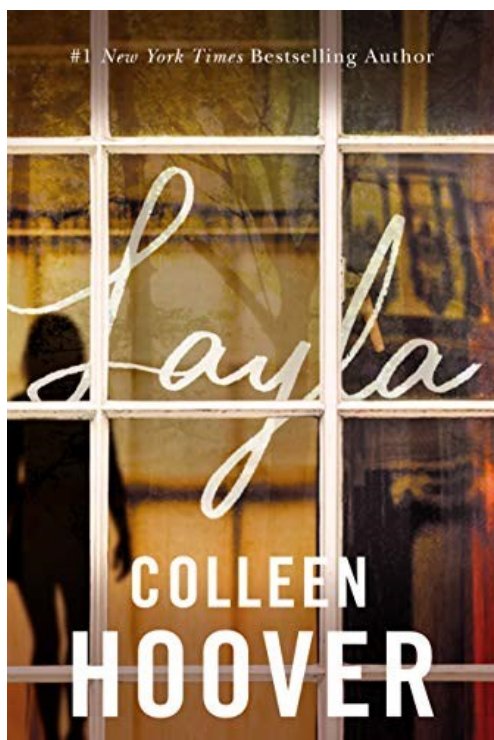


LAYLA



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A young man falls in love with a woman but discovers that his past has come to haunt him.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; drug and alcohol use; and violence including suicidal ideations.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>I stand in my designated spot on the stage and watch the girl as I play, wondering if she's drunk or high, or if there's a chance she's out there dancing the way she is to poke fun at just how much this band sucks.</p>
9	<p>Layla swims over to her, sticks out her tongue, and the bride places a small white pill in the center of it. Layla swallows and I have no idea what that was, but it was sexy as fuck.</p> <p>..."Leeds wants one," Layla says, reaching out her hand for another pill. The bride hands her another one and walks away. I don't ask what it is. I don't care. I want her so much I'll be the Romeo to her Juliet and take whatever the hell kind of poison she wants to put on my tongue right now.</p> <p>I open my mouth. Her fingers are wet, and some of it has dissolved before it even hits my tongue. It's bitter and hard to get down without coating or water, but I manage it. I chew some of it.</p>
10	<p>Her eyes are closed, but when the top of her head bumps against my chest, she looks up at me, her face upside down from mine, like she's expecting me to do something.</p> <p>So I do.</p> <p>I lean in just enough so that my mouth rests gently against hers. We kiss upside down, her bottom lip between both of mine. Her lips are like a soft explosion, igniting hidden minefields under every inch of my skin. It's weird and fascinating because she's still on her back, floating on top of the water. I dip my tongue into her mouth, and for whatever reason, I don't feel worthy enough to touch her, so I keep my arms where they are—gripping the pool on either side of me. She keeps her arms outstretched, and the only thing she moves is her mouth. I'm thankful our first kiss is upside down because that leaves a hell of a lot of room to anticipate kissing her right side up for the first time. I'm never going to want to kiss a girl again without being high on whatever it is the bride gave us. It's like my heart constricts to the size of a penny and then balloons to the size of a drum with every beat.</p> <p>It isn't beating like it's supposed to. There's no gentle bom bom, bom bom, bom bom anymore. It's a plink and a BOOM. Plink BOOM, plink BOOM, plink BOOM. I can't keep kissing her upside down like this. It's making me crazy like we don't quite fit, and I want my mouth to fit perfectly against hers. I grab her waist and spin her on top of the water until she's facing me' and then I pull her to me. Her legs go around my waist, and both of her hands come up out of the water and grip the back of my head, which causes her to sink a little because now I'm the only thing keeping her above water. But my own arms are too busy sliding down her back, so we start to sink and neither of us does anything about it. Our mouths lock together right before we're submerged. Not a single drop of water passes between our lips.</p>
11	<p>We're facing each other, ready to start the kiss over again. We link together, back into the same position we were in. Our mouths seek each other out, but as soon as I taste the chlorine on her lips, we're interrupted by chants.</p>

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	<p>I can hear Garrett over several of the others, all cheering our kiss on from where they're seated. Layla glances behind her and flips them off. ...She flips me onto my back, and then pulls her dress up her thighs so she can straddle me. Her thighs suction to my sides because we're both sopping wet. I rest my hands on her hips and soak up the intensity of this high.</p>
12	<p>I roll her off me and pin her wrists to the grass as I roll on top of her. "You're a talented dancer." She laughs. I kiss her. We kiss for the next several minutes. We more than kiss. We touch. We move. We moan. Everything is way too much- like I'm teetering on the edge of death. My heat just might literally explode in my chest. I'm starting to wonder if we should keep doing this. Drugs coupled with making out with Layla is one thing too much. I can't let her stay wrapped around me for another second, or I'll pass the fuck out from everything I'm feeling. It's like every nerve ending grew a nerve ending. I feel everything with double the magnitude. "I have to stop," I whisper, unwrapping her legs from around me. "What the hell are we on? I can't breathe." I roll onto my back, gasping for air. "You mean what did my sister give you?" "The bride is your sister?" "Yeah, her name is Aspen. She's three years older than me." Layla lifts herself up onto her elbow. "Why? Do you like it?" I nod. "Yes. I love it." "It's intense, right?" "Fuck yes." "Aspen gives it to me every time I drink too much." She leans in until her mouth is against my ear. "It's called aspirin." When she pulls back, the confusion on my face makes her grin. "Did you think you were high?" Why else would I be feeling like this? I sit. "That wasn't an aspirin."</p>
14	<p>She pulls her soaking wet dress over her head, and now she's standing in the dimly lit room five feet away from me in nothing but her bra and panties. They don't match. She's wearing a white bra and green-and-black-checkered panties, and I kind of love that she didn't put much thought into what she wore under her dress. I observe her for a moment- admiring her curves and the way she doesn't try to hide pieces of herself from me. ...I do as she requested and remove my jeans, leaving on my boxers.</p>
18	<p>"It's been a while since I've done this," she says over her shoulder. "I only have condoms because they were party favors for the bachelorette party." She spins around, pausing on one of the steps. "I didn't realize how much harder it would be to get laid in the real world. You don't even have to make an effort in college, but after college...ugh." She turns and begins walking up the stairs again. She opens the door to her room, and I follow her inside. "The problem with sex after college is that I hate dating. It takes too much time. You dedicate an entire evening to a person you can tell in the first five minutes is a waste of your time."</p>

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19	<p>My face is near her hip, and it's both odd and sexy being this close to her thigh. I press my lips against it. "Why'd you get fired?"</p> <p>They wouldn't let me off for Aspen's wedding, so I didn't show up to work." She scoots down the bed and mirrors my position. "Your boxers are still wet. We should probably take off the rest of our clothes."</p> <p>She's forward, but I like it.</p> <p>I grab her by the waist and pull her on top of me. I place her so perfectly against me she gasps. I'm taller than her, so her face doesn't reach mine, but I want to kiss her. She must want to kiss me, too, because she crawls up my body until our mouths connect.</p> <p>There aren't many items of clothing to remove between us as it is, so it only seems like seconds before we're naked under the covers and almost past the point of caring about a condom. But I don't know this girl and she doesn't know me, so I wait for her to fumble around the dark bedroom until she finds her purse. Once she retrieves a condom and hands it to me, I reach under the covers and begin putting it on.</p> <p>"I think you're right," I say.</p> <p>"About what?"</p> <p>I roll on top of her and she spreads her legs apart, fitting me between them. "I should quit the band."</p> <p>...I kiss her neck, then her breast. Then my mouth is resting against hers again. "I think I'm glad I met you."</p> <p>She pulls back a little, then smiles up at me. "You think? Or you are?"</p> <p>"I am. I am very glad I met you."</p> <p>She trails her fingers over my mouth. "I'm very glad I met you."</p> <p>We kiss some more, and it's full of lazy anticipation, as if we know we have all night and there's no rush. But I already put on the condom, and she's already guiding me into her.</p> <p>I still take my time with her. So much time.</p>
21	<p>I told her a few minutes ago she was the best sex I ever had.</p> <p>...I lost my virginity at fifteen. I thought it was the best thing I would ever experience. But the Victoria Jared came along when I was seventeen, and she was the best sex I'd ever had. And then Sarah Kisner, and the girl who snuck into my dorm freshman year, and two or three after that, and then Sable. Each time, the aftermath made me think that was as good as it would get. But maybe they were all equally as good as the one before.</p>
23	<p>"If you're right, then I like this realm the best," I say, covering her body with mine. She parts her thighs for me and grins against my lips. "Only because you're in it." I shake my head as I push into her. "No. I like it best because I'm in you."</p>
25	<p>"Want to take a shower with me?"</p> <p>I smile. "Fuck yeah."</p>
27	<p>Naked, arms wrapped around me, covered in water. I like this version of her a lot. I lean forward and kiss her neck, gripping her ass with both my hands.</p> <p>She tilts her head to the side, giving me more access to her neck.</p> <p>...For a brief second, I forgot what we were even talking about because she has a two-track mind. Luckily one of them is on me. She lets herself fall against the wall</p>

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	<p>of the shower as my hands roam over her body- my lips over her skin. ...I slide my tongue up her neck and then into her mouth. It's a deep, short kiss before I pull away.</p>
28	<p>I can hear every word when Aspen says, "Did you sleep with the bass player?" ..." ...She overhead one of them say, 'He shacked up with the bride's sister.' ...Shit. We were loud last night?</p>
31	<p>"Bourbon," he says. I sit down and sniff it, then take a sip, enjoying the burn as it slides down my throat. It immediately soothes my nerves.</p>
35	<p>I push her away from me and slap her playfully on the ass.</p>
36	<p>I asked her to come stay a week in Franklin with me, but it's been over two months now and I've had more sex in these two months than I thought I'd be capable of in a lifetime. When we aren't fucking, I'm playing songs for her, or writing songs, or thinking about songs.</p>
37	<p>Her confidence, her eccentricities, her drive, her body, her blow jobs, her spontaneity, her belief in me.</p>
40	<p>It took me several weeks to figure out, though, probably because I was only paying attention to how much my dick liked her and wasn't aware that the way she felt about me was on a completely different level.</p>
44	<p>I need more bourbon. As if he knows this, he stands up and grabs the bottle.</p>
50	<p>Just the two of us, locked up in a bedroom, having the best and most random conversations between rounds of sweaty sex.</p>
56	<p>But it would have made me an even bigger asshole if I'd fucked her sixty seconds after she had a panic attack. ...I think I'm too careful with her now. I'm careful when I speak to her, careful when I hug her, careful when I kiss her, careful when I make love to her.</p>
58	<p>We make love a lot, but it's different than it was before. In those first couple of months together, we were a combination of everything that makes sex good. ...Our eyes stay locked together as my hand bunches up her dress and then slips slowly between her thighs. I can see the roll of her throat when I hook my finger around her panties and yank them down. I place my right hand on the back of her neck and push her forward while I unbutton my jeans. And then, for the first time in six months, I'm not gently with her at all.</p>
73	<p>"You want to go to bed?" I whisper. She nods, so I slip my hands up her back and ease her out of her shirt. Somewhere between the bathroom door and the bed, we start to kiss. It's become our nightly routine. She stresses out. I soothe her. We make love.</p>
89	<p>She slips between me and the table, so I push my chair back a little so she can straddle me. She's wearing a fitted T-shirt that doesn't even cover her stomach, and a pair of pink panties. Anytime Layla is wearing something this revealing, it's the first thing I notice. And then once I do notice, she usually ends up no longer wearing whatever it is she was wearing because we end up naked in the bed, or in the shower, or on the</p>

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	<p>couch. Yet...I didn't notice her this time until she sat on my lap. I slide my hands to her ass and bury my face in her neck. This is further proof that my focus has been skewed since the day we arrived here.</p>
90	<p>I slide my hands up her back and smile at her. "Bathing suit pool day or naked pool day?"</p>
91	<p>"Have you ever had sex on a pool float?" I ask her. She doesn't open her eyes. She just grins and shakes her head. "No. But I'm definitely up for the challenge." The lack of food coupled with the alcohol led to us failing at trying to fuck on the pool float. We fell off it three times. We didn't give up, though. We just moved to one of the nearby lounge chairs to finish.</p>
92	<p>There was a moment right after we finished having sex when I almost told her about how I'm considering buying the property. I was kissing her neck, thing about how nice the day was.</p>
107	<p>"Am I too drunk to fuck?" Aspen nods. "Yeah, babe. Way too drunk. Maybe tomorrow."</p>
134	<p>But she's still drunk. ...I kiss her back because that's what I'm supposed to want to do. I'm supposed to crave her, to want her tongue in my mouth, my hands on her body, to push myself inside her.</p>
135	<p>I bring my hand up to her cheek. "I'm good," I say, brushing my thumb over her mouth. "There's just a rock or something digging into my back." I roll her over so that I'm looking down at her now. "Maybe we can finish this later tonight. In our bed." She smiles. "Or right now in our bed." She pushes me off and then stands up. ..."Wow. I am so drunk." I help her back to the house, hoping she's too drunk to want to continue this upstairs. ...She starts kissing me as soon as we're inside the house. She tucks her hands into my jeans and tugs me toward the Grand Room. "Let's just do it on the couch," she says. ...I don't want to fuck Layla in the Grand Room. I don't want to fuck Layla at all right now. It feels awkward, knowing someone else is in this house with us. Layla is loud during sex when she thinks we're alone. ...Our vacation here isn't over, though, and I can't avoid having sex with her for the remainder of our trip.</p>
136	<p>Layla takes of her jeans and kicks them toward the bed. She pulls her shirt off, but gets caught up in it and almost falls. I help her out of her shirt. She's laughing when I toss it to the floor. ...I kiss her this time, and I'm relieved when I do, because the want is back inside me. I force Willow out of my mind and focus on Layla as much as I possibly can. She wrestles my shirt off me, and we're still standing next to the bed when I unfasten her bra. She presses her body against mine, and we kiss until I can feel her becoming unbalanced, her body leaning to the right.</p>

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	<p>She gasps as I spin her around and bend her over the mattress. Her gasp is followed by a giggle, and my God, I love that sound so much. I don't even remove her panties. I just pull them aside and then shove myself into her like I'm afraid this feeling will pass if I don't rush it.</p> <p>She moans, and it's loud, and I don't want her to be loud tonight. I reach around and cover her mouth with my hand as I fuck her. All the noises she makes remain stifled against the palm of my hand.</p> <p>I don't make a single noise when I come.</p> <p>And then when I roll her onto her back and reach between her legs, I kiss her the whole time I'm touching her.</p>
138	<p>She's petite and quite possibly underweight now that she barely eats; yet I was about to slip her a dosage of her sleeping medication, along with even more alcohol, not knowing how that might affect her. Especially if she would have taken her usual nightly pill along with that.</p>
140	<p>I don't want Willow to think I'm the type of guy who would drug his girlfriend, but...that's exactly what I was about to do before she prevented it from happening.</p>
141	<p>"What kind of pill did you put in her wine?"</p> <p>My jaw twitches. I lean back in my chair, folding my arms over my chest. "Ambien. A sleeping pill. I don't...I've never done that before. I just really wanted her to go to sleep."</p>
156	<p>"How would you feel if I told you that you should move on from your existence? It's like encouraging me to commit suicide."</p>
165	<p>She's almost always in a good mood, even when she's upset with me for almost drugging my girlfriend or for continuously insisting she should find out why she's here.</p>
172	<p>She's barely wearing anything- a silky see-through top that doesn't even cover her navel. A matching pair of cream-colored panties.</p>
173	<p>I slip my hand inside the back of her silk shirt and run my palm up her skin. When I do this, she presses her hands so hard against my chest she propels herself off the couch and onto the floor.</p>
183	<p>Before I can stop her, she pushes me against the bathroom door and drops to her knees. We haven't had sex in three days. I don't know that I can come up with a good enough excuse to refuse a blow job without hurting her feelings.</p> <p>...But she's not really in a position in which we can discuss it because she's taking me into her mouth, despite the fact that I'm not even hard yet. I look down at her, and even though I'm not immediately turned on by this because of the pandemonium in my head, I can't help but think of Willow when I look at Layla.</p> <p>...And now...as Layla slides her tongue up the length of me, I kind of wish it were Willow doing this to me.</p> <p>I harden at that thought.</p> <p>...I wrap my hand in Layla's hair and watch her for a moment...wondering what this would feel like if it were Willow inside of Layla right now. Would Willow use her tongue like that? Would she make the same noises Layla makes?</p> <p>She wraps her lips around me and takes me in as far as she can. My head falls</p>

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	<p>back against the door and I groan, putting pressure on the back of her head, not wanting her to stop now.</p> <p>One of her hands is moving up and down the length of me in rhythm with her mouth. Her other hand is sliding up my stomach. I grab it, squeeze it, press it to my chest as I think about Willow.</p> <p>I imagine how Willow's kiss would feel. Would it feel the same as Layla's kiss? Would sex with Willow feel different than sex with Layla?</p> <p>Would she arch her back the same way Layla does when I push into her?</p> <p>"Fuck." I release Layla's hand and grip the back of her head with both hands. "I'm about to finish," I say, warning her. She always stops when I say that so she can finish with her hand.</p> <p>She pulls back, breathless, and whispers, "You can finish in my mouth this time." There's a glimmer in her eyes as she takes me back in her mouth- an excitement- and I know this is her way of thanking me for a proposal that has yet to happen. If I wasn't already on the brink of exploding, I'd probably put a sop to this, simply because I know where her head is at.</p> <p>Everything about this moment is wrong. Layla thinks she's pleasuring her soon-to-be fiancé while I'm pretending she's the ghost I've been slowly falling for.</p> <p>...My legs tremble as she keeps her mouth on me, swallowing every last bit of deception I've been handing her. I don't make a noise. I just close my eyes and wait for her to stop.</p> <p>When she finally releases me, I can't even bring myself to look at her.</p> <p>All I can think about are the words she said to me the first night we met, after I'd just told her she was the best sex I'd ever had.</p>
190	<p>I'm shamefully aware that the sight of Willow naked had more of an effect on me than when Layla had my dick in her mouth.</p>
197	<p>Her breast brushes against my arm, and I try to ignore it, but we're in a more intimate position than we've ever been in.</p>
198	<p>I slide my hands in her hair and slip my tongue into her mouth, and I don't do it gently. I kiss her with a need I didn't even know was buried inside me.</p> <p>She moans into my mouth, and it fills me with even more urgency. I don't know why I'm kissing her like someone might steal this moment from us.</p> <p>She responds in kind, threading her fingers through my hair, tilting her body more toward mine. She presses her breasts against my chest, and a sensational pull rolls through me. I want on top of her, inside of her. I want my mouth to cover every inch of her. I want to hear every single sound she's capable of making, and I want my hands and my tongue to be responsible for those sounds.</p> <p>The kiss has only gone on for a matter of seconds, but it's long enough that an ache inside of me builds and builds to the point that the kiss becomes painful.</p>
200	<p>I walk tentatively toward the steps and watch as Layla takes in a slow drag of the cigarette. "I wasn't aware you smoked," I say.</p> <p>She blows the smoke out. "I don't. But I keep some hidden in my purse for when I'm stressed."</p>
207	<p>How can sex with Layla earlier feel like a chore, but just looking at Willow feels like a reward?</p>

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208	She knows I had sex with Layla tonight. ..."...I'll get to take over after I have to stand outside your door and listen to you have sex with her?"
210	"I thought it would end up being a one-night stand at first, but she kept coming around..."
265	It's torture, kissing her through her pain, because I know what's going on in her mind right now. She thinks death is the answer
266	Layla kisses me again, only this time our kiss doesn't stop. It lasts for so long my lips feel swollen by the time I push into her. She wraps herself tightly around me as we make love. I keep my eyes open the whole time because I'm amazed by how different it is now that I have her back. I
267	Layla has spent the last two days meticulously planning out her death. ...Sable continues to try to escape, which has resulted in her wrists suffering even more damage. The marks are too prominent to hide. I keep them bandaged up, but I worry because Aspen and Chad are due to show back up today and we aren't sure how to hid Layla's wrists from them.
276	It's been two hours since we came upstairs to prepare for Layla's drowning. Two hours since it started to feel like my world might be coming to an end. She has everything planned out. She even wrote down instructions and is making me study them like this is some kind of fucking college exit exam. 1. Hold me under until I'm no longer struggling for air. 2. Check my pulse. When it stops, call 911 immediately. 3. Wake up Aspen. 4. Start resuscitation. 5. You only have five minutes to save my life.
277	She clears her throat and then says, "I typed up a suicide not. I think it's important to have, just in case." I cover my face with my hand. "A suicide not?" I can't keep my voice down. "How are you so calm about this? You just wrote a suicide not, Layla."

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Dick	2
Fuck	48
Piss	1
Shit	21