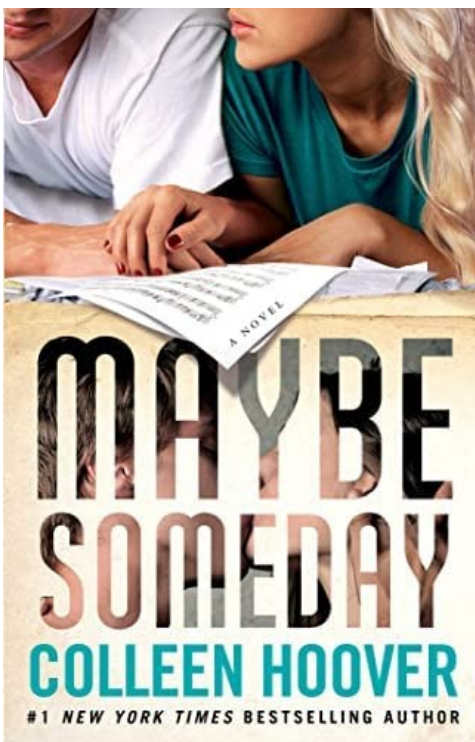


# MAYBE SOMEDAY



## Book Summary:

Circumstances surrounding a troubled relationship cause two young adults to become romantically involved.

## Summary of Concerns:

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

*Adult*

**By Colleen Hoover**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	I don't understand how we could have had two weeks' worth of conversations without his feeling the need to tell me that my boyfriend and my best friend were screwing.
11	I run my hand up Hunter's neck as he leans over the back of my chair and kisses me upside down.
12	He presses his lips to my neck and kisses his way down my collarbone.
14	Am I ready to fall into this comfortable life with him? One where I teach all day and he does people's taxes, and then we come home and I cook dinner and I "grab him beers" while he props his feet up and calls me babe, and then we go to our bed and make love at approximately nine P.M. so we won't be tired the next day, in order to wake up and get dressed and go to work and do it all over again?
15	She kisses me, but only briefly, and then she pulls away again. She slides off my lap, but I don't let her make it very far before I lunge forward and pin her to the mattress. I point to her chest.
29	"I don't care if she moves in. The worst thing that could happen would be for you to cheat on me. Then I'd have to break up with you, then your heart would shatter, and we'd both be miserable for life, and you would be so depressed you'd never be able to get it up again. So make sure if you do cheat, it's the best sex you ever have, because it'll be the last sex you ever have."
48	And what better way to feel sorry for myself than while getting drunk? I need alcohol. Bad.
49	"I need a drink," I say. "You got any alcohol?"
50	Me: Do you have any alcohol? Ridge reads my text and laughs, then nods. He walks to the cabinet below the sink and pulls out a container of Pine-Sol. He takes two glasses out of the cabinet, then proceeds to fill them with...cleaning liquid? ...When he sets the Pine-Sol down on the counter and picks up both glasses, I grab the bottle of cleaning solution and read it, then arch an eyebrow. He laughs and hands me a glass. He sniffs his drink, then motions for me to do the same. I hesitantly bring it to my nose and am met with the burning scent of whiskey. He holds the glass out, clinks it to mine, and we both down our shots. ...Ridge: Our other roommate has an issue with alcohol, so we have to hide it from him. ...I nod, set my phone back down, grab the container, and pour us each another shot. We repeat the motions, downing the second one. I grimace as the burn spreads its way down my throat and through my chest. ...It could be that I'm already feeling a buzz or I just don't want him to go back to his room yet.
57	Are you fucking her?
64	Why would she risk our friendship for sex?
98	"Tomorrow is Thursday. I watch Thursday-night porn on Thursday."
100	"No, that girl definitely needs me. I wound how I can pull off an elaborate prank that involves her agreeing to have sex with me."
101	Me: He wrote, "Are you fucking her?"

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125	<p>"Allow me to help you out of your clothes, then." I pull her shirt off over her head, and my eyes drop to the very thin, intricately laced bra she has on. I grin. "Is this new?"</p> <p>She nods and smiles her sexy smile. "I bought it for you. Front clasp, just how you like it."</p> <p>She laughs and slaps my arm. I take off her bra, then lower myself on top of her and drop my mouth to hers.</p>
127	<p>Sydney: No, thank you. Not sure I feel like drinking tonight, but you go right ahead.</p> <p>...Warren walks out of his bedroom and sees Maggie pouring a shot from the Pine-Sol container.</p> <p>...He doesn't even blink when he sees her filling her shot glass. "Make it two," he says to her.</p>
128	<p>"Did we actually just almost drink an entire shot of Pine-Sol?"</p> <p>...She says, "You two weren't supposed to drink it. It was supposed to be Ridge. And no, I didn't actually put Pine-Sol in there, idiot. I'm not trying to kill the guy. It was apple juice and vinegar."</p>
140	<p>"I don't like your ass in it, because I think I might love Bridgette, and your dress makes me love your ass."</p>
170	<p>Her fingers continue to sift through my hair, and my grip tightens against the back of her head, pulling her closer. She allows my tongue to slip inside and find hers. She's warm and soft, and the vibrations from her moans begin to leave her mouth and flow straight into mine.</p> <p>My lips softly close over hers, and then I part them, and we do it all over again, but with less hesitation and me desperation. Her hands are now running down my back, and my hand is slipping to her waist, and my tongue is exploring the incredible way hers dances against mine to a song only our mouths can hear. The desperation and speed at which we're escalating this kiss make it apparent that we're both attempting to get as much out of each other as we can before the moment ends.</p>
191	<p>"...You should take note that simply because a girl makes your dick hard, that doesn't mean you have to go shove it inside her!"</p>
220	<p>Ridge: And therein lies the problem, Sydney. You should be able to screw whoever you want to screw, and I shouldn't give a shit.</p>
225	<p>She's never really all that touchy-feely when we're hanging out, so she's either feeling a tad bit territorial, or she and Sydney have already been hitting the Pine-Sol.</p> <p>...I laugh and cup my hands around Maggie's backside and scoot her a little closer.</p> <p>...I kiss her mouth, then pull back.</p> <p>...She smiles halfheartedly and places her palms on the sides of my face and slowly runs them down to my neck. She leans forward and presses her mouth to mine with so much force I can feel the fear rolling off of her.</p>
227	<p>Party. Cake. Pine-Sol.</p>

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	<p>Spilling Pine-Sol on my dress.            Changing.            Drinking mor Pine-Sol.            Lots of Pine-Sol.            ...I can still smell the alcohol. I can still taste it as I slide my tongue over my lips.            I danced...            I drank more Pine-Sol...            Oh! The drinking game. I invented my own solitary drinking game, where every time I saw how much Ridge loved Maggie, I downed a shot. Unfortunately, that made for a hell of a lot of shots.</p>
228	<p>Oh, my God. I'm drunk, and someone is undressing me.            I'm about to be raped!            ...Oh, my God! Maggie wants to rape me!            .."So drunk. I thought I took your shirt off already, but your shirt keeps coming back on, and I don't know how many shirts you have, but"- she lifts the edge of my shirt sleeve, which is still on my arm, and looks at it in confusion- "oh, my God, I really thought I took it off already, and here it is again."</p>
231	<p>He holds her hair back while the toilet fills with Pine-Sol.            I wish it really were Pine-Sol. I wouldn't have to clean it.</p>
250	<p>"Do you just need someone to fuck you?"            ...He lowers his head a few inches until he's at eye level with me. "Do you just need someone to fuck you?" he says, with more precise enunciation this time.            "Because if that's all it is, I'll bend you over the couch right now and fuck you so hard you'll never think about Ridge again."</p>
254	<p>We were lying in bed together, and she told me she was ready to go all the way, but before she would have sex with me, there was something she needed to tell me.</p>
255	<p>"...Then I kissed her, took off her clothes, and took her virginity."</p>
304	<p>I unfold the paper and double-check to make sure he actually wrote an address down. I reach behind my nightstand, and grab his box of condom, and toss it to him.            "That should do you for now. I'll tell you where your keys are after I confirm that this is really her address."            Warren pulls one of the condoms out of the box and tosses it to me.            "Take this with you when you go, because that's definitely her address." He turns and leaves the room, and no sooner is he gone than I'm up and dressed and heading out the front door.            I don't even know what time it is.            I don't even care.</p>
316	<p>One of my hands slides up his arm and grasps the back of his head, not wanting him to pull away from this spot. His tongue makes another quick appearance against me neck, but he doesn't let my desperation stall him. He lifts away and looks back down at me. Heis eyes are smiling, knowing how crazy he's driving me. He rolls the pen from the spot below my ear, back down my neck, and around to the dip in the base of my throat. Before kissing the spot he just marked, he grabs</p>

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	<p>me by the waist and lifts me up, sliding me onto his lap.</p> <p>I grasp his arms and suck in a rush of air the second he pulls me against him. My T-shirt slides up my thighs, and the fact that I'm not wearing anything under it except underwear pretty much guarantees that I've gotten myself into something that's going to be damn hard to pull away from.</p> <p>His eyes drop to the base of my throat as he slides a hand up my thigh, over my hip, and all the way up and into my hair. He grasps the back of my head, then pulls my neck against his mouth. This kiss is harder and not at all cautious like the rest of them. I slide my hands into his hair and keep his mouth pressed against my neck.</p> <p>He works his kisses all the way up my neck until his mouth meets my chin. Our bodies are meshed firmly together, and one of his hands has found my lower back and is keeping me flush against him.</p> <p>I can't move. I'm literally panting for breath, wondering where in the hell the strong Sydney went. Where's the Sydney who know this shouldn't be happening? I'll look for her later. After he finishes with his pen.</p> <p>He pulls away when his lips come close to my mouth. Our bodies are as close as they can get without his mouth being on mine. He removes his hand from my lower back and brings the pen back around to my throat. When he touches the tip of it to my skin, I gulp, anticipating which direction he's about to go with it. North or south, north or south. I don't really care.</p> <p>He begins to scroll upward, but then he stops. He pulls the neck again. He pulls the pen away from my neck and shakes it, then touches it to my neck again. He makes another movement upward with the pen but stops again. He pulls back slightly and frowns at the pen, which I'm assuming has just run out of ink. He looks back at me and tosses the pen over my shoulder. I hear it land on the floor behind me.</p> <p>His eyes drop to my lips, which I'm assuming would have been the pen's final destination. We're both breathing heavily, knowing exactly what's about to come next. What we're about to experience again for second time, knowing how much our first kiss affected us.</p> <p>I think he's terrified as I am right now.</p> <p>I'm leaning all my weight into him, because I've never been this weak. I can't think, I can't move, I can't breathe. I just...need.</p> <p>He brings both hands to my cheek and looks directly into my eyes.</p> <p>"Your call," he whispers.</p> <p>Jesus Christ, that voice.</p> <p>...He grins. "Good call," he whispers.</p> <p>He closes the space between our mouths, and everything else falls away. The guilt, the worries, the concern over what happens after this kiss ends. It all melts away the second his mouth claims mine. He gently coaxes my lips apart with his tongue, and all the chaos running through my heart and head is eliminated when I feel his warmth inside my mouth.</p> <p>Kisses like his should come with a warning label. They can't be good for the heart. He runs a hand around to my upper thigh, then slips it beneath the hem of my T-shirt. His hand glides across my back, and he grips me tightly, then lifts his hips at the same time as he pulls me harder against him.</p>

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	<p>Oh. My. Goodness.</p> <p>I become weaker and weaker with every rhythmic movement he creates with our bodies. I find whatever parts of him I can hold on to, because I feel as if I'm falling. I grab his shirt and his hair while I moan softly into his mouth. When he feels the sound escape my throat, he quickly pulls away from my mouth and squeezes his eyes shut, breathing heavily. When he opens his eyes again, he's staring at my throat.</p> <p>He pulls his hand from beneath my shirt, then slowly brings it up to my neck. Oh, my dear, sweet God.</p> <p>He wraps his fingers around my neck, gently pressing his palm into the base of my throat while he stares at my mouth. The thought of him wanting to feel what he's doing to me makes me my head swarm and the entire room spin. I'm somehow able to glance into his eyes long enough to see them transform from a calm a desire to an almost carnal need.</p> <p>With his other hand still curved around the back of my head, he pulls me to him with more urgency, covering my mouth with his. The second his tongue finds mine again, I give him more moans than he can possibly keep up with.</p> <p>...When his hands graze my cheek for his lips close over mine, I forget all about those questions that I can't seem to run away from.</p>
356	<p>She pulls me tightly against her, and I kiss her hard, then delicately, then fast and slow and every way in between. I kiss her every way I can possibly kiss her, because I plan on loving her every way I can possibly love her.</p>
357	<p>He gently lowers me to the bed, and even though I'm sad that he's not carrying me anymore, I'm a little bit happier to find myself beneath him. Every single move he makes is better and sexier than the last one. He pauses for a moment as he hovers over me, and his eyes roam sensually over my entire body, until they come to a pause on the hem of my dress. He reaches down and pushes it up, and I lift myself up off the bed just enough for him to pull it over my head.</p> <p>He sucks in a breath when he looks down at me and sees that the only thing coming between him and completely naked me is a very thin layer of panty. He begins to lower himself on top of me, but I push on his chest and shake my head, tugging on his shirt to let him know it's his turn. He grins, tugging on his shirt and quickly pulls his shirt over his head, then leans in toward me again. I push against him once more, and he reluctantly lifts himself up, shooting me a look of amused annoyance. I point to his jeans, and he backs away from the bed, and in two swift movements, the rest of his clothes are somewhere on my bedroom floor. I don't quite catch where he tossed them, because my eyes are sort of preoccupied.</p> <p>He makes his way on top of me again, and I don't stop him this time. I welcome him by wrapping my legs around his waist and my arms around his back and guiding his mouth back to mine.</p> <p>We mold and fit together so perfectly it's as if we were made for this sole purpose. His left hand fits perfectly into mine as he brings my arm above my head and presses it into the mattress. His tongue melds perfectly with mine as he continues to tease my entire mouth as if it were made for this very purpose. His</p>

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	<p>right and seamlessly conforms to my outer thigh as he digs his fingers into my skin and shifts his weight perfectly against me.</p> <p>His mouth leaves mine long enough to taste my jaw...my neck...my shoulder.</p> <p>...His fingers slip inside the top edge of my panties, and my voice grows quiet again. It's really hard for me to speak when his hand is that close. It's really hard to do anything. His fingers come to a pause just inside my panties when he doesn't feel me talking. I want his hand to keep moving, so I somehow breathe the words.</p> <p>"I love you."</p> <p>His hand slides further inside and stops. I close my eyes and say it again. Slowly.</p> <p>...What he does next with his hand causes me to repeat the words again instantly.</p> <p>And again.</p> <p>And again.</p> <p>And again.</p> <p>And again and again and again, until my panties are somewhere on the floor, and I've said the words so many times and so fast that I'm almost screaming them now. He continues to prove with the expertise of his hand that he's quite possibly the absolute best listener I've ever encountered.</p> <p>"I love you," I whisper one last time between faltered and shallow breaths. I'm too weak to utter the words again, and my hands fall away from his head and land against the mattress with a thud.</p> <p>...However, he returns to the bed as quickly as he left it. He tears open a condom wrapper and keeps his eyes focused on mine, never once looking away.</p>
361	<p>I've only ever had sex with one guy, and he didn't mean half as much to me as Ridge does.</p> <p>...He takes both of my hands and pulls them over my head, then laces our fingers together and presses them into the mattress.</p> <p>...I bite my bottom lip and nod. He runs his nose down my jawline, then brings his lips close to mine. Every touch sends waves of heat coursing through me, but it doesn't ease my apprehension.</p> <p>..."Are you nervous?" he asks. His voice brushes across my mouth, and I slide my tongue over my bottom lip, convinced that I could taste his words if I tried.</p> <p>I nod, and his eyes soften with his smile.</p> <p>"Me, too," he whispers. He squeezes my hand tighter and then lays his head across my bare chest. I can feel the rhythm of his body rise and fall against mine with every tense breath. His entire body sighs, and one by one, each muscle begins to relax. His hands are still, and he's not exploring my body to listening to me sing or having me tell him I love him.</p> <p>...He smiles and kisses me, then trails his lips to my ear "I want you to hear me love you."</p> <p>I look</p>
364	<p>I can feel my entire body relaxing beneath him while he continues to make the subtlest of movements against me. He presses his lips into mine for two seconds, then relaxes and pulls back for a brief second before repeating the motion. He repeats this movement several times, and I can feel my need for him growing with each rhythmic movement against me.</p>



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	<p>The more my desire builds, the more impatient I become. I want to feel his mouth on mine. I want to feel his hands all over me. I want to feel him push inside me and make me his completely.</p> <p>The more I think about what I want from him, the more responsive I become to the subtle shifts of his weight against me. The more responsive I become, the faster our hearts race against the palms of our hands.</p> <p>...The faster our hearts race, the quicker his rhythm becomes, matching each beat of my heart movement for movement.</p> <p>I gasp.</p> <p>He's moving to the sound of my heart.</p> <p>...I tighten my legs around his waist and lift myself against him, wanting him to make my heart beat even faster. He skims his lips across my cheek until they're flush against my mouth, but he doesn't kiss me.</p> <p>...His rhythmic breathing becomes quicker when his tongue slips inside my mouth, gently caressing the tip of mine.</p> <p>...I move my hand to the back of his head, needing to taste more of him. I pull him to me with such sudden urgency he moans into my mouth. Feeling his moan without hearing it is probably the most sensual thing I've ever experienced.</p> <p>...I feel him pull farther back, and then, without hesitation, he pushes inside me, claiming me, filling me.</p> <p>...The only thing I feel is him moving against me...away from me...inside of me...into me. I'm completely consumed by him.</p> <p>...When my body begins to tense again, it's not at all because I'm nervous this time. I can sense his muscles clenching beneath my hands, and I grip his shoulders, ready to fall with him. He presses his cheek firmly to mine, and I feel him groan against my neck, making two final, long thrusts at the same second as I feel the moans escaping my throat.</p> <p>He begins to tremble with his release but somehow pulls his hand between us again and presses it against my heart. He's shaking against me, and I'm doing my best to regain control of my own shudders while he begins to slow himself down, once again to the rhythm of my heart.</p> <p>His movements grow so soft and subtle I can barely feel them through all the tears I'm crying.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	16
Bitch	9
Dick	3
Fuck	8
Piss	13
Prick	2