

Steamy Romance Writing Sample 1

Swallowing hard, I don't think. Inching closer, I wait for him to pull away, but he doesn't. He sits beside me, unmoving as a statue as I crush my lips to his. Like a spark of flint crashing against a rock, the passion between us erupts.

He pulls away. "We shouldn't be doing this," he says.

"Why?" I ask.

"I have a kid."

I smile and touch his cheek. "This is about *us*, nobody else. There's something about you..."

He leans in and kisses me again, gently this time. "You're something special yourself."

There's a flutter of excitement inside my belly. With my heart pounding, I straddle him. With my hands at his waist, I begin to slowly move my hips against him as we continue to kiss. His hands gently caress my breasts, then slowly make their way down my waist and to my ass. Still kissing me, his hands reach under my blue dress and pull at my lace panties beneath. In a breathless and urgent move, I unbutton his pants. I close my eyes and toss my head back as I feel him enter me.

He lets out a whimper as my body takes every inch of him that he has to offer. Slowly, I rock my hips back and forth, trying to get every last bit of him that I can.

Logan's hands bury in my hair and he pulls ever so slightly until I have no choice but to arch my back to ease the pressure. His lips are on my neck as the couch moans underneath our weight.

"I need this so badly," he moans as his teeth graze my earlobe.

"Then shh, and enjoy the moment." I lower my head and press his mouth against mine. His lips are soft, and taste like wine.

Logan's hands untangle from my hair and move to frame my face. He pulls my mouth even closer and our kiss deepens. Suddenly this feels urgent, desperate. A low groan rumbles from deep in his throat as my hips move slowly up, then down. Our lips don't separate as I move lower. I feel him inside me deeper, deeper, until a burst of pleasure erupts so uncontrollable that I let out a small moan.

"Oh, Emily." Logan's voice is breathy as our mouths separate. In a swift movement, Logan pushes me down so that my back lays against the soft fabric of my couch. "A woman who keeps that up will make a man lose control"

“Then, go ahead.” I bite my lip and run a long fingernail down his spine. “Lose contr-” My sentence ends with a gasp as Logan suddenly thrusts harder, deep inside me. His pace quickens, sending fast, sharp thrills between my hips. Letting out a sigh, I wrap my arms around him.

We move together now, the couch rocking with each deliberate thrust. Our breath is staggered and I can feel his heartbeat pounding at the same insane rate as mine. I feel that pleasure building up again, this time so much stronger and so much more intense than before. My breasts heave with each movement, and so I reach my hands above my head and close my eyes. Logan buries his head into my neck and kisses me. Abruptly, let the pressure go together, our sweaty bodies wrapped in each others’ arms.

When I open my eyes, I see my thoughts reflected back at me through Logan’s intense gaze. It was fervent, passionate, and compassionate all at once. Suddenly, it felt as though I had found a missing piece that I did not know was lost before.

Steamy Romance Writing Sample 2

Logan shakes his hand, laughing. In a natural movement, his arm rests around my shoulders. “You’re really something.”

I sip my wine, very aware of his proximity. He smells like an alluring mix of cookies and wine. I turn to face him. When our eyes meet this time, our lips finally do touch. Slow and tender, he kisses me. It starts with a light brush of the lips, but then it deepens and his tongue brushes the inside of my lips. Without pulling away, Logan puts down his glass and carefully takes mine. He frames my face with his hands and continues to kiss me carefully and gently. I feel a burning begin between my legs, and it slowly rises into my chest. My hand is still on his knee, but I slowly move it upward. I can feel that he is already hard and my heart begins to pound. When his right hand moves from my face and cups my breast, I let out a gasp and pull away.

“What about Ana?” I manage.

He stands and pulls me up with him. “It’s okay. She’s a deep sleeper.”

We walk down the hallway with his hand around my waist. My chest is tumbling with so much anticipation that when Logan closes the bedroom door behind us, I let out a small moan. Logan gently lays me down on his large bed, leaving quick kisses on my lips, chin, throat.

Suddenly needing to feel him against me, I lift my shirt over my head. He continues kissing my bare skin, his lips brushing over my exposed breasts. I moan, and his lips explore lower, past my belly button and toward my hips. He pulls down my pants, and my moans turn into ragged gasps as his lips go even lower. My hands pull at the comforter as Logan fuels the flame that’s

been burning inside. The intensity increases until I start to squirm, but his strong hand comes down on my waist to hold me in place. He doesn't stop until I moan his name, "Logan!"

He sits up and looks at me, his eyes pierce into mine. He pulls off his shirt and leans over me, so our bare chests press against each other. He kisses my neck again and whispers, "I can't get enough of you."

Before I can react, I feel Logan thrust deep inside me. I scream, but he muffles the sound with another kiss. We move together in a slow rhythm, and with each movement I feel as though I might explode. I feel a passion inside me that I've never felt before. I wrap my legs around him and turn us so that I mount him. I let my body take control, moving my hips in swift, deep motions. My breasts heave with each stroke, and Logan cups them in his large hands. I bite my lip as he caresses my nipples, My pace quickens. He moans and puts his hands on my waist, guiding me as I go. That flame burns hotter, hotter, until we both reach that release. With a scream, I collapsed into his arms.

"I can't get enough of you either," I whisper as I drift off into sleep.