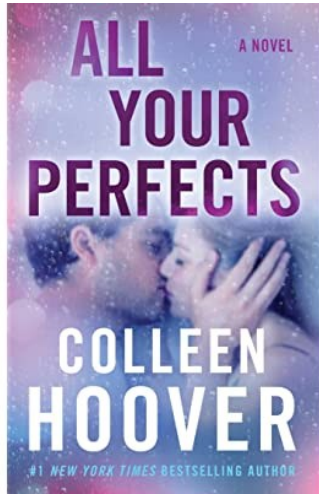


ALL YOUR PERFECTS



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

ISBN: 978-1-5011-7159-8

Book Summary:

Infertility is blamed for a young couple's marital problems with infidelity and animosity.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; violence including self-harm; and controversial religious commentary.

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	We've been doing so much planning for our wedding; it's been weeks since we had an actual home-cooked meal together. Or even sex.
2	"Yeah. He's inside all right." He clenches his fist and taps the wall next to the door. "Inside my fucking girlfriend."
3	I press a hand against my stomach. Vodka would be nice. ...I'm interrupted by it. The fucking. I hear Ethan's name being called out in a faint voice. At least it's faint from this side of the door. Ethan's bedroom is against the far side of his apartment, which indicates that whoever she is, she isn't being quiet about it. She's screaming his name.
8	"That's my thing! Not his! I'm the one who likes Chinese food after sex!"
22	I'm bothered by the intensity of my desire for him. I want to turn and fill his mouth with my tongue. I miss the taste of him, the smell of him, the sound of him. I miss when he would be on top of me, so consumed by me that it felt like he might tear through my chest just so he could be face-to-face with my heart while we made love. It's strange how I can miss a person who is still here. It's strange that I can miss making love to a person I still have sex with.
26	"Up for a night of revenge sex?"
29	Graham's hand that's resting on his knee moves forward a little until his fingers graze my knee, just below the hem of my skirt. ...Not because I don't like it, but because I can't remember the last time Ethan's touch sent this much heat through me. Graham traces a circle over the top of my knee with his finger. When he looks up at me again, I'm not confused by the look in his eyes. It's very clear what he's thinking now.
32	I look at my body in the mirror, covering both breasts with my hands. From the outside, I look healthy. My hips are wide, my stomach is flat, my breasts are average and perky. When men look at me, sometimes their eyes linger.
33	His fingers would be skimming my waist. His mouth, hot and wet, would find mine. His hands would be freeing me from my clothes. He would be inside me. He would make love to me.
43	We had sex on a strict ovulation schedule.
45	I feel selfish every time Graham and I have sex because I know I'm clinging to a hope that isn't there, dragging him along in a marriage that will eventually become too dull for either of us.
49	But here I am, about to have rebound sex with a complete stranger just hours after I caught my fiancé having an affair. If Ethan is capable of an affair, I am certainly capable of revenge sex with an extremely attractive guy.
55	I try to hide my internal conflict because I would love more than anything to get back at Ethan by fucking his lover's hot boyfriend. But knowing that's also why Graham is here makes me wonder if I want to be someone else's revenge sex.

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56	<p>I was prepared for a reunion with Ethan tonight. Not for sex with a stranger. ...I don't want Graham to have to take clothes off my body that were intended for another man.</p>
57	<p>For a moment, I forget what I'm even doing in here, but then I remember I'm about to have sex with a guy who isn't Ethan for the first time in four years. ...Me...anticipating sex with a man who isn't my fiancé.</p>
63	<p>My bare legs are dangling, feet pointing toward the floor. He doesn't immediately notice me, but once he does, I become his entire focus. I grip the counter between my legs, opening them just enough to let him in on my plans for the night. His eyes are locked on my hands as he pulls at his tie, sliding it from his collar, dropping it to the floor.</p>
64	<p>He slips off his shoes at the same time his hands slide up my thighs. I wrap my arms around his neck and he presses against me, ready and eager. His lips meet my neck and then my jaw and then he presses them gently against my mouth. "Where would you like me to take you?" He picks me up and secures me against him as I lock my legs around his waist.</p> <p>I whisper in his ear. "Our bedroom sounds nice."</p> <p>...Graham drops me on the bed, our clothes covering the distance from the kitchen to our room like scattered breadcrumbs. He settles himself between my legs and then pushes inside me with a groan. I take him in with silence.</p> <p>Graham is consistent in every possible way outside of the bedroom. But inside the bedroom, I never know what I'm going to get. Sometimes he makes love to me with patience and selflessness, but sometimes he's needy and quick and selfish. Sometimes he's talkative while he's inside me, whispering words that make me fall even more in love with him. But sometimes he's angry and loud and says things that make me blush.</p> <p>I never know what I'm going to get with him. That used to excite me. But now I tend to want only one of the many sides of him in the bedroom. The needy, quick, and selfish side of him. I feel less guilt when I get this side of him because lately, the only thing I really want out of sex is the end result.</p> <p>Sadly, tonight is not the selfish version of Graham in the bedroom. Tonight he's the exact opposite of what I need from him right now. He's savoring every second of it. Pushing into me with controlled thrusts while he tastes all the parts of my neck and upper body. I try to be as involved as he is, occasionally pressing my lips to his shoulders or pulling at his hair. But it's hard to pretend I don't want him to get it over with. I turn my head to the side so he can leave his mark on my neck while I wait.</p> <p>He eventually begins to pick up the pace and I tense a little, anticipating the end, but he pulls out of me unexpectedly. He's lowering himself down my body, drawing my left nipple into his mouth when I recognize this pattern. He's going to make his way down, slowly tasting every part of me until he eventually slides his tongue between my legs, where he'll waste a precious ten minutes and I'll have to think too much about what day it is, what time it is, what fourteen days from now will be, what I would do or say if the test is finally positive, how long I'll cry in the shower if it's negative again.</p> <p>I don't want to think tonight. I just want him to hurry.</p>

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	<p>I pull his shoulders until his mouth is back near mine and I whisper in his ear, "It's okay. You can finish." I try to guide him back inside of me but he pulls back. I make eye contact with him for the first time since we were in the kitchen.</p> <p>He brushes my hair back gently. "Are you not in the mood anymore?"</p> <p>I don't know how to tell him I was never in the mood to begin with without hurting his feelings. "It's fine. I'm ovulating."</p>
66	<p>"If you don't recall, we were just having sex less than a minute ago, regardless of my mood."</p>
67	<p>So much that I realized the less sex we had, the less disappointment I would feel. If we only had sex during the days I was ovulating , I would be disappointed a fewer number of times.</p> <p>...Right now, I just need him back on his bed. Back inside me. Because he's right. Sex with my husband is definitely a requirement to getting pregnant.</p> <p>..."Dammit, Quinn." And then he's on the bed again, his hands on my thighs, his lips against my ass. He slips one hand beneath me and presses it flat against my stomach, lifting me enough so that he can easily slide into me from behind. I moan and grasp the sheets convincingly.</p> <p>Graham grips my hips and lifts himself up onto his knees, pulling me back until he's all the way inside me.</p> <p>I no longer have the patient Graham. He's a mixture of emotions right now, thrusting into me with impatience and anger. He's focused on finishing and not at all focused on me and that's exactly how I want it.</p> <p>I moan and meet his thrusts, hoping he doesn't recognize that the rest of me is disconnected to this moment. After a while, we somehow move from both being on our knees, to me being pressed stomach first into the mattress as all his weight bears down on me. He grips my hands that are gripping the sheets and I relax as he releases a groan. I wait for him to fill me with hope.</p> <p>But he doesn't.</p> <p>Instead, he pulls out of me, pressing himself against the small of my back. Then he groans one final time against my neck. I feel it meet my skin, warm and wet as it slides down my hip and seeps into the mattress.</p> <p>Did he just...</p> <p>He did.</p> <p>Tears sting at my eyes when I realize he didn't finish inside me.</p>
68	<p>I'm bitter that he doesn't understand what sex has become to me over the last few years. He wants me to continue to want him, but I can't when sex and making love have always given me hope that it might be that one in a million chance I'll get pregnant. And all the sex and lovemaking that leads to the hope then leads to the moment all that hope is overcome by devastation.</p> <p>...I couldn't separate the sex from the hope and I couldn't separate the hope from the devastation. Sex became hope became devastation.</p> <p>SexHopeDevastation.</p>
74	<p>"What about you?" I ask. "Are you with your rebound girl?"</p> <p>"My rebound was two girls ago."</p>
81	<p>Or the fact that neither of us has initiated sex since the night he slept in the guest room.</p>

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87	<p>I'm on my bed. I'm making out with Jason. I blame Graham for this. ...He's been kissing my neck, but now he's not. He' looking down at me, his expression full of so many things I don't want to be there right now. "Do you have a condom?" I lie and tell him no. "I'm sorry. I wasn't expecting to bring you back here tonight." "It's fine," he says, lowering his mouth to my neck again. "I'll come prepared next time." I feel bad. I'm almost positive I'll never have sex with Jason. ...Jason whispers something inaudible against my neck. His fingers have made their way up my shirt and over my bra. Thank God the doorbell rings. ...Graham doesn't even touch me and I feel it everywhere. Jason touches me everywhere and I feel it nowhere.</p>
93	<p>He doesn't even bother with an introductory, slow kiss. His tongue is in my mouth like he's been there many times before and knows exactly what to do. He turns me until my back is against the sink and then he lifts me, setting me down on my bathroom counter. He settles himself between my legs, grabbing my ass with both hands, pulling me against him. I wrap my arms around him, lock my legs around him. I try to convince myself I did not go my whole life never realizing this kind of kiss existed. The way his lips move against mine makes me question the skills of every guy that came before him. He starts to ease the pressure and I catch myself pulling him against me, not wanting him to stop. But he does. Slowly. He gives me a small peck on the corner of my mouth before pulling back.</p>
94	<p>"Once," I say. "Just now." "Good. Because I'm not Ethan." He lifts me, carrying me to the bed. He lays me down and then he backs away, pulling off his shirt. I'm not sure I've ever touched skin that smooth and tight and beautiful and tanned. Graham without a shirt is near perfection. "I like your..." I point at his chest and make a circular motion with my finger. "Your body. It's very nice." He laughs, pressing a knee into the mattress. He lies down next to me. "Thank you," he says. "But you can't have this body right now." He adjusts the pillow beneath his head, getting comfortable. I lift up onto my elbow and scowl at him. "Why not?" "What's the rush? I'll be here all night." Surely he's kidding. Especially after that kiss. "Well, what are we supposed to do while we wait? Talk?" He laughs. "You sound like conversation with me is the worst idea in the world." "If we talk too much before we have sex, I might find out things I don't like about you. Then the sex won't be as fun." He reaches up and tucks my hair behind my ear with a grin. "Or...you might find out we're soul mates and the sex will be mind-blowing."</p>

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95	<p>He scoots closer to me and wraps his leg over both of mine. ..."See? We like the same movie. Our sex is going to be amazing."</p>
97	<p>"Most men push for sex right away. But you turn me down one night and show up six months later just to turn me down again and force me into conversation. I can't tell if I should be worried." Graham raises an eyebrow. "Don't mistake me for something I'm not. I'm normally all for the sex up front, but you and I have an eternity to get to it." ..."Sex I'm okay with. Eternal commitment is pushing it." Graham slides an arm beneath me and pulls me against him so that my head is now resting on his chest.</p>
99	<p>"I thought you were kidding about the no sex," I whisper. I feel him laugh a little. "Keeping my pants on is not as easy as I'm making it look." He pushes against my ass to let me know how serious he is. I can feel him straining against his jeans. "That must be painful," I tease. "You sure you don't want to change your mind?" He squeezes me tighter, pressing a kiss close to my ear. "I've never been more comfortable." ...I try to say, "I won't be," but he puts his hand between my cheek and the pillow and tilts my head until his mouth reaches mine. We kiss just enough.</p>
102	<p>I avoid his touch and his kiss because in the past, those things have always led to sex. And now that I dread sex so much, I dread the stuff that leads up to it, too. ...I like it when he puts his hands on me. When he kisses me. ...I finish washing the makeup from my face, but Graham's lips don't leave my shoulder. He traces a soft trail of kisses up my neck. Knowing that this kiss won't lead to sexhopedevastation makes me enjoy it more than if this were happening in our own bathroom at our own house.</p>
103	<p>He lifts his eyes and stares at my reflection as he begins to bunch up the front of my dress with his fingers, crawling up the front of my thighs. It's been over a month and a half now since he's initiated sex. The longest we've ever gone. I know, based on how things ended the last time we had sex, he's waiting for me to initiate it. But I haven't. It's been so long since he's touched me, my reaction seems to be intensified. I close my eyes when his hand slips inside my panties. I'm covered in chills from head to toe, and knowing this can't go too far makes me want him and his mouth and his hands all over me. The door is open and someone could walk down the hall at any moment, but that only serves as further affirmation that this make-out session will stop any second now. Which is why my mind is allowing me to enjoy it as much as I am. He slips a finger inside of me and runs his thumb down the center of me and it's the most I've felt from his touch in over a year. My head falls back against his shoulder and he tilts my mouth toward his. I moan, just as his lips cover mine. He kisses me with hunger and impatience, like he's desperate to get all he can out of this moment before I push him away. Graham kisses me with urgency the whole time he touches me. He kisses me until I come, and even as I whimper and tremble in his arms, he doesn't stop kissing and touching me until the moment passes completely. He slowly pulls his hand</p>

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	<p>out of my panties, diving his tongue into my mouth one last time before pulling back. I grip the sink in front of me, breathing heavily. He kisses me on the shoulder, grinning as he walks out of the bathroom, smiling like he just conquered the world.</p>
105	<p>"You're probably that annoyingly perfect couple who has sex twice a day."</p>
111	<p>"I think we should have sex tonight." He takes a bite of the biscuit. "All night," he says with a mouthful.</p>
128	<p>I take another step. He slides his hand around the back of my knee and pulls me the last step toward him. Chills break out on my legs and arms from his touch. He's looking up at me and I'm looking down at him. His bed sits low to the floor, so his mouth is dangerously close to my panty line. I swallow when the hand he has wrapped around my leg begins to slide slowly up the back of my thigh. I'm not prepared for the sensation his touch sends through me. I close my eyes and sway a little, steadying myself with two firm hands on his shoulders. I look down at him again, just as he presses his lips against the dress covering my stomach.</p> <p>He holds eye contact with me as he slides his other hand to the back of my other thigh. I'm completely engulfed by my own heartbeat. I feel it everywhere, all at once.</p> <p>Graham begins to bunch my dress up in his hands, little by little, crawling it up my thighs. He slides his hands and the dress up to my waist, then presses his mouth to the top of my thigh. I move my hands to his hair, gasping quietly as his lips move over my panties.</p> <p>Holy shit.</p> <p>I can feel the intense heat from his mouth as he kisses there. It's a soft kiss, right against the front of my panties, but it doesn't matter how soft it is. I feel it all the way to my core and it makes me shudder.</p> <p>I clench my fingers in his hair, pressing myself closer to his mouth. His hands are on my ass now, pulling me toward him. The soft kisses begin to turn into firm kisses and before he even has the chance to pull down my panties, a tremor starts to rush through me, unexpected, sudden, explosive.</p> <p>I pull away from him with a whimper, but he pulls me back to his mouth, kissing me there harder until I'm gripping his shoulders, needing his strength to continue standing. My whole body begins to shudder and I struggle to remain quiet and remain upright as the whole bedroom spins around me.</p> <p>My arms are shaking and my legs are weak as his kisses come to a stop. He slides his mouth against my thigh and looks up at me. It takes everything in me to hold eye contact with him as he pushes my dress up a little more and presses a kiss against the, bare skin of my stomach.</p> <p>Graham grips me at the waist. I'm completely out of breath and a little in shock at what just happened. And how fast it happened. And the fact that I want more of him. I want to lower myself on top of him and put this condom to use.</p> <p>As if he can read my mind, Graham says, "How accurate do you think that expiration date is?"</p> <p>I lower myself onto his lap and straddle him, feeling just how serious his question was. I brush my lips across his. "I'm sure the expiration date is just a precaution."</p>

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	<p>Graham grabs the back of my head and dips his tongue inside my mouth, kissing me with a groan. He slips his fingers in my bra and pulls out the condom, then stops kissing me long enough to tear it open with his teeth. He turns me pushing me onto his Star Wars comforter. I hook my thumb inside my panties and slide them off as he unzips his jeans. I'm lying back on the bed as he kneels onto the mattress and puts the condom on. I don't even get a good look at him before he lowers himself on top of me.</p> <p>He kisses me as he begins to slowly push himself into me. My whole body tenses and I moan. Maybe a little too loudly because he laughs against me mouth. "Shh," he says against my lips with a smile. "We're supposed to be touring the house right now. Not each other."</p> <p>I laugh, but as soon as he begins to push into me again, I hold my breath. "Jesus, Quinn." He breathes against my neck and then thrusts against me. We're both a little too loud now. He holds still once he's inside me, both of us doing our best to stay as quiet as we can. He begins to move, causing me to gasp, but he covers my mouth with his, kissing me deeply.</p> <p>He alternates between kissing me and watching me, doing both things with an intensity I'm not sure I've ever experienced. He pauses his lips so that they hover just above mine, occasionally brushing them as we fight to remain silent. He keeps his eyes focused on mine while he moves inside of me.</p> <p>He's kissing me again when he starts to come.</p> <p>His tongue is deep inside my mouth and the only reason I know he's about to finish is because he holds his breath and stops moving for a few seconds. It's so subtle as he fights to remain as quiet as possible. The muscles in his back clench beneath my palms and he never once breaks eye contact when he finally does pull away from my lips.</p> <p>I wait for him to collapse on top of me, out of breath, but he doesn't. He somehow holds himself up after it's over' watching me like he's scared he might miss something. He dips his head and kisses me again. And even when he pulls out of me, he still doesn't collapse on top of me. He puts all his weight on his side as he eases down beside me without breaking the kiss.</p> <p>I slide my hand through his hair and hold him against my mouth. We kiss for so long, I almost forget where I am.</p> <p>When he breaks for air, he watches me silently for a moment, his hand still on my cheek, and then he dips his head and kisses me again like he doesn't know how to stop, I don't think I know how to stop this, either. I wish more than anything we were somewhere else. My place... his place . . . anywhere other than a place where we have to stop and go back upstairs eventually.</p> <p>I am not inexperienced when it comes to sex. But I think I am inexperienced when it comes to this. The feeling of not wanting it to be over long after it's over.</p>
131	The sex was great. Quick, but incredible.
132	<p>He helps me up and I look for my panties while he disposes of the condom and zips up his jeans</p> <p>...I just had sex with this man and I'm about to have to go smile at his parents.</p> <p>...Graham smile. "Like you just had sex."</p>

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137	<p>Instead, he's just drunk enough to forget he hasn't initiated sex since that night he slept in the guest room.</p> <p>...My arms are above my head and his tongue is in my mouth and he tastes so good that I forget to be turned off by him for a moment. That moment turns into two and soon he has my T-shirt pushed up around my waist and his pants undone.</p> <p>...In the beginning of our marriage, we used to have sex almost daily, but Thursdays were the day I looked forward to the most. It was one of my favorite nights of the week. I'd put on lingerie and wait for him in the bedroom. Sometimes I would throw on one of his T-shirts and wait for him in the kitchen. It really didn't matter what I was wearing. He'd walk in the door and I'd suddenly not be wearing it anymore.</p> <p>We've had so much sex in our marriage, I know every inch of his body. I know every sound he makes and what those sounds mean. I know that he likes to be on top the most, but he's never minded when I wanted to take over. I know he likes to keep his eyes open. I know that he loves to kiss during sex. I know that he likes it in the mornings but prefers it at night. I know everything there is to know about him sexually.</p> <p>Yet in the last two months...we haven't had sex at all. The closest we've come until now is when he made out with me in the bathroom at his parent's house. He hasn't initiated it since then and neither have I. And we haven't talked about the last time we had sex since it happened. I haven't had to keep up with my ovulation cycle since then and honestly it's been a big relief. After finally going a couple of months without tracking my cycle, I realize how much I would prefer never having sex again. That way, every month when my period comes, it would be completely expected and not at all devastating.</p> <p>I try to reconcile my need to avoid sex with my need for Graham. Just because I don't desire sex doesn't mean I don't desire him. I've just forced it to be a different kind of desire now. An emotional one. It's my physical desires that never end well. I desire his touch, but if I allow it, it leads to sex. I desire his kiss, but if I kiss him too much, it leads to sex. I desire his flirtatious side, but if I enjoy it too much, it leads to sex.</p> <p>I want so much to enjoy my husband without the one thing I know he needs the most and the one thing I want the least. But he makes so many sacrifices for me; I know I should sometimes do the same for him. I just wish sex wasn't a sacrifice for me.</p>
139	<p>He buries his face into my hair while gripping one of my legs, wrapping it around his waist.</p> <p>...It's difficult enough bringing myself to make love at all anymore, so the fact that this time doesn't even count fills me with regret.</p>
140	<p>Graham pauses above me. I wait for his release, but nothing about him tenses. He just pulls his face away from my hair and looks down at me. His eyebrows are drawn together and he shakes his head, but then drops his face to my neck again, thrusting against me. "Can't you at least pretend you still want me? Sometimes I feel like I'm making love to a corpse."</p> <p>His own words make him pause.</p> <p>Tears are falling down my cheeks when he pulls out of me with regret.</p>

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	<p>His breath is hot against my neck, but this time I hate the way it feels. The way it smells just like the beer that gave him the uninhibited nerve to say those words to me. "Get off me." ..."Get the fuck off me."</p>
144	<p>After he fucks me. ..."...I want to pick you up and carry you to your bed and stay inside you all night and tomorrow and the next and it's..."</p>
145	<p>He slips his hand against my neck and slides his fingers through my hair. His other hand presses against my lower back as he pulls me to him. He asks the question in a whisper against my lips. "Do you want me to leave?" I answer him with a kiss. Everything that happens next isn't questioned by either of us. There's no second-guessing as he kicks my door shut. No worrying if this is too fast when we tear away each other's clothes. Neither of us hesitates on the way to my bedroom. And for the next hour, the only question he asks me is, "Do you want to be on top now?" He only needs my answer once, but I say yes at least five times before we're finished. Now he's lying on his back and I'm wrapped around him like there's not two feet of mattress on either side of us. My legs are intertwined with his and my hand is tracing circles over his chest. We've been mostly quiet since we finished, but not because we don't have anything to say.</p>
152	<p>Graham watches me in silence for a few brief seconds, then he rolls me over so that he's on top of me. He presses his hand against my throat, gripping my jaw with gentle fingers. He watches my face as he pushes inside me, his mouth waiting in eagerness for my gasp. As soon as my lips part, his tongue dives between them and he kisses me the same way he fucks me. Unhurried. Rhythmic. Determined.</p>
157	<p>I pick up a shard of glass and scoot to the wall, leaning against it. I stretch my legs out in front of me and I stare down at the piece of glass. I flip my hand over and press the glass against my palm. It pierces my skin, but I continue to press harder. I watch as it goes deeper and deeper into my palm. I watch as blood bubbles up around the glass.</p>
160	<p>Twenty-one minutes after she left, we were making love. That's basically what it's been. Ten weeks of nothing but sex, laughter, sex, foo, sex, laughter, and more sex. ...It's Halloween and we're supposed to be at a party at Ava and Reid's house, but as soon as I pulled on my slutty T-shirt dress, Graham couldn't keep his hands off me. We almost had sex in the hallway, near the elevator, but he carried me back inside to save our dignity. ...Graham says his job is to just feel me up all night and make sure we have plenty of public displays of affection. Our clothes are on the floor now, though, with the addition of a new rip in my shirt. The wait for that damn elevator gets us every time. Graham leans into me and buries his head against my neck again, kissing me until I break out in chills.</p>

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161	<p>I want to kiss him. Or marry him. Or fuck him. ..."What about your panties?" he asks. My skirt is really short, and any other night I wouldn't be caught dead in it. I look down at my panties on the floor and think about how crazy it would drive him if he knew I wasn't wearing anything under this already-too-short skirt all night. I leave them on the floor and grin at him. "They don't really go with my costume." Graham shakes his head. "You're killing me, Quinn." He stands up and gets dressed while I touch up my makeup. We make it out the door. We make it down the hallway. But once again, we get distracted while we wait for the elevator.</p>
171	<p>I sigh. "Okay. But let's have sex before we go to her house because I'm already stressed." Graham laughs and I can tell by his laugh he's thinking dirty thoughts because of my sentence.</p>
173	<p>That's exactly what happens. We make love and I forget to write down his words.</p>
184	<p>Graham has intimate with another woman. It wouldn't matter if that consisted of a conversation, a kiss, or a three-day fuck-a-thon. ..."I never slept with her," he repeats quietly. "But that shouldn't make you feel any better. I thought about it."</p>
193	<p>"Yes it is. Women nowadays are supposed to want to amount to more than just being a mother. Feminism and all that."</p>
195	<p>"Any other requests?" "I wouldn't be opposed to you slipping a nude pic in the envelope." I can probably make that happen. Graham tugs me onto his lap so that I'm straddling him. He pulls the blanket over us, cocooning us inside of it. He's wearing a pair of cotton pajama pants, so I get a clear sense of what he's thinking right now. "Have you ever made love outdoors in thirty-degree weather before?" I grin against his mouth. "Nope. But funny enough, that's precisely why I'm not wearing any underwear right now." Graham's hands fall to my ass and he groans as he lifts my nightgown. I rise a little so that he can free himself, and then I lower myself on top of him, taking him in. We make love, cocooned under the blanket with the sound of the ocean as our background song. It's the perfect moment in a perfect place with the perfect person.</p>
197	<p>He kissed another woman.</p>
200	<p>We haven't had sex in a while, but I know that's not why he strayed outside of our marriage. Graham would go a lifetime without sex if I needed him to.</p>
204	<p>How long had I been pregnant? How long has it been since we last had sex? Over two months. Closer to three.</p>
208	<p>"What do you want to know?" "Everything," I challenge. "Your stance on gun control. Immigration. Abortion. All of it."</p>

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209	<p>"...I think women should decide what to do with their own bodies, as long as it's within the first trimester or it's a medical emergency...I think athletes are paid way to much, teachers are paid way too little, NASA is underfunded, weed should be legal, people should love who they want to love, and Wi-Fi should be universally accessible and free."</p>
211	<p>"Based on all the scientific evidence that proves how insignificant we are, it was always hard for me to believe in God. The more appropriate question would have been, 'Could a God believe in me?' Because a lot has happened on this earth in for and a half billion years to think that God would give a shit about me or my problems. But, I recently concluded that there's no other explanation for how you and I could end up on the same planet, in the same species, in the same century, in the same country, in the same state, in the same town, in the same hallway, in front of the same door for the same reason at the exact same time. If God didn't believe in me, then I'd have to believe you were just a coincidence. And you being a coincidence in my life is a lot harder for me to fathom than the mere existence of a higher power."</p>
223	<p>Sometimes I hate how well he knows me. Except during sex. It comes in handy during sex.</p>
227	<p>"...When you wanted to make love to me because you wanted to and not because you just wanted to get pregnant?"</p>
236	<p>I'm sure if he could somehow fix our sex life, that would be enough to appease him for a few more years. "Do you think we should have sex more often?" ..."I won't lie and say I'm happy with our sex life..."</p>
238	<p>"And I loved making love to you, Graham. It's not you I didn't want. It was the agony that came afterward. Your infidelity is a walk in the park compared to what I experienced month after month every time we had sex and it lead to nothing but an orgasm. An orgasm! Big fucking deal! How was I supposed to admit that to you? There was no way I could admit that I grew to despise every hug and every kiss and every touch because all of it would lead to the worst day of my life every twenty-eight fucking days!"</p>
250	<p>His hand slides up my stomach until he's cupping my breast. "What about a new car?" He slowly drags his lips to my throat. When his mouth reaches mine, he whispers hell no against my lips. He tries to kiss me, but I pull back just enough. ...Graham slides his hands down my back. "Not even for math." His tongue pushes between my lips and he kisses me with such assurance, my head starts to spin. And for the next half hour, that's all we do. We make out like teenagers on the outdoor balcony. Graham eventually stands up, holding me against him without breaking our kiss. He carries me inside and lays me down on the bed. He turns out the light and pushes the sliding glass door all the way open so we can hear the waves as they crash against the shore. When he returns to the bed, he pulls off my clothes, one piece at a time, ripping my shirt in the process. He kisses his way down my neck and down my throat, all the way to my thighs, giving attention to every single part of me.</p>

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	<p>When he finally makes it back to my mouth, he tastes like me. I roll him onto his back and return the favor until I taste like him. When he spreads my legs and connects us, it feels different and new, because it's the first time we've made love as husband and wife. He's still inside me when the first ray of sun begins to peek out from the ocean.</p>
260	<p>Then you'll lean over and kiss me and we'll make love.</p>
262	<p>Of those 365 days, we have had sex an average of about 200 days. Roughly four nights a week. Of those 200 days, you were ovulating only 25% of the time.</p>
268	<p>And I know it's only because sex has become so clinical between us, that it's starting to feel routine to you. ...Sometimes I miss when we made love on a whim, rather than on a schedule.</p>
269	<p>We bought a house with a big backyard and we spent the first two days christening every room.</p>
282	<p>"This is the best gift anyone has ever given me." He throws the blanket over his shoulder and then picks me up. He carries me inside and lays me on the bed. He rips my nightgown off of me and then he rips his own shirt for show. The whole scene has me laughing until he climbs on top of me and smothers my laugh with his tongue. Graham lifts my knee and starts to push himself inside me, but I press against his chest. "We need a condom," I whisper breathlessly. I was on antibiotics last week for a cold I was trying to get over so I haven't been taking my pill. We've had to use condoms all week as a preventative measure. Graham rolls off me and walks to his duffel bag. He grabs a condom, but he doesn't immediately come back to the bed. He just stares at it. Then he tosses it back onto the bag. "What are you doing?" With a heavy amount of assuredness, he says, want to use one tonight." "I don't want to use one tonight." I don't respond. He doesn't want to use a condom? Am I reading his intent wrong? Graham walks back to the bed and lowers himself on top of me again. He kisses me, then pulls back. "I think about it sometimes. About you getting pregnant." "You do?" I was not expecting that. I hesitate a moment before saying, "Just because you think about it doesn't mean you're ready for it." "But I am. When I think about it, I get excited." He rolls onto his side and puts his hand on my stomach. "I don't think you should get back on the pill." I grip the top of his hand, shocked at how much I want to kiss him and laugh and take him inside me. But as sure as I am about having children, I don't want to make that choice unless he's just as certain as I am. "Are you positive?" The thought of us becoming parents fills me with an overwhelming amount of love for him. So much, I feel a tear fall down my cheek. Graham sees the tear and he smiles as he brushes it away with his thumb. "I love that you love me so much, it sometimes makes you cry. And I love that the idea of us having a baby makes you cry. I love how full of love you are, Quinn." He kisses me. I don't think I tell him enough what a great kisser he is. He's the best I've ever had. I don't know what makes his kisses different from the men I've</p>

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	kissed in the past, but it's so much better. Sometimes I'm scared he'll get tired of kissing me someday because of how much I kiss him. I just can't be near him without tasting him. "You're a really good kisser," I whisper. Graham laughs. "Only because it's you I'm kissing." We kiss even more than we usually do when we make love.
284	It's like we're making love with a purpose. Graham finishes inside of me and it's the most incredible feeling, knowing that our love for each other might be creating something even bigger than our love for each other.
298	It didn't completely dissolve my aversion to sex, although it did open the door to slowly learning how to separate the sex from the hope from the devastation.

Profanity	Count
Ass	8
Bitch	1
Fuck	22
Piss	5
Shit	7