

Sample 1: The Third Time's the Charm

Genre: Contemporary Romantic Comedy

Word Count: ~1,500

Morgan has a plan: knock on the door, borrow flour, and finally get her hot neighbor's number. But when Miguel, the absurdly gorgeous gym god next door, opens up in all his sweaty, smirking glory, the plan quickly unravels into awkward jokes and flirtation that sizzles more than anything Morgan could pull out of an oven.

Deep breaths, Morgan. This time, remember. Just like you practiced, ask him for his number.

I hover my knuckles in front of the door, take one big inhale, then gently knock.

My leg is shaking, and my heart is going a hundred miles an hour. This could be it. The moment that we'll be telling our grandchildren of how courageous their grandmother was and how, if I hadn't knocked on his door, we probably would have been nothing but two neighbors who never spoke a word to each other. Forced to admire each other from afar.

Breathe, Morgan. Remember to breathe. Worst-case scenario, this goes absolutely nowhere, and I was just being *delulu* for a minute. I'll bounce back after two weeks. Eat some ice cream and watch *10 Things I Hate About You*, yelling at the TV, 'Why couldn't it be me?!'. Besides, I only have three months left on my rent, so if things get really awkward, I can just move. Wait, can I move? What's the market like right now? Ah, fuck, never mind. Don't think about worst-case scenarios. Everything will be okay. Just breathe.

What is taking him so long to open the door?

I knock again.

Maybe he isn't home. Maybe I'm wasting my time. Maybe I look absolutely ridiculous standing here, holding an empty measuring cup.

Chill, Morgan. You're just a beautiful woman who simply ran out of flour.

I knock once more, but before I can lower my hand, the door swings open.

I look up and there he is. The most gorgeous man I have ever seen in my life. My dream man.

He is built like there was a special meeting between the gods in heaven, and they sculpted this man for just me. Everything I have ever endured in all my past relationships is finally being repaid to me. Right now.

Easily over six feet, but it isn't his height. It's the way he fills the doorway with those broad shoulders, a solid chest, and those biceps straining against the sleeves of his t-shirt like they're about to burst. The veins in his forearms are deliciously prominent, even without him flexing.

Or maybe he is flexing? Does he want me to think he's sexy? Because it's working.

Either way, I know he could pin me to a wall with one arm, and I would gladly Venmo those gods with my entire life savings for the experience.

He must have just been working out. Sweat glistens down the side of his face. His chest is rising fast, shirt clinging to every swell of that hard-earned muscle. There's a towel hanging over his shoulder, and a resistance band wrapped once around his fist.

A bead of sweat is now trickling down his throat, and drops right between his pecs. My skin prickles as I imagine burying my face between them and licking it up.

If he smells this good when he's sweating, that must mean we're compatible, right?

I've never been so grateful for the gift of sight. I can see every line of him through that tight, sweaty fabric—

Stop! Hold it together. Control yourself, you pervert! You're damn near drooling at his doorstep. Just keep eye contact. You can do this.

"Hi, Morgan," he says with an inquisitive look, wiping his sweat with his towel. "What's up?"

I smile and tap my nails on the glass cup. "Hi Miguel, I was hoping I could borrow some flour."

"Oh, really?" He leans against the doorway, crossing his arms, and gives me a slow once-over. I'm so glad I wore something cute. His gaze lands on the cup in my hands ... or maybe my chest?

If it's the latter, I subtly pull my elbows in, deepening the line of my cleavage. Cheap move. But I didn't wear a lacy tank top for nothing.

He covers his mouth with his hand, but I catch the corner of his smirk.

Gotcha!

I scoff and aim for a needling flirty sarcasm. "Um, yeah? Why else would I be here?"

Does he know? Does he know how badly I have been thirsting over him ever since he moved in five weeks ago? No, he couldn't possibly. I've been totally nonchalant about it. I gave him a whole month to get settled before I even introduced myself. There is no way—

“Morgan, this is the third time you are asking me for flour this week. Just what are you baking over there?” he asks as he leans in.

My heart stops. He does know!

Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

“Um, well, I really like baking.” What the fuck am I talking about? I don’t bake. I have two cups of flour just sitting in a jar on the counter. My friends thought it was hilarious, so they put googly eyes on it and named it Bartholomew.

“Why don’t I believe you?” he mused and tilted his head.

He clearly knows I am lying. Look at that raised eyebrow, cheeky smirk, and the way he isn’t afraid to just stare deep into my soul. I can’t tell if I should be terrified that he can read me so well or glad that he is finding all of this amusing.

I’m in love with his smile, but right now all I want to do is sink into a hole and forget about ever stepping out of my home again. I just know my whole face is burning red.

“Not once have I ever smelled anything coming from your door,” he says, waving his resistance band at me as if accusing me of trying to swindle him.

“So you’ve been sniffing around my door?” I can’t help but crack a smile. Does he think about me, too?

Miguel grins right back at me. “Well, yeah, I was hoping if whatever you were making smelled good enough” —he pauses to take a step towards me and is now towering over me— “an investment return was in order.”

Why have I never learned to bake? Strategy games have never been my thing, but this is terrible, even for me.

He is staring at my lips and probably waiting to see what kind of ridiculous shit I say next. “Well,” I trail off before quickly blurting out the words before I even have enough time to think about what I am actually saying, “Maybe I can try to make you something.”

What am I saying? Why am I promising to make him something? I don’t even buy those out-of-the-can cinnamon rolls!

Miguel chuckles and leans back. “It’s alright. I wouldn’t want you to burn the entire apartment building down. I’d hate to have to move again.” He takes a step back into his apartment and puts his hand on the door, looking ready to close it. What do I do? He is already thinking this conversation is ending! Quick, say something!

“Well, look. You caught me.” I raise my hands in surrender. “I guess I can’t ask you for flour anymore. But, like, could I get your number? I mean, if I ever do actually need flour, that is”

He pretends to think about it and then shrugs. “Eh, no.”

My heart flatlines.

“Wait, what? Why not?” I blurt out.

He leans in one more time and says, “If I give you my number, I don’t get to watch you come to my door with your cute little excuses anymore.”

My jaw drops.

He winks.

Is he serious right now? There is so much to process with this. I just got shot down. I didn’t get his number. And I might be cute? Is cute good? Is it like ‘Look at that cute girl’ or is it like ‘Your little sister is so cute’? Maybe I am not even the cute one. Maybe he only thinks my excuses are cute.

Chill, Morgan. We can dissect this in the group chat later. I have been cool this entire time. I can’t sell at match point!

I tuck my hair behind my ear, look to the side, and say with a sigh, “Man, Miguel, I didn’t realize how hard it was to get flour from a neighbor these days.”

He gestures with his hands as he talks, “Are you kidding? In this economy?”

He goes back to leaning against the doorway, arms crossed over. I smile. We are back on track!

“Well, that’s why I didn’t ask you for eggs.” I joke. This is good!

He laughs, “If you didn’t have eggs, what have you been making with all that flour?”

Ugh! That’s such a good point. Oh, whatever, I’m caught anyway.

I grumble jokingly, “I think we have already established I don’t bake.”

“You’re funny, Morgan. Very funny,” he says with a smile.

I was hoping he would say “beautiful,” but I’ll take “funny.” It’s better than cute, right? I hope I am not, like, so funny that I’m cute. I think I would rather be so cute that I’m funny.

He looks down at his watch. “Oh shit, I gotta go.” He takes a step back. “I’ll see you later, Morgan. Have a good night.”

The door shuts in front of me, and I stand there for a while, replaying everything. Did that really just happen? Did he really just reject me? Me? The future mother of his children? Or was he flirting? That had to have been flirting.

I groan.

I didn’t get his number.

But I got something, right?

I walk back into my apartment and pull out my phone to begin texting the girls.

Sample 2: The Boiling Pot

Genre: Contemporary Fake Dating Romance

Word Count: ~1,900

Ethan's always been the golden child, but that reputation shatters when his sister exposes his biggest secret. To save face, he asks Kim to be his perfect Korean girlfriend for one family weekend. But when lies mix with real feelings, pretending becomes more stressful than just telling the truth.

"You know, no one believes we're dating," Kim chimed, placing the lid on the pot of kimchi-jjigae and setting a timer on her phone. Then she turned to help with the gimbap.

Ethan's brows furrowed as he finished rolling his twelfth. "What are you talking about?"

"Anyone can tell," she said, spreading rice on a sheet of gim and carefully placing the shredded carrots, lining them up like little soldiers readying for war. "You're never going to convince your grandma that you—" She feigned distress as she mimicked his grandmother's thick Korean accent. "—aren't a *wild American boy*." She laughed, grabbing pickled radish strips.

He elbowed her side to shut her up, causing her to drop her radishes on the counter. Kim jokingly elbowed him back before returning her focus to piling fillings. "She just can't get past the prostitute accusation."

"Well, no shit, Sherlock. I think I got that part."

Kim raised her hands in defense. “Hey, I’m not the one who told your grandma.”

She was right. If his sister hadn’t always made everything a competition for favorite grandchild, he wouldn’t have to deal with this. “Yeah, I know.”

“You’ve just got to prove that you’re still her *sweet little dumpling*” she teased.

“Why do you think you’re here? If I can just convince her I’ve been dating a nice Korean girl this entire time, and—”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” she snapped as she struggled to roll the mat, stopping when the veg started spilling from the sides. “Fuck. Sorry,” she sighed and then continued, “It’d help if you could sell the whole dating thing.”

Ethan leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes with his palms. He’d buried those feelings years ago, and dragging them up now? “Yeah, I know. It is just difficult.”

She scoffed, “Wow, rude.”

“You know I didn’t mean it like that. I meant, just having to pretend we’re together is weird.”

“Because I’m so undateable?” She deadpanned.

“Because—” he fumbled for the right words while her too-see-right-through-him eyes delved into his soul. “—because you’re *Kim*.”

She pretended she was struck, grasping her chest dramatically. “Urgh. Right in the heart.”

He laughed. “Stop it. You know what I am trying to say.”

“Do I?” she challenged, turning her focus back to the rolling mat.

Was she trying to insinuate something? Start a new conversation? A conversation that'd only ever happened one time while they were drunk. It had gone nowhere because they were never foolish enough to do anything stupid. Would it have been stupid?

He shook the thought away. There is already too much on his plate. "Kim, just ignore what I said."

"If it was going to be so hard, then why did you ask me?" Her timer buzzed, and she rushed to check on the pot.

"Because you are the type of woman I would be lucky to date." Her spoon sloshed a bit of broth over the side of the pot as he struggled to backpedal. "You know, the type of girl my grandma wants me to date. A nice Korean girl."

She nodded slowly as she stirred. "Rigghht."

"Look, I just want to get through this weekend without her thinking I'm a disappointment."

"Ethan, I doubt anyone actually thinks that," Kim sighed, tasted the kimchi-jjigae, and checked something on her phone again.

Ethan barely leashed his frustration. "My grandma has barely talked to me and stays in her room. All my uncles and aunts have been staring, and my parents can't even look at me. I bet my sister has never felt so happy!"

She interjected softly, "Lower your voice." She put down the spoon and headed back over to the too-loose gimbap and began picking the vegetables out and reshaping the rice to roll again.

He continued in a restrained whisper, “Her incessant need to act like we are still fucking children is ruining my life!”

Kim muttered something under her breath as she darted back and forth between checking the pot and trying to roll her gimbap.

So Ethan continued. “She knows why I did it. Renting myself out as a date for weddings and all was the only way to afford school. My parents are scraping by, my uncles have their own kids, and my grandma’s retired. And my sister? She can barely support herself, much less me.”

“I think you’re overthinking it,” she said, her voice low and steady. “They have to adjust to the reality that you’re not a boy anymore, but I’m not seeing the same judgement you are.”

His jaw nearly dropped. “You *clearly* don’t know what it’s like to have a first gen Korean family if you think *that* is the vibe here.”

“You know what? You’re fucking right!” She hissed, glaring up at him. Kim smacked the bamboo mat away, scattering the rice and vegetables across the counter. Her hands seemed unsure of what to do, as they brushed her hair, rubbed her face, hesitated on how to hold herself, before settling on gripping her arms. “I’m sorry. I can’t do this.”

Where the hell had that come from? “The gimbap?”

“That. The kimchi-jjigae. The fucking weekend. Fuck. The entire thing. I never made any of this in my life, Ethan!” She gestured to the entire kitchen.

“What?”

“My parents never taught me how to make it! Fuck. I’m trying to be the girl you need so we can convince your family you have your shit together, but fuck—” She pressed the heels of her hands to her eyes, inhaled deeply, then released it before meeting his gaze. “Ethan, you know what? I’m sorry, but I’m done.”

His stomach lurched. “What do you mean?”

“Pretending to be a nice *Korean* girl,” she spat, tears brimming in her eyes. “I don’t know anything about *anything*. I only know a little conversational Korean and sometimes the latest K-pop songs. But my parents are third-generation immigrants, and they are super Americanized!” She leaned over the counter, rubbing her eyes as she sobbed silently. “I’m sorry, okay? I know this is super important to you, and I have been trying not to add anything to your stress, but fuck! I want to sink into the ground when anyone asks me questions. I am only going to make this worse for you.”

He wasn’t sure what his heart was doing in his chest. Whether it was thumping or stalled or some mixture of the two, but his world slowed. Pinpointed on Kim, crying over gimbap … and *him*.

Just as he was about to say something to reassure her, she stood up and gestured to the pot. “The kimchi-jjigae doesn’t look or taste right. It’s all watery, and I can’t even get my stupid gimbap to fucking roll!”

Ethan rushed around the counter and pulled her into a hug. She fell into his arms and cried into his shoulder. He rubbed her back and processed what she said. How had he not noticed? How had he not seen how hard she was trying? She was completely out of her element. For him.

When it sounded like she was calming down, he leaned his head back to look at her face. Her rich brown eyes and high cheekbones, now trailed with tear tracks. He smiled at her kindly and whispered, “You’re doing better than I deserve.”

She sniffled, “Shut up.”

He laughed gently and wiped her tears with his thumb. “No, I mean it. Out of this entire stressful day, you’ve been the best part.”

“Really?” she raised her eyebrow. “I think I’ve just fucked up your idea of bringing a perfect Korean girl home.”

“Doubtful,” he said, stepping back.

She rubbed her eyes and combed through her hair with her fingers as Ethan looked at the soup and tasted it with her spoon. He ruminated on what to do, tapping the spoon against his lip.

“It’s a lot better than when I made it the first time. Can I try something?”

“Please!” She stepped away from the pot. “I don’t want to look like a loser in front of your entire family.”

He snorted. “You never could.”

Ethan opened the fridge, reaching to the back where the oldest kimchi lived. The precious stuff with the richest brine. Checking over his shoulder to make sure grandma wouldn’t catch him pilfering her kimchi, he twisted off the lid and poured a few glugs of the liquid gold into Kim’s soup. “What we really need is something with a deeper flavor profile.”

“Do you have any MSG or anchovy powder? The grocery didn’t have any.”

“Good call!” Ethan opened the spice cabinet, searching for either. Surely his grandma-jackpot! He tossed Kim the anchovy powder, and she stirred a pinch in.

Dipping the spoon in again, she blew on the broth before offering him the first taste.

“It’s a lot better,” Kim said, grinning up at him. “You saved it.”

“You’re the one saving me, Kim. Adding a little seasoning to your already good soup is nothing. If we let it simmer a few more minutes, it’ll be perfect.”

Kim smiled and then nodded. “Ok.” She grabbed a paper towel and wiped her nose as she teased, “You know, you used my spoon. It’s kind of like we kissed.”

He laughed, but the sound caught in his throat when he glimpsed his grandma’s shadow from the doorway. Maybe he could let her see that he wasn’t just playing around. That he was in a serious, committed relationship.

Ethan cleared his throat and stepped closer to her. “Yeah?”

Her eyes narrowed. “What are you doing?”

He shrugged, reaching for her hand and tugging her gently towards him. It wouldn’t be hard to look like he’d been hopelessly in love with her for years. He just had to take off the mask.

With the space between them shrinking, he brushed her hair from her face and dropped his gaze down to her lips. “What if we did?”

“Did what?” she asked breathlessly.

“Kissed,” he whispered, leaning in.

“I wouldn’t be mad,” she whispered back with a smile.

He pressed his lips against hers, and a tingle shot through him, scalp to toes. He half expected her to laugh at him again, but she didn’t. Instead, she melted against his chest and threw her arms around his neck. He had kissed many girls before, but something about their kiss was unlike any of the others.

His hands found her waist, while her fingers tangled in his hair. The way she hummed into the kiss made the knot in his chest tighten. When her tongue brushed against his lip, every thought vanished. His world centered on Kim Ahn. In his arms. Kissing him like she’d been waiting for this.

Then the floor creaked.

Ethan immediately broke away. His grandmother stood at the doorway, hands folded behind her back, gaze averted.

“Oh, 죄송해요, 할머니,” he blurted an apology with a shaky laugh. “I didn’t see you standing there.”

Kim cut him a suspicious look. Then she glanced between him and his grandmother.

His grandmother didn’t say anything. Instead, she grabbed her purse off the high-top, brushed off the rice, not addressing it, and left the room.

Kim smacked his arm. “What was that?”

“What was what?”

“Did you know she was there?”

He hesitated. Then admitted, “Yeah?”

She froze. Her fingers drifted up to her lips.

“Kim it’s no—”

“I don’t want to hear it!” she snapped.

When he reached to touch her, she flinched away and muttered quickly, “I need to use the bathroom.” As she stepped around the counter, Ethan caught a glimpse of fresh tears. Shit. This was not how it was supposed to go. He finally got to kiss her, and she thought it was all for show.

Without another word, she rushed off. Half a heartbeat later, he followed. “Kim— it’s not what you think!”

Sample 3: No Sleep Tonight

Genre: Erotic Lesbian Romance

Word Count: ~1,100 words

Edith knew that sharing a bed with her new girlfriend, Lynn, would be thrilling. She just didn't expect how quickly that thrill would turn into heat. As hands explore and moans are hushed, it becomes clear to Edith that this night is about anything but sleep.

It felt weird sharing a bed with Lynn. Actually, it would have felt weird sharing a bed with anyone. Still, it felt particularly uncomfortable with Lynn because she was taking up most of the space.

“Stop moving,” I scolded quietly.

The twin bed creaked as Lynn shifted, her elbow jabbing me in the stomach. I grunted and turned towards the wall.

“Sorry, my bad,” she whispered. “Are you okay?”

I said with a huff, “No.”

Her arm wrapped around me, long fingers trailing up and down my stomach, soothing away the sting. The back of my neck heated up.

“How’s this?” Her voice was low next to my ear.

I inhaled sharply and nodded. “It’s fine.” More than fine.

Lynn pulled me closer to her until I could feel her breath on my neck and her ample chest against my back. Her hand drifted up between my breasts, and I prayed she couldn't feel my pounding heart.

"You smell so sweet," she murmured as her fingers lightly skittered in the cleft between my breasts, down my belly, to my waistband before meandering back up. "Like honey and herbs."

I bit my bottom lip and tried not to groan when her hips shifted against my rear. What was she doing to me? My ears burned, and my mind flooded with tantalizing images of Lynn on top of me, naked and sweaty.

"We're supposed to be asleep," I whispered. We only have a few hours until the bells ring, marking the start of the day. It would be a long one, too. I had clinicals, and she'd be facing several grueling hours in the training yard. The smart thing would be to sleep. To cuddle and sleep. Like we'd planned.

Her nose nuzzled my neck, and her lips traced a line across my shoulder.

These past several weeks have been confusing and unfamiliar—secret kisses, hidden touches, and lingering glances. When did I start focusing on anything other than practicing medicine?

About the time Lynn showed up in my life.

"I'm not sleepy yet," she murmured between kisses, her teeth grazing the tender skin between my shoulder and throat. Her hands drifted down to my waistband, her agile fingers rubbing over the sensitive area before gradually moving upward again.

"I swear, Lynn. Stop teasing me." I grabbed her hand and slowly pulled it down my abdomen until I rested it between my legs.

Her breathing quickened, and I felt the curve of her smile against my ear as she nipped there. Her fingertips twirled around the soft cotton waistband, then slipped her fingers beneath, lower and lower.

“You’re so soft,” she whispered.

I whimpered when she brushed against me, sliding a finger through my slickness. I shifted my hips forward, needing more.

When she pulled her fingers out of my pants, I turned around and hissed, “Hey!”

Lynn laughed. I was about to ask her why she stopped, but my mouth went dry as she licked her fingers while looking me right in the eye. My face flushed at the heat in her gaze. I pursed my lips and slowly and silently sank back down into her embrace.

She reached back down my pants, fingers searching until they found my clit. I gasped softly when she circled the nub with her wet fingers, featherlight, teasing.

“Lynn,” I moaned.

“Edith,” she moaned against my ear, never breaking rhythm. “Tell me what you want me to do.”

“I don’t—I don’t even know,” I panted.

She chuckled, then she dipped her fingers into me.

“My gods, Edith. You’re—”

“I know,” I whined. “You don’t need to say it.”

She kissed the back of my neck and softly sucked the tender spot beneath my ear. I wanted to moan again, but she covered my mouth with her other hand. “Shhh. We don’t want to be caught.”

Intimate relations between students are strictly forbidden at the school. Lynn and I were beyond treading on thin ice. If anyone caught us like this, we’d be done for. Expelled.

I put my hands over that one and pressed harder as I moaned quietly into her palm, lifting my leg to give her more access. She shifted her thigh between mine and hooked her knee beneath my thigh, lifting her leg to spread me wide. “I like you like this, Edith. Spread open for me.”

Her fingertips found my clit again, flicking that spot back and forth, the pressure steady and firm, working me up and up—stars formed behind my eyelids.

She stopped. “Not yet.”

Once again, she plunged her fingers inside me. I bit my lip to keep from moaning as she traded one pleasure for another. Fuck.

Her fingers curled inside of me and felt around until she found my favorite spot. Lynn added another finger, stretching me, and my eyes rolled back as she rubbed that place while her thumb teased my clit. “That’s it. That’s my good girl. You like that?”

I frantically nodded, my hips moving on their own to chase after euphoria.

“Promise you can stay quiet?”

I nodded and muffled a yes against her palm. Then her hand left my mouth to shift around my neck and to my breasts, where she found my nipple and rolled it, teasing and tugging in tempo with her fingers.

I ground my teeth together, desperate to do what she asked. Desperate for more. Desperate for Lynn.

She quickened her pace, and I panted and unconsciously tried to squirm from the overstimulation, but she bucked her hips, pinning me between her and her hand, rolling so I was half on her, half on the bed. She twisted, shifting both of her legs between mine and then locking her ankles around my legs, forcing my thighs even wider. All the while, her hands kept tormenting me. One tugged on my nipple while the other curled against that spot, up and down, over and over, edging me closer—

“Wait, Lynn.”

“Yes?” she breathed into my ear, her hands never stopping their torment.

I tried to form words, but she sucked on my earlobe.

“Edith,” she purred.

“I’m—I’m, shit, I’m going to cum,” I sputtered.

As if I’d been waiting for permission, when she whispered, “Go ahead.”

The floodgates erupted. My entire lower body convulsed as I came all over her hand.

She let go of my nipple and covered my mouth as I moaned. As proud as I am of being a graceful woman, the sounds I made were far from elegant. Lynn kept pumping her fingers into me, squeezing out every last wave of pleasure in sounds that should be embarrassing.

“What happened to being quiet?” she teased gently and gave another kiss on the back of my neck.

I covered my face with my hands, panting hard.

She shifted, sitting up with a sigh, but I caught her wrist and pulled her back down.

“Where do you think you’re going?” I murmured, tilting my head until our lips brushed.

“Let’s see what kind of noises *you* make.”

Sample 4: Innocent No More

Genre: Steamy Contemporary Romance

Word Count: ~1,100 words

Embarrassed by being teased as “Most Innocent”, Jenna impulsively seduces Kai, infamous “Best in Bed”. What started as a challenge born of pride and annoyance quickly ignites into urgent desire. As Kai proved why he earned his title, Jenna realizes she might be losing hers.

I never thought I was the type of girl who makes out in a bathroom, and I’m a little mortified that I am.

But when Kai’s tongue slides against mine, I taste the vodka shot he took for me earlier. Every hesitation about being reckless flees my mind. I hold his chiseled jaw, guiding him in how I want to be kissed. His lips are softer than I expected. And far more clever.

I know they made us play that stupid game to make the joint bachelor and bachelorette party more fun. But why did I have to walk away branded “Most Innocent” while Kai got crowned “Best in Bed? I’ve had sex, plenty of it! Just … not recently. Or, I guess, not for years.

His large hands grip my hips tightly and lift me onto the counter as if I weigh nothing. Then he pulls me closer to the edge until I can feel the hard proof of how he probably earned “Best in Bed.”

I gasp when he unlatches my bra. He licks his lips as I shoulder the straps of my dress off and let my breasts pour out. He palms my breasts greedily and buries his face between them. As he

massages them, he begins kissing my chest and sucking gently on my nipples. They stiffen under his touch, and a whimper escapes me before I can swallow it.

My pussy pulses as he continues up my chest and sucks hungrily on my skin.

“Don’t leave a hickey,” I murmur.

“Didn’t you say you wanted rumors about us?”

I take a moment to think and then nod. “Fuck it then. Mark me up.”

He chuckles and rubs one of my nipples between his fingers as he starts biting and sucking on my neck.

“Kai!” I moan.

He engulfs my moan with his lips and begins to kiss me hard.

His mouth leaves mine just long enough for me to catch a glimpse of his face. I giggle at my lipstick smeared across his mouth, but the sound seems to spur him on, which gets him rushing back in and kissing me again. I wrap my arms around his neck and press my bare chest against him. I bite his bottom lip, and he groans.

His ears are red, and his eyes are in a daze of lust. My underwear is damp and, at this point, useless. He tries to pull them off, but I pull away, panting. “Wait!”

Kai takes a step back and catches his breath, too. “You okay?”

I steady myself by clutching his shoulder and fan myself. “What about … a condom?”

He chuckles, digging out his wallet and showing it to me. “Way ahead of you.”

I blush and cover my face. *What am I doing?* Kai? He's the groom's brother, the infamous best man, and the last guy I should be letting in between my legs. Am I really about to sleep with a player like him just because I was annoyed that everyone branded me as "Most Innocent"?

His gaze searches mine. "You still want to do this, Jen?"

Just as I am about to answer, someone knocks on the door.

"Hey, Jenna? You good in there? It's been a minute," Hailey calls, her voice muffled from the door and the music blasting outside.

My stomach twists. Hailey. My supposed best friend. The one who didn't even ask me to be her maid of honor. My fists tighten as my face goes hot with shame.

Why was I the joke tonight, the punchline to everyone's "innocent virgin" jokes?

Kai opens his mouth, but I grab his shirt and kiss him hard. At first, he freezes, but then he starts kissing me back as if he had been starving, which makes my head spin.

When have I ever been kissed like this? When was the last time I felt desired like this? Had I ever?

"Fuck me," I whisper.

He smirks and lifts my dress.

"Don't worry, Hailey. I'm fine!" I reassure her as I watch Kai crouch underneath my dress. I feel him tug my underwear off as the cold countertop shocks my skin.

Heat floods me. Shame and desire tangle into a knot inside my chest until I can't tell which is stronger. Knowing Kai can see all of me, bare and exposed, only has me dripping wet.

I yelp when his tongue drags slowly between my lips, licking it all up.

"Are you sure?" she shouts.

Kai uses his thumb to push up my hood.

What is he doing?

I gasp when I feel him flick his tongue against my clit.

How does he know about that?

I cover my mouth with one hand while I grip my chest. A heavy weight beneath my stomach, a feeling that I had only ever felt when touching myself, begins to build slowly as his fingers start stroking the entrance, teasing my nerves.

"Yes!" I manage. "Not feeling great. Go away!"

I whine as he alternates between licking me with the tip and the pad of his tongue, the weight inside me building and building.

"Have you seen Kai? I thought he came looking for you."

Just shut up! I can't think!

He starts sucking gently on my clit while curling his fingers inside of me. I pull my dress up, clutch his hair, and wrap my legs around his head. He groans against me, sparking all my nerves.

"I haven't—" I can't help but moan again. "Seen him."

His fingers dip into me, all the way, so deep. As if to say, *I'm right here*. Fuck, I knew his hands were big, but I hadn't expected that. He pulls out, and I muffle a moan at the loss of him.

Kai looks up at me and smiles. It's wicked and knowing and full of promise. Just as I am about to ask if it's over, my eyes widen as he shows my juices drenched all over his fingers. I open my mouth to apologize, but he licks it up and goes back down on me.

He starts sucking sweetly on my clit. I can't catch my breath as he fingers me harder and faster, making sure to rub the spot that sends fireworks behind my eyelids.

The weight is going to be released. It's edging closer and closer. I don't want to make a mess, but I don't want him to stop.

"Um, alright. If you see him, can you tell him Kenji is looking for him?"

I nod, even though I know she can't see me. I knew if I tried to speak, the only thing coming out of my mouth would be Kai's name.

Everything is background noise. I can't hear the music anymore, and I have no idea if Hailey is still outside talking. Right now, it just doesn't matter. It's been too long since I've touched, too long since I've felt desired. And Kai is touching all the right places to help make me forget all about ever being "Most Innocent".