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Desired

A Love Scene

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DESIRED: A LOVE SCENE

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This scene takes place during Hidden Lies when Addie comes home from the hospital after her coma.

He hovered as we got out of the car and a flicker of irritation shot through me.

“I’m fine, Jake.” I lifted my arms and did a little dance to prove my fitness. “No lingering effects from my coma.”

“You were out for days.”

“Two days.”

“I almost lost you,” he said roughly and any irritation I felt at his overprotectiveness melted away. I didn’t want to say the words but he wasn’t wrong. Anytime I thought about the door or the never-ending blackness, a tremor of fear went through me.

“But you didn’t,” I managed to say, forcing cheer in my voice. “So, that’s cause for celebration.” I reached up intending to press a kiss to his lips, but he turned his head and I skimmed his jaw instead. My fingers tightened reflexively on his arm, and I wondered if it had been too much. If the coma was the last straw and he was debating how to let me down easy. I hoped I was wrong, but doubt poked at me.

“Let’s get you inside,” he murmured, his arm flexing under my hand as he steered us to the elevator. I’d pointed out that I was fine to go home but he’d insisted I recuperate a few more days at his apartment.

Once I was settled on the couch, he couldn’t stop moving. The kitchen to the living room and back to the bedroom. A blanket, a cup of coffee, my book, it was a continuous loop.

“Jake,” I finally said, unable to take it anymore. “Come sit and talk to me.” I patted the seat next to me, but he perched on the coffee table instead. My hand shook slightly as I tucked it under the blanket, certain I knew what was

coming. He just didn't know how to say it. "We should talk."

"Yeah, we should," he sighed, his hand plowing through his hair for the umpteenth time.

I took a deep breath, bracing myself.

"I love you, Addie."

All the air left me in a rush at the unexpected words. I'd thought...

"But what happened –" he broke off, shaking his head and sudden tears surprised me.

"Just do it. Rip the band-aid off. Make it hurt." I nodded, my back tense as I waited. He stared at me in shock, those ever-changing hazel eyes a moss green and filled with confusion.

"Whaaaaa?" He stopped, unable to complete the thought and I knew I'd have to be the one.

"Breaking up is hard. So just do it. Tell me straight. I can take it," I said, proud my voice didn't shake even though my insides were threatening to come up.

"I...NO." His lips parted, plump and enticing and I wondered if I'd ever get the chance to kiss them again. Maybe a goodbye kiss? I was so focused on my internal thoughts I missed what he was saying. "Addie, I'm not breaking up with you."

My attention snapped back as he shook my shoulders. "We are not breaking up," he repeated and it was my turn to look confused.

"But, whaaa?"

"Addie, you couldn't think I'd bring you home and then dump you," he said in exasperation.

“No, I thought you’d be nicer about it.” I shrugged, trying to disguise the relief that had melted my bones. “I couldn’t handle nice if you were ending it.”

“I’m not – I’m not ending it,” he said again, more forcefully. “Addie, I don’t want to ever go through that again, but not because we’re not together. But because we worked together to make sure it doesn’t happen.”

“Oh,” I whispered, replaying his actions and words.

“Yeah, oh.” He stroked his thumbs along my cheeks, keeping my head up so our eyes met. “I love you. The forever kind. I want to be there for all the ups and downs. To support you. I’m not walking away, Addie.”

“It’s just,” I paused, feeling a little foolish, but not enough to stop.

“Just,” he prodded, his eyes steady.

“You keep avoiding me,” I burst out and his eyebrows dipped down. I realized it sounded stupid since he was right there. “You dodged my kiss downstairs. You pull back when I reach for you. It’s like you don’t want me to touch you,” I whispered, my voice aching, and his eyes fluttered closed.

“That’s not,” he began before his eyes flashed open, a brilliant green, as his face hardened with determination.

His lips crashed against mine, frantic and demanding, and my mouth opened at the onslaught. He took full advantage, his tongue sweeping through as he pressed me back against the couch. His body covered mine as he pressed kisses along my jaw, his hands roaming over me desperately. I felt his hands slip under the edge of my shirt and pause. “Is this...are you okay?”

“Don’t stop,” I begged and he pressed a kiss to my collarbone, as his fingers stroked under my breasts.

My arms lifted over my head as he dragged the shirt up causing my chest to arch up and leaving my breasts exposed. He took full advantage, his mouth capturing my nipple and sucking lightly before quickly switching to the other.

“You have beautiful breasts.” He whispered, his hands coming down to cup one breast as he stroked his tongue over the other. My arms were tangled in my shirt, trapping them, as his thumb brushed against one nipple, pebbling it, and his fingers traced the shape of my breast. I was well endowed and more than a handful, even considering the large size of Jake’s hands.

My legs were wrapped around his waist and he leaned up, studying me. His gaze felt like a touch, heat trailing wherever he looked. I relaxed back onto the couch letting him look as I did the same. His golden skin was taut, showcasing the deep grooves of a heavily muscled physique. His abs narrowed into a deep V at his hips, the soft cloth of his workout pants doing nothing to hide the large bulge that twitched as my eyes landed on it.

I struggled to free my hands, wanting to run them over the man leaning above me. Jake chuckled, knowing what I wanted, but choosing not to help, as he ran the tips of his fingers over my breasts in the lightest touch imaginable. He started again at my shoulders and ran his fingers down until he reached the edge of my own workout pants, the soft elastic moving easily and with each stroke he pushed them further down. My insides felt like they were melting as I moaned at the delicate sensation of his fingers drifting over

me. I panted as he grazed my nipple causing it to tighten painfully.

“Jake.” I begged, my eyes drifting open to see the strain on his own face, and he shifted, drawing my eyes to the bulge that had grown even larger. I knew his own control was close to snapping so I pushed, arching my chest as I said, “Jake, I need you inside of me.”

It was enough as he suddenly swept an arm underneath my back, pulling me up so his mouth could latch onto my nipple, as his other hand slid inside my pants, cupping my ass and pressing our hips into each other. I thrust up, feeling his hardness pressing against the spot I wanted him. I tightened my leg around him, my arms still tangled above me. He switched nipples, rocking his hips against me, and pushing me closer to orgasm. He released my nipple, the unexpected cold tingling as he licked the underside of my breast, and his mouth worked its way down. He stroked the crease of my ass with his other hand and I felt his mouth near my hip, my pants sliding down further.

“Jake,” I panted, his hips were no longer pressed into mine and the ache was incredible. He kissed the curve where my pubic bone and thigh met, causing the liquid between my thighs to increase. Suddenly the finger stroking my ass slide down, finding the liquid heat needing to be touched.

“So, wet.” He murmured, the tip of his finger tugging my pants down as he placed light kisses along my bikini line. His other hand stroked, parting my folds and diving in. The thrust of his fingers inside of me made me cry out. His thumb brushed my clit pulling a shuddering cry out of me. Again, he stroked it, making me cry out. And again, and

again, until my hips twisted and I was desperate, the ache inside of me throbbing.

He jerked my pants down to my knees, and he pressed a rough kiss right on my clit, causing my hips to thrust up and he slammed into me. He filled me completely, his own orgasm denied too long as he set a hard rhythm. He thrust, hitting a spot inside of me that had stars bursting behind my eyes, and then he shifted his thrusts, making sure he kept hitting that spot. The pressure built, my fingers and toes tingling, drawing in as I drew tighter, each thrust bringing me closer, and his thrusts came faster, pushing me until I came apart, crying out, “Jake.” His groan came seconds later, the jerk of his hips as his semen poured into me, and he collapsed against me. He twisted us so I was laying across him, tangled in my own clothing as we laid joined.

I managed to kick my pants off, feeling his still on him, the waistband pushed down only far enough so he could get inside of me. He pulled my shirt from my arms, freeing me at last.

“Well, that was...”

“Perfect.” I told him, my breath still coming in gasps as I felt him twitch inside of me. I turned his head to mine, pressing our lips together. “It was perfect.”