

Chapter One, Her Way

“Avail, if you need anything, let me know,” Mom called through the door.

I had to do my best to assure her that I was okay, so I replied, “Thanks, Mom. I’m just going to take a nap.” Sitting on the edge of my bed, I took my hands out of my lap and smoothed the comforter directly next to my legs. I tried to settle myself but that proved to be a difficult task with everything that has transpired over the past twenty-four hours. Last night, I was in a beautiful hotel room with Kyle after what turned out to be a minor car accident... I thought that we could have lost each other, thus throwing me into a romantic ambiance between our college campus and home with my incredibly sexy boyfriend who sent me into a lustful whirlwind just by getting out the shower. Our undressed bodies’ desires rode the wave of emotion we both felt. All scruples, morals, and vows flew out the window for the sake of us experiencing each other for the first time even though we agreed not to go there. I couldn’t believe that we lost control so easily...

An intense kiss turned into gentle pecks as Kyle unloosened my ponytail, preferring my hair down for him to play in. As the directions of his kisses aimed for my neck, I briefly opened my eyes to take in the atmosphere of the moment. Candle shadows danced on the walls from the ones still lit around the Jacuzzi tub in the bathroom. White and cream linens surrounded my body and Kyle’s glowing skin cross-sectioned mine in areas of contact. I couldn’t articulate how Kyle was feeling, but I felt like I was on the brink of explosion. I wanted more, but I didn’t know how much more I could take.

“Do you want me to stop?” Kyle asked as he caressed my hips and kissed my neck in synchronization, both hot spots for me. Almost desperately, he asked again, “Do you?”

My mouth admitted, “No, don’t stop...”

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Mom and Dad were not home when I arrived from dropping off Avail, and that was a relief. If there is one thing that annoyed me about my parents, it’s the fact that they can see straight through me when I’m troubled. *I can’t deny that right now, troubled seems to be a light word for the way I’m feeling.*

Instantly, I flashed back to my explanation to Avail’s parents, attempting to be open with them while not saying too much. “When I lost control of the car,” I shared nervously with Mr. Andrews, “we slid off the road and hit a tree head on. Since the car was damaged badly and the mechanic who came with the tow truck said that he could fix it overnight, Avail and I shared a hotel room for the evening instead of bothering you or my parents.”

Even as the last part of my statement came out of my mouth, I knew Avail’s father wasn’t going to like it. I didn’t mean it the way it sounded. Before I could clarify what I really meant, I heard Mrs. Andrews say, “Well, I’m just glad the two of you are okay. What you did was dangerous, and just know that next time, maybe you should wait until the time that the roads are officially cleared.”

“Yes ma’am,” I replied thankfully, mainly because when she interjected, I managed to escape the wrath of Mr. Andrews.

Avail and I said our goodbyes as her parents went into the house. As much as I didn't want to admit it to myself, this whole incident changed our relationship, and I'm not convinced that it's for the best right now. Just last night, I exposed myself to her, and I enjoyed parts of her I knew would drive me crazy. Even as I reviewed this state of uncertainty of our relationship, I remember how her back arched to make her slightly sculpted abs meet southern bound kisses from my lips. The drive home gave me time to meditate on how her body projected its excitement and how I took pleasure in every moan and sigh that escaped Avail's mouth.

I remember asking her, "Do you want me to stop? Do you?" If she would have said no, it would have been hard – and it was hard – to stop, but totally in the moment, she didn't turn me away...