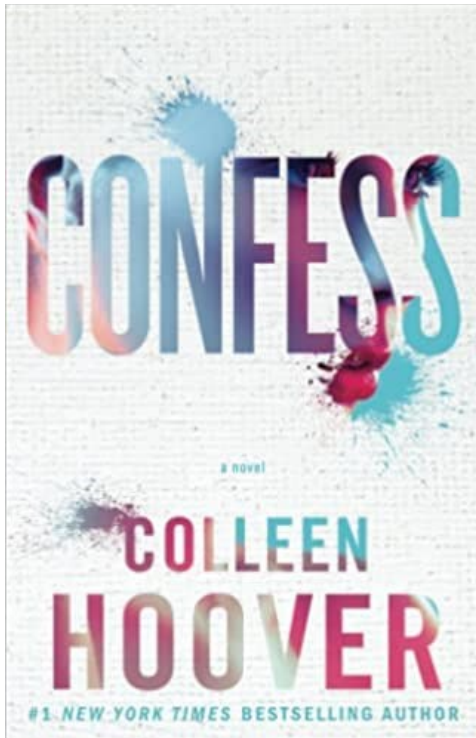


# CONFESS



*Adult*

**By Colleen Hoover**

ISBN: 978-1-4767-9145-6

**CONTENT WARNING**

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

## **Book Summary:**

A young woman, trying to turn her life around, falls in love with a troubled artist.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; alternate sexualities; violence including attempted sexual assault; molestation; alcohol use; drug abuse; and controversial religious commentary.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	His smile briefly transforms him from a sixteen-year-old boy on his deathbed into a handsome, vibrant, full-of-life teenage boy who is thinking about the first time he had sex.
8	Traveling, marriage, kids (including what we would have named them), all the places we would have lived, and of course, sex. We predicted that we would have had a phenomenal sex life, if given the chance. Our sex life would have been the envy of all our friends. We would have made love every morning before we left for work and every night before we went to bed and sometimes in between. ...As soon as he looked at me and I saw my own thoughts mirrored in his eyes, we began kissing and we didn't stop. We kissed while we undressed, we kissed while we touched, we kissed while we cried. We kissed until we were finished, and even then, we continued to kiss in celebration of the fact that we had won this one small battle against life and death and time. And we were still kissing when he held me afterward and told me he loved me. Just like he's holding and kissing me now. His hand is touching my neck and his lips are parting mine in what feels like the somber opening of a good-bye letter.
22	When I exit the bathroom, Owen is in the kitchen, pouring two glasses of wine. I contemplate whether or not I should tell him I'm a few weeks shy of being old enough to drink, but my nerves are screaming for a glass of wine right now.
32	When I make it back downstairs, she's standing statue-still, staring up at the painting I call You Don't Exist, God. And If You Do, You Should Be Ashamed.
43	Her eyes briefly meet the painting You Don't Exist, God...,
53	I've never ordered a drink before, considering I'm not yet old enough to do so. He understands my expression and immediately turns back to Harrison. "Bring us two Jack and Cokes," he says.
56	I's a lot like sex, actually. I have about as much experience with sex as I do with dancing, but I definitely remember every moment I spent with Adam.
67	"My father has been having sex with me since I was eight years old. I'm thirty-three now and married with children of my own, but I'm still too scared to say no to him."
72	Texas is turning me into a whore.
82	I have to stop myself from unlocking the door so I can pull him inside and beg him to do to the rest of me what he's doing to my hand.
98	I can't believe I'm about to do this, but I need a drink. An alcoholic drink.
103	"...And for your information, I happen to like drinking. I just didn't like your drink."
104	"You got stood up by a girl?" I have nothing against lesbians, but please don't be one. That's not how I envision this ending between us. "Not by a girl, either," she says. "I got stood up by a bitch. A big, mean, selfish bitch."
106	"And for the record, you had three drinks. All with alcohol."

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159	<p>His hands graze my thighs all the way up until they come to rest on my hips. When I look into his eyes, I get completely lost in them. He's staring at me with a level of need that I didn't know I was capable of producing in someone. He wraps his hand around my lower back and pulls me against him. I place my hands on his forearms and grip tightly, not sure what's about to happen next but completely prepared to allow it.</p> <p>The faint smile on his face disappears the closer his lips come to mine. My eyelids flutter and then close completely, just as his mouth feathers mine.</p> <p>...His mouth connects with mine, and at first his kiss is like the one I gave him in the tent. Soft, sweet, and innocent. But then the innocence is stripped away the second he runs one of his hands through the back of my hair and slides his tongue against my lips.</p> <p>I don't know how I can feel so light and so heavy all at once, but his kiss makes me feel weighted to a cloud. I slide my hands up his neck and do my best to kiss him the way he's been kissing me, but I'm afraid my mouth doesn't even compare to his. There's no way I could make him feel like he's making me feel right now. He pulls my legs until they're wrapped around his waist, and then he lifts me off the bar and directs us toward the living room without stopping our kiss. I try to ignore the smell of pizza being overcooked in the oven, because I don't want him to stop. But I'm also really, really hungry and don't want the pizza to burn.</p> <p>"I think the pizza is burning," I whisper just as we hit the couch. He gently lowers me onto my back as he shakes his head.</p> <p>"I'll make you another one." His mouth reconnects with mine, and I suddenly couldn't care less about the pizza.</p> <p>He lowers himself onto the couch but not completely on top of me. He keeps his arms locked on either side of my head and doesn't do anything to show that he expects more than just this kiss.</p> <p>So that's what I give him. I kiss him and he kisses me and we don't stop until a smoke alarm begins to sound.</p>
168	I down the second glass of wine. "I don't need rehab." I place the glass in the sink.
170	He wraps his arm around me, sliding one hand up my neck and into my hair. He cradles my head and it feels as if he's attempting to memorize every aspect of the way it feels when we kiss, because he knows after we stop, that's all he'll have.
190	It used to not be so bad when it was just the pain pills, but now that he's mixing them with alcohol, it's harder for him to hide it from everyone else.
194	<p>He sets one, two, three bottles of pills on the car. He proceeds to open each one to inspect the contents.</p> <p>"Looks like Oxy," Trey says, rolling a pill between his thumb and forefinger. He looks at me and then at my father. "Either of you have a prescription for these?"</p> <p>I look at my father, hoping beyond all hope that he does, in fact have a prescription. I know it's wishful thinking, though.</p>
204	I'm also uneasy about the fact that his brother is the only person I've ever had sex with.
225	"He's been inside your apartment. He's been in your bedroom. He was in that stupid fucking tent with you. Now I need you to tell me if he's ever been inside you."

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235	<p>His hands drop to my back and pulls me against him. I'm not sure where my hands are at this point. I think I'm holding on to him for dear life, but every part of me other than my mouth has just gone completely numb. The only thing I'm fully aware of is his mouth on mine. His kiss is all I know in this moment.</p> <p>...Our mouths separate, but my hands remain pressed against him. I can feel the deep rise and fall of his chest, and knowing he feels what I feel is almost enough for me to pull him back to my mouth.</p>
237	<p>When his mouth meets mine again, it's a completely different kind of kiss than the one we were just sharing. He cradles my head between both of his hands and he kisses me slowly. Soft and deep and full of highs and lows and depth. He kisses me like I'm his canvas.</p>
238	<p>His hands grip the nape of my neck, and he moves his mouth to my ear. "You may not think he deserves you less than I do, but that's exactly what I'm saying, Auburn." His hands lower until he grips my thighs, and then he lifts me. He carries me across the room and lowers me down onto the bed. He slides on top of me, cradling my head between his forearms.</p> <p>...His hands meet the button on my jeans, and he unbuttons them. His lips rest against my neck as he continues to convince me with his words that this is exactly where we need to be. "No one sees you like I do."</p> <p>I close my eyes and listen to the sound of his voice. I wait as he removes my jeans, anticipating the touch of his hand against my skin. His palms slide up the sides of my legs and then his mouth is against mine again.</p> <p>"No one understands you the way I do."</p> <p>He presses himself against me at the same time his tongue slips inside my mouth. I moan, and the room begins to spin, and the combination of his words and his touch and his body on mine are like gasoline on a fire. He begins to pull my shirt and bra over my head and I do nothing to help him or stop him. I'm useless against his touch.</p> <p>"No one makes your heart beat like I do."</p> <p>He kisses me, pausing only to remove his shirt. I somehow regain control of my senses when I realize my hands are pulling at his jeans, attempting to remove them so I can feel him skin to skin.</p> <p>He presses his palm against my heart. "And no one else deserves to be inside you if they can't get there through here first."</p> <p>His words trickle against my mouth like raindrops. He kisses me softly and then lifts himself off the bed. My eyes remain closed, but I hear his jeans meet the floor and I hear the tear of a wrapper. I feel his hands on my hips as he hooks his fingers beneath my panties and pulls them down. And it isn't until he's on top of me again that I find the strength to open my eyes.</p> <p>"Say it," he whispers, looking down at me. "I want to hear you tell me I deserve you."</p> <p>I slide my hands up his arms, along the curves of his shoulders, up the sides of his neck, and into his hair. I look him directly in the eyes. "You deserve me, Owen."</p> <p>He drops his forehead to the side of my head and grabs my leg, lifting it, locking it around his waist. "And you deserve me, Auburn."</p> <p>He pushes into me, and I'm not sure which is louder- his groan or my sudden</p>

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	<p>outburst of "Oh my God."</p> <p>He buries himself deep inside me and holds still. He looks down at me breathlessly and smiles. "I can't tell if you said that because this feels incredibly good to you or if you're making fun of my initials again."</p> <p>I smile between gasps. "Both."</p> <p>Our smiles fade when he begins moving again. He keeps his mouth close to mine but far enough away that he can look down into my eyes. He moves in and out of me, slowly, as his lips begin to feather soft kisses across mine. I moan and need more than anything to close my eyes, but the way he's looking at me is something I want to remember every time I take a breath.</p> <p>He pulls back again and pushes against me at the same time his lips meet my cheek. He begins to find a rhythm between each kiss, and he keeps his eyes focused on mine with every thrust.</p> <p>"This is what I want you to remember, Auburn," he says softly. "I don't want you to remember what it feels like when I'm inside you. I want you to remember how it feels when I look at you."</p> <p>His lips brush against mine so delicately, I almost don't feel them. "I want you to remember how your heart reacts every time I kiss you." His lips meet mine, and I attempt to ingrain every feeling I get from his kiss and his words into my memory. His hand slides through my hair and he lifts my head slightly off the bed, filling me with a deep kiss.</p> <p>He pulls away so we can catch our breath. Looking into my eyes again, he says, "I want you to remember my hands, and how they can't stop touching you."</p> <p>He works his mouth slowly up my jaw, until he reaches my ear. "And I need you to remember that anyone can make love. But I'm the only one who deserves to make love to you."</p> <p>My arms lock around his neck with those words, and his mouth crashes against mine. He pushes into me, hard, and I want to scream. I want to cry. I want to beg him to never stop, but what I want even more is this kiss. I want to remember every part of it. I want to engrave the taste of him onto my tongue.</p> <p>The next several minutes are a blur of moans, kisses, sweat, hands, and mouths. He's on top of me, and then I'm on top of him, and then he's on top of me again. When I feel the warmth of his mouth meet my breast, I completely lose myself. I let my head fall back and my eyes fall shut and my heart falls straight into the palms of his hands.</p> <p>I'm so worked up, so dizzy, so grateful that I made the decision to stay, that I can't even tell when it's over. I'm still breathing so heavily, and my heart is pounding against my chest. I'm not sure that simply reaching a climax with Owen signifies the end of this experience. Because coming down from being with him feels just as incredible as it felt when it was occurring.</p> <p>I'm lying against his chest and his arms are wrapped around me, and I never thought I'd be in this position again. A position where I know I'm right where I belong, but there's nothing I can do that can keep me there.</p>
252	<p>He shifts until he's on top of me, and then he leans forward and kisses me. We've been dating for over two months now and I've never let him do anything but kiss me. I'm still not ready to go further than this, but I know he is. And I know his patience has been wearing thin.</p>

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	<p>He groans and his tongue dives deeper into my mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut and hate that I'm forcing myself to pretend I'm okay with this.</p> <p>...Trey's hands become needier as they grope and pull at me. His mouth moves roughly from mine, and he begins to kiss me all over as one of his hands works the buttons on my shirt.</p> <p>I want to tell him to stop, but it's all happening so fast, I can't find a point at which to push him away. His hand is unbuttoning my jeans, and he's working his fingers inside my underwear when I can't take a second more of this. I dig my heels into my mattress and push him away as I attempt to scoot up on the bed.</p> <p>He pulls away for a few seconds and looks at me, but words fail to come out of my mouth. When I say nothing, his mouth is immediately on mine again with even more force. He didn't get a verbal no, so I guess that means yes to him.</p> <p>I press against his chest. "Trey, stop."</p> <p>He immediately stops kissing me and presses his face into the pillow. He groans, frustrated, and I don't know what to say next. I just made him angry.</p> <p>His hand is still in my jeans, and even though I'm not kissing him, he continues to slide his hand further until I have to physically push his hand away.</p> <p>..."You can fuck my little brother when you're fifteen, but you can't fuck me as an adult?"</p> <p>..."I made love to Adam."</p> <p>He lowers his face until his mouth is directly over my ear. The heat from his breath makes my skin crawl. "What was it when Owen was fucking you in his bed? Was that love?"</p> <p>...I've never been more scared.</p> <p>He remains on top of me, his mouth poised next to me ear. He doesn't speak again, but he doesn't have to. His hand is making his intentions clear as he works his way inside my jeans again.</p> <p>For a split second, I wonder if I should let him do this. If I just shut up and allow him to take what he wants, maybe it'll be enough for him to forgive what happened with Owen. I can't let this come between me and my son.</p> <p>But those thoughts only last for a split second, because there is no way in hell I'll allow AJ to grow up with a spineless mother.</p> <p>"Get off me."</p> <p>He doesn't. Instead, he lifts his head and looks down at me with a grin so cold, it sends a rush of chills over me. I don't know who he is right now. I've never seen this side of him before. "Trey, please."</p> <p>His hand is rough, and I'm squeezing my legs together, but it doesn't stop him from forcing my thighs apart. I'm pushing him, but my weakness is laughable compared to his strength. His mouth is back on mine and when I try to turn away from him, he bites my lip, forcing his kiss on me.</p> <p>I can taste the blood.</p> <p>I begin to sob as soon as he begins unbuttoning his own jeans.</p> <p>This isn't happening.</p> <p>"She said stop."</p>
271	<p>"I want you to know something," he says, kissing his way down my neck. "And I'm not saying this just to make you feel better." One of his hands slides up my waist until it meets my breast, and he holds it there. "I'm saying this because I want you</p>

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	<p>to believe it." He pulls away from my neck to look at me directly. "You are so, so beautiful, Auburn. Everywhere. Every part of you. On the outside, on the inside, when you're beneath me, on top of me, painted on a canvas." His eyes are boring into mine and I close them, because there is way too much truth in his. "So beautiful," he whispers.</p> <p>He begins to kiss his way down my throat until the warmth of his breath teases my breast. He takes me in his mouth, and I moan softly. I bring my hands to the back of his head and keep my eyes closed, hoping we end up in a bed before I collapse from dizziness.</p> <p>His hands slide down my waist, down my thighs, until his mouth begins to follow their direction. When his tongue meets my navel, I gasp. Partly because of the sensation, and partly because I want him to stop heading in the direction he's headed. I don't want him near the parts of me I'm most self-conscious about. He repositions himself until he's on his knees in front of me. He's no longer kissing me, and his hands are wrapped around the backs of my thighs. I can feel his breath against my stomach, and the fact that he's not doing anything makes me curious enough to open my eyes and look down at him.</p> <p>...His lips meet my stomach, and he presses a gentle kiss against my scar. He begins to work his way back up my body until he's standing straight, looking down at me again.</p> <p>...He catches my gasp with his mouth, and he picks me up, carrying me out of the shower and straight to the bed.</p> <p>And this time, I don't get lost in his touch. I don't get lost in how it feels when he pushes himself inside me.</p>
275	<p>Trey presses his cheek to mine, and I watch as Owen's eyes follow the path of Trey's hand. He trails it down my throat, between my breasts, and over my stomach. By the time his hand settles between my legs, I can taste the bile in my throat. I squeeze my eyes shut, because the look in Owen's eyes proves there's no way he's going to stand here and allow Trey to do this.</p>
276	<p>"Call the police?" Trey says, continuing with the laughter. "And who will they believe? The addict and the whore who got pregnant at fifteen? Or the cop?"</p>
292	<p>Her arms are locked around my neck and she's kissing, kissing, kissing me like I've never been kissed before. I can taste her tears and laughter, and it's an incredible combination.</p> <p>I'm not sure how long we stand in the hallway kissing, because seconds aren't long enough when they're spent with her.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	13
Dick	2
Fuck	24
Goddamn	3
Piss	8
Shit	23