Instead I flick the vibrator’s switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I’m overcome and lost in it. When the crest of it passes, I don’t turn off the vibrator, I don’t take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I’ve come and how many ways I’ve lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before...

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By Elana K. Arnold

Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground. My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard...

...and don’t restart the vibrator until it’s muffled underneath the blankets.

...I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it’s apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it....My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently...

It’s clear from his face when he’s close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, “Okay?”

“Okay,” I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don’t, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.

“Fuck,” he says, collapsing against me.