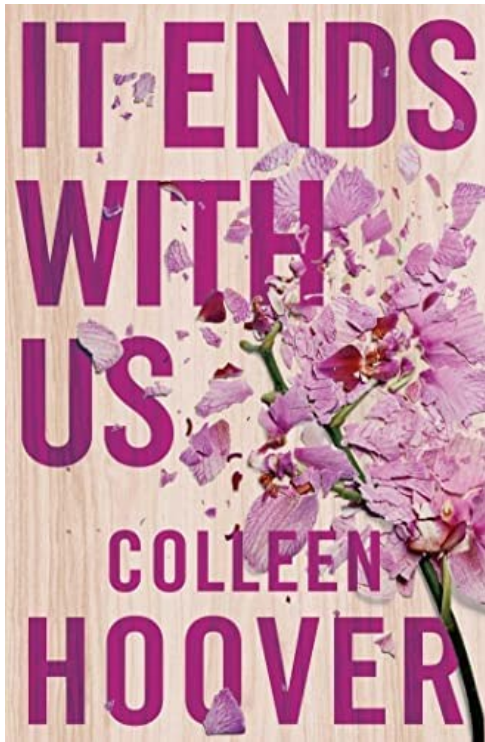


IT ENDS WITH US



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

ISBN: 978-1-5011-1036-8

CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A young couple's relationship becomes turbulent when past relationships are discovered.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; alcohol and drug use; suicidal ideation; violence; and profanity

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	As I sit here with one foot on either side of the ledge, looking down from twelve stories above the streets of Boston, I can't help but think about suicide.
6	<p>He begins fishing around in his pockets until he finds what he's looking for and- in what I'm sure is probably an effort to release even more of his aggression- he lights up a joint.</p> <p>I'm twenty-three, I've been through college and have done this very same recreational drug a time or two. I'm not going to judge this guy for feeling the need to toke up in private.</p> <p>... He takes in a long drag of his joint and starts to turn back toward the edge.</p>
7	When I don't answer him, he brings the joint back to his mouth and takes another hit.
12	<p>And smokes pot.</p> <p>... "Should doctors be smoking weed?"</p>
21	<p>"...If you were into one-night stands, I would take you downstairs to my bedroom and I would fuck you."</p> <p>... "Okay. Since we're on the subject...the first guy I ever had sex with was homeless."</p>
23	<p>"When I have time, there are girls who satisfy those needs. I don't lack for anything in that department, if that's what you're asking. But love has never appealed to me. It's always been more of a burden than anything."</p> <p>... "You should try my method," he says.</p> <p>"Which is?"</p> <p>"One-night stands."</p> <p>... "I could never sleep with someone if I didn't see it going anywhere."</p> <p>... "If you wouldn't sleep with someone you just met..." His eyes meet mine again.</p> <p>"Exactly how far would you go?"</p> <p>I don't have an answer for that. I roll onto my back because the way he's looking at me makes me want to rethink one-night stands. I'm not necessarily against them, I suppose. I've just never been propositioned for one by someone I would consider it with.</p>
24	<p>"How far would you go, Lily?" His voice is decadent. Smooth. It travels straight to my toes.</p> <p>"I don't know," I whisper.</p> <p>His fingers begin to crawl toward the hem of my shirt. He begins to slowly inch it upward until a slither of my stomach is showing. "Oh, Jesus," I whisper, feeling the warmth from his hand as he slides it up my stomach.</p> <p>Against my better judgement, I face him again and the look in his eyes completely captivates me. He looks hopeful and hungry and completely confident. He sinks his teeth into his bottom lip as his hand begins to tease its way up my shirt. I know</p>

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	<p>he can feel my heart thrashing around in my chest. Hell, he can probably hear it. "Is this too far?" he asks.</p> <p>I don't know where this side of me is coming from, but I shake my head and say, "Not even close."</p> <p>With a grin, his fingers brush the underneath of my bra, lightly trickling over my skin that is now covered in chills.</p> <p>As soon as my eyelids fall shut, the piercing of a ring rips through the air. His hand stiffens when we both realize it's a phone. His phone.</p> <p>He drops his forehead to my shoulder. "Dammit."</p> <p>I frown when his hand slips out from beneath my shirt.</p>
48	<p>"Marshall, are you drunk?"</p> <p>..."You knew that when you dropped us off, Issa. Free beer until..."</p>
49	<p>The brother sounds like he may be a little drunk, too.</p>
50	<p>"There's a bar down the street that gives out free beer to anyone who shows up in a onesie during a Bruins game."</p>
51	<p>"I won't charge you for this, but only because I'm slightly inebriated," he says with a wink.</p> <p>I tilt my head. "The first time I met you, you were high. Now you're drunk. I'm beginning to worry you aren't going to make a very qualified neurosurgeon."</p> <p>..."But I promise you, I rarely ever get high and this is my first day off in over a month, so I really needed a beer. Or five."</p>
53	<p>"I still very much want to fuck you."</p> <p>..."Did you just tell my boss you want to fuck her?"</p> <p>..."He just told Lily he wants to fuck her!"</p> <p>..."He's drunk. They're both drunk. Please don't judge me because my brother is an asshole."</p> <p>I smile at her and wave it off. "It's fine, Allysa. Lots of people want to fuck me."</p>
56	<p>"...So if you still aren't going to agree to a one-night stand, then I think it's best if we do what we can to avoid each other..."</p>
70	<p>"Did you seriously just knock on twenty-nine doors so you could tell me that the thought of me is making your life hell and I should have sex with you so that you'll never have to think of me again? Are you kidding me right now?"</p>
71	<p>"Please have sex with me." He's looking up at me with puppy dog eyes and a pathetic, hopeful grin. "I want you so, so bad and I swear, once you have sex with me you'll never hear from me again. I promise."</p> <p>There's something about a neurosurgeon literally on his knees begging for sex that does me in.</p> <p>..."...If you give me a little while to shower first, I might feel sexy enough to have sex with you."</p>
72	<p>"You say this will make it stope, but I'm warning you right now, Ryle. I'm like a drug. If you have sex with me tonight, it's only going to make things worse for you. But once is all you're getting. I refuse to become one of the many girls you use to- how did you word it that night? Satisfy your needs?"</p> <p>...I wonder if there's a way he could leave them on during the sex?</p>

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73	But now that my hair is dry and I'm cleaner than I've ever been, I think I might be able to do this. I can totally have a one-night stand. I'm twenty-three years old.
74	I can feel his fingers trailing up my arm before I even open my eyes. I force back a tired smile and pretend I'm still sleeping. His fingers trail over my shoulder and stop at my collarbone, just before they reach my neck. I have a small tattoo there that I got in college. It's a simple outline of a heart that's slightly open at the top. I can feel his fingers circle around the tattoo, and then he leans forward and presses his lips against it. I squeeze my eyes shut even tighter.
75	And it's good that he fell asleep and we never even kissed, because if I would have had sex with him while he was wearing scrubs, I would have been the one showing up at his door on my knees, begging for more.
81	<p>"Yes, you are. And if you pull that top up over your cleavage one more time, it'll defeat the whole purpose of your little black dress." He grabs my top and yanks it back down, and then proceeds to reach inside to adjust my bra.</p> <p>..."Relax, Lily. I've touched way better boobs than yours and I'm still gay."</p> <p>"Yeah, but I bet those boobs were attached to people you probably hang out with more than once every six months."</p>
82	<p>"Ryle. He's a neurosurgeon. And he wants to have sex with me really, really bad."</p> <p>"How do you know he wants to have sex with you?"</p> <p>"Because he literally got down on his knees and said, 'Please, Lily. Please have sex with me.'"</p>
83	"I'm Lily's sex partner!"
86	He makes the shot, but the glass shatters when it hits the bottom of the empty container.
87	If the guy wants to have sex with me so bad...he shouldn't have fallen asleep!
89	<p>"Oh, I want you, Lily. Make no mistake about that. I just don't want to want you."</p> <p>..."I like you, Ryle. And knowing that you only want me for one night makes me really, really sad. And maybe if this were a few months ago, we could have had sex and it would have been fine. You would have walked away and I could have easily moved on with my life.</p>
91	<p>His chest is pressing against mine, my back is pressed to the door. And then his mouth is on mine. Warm pressure against my lips.</p> <p>Despite the strength behind them, his lips are like silk. I'm shocked at the moan that rushes through me, and even more shocked when I part my lips and want more. His tongue slides against mine and he releases my wrists to grab my face. His kiss grows deeper and I grasp at his hair, pulling him closer, feeling the kiss in my entire body.</p> <p>Both of us become a medley of moans and gasps as the kiss brings us over the edge, our bodies wanting more than our mouths can deliver. I feel his hands as he reaches down and grabs my legs, lifting me up and hooking them around his waist.</p> <p>My God, this man can kiss. It's as if he takes kissing as seriously as he takes his profession. He begins to pull me away from the door when I'm hit with the realization that yes, his mouth is capable of a lot. But what his mouth had failed to do is respond to everything I told him upstairs.</p>

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	<p>For all I know, I've just given in. I'm giving him what he wants: a one-night stand. And that's the last thing he deserves right now.</p> <p>I pull my mouth from his and push on his shoulders. "Put me down."</p> <p>He keeps walking toward his bed, so I say it again. "Ryle, put me down right now."</p> <p>He stops walking and lowers me to the floor. I have to back away and face the other direction to gather my thoughts. Looking at him while I still feel his lips on mine is more than I can deal with right now.</p>
94	<p>I know him enough to know that sex with him won't be enough for me, though. But how I know sex won't be the only thing he wants?</p> <p>My eyes instantly lock with his. "Don't have sex with me."</p> <p>..."Okay. I will not have sex with you, Lily Bloom."</p> <p>He walks around me to his bedroom door and he locks it. He flips off the light, leaving only a lamp on, and then takes off his shirt as he walks toward me.</p> <p>...He tosses his shirt on a chair and then slips off his shoes. "We're going to sleep."</p> <p>I glance at his bed. Then at him. "Right now?"</p> <p>He nods and walks over to me. In one swift movement, he lifts my dress up and over my head, until I'm standing in the middle of his bedroom floor in my bra and panties. I cover myself, but he doesn't even look twice. He pulls me toward the bed and lifts the covers for me to crawl in. As he's walking over to his side of the bed he says, "It's not like we haven't slept together before without having sex. Piece of cake."</p>
102	<p>What's even better, is when I do decide to have sex with Ryle, we can have it over here all the time and not have to worry about being quiet.</p> <p>...I'm not about to wait around to be beckoned by a guy I'm not even having sex with. But I don't know why I assume that reading about the first guy I had sex with will somehow get my mind off the guy I'm not having sex with.</p>
107	<p>When he was wiping that cow shit on me, it was quite possibly the most turned-on I have ever been.</p>
118	<p>That was three years ago and all this time I thought homeless people were homeless they were lazy or drug addicts or just didn't want to work like other people.</p>
120	<p>He bends down and kisses the heart tattoo on my collarbone.</p>
128	<p>He hangs up the phone and slides it into his pocket, then he kisses me. It's not a hello kiss. It's an I've-been-thinking-about-you-nonstop kiss. He wraps both arms around me and spins me until I'm backed up against my car, where he continues to kiss me until I start to feel dizzy again. When he pulls back, he's looking down at me appreciatively.</p> <p>"You know which part of you drives me the craziest?" He brings his fingers to my mouth and traces my smile. "These," he says. "Your lips. I love how they're as red as your hair and you don't even have to wear lipstick."</p> <p>I grin and kiss his fingers.</p>
135	<p>"I requested an Uber so you wouldn't have to go out of your way to take me home. We have approximately..." He looks down at his phone. "One and a half minutes to make out."</p> <p>I laugh. He wraps his arms around me and kisses my neck first, and then my</p>

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	cheek. "I would invite myself over, but I have an early surgery tomorrow and I'm sure my patient would appreciate it if I didn't spend the majority of the night inside you."
140	A minutes later, he leaned over a little and pressed his lips against my collarbone, right between my shoulder and my neck.
145	But let me just say that if he's ever wondered what my boobs feel like... Now he knows. ...If it were up to me, we would kiss al day and all night and do nothing in between except maybe talk a little.
148	He set the bowl down beside me and then leaned in and kissed me. Cookie dough and Atlas's mouth mixed together is like heaven, in case you're wondering. I made a noise deep in my throat that let him know how much I liked the combination, and it made him laugh. But he didn't stop kissing me. He just laughed through the kiss and it completely melted my heart. A happy Atlas was near mind-blowing.
150	He set his briefcase down on the kitchen table and then walked to the refrigerator and pulled out a beer.
151	I closed my fist around the heart and then leaned over and kissed him so hard, he fell back onto the bed. I threw my leg over him and straddled him and he grabbed my waist and grinned against my mouth.
152	He brought his hand to the back of my head and rolled me until I was on my back and he was the one on top. "Then my plan is working," he said, right before kissing me again.
154	They were on the couch and he had his hand around her throat, but his other hand was pulling up her dress. She was trying to fight him off and I just stood there, frozen. She kept begging him to get off her and then he hit her right across the face and told her to shut up.
155	"He's drunk, Lily," she said.
156	"Mom, he was trying to rape you!"
158	And he held me and kissed me so much, I thought I might die if he let go.
162	"You're perfect," he says, kissing me.
164	He tells the waitress to bring me a beer, instead. Ryle tells her to bring me wine. Allysa wants water, and this upsets Marshall even more. He tells the waitress to bring four bottles of beer and then Ryle says, "Two beers, red wine, and a water." ...Marshall throws his arm around Allysa and kisses her. "How am I supposed to try and knock you up tonight if you aren't a little wasted?" ..."I can't have beer, Marshall." "Then drink wine, at least. You like me more when you're tipsy." ..."I can't have wine, either. I can't have any alcohol, actually."
166	"I walked into the kitchen and Marshall was standing there pressed up against some floozy." "She wasn't a floozy," he says. "She was a nice girl. Tasted like Cheetos, but..." ..."I started yelling at him to take his whores to his own house..." ..."Cock blocker," Marshall says. ..."Anyway. After I cock blocked him, I ran to my room, embarrassed that I did

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	<p>that. It was out of pure jealousy, and I didn't even realize I liked him that way until I saw his hands on some other girl's ass." ..."Oh yeah. So Marshall walked over to me, pulled me off the bed, kissed me with the same mouth he was just kissing the floozy with, and we made out for half an hour. Ryle walked in on us and started screaming at Marshall. Then Marshall pushed Ryle out of my bedroom, locked the door, and made out with me for another hour."</p>
167	Ryle straightens up and takes a sip of beer.
168	He laughs and says, "Free beer, Lily. It's free beer."
169	<p>He steps over to me and takes my glass of wine from my hands. He sets both of our glasses on the countertop, and then leans in and gives me a deep, passionate, drunken kiss. I can taste the tart fruitiness of the wine on his tongue and I like it. His hands go to the zipper on my onesie. "Let's get you out of these clothes." He pulls me toward the bedroom, kissing me while we both struggle out of our clothes. By the time we make it to my bedroom, I'm down to my bra and panties. He shoves me against the door, and I gasp at the unexpectedness of it. "Don't move," he says. He presses his lips to my chest, then begins to kiss me slowly as he makes his way down my body. Oh, Lord. Can this day get any better? I run my hands through his hair, but he grabs my wrists and presses them against the door. He climbs back up my body, squeezing my wrists tightly. He raises an eyebrow in warning. "I said...don't move." I try not to smile, but it's hard to disguise. He drags his mouth back down my body. He slowly lowers my panties to my ankles, but he told me not to move, so I don't kick them off. His mouth slides up my thigh until... Yeah. Best. Day. Ever.</p>
173	<p>"That's because you make it easy," he says, sliding a hand inside the back of my shirt. ...Now both of his hands are beneath my shirt, pressed against my back. He pulls me toward him and kisses me. I grin against his mouth and whisper, "Is it the best cake you've ever tasted?" One of his hands moves to the back of my bra and he unfastens it with ease. "I'm pretty sure, but maybe I need another taste of it to be positive." He pulls my shirt and bra over my head. I begin to push myself off of him so I can pull off my jeans, but he pulls me back onto his lap. He grabs his stethoscope and puts it in his ears, then presses the diaphragm against my chest, right over my heart. "What's got your heart so worked up, Lily?" I shrug innocently. "It might have a little to do with you, Dr. Kincaid." He drops the end of the stethoscope and then lifts me off of him, pushing me back onto the couch. He spreads my legs and kneels down on the couch between them, placing the stethoscope against my chest again. He uses his other hand to hold himself up as he continues listening to my heart.</p>

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	<p>"I'd say you're at about ninety beats per minute," he says.</p> <p>"Is that good or bad?"</p> <p>He grins and lowers himself on top of me. "I'll be satisfied when it reaches one forty."</p> <p>Yeah. If it reaches 140, I'm thinking I'll be satisfied, too.</p> <p>He lowers his mouth to my chest and my eyes fall shut when I feel his tongue slide across my breast. He takes me in his mouth, keeping the stethoscope pressed against my chest the entire time. "You're at about one hundred now," he says. He wraps the stethoscope around his neck again and then pulls back, unbuttoning my jeans. Once he slides them off of me, he turns me over until I'm on my stomach, my arms draped over the arm of the couch.</p> <p>"Get on your knees," he says.</p> <p>I do what he says and before I'm even adjusted, I feel the cold metal of the stethoscope meet my chest again, this time with his arm snaked around me from behind. I remain still as he listens to my heartbeat. His other hand slowly begins to find its way between my legs and then inside my panties and then inside of me. I grip the couch but try to keep the noises to a minimum while he listens to my heart.</p> <p>"One hundred and ten," he says, still unsatisfied.</p> <p>He pulls my hips back to meet him and then I can feel him freeing himself from his scrubs. He grips my hip with one hand while shoving my panties aside with the other. Then he pushes forward until he's all the way inside of me.</p> <p>I'm grasping the couch with two desperate fists when he pauses to listen to my heart again. "Lily," he says with mock disappointment. "One twenty. Not quite where I want you."</p> <p>The stethoscope disappears again and his arm curls around my waist. His hand slides down my stomach and settles between my legs. I can no longer keep up with his rhythm. I can barely even stay on my knees. He's somehow holding me up with one hand and destroying me in the best possible way with his other hand. Right when I start to tremble, he pulls me upright until my back meets his chest. He's still inside me, but now he's focused on my heart again as he moves his stethoscope around to the front of my chest.</p> <p>I let out a moan and he presses his lips to my ear. "Shh. No noises."</p> <p>I have no idea how I make it through the next thirty seconds without making another sound. One of his arms is wrapped around me with the stethoscope pressed to my chest. His other arm is tight against my stomach as his hand continues its magic between my legs. He's still somehow deep inside me and I'm trying to move against him, but he's rock solid as the tremors begin to rush through me. My legs are shaking and my hands are at my sides, gripping the tops of his thighs as it takes every ounce of my strength not to scream out his name. I'm still shaking when he lifts my hand and places the diaphragm against my wrist. After several seconds, he pulls the stethoscope away and tosses it to the floor.</p> <p>"One fifty," he says with satisfaction. He pulls out of me and flips me onto my back and then his mouth is on mine and he's inside me again.</p> <p>My body is too weak to move and I can't even open my eyes and watch him. He thrusts against me several times and then holds still, groaning into my mouth. He drops on top of me, tense, yet shaking.</p>

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	<p>He kisses my neck and then his lips meet the tattoo of the heart on my collarbone. He finally settles against my neck and sighs.</p> <p>"Have I already mentioned tonight how much I like you?" he asks.</p> <p>I laugh. "Once or twice."</p> <p>"Consider this the third time," he says. "I like you. Everything about you, Lily. Being inside of you. Being outside of you. Being near you. I like it all."</p> <p>I smile, loving how his words feel against my skin. Inside my heart. I open my mouth to tell him I like him, too, but my voice is cut off by the sound of his phone. He groans against my neck and then pulls out of me and reaches for his phone. He pulls his scrubs back into place and laughs as he looks at his caller ID.</p> <p>"It's my mother," he says, leaning over and kissing the top of my knee that's resting against the back of the couch. He tosses the phone aside and then stands and walks over to my desk, grabbing a box of tissues.</p> <p>This is always awkward, having to clean up after sex.</p>
179	<p>Instead of pressing further, I lift my head and scoot forward, pressing my mouth to his.</p> <p>I should know better. Kisses can't seem to stop at just kisses when it comes to me and Ryle. In a matter of minutes, he's inside of me again, but this time it's everything the other time wasn't.</p> <p>This time we make love.</p>
180	<p>"...I'm on my way to your apartment with bottles of wine. You want to have a sleepover with your boyfriend and have drunken sex all night and sleep until noon?"</p>
181	<p>When I said I was just wearing an apron, I meant it. I'm not even wearing panties. I can hear him I can hear him suck in a rush of air when I reach over to the oven and stick the casserole inside. I might reach a little too far for show when I do it. When I close the oven, I don't face him. I grab a rag and start wiping down the oven, making sure to sway my hips as much as possible. I squeal when I feel a piercing sting on my right butt cheek. I spin around and Ryle is grinning, holding two bottles of wine.</p> <p>"Did you just bite me?"</p> <p>He gives me an innocent look. "Don't tempt the scorpion if you don't want to get stung." He eyes me up and down while he opens one of the bottles.</p>
182	<p>I walk over to him and press my lips to his palm. "I'm a little fond of this hand, too."</p> <p>He slides the hand down to my neck and then spins me so that I'm flush against the counter. I gasp, because I wasn't expecting that.</p> <p>He pushes himself against me from behind and slowly slides his hand down the side of my body. I press my palms into the granite and close my eyes, already feeling the rush of the wine.</p> <p>"This hand," he whispers, "is the steadiest hand in all of Boston."</p> <p>He pushes on the back of my neck, bending me further over the counter. His hand meets the inside of my knee and he glides it upward. Slowly. Jesus.</p> <p>He pushes my legs apart, and then his fingers are inside me. I moan and try to find something to hold on to. I grip the faucet, just as he begins to work magic.</p> <p>And then, just like a magician, his hand disappears.</p>

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183	I'm on my third glass of wine when he walks out of my bedroom.
185	Must be the wine. This is some seriously strong wine.
188	His mouth is on mine again, hot and wet, and I don't even know what's happening to me. I'm hurting so much on the inside, yet my body craves his apology in the form of his mouth and hands on me.
189	I spread my legs for him and his sorrow comes in another form. Slow, apologetic thrusts inside of me. Every time he enters me, he whispers another apology. And by some miracle, every time he pulls out of me, my anger leaves with him. He's kissing my shoulder. My cheek. My eye. He's still on top of me, touching me gently.
191	He leans forward and presses his lips against mine.
198	"This is Atlas? The homeless boy you pity-fucked?"
207	"Believe me, Lily. I know that wasn't a pity fuck. I was there."
212	He said the first time he went to that old house, he wasn't there because he needed a place to stay. He went there to kill himself. My hands went up to my mouth because I had no idea things had gotten that bad for him. So bad that he didn't even want to live anymore. ...He went to tell me that the first night he was at that house, he was sitting in the living room floor with a razor blade to his wrist. ...And he put down the razor blade because he said it'd been a month since life had given him any sort of feeling at all, and looking at me gave him a little bit of feeling. ...He leaned forward and kissed that spot between my shoulder and my neck that he always kisses. I liked that he did it again. I don't like much about my body, but that spot on my collarbone has become my favorite part of me.
214	Ellen, I know you're an adult and know all about what comes next, but I still don't feel comfortable telling you what happened over those next couple of hours. Let's just say we both kissed a lot. We both laughed a lot. We both loved a lot. We both breathed a lot. A lot. And we both had to cover our mouths and be as quiet and still as we could so we wouldn't get caught.
216	My father became revered for his heroic act- saving his little girl from the homeless boy who manipulated her into having sex with him. ...She just rolled her eyes and said, "Jesus, Lily. Did he brainwash you? He was a dirty, thieving homeless kid who was probably on drugs. He used you for food and sex and now you're defending him?"
222	"Mother," Ryle says. "Meet Lily. My blasphemous whore." ..."No, definitely not a blasphemous whore," he says. "Not like Marshall here, who sank his teeth into my little girl when she was only seventeen."
227	Then I prop my leg over the back of it, letting my skirt slide down my thighs and pool at my waist. Ryle drags his eyes up my body, grinning as he makes his way over to me. He drops to his knees on the couch and slowly crawls up my body. "How's my wife?" he whispers, planting kisses all around my mouth. He presses himself between my legs and I let my head fall back as he kisses down my neck.

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	<p>This is the life.</p> <p>We both work almost every day. He works twice as many hours as I do and he only gets home before I'm in bed two or three nights a week. But the nights we actually do get to spend together, I tend to want him to spend those nights buried deep inside me.</p> <p>He doesn't complain.</p> <p>He finds a spot on my neck and he claims it, kissing it so hard it hurts. "Ouch."</p> <p>He lowers himself on top of me and mutters into my neck. "I'm giving you a hickey. Don't move."</p> <p>I laugh, but I let him. My hair is long enough that I can cover it, and I've never had a hickey before.</p> <p>His lips remain in the same spot, sucking and kissing until I can no longer feel the sting. He's pressed against me, bulging against his scrubs. I move my hands and shove his scrubs down far enough so that he can slide inside of me. He continues kissing my neck as he takes me right there on the couch.</p> <p>He took a shower first, and as soon as he got out, I jumped in. I told him we needed to wash the smell of sex off of us before we had dinner with Allysa and Marshall.</p>
239	<p>He said marriage repulsed him. He was only interested in one-night stands.</p>
259	<p>My eyes fall to the counter to his left and I see an empty glass that probably recently held scotch. He drink it on occasion to help him fall asleep.</p>
260	<p>I back myself against the counter and my breath catches. His hands meet my waist and he slides them between my ass and my jeans and pulls me against him. His mouth claims mine and he kisses me while he begins to lower my jeans.</p> <p>Okay. So we're doing this right now.</p> <p>His lips drag down my neck as I kick off my shoes and then he pulls my jeans off the rest of the way.</p> <p>I guess I can eat later. Christening the kitchen just became my priority.</p> <p>When his mouth is back on mine, he lifts me and sets me down on the countertop, standing between my knees. I can smell the scotch on his breath, and I kind of like it. I'm already breathing heavily as his warm lips slide across mine. He takes a fistful of my hair and he tugs gently so that I'm looking up at him.</p> <p>"Naked truth?" he whispers, looking at my mouth like he's about to devour me.</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>His other hand begins to slide slowly up my thigh until there's nowhere left for his hand to go. He slips two warm fingers inside of me, keeping my gaze locked with his. I suck in a rush of air as my legs tighten around his waist. I begin to slowly move against his hand, moaning softly as he stares heatedly at me.</p> <p>"Where did you get that magnet, Lily?"</p> <p>What?</p> <p>My heart feels like it begins beating in reverse.</p> <p>Why does he keep asking me this?</p> <p>His fingers are still moving inside of me, his eyes still look like they want me. But his hand. The hand that's wrapped in my hair begins to tug harder and I wince.</p> <p>"Ryle," I whisper, keeping my voice calm, even though I'm beginning to shake.</p>

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	<p>"That hurts."</p> <p>His fingers stop moving, but his gaze never leaves mine. He slowly pulls his fingers out of me and then brings his hand up around my throat, squeezing gently. His lips meet mine and his tongue dives inside my mouth. I take it, because I have no idea what's going through his head right now and I pray I'm overreacting.</p> <p>I can feel him hard against his jeans as he presses into me. But then he pulls back. His hands leave me entirely as he flattens his back against the refrigerator, scraping his eyes over my body like he wants to take me right here in the kitchen. My heart begins to calm down. I'm overreacting.</p> <p>He reaches beside him, next to the stove, and he picks up a newspaper. It's the same newspaper he showed me earlier, with the awards article printed in it. He holds it up, then tosses it toward me. "Did you get a chance to read that yet?"</p> <p>I blow out a breath of relief. "Not yet," I say, my eyes falling to the article.</p> <p>"Read it out loud."</p> <p>I glance up at him. I smile, but my stomach is anxious. There's something about him right now. The way he's acting. I can't put my finger on it.</p> <p>"You want me to read the article?"</p> <p>I ask. "Right now?"</p> <p>I feel odd, sitting on my kitchen counter half naked, holding a newspaper. He nods. "I'd like you to take off your shirt first. Then read it out loud."</p> <p>I stare at him, trying to gauge his behavior. Maybe the scotch has made him extra frisky. A lot of times when we make love, it's as simple as making love. But occasionally, our sex is wild. A little dangerous, like the look in his eyes right now.</p>
263	<p>I look down, even more confused this time. But whatever will get us past this and into the bed...</p> <p>...I stop reading and look up at Ryle. He has poured himself more scotch and he's swallowing a sip of it.</p>
264	<p>His arm comes around my waist from behind. He slides a hand up my stomach and takes a firm hold of one of my breasts. His other hand feathers my shoulder as he moves the hair away from my neck.</p> <p>I squeeze my eyes shut, just as his fingers begin to trace across my skin, up to my shoulder. He slowly runs his finger over the heart and a shudder runs over my whole body. His lips meet my skin, right over the tattoo, and then he sinks his teeth into me so hard, I scream.</p> <p>I try to pull away from him, but he has such a tight grip on me he doesn't even budge. The pain from his teeth piercing my collarbone rips through my shoulder and down my arm. I immediately start crying. Sobbing.</p> <p>"Ryle, let me go," I say, my voice pleading. "Please. Walk away." His arms are cutting into mine as he holds me tightly from behind.</p> <p>He spins me, but my eyes are still closed. I'm too scared to look at him. His hands are digging into my shoulders as he pushes me toward the bed. I start trying to fight him off of me, but it's useless. He's too strong for me. He's angry. He's hurt. And he's not Ryle.</p> <p>My back meets the bed and I frantically scoot back toward the headboard, trying to get away from him. "Why is he still here, Lily?" His voice isn't as composed as it was in the kitchen. He's really angry now. "He's in everything. The magnet on the</p>

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	<p>fridge. The journal in the box I found in our closet. The fucking tattoo on your body that used to be my favorite goddamn part of you!</p> <p>He's on the bed now.</p> <p>"Ryle," I beg. "I can explain." Tears streak down my temples and into my hair.</p> <p>"You're angry. Please don't hurt me, please. Walk away, and when you come back, I'll explain."</p> <p>His hand grips my ankle and he yanks me until I'm beneath him. "I'm not angry, Lily," he says, his voice disturbingly calm now. "I just think I haven't proved to you how much I love you." His body comes down against mine and he takes my wrists with one hand above my head, pressing them against the mattress.</p> <p>"Ryle, please." I'm sobbing, trying to push him off of me with any part of my body.</p> <p>"Get off me. Please."</p>
266	<p>His hand is still pressing mine into the mattress and he's still on top of me. He's no longer trying to force himself on me.</p> <p>...He's kissing me, his lips gentle against my cheek and mouth.</p>
275	I want to wash the taste of scotch out of my mouth.
308	I'm married. I'm pregnant with another man's baby.
323	"...Even if you would have walked into my bedroom and caught us in bed together, you still would not have the right to lay a hand on me, you goddamn son of a bitch!"
325	When his lips meet mine the fifth time, they don't leave.
329	"I get to have sex tonight. It's been four months."
330	She smiles and then says, "Now go get my baby and take her away from here so I can have some sex with my filthy rich husband."
359	"What if she came to you and said, 'My husband tried to rape me, Daddy. He held me down while I begged him to stop. But he swears he'll never do it again. What should I do, Daddy?'"

Profanity	Count
Ass	12
Bitch	3
Dick	1
Fuck	35
Goddamn	5
Piss	4
Shit	45