

**FALLING FOR THE
OPPOSITION: BONUS
MATERIAL**

LOLA WEST

As always, Lua was a conundrum, an open-minded, sex-positive hippie, who was also a total prude, like one hundred percent prude-y. I could literally get her blushing just by saying vagina. So, I did - because Lu was awfully pretty when her cheeks went pink.

“Vagina.” I whispered into the speaker of my phone. It was warm. I was wearing but a pair of lightweight gray cotton sweats and laying on the king size bed I got for the apartment that Lu helped me pick out before she headed off to spend her summer interning for and staying with my mom. I missed her all the time. As soon as she got back to Hamilton, I was going to ask her to live with me. I really wanted to ask in person.

She giggled, “Oh my god. Don’t start.”

“Wet, sticky, swollen, vagina.” I smarted.

She full on laughed. “Gross. Just Gross.”

Enjoying every minute of being the devil to her angel, I followed up with, “Lu, there is nothing even vaguely gross about your sticky, swollen and wet VAGINA. That is a yum, not a yuck. Mmmmm” I made a show smacking my lips so

she could hear the sound. I couldn't see the pink in her cheeks but she sucked in a little breath and my dick throbbed at the thought of watching her skin go rouge. On the other end of the phone line, she was totally quiet other than little pants of breath. They were quick little pants, sexy ones and just like that the tone of our conversation shifted from silly to sex.

My voice naturally dropped an octave as I considered her rising excitement. Deep and ruddy, I asked "Did thinking of how I ache for your pussy make you wet, Lu?"

She gasped.

"It did, didn't it?"

Still nothing - just those sweet little pants. But I knew her well enough to know that she was subtly nodding her head - physically confirming my guess.

"I can't see you, Lu. You have to say the word."

Her voice was small, but steady, as always. "Yes."

"You like that I want you?" I rumbled.

"Yes," she breathed again.

"Do you want me to tell you how I want you? How I think of you when I take my cock in my hand?" She moaned. It wasn't a big or a loud sound but it was a good one. We'd never had phone sex before, and I hoped she was into it because I was so into it. "Will you touch yourself for me? Come to the sound of my voice?"

She took a shaky breath and then whispered, "You mean like phone sex?"

An image of her flashing her eyes left then right in the guest room in my mother's house, fully expecting someone to overhear her contemplating talking dirty flashed in my mind and I snickered. "My mother's room is two floors below you and she's fast asleep now. She won't catch you, I promise." I paused not wanting to pressure her but also

needing to voice my own desire. “Or maybe you just want to listen. Maybe you just want to hear what thinking about you does to me.”

She cleared her throat. Then definitively, like she’d made a decision to be bold, she said, “No, I want us to do this together. But.. um.. Don’t laugh at me if I’m foolishly unsexy.”

It was silly - her thinking that I could listen to the sounds she made while coming and find her foolish - but I got it that this was out of her comfort zone and it was intimate, so she felt vulnerable. Trying to quiet her nerves I said, “I promise, but just so you know you are insanely sexy and just the thought of your hand between your legs has me hard as stone.”

She giggled and I got harder. Lua happy was my ultimate turn on.

Clearing her throat she said, “Umm... I don’t know where to begin.”

Jokingly, I asked, “What are you wearing?”

She snorted and then because she was Lua she answered - honestly. “Those huge navy sweats of mine and a ratty old faded red sweatshirt. I don’t even know where this sweatshirt came from.” she was rattling because she was nervous. “Your mother keeps it freezing in here. I have to bundle up to the nines to not wake up with toe popsicles. I’m even wearing socks.” She made a funny frustrated sound and then clearly disgruntled added, “Socks in bed is like an insanity. Who wears socks to bed?”

She was straying, wandering away from my plan to hear her strung out and coming, but I didn’t let her. “Take off the sweatshirt and if you have a t-shirt on under it, take that off too.”

“I just finished telling you it’s cold...” she whined.

“I want you bare on top. I want you leaning back into that mountain of down pillows - the soft cotton caressing the sensitive skin of your back and the cold air pebbling your pretty pink nipples.” She was quiet again but her breathing quickened and then there were the tell tale signs of her movement, the phone rattling and echoing as she pulled the fabric over her head.

When the sounds of her movement stilled, I said “Lean back into the pillows.”

I heard the creak of the bead as she flopped back.

“Are you cold?” I asked.

“A little,” she still sounded a little anxious but I pushed on.

Cocky, I smarted, “This game we’re about to play is not so feminist - you know that, right? I’m going to tell you what to do, Lu. I’m gonna tell you how and where to touch yourself. I want you to play your body like it’s mine. Do you want that?”

“Yes.” she breathed, her desire starting to return.

“Pinch and pluck your nipples like a guitarist. Run your finger tips in circles over your areola and while you do that I want you thinking of my mouth. Hot and wet and sucking.”

She moaned and I slid my hand down over my abs, through the fine downy hair below my belly button and then, over the fabric of my pants, I squeezed my cock - trying to ease and tease the tension there - without really getting myself going. I wanted her to catch up. I wanted to come with her.

“Suck your index finger into your mouth. Get it good and wet.” I commanded and then I heard the suction. Oh god, I missed her fucking mouth. “That’s my good little feminist.”

She huffed out a shuddering laugh. It was delicious.

I didn't let up. "Circle your nipples with that wetness." I pictured the way her back bowed when I sucked her little peaks into my mouth and I couldn't help myself. I slipped my hand under the hem of my pants and gave my cock its first stroke as I crooned, "Can you feel me, Lu? Can you feel how hungry and desperate my mouth is? My teeth scraping across your sweet little nips."

She panted and then growly, she said, "Are you touching yourself?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," she practically begged.

"I'm on the bed, Wearing those gray cotton sweats you like."

"Do you know why I like them?" She asked. Her voice had also dropped, gotten heavy with need.

I harbored a guess, "because they're soft?"

"I know you wear nothing underneath them. I know that if I reach down and cup the soft fabric, that I would practically have your cock in my hand."

I stroked again, and groaned, "Jesus Fuck, Lu" I grunted, "Not foolish."

"Tell me what you're doing right now."

"I will, if you put your hand between your legs and tell me what you find."

There was some shifting again and then she moaned, "It's wet."

"How wet?" I asked, still controlling myself from full on jerking.

"I'm soaked and so sensitive," Her voice was shaking and punctuated with little moans. "I think..." she stuttered. "I want you to tell me what to do."

"Feel my fingers," I said. "Picture them, bigger and fatter than yours, pressing into your flesh, parting your lips,

running back and forth over your clit - so slowly. So very very slowly.”

On the other end she started to whimper, but she managed to say, “Are you hard?”

“I’m like steel. I’m so hard for you right now.”

“I want to feel you.” She’d gone wild. Her voice was all air and hunger when she said, “I want the moment right before you’re inside me - the pressure of your cockhead pressing into my opening.”

Her choice of words felt a little clunky. The thing about Lu was when she said something, it didn’t always come out the way someone else might have said it. She didn’t have all the same influences that those of us who grew up in the mainstream had so her word choices were different. But she was honest and straightforward and I could feel the clench in my muscles as I held myself above her. I could feel the tension of that exact moment, the precipice, the second before that first slide into her depths.

Hearing her voice her desire, there was no stopping myself. I pumped my hand and growled, “If I were there, I’d fuck you so hard right now, Lu. I’d flip you over and take you like I did that first time. Do you remember what that was like? I was starving for you. That’s how I am now. Thick and swollen, thinking about the silky tight feeling of your pussy all around me. Tell me you remember, that you can feel me moving inside you right now.”

On the other end of the line, Lu moaned “I can feel you everywhere. Oh god, yes. I love you.”

And then she was coming and so was I - panting and huffing our way through it together.

When it was over we were both silent for a second before she said, “I love you.”

She did. I knew she did and it was the best fucking thing

that had ever happened to me. “Me too. So much. Like more than I ever imagined possible.”

We both went silent again. No matter what I said it wasn't enough. It would never be enough. The feelings I had for Lua were epic. Emotion like that is beyond words. “You're everything, Lu. Everything.”

“I know.” She said gently. “You are too, Everything.” Then, after a beat and with whimsy and tons of snark Lua asked, “So, you got a mess on your hands?”

I was totally sticky, and it was sort of cooling and gross. So, I should have laughed. Maybe even cackled. But I just sat there with a stupid shit eating grin on my face because Lua was goofy and delicious and just fucking perfect. And she was mine.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lola West writes short, sweet, smart, silly, sexy romance. With a PhD in women's studies and a flair for the dramatic, Lola likes to keep it real. Her loves are cotton candy, astronomy, kitten heels and small-town hunks. Lola's heroes make you swoon and her heroines that talk back. Also, she believes that consent is always sexy, even in books.

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