

LOSING HOPE



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A teenage boy falls in love with a long-lost friend after his twin sister commits suicide.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; profanity; self-harm including suicide; alcohol use; and controversial religious commentary.

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	<p>Considering the grip he has on the chick straddling his lap, I doubt he'll notice for a while.</p> <p>...If I have to watch him palm this chick's breast one more time without a single ounce of respect for his relationship with Les, I'll rip his fucking hand off.</p> <p>..."Holder," he says, pushing the girl off his lap. He struggles to his feet but can hardly stand up straight. He looks at me pleadingly, pointing at the girl, who's now adjusting her barely-there skirt.</p>
7	<p>The empty pill bottle falls out of her hand and lands on the floor but I refuse to look at it. Her eyes are still lifeless and she's no longer looking at me as the head between my hands falls backward every time I try to lift it up.</p>
13	<p>I you hadn't purposely overdosed (that's the term Mom prefers), then I think people might have been a little less weird.</p>
22	<p>I just let it completely take over while I slowly lean forward and press my mouth to hers.</p> <p>...I kiss her, knowing she's my sister's best friend. I kiss her, knowing she has a boyfriend. I kiss her, knowing this isn't something I would do with her under any circumstances other than in this moment.</p> <p>She slides her hand up my arm and slips her fingers inside the sleeve of my shirt, lightly tracing the contours of the muscles in my arm. I pull her closer to the middle of the bed and deepen our kiss.</p> <p>..Every stroke of her hand against my skin pulls me further out of my own mind and more into the moment with her, so I kiss her more desperately, needing her to take my mind completely away from my life right now. My hand makes its way up her shirt and the second I cup her breast, she moans and digs her nails into my forearm, arching her back.</p> <p>That's a nonverbal cue for yes if I've ever seen one.</p> <p>I've only got two things remaining on my mind as she begins to pull off my shirt and my hands are eagerly fumbling with the zipper on her jeans.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I need to get these clothes off her. 2. Thomas. <p>I normally don't make a habit of thinking about other guys while I'm making out with girls, but I normally don't make a habit of making out with other guys' girls. Amy isn't mine to kiss, but here I am doing it anyway. Her clothes aren't mine to be helping her out of, but here I am doing it anyway. Her panties aren't something I should be slipping my hand inside of, but here I-am doing it anyway.</p> <p>I pull away from her mouth when I touch her and watch as she moans and presses her head, back against my pillow. I keep doing what I'm doing to her with one hand while I lean across the bed and pull a condom out of the drawer with my other hand. I tear it open with my teeth, watching her intently the whole time. I know that neither of us is in the right frame of mind right now or this wouldn't be happening. Regardless if we're in the right frame of mind or not; at least we're in the same frame of mind. I'm hoping we are, anyway.</p> <p>I know how incredibly and completely wrong it is to ask a girl about her boyfriend when she's thirty seconds away from completely forgetting all about him, but I have to. I don't want her regretting this an more than she already will.</p>

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24	<p>I lower my mouth to hers at the exact moment she gasps, then moans loudly-completely and wholeheartedly forgetting all about her boyfriend. Every last bit of her attention is one hundred percent focused on the movement of my hand, and every last bit of my attention is one hundred percent focused on getting this condom on before she starts thinking about her boyfriend again.</p> <p>I ease myself on top of her, ease my mouth back to hers, ease myself inside her, and completely take advantage of the situation, knowing how much I'll regret it later.</p>
28	<p>Of course everyone thinks you killed yourself because of Grayson, but I know that isn't true.</p> <p>...It's a complicated story, but because of that night, everyone is now saying that I was indirectly responsible for your suicide.</p> <p>...The best part about this particular rumor is that apparently my immense guilt over the hand I played in your suicide is causing me to be suicidal.</p> <p>...To be honest, I'm way too scared to kill myself.</p> <p>...I'm a pussy when it comes to the fact that I have no idea what to expect after this life. What if the afterlife is worse than the life you're running from?</p>
35	<p>As much as I hate that I can't hit girls today, I hate the fact that I can't punch teachers even more.</p>
38	<p>"...What if Lesslie did kill herself because Grayson dumped her the same week took her virginity?..."</p>
40	<p>"...Do you actually have the date set for when you plan to kill yourself?"</p>
49	<p>But fortunately, I don't have to worry about the chicks Grayson hooks up with anymore.</p> <p>...One more shot, two beers, and a half an hour later, Daniel and I have made our way into the living room.</p>
50	<p>I forgot how talkative alcohol makes him and I'm finding it hard to keep up.</p> <p>...I rest my head into the couch and wish I had downed a few more shot.</p>
51	<p>"Every Saturday night it's the same thing. I swear to God if she doesn't give it up next weekend I'm done."</p> <p>..."...That girl has got to be the sluttiest virgin I've ever met."</p>
52	<p>As much as I'd like to agree that Sky is the sluttiest virgin either of you have ever met, I feel the need to point out that this observation is completely inaccurate. You see, after I spent last night with her, she can't really be considered a virgin anymore. So, maybe it's not her virginity she's attempting to hold on to by refusing to sleep with you, Grayson..."</p>
54	<p>"I heard you in there telling Grayson you screwed her last night!"</p>
55	<p>Last week, our dear stepmother walked in on me and a girl.</p> <p>...Her name was Makenna and I'd been out with her a few times.</p> <p>...But anyway, Pamela got home early and Makenna and I were sort of in a compromising position on the living room sofa. You remember the sofa that Pamela kept the plastic on for three years because she was too scared anyone would get stains on it?</p> <p>...Especially since Makenna and I had made our way into the living room after leaving a trail of clothing from the pool, down the hallway, and to the couch. So,</p>

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	not only were we both completely naked, but I had to walk down the hall and back outside to find my shorts and Makenna's clothes.
56	It was really just about the sex. ...I'm a guy! Guys do shit like have sex with girls in their parents' houses when they're eighteen
69	Her eyes slowly drop down to my chest, then to my shorts. ...In fact, I'll probably be thinking about the way her eyes scrolled down my body for the rest of the damn day.
79	"...I'm still trying to convince Val I never really slept with the chick..."
91	Because she thinks I heard the rumors and now I'm just trying to screw her?
106	"...You thought the slutty new girl would be sympathetic to the gay-bashing asshole?"
111	His arms are still around her and it looks like he's still kissing her neck or shoulder or wherever the fuck his mouth is.
118	"...I'm not allowed to get pregnant this weekend." ..."You plan on getting knocked up next weekend, instead?"
123	"...I just want to know why you allow him to do those things if you clearly don't want him touching you."
124	"All right, then. I guess I felt...horny." When I say the word horny, I swear she sucks in a breath. ..."...When I make out with guys, I don't feel anything at all. Just numbness..."
125	"I know it doesn't make sense, and no, I'm not a lesbian," she says defensively.
126	"I'm bored," I say, hoping she'll suggest an interesting make-out session in lieu of staring at her ceiling.
127	After several chapters, I can't tell if my rapid-fire pulse is a result of listening to her voice for so long or if it's from the sexual tension in the book.
128	He's more than just drunk.
129	I continue inching toward her until my mouth grazes her lips, and I kiss her.
132	WTF, puss flap!?
138	Because I want to kiss her and make love to her and marry her and make her have my babies and I want it all to happen tonight.
142	"The moment my lips touch yours, it will be your first kiss. Because if you've never felt anything when someone's kissed you, then no one's ever really kissed you. Not the way I plan on kissing you."
143	I slide my hand down her back and slap her on the ass.
145	"...She killed herself, even though my mother would rather we use the term 'purposely overdosed.'"
151	I smile and wrap my arms around her, then rest my chin on top of her head while we make our way to her bedroom. "Are you allowed to get pregnant yet?" She laughs. "Nope. Not this weekend. Besides, you have to kiss a girl before you can knock her up." "Did someone not have sex education when she was homeschooled? Because I

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	<p>could totally knock you up without ever kissing you. Want me to show you?" She falls onto the bed and picks up the book that she read to me last night. "I'll take your word for it," she says. "Besides, I'm hoping we're about to get a hefty dose of sex education before we make it to the last page."</p>
154	<p>"You have a nice mouth," I say, still slowly tracing it with the tips of my fingers. "I can't stop looking at it." "You should taste it," she says. "It's quite lovely." Holy shit. ..."I can't kiss you tonight because kissing leads to the next thing, which leads to the next thing, and at the rate we're going we'll be all out of firsts by next weekend. Don't you want to drag our firsts out a little longer?"</p>
156	<p>The thought of her actually feeling what I felt when my lips touched her neck makes me feel ridiculously victorious. It's too bad I like a challenge, because that gasp just made me want to up my game. I drop my mouth back to her ear and whisper, "Did you feel that?" Her eyes are closed and she's shaking her head no, breathing heavily. I look down at her chest, heaving dangerously close to mine. "You want me to do it again?" I whisper. I want her to beg me to do it again, but she shakes her head no. She's breathing twice as fast as she was sixty seconds ago, so I know I'm getting to her. ...I continue to trail kisses from her cheek, down to her ear. I pause and catch my breath enough to speak in a steady voice. "How about that?" Again, she stubbornly shakes her head, but tilts it back and slightly to the left, allowing me better access. I lift my hand from the bed and bring it to her waist, keeping my eyes trained on her as I slip my hand under her shirt, just far enough to graze her stomach with my thumb. ...I press my lips to her ear and she immediately brings her hand up to my neck, pulling me in deeper. Feeling her need my mouth against her skin rips my chest wide open and I completely give in, wanting to feel that need from her even more. I immediately part my lips and glide my tongue across her skin, taking in the sweetness of her and locking it in my memory. ...I bring my hand to the side of her head and completely let loose, kissing and teasing every inch of her neck, trying to find that exact spot that got to her a few seconds ago. She drops her head against her pillow and I take the opportunity to explore more of her neck. As soon as my lips begin to trail toward the rise in her chest, I force myself north again, not wanting to push it to the point that she asks me to stop. ...Her eyes are still closed and I drop my mouth to her lips, kissing her softly near the corner of her mouth. ...I continue kissing a full circle around the edges of her lips, impressed that I'm somehow able to find the strength to pull back. ...I drop myself on top of her and it's as if a rush of warm air swarms the room and encircles us. We both feel simultaneously and we moan together, move together, breathe together. ...All four of our hands are frantically pulling off my shirt as if two hands can't do it fast enough. As soon as it's off, her legs lock around my waist and she pulls me</p>

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	<p>tightly against her. I drop my forehead back to hers and move against her, finding a new way to force those tiny sounds from her mouth that have quickly become my new favorite song. We continue to move together and the more she gasps and quietly moans, the closer my lips move to hers, wanting to experience those sounds first-hand. I just need a tiny sample of what her kiss will feel like.</p> <p>...I straighten my legs out, taking some of my weight off my knees, not expecting the small shift to do what it does to her. She arches her back and whispers, "Oh, God."</p>
160	<p>"...You feel incredible and this feels incredible and please. Just...please."</p>
161	<p>I ease myself back down on top of her until we recapture our rhythm. She feels so incredible pressed against me, I don't know that I'll ever be the same again.</p> <p>...I kiss her everywhere my lips have already touched her tonight, picking up pace with the timing of her gasps and moans. When I feel her body tensing around mine I pull away from her neck and look down at her. She digs her nails deeper into my skin, then tilts her head back and closes her eyes.</p> <p>...Her eyebrow crease together and she loses all rhythm to her breathing pattern. She's fighting to breathe now as her body begins to tremble beneath me, all the while keeping our gaze locked together. All I can do is hold my breath and watch the most incredible thing I've ever seen unfold beneath me. When the loudest of her moans has escaped her lips, she can no longer keep her eyes open.</p> <p>...When she's finally calm, I move my lips down to her neck and kiss it like I wish I could be kissing her mouth right now.</p>
174	<p>"I can't stop imagining what you taste like." I press my thumb to the center of her lips and I quickly lean in and kiss her.</p> <p>..."I call her Val because it's short for Valium and I always tell her she needs to take that shit by the bucketful..."</p>
202	<p>"It's okay, Mom," I hear Breckin say as he opens the door further. "He's not here for my gay parts."</p>
211	<p>"...The way she called me kid made me think she might have been a teacher and I'd be lying if I said that didn't turn me on. Then one thing led to another and let's just say I became her Prince Charming for the rest of the hour. And that was the best sex I ever had."</p>
212	<p>"Is it racist of me to not really want to hear about your gay sex?"</p> <p>..."Racist isn't the correct term, dipshit. Homophobic and discriminatory, yes. And understandable..."</p>
215	<p>She wrote me a letter? A fucking suicide letter?</p>
218	<p>I squeeze my eyes shut and press my lips desperately against her skin.</p> <p>...I press my lips to her shoulder and kiss her softly. "I know," I whisper again as I continue kissing up her neck.</p> <p>...She reaches and runs her hand to the back of my head, pulling me against her neck even harder.</p>
219	<p>I dip my head and press my mouth to hers. We both inhale a deep breath the second our lips meet. She pulls me to her, welcoming me back into her life. Our mouths are pressed desperately together but our lips are completely still and</p>

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	<p>we're both attempting to inhale another breath. I pull back slightly because the feel of her beneath me and having her mouth willingly pressed to mine is completely overwhelming me.</p> <p>...As soon as my lips separate from hers, she looks into my eyes and wraps her hands around my neck. She lifts up from the bed slightly, bringing her mouth back to mine. This time she kisses me, softly parting my lips with hers. When our tongues meet, she moans and I push her back against the mattress, kissing her this time.</p> <p>...Every kiss, every moment, every moan, every touch of her hand against my skin.</p>
220	<p>"I left early this morning," I say with my back still turned to her, "because I was afraid your mom would walk in and think I was trying to get you pregnant."</p>
221	<p>"I need to kiss you," I say, walking swiftly to her. I take her face in my hands. "Your mouth was so damn perfect last night, I'm scared I dreamt the whole thing."</p>
229	<p>Does that mean you're still gonna try to get me pregnant, though? Damn straight.</p>
230	<p>They were about to go on a double date and the friend was explaining to Les the rules of "make-out" clothes. She said if Les just wanted to kiss the guy, she needed to wear jeans because the guy would be less likely to slip his hand where he shouldn't. Then she told Les if she planned to move past first base, that a skirt or a dress was the way to go. Easy access, she said.</p> <p>...Her dress makes me think she wants to take things a step further tonight and I absolutely can't get that out of my head. I sure as hell want to take the next step, but what if Sky doesn't know the rules to "make-out" clothes?</p>
231	<p>She slides her lips together and moistens them and I'm pretty sure I mutter "holy shit" under my breath.</p> <p>..."Wanna make out?" she whispers.</p> <p>...My lips are on hers before the sentence is even completely out of her mouth. I lower my hands to her waist and pull her until she's straddling me.</p> <p>Straddling me in. Her. Dress.</p> <p>I keep my hands locked tight on her hips while her hands slowly make their way up my neck and into my hair. The way her chest is pressed against mine makes my head spin, and it feels like the only thing that could set it straight against is if I pull her even closer and kiss her even harder. So that's what I do. I slide my hands away from her hips and reach behind her and pull her closer, pressing her into me so perfectly that she moans and tugs on my hair. I keep one hand on her ass, letting it flow with the rhythm of her movements while my other hand slides up her back and into her hair. I pull her mouth deeper into mine while I straighten my posture and lean forward so that my back is no longer touching the couch and my mouth is as meshed with hers as it's gonna get. Only that just makes my head spin even worse, so we're kissing faster now and she's moaning louder and I'm gripping her hips again and moving her against me so perfectly that I'm pretty sure she's about to have a repeat of what I did to her the first night we made out. I don't want that yet because she's wearing this dress and it's absolutely amazing and I'm not even taking advantage of it. I grip her shoulders and push her away from me, letting myself fall back against the couch.</p> <p>We're both gasping for breath. We're both smiling. We're both looking at each</p>

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	<p>other like this is the best night ever because it's only ten o'clock and we've got a good two hours left of this. I release her shoulders and take her face in my hands, then slowly pull her back to my mouth. I change the position of my hands to support her weight and I stand up, then lower her onto the couch. I join her, pressing one knee between her legs and the other on the couch beside her. I'm starting to get the impression that Daniel picked out this oversized couch in the same way that girls pick out their make-out clothes. Because it's the perfect couch for this sort of thing.</p> <p>I begin to kiss down her chin, down her neck and down to the area where her dress 'stops and her cleavage begins. I slowly glide my hand over her dress and up the length of her body until I reach her breast. I stroke my hand over the material and she hardens beneath my fingertips.</p> <p>Ohmygod I fucking love tonight. I groan and grab her breast a little harder and she moans, arching her back, pressing more of herself against my hand. I claim her mouth with mine and continue kissing her until we have to break for air again.</p>
238	<p>I was still a little buzzed from the drinks and I had little recollection of even leaving my house and sneaking into her bedroom.</p> <p>...After those two hours in Daniel's basement I think we were both pretty impressed with how well my hands and her dress became acquainted. We were also pretty impressed with how well my hands and the clothing under her dress became acquainted.</p>
239	<p>"Holy shit, Sky," I say, kissing her madly. "God, you feel incredible. Thank you for wearing this dress. I really..." I kiss down her chin until my lips meet her neck. "I really like it. Your dress." I continue kissing her neck and she tilts her head back, allowing me easier access. I drop my hand to her thigh and I desperately want to keep going. But the fact that she's allowed me there once before doesn't mean I'm allowed there right now.</p> <p>But apparently I am, because she twists her body more toward mine, directing my hand to keep heading where it's heading. Her hands crawl up my back just as my hand greets the panties lining her hip. I slip my fingers underneath the lining and begin to tug at the same time she pulls on my shirt.</p> <p>She begins to pull it over my head and I'm forced to move my hand away. I squeeze her thigh, not wanting to have to pull back, but I'm pretty sure I want my shirt off just as much as she wants it off.</p> <p>As soon as I lift up onto my knees, away from her, she whimpers. The sound makes me smile and after my shirt is off, I bend forward and kiss the corner of her lips. I bring my hand to her face and gently stroke her hairline, watching her. I know we're about to pass the most significant first of all and I want to memorize everything about this moment. I want to remember exactly what she looks like lying beneath me. I want to remember exactly what she sounds like the moment I'm inside her. I want to remember what she tastes like and what she feels like and what she-</p> <p>"Holder," she says, breathlessly.</p> <p>"Sky," I say, mimicking her. I don't know what she's about to say but whatever it is, it can wait a few seconds; because I need to kiss her again. I dip my head and part her lips until our tongues meet. We kiss slowly while I memorize every inch</p>

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	<p>of her mouth.</p> <p>"Holder," she says again, pulling away from my mouth. She brings her hand to my cheek and looks up into my eyes: " I want to. Tonight. Right now."</p> <p>Right now. She said right That's nice because I conveniently don't have any prior engagements right now. I can do right now.</p> <p>"Sky.. I say, wanting to make sure she's not doing this just to benefit me. "We don't have to. I want you to be absolutely positive it's what you want. Okay? I don't want to rush you into anything."</p> <p>She smiles and strokes her fingernails up and down my arms.</p> <p>..."But I'm telling you I want this. I've never wanted it with anyone before, but I want it with you."</p> <p>There's no doubt in my mind that I want her. I want her right now and she obviously wants me too.</p> <p>...I'm about to pull away from her until she places her hand on my cheeks and lifts herself off the bed until her lips are touching mine. "This isn't me saying yes, Holder. This is me saying please."</p> <p>What was it I was thinking just now? Something about waiting? Fuck that.</p> <p>Our lips collide and I groan, pushing her back against the bed. "We're really doing this?" I ask, not really believing it myself.</p> <p>Yes." She laughs. "We're really doing this. I've never been more positive of anything in my life."</p> <p>My hand resumes its position and I begin to pull down her panties.</p> <p>"I just need you to promise me one thing first," she says.</p> <p>I pull my hand away, thinking maybe She's about to tell me to go a little slower.</p> <p>"Anything."</p> <p>She takes my hand and places it right back on her hip. "I want to do this," she says, firmly looking into my eyes. "But only if you promise we'll break the record for the best first time in the history of first times."</p> <p>I smile. Damn straight. "When it's you and me, Sky... it'll never be anything less."</p> <p>I slide my arm underneath her back and pull her up. I curl my fingers underneath the straps of her dress, then slowly slide them down her arms. She fists one of her hands through my hair, pressing her cheek to mine while my lips meet her shoulder. My fingers are still holding on to the straps of her dress.</p> <p>"I'm taking it off."</p> <p>She nods and I grab the loose material at her waist and begin to lift the dress over her head. Once it's completely off, I lower her back down onto the bed and she opens her eyes. I scroll over her body, running my hand down her arm and across her stomach, coming to rest on the curve of her hip.</p> <p>..."Holy shit, Sky," I whisper, running my hands across her skin. I bend down and kiss her softly on the stomach. "You're incredible."</p> <p>I watch my hand as it glides across her body. I watch as it slides up her stomach and meets her breast. I watch my thumb disappear beneath her bra. As soon as my entire hand has slipped beneath her bra, she's locking her legs around my waist. I groan and wish at this point that I had more hands because they want to be everywhere, all at once. And I don't want there to be any material in the way of their journey.</p> <p>I reach down and pull her underwear off, then remove her bra. I'm kissing her the</p>

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	<p>whole time, even when I slid off the bed to remove the rest of my own clothes. I climb back onto the bed with her. Back on top of her.</p> <p>As soon as I'm pressed against her I'm hit with the revelation that I've never experienced or felt anything like her in my life. This is how it should be when people pass this first. This is exactly how it should feel and it's incredible. I reach across the bed and pull a condom out of my nightstand. We haven't stopped kissing for a single second, but I need to see her face. I need to see that she wants me to be inside her as much as I want to be inside her. I grab the condom and lift up onto my knees.</p>
244	<p>"So we didn't...we didn't have sex?" she asks timidly.</p>
251	<p>I lower my head and press my lips firmly against hers. She grasps my forearm with her hand and parts her lips, allowing me to kiss her more intimately.</p> <p>We continue to kiss for several minutes, because I don't know that either of us wants to face the truth just yet. I lift up onto my knees without breaking away from her and I climb on top of her. She runs her hand through my hair and to the back of my head, where she pulls against me, urging me closer.</p> <p>She begins to clench my shirt with her fists as a cry breaks free from her throat. I move my lips to her cheek and kiss her softly, then lower my mouth to her ear.</p>
271	<p>She eventually lifts her face off my chest, then slides on top of me. She closes her eyes and brings her lips to mine, then she immediately tries to take off my shirt. I have no idea why she's doing this, so I flip her onto her back. "What are you doing?"</p> <p>She slides her hand behind my neck and pulls my mouth back to hers. As much as I love kissing her, this just doesn't feel right. When her hands grab at my shirt again, I push them away. "Stop it," I tell her. "Why are you doing this?"</p> <p>She looks at me with desperation. "Have sex with me."</p> <p>What the fuck?</p> <p>...She crawls to the edge of the bed where I'm standing and she pulls up onto her knees, grasping my shirt. "Please," she begs. "Please, Holder. I need this."</p> <p>..."Holder...he's the only one that's ever done that to me." She lifts her eyes to mine again. "I need you to take that away from him. Please."</p>
273	<p>I walk back to her and sink to my knees on the floor. I scoot her the edge of the bed, then I remove both our shirts. I pick her up and walk her to the head of the bed and lay her down gently. I lower myself on top of her, then wipe her tears away again. "Okay," I say to her.</p> <p>I know she more than likely just wants to get this over with. There's no way this moment can be what it should be. I reach to my wallet and remove a condom, then take off my pants, watching her diligently the entire time. I don't want her to panic during this like she did last night, watch for any signs that she's changed her mind. She's been through enough. I just want to do whatever I can to help her, and if this will help her, it's what I'll do.</p> <p>I kiss her the whole time I'm taking off her clothes. I don't even try to make it romantic. I just try to think whatever thoughts about her I can think that will help me get this over with faster.</p> <p>Once her clothes are off, I put on the condom and ease myself against her. "Sky," I say, praying she'll ask me to stop. I don't want it to be like this for her.</p>

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	<p>She opens her eyes and shakes her head. "No, don't think about it. Just do it, Holder."</p> <p>Her voice is completely emotionless. I squeeze my eyes shut and bury my face in her neck. "I just don't know how to deal with all of this. I don't know if this is wrong or if it's what you really need. I'm scared if I do this, I'll make it even harder for you."</p> <p>She wraps her arms tightly around my neck and she begins to cry again. Rather than release me, she just pulls me tighter and lifts her hips in a silent plea for me to keep going.</p> <p>I kiss her on the side of her head and give her what she needs.</p> <p>The moment I push into her, tears escape my eyes. She never make a sound. She just keeps herself wrapped tightly around me and I go through the motions, trying desperately not to think about how different I wanted this to be.</p>
275	<p>"...No you're asking me to have sex with you because you want to take that from him, and I get it..."</p>
276	<p>I press my lips to hers desperately, needing her to know that I'm speaking nothing but truth now.</p>
277	<p>I dip my head and kiss her. I kiss her like she deserves to be kissed. I hold her like she deserves to be held. And I'm about to make love to her like she deserves to be loved. I untie the robe she's wearing and slide my hand across her stomach.</p> <p>...My hand moves from her waist, down her hip and to her thigh.</p> <p>..."I want to make love to you, Sky," I say, lacing our fingers together</p>
278	<p>"I'm making love to you because I'm in love with you..."</p> <p>...She kisses me harder than she's ever kissed me, pulling me down to the bed with her. We continue to kiss and she continues to allow me to explore every single part of her with my mouth and my hands. When I ready myself against her after putting another condom on, I look down at her and she's finally looking up at me with a serene expression. The love in her eyes right now can't be mistaken, but I still want to hear her say it.</p> <p>"Tell me you love me."</p> <p>She tightens her grip around me, looking me hard in the eyes.</p>
286	<p>"After your mother died, I started drinking heavily again. It wasn't until a year later that I got so drunk one night that I woke up the next morning and knew I had done something terrible. I was hoping it was just a horrible dream, but when I went to wake you up that morning you were...different.."</p>
287	<p>"It was night...after night...after night," she says.</p> <p>..."I was scared to go to bed and scared to wake up and scared to take a bath and scared to speak to you. I wasn't a little girl afraid of monsters in her closet or under her bed. I was terrified of the monster that was supposed to love me! You were supposed to be protecting me from the people like you!"</p>
292	<p>He pulls the radio to his mouth with his fee hand, keeping his gun trained on me the entire time he speaks into it.</p> <p>"Officer down at thirty-five-twenty-two Oak Street."</p> <p>His words immediately register in my head and I realize what he's about to do.</p> <p>...He turns his gun on himself, then looks at her. "I'm so sorry, Princess," he</p>

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	<p>whispers. I close my eyes and reach for her the second he fires the gun at himself.</p>
297	<p>She kisses my neck repeatedly, wanting to reassure me in the only way she knows how. I lower my lips to her shoulder and kiss her in return. She holds me tighter and I let her. I let her hold me as tight as she possibly can. I continue to kiss her neck and she continues to kiss mine, both of us working our way toward each other's mouth. ...In one swift movement, I crash my lips to hers and grip her by the hair. I push her against the shower wall and kiss her with so much conviction, I know she could never for a second doubt how much I love her. I slide my hands down her thighs and lift her up until she wraps her legs around my waist. I press myself against her and continue kissing her, wanting feel her, rather than the pain that's trying to take over. ..."Tell me this is okay," I say as I pull away from her mouth and search her eyes. "Tell me it's okay to want to be inside you right now...because after everything we've been through today, it feels wrong to need you like I do." She throws her arms around my neck and grasps my hair, pulling my mouth back to hers, showing me that she needs this just as much as I do. I groan and pull her away from the shower wall, then walk her out the bathroom and into the bedroom, I drop her down onto the beds then grab her panties and pull them down her legs. I crash against her mouth and pull off my boxers, which are now soaking wet. All I can think about is how much I need to be inside her right now. I pull apart from her long enough to get a condom on, then I grab her hips and pull her to the edge of the bed. I lift her leg to my side and slide my other arm underneath her shoulder. She looks up at me and I look down at her. I grip her leg and her shoulder and keep my eyes trained on hers, then push into her. The second I'm inside her, it doesn't feel like enough. I press my lips to hers and try to search for whatever it is that's missing from the moment. I move in and out of her, more and more frantic with each thrust, trying desperately to reach a feeling that I don't even know exists. She relaxes her body against mine, following my movements, allowing me to be in control. But I don't want that right now. That's what's wrong with me. My mind is so exhausted and so tired and my heart hurts so much right now. I just need her to help me figure out how to stop trying to be the hero for once. I pull away from her and she looks up at me, never questioning why I've drastically slowed against her. She just brings her hands to my face and gently runs her fingers over my eyes and my lips and cheeks. I turn my mouth toward the inside of her palm and I kiss it, then drop down on top of her, stopping completely. I keep my gaze locked with hers and I pull her to me, then lift her up as I stand. I'm still inside her and she's wrapped around me, so I turn my back to the bed and slide down to the floor. I lean forward and kiss her bottom lip softly, then her whole mouth. I bring a hand to her cheek and drop the other to her hip. I begin to move beneath her, slowly guiding her with my hand, wanting her to just take control. I need her to comfort me the same way that I always want to comfort her.</p>

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	<p>"You know how I feel about you," I whisper, staring into her eyes. "You know how much I love you. You know I would do whatever I could to take away your pain, right?"</p> <p>She nods, never pulling her gaze from mine, even for a second.</p> <p>"I need that from you so fucking bad right now, Sky. I need to know you love me like that."</p> <p>Her expression grows soft and her eyes fill with compassion. She laces our hands together and places them over our hearts. She strokes her thumb against my hand and lifts up slightly, then slowly glides back down me again.</p> <p>The incredible sensation that rushes through my body causes my head to collapse against the mattress behind me. I groan, unable to keep my eyes open.</p> <p>"Open your eyes," she whispers, still moving against me. "I want you to watch me."</p> <p>I lift my head and watch her. It's the easiest thing I've ever been asked to do, because she's fucking beautiful right now.</p> <p>"Don't look away again/' she says, lifting herself up. When she slides back onto my lap, I can barely keep my head up. Especially when that moan escapes her lips and she squeezes my hands even harder.</p> <p>"The first time you kissed me?" she says. "That moment when our lips touched mine? You stole a piece of my heart that night."</p> <p>...She lowers her mouth to mine and I drop my head back against the mattress and let her kiss me. "Keep them open," she whispers, pulling away from my lips.</p> <p>...I tighten my grip on her hands and lean into her, but I don't kiss her. We get as close as we possibly can and we keep our eyes open until the very last second.</p> <p>...As soon as I begin to tremble and moan beneath her, my head falls against the mattress and she allows me to close my eyes this time. She continues to move on top of me until I'm completely and utterly still.</p> <p>...My lips connect with hers and I kiss her, pushing her off me and onto the floor beneath me. I slide my hand between us and flatten my palm against her stomach, then slowly lower my hand until I find the exact spot that makes my favorite sound escape her mouth. I drink in every single moan and breath that passes her lips.</p>
307	<p>When I walked into his house, I could feel something wasn't right. He walked me to her bedroom. He told me the materials for the flyers were in Hope's room. Then he shut the door behind us and completely shattered my life.</p> <p>It went on for years after that. It went on until the day I couldn't bear it anymore and finally told Mom.</p>
317	<p>We make our way to Sky's bedroom and I close the door behind us. "So does that mean I can get you pregnant tonight?"</p> <p>She turns around and faces me, then shrugs. "I guess we could practice," she says, smiling.</p> <p>And we do. We practice at least three different times before midnight.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	33
Bitch	3
Cunt	3
Dick	2
Fuck	71
Goddamn	4
Piss	37
Pussy	3
Shit	70