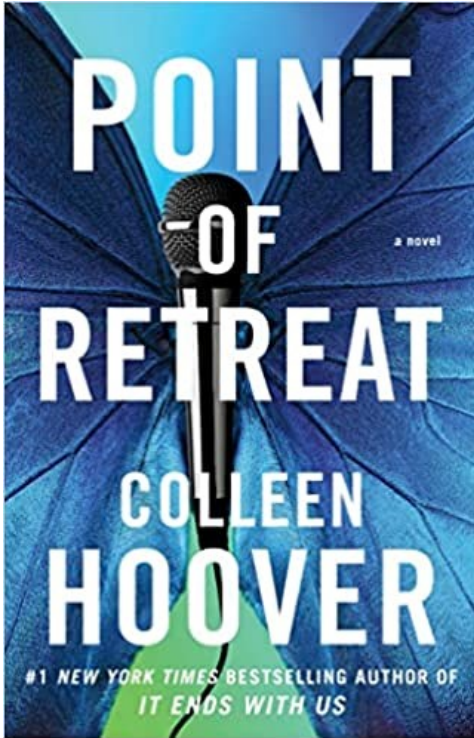


POINT OF RETREAT



Book Summary:

A young couple's relationship faces several life-altering challenges.

Summary of Concerns:

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

Adult

By Colleen Hoover

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
20	She pulls my face toward hers and kisses me. I've been kissing her every day for over a year, and it somehow gets better every time.
22	"I." I kiss her lips. "And love." I kiss them again. ...She grabs my face and pulls my mouth to hers. We continue kissing until we get to the "point of retreat," as Lake likes to call it.
23	We started making out on the couch, and one thing led to another, neither of us willing to stop it. We weren't having sex, but we would have eventually if Julia hadn't walked in when she did. ..She wasn't upset about the fact that her eighteen-year-old daughter almost had sex. Julia was fairly reasonable and knew it would happened at some point. What hurt her was that I was so willing to take that from Lake after only two weeks of dating.
34	I wrap my arms around her and run my fingers through her hair as I return her kiss. It's been so long since we've been alone together without the possibility of being interrupted. ...She runs her hands underneath my shirt and lightly teases my neck with her she knows this drives me crazy, yet she's been doing it more and more lately. I think she likes pushing her boundaries. One of us needs to retreat, and I don't know if I can bring myself to do it.' Apparently, neither can she. "How much time do we have?" she whispers. She lifts up my shirt and kisses her way down my chest. "Time?' I say weakly. "Until the boys get home." She slowly kisses her way back up to my neck. "How long do we have until they get home?" She brings her face back to mine and looks at I can see by the look in her eyes that she's telling me she's not retreating. I bring my arm over my face and cover my eyes. I try to talk myself down. This isn't I want it to be for her. Think about something else, Will. Think about college, homework, puppies in cardboard boxes...anything. She pulls my arm away from my face so she can look me in the eyes. "Will...it's been a year. I want to." I roll her onto her back and prop my head up on my elbow and lean in toward her, stroking her face with my other hand. "Lake, believe me, I'm ready too. But not here. Not right now. You'll have to go home in an hour when the boys get back, and I don't think I could take it."
35	"You want me to throw you in the shower again? Cool you off? I will if that's what you need." "Only if you get in with me," she says.
36	"Does that mean we can take showers together? On our getaway?"
47	She knows I had a pretty serious relationship in high school and she knows I've had sex; we talked about that.
52	I push her back on the bed and kiss her. Due to the weekend from hell, I haven't been able to kiss her since Friday. I've missed kissing her. From the way she kisses me back, it's obvious she's missed kissing me, too. ...My lips move from her mouth, down her cheek, and to her ear. ...Goose bumps break out on her skin, so I continue kissing down her neck.
53	"...We'll pull the shades down and lock the doors and hole up for three whole days, right here in this bed. And in the shower too, of course."
64	"...No kissing until your thirteen. And no tongue until you're fourteen. I mean fifteen..."
65	"You guys can't do that crap tonight. It's my birthday, and I don't want to have to watch y'all make out!"

68	<p>When we get to her house, she shuts the door behind us. I don't even wait until we get to the bedroom. I shove her against the front door and start kissing her. "One hundred and sixty-two," I say between kisses.</p> <p>"Let's go to the bedroom," she says.</p> <p>...We continue to kiss as we make our way down the hallway. We can't seem to make it very far without one of us ending up against a wall. By the time we get to the bedroom, my shirt's already off.</p> <p>...she pulls her legs up and scoots back onto the bed. I stand at the edge of the bed and take in the view.</p> <p>...I slide on top of her and slip my hand behind her neck, gently pulling her lips to mine. I move slowly as I kiss her, trying to savor every second. We hardly ever get to make out; I don't want to rush it.</p> <p>...She wraps her legs around my waist and tightens her arms around my back in an attempt to pull me in closer. "Spend the night with me, Will. Please? You can come over after the boys go to sleep. They'll never know."</p>
70	<p>I continue kissing her neck without responding. I can't say no, so I don't respond at all.</p> <p>...I kiss my way down to the collar of her shirt. "If I spend the night...what are you gonna wear?" I slowly unbutton the top button of her shirt and press my lips to her skin.</p> <p>...I unbutton the next button and move my lips a little lower.</p> <p>...I unbutton the third button, waiting for her to call retreat. I know I'm about to win. When she doesn't, I continue kissing lower and lower as I unbutton the fourth button, then the fifth button, then the last button. She still doesn't call retreat. She's testing me. I slowly bring my lips back to her mouth, and she rolls me onto my back and straddles me, then slides her shirt off and tosses it aside.</p> <p>I run my hands up her arms and over the curves of her chest.</p> <p>...I slide my hands back up to her shoulders and trace the outline of her bra.</p> <p>...I slide my fingers under the straps.</p> <p>...She presses her body against mine, our bare skin meeting for the first time in months. I'm definitely not calling retreat. I can't. I'm not usually so weak; I don't know what it is about her right now that's making me so weak.</p> <p>"Lake." I break my lips apart from hers, though she continues kissing the edges as I speak, short of breath.</p> <p>...I gently roll her onto her back and ease myself on top of her.</p> <p>...She wraps her legs tightly around my thighs, and we completely give in to our need for each other. I grab the back of her head and press her mouth into mine even harder. I can feel my pulse rushing through my entire body as we both begin to gasp for air between each kiss, as if we suddenly forgot how to breathe.</p> <p>..I reach around to her back until I find the clasp of her bra, and I unhook it while she frantically tugs at the button on my pants. I've pulled the straps of her bra down over her arms to slide it off when the worst thing in the world happens. Someone knocks on the damn door.</p>
74	<p>"You could go a week without brushing your teeth or changing your clothes, and I still wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you."</p>
77	<p>Now I'm sitting here in Death and Dying, being stared down by the only person I've ever had sex with.</p>
90	<p>I'm not even halfway back to the booth when Lake throws her arms around my neck and kisses me.</p>

91	It's become a nightly struggle not to text her and beg her to come crawl into bed with me. ...I slide my hands up the back of her shirt to warm them. She begins to squirm, trying to get out of my grasp.
92	I try to push the thought out of her mind by kissing her ear.
93	"She thinks I'm a slut, Will! It's embarrassing!" I touch my lips against her ear again. "Not yet you're not," I tease. ...I push her against the brick wall of the entryway and look her in the eyes as I press my body against hers. She's trying to look mad, but I can see the corner of her mouth break into a smile. Our hands interlock, and I bring them over her head and press them against the wall.
94	Her pulse is racing against my chest, and I can tell from the look in her eyes that she needs me to kiss her. My hands remain clasped with hers against the wall as I move my mouth closer to her lips. I hesitate at the last minute and decide not to kiss her.
95	I'll just say what's on my mind, okay? Sex. Sex, sex, sex. I'm having sex tonight. Making love. Butterflying. Whatever you want to call it, we'll be doing it. And I can't freaking wait.
106	"The one girl you've had sex with has been sitting in class with you every day for over two weeks! Why haven't you explained that? And the very night I'm about to leave with you...to make love to you...I find you in your bedroom with her? And you're kissing her on the freaking forehead!"
119	"...Let's say I had sex with a guy before I met you. Then right when you and I were about to have sex, you walk into my bedroom, and I'm hugging this guy. Then you see me kissing him on the neck: your favorite place to be kissed by me. Then you find out I've been seeing this guy every other day for weeks and I've kept it a secret..."
124	I grasp the back of her head and I kiss her with more desperation than I've ever kissed her. She puts her hands on my neck and kisses me back. She's kissing me back. We're both crying, frantically trying to hold on to the last bit of sanity between us. She pushes against me, She's still kissing me, but she wants me to sit up, so I do. I lean back into the couch, and she slides onto my lap and strokes my face with her hands. We stop kissing briefly and look at each other, I wipe tears away from her face and she does the same for me, I can see the heartache in her eyes, but she squeezes them shut and brings her lips back to mine. I pull her in to me so close that it's hard to breathe. We're gasping for air as we try to find a constant rhythm amid our frantic struggle. I have never needed her with more intensity, She pulls at my shirt, so I lean forward, allowing her to slip it off over my head. When her lips separate from mine, she crosses her arms and grasps the hem of her shirt and pulls it over her head. I help her. When her shirt is on top of mine on the floor, I wrap my arms around her, placing my hands on the bare skin of her back, and I pull her in to me. ...She pulls back and looks me in the eyes. "I want you to make love to me, Will." I wrap my arms tightly around her back and stand up as she clings to my neck. She wraps her legs around my waist and I carry her to my bedroom and we collapse onto the bed. Her hands find the button of my jeans, and she unbuttons them as my mouth slowly moves from her lips to her chin and down her neck. I can't believe this is actually happening. I don't allow myself time .to second-guess my own actions. I slide my fingers under the straps of her bra and pull them off, her shoulders. She slides her arms out of the straps and I move my lips along the edge of her bra; while she begins' to struggle with the button on her own jeans. I lift up to assist her,

	<p>then I guide her hands as we slide them off and toss them behind me onto the floor. She scoots farther up on the bed until her head meets the pillows. I pull the covers out from beneath her and slide on top of her, then pull the covers back on top of us. When our eyes meet, I see the heartache behind her expression and the tears still streaming down her face. She grasps at the waist of my jeans and begins to slide them down, but I pull her hands away. She's hurting so much. I can't let her do this. She still doesn't trust me. "Lake, I can't." I roll off of her and try to catch my breath.. "Not like this. You're upset. It shouldn't be, like this."</p>
126	<p>"You've had sex with her, Will. How do I get past that? How do I get past the fact that you've made love to Vaughn, but you won't make love to me?..."</p> <p>..."I'm not about to have sex with your for the first time while you're crying..."</p>
129	<p>I pull out the bottle of tequila and grab a shot glass and pour myself a drink.</p> <p>"I was thinking more along the line of soda," Gavin says as he sits down at the bar and watches me down a shot.</p> <p>...I grab an even bigger glass and mix the soda with the tequila. Not the best mix, but it goes down smoother.</p>
130	<p>"Eddie's pregnant."</p> <p>..."Pregnant? How pregnant?" I ask.</p> <p>"Pretty damn pregnant," he says.</p> <p>"Shit." I stand up and grab the tequila off the counter and refill the shot glass. I normally don't promote underage drinking, but there are occasionally times when even I push my boundaries. I place the shot in front of him, and he downs it.</p> <p>...I swipe the bottle of tequila off the counter and rub my eyes as I make my way into the living room.</p> <p>..."We don't have a plan. The same plan, anyway. Eddie wants to keep it. That scares the shit out of me, Will. We're nineteen. We're not prepared for this at all."</p> <p>..."Do you want to keep it?" I as.</p>
132	<p>He laughs. "Dude, how much did you have to drink last night?"</p> <p>I think back on the tequila, then remember the medicine Sherry gave me. "I don't think it was just the alcohol."</p>
152	<p>Rather than honor her request for space, I lean in to her even farther and part her lips with mine. Her pressure against my chest weakens as her stubbornness finally dissolves and she lets me kiss her.</p> <p>I place my hand on the back of her head and slowly move my lips in rhythm with hers. Our kiss is different this time. Rather than pushing it to the point of retreat, like we've been doing, we continue to slowly kiss, pausing every few seconds to look at each other. It's almost as if neither of us believes this is happening. I feel like this kiss is my last chance to remove any doubt from her mind, so I pour into it every single emotion I have.</p> <p>...I take a step forward, and she takes a step back, until we end up against the dryer.</p> <p>...She moves her hands to my neck, sending chills down my entire body. Slow and steady and loses out as we simultaneously pick up the pace. When she runs her hands through my hair, it sends me over the edge. I grab her by the waist and lift her up until she's seated on the dryer. Out of every single kiss we've ever shared, this is by far the best. I place my hands on the outside of her thighs and pull her to the edge of the dryer, and she wraps her legs around me. Just as my lips meet the spot directly below her ear, she gasps and shoves against my chest.</p>
177	<p>"...You screwed up when you knocked her up..."</p>
184	<p>"...For an entire month, you acted like you were trying to help me get her back, but instead, you were screwing her!"</p>

199	I do my best to warm her by pressing my face against her neck. "I guess you'll have to try and keep me warm in other ways."
200	Every time her lips come within a certain proximity to mine, it's impossible not to kiss them.
258	Lake and I look at each other. It's not like I've never seen her naked- just not for prolonged periods.
261	"Thank you," she says. "For not trying to put the moves on me just now." I smile at her. "Don't thank me yet. We just got started."
288	I grab her leg and arm and pull her onto my lap. She straddles me, wrapping her legs around my back. She hangs her head loosely around my neck and looks me in the eyes. I go to speak, but I'm cut off.
289	I laugh and push her down into the couch and climb on top of her, pressing my hands into the couch on either side of her head to hold myself up. ...She laughs and grabs the collar of my shirt. "I'm listening," she whispers. "Promise." I want to believe her, but as soon as I begin to speak again, she crushes her lips to mine. For a moment, I forget what my whole point is. I'm consumed by the taste of her mouth and the feel of her hands making their way up my back. I lower my body onto hers and let her sidetrack me some more. After several minutes of intense sidetracking, I'm somehow able to tear myself away from her grasp and sit back up on the couch. "Dammit, Lake! Are you gonna let me do this or not?" I take her hands and pull her up to a sitting position, then I get off the couch and kneel on the floor in front of her.
291	Her lips come a little too close to mine, so I have to pause and kiss them. She puts her hand on the back of my head and closes her lips over mine as she slides off the couch and into my lap. I lose my balance and fall back. She doesn't let go of my head, and our lips never separate while she continues to give me the absolute best kiss she's ever given me.
292	"ARE YOU KNOCKED up?" Eddie asks Lake.
293	I lean in and kiss her lips.
298	I grab her face and kiss her.
300	I grin and lean in to kiss her again, but she's suddenly farther away.
301	I start to make my way up the bed but pause when I come face-to-face with her shirt. "I wish you'd take this ugly thing off," I say "You're the one who hates it so much. You take it off." And so I do. I start from the bottom this time and press my lips against her skin where her stomach meets the top of her pants, causing her to squirm. She's ticklish there. Good to know. I unbutton the next button and slowly move my lips up another inch to her belly button. I kiss it. She lets out another moan, but it doesn't worry me this time. I continue kissing every inch of her until the ugly shirt is off and lying on the floor. When my lips find their way back to hers, I pause to ask her one last time. "Wife? Are you sure you're ready to not call retreat? Right now?" She wraps her legs around me and pulls me closer. "I'm butterflying positive," she says. And so we don't.

Profanity	Count
Ass	9
Bitch	5
Dick	9
Piss	17
Shit	15