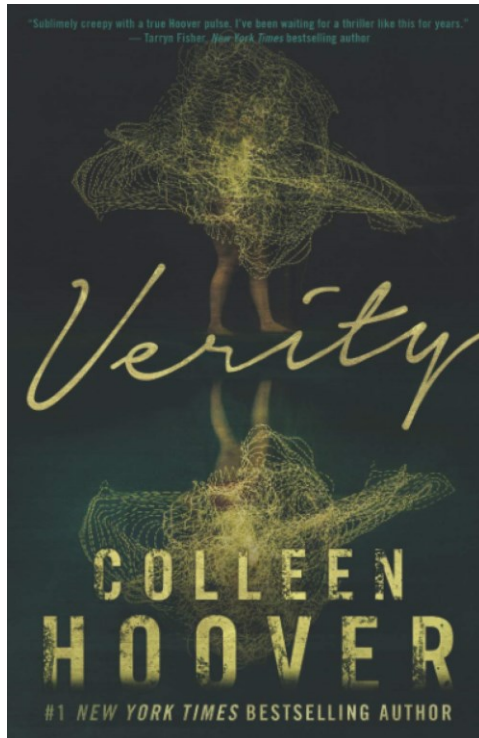


# VERITY



*Adult*

**By Colleen Hoover**

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## Book Summary:

A female author falls in love with another author's husband and discovers things are not what they seem within the marriage.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities; profanity; violence including child abuse and attempted abortion.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	We were standing in a crowd of people when waiting for the crosswalk light to illuminate when he stepped into the street prematurely, resulting in a run-in with a truck. I lunged forward in an attempt to stop him-grasping at nothing as he went down. I closed my eyes before his head went under the tire, but I heard it pop like the cork of a champagne bottle.
11	I was hoping when I drew a line in the sand months ago, he'd understand: since we no longer have sex, the most appropriate method of contact between a literary agent and his author is email.
20	What isn't the agent-client standard would be the six months we spent in a relationship and the two years of sex that followed our breakup. Our sexual relationship only lasted as long as it did because he wasn't serious about anyone else and neither was I. It was convenient until it wasn't. But the reason our actual relationship was so short-lived is because he was in love with another woman.
21	By Saturday night, we had fucked three times.
34	I had a boyfriend in my early twenties named Amos, who liked being choked. It's why we broke up- because I refused to choke him. ...Would he have moved on to even more dangerous sexual perversions? In your early twenties, vanilla sex should satisfy a person without the need to introduce fetishes so early on in a relationship.
35	That came to a complete halt when I found out through social media that he had been on a few dates with a girl named Rebecca. I didn't stop our sexual relationship out of jealousy- I stopped it out of respect for the girl who wasn't aware of it.
38	He's an ex-boyfriend who thought he was going to get laid, but instead, was quietly rejected right before finding out I'll be staying in another man's home.
50	He'll probably see all over my face that I'm wondering which one of them had to bite the headboard in order to keep quiet during sex. Have I ever had sex that intense?
63	My only goal that night was to get drunk on free booze and find a rich investor to fuck. I was already halfway there, having downed three Moscow Mules. And judging by the look of Jeremy Crawford, I was going to leave that party an overachiever. ...It was a fuckable dress. The kind of dress a man can easily bypass when he wants between your legs. ...But when men look at dresses, they aren't admiring the way it hugs the hips or the cinch at the waist or the fancy tie up the back. They're sizing up how easy it will be to remove. Will he be able to slip his hand up her thigh when they're seated next to each other at a table? Will he be able to fuck her in a car without the awkward mess of zippers and Spanx? Will he be able to fuck her in the bathroom without having to remover her clothes completely?
68	His hand was on my knee at this point. I wanted it even higher. I wanted it on my thigh, between my legs, exploring me from the inside. I wanted him, but not here.

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	I wanted to go with him, see where he lived, judge the comfort of his bed, smell his sheets, taste his skin.
69	<p>He wasn't rich, yet I still wanted to fuck him.</p> <p>...I slid across the seat and onto his lap because that's what dresses like mine were for. I could feel him growing hard between my legs as he pressed a thumb against my bottom lip. I swiped my tongue across the pad of his thumb, and it made him sigh. Not groan. Not moan. He sighed, like it was the sexiest thing he'd ever felt.</p>
71	<p>He pushed me against the passenger door, dropped my shoes on the concrete, and then swept a hand into my hair.</p> <p>...His fingers felt good in my hair, and his tongue felt good in my mouth. I felt good to him, too. I could feel how good I felt to him in the way he kissed me. We knew very little about each other in that moment, but it was almost better that way. Sharing a kiss that intimate with a stranger was like saying, "I don't know you, but I believe I would like you if I did."</p>
72	<p>He fed me before he fucked me.</p> <p>...The restaurant was mostly empty, so we were in a quiet corner booth, far enough away that no one noticed when Jeremy's hand slid up my thigh and disappeared between my legs. No one heard me when I moaned. No one cared when he pulled his hand away and whispered that he wasn't going to give me an orgasm in a Steak 'n Shake.</p> <p>I wouldn't have minded.</p> <p>"Take me to your bed, then," I said.</p> <p>...I was on his bed, lying on my back, watching him undress, when I realized I was about to make love for the first time. I'd had sex before, but never with more than just my body.</p> <p>...It was amazing how different sex felt when a person used more than their body.</p>
73	<p>We ate Chinese takeout. We fucked. We ordered pizza. We fucked. We watched TV. We fucked.</p> <p>...I was obsessed with his laugh, with his cock, with his mouth, with his skill, with his stories, with his hands, with his confidence, with his gentleness, with a new and intense need to please him.</p> <p>I needed to please him.</p>
75	<p>I move quietly and cautiously to the foot of the stairs, and sure enough, the sound seems to be coming from the direction of Verity's room. It's the creaking of a bed. Repetitive creaking, like the sound a bed would make if a man were on top of a woman.</p> <p>...The staff became suspicious that he was having sex with her despite her being in a coma, so they set up hidden cameras. The man was arrested for rape because his wife was unable to give consent.</p>
77	<p>All I can think of when I look at him is the part of Verity's manuscript I read where she mentioned his hand was between her legs at the Steak 'n Shake.</p>
79	<p>He's still smiling, like he's right back in that night with Verity and her fuckable red dress.</p>
84	<p>He had suggested I move in with him one night, during sex. He does that sometimes. Makes huge decisions about our lives together while he's fucking me.</p>

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	<p>"Move in with me," he said, thrusting slowly into me. He lowered his mouth to mine. "Break your lease."</p> <p>...I lowered my hands to his ass and made him start moving again. "Because I broke my lease two months ago."</p> <p>He stilled inside me, staring down at me with those intense green eyes and lashes so black, I expected to taste licorice when I kissed them.</p> <p>...I grabbed his shoulders and then pushed him onto his back. His head met the pillow, and I wanted to lie on top of him and kiss him, but he seemed a little angry with me.</p> <p>...I didn't want to talk anymore. I just wanted him to make me come.</p> <p>So, I straddled his face and lowered myself onto his tongue. When I felt his hands grip my ass, pulling me closer to his mouth, my head rolled back for a delicious moment. This is why I moved in with you, Jeremy.</p> <p>I leaned forward, gripped his headboard, and then bit down on it, stifling my screams.</p> <p>And that was that.</p>
86	<p>I congratulated him with a blowjob. It was the first time I swallowed. That's how happy I was to see him.</p> <p>I acted like a lady after I swallowed, smiling up at him. He was still standing by the front door, fully clothed, other than the jeans that were now down to his knees. I stood up and kissed him on the cheek and said, "Be right back."</p> <p>...When I let him come in my mouth, I had no idea how much there would be. How long I would have to continue swallowing. Keeping my composure was tough while his dick was in my throat, drowning me.</p>
88	<p>I laughed, but he didn't. He pulled off his pants and removed my panties. After he pushed into me, he said, "Do you think I'm kidding?" He kissed me, then continued. "Your writing is going to make you famous. Your mind is incredible. If I could fuck it, I would."</p> <p>My laughter was mixed with a moan as he continued to make love to me.</p> <p>...He didn't answer right away. His moves became slow and deliberate. His stare was intense.</p>
89	<p>I laughed, but then his smile disappeared and he started to fuck me. Hard, fast thrusts that he knew would drive me crazy. The headboard was slapping against the wall, and the pillow beneath my head was slipping. "Marry me," he pleaded again, and then his tongue was in my mouth, and it was the first real kiss we'd shared in months.</p> <p>...He continued to fuck me, his fiancée, until we were covered in sweat, and I could taste blood in my mouth where he had accidentally bitten my lip. Or maybe I'd bitten his. I wasn't sure, but it didn't matter because his blood was my blood now.</p> <p>When he finally came, he did it inside me, without a condom, while his tongue was in my mouth and his breath was sliding down my throat and my eternity was entwined with his.</p>
90	<p>I brought my hands up over my head and closed my eyes, because his hand was between my legs and I knew he wanted to watch me come.</p> <p>So I did.</p>

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98	It's hard looking at him and not thinking about sex now. Not that I want to have sex with him. And not that I don't.
103	I knew I was pregnant because my breasts looked better than they had ever looked.
105	He was fully clothed, just returning from work. I was completely naked, fresh from the shower. The only thing between us were his pants and the pooch I was still trying to suck in. He started fucking me on the counter, but we finished in bed.
106	I wanted to roll my eyes, because technically, it was nothing. Not a boy, not a girl. It was a blob.
107	Even if I delivered early, it didn't matter. Now that there were two of them, my body would suffer even more damage. I shuddered daily at the thought of them both growing inside me, stretching my skin, ruining my breasts, my stomach, and god forbid the temple between my legs where Jeremy worshipped nightly. ...During the fourth month of my pregnancy, I started hoping for a miscarriage. I prayed for blood when I went to the bathroom. ...I took sleeping pills when he wasn't looking. I drank wine when he wasn't around. I did anything I could to destroy the things that were going to push him away from me, but nothing worked. They kept growing. ...In my fifth month, we were lying on our sides in the bed. Jeremy was fucking me from behind. His left hand gripped my breast, and his right hand was against my stomach. I didn't like it when he touched my stomach during sex. It made me think of the babies and ruined my mood. I thought maybe he had reached orgasm when he stopped moving, but I realized he'd stopped moving because he'd felt them move. He pulled out of me and then rolled me onto my back, pressing his palm against me stomach.
110	He kissed me, and when I climbed off the bed, he rolled over, his back to me, and forgot we'd never even finished fucking. He fell asleep while I was in the bathroom, attempting to abort his daughters with a wire hanger. I tried for half an hour, until my stomach started to cramp and blood was running down my leg. I was certain more would follow. I climbed into bed, waiting for the miscarriage. My arms were shaking. My legs were numb from the squatting. My stomach hurt and I wanted to puke, but I didn't move because I wanted to be in the bed with him when it happened. I wanted to wake him up, frantic, and show him the blood. I wanted him to panic, to worry, to feel bad for me, to cry for me. To cry me.
113	Your brain-damaged wife made eye contact with me. She walked to her bedroom window and waved at your son. She tried to abort your babies while you were asleep in your bed.
117	I look at him this time, wondering if that's actually where Chastin's scar came from. Or if maybe- somehow- it was a result of Verity's failed abortion attempt.
124	To have a miscarriage that seemed to revolve around sex in the beginning , only to have sex ripped out of the marriage overnight. Why am I thinking about his sex life as if we're walking into Target?

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127	"The guy she fucks behind her husband's back."
136	<p>They were determined to live, I'll give them that. Nothing I tried worked. The attempted self-abortion, the random pills, the "accidental" fall down a flight of stairs. The only thing any of my attempts resulted in was a small scar on one of my baby's cheeks.</p>
137	<p>I touched her cheek, ran my finger down the scar. I guess the wire hanger wasn't strong enough. I probably should have used something that didn't give so easily under pressure. A knitting needle? I'm not sure it would have been long enough.</p>
139	<p>It felt wrong. This infant, sucking on something Jeremy had sucked on before. I didn't like it. How would he find my breasts attractive after seeing babies feed from them every day?</p>
144	<p>I couldn't stop thinking about it yesterday, so I Googled to find out if attempted abortions could actually cause damage in utero.</p>
161	<p>I hadn't been cleared to have sex from my doctor yet, as it had only been four weeks since their births. But I knew if I didn't keep that part of my marriage alive, it could quickly spread into other areas of our marriage. A terrible sex life is like a virus. Your marriage can be healthy in all other aspects, but once the sex dies out, it starts to infect all the other parts of your relationship.</p> <p>...I had tried the night before to have sex with him, but Jeremy was worried he would hurt me. Even though it had been a cesarean, he still worried about the incision. He had read online that he couldn't even so much as finger me until we got the okay from my doctor, and that appointment was still two weeks away. He refused to have sex with me until a medical professional approved it.</p> <p>...Jeremy woke up that night at two in the morning because my tongue was sliding up his dick. I'm almost positive his dick was rock hard before he was even fully awake.</p> <p>The only reason I knew he was awake is because his hand moved to my head and fingers snaked through my hair. That's the only movement he made. He didn't even lift his head off his pillow to look at me, and for some reason, I liked that. I'm not even sure he opened his eyes. He remained still and silent while a drove him made with my tongue.</p> <p>I licked him, teased him, touched him for fifteen minutes without ever putting him inside my mouth. I knew how much he wanted me to, because he was growing restless and needed that relief, but I didn't want him to get relief from my mouth. I wanted him to get it by fucking me for the first time in weeks. His hand was impatient, squeezing the back of my head, pressing me down on his dick as he silently begged me to take him in my mouth. I refused and continued to fight against the pressure of his hand as I kissed and licked him, when all he wanted to do was shove it into my mouth.</p> <p>When I was certain I had driven him so crazy that his desire outweighed his concern for me, I moved away from him. He followed. I fell onto my back, spread my legs, and he was inside me without a second thought about whether or not it was too soon for him to be there. He wasn't even gentle. It was as if my tongue had driven him to a point of madness, because he was pounding into me so hard, it actually did hurt.</p>

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	<p>It lasted almost an hour and a half because as soon as he finished, I sucked him off until he was hard again. Both times we fucked, we never said a word.            ...Our sheets were covered in sweat and semen, but we were too consumed with sleep to care.</p>
169	<p>There are five or six areas Verity bit the headboard, some not as noticeable as the others until you were up close.            I crawl into bed and lift up onto my knees as I face the headboard. I straddle a pillow and imagine being in this position- sprawled over Jeremy's face as I grip the headboard. I close my eyes and slide a hand up into Jeremy's T-shirt, imagining it's his hand that drags up my stomach and caresses my breast.            My lips part and I suck in air, but a noise above me breaks me out of the moment.</p>
185	<p>I knew from experience that Jeremy couldn't get the truth out of me if I had his dick in my mouth.            I crawled down him, and by the time I was positioned over him, my mouth ready to work, he was already hard. I took as much of him as I could take.            I loved it when he moaned. He was a quiet lover, but sometimes, when I really caught him off guard, he wasn't so quiet. In that moment, he was euphoric. And I wondered, before I came along, how many other women had coaxed noises out of him? How many other lips had been wrapped around his dick?            I let him slide out of my mouth. "How many women have sucked your dick?"            ..."That many?" I teased. I climbed up his body and straddled him. I liked it when he jerked beneath me and gripped my thighs. "If it's not an immediate answer, that means it's more than five."            "Definitely more than five," he said.            "More than ten?"            "Maybe. Possibly. Yes."            ...He raised his hands to my breasts and cupped them. Squeezed them. He was getting that look on his face that was my cue I was about to be fucked. Hard.            "That's probably a good estimate," he whispered, pulling me to him. He brought his lips close to mine and stuck a hand between us, rubbing me. "How many guys have licked your pussy?"            "Two. I'm not a whore like you."            He laughed against me lips and then rolled me onto my back. "But you're in love with a whore."            "A former whore," I clarified.            I had been wrong about the look he had gotten in his eyes. He didn't fuck me that night. He made love to me. Kissed every inch of my body. Made me lie still while he teased me and tortured me, when all I wanted to do was suck his dick. Every time I tried to move, to take over, he would stop me.            I don't know why I got so much pleasure out of pleasing him, but I liked it more than being pleased.            ...Jeremy's love language was getting his dick sucked.            ...He was moments from climax when one of the girls started crying.            ...I could feel him growing softer inside me, so I pulled the plug out of the back of the monitor.            ..."I'll go check," he said, trying to roll off me. I pulled him back to bed and climbed</p>

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	<p>on top of him.</p> <p>"I'll go when you finish. Let her cry for a few minutes. It's good for them."</p> <p>He didn't seem comfortable with that, but once my mouth was back on his dick, he accepted it.</p> <p>...I could feel him ready to come, so I pretended I was gagging. I don't know why, but that always set him off, thinking I was choking on his cock. Men. He groaned and I forced him farther down my throat with another gurgling sound, and then it was over. I swallowed, wiped my mouth, and then stood up.</p>
190	<p>I touched my finger to Harper's lips. Her head moved back and forth quickly, thinking it was a bottle. She latched on and began sucking the tip of my finger, but she wasn't satisfied. She released my finger and started screaming again. Kicking. I shoved my finger farther into her mouth.</p> <p>She was still crying, so I continued to shove. She made a gasping sound, but was somehow still crying. Maybe one finger wasn't enough.</p> <p>I pushed two fingers into her mouth and throat, until my knuckles were pressed against her gums and she was no longer crying. I watched her for a moment, and soon, her arms began to stiffen between each violent jerk of her little body. Her legs locked up.</p> <p>This is what she would have done to her sister if I hadn't done it to her first. I'm saving Chastin's life.</p> <p>...I pulled my fingers out of Harper's mouth and picked her up, pressing her face into my chest so Jeremy couldn't hear her gasping for air.</p>
201	<p>We were still having sex almost every day, but even the sex felt different. Like he was disconnected. Fucking me because it was our routine and not because he craved me.</p>
207	<p>He could tell by my kiss that I wanted more than just a kiss. He took off my shirt, then took off his own. He kissed me as he backed up to the bed. When he removed my pants, he saw the bra and panties I had put on for him.</p> <p>"You're wearing lingerie?" he asked. He dropped his head into my neck. "And you made my favorite meal," he said, disappointed. I wasn't sure why he sounded disappointed until he pulled back, brushed hair from my face, and said, "I am so sorry, Verity. You were trying to make tonight special and I ruined it for you."</p> <p>What he doesn't understand is that he could never ruin a night for me when it ends with him loving me. Focusing on me.</p> <p>..."I did. I threw my food, I yelled at you." He brought his mouth to mine. "I'll make it up to you."</p> <p>And he did. He fucked me slowly, kissing me the whole time, taking turns with each nipple as she sucked them. Had I breastfed, would he be enjoying my breasts as much?</p> <p>I doubted it.</p> <p>...And Jeremy's temple between my legs was still nice and tight.</p> <p>When he had me close to the edge, he pulled out of me. "I want to taste you," he said, moving down my body until his tongue was spreading me apart.</p> <p>Of course you want to taste me, I thought. I kept things in tact for you down there. You're welcome.</p> <p>He stayed between my legs until I came for him. Twice. When he began to crawl</p>



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	back up my body, he paused at my stomach and kissed me there. Then he was inside of me again, his mouth on mine. "I love you," he whispered between kisses. "Thank you."
210	Chapter after chapter of detailed sex with Jeremy.
211	...but I'm really not in the mod to read about all the ways Verity can suck her husband's dick.
217	<p>We taste like chocolate as we trade kisses, back and forth, push and pull. His hand is tangled in my hair, and with every second this kiss continues, we become infused with the couch beneath us, him relaxing into me as I melt into the cushions.</p> <p>His mouth leaves mine in search of other parts of me he seems eager to taste. My jaw, my neck, the tops of my breasts. It's as if he's been starving himself of me. He's kissing me and touching me with the hunger of a man who's been fasting his whole life.</p> <p>His hand is sliding up my shirt and his fingers are warm, trickling over my skin like drops of hot water.</p> <p>He's back at my mouth, but only momentarily. Long enough to find my tongue before he pulls back and takes off his shirt. My hands go to his chest like they belong there, pressed against the curves of his abdomen. I want to tell him this is what I wished for when I blew out my candle, but I'm afraid any conversation will lead him to think about what we're doing and how we shouldn't be doing it, so I remain quiet.</p> <p>I lean my head back against the arm of the couch, wanting him to explore even more of me.</p> <p>He does. He pulls off my shirt and sees that I'm not wearing a bra beneath my pajamas. He groans, and it's beautiful, and then he takes my nipple in his mouth, forcing a whimper to escape my lips.</p>
218	She's just standing there, watching her husband as his mouth roams over my breast.
229	<p>We'd only had sex twice since her death, and he hadn't even kissed me with tongue either time.</p> <p>...I tried one night. I rolled over and put my hand on his dick while he was asleep. I rubbed my hand up and down, waiting for it grow hard.</p>
238	<p>"Yes. What do you want?"</p> <p>His head falls backward and he laughs, once, like that was a stupid question. Then he says one word, like it's the easiest question he's ever answered.</p> <p>"You."</p> <p>He pushes off the counter and marches toward me. He grips my waist with both hands and presses his forehead to mine, looking into my eyes with nothing but need. "I want you, Low."</p> <p>My relief is met with a kiss. It's different from our first kiss. This time he's patient as his lips move lazily against mine and his hand curves around the back of my neck. He's savoring the taste of me, drawing up my desire with every motion of his tongue. He bends a little, lifting me, and then he wraps my legs around his waist.</p> <p>...Once we're in the master bedroom, he releases his grip on me and I slide down</p>

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	<p>him, our lips slipping apart.</p> <p>..."Take off your clothes." He says it without facing me, as he's locking my bedroom door.</p> <p>It's a command. One I'm eager to follow now that the door is locked. We watched each other undress. He takes off his jeans as I'm taking off my shirt, and then his shirt comes off with my jeans. I remove my bra as his eyes move over me. He's not touching me, not kissing me, just watching me.</p> <p>So many emotions flood me as I remove my panties: fear, excitement, irritation, desire, trepidation. I slide my panties down my hips, over my legs, and then kick them off. When I stand up straight, I am on full display.</p> <p>He soaks me up with his eyes as he removes the last of his clothing. Something inside me shifts, because no matter how accurate Verity's physical descriptions of him were, I wasn't prepared for the full magnitude of his body.</p> <p>We're both standing there, naked, our breaths exaggerated.</p> <p>He takes a step closer, his eyes on my face and nowhere else. His warm hands slide up my cheeks and through my hair as he brings his mouth down on mine again. He kisses me, soft and sweet, with just a tease of his tongue.</p> <p>His fingers trickle down the length of my spine and I shiver.</p> <p>"I don't have a condom," he says as he cups my ass and pulls me against him.</p> <p>"I'm not on the pill."</p> <p>My words don't prevent him from lifting me and lowering me on the bed. His lips circle my left nipple, briefly, then brush across my mouth as he hovers over me.</p> <p>"I'll pull out."</p> <p>"Alright."</p> <p>The word makes him smile. He whispers, "Alright," against my lips as he begins to push into me. We're both so focused on connecting, we aren't even kissing. Just breathing against each other's mouths. I squeeze my eyes shut as he tries to fit his entire length inside me. It hurts for a few seconds, but when he starts to move, the pain is replaced by a pleasurable fullness that makes me moan.</p> <p>Jeremy's lips meet my cheek, and then my mouth again before he pulls back.</p> <p>When I open my eyes, I see a man who, for once, isn't thinking about anything other than what's right in front of him. There's no distant look in his eyes. It's just him and me in the moment.</p> <p>"Do you have any idea how many times I've thought about being with you?" It's a rhetorical question, I'm assuming, because his kiss that immediately follows prevents me from answering it. He cups my breast while he kisses me. After about a minute of this position, he pulls out of me and rolls me flat onto my stomach. He enters me from behind, lowering his mouth to my ear as he pulls out. "I'm going to take you in every position I've imagined us in."</p> <p>His words fell as though they settle in my stomach and catch fire. "Please," is all I say.</p> <p>With that, he places a palm against my stomach and pulls me onto my knees, pressing my back against his chest without slipping out of me.</p> <p>His breath is warm against the back of my neck. I snake a hand up and grip his head, pulling his mouth against my skin. That position lasts about thirty seconds before his hands slip to my waist. He rotates me so that we're facing each other and then slides me back onto him.</p>

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	<p>I feel weak against his strength, his arms effortlessly moving me around the bed every few minutes. I realize, in all the times I've read about his intimacy with his wife, she always had to have some form of control to him.</p> <p>I let him take me however he wants me.</p> <p>And he does, for over half an hour. Every time he seems close to release, he pulls out of me and kisses me until he takes me again, kisses me, repositions me, takes me, kisses me, repositions me. It's a cycle I never want to end.</p> <p>Eventually, we're in what I'm assuming is one of his favorite positions, him on his back, his head on a pillow, my thighs on either side of his head. But I'm not sure if we ended up in that position because of him or because of me. I've yet to lower myself onto his mouth because I'm staring at the teeth marks on his headboard. I close my eyes because I don't want to see them.</p> <p>His palms are sliding up my stomach, to my breasts. He cups my breasts in his hands, and then he begins to slowly part me with his tongue. I let my head fall back and I moan so loud, I have to cover my own mouth. He seems to like the noise because he does the exact same thing with his tongue again, and the ecstasy that surges through me propels me forward until I'm gripping the headboard. I open my eyes, my mouth inches away from the headboard. Inches away from the bite marks Verity left behind from all the times he had her in this same position.</p> <p>When Jeremy's fingers slide down my stomach and accompany his mouth, I have nowhere for my screams to go. With the position he has me in, I'm compelled to lean forward and stifle the sounds of my climax.</p> <p>I bite down on the wood in front of me.</p> <p>I can feel Verity's teeth marks beneath mine. Different. Unaligned with my own. I bite harder into the wood as I come, determined to leave deeper marks than she ever did. Determined to think only of Jeremy and me every time I look at this headboard in the future.</p> <p>...After I come, I pull away from the headboard and open my eyes, seeing the fresh marks I've left behind. Just as I run my thumb over them to wipe away my saliva, Jeremy pushes me onto my back and I'm suddenly beneath him again. He doesn't even need to enter me to reach his climax. He presses himself against my stomach and I feel the warmth spilling onto my skin as his mouth finds mine. I can tell by his frantic kiss that this is going to be a long night.</p>
243	<p>Our second round happened in the shower half an hour later. Our hands were all over each other, our mouths were one, and then he was inside me again, my palms flat against the shower wall as he thrust into me beneath the spray of water.</p> <p>He pulled out and came on my back before washing me clean.</p>
244	<p>"I'm not sure it was even a relationship," I say. "We defined it that way, but it only revolved around sex. We couldn't figure out how to fit into each other's lives outside of the bedroom."</p> <p>..."...Our sex life was great..."</p>
246	<p>He jiggles the handle as I sit up in bed, pulling the covers over my exposed breasts.</p>

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247	I'm thinking his wife kidnapped his son in the middle of the night, and he's worried he's going to be caught fucking the houseguest.
250	We've had sex four times since Chastin died. He can't seem to get it up anymore when I try. Not even when I suck his dick. The worst part is that it doesn't even seem to bother him. He could take Viagra, but he refuses.
253	He smiled against my lips. "Okay. But there won't be much sleeping."
264	Jeremy lifts my T-shirt- another one that belongs to him. He kisses a spot between my breasts. "I like it when you wear my shirts." I run my fingers through his hair and smile. "I like it when they smell like you." ...He's dragging his lips down my stomach.
266	He presses his mouth to my stomach, kisses me, and then climbs back on top of me. He doesn't remove the shirt I'm wearing as he slides into me. He makes love to me for so long, my body grows lithe against his movements. When I feel the muscles of his arms begin to tense beneath my fingertips, I don't want it to end. I don't want him to leave my body. I wrap my legs tightly around him and bring his mouth to mine. He groans, his lips rigid, his breaths shallow, making no attempt to pull out. He collapses on top of me, still inside me. We're quiet, because we both know what we just did. We won't discuss it, though. After Jeremy catches his breath, he slips out of me and lowers his hand, sliding his fingers between my legs. He watches me as he touches me, waiting for me to reach my climax. When I do, I'm not worried about how loud I am because we're the only ones here, and it's bliss. When it's over and I relax against the bed, he kisses me one last time. ...I pull the pillow off my face and I place it under my hips, lifting them so that everything he just left inside me doesn't seep out.
279	Maybe he'll remember all the good times, all the blow jobs, all the swallowing.
299	I pretended I was there to hopefully fuck rich men, which was absolutely not true.
307	I wanted to give up. Kill myself. Kill you. ...Do men really believe women are that obsessed with sex? ...Of course I loved making love to you, but most of the time it was to please you because that's what couples do for each other.
309	I heard you fucking her in our bedroom a couple of hours ago.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	1
Cock	1
Cunt	1
Dick	10
Fuck	56
Piss	1
Pussy	1
Shit	14