins to take me inside of her, and I feel kind of bad that it hurts her. But not bad enough to stop myself from lifting my hips and sliding into her the rest of the way.</p> <p>As soon as we're flush together, we moan in unison.</p> <p>...It's as if her body contours perfectly to mine, fitting every line, and curve and dip. Neither of us moves an inch while we fill the room with heavy gasps, giving ourselves a moment to adjust to the sheer perfection we just created.</p> <p>"Fuck," I whisper.</p> <p>"Okay," she replies.</p> <p>She begins to move, and I don't know what to do with myself. My hands want to hold her by the waist as she slides up and down, but I also know I'm not allowed to touch her. My eyes take her in as she continues her movements, her perfect, methodical, sweet movements.</p> <p>After several minutes of watching her on top of me with her eyes closed and her lips parted, I give up. I can't touch her. My hands grip her waist and she tries to pull them away but I just grip harder, lifting her when she rises and pulling her down when she falls. She gives up trying to fight me after seeing how much better my strength can make it feel.</p> <p>I want to hear her moan and I want to hear her fall apart on top of me, but she's holding it all back, just like I knew she would.</p> <p>I slide my hands up her back and pull her forward until our mouths meet. I keep one hand on the back of her head and one on her waist as she continues her rhythm on top of me.</p> <p>I curve my hand around her hip and slowly slide it over her stomach, until I'm touching her. I slide a finger between us, separating her, feeling her warmth and wetness surround me. She moans into my mouth and I begin to rub her, but she</p>

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	<p>immediately stops moving. She grabs my wrist and pulls it away from her, slapping my arm against the mattress again.</p> <p>Her eyes open and focus firmly on mine as she slowly begins to move again. "Keep your hands on the mattress, Warren," she warns.</p> <p>Dammit, she's making this difficult. I need to feel her again, and when I'm done touching her, I want to taste her. I want the wetness and warmth all over my tongue.</p> <p>But first, I'll let her have her way. I close my eyes and stop trying to take control. I focus on her tightness, swallowing me up. I focus on the fact that each time her body meets mine, I'm as deep inside of her as I can possibly go.</p> <p>She leans forward and her breasts dance back and forth across my chest as she moves on top of me.</p> <p>...My legs begin to tense and my hands are searching for something to grip as I feel myself building. She can sense thrusts become faster and harder. I keep my eyes closed as my body begins to shake beneath her.</p> <p>I want to cuss and groan, and let her know how good this feels as I release inside of her, but I don't make a single noise. If I'm not allowed to touch her while I come, then she's not allowed to hear how much I fucking love every second of it. She continues to move over me as I quietly succumb to the tremors. When it's over, she comes to a stop on top of me. I open my eyes and look up at her and catch her smiling down at me. As soon as she realizes I'm looking at her, the smile is gone.</p> <p>I want her to collapse on my chest. I want to roll her onto her back and take her in my mouth until she's screaming my name out in ecstasy, rather than anger. Instead, she slowly slides off of me. She stands and turns toward the bathroom. "Goodnight, Warren."</p> <p>The door closes behind her and I'm lying here in complete confusion. I would be running after her right about now, but I'm still too weak to move.</p> <p>I give myself time to regroup, and then I remove the condom and toss it into the bathroom trash can on my way to her bedroom. I swing open the door just as she's crawling into her bed. As soon as her head meets her pillow, I'm on top of her, kissing her. As expected, she pushes me away.</p> <p>..."I'm not being clingy," I say, kissing my way down her neck. "We're not finished."</p>
63	<p>She practically growls at me. "Believe it or not, I'm perfectly happy with my sex life, and I don't need you to Oh, my God." She stops mid-rant as soon as I cup her between the legs.</p> <p>...She doesn't move, so I roll her onto her stomach and slide on top of her. I pin her arms beneath my hands, just like she did me earlier. "Please don't resist me," I whisper into her ear. "I want to be in control, and I want you to do what I say." I run my tongue across her ear and watch as chills break out on her neck.</p> <p>"Understood?"</p> <p>Her breaths are shallow, and she squeezes her eyes shut with her nod.</p> <p>"Thank you," I tell her. I kiss my way down her neck and shoulder, and then work my kisses slowly across her back. Her entire body is tense and knowing that she's never experienced an orgasm at the hands of another guy already has me hard again.</p>

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	<p>I reach down to her thighs and spread her legs with my hand. She buries her face into her pillow and it makes me smile. She's never been this vulnerable with someone else, and she doesn't want to give me the pleasure of seeing how much she enjoys it.</p> <p>I keep my eyes focused on her anyway as I slowly push two fingers inside of her, waiting for her to moan into her pillow.</p> <p>She doesn't make a sound, so I pull them out and re-enter her with three fingers this time.</p> <p>I press my forehead into her pillow, right next to her face, and I wait for the sounds to escape.</p> <p>Nothing. I laugh quietly, because I really have my work cut out for me.</p> <p>I pull my hand away from her and flip her onto her back. Her eyes are still closed tightly so I grab her jaw and press my lips to hers. I kiss her hard and deep, until she begins to kiss me back with just as much anger. She pulls at my hair and spreads her legs for me, wanting me to bury myself inside of her.</p> <p>I do. I push her panties aside and shove into her so hard and fast, she lets out a moan and my God, I need more of that. So much more. But I don't have on a condom, and this time isn't about me, so I pull out of her. I take one of her breasts in my hands and bring it to my mouth.</p> <p>I slowly kiss my way down her stomach and the lower I get, the tenser her body grows. I can feel her hesitation and part of me wants to devour her immediately, but part of me needs to know that I'm not going too far, too fast. I can tell by the stiffness in her posture that she's nervous now. I position both my hands on her waist and look up at her. She's chewing nervously on her bottom lip and her eyes are terrified.</p> <p>"Have you never let anyone do this to you?" I whisper.</p> <p>She releases her bottom lip with the shake of her head.</p> <p>I pull her hips down several inches on the bed. "You're too stubborn for your own good." I lift her and begin to lower my mouth to her, but she pulls back and sits up.</p> <p>I grip her hips and pull her back down. "Lie back and close your eyes, Bridgette." She continues to look at me with fear in her eyes, refusing to lie back down, so I lift up onto the palms of my hands. "Will you please stop being so stubborn and just relax? Fuck, woman. I want to give you the best ten minutes you've ever had in your life, but you're making it really difficult."</p> <p>She bites her lip hesitantly, but she does as I say and slowly lowers herself to the bed, relaxing into her pillow.</p> <p>I smile triumphantly and press my lips to her stomach again. I start just below her belly button and trail slow kisses all the way down until I meet her panties. I hook my fingers into the waistband and pull them down, over her hips, over her thighs, and I continue to slowly remove them until I'm at her ankles. Once I toss them on the floor, I lift her leg and press a soft kiss against her ankle, then her calf, then the inside of her knee, repeating the kisses all the way up her thigh, until I'm inches from sliding my tongue against her. As soon as I position my mouth over her, I can feel her warmth beckoning me.</p> <p>"Warren, please..." she begins to protest. As soon as the word, please leaves her mouth, my tongue slides against her, separating her. She lifts her hips several</p>

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	<p>inches off the bed and cries out, so I grip her waist and pull her back down to the bed.</p> <p>She's sweet and salty and as soon as my mouth is against her, I'm convinced she could satiate every ounce of hunger I'll feel for the rest of my life.</p> <p>She cries out again, still trying to pull away from me.</p> <p>"What...God...Warren..."</p> <p>I continue to lick her, devour her, run my tongue over every bare part of her so that I leave no inch of her untasted. Her hands find their way back to my hair just as my fingers find their way back inside of her. I'm filling her, consuming her with my tongue, and she's taking every ounce of me she can get. She's no longer trying to scoot away from me. Now she's pressing my face into her, begging me to go faster.</p> <p>Her hands leave my hair and meet her headboard as she grips it tightly and locks her legs around my shoulders. I keep my fingers buried inside of her as she cries out my name with each tremor that racks her body. I continue to please her until her shudders subside and her moans fade into silence.</p> <p>I kiss the inside of her thighs as I pull my fingers out of her. I kiss all the way up her stomach until I'm pressed against her again, wanting to slide inside her and stay the night.</p> <p>I want to kiss her, but I don't know if she'd want that. Some girls prefer not to be kissed afterward, but my mouth is aching with a need to feel her lips against mine.</p> <p>Apparently she wants the same thing, because she doesn't even hesitate when she pulls my face to hers and kisses me with a moan. There's so much pressure in every inch of my body, because I want to take her again. The only thing that can relieve that pressure is to push into her, which is exactly what I do.</p> <p>She lifts her hips and meets my thrusts and I know I should stop. I have to stop. I don't know why I can't stop.</p> <p>I've never been inside a girl without a condom before, but she makes me stupid. She renders my conscience useless, and all I can think about is how incredible she feels.</p> <p>And also how much I need to stop.</p> <p>Stop. Warren. Stop.</p> <p>I somehow pull out of her and press my face against her chest, gasping for air. It hurts. God, it hurts. I live in the next room, where there's a drawer full of condoms, but I'm not sure I'd make it that far if I tried to stand.</p> <p>She pulls my face back to hers and presses her lips to mine. She slides her hands down to my lower back and she pulls me against her, pressing her warmth against me as she urges me to move with her.</p> <p>She feels incredible. It's not the same as being inside her, but the way she's moving against me feels pretty damn close. I close my eyes and bury my face against her neck as I work to increase the pace between us.</p> <p>I grab a fistful of her hair and tilt her face to mine as I look down on her, watching as we both grow nearer to yet another release. She winces and I feel the first of her shudders pass through her. "Warren," she whispers. "Kiss me."</p> <p>I do.</p> <p>I cover her mouth with mine and drown out her moans with my own as I feel the</p>

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	<p>warmth of my release spread between us. I'm holding her as tight as I can, kissing her as hard as I can.</p> <p>All my weight is against her now that I'm physically incapable of holding myself up for another second. Her hands slide from my neck and fall to the bed. I'm too weak to speak, or I would be telling her how amazing she is. How good she feels. How perfect her body is and how she just single-handedly got the upper hand for all eternity.</p> <p>I can't speak, though. My eyes fall shut from pure exhaustion.</p> <p>Pure, blissful exhaustion.</p>
74	<p>I groan and press myself against her, ready to sink myself inside of her. "I like it." I spin her around until her chest is pressed against the door and her back is to me. I wrap my arm around her and grab one of her breasts while I slide my other hand down to her ass. She's in a thong. A teeny, tiny, black, lacy, beautiful thong. I rub my hand over her and then slip my fingers beneath the thin veil of fabric, pulling it down to her knees, I Witch as her thong falls to her ankles and she kicks it aside. I position myself directly behind her run my hands down her back and to her waist. "Put your palms against the door."</p> <p>She doesn't move them right away. Can fed her hesitation. I'm sure she doesn't want to hand over control again, but she needs to realize she lost control the second she showed up at my bedroom door.</p> <p>I watch as she slowly presses her palms against my bedroom door, I lean forward and brush her hair away front her neck, dropping it over her shoulder. "Thank you," I whisper against her neck. I pull her hips until she's flush against me, and then I remove my boxers and open the condom.</p> <p>"Bend over a little more," I tell her.</p> <p>She does, She's such a fast learner.</p> <p>I wrap my fingers in her hair and twist my hand around until I have a fistful of it, and then I just enough to get her to lift her face. She whimpers when I do this, that little whimper is all it takes for me to push into her, as far as I can go until she's completely full.</p> <p>"Make that sound again," I whisper.</p> <p>She doesn't so I tug at her hair. The noise escapes her throat and it's so beautiful and full of desire. I pull out and push back into her, and the same sound passes her lips. I can't take it. I don't know if I can do this standing up, because that sound is making me dizzy. I cover one of her hands with mine and squeeze, giving myself' the wall support I need to continue moving in and out of her. Every time she whimpers, I push into her a little bit harder. She begins to whimper, over and over, occasionally replacing that sound with my name, and I already know I'm gonna sleep like a rock tonight.</p> <p>Right when I feel myself growing close to release, I pull out of her and reposition her so that her back is against the door. I lift her legs and wrap them around my waist, sliding back inside of her with ease. I keep one wrapped arm wrapped around her waist to hold her up and my other hand pressed against the door for support. My tongue is fighting hers, and I'm swallowing every sound she's willing give me.</p> <p>Her hands are gripping my neck, so I reach behind me and pull one of her hands away. I press her palm against her chest and slide it slowly down her stomach. My</p>

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	<p>forehead meets hers, and I look her hard in the eyes. "Touch yourself." Her eyes grow wide, and she begins to shake her head. I place my hand on top of hers and I look down at where our bodies join together. I move her hand. a few more inches until her fingers are right where I want them. "Please," I breathe out, desperately. I need my hand for support, so I pull it away and press it against the door beside her head. I'm still holding her around the waist with my other arm and slowly pushing in and out of her. Our foreheads are still pressed together, now my eyes are planted on her hand as she timidly begins to move her fingers in a slow, circular motion. "Holy shit," I exhale. I watch her for a minute or longer, until she starts to relax her hand, and then I move my eyes back to her face. I pull away and stare down at her, watching as her head falls back against the door. Her eyes are closed eyes are closed and her lips are slightly parted and all I can feel in my heart is kiss her, kiss her. My lips come down gently against hers and she moans softly into my mouth. I tease her lips with the tip of my tongue, sliding it across her top lip and then her bottom. Her are becoming more frequent, and the more I press her against the door, the better I can feel her hand moving between us. I can't believe this is real life. I can't believe she lives five feet away from me and she's willing to give me this part of her. I'm the luckiest man in the world. She starts to whimper again, but this time my mouth is resting against hers and I take in every single one of the sounds she makes. She tilts her face more and more to mine, wanting me to kiss her hard, but I'm enjoying this too much. I love the way she looks right now, eyes closed mouth open, heart exposed. I don't want to kiss her. I want to keep my eyes open and watch every second of this. I stop moving inside of her, and wait for her to finish, because if I keep moving, I won't last another second. She begins to open her eyes, wondering why I stopped, so I lean into her. "You're almost there," I whisper. "I just want to watch you." She relaxes again I continue to watch her, soaking-up every whimper and moan and every movement she makes like I'm a sponge and she's my water. As soon as her legs begin to tighten around my waist, I grip her hips with both hands and resume moving inside of her. Her whimpers turn into moans, and her moans turn into my name and it takes us all of ten seconds before we're both shaking and gasping for breath and kissing and groping and then finally, sighing. ...After a solid minute of working to catch our breath and regain the ability to move, I slowly begin to pull out of her.</p>
97	<p>"If you are planning on asking me questions like this all night, I'd much rather you just fuck me."</p>
132	<p>"You're not a whore," I say to her with mock reassurance "We haven't had sex...oh, wait." I grimace. "You are such a whore. A huge, slutty whore who wants me to try anal with her tonight."</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Dick	1
Fuck	6
Shit	6