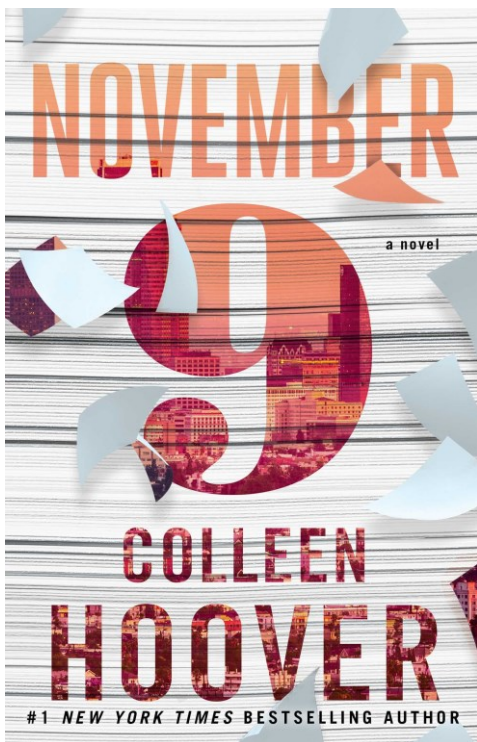


NOVEMBER 9



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A young couple's long-distance relationship becomes turbulent after the occurrence of several life altering events.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; profanity; suicide; and alcohol use.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	"Releasing sperm into the vagina of a twenty-four-year-old does not a father make," I say, somewhat bitterly.
24	<p>I seem to have a one-track mind, and that track leads straight to the two things I shouldn't even be thinking about right now.</p> <p>Her boobs.</p> <p>Both of them.</p> <p>I know. I'm pathetic. But if we're just going to sit here and stare at each other, it'd be nice if she were showing a little cleavage, instead of wearing this long-sleeved shirt that leaves everything to the imagination.</p> <p>...That's probably why she's wearing the long-sleeved shirt. It shields everyone from seeing what's beneath it.</p> <p>And of course, this thought leads me to her breasts again.</p>
25	I begin to mentally undress her, and not in a sexual way.
29	"I didn't knock her up. She was already seven months pregnant when I slept with her."
34	"...I stared at your ass the whole time you were stomping away. And I couldn't help but wonder what kind of panties you had on. That's all I thought about the entire time you were in the restroom. Were you a thong girl? Were you going commando? Because I didn't see an outline in your jeans that hinted you were wearing normal panties.
36	"...Because I was hoping to if I played my cards right-I might get to find out exactly what kind of panties you were wearing under those jeans."
37	Two of them were coworkers I may or may not have already made out with once or twice in a dressing room on set.
39	<p>But that's not to say I didn't want to crawl on his lap and straddle him right there on that park bench while I shoved my tongue down his throat.</p> <p>...Even though I'm moving to New York, I might still straddle him tonight and stick my tongue down his throat.</p>
41	"I'm gonna follow Fallon to her room now so I can see what kind of panties she has on."
42	<p>"You were just thinking dirty thoughts."</p> <p>"Was not," I quip.</p> <p>"Fallon, we've been dating for two hours now. I can read you like a book, and right now I do believe that book is full of erotica."</p>
44	<p>"If you're packing underwear, that means you don't go commando. So by process of elimination, I've figured out that you're currently wearing a thong. Now I just have to find out what color it is."</p> <p>..."It takes a lot more than smooth talk to get me down to my panties, Ben the Writer."</p> <p>...I haven't been on a date since before my boobs were fully grown!</p>
48	He lifts his hand and fingers the top button on my shirt, popping it open. I suck in a quick breath. His eyes never leave my shirt and mine never leave his face. When he moves his fingers down to the second button, I could swear he pulls in a shaky breath.

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	<p>...When the second button is freed, he moves down to the third. Before he flicks that button loose, his eyes lift to mine, and he looks just as scared as I feel right now. Our eyes remain locked until he gets to the last and final button. When it's loose, I look down at my shirt.</p> <p>Only a sliver of skin is showing over my belly button, so I don't actually feel exposed yet. But I'm about to, because he slowly lifts both of his hands to the top of my shirt. Before he makes his next move, I squeeze my eyes shut again.</p> <p>...I feel my shirt being pulled open, and the more of me that becomes exposed, the harder it is to hold back tears.</p> <p>...His breaths are extremely audible, and so is the gasp I hear him suck in as soon as my shirt is open all the way.</p> <p>...Ben slips the shirt off my shoulders and slowly slides it down the length of my arms. He works it the rest of the way over my hands until it falls to the floor. I can feel his hands graze both of mine, and I'm too embarrassed to move, knowing exactly what he sees right now as he looks at me.</p> <p>...Instead of trailing his fingers all the way to my shoulders, he pauses.</p> <p>...My stomach clenches when his hands meet the top of my jeans.</p> <p>This is going too far.</p> <p>Too far, too far, too far, but all I can do is suck in a wild breath and let his fingers pop open the button on my jeans, because as much as I wish he would stop, I get the feeling he's not undressing me for pleasure.</p> <p>...His forehead is still resting against mine, and I can feel his breath crashing against my lips. I have a feeling his eyes are wide open, though, and he's staring down between us, watching his hands as they work down my zipper.</p> <p>When the zipper reaches its destination, he slides his hands between my jeans and hips- casually enough for me to believe it doesn't even bother him that he's touching the scars on my left side. He pushes my jeans down over my hips and then begins to slowly lower himself as he slides them down the length of my legs. The breath from his mouth moves down my body until I feel it stop at my stomach, but his lips never once touched my skin.</p> <p>When my jeans are at my feet, I step out of them one foot at a time.</p> <p>..."Your panties," he says as clarification. "They're red."</p>
51	Who cries when a guy undresses her for the first time?
52	"They're red! Her panties are red!"
56	There's just enough showing at her neckline to keep me good and happy, but I'm not even positive I'll be able to look away from her face long enough to stare at her cleavage.
57	"I didn't mean the thought of kissing you makes me sick. I meant I want to kiss you so bad that it's making my stomach hurt. Kind of like blue balls, but in my stomach instead of my balls."
59	<p>Honestly, though, I'm relieved she's saying these things because I was afraid she would kiss me drunk and convince me we were soul mates by the end of the night.</p> <p>...Guys see boobs couple with a great sense of humor and think they've found the holy fucking grail.</p>

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60	<p>I try not to imagine what it would feel like if I leaned forward and kissed her, but with her this close, I'm really wishing I'd have already somehow read every romance novel ever written, because what the hell makes a kiss book-worthy?</p>
64	<p>He takes two quick steps toward me until his hands are in my hair and his mouth is on mine. I gasp in surprise and grab his shoulders, but I immediately fall into step with him and slide my hands to his neck.</p> <p>He backs me against the wall and his hands and chest and lips are pressed hungrily against mine. He's gripping my face like he's afraid to let go and I'm fighting for breath because it's been so long since I've kissed anyone, I think I may have forgotten how to do it right. He pulls away long enough for me to inhale and then he's back and...hands and...legs and...tongue.</p> <p>Oh, my God, his tongue.</p> <p>It's been over two years since someone else's tongue has been inside my mouth, so I would assume I'd be a little more hesitant than I am. But the second he slides it against my lips, I immediately part them and welcome the warmth of a much deeper kiss. Soft. Mesmerizing. His mouth, coupled with the way his hand is good. I just whimpered.</p> <p>As soon as the sound leaves my mouth, he's pressing me harder against the wall. His left hand is caressing my cheek and his right hand is gripping me by the waist, pulling me against him.</p> <p>...Sex releases endorphins and endorphins keep people awake, so having sex with Ben might actually benefit me before my flight. I haven't had sex in all my eighteen years put together, so imagine how many endorphins I have built up in here. We could have sex before my flight and I wouldn't need to sleep for days. Imagine how productive I would be when I get to New York.</p> <p>Oh, my god, I'm pulling him back to my room. If he comes back to my room with me, I won't be able to tell him no. Am I really willing to have sex with someone I'll never see again?</p> <p>I'm crazy. I can't have sex with him. I don't even have a condom. Now I'm pushing him back down the hall, away from my bedroom.</p> <p>...He shoves me against the wall again and acts like the last ten seconds of indecisiveness never even happened.</p> <p>...He groans and then I freaking lose it. My hands are in his hair and his mouth is all over my neck.</p> <p>Grab my boob, Ben.</p> <p>He totally reads my mine and grabs my boob.</p> <p>Grab the other one.</p> <p>God, he's so telepathic.</p> <p>His lips move from my neck back to my mouth, but his hands are still on my breasts. I'm pretty sure are cupping his ass, pulling him even harder against me, but I'm too embarrassed at my behavior right now to acknowledge that.</p> <p>"I would say get a room, but I thought that's what the two of you have been doing in there for the past to hours."</p>
66	<p>As soon as she disappears from my peripheral vision, Ben grins and his mouth is back on mine. I smile against his lips and grab at his shirt, pulling him closer.</p>

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	"God, you guys," Amber groans. "Seriously. It's five feet back to your bedroom and ten feet to the front door. Make a choice."
67	<p>Him wanting me to invite him back to my bedroom. Me wanting him to just push me back in there. Both of us knowing good and well that we should head toward the front door.</p> <p>..."Not only can we see you making out from right here, but we can also hear your conversation."`</p>
69	<p>And he makes it even better by pressing his warm mouth to mine, holding my face in the palms of his hands. I reach up and thread my hands through his hair, allowing him to have complete control over the speed and intensity of this kiss. He keeps it soft and concise, and I imagine he kisses the same way he writes. Gentle strokes of the keys, each word thought through and completed with purpose.</p> <p>He kisses me like he wants this kiss to be remembered. For which one of us, I don't know, but I allow him to take as much as he can from this kiss and I give him as much as I have. And it's perfect. Nice. Really nice.</p> <p>...I smile and nip at his bottom lip.</p>
70	"So you're saying if I were seeing another girl and I kissed you in the hallway like I did, it would have gone from a seven to a ten."
75	<p>"...But I'll try not to get you pregnant before your flight."</p> <p>..."...And I want bigger boobs. And less flab."</p>
76	"Are you about to tell me assignment number four is to find a pimp?"
79	He presses his mouth to mine and kisses me with so much emotion.
92	<p>"I don't bite."</p> <p>"Damn shame," I say as I crawl my way to where he is.</p>
94	<p>"Yeah. When a hot guy talks books with a girl. It's like sexting but out loud and with books instead of sex. Nor does it have to do with texts. Okay, so it's nothing like sexting, but it made sense in my head."</p> <p>..."Don't stop," I tease in a seductive voice. "Give me more, Ben. Did you read eBooks or..." I run my fingers slowly down his chest. "Hardbacks?"</p>
95	<p>"...And as much as I've fantasized about having sex with you this year, I don't think I could ever say, 'I own you,' with a straight face..."</p> <p>..."...Because as much as I like to read about a guy telling a girl she's so, so wet for him...if anyone ever said that to me during sex, I wouldn't be turned on by it. I would be terrified I accidentally peed on myself."</p> <p>..."And if you and I were having sex and you told me you owned me, I would literally crawl out from under you, put on my clothes, walk out of your house, and go puke in your front yard..."</p>
96	<p>"...Anyway, we went out that weekend and kissed a few times..."</p> <p>..."...We went back to his place to watch a movie. We started making out and...I just...I couldn't do it."</p> <p>...Talking to Ben about making out with another guy or the fact that I'm so comfortable talking to Ben about making out with another guy.</p>

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97	<p>"...How, when we were making out, he insisted the lights be off." ..."He tried to take off my bra at one point and I just couldn't do it. I didn't want him to see it. He was really nice about it and didn't ask me to keep going..."</p>
98	<p>"You said, 'I didn't want him to see it.' But if your shirt was already off and he already saw your scars, what is it you're referring to?" ...I know to guys, breasts are supposed to be beautiful and symmetrical, and mine aren't</p>
99	<p>"You've seen me without a shirt, but you should see me without a bra. You would understand." Ben immediately lifts up onto his elbow. "Okay." ...I even laugh, because there's no way in hell I'm just going to plop my boob out of my shirt so he can gawk at its hideousness.</p>
101	<p>"Fallon, I'm worked up so damn tight. I'm going to kiss you now and I'm not sorry." And then his lips claim mine. ...His tongue slides against mine and there's so much feeling in it, it's as if he's kissing me the same way he looks at me. ...He slowly plants kisses down my neck, keeping my hands secured to the bed, not allowing me to touch him back while he explores my skin. ..The pressure on my right hand disappears as he runs his fingers down the length of my arm, all the way to my waist. His mouth has returned to mine and he's kissing me again as his hand slowly begins to crawl inside my shirt. Just feeling his fingertips on my skin reminds me of why I think about him every night when my head meets my pillow. "I'm taking off your shirt," he says. ...He pulls the shirt over my head and tosses it behind him. His eyes fall to my breasts, covered with a black lace bra that I was convinced he wouldn't see tonight. He smiles a devilish smile, running his fingertips over the lace. He cups my right breast in his hand, dragging his thumb over the fabric covering my nipple. The second he does that, I flinch, because I've read enough books to know that the next move is going to be touching me beneath the fabric. My entire body tenses because I don't think I want him to remove my bra. I don't want him to see all of me. No one has ever seen all of me. ...I thread my fingers through the back of his hair and guide him toward my left breast, wondering how this went from zero to ten in a matter of seconds. Oh, God, he's pulling down my bra strap. His mouth is right there, trailing over the curve of my breast and his fingers are pulling the material lower....lower...lower...gone. I feel the air against my exposed breast, but my eyes are closed too tight to see the look on his face. But I can feel his lips as he kisses his way across my chest without hesitation, sliding his tongue against my skin, sucking and kissing and squeezing and...enjoying. ...He presses his lips between my breasts and then drags them slowly across my skin, running his tongue over my scars. ..."Are you okay? Can I keep going?" ...He kisses his way back up my neck until he's hovering over me. He slides a hand</p>

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	to the nape of my neck and dips his head. "I'm sorry. I don't know how to slow myself down when I'm with you."
104	I feel like this guy whose mouth was just devouring my breasts is a complete stranger.
106	"...But you look like you could use a drink. Or ten."
107	He motions toward the refrigerator, so I walk to the kitchen and find a half-full bottle of wine. I pour Jordyn a glass while Ben calms her down. When I hand it to her, she's sitting on a bar stool, wiping at her tears.
117	"...I let you fondle my breasts and I don't even know what you do for a living."
118	I suck in a quiet breath, but before I can even give her a response, she scoots closer and presses her lips firmly to mine.
119	Half an hour ago, we were making out on the beach.
120	I do what he says, but the only way I can sit on his lap is if I straddle him.
122	He deserves a kiss for that comment, but there's a guy with a tattoo gun two feet away and I'm not the type of girl who would make out with a guy in public. Apparently I draw the line at straddling them.
128	I should have stayed out of it, but had I stayed out of it, I wouldn't have had the privilege of finding out what kind of panties you had on.
143	I step forward and shut her up with my mouth. She sighs against my lips and wraps her arms around me, clasping her hands together behind my back. I kiss her hard, unable to believe that she's actually standing here. ...I continue to kiss her as I pull her into the house with me. My arm is around her waist, securing her against me, afraid that if I let her go she'll vanish into thin air.
146	Instead, he connects his lips with mine and walks me backward, away from the door. He gently lowers me onto the bed, adjusting me so that I'm lying on his pillow. He breaks our kiss and slides over me.
152	I step forward and slip my arms around her waist so that I can press my lips against that very spot. I shower her in soft kisses from her shoulder to her ear and back down again. I kiss away the chills I'm responsible for. She makes a quiet sound, somewhere between a sigh and a moan.
153	I made sure to lock the door before getting into the shower. Not that I wouldn't want to take a shower with him, but I'm just not at that point yet. To me, showering with someone registers higher on my scale for potential humiliation than most things, including sex. At least with sex I'll be hiding under the covers in the dark. Sex. ..."Sex," I say quietly. ...The older I get, the more apprehensive I become at the thought of losing my virginity. On the one hand, I'm ready to experience what all the fuss is about. It has to be great or it wouldn't be such a huge factor in the lives of all mankind. But that also scares me, because if I end up not liking sex, I'll be a little bit disappointed in mankind as a whole.

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155	<p>I stand up and his eyes never leave mine. They're roaming over my thighs, my hips, my breasts. I don't mind that he isn't looking at my face. I don't mind at all. The hem of his shirt falls several inches above my knees. It's just long enough o where he can't tell that I'm not wearing underwear right now. It's also just short enough to where he's probably praying I'm not wearing underwear right now. His eyes drop to my legs again and he begins to speak slowly, as if he's reciting poetry. "The only sea I saw, Was the seesaw sea, With you ridding on it. Lie down, lie easy. Let me shipwreck in your thighs." His eyes drag up my body until they meet mine.</p> <p>..."Poetry porn. Who knew?"</p> <p>...He grabs the hem of my shirt and pulls it up without hesitation, yanking it off my head. He throws it somewhere behind him and I'm immobile in front of him, completely exposed. His eyes read every curve of my body before he lets out a shaky breath.</p> <p>...He's soaking me up like it's a privilege rather than a favor. And when he leans forward and takes my face in his hands, I part my lips and wait for his kiss because I've never wanted it like I want it right now.</p> <p>His lips are moist, and he kisses me with entitlement. His tongue is rough and unapologetic, and I love it. I love feeling needed this way. I realize, as his fingers are slowly trailing down my spine, that angst doesn't have to be a factor for a kiss to be a ten, after all.</p> <p>...He pulls me flush against him, my naked chest pressed against his. Okay, it's a ten now.</p> <p>He turns us around and lowers me to the bed, but doesn't lie on top of me. He adjusts us to where we're side by side and my head is on a pillow, but his mouth is still on mine. Quiet, desire-filled sounds begin to leave my mouth, each one of them a direct result of what this kiss is building inside me.</p> <p>I don't even care that the lamp is still on. If it means he'll be looking at me again like he looked at me before this kiss, I'll let him turn all the lights on.</p> <p>..."I've never done this, but that doesn't mean I'm not ready," I tell him.</p> <p>I feel his body stiffen, just slightly. "You're a virgin." He says it as more of a realization than a question.</p> <p>"Yeah, but only for a few more minutes."</p> <p>...Ben's eyes darken and then he slides his body over mine, caging me in with his arms. I can feel him hard against me and I try not to whimper.</p> <p>...He brushes his thumb over my lips. "I want to by your only, Fallon. I want it more than anything. But it's not happening tonight unless you promise me that I'll be ale to hear your voice tomorrow and every day that follows."</p>
158	<p>"Baby," he says, his lips forming a smile. "You have already made this the best sex I've ever had, and I'm not even inside you yet."</p> <p>I bite my lip as I run my fingers up his arms, sliding them up his neck until I'm cupping his face. "What are you waiting for?"</p> <p>He pulls in a raspy breath. "To wake up, I think." He lowers his mouth and kisses my neck. "I'm dreaming, right?"</p> <p>I shake my head, just as he moves his hips against me. A moan escapes my mouth and the gentle kiss against my neck grows wilder.</p> <p>"Definitely dreaming," he mutters. His mouth meets the base of my throat and he</p>

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	<p>touches the tip of his tongue to my skin, dragging it up my throat until he's kissing me again. It's by far the sexiest thing I've ever felt.</p> <p>Seconds turn into minutes. Fingers turn into hands. Teasing turns into torture. Torture turns into unimaginable pleasure.</p> <p>His boxers have met their fate on the floor. In an insurmountable display of willpower, he's pressed against me, but still not inside me.</p> <p>"Fallon," he whispers, moving his lips slowly across mine. "Thank you for this beautiful gift."</p> <p>As soon as his words brush over my mouth, he covers me in a deep kiss. My whole body tenses from the burst of pain that ripples through me as he pushes inside of me, but the perfection of the way we fit together makes the pain a mere inconvenience.</p> <p>...He presses his mouth against my ear and whispers, "No combination of written words could ever do this moment justice."</p> <p>I smile between moans. "How are you going to write about it, then?"</p> <p>He kisses me, softly, right on the corner of my mouth.</p>
159	<p>I'm not sure if sex is supposed to make you feel like you've just lost a part of yourself to the person inside you, but that's exactly what it felt like.</p> <p>...His arm wrapped around me, and even though it's been several minutes and he's already been to the bathroom and crawled back into bed, he's still breathing like he was just inside me a matter of seconds ago. I like this part of sex, I think.</p> <p>...His lips meet my shoulder- the scarred one- and he places the gentlest kiss against me skin.</p>
160	<p>He drags his lips across my cheek until he reaches my mouth. "I'm not saying those things to you until you really are mine."</p>
161	<p>As much as I know we need to talk about this without the rush of sex clouding our minds, I can't think of anything I want more than to see him every day.</p>
195	<p>"Please tell me you haven't had sex with him."</p> <p>"We've only been out four times," I tell her. "I'm not that easy."</p> <p>"you had sex with Ben on the third date," she says in retort.</p> <p>I hate that she brought up Ben, but I guess when you're discussing your sex life, the only guy you've ever slept with is surely going to be part of the conversation.</p>
196	<p>"Are we drinking because we want to remember this night forever? Or because we want to forget the past?"</p> <p>...We down the shots and then immediately follow those up with the next two. I don't usually drink a lot, but I'll do whatever it takes to speed up the night just so I can get it over with.</p> <p>...Half an hour passes and the shots have definitely done their job. I'm feeling good and buzzed, and I don't even mind it that Theodore is being a little handsy tonight.</p>
197	<p>"I'm Theodore, this is Fallon," he says, introducing me to the only man who has ever been inside me.</p> <p>...So many things to process in my alcohol-riddled mind right now.</p>
199	<p>Yeah, Glenn's drunk.</p> <p>...Good thing he's not too drunk to decipher it.</p>

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202	<p>He studies my face for a reaction, scrolling over each of my features with desire-filled eyes. I try not to notice, but he's pressed against me, my thigh firm between both of his legs. It's obviously by the scorching hardness pressed against my thigh that the look in his eyes is genuine.</p>
203	<p>I'm being supported by a wall behind me and Ben in front of me, but still, when his hand drops to my thigh and his fingers begin slowly raking up my skirt, I feel like I'm about to crash straight to the floor. There's so much that needs to be discussed between us, but for whatever reason, my body wants my mouth to stay shut so his hand will continue moving.</p> <p>...My head drops back against the wall, and then his hand slides around to the back of my thigh. His fingers graze the edge of my panties and when I feel them slip just beneath the hem, my whole body shudders. I'm forced to bury my face against his shoulder and grip the back of his shirt just to keep myself upright. All he did was touch my ass and I feel like I can't even stand upright anymore. I should be embarrassed.</p> <p>...But then his hands are back on my waist. "Storage room," he says, pushing me until my back is to the door. "Perfect." And then I feel his breath against my lips, followed closely by his mouth as it brushes against mine. As soon as I feel it- the surge of electricity that shoots from his mouth to every nerve in my body- I push against his chest.</p> <p>"Stop," I tell him, my voice louder than it's been all night thanks to the distance from the music. His hand is right back where it was before...grazing the edge of my panties...forcing my eyes shut like it would make a difference in here.</p> <p>"I'm trying," he whispers, threading the hand that isn't up my skirt through the strands of my hair. He grips the nape of my neck. "Ask again."</p> <p>I open my mouth to say it again, but I'm met with heat and tongue and lips that I know just how to make it all work together. Instead of the word stop coming at him, all he gets is a moan and a hand in his hair, pulling, indecisive.</p> <p>He pushes against me, his leg between both of mine. He's kissing me so hard, my mind is still wrapped around all the ways his tongue can move before I even notice his hand has moved around to the front of my thigh. And I know I should stop him. I should push him away and make him explain himself, but his hand feels too good for that right now. My legs tense and I grip the sleeve of his shirt with one hand while I pull on his hair with the other hand, tearing him away from my mouth so I can breathe. I take in one deep breath before he's back on my mouth, even hungrier than before.</p> <p>And his hand. Oh, God, his fingers are slowly tracing up the front of my panties. I moan again. Twice. He puts just enough space between our mouths so that he can listen to me gasp as he slides his hand down the front of my panties.</p> <p>My knees grow weak. I'm not sure I knew my body was capable of feeling these kinds of things. I think I just fell in love with my body a little bit more.</p> <p>"Jesus, Fallon," Ben says, stroking me, breathing heavily against my mouth.</p> <p>"You're so wet."</p> <p>As delicious as it feels to hear that, I can't help but laugh out loud. When I do, I quickly slap my hand over my mouth, but it's already too late. He heard my laughter in the midst of the most mind-blowing act of seduction I've ever been a part of.</p>

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207	Just as I open my mouth, Ben's hand strokes my knee beneath the table. My eyes swing to Ben's and he shoots me an innocent look. ...Ben begins to rake his fingers up my thigh, so I reach beneath the table and flick his hand away.
207	She's looking at me like she's disappointed in my decision to be making out in a dark closet with Ben while my date is in the same building, and Oh, my God, now that I think about it, that's really shit thing to do.
218	She laughs and cries at the same time, and I press my lips to hers, wanting to remember this kiss more than any other kiss I've given her. ..."...One that doesn't even need much groveling, so I'd like to go back to your apartment now and make love to you."
219	We're in bed. She's draped across me, running her fingers up my chest. As soon as we got back to the apartment, I made to her. Twice. And if she doesn't stop touching me like this, it's about to happen a third time.
220	"And I'll tell you about them one day, but right now I kind of want you to kiss me again." It doesn't take ten seconds before I have her on her back and I'm buried deep inside her. I make lover to her slowly this time- not in a wild rush like we did twice before. I kiss her, from her mouth to her breasts and back up again, softly pressing my lips against every inch of skin that I have the privilege of touching.
254	Several text messages and emails later, I'm convinced I know exactly why my mother killed herself. His name is Donovan O'Neil.
257	I think maybe he wanted to see the suicide letter, but I don't ask him about it.
258	All I'm doing is scoping out the house of the man responsible for my mother's suicide.
272	You know what's worse than the day your mother kills herself? The day after your mother kills herself.
276	...no life experience could ever prepare a person to write an adequate suicide note for their children. But I'm sure as hell going to try.
277	I know this will be difficult for you to deal with, so I've tried to make it as easy as possible. Someone will need to clean up after they take my body, so I've left a card on the kitchen counter for who you should call.
290	"Releasing sperm into the vagina of a twenty-four-year-old does not a father make," Fallon says.
291	And her jeans. They fit her so perfectly, it looks like they were custom made, molding to every curve, from her hips, all the way down to her ankles. They move with her so well, I find myself wondering what kind of panties she has on under them. Because I can't see a panty line. She could be wearing a thong, but she could also be going...what the hell, Ben? How in the hell did your brain move in that direction?
292	She's looking down and I still can't see her face, but her body is even more perfect from the front than it was from the back.

Profanity	Count
Ass	10
Bitch	5
Fuck	0
Goddamn	3
Piss	13
Prick	3
Shit	40