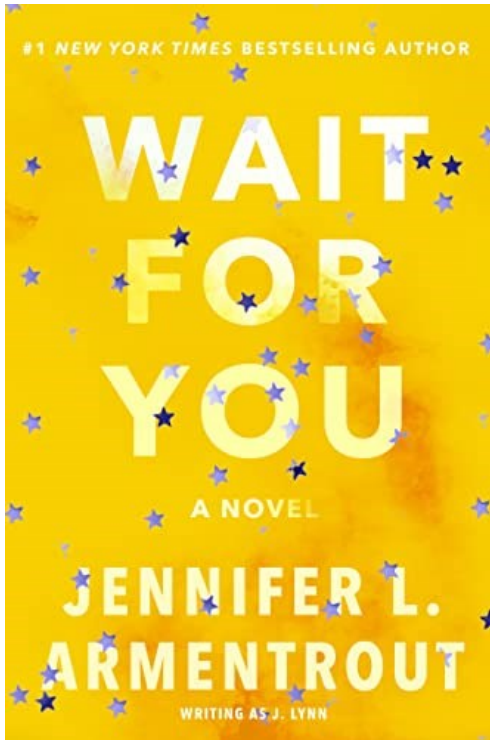


WAIT FOR YOU



Book Summary:

A nineteen year old woman hesitantly falls in love with young man in college and finally faces her prior sexual assault and attempted suicide.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity; obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; self-harm including attempted suicide; sexual assault; and alcohol use.

Adult

By Jennifer L. Armentrout as J. Lynn

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
31	I dared another peek at him and he looked like he was on the verge of having an orgasm or something. ...It was just a cookie, not a crack pipe.
38	Brittany giggled. "I am so dying to know what cookies are slang for." "Probably his cock," Jacob plopped down on the arm of the couch.
39	"Fuck history. Back to Cam's cock." Jacob said. "Do you know, if cookies are a code word for cock, then that means his cock was in your mouth." ..."What I don't understand is how come you aren't all over his cookies." I opened my mouth, but Brittany shook her head and said, "I don't think cookies mean cock. I think it might mean his balls being that it's plural and all." ..."Oh my God, can we please stop talking about his cock and balls or I'll never be able to eat cookies again. Like ever." ..."Jacob is like a sex-starved woman in her mid-thirties, so he can't possibly understand why you wouldn't want to take a ride on the town bike."
40	Either way, while the idea of cocks and balls interested me, the thought of actually getting up, close and personal with them made me break out in a cold sweat.
42	The after seemed endless, but shame burned like a low fire in my belly as I stared at the scar. Suicide was never the answer and if anything, checking out was letting all of them win. I'd learned the lesson all by myself since therapy had never been an option. My parents would've rather cut off their legs than suffer through the embarrassment of having a daughter that had tried to commit suicide and needed therapy.
53	She was in his lap, their faces inches apart and his hand was slipped under the hem of her skirt. ...I knew I should turn away, because watching them made me a total creeper, but I couldn't. Not even when the girl's hand threaded through the boy's hair, pulling his head to hers and they started really kissing and his hand was all the way up her skirt, to his forearm.
58	"...You're not judging her, but you've made the assumption that she's into random hook ups? That she's my fuck buddy?.. ..."We hook up every once in a while." ..."And for the record, we didn't hook up Wednesday night..."
65	The thin material of my shirt stretch taut across my chest and my nipples were poking out, saying hello.
84	My entire front was pressed against his. Sensation exploded in various parts of my body; deep in my stomach, my muscles coiled, the tips of my breasts tightened, and my thighs tingled.
88	"I think I would be safe to assume that you knew about his plans and the size of his cock by now."
112	"So the next time I answer at late night booty call from Jimmie and I actually go over to his place, what will you do?" ..."I mean, I totally know he doesn't want to be in a relationship, that all he wants is sex, and he's usually a little drunk and yet I still go over there. Seriously?"

Page	Content
	...He seemed like a pretty okay guy, but I really believed she could do better than some guy that only called her when he was drunk
119	"He once took my shirt off because he wanted to try it on and there I was, standing in a room full of girls, with just my bra."
124	I felt him pull me back against him, his hands on the bare skin of my stomach. ...I was back there, with his hands up my skirt, and I couldn't breath or see; the fabric of the couch rough against my cheek. ..."Baby," Blaine had said, his breath heavy in my ear. "You can't tell me you don't want this."
132	"Good, because if the guy isn't making you walk funny after sex, then he probably isn't anything to write home to mom about."
139	Tonight was not going to become a sex-fueled all-nighter for several reasons.
140	Layers of clothing vanished as an unexpected jolt of heat shot to the tips of my breasts.
152	His kiss deepened, coaxing my lips to open to his. My senses spun as his tongue slipped in, licking over mine. I gasped at the sensation, and his tongue delved deeply. I fell into the kiss, my fingers clenching and my neck arching. He tasted of chocolate and man and I was coming out of my skin as lust stirred in the pit of my stomach, followed by a burst of fluttery panic. That was smoothed away as his tongue flicked along the roof of my mouth. When he lifted his head again, he caught my lower lip between his teeth and a pleased whimper escaped me.
154	Underneath the cotton tank top, the tips of my breasts hardened and tingled, to the point that it went beyond annoying and straight into almost painful territory. I brought my knees up and a moaned escaped my parted lips as the pressure pulsed from between my thighs to my breasts. Straightening my legs, I clenched the fitted sheet under me and tried to empty my thoughts, but all I could think about was Cam's kiss, the way his lips felt against mine, how his tongue had been wet and warm inside my mouth. I could still taste the chocolate and I could still feel his muscles flexing under my hands. My breath caught at the phantom touch the memory of the backs of his hands brushing my breasts provoked. ...My hand fluttered to my stomach and I jumped. Along my throat, my pulse kicked up, my heart stuttered. Between my thighs, the ache intensified. My eyes flew open and fixed on the dark ceiling. I held my breath as I slid my hand down. It was like an out of body experience, like I really didn't have control of what I was doing. I closed my eyes as I slipped my hand under the loose band of my sleep shorts. The muscles in my belly tightened, my breath quickened. The edges of my fingers reached the bundle of nerves down there and a shot of pure electricity lit through my veins. I bit down on my lip to stop the cry building in my throat. Heart now pounding, my fingers slid through the wetness that had gathered there. Part of me couldn't believe I was doing this. I couldn't believe that it took this long to do this. But I was beyond the point of stopping. In my mind, the image of Cam appeared. His blue eyes on fire with heat and his mouth against mine, coaxing me open, heavenly patient and yet determined. My fingers fumbled, because I really had no

Page	Content
	<p>idea what I was doing, but it seemed to be working. I stroked myself and it felt good, but all it seemed to do was flame the fire, making it burn hotter. I felt swollen and I was sure I was going to scream my head off if the aching grew anymore.</p> <p>I caught my lower lip between my teeth. My finger flicked back and forth before I drew in a deep breath and pushed in. A gasp escaped me as tension coiled. Okay. That was good. I pushed a little deeper and the pressure of my palm against the apex sent another jolt through me. My hips jerked and the burning in my core spread. Instinct seemed to have taken over. My hips rocked in a tiny circle and the tension built deeper and deeper. The noise that came out of my throat would've embarrassed me if anyone had ever heard it, but right now, in the darkness of my room, it made me hotter.</p> <p>My hips ground against my hand and it felt like a cord being pulled into a tight knot deep inside me. I could feel it and I knew that it was coming, seconds away. In an instant, I pictured Cam doing this—his hand, his fingers and that was it. A moan erupted from deep inside my body as the cord unraveled, whipping through my body and scattering all my thoughts.</p> <p>As my heart rate returned and the trembles subsided. I collapsed back against the pillows, arms and legs shaking. Holy crap, so that was what that felt like? I rolled onto my side, my lips spreading into a weak grin.</p>
156	<p>"He kissed me like he wanted to...eat me up." ...His brows were raised as he jerked his chin down. "Like he really wanted to eat-"</p>
167	<p>Each time his fingers moved over the flap covering the zipper, it tugged gently on my jeans, causing the seam of my pants to push against me. ...In a matter of minutes, I was throbbing down there. I let my head fall back against his chest and my eyes drifted shut. The acute sensations he was creating was mind blowing.</p>
168	<p>It was close to two in the morning when I gave in, slipping my hand under the band of my bottoms. It kind of felt dirty to be doing this in someone else's home, in their bed, with Cam just a door away. It didn't take long for me to find release, and I wasn't sure what that said about me.</p>
178	<p>Cam devoured me. My lips opened, needing almost no coaxing, and his tongue slipped in, teasing mine as his hand tightened behind my neck. ...Cam hovered above me and I wanted to feel him on me, our bodies pressed together. Once that need took root, warring emotions rose inside me. Was this too much? Not enough? He caught my lower lip between his teeth, and a moan escaped me. I was going to go with not enough. In an act of supreme bravery fueled by desire, I reached down and slid my hands under the hem of his shirt. Cam jerked as my fingers grazed his bare, taut skin. He stilled for a moment and then he pulled away. ...Cam reached down and pulled his shirt off, over his head. ...He yanked the comforter down, and my heart jumped. Immediately, I thought about what I had done in the bed. Our gazes locked and I couldn't move or breathe. He climbed over me, his arms caging me in, surrounding me in a way that</p>

Page	Content
	<p>made me feel small. and safe. My hands went to his stomach, flattening against his skin. The muscles of his abs spasmed.</p> <p>Cam dropped his forehead to mine. "You have no idea what you do to me."</p> <p>I didn't, but as he lowered himself onto me, I started to get a good idea. I could feel him against my stomach, through our clothes, hard and thick. I thought that would pull me out of the heady haze of desire, but it didn't. Heat flared between my thighs, my pulse pounded throughout my body. I shifted under him, bringing him closer to where I ached for him.</p> <p>"Fuck," he growled, his large body shaking.</p> <p>He captured my lips in a searing kiss as he settled between my legs, muffling the pleasant groan that had worked its way up my throat. His hips rolled into mine, and my nerve endings were suddenly on fire. The thin material of my pajamas were nothing between the hard, hot skin of his chest and mine. His hips made another slow thrust that had my toes curling as I gripped his sides. His kiss turned deeper, more urgent as he slid his hand from my cheek, down my neck. His hand brushed the swell of my breast, so close to the sensitive bud before following the curve of my stomach to the flare of my hips. He curved his hand around my thigh, lifting my leg around his hip. He settled deeper, pressing against my sex in a way that thrilled me at the same time it stirred a conflicting emotion. When his hips rocked again, I whimpered against his lips.</p> <p>"I like that sound," he said, moving his hips. I made it again, flushing. "Correction. I love that fucking sound."</p> <p>Sensations raced across my skin, building into an ache in my core. It was like the night in my bed but much stronger, more intense and so very real. His hand was on the move again, trailing up my side, jumping to my hand. His fingers tangled with mine for a second and then drifted up, under my sleeves as his tongue danced with mine.</p>
206	<p>Ollie laughed as he replaced the shot with a bottle of beer and then he grabbed my arm, pulling me back into the living room.</p>
208	<p>The shots and beer were making my muscles warm and my thoughts fuzzy. The guy asked if I wanted another drink and I realized my bottle was empty.</p> <p>...He took a swig from his beer as I tried to figure out what that meant.</p> <p>..."Are you old enough to be drinking."</p> <p>I giggled. "Nope."</p>
210	<p>"What are you doing Avery?" he asked in a low voice.</p> <p>I held up my bottle. "Drinking. What are you doing?"</p> <p>..."You're drunk."</p> <p>..."...You're drunk and that shit is not going down in front of me."</p>
214	<p>"I'm sorry. I am drunk, a little, and I am sorry,..."</p>
216	<p>"Not much- maybe like two or three shots of tequila aaand two beers? I think."</p>
218	<p>I took off my top before my brain caught up with everything.</p> <p>...I felt devoured by his stare, like I had felt when he'd kissed me, as if he was committing every detail to his memory. Warmth traveled down my throat, across my chest, and to the lacy edges of my black bra. His lips parted, and I bit down on mine. When he dragged his gaze back up, an intense feeling built low in my stomach.</p>

Page	Content
219	<p>"Fuck, Avery. You think I don't want you?" His voice came out low, almost a growl. "There's not a single part of you that I don 't want, you understand? I want to be on you and inside of you. I want you against the wall, on the couch, in your bed, in my bed, and every fucking place I can possibly think of, and trust me, I have a vast imagination when it comes to these kinds of things. Don't ever doubt that I want you. That is not what this is about."</p> <p>.... "But not like this— never like this. You're drunk, Avery, and when we get together—because we will get together, you're going to be fully aware of everything that I do to you."</p>
230	<p>Sliding my hands up his chest and then the sides of his slightly rough cheeks, I thrust my fingers deep into his messy, soft hair. That was all the encouragement Cam needed. He deepened the kiss, parting my lips as his tongue slipped in. His hands slid to my hips and then up to my waist. He tugged me against him and the kiss went from innocent and sweet to downright sexy in a matter of seconds. Cam lifted me, wringing a startled gasp from me that was quickly lost in him. Instinct took over and I wrapped my legs around his waist. In one powerful lunge, he moved forward and my back was against the wall and his chest was flush against mine. My body softened, dampened between my thighs as I felt him there, evidence of how badly he wanted me. Every inch of my body tightened as heat poured into me.</p> <p>For the first time, there wasn't a smidgen of panic. Nothing but wonderful sensations that made me feel alive, and for once, I was completely in control. There was a freedom in that I never experienced before and I threw myself into that kiss. He made that terribly sexy sound that rumbled through his chest and then mine.</p> <p>It seemed like forever before he lifted his mouth. "I need to go."</p> <p>I let out a shaky breath. "You're leaving now?"</p> <p>"I'm not a saint, sweetheart," he all but growled. "So if I don't leave now, I won't be leaving for some time."</p> <p>A pulse went from the tips of my breasts to my core. "What if I don't want you to leave?"</p> <p>"Fuck," he said, sliding his hands down to my thighs. "You're making this very hard to be the good guy you said I was last night."</p> <p>"I'm not drunk."</p> <p>He pressed his forehead to mine, chuckling softly. "Yeah, I can see that and while the idea of taking you right now, against the wall, is enough to make me lose control, I want you to know that I'm serious. You're not a hook up. You're not a friend with benefits. You're more than that to me."</p>
233	<p>"Did you guys have sex?" Jacob grasped my shoulders, giving me a little shake. "Oh my God, girl, details- I need details. What is the size of his-?"</p>
236	<p>Gathering my courage, I walked over to him. He stared up at me with those extraordinary eyes as he lifted a hand. I placed mine in his, but instead of sitting beside him, I climbed into his lap, straddling him.</p> <p>Cam immediately straightened, his hands flying to my hips. "Hey there, sweetheart."</p> <p>"Hey," I replied, heart pounding so fast there was a</p>

Page	Content
	<p>good chance I was going to have a heart attack.</p> <p>His gaze dipped, thick lashes shielding his eyes. "Did you miss me this much? I was only gone a few minutes?"</p> <p>"Maybe." I placed my hands on his shoulders as I lowered myself down. My grip tightened as I felt his arousal pressing against the softest part of me.</p> <p>His hands traveled up my sides slowly, so slowly that I thought I would die by the time he cupped my cheeks. "What are you doing?"</p> <p>I wetted my lips and his lashes lifted, revealing a deeper shade of blue. "What does it look like?"</p> <p>"I can think of a few things." His thumbs moved over my cheeks. "All of them have me extremely interested."</p> <p>"Interested?" My breaths were coming out fast and short. "That's good."</p> <p>Then, because it seemed like he was letting me take the lead on this, I brought my head down to his. Our lips brushed once, twice, and then I pressed mine to his more firmly. He followed me, our kisses becoming deeper, slower, and infinitely more as his tongue tortured mine in a way that had me shaking and wanting so very much more.</p> <p>His hands slid back down in a slow, languid pace, causing my back to arch into the movement. Even though the only experience I had with this was what we'd done Thanksgiving night, it seemed like my body knew what to do. I rocked my hips and his hands tightened on my waist. A shudder worked its way down his large body, and it was both a bit frightening and a lot exhilarating.</p> <p>One of his hands balled in the material of my dress, inching it up my thighs. The other drifted back up, over my front and then across my breast. He cupped me, his thumb smoothing over the tip, teasing the hardening peak through the clothing. A moan rushed me and it came out, a sound that seemed to thrill Cam.</p> <p>"You liked that?" he asked, his lips brushing mine.</p> <p>Did he really need confirmation? "Yes."</p> <p>His thumb moved in a slow, tortuous circle over my tip. I tried to catch my breath as his lips left mine. He nipped at my chin and then down my neck. My back arched further, pushing my breast further into his hand as my hips rolled again. The sexiest sound rumbled from his chest as he leaned back and looked at me.</p> <p>"Tell me what you want, sweetheart." His hand moved to my other breast.</p> <p>"Anything. And I'll do it."</p> <p>There was one thing I needed from him. "Touch me."</p> <p>Cam shuddered again, and the action made me hot.</p> <p>"May I?"</p> <p>I nodded, having no idea what I was agreeing to, but I trusted him. Both of his hands were on my shoulders, sliding under the wide neckline of my dress. I stilled as he slipped the material down my shoulders, exposing my bra. He kept lowering the dress, until I could pull my arms free and the material bunched around my waist.</p> <p>"Beautiful," he murmured, trailing his fingers along the lacy edges of my bra.</p> <p>"Look at that blush. So fucking beautiful."</p> <p>My response was lost as he lowered his head, closing his mouth over the tip of my breast. Through the thin satin of my bra, his mouth worked me as he gripped my hips, pulling me against him harder. My senses were overwhelmed from each hot</p>

Page	Content
	<p>pull of his mouth and the feel of him there, pressing against my core. My hands fluttered to his head as mine kicked back. He moved to my other nipple and a teasing bite had me crying out.</p> <p>I was lost in him, surrendering to the feelings he was stirring inside me. I already felt close to toppling over the edge and when his hands dropped to my thighs, running up under the hem of my skirt, I tensed in the most wonderful way. His lips scorched a path up my neck, teasing my lower lip. "Tell me something, sweetheart." His hand moved to the inside of my thigh, making tiny circles that came close to my core. "Have you come before?"</p> <p>My entire body flushed and when I didn't answer, his hand moved further down my thigh, away from where I wanted him. Damn him. "Yes," I whispered. "I have." "By yourself?" he asked, moving his hand back up my thigh.</p> <p>I wiggled closer, and he groaned. Dropping my forehead to his, I closed my eyes. "Yes."</p> <p>As a reward for answering his question, one long finger skimmed over the center of my panties and my entire body jerked in response. The knot in my belly tightened and his finger trailed back and forth in a feather light touch that drove me crazy.</p> <p>Desire clouded my thoughts, and I knew I wanted to make him feel what I was. I wasn't completely oblivious on the how to. I slid my hand down his chest, over his flat stomach. I hesitated at the band on his jeans.</p> <p>Cam stilled and then nipped at my lip. "What do you want, Avery?"</p> <p>"I want to... I want to touch you," I admitted, surprising myself. "But I don't know what you like."</p> <p>He made that sound again that had me trembling as he placed his other hand over mine. "Sweetheart, anything you do is something I'm going to like."</p> <p>"Hell yeah," he said, shifting back so that there was space between us. "Whatever you want to do to me, I'm going to love it. You don't have to worry about that." Embolden by that statement, I flicked the button of his jeans open and then pulled down his zipper. Holy crap. I gasped at the sight of hard, pink flesh. No boxers. Nothing. Cam went commando.</p> <p>Cam chuckled at my discovery. "Easy access." And then he reached down, easing himself out.</p> <p>I couldn't help but stare and I felt like a goober for doing so, but there was something entirely hot about seeing him like this, knowing that he wanted me and I welcomed him. I hesitated though and while he said I could do anything and he would enjoy it, I doubted that and I wanted to please him. I wanted to make him feel good.</p> <p>I watched his hand wrap around the base and stroke up. "I've thought about you," I whispered.</p> <p>His hand stilled. "How?"</p> <p>"When I.. touched myself, I thought of you."</p> <p>"Holy fuck," Cam growled. "That is the hottest thing I've ever heard."</p> <p>Cam kissed me then, harder and rougher than before. It didn't scare me. If anything, it excited me more. He guided my hand to him and I wrapped my fingers around his thickness. He jumped against my palm and his chest rose sharply.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>He said something against my mouth that I couldn't make out and then he moved my hand up the length of him and then back down, establishing a rhythm that I kept up after he let go of my wrist. With his hand free now, it clasped the back of my neck as his other returned to the center of my thighs. Both of us were breathing fast when he cupped me through my panties. His palm pressed against the bundle of nerves as his fingers pushed into my heat, and I was lost. As he kissed me deeply and as I stroked him, I rode his hand. He thrust into mine, the movements small but forceful. His body shook as I felt the familiar tightening in my core. The knot unraveled, spiraling out through me. I came hard, his name a harsh whisper. His hand stayed there, rubbing me slowly through my panties as tremors rocked my body. And then he followed, his body thrusting up and spasming.</p> <p>Forever seemed to pass before Cam gently pulled my hand away. I was limp and sated as he tucked me against his chest, holding me close, his heart pounding as fast as mine. He dropped a kiss on the lids of my eyes and then on my parted lips.</p>
241	<p>Since the night on my couch, we'd kissed and touched a lot, but it seemed different in his bedroom, more intimate, with more possibilities.</p> <p>I tried not to think about actual sex, because I wasn't sure I could actually go through the act. If it would feel good for me or if it would remind me of what happened. I knew it would hurt, because I was still very much a virgin, but would the pain become something deeper?</p> <p>He hadn't wanted more that night and I wondered if by some way, he knew. Cam had taken my sweater off, but he'd left my bra and jeans on. His shirt had joined my discarded clothes, and when he'd kissed me his hands had tangled in my hair. We'd fallen onto his bed and he'd slid his leg between mine. As his kisses had trailed down my throat and centered over my lace-covered breasts, he'd dropped his hands to my hips, urging me to move against him. He'd drawn my hardened nipple into his mouth as I rocked against him, my head kicked back and mouth clamped shut to keep quiet. He'd brought me to an orgasm like that, no hands on me, through my jeans and panties. And when I slid my hands into his loose sweats, palming the hard, heavy length, he thrust against my hand, very much like I imagined he would inside me.</p>
248	<p>"The little fuck had been hitting her. He was smart about it, doing it in places that weren't so easily noticeable. She stayed with him. But I didn't know why at first. Come to find out that she was too scared of him to break up."</p>
254	<p>Cam claimed my mouth like a man half-starved. There was nothing slow about the kiss; it was a whole different level of seduction. "Of course I'm taking you. The gift is perfect," he said, nipping at my lower lip in a way that caused heat to sweep over me, leaving me needy. "You're perfect."</p> <p>An insidious voice crept in. If he only knew how far from perfect I really me. I pushed that thought away, letting myself fall into his kiss. That wasn't hard. Not when he drank from me as if he'd been deprived of the act for far too long.</p> <p>His hands dropped to my hips and he pulled me to him. Against my belly, I felt his arousal. Cam was a . . . sexual man, so it came as no surprise he was that hard that quickly, but it always amazed me how badly he did want me but never pushed for what I knew he'd be oh so down for.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>When his grip on my hips tightened, I looped my arms around his neck. We seemed to be on some unconscious agreement, because he lifted me as I wrapped my legs around his waist. I moaned as he pressed against me and his tongue swept across mine.</p> <p>He started walking, and my blood thundered in my veins. I knew where he was heading and excitement and nervousness warred inside me. He laid me on the bed and I leaned back, down the center. Pausing long enough to tug his sweater off over his head, he then placed his hands on either side of my head. The power and strength in his arms and body was overwhelming but not frightening. Reaching up, I traced my finger over the flames surrounding the sun on the left side of his chest.</p> <p>...Cam shifted so his knees were against my outer thighs and slid his hands under my shirt. I lifted up, helping him take it off. I have no clue where it ended up. He sort of just tossed it behind him.</p> <p>...My hands fell to my sides as he placed one of his on my bare stomach. The tips of his fingers reached the underwire of my bra and the front closure.</p> <p>...Pausing, he ran his hand down my belly and then back up, causing me to wiggle. That slight smile was back. "I think I drank just about every liquor my dad had in his bar over the course of a couple of weeks. I knew my parents were worried, but.. '</p> <p>Cam trailed off as he lowered his head, kissing the space between my breasts. I sucked in a sharp breath and he did it again. "Jase came to visit me often. So did Ollie. I probably would've lost my fucking mind without them. May I?" He looked up, eyes filled with intent, his fingers on the clasp of my bra."</p> <p>My heart jumped. This was a first for us. Mouth dry, I nodded.</p> <p>"Thank you," he said, and I thought that was a strange thing to be thankful for. His gaze lowered again, and my breath caught. He unhooked the delicate clasp, but didn't part the cups. "It was something Jase had said to me while I was drunk off my ass.</p> <p>...I drew in a ragged breath as he trailed a finger down the center of my chest.</p> <p>..."Hmm..." He plucked up the edge of my bra and gently pushed it to the side and then repeated the same motion on the other cup. Cool air teased the tips of my already hard breasts. I was completely bare for him from the waist up. "God, you're beautiful, Avery."</p> <p>I think I said thank you, but I wasn't sure if the words were coherent or not. He ran his hands over my breasts and my back arched off the bed at the contact of his flesh against mine. He said something too low for me to understand as he smoothed his thumb over my nipple. Beside my head, his arm flexed.</p> <p>Cam looked up, meeting my gaze as he lowered his hand to the button on my jeans. There was a question in his eyes, and I nodded, wanting to know what he was going to do more than I was afraid. He tugged my jeans off, then my socks. He commented on the skull and bones design, but the pounding in my body made it hard to pay attention. He then slid the bra off completely and when he had me just in my panties, his slow perusal of my body was like stepping out in the flaming August sun of Texas.</p> <p>Our lips touched as he eased his weight onto his side. The kisses were slow and deep as his hand traveled over my chest. His touch was teasing and practiced as</p>

Page	Content
	<p>his kisses trailed over my chin, down my throat. I tensed in that second before his hot mouth closed on the tip of my breast. He'd done this before through my bra, but nothing could compare to the feeling of there being nothing between us. My blood turned to molten lava and my hips moved restlessly in tiny circles. As he sucked deep, his other hand traveled down, skimming my skin and then sliding under my panties.</p> <p>My toes curled as his finger brushed the nub. New, stronger sensations pulsed throughout me. My head fell back as he slowly worked his head down, his fingers following the length of me.</p> <p>He raised his head, his eyes boring into mine as he slipped the tip of his finger inside me. I gasped out, my fingers digging into his arms.</p> <p>"Is this okay?" he asked, voice deep and smooth like aged whiskey.</p> <p>Drawing in a breath, I nodded again. "Yes."</p> <p>A small, intimate smile tugged at his lips as he pushed a little harder. My body was aflame as he started a pace, his eyes locked with mine. My entire body was shaking. The knot that formed whenever he touched me was much deeper and intense.</p> <p>"You're so tight," he murmured, and then his kiss consumed me.</p> <p>My hips were moving faster and he twisted his palm, pressing down on the sensitive nub. The feel of his bare chest rubbing against mine, his hand in my panties, his finger inside me—all of it was too much. I clenched around his hand, my thighs squeezing, and broke the kiss, crying out his name as release thundered through my body.</p> <p>Cam made a deep sound as he nipped at my throat. "I love how you say my name."</p> <p>I could barely breathe, let alone speak as he continued to move inside me, working out every last spasm. When the tremors finally subsided, he eased his hand away and I was flush all over and heady. I wanted to give him more than what I'd been doing. Nervous and excited, I pressed my hands to his chest lightly and he rolled onto his back. Taking a deep breath, I straddled him and before I lost my nerve, I slid down him and unbuttoned his jeans, tugging them down his legs.</p> <p>Cam caught on the moment I wrapped my fingers around him and my warm breath blew across his tip. His hands immediately fisted in my comforter.</p> <p>"Oh shit," he growled.</p> <p>I smiled at the tortured sound of his voice and then I closed my mouth over him. His entire body jerked and his back bowed. I really didn't have a clue when it came to doing this, but I figured it didn't take much.</p> <p>And it didn't.</p> <p>Cam enclosed one hand around mine as I took him and his other hand rested on the back of my neck with the slightest pressure, guiding my less than skilled movements. I wasn't embarrassed or worried about doing it wrong. If his body and deep groans were any indication, I was doing enough right for him to be enjoying this.</p> <p>He pulled me away before his release shuddered through him, sitting up half way and capturing my mouth as he came. I loved the way his body shook, but most of all, I loved that I felt safe and secure enough to do this. Tired I broke away, easing</p>

Page	Content
	<p>onto my back as he did the same, his chest rising and falling sharply. "This was the best fucking Valentine's Day ever."</p>
262	<p>My mind went straight to one thing. Sex. Like real sex with real penetration. Oh my God, I couldn't believe I just thought that. Was there fake penetration I was unaware of? Actually, sort of. We'd done everything except sex. We've touched, groped, he'd gone down on me and I on him, but sex? There had been none of the actual act, but the last time, what Ollie was claiming he heard, it had seemed like we were heading there. There had been a certain intent.</p>
264	<p>He shook his head. "But it does involve something equally tasty." My cheeks heated as I turned my head to the side. His lips followed the movement, tracing my cheekbone. "And it involves you, me, a bed, and very little, if any, clothing." Tingles shot down my spine. "Does it now?" "Yes." Cam slid his hand down, under the band of my jeans so that his fingers rested over the swell of my rear. He brushed his lips over my brow. "What do you I wasn't thinking. Tipping my head back, Cam obliged my silent invitation. His lips were on mine and then his hands were under my shirt. He broke away long enough to tug my shirt off and then his. Lips melded together, we started walking, our hips bumping into the couch and he lost his balance. He fell backward, half on the couch and half off. Giggles broke free between our kisses and our laughter died off as our hands got more involved. With a skill beyond me, Cam managed to get my jeans off while I sprawled on top of him and then he displayed a whole different kind of talent. His hands traveled northward, cresting over my breasts, finding the nipples covered by satin. I arched against his hands, biting back a moan as Cam made that sexy sound as his hips pushed up against mine. A rush of heat flooded my core as one hand left my breast and slipped down the curve of my stomach. His hand slid under my panties. He palmed me, rubbing his thumb in just the right place that I cried out. The desire—the need to lose myself in nothing but sensation, even for just a few moments, took over. My skin was on fire as I put my weight on my knees and reached down, unzipping his fly. "Avery," Cam groaned, thrusting into my palm. Upon hearing my name on his lips, tension built deep inside me. Our bodies rocked together, but still apart. Then the tension was spiraling, breaking apart and shattering. I threw my head back, biting down on my lip. Bliss washed over me. Cam shifted under me and the next thing I know, he was standing and I was wrapped around him like a little monkey. My body was still trembling when I hit the bed. In a heated daze, I watched him strip. Completely. My God, he was beautiful. He hooked his fingers under my panties and I lifted my hips so he could pull them down. It wasn't the first time that he'd stripped me bare, but it was the first time that we both were so naked. There were different stages of nakedness I've learned over the past four months. This was the final stage. My stomach fluttered. Cam hovered over me, his lips trailing a path across my body. My fingers were in his soft hair as he came felt him on my thigh.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>My heart stuttered and then sped up.</p> <p>A tremor coursed over his body or maybe it was mine causing his to do that, because I think I was shaking. I didn't know if it was from excitement or something else. My hands found his chest and they flattened there.</p> <p>"Do you want this?" he asked, his voice strained as he held himself back. "Yes," I said, and I told myself that I did. And I did want this. I wanted to cross that final line with Cam.</p> <p>His eyes met mine for a moment and then he bent his head, kissing me as he lowered his body upon mine. I felt him there, the tip of him slipping through my wetness, and I don't know what happened. Maybe it was the weight of him on top of me or the feel of him between my thighs. For a frightening second, I wasn't in my bedroom or under Cam. I was back on the couch, my cheek pressed roughly into the coarse fabric. Cold air rushed over my exposed lower body, followed by a rough, demanding hand. I tried to push the memory out of my head and focus on what was really happening, but once it crept in, I couldn't get it out of my head. Every muscle in my body locked up and the knot of unease from earlier in the day returned with a vengeance. It was like being hit with an arctic blast. I went cold on the outside and inside. Panic dug in with razor sharp claws.</p> <p>I twisted my head to the side, breaking the kiss as I pushed against his chest. "No. Stop. Please stop."</p> <p>Cam froze above me, his chest rising and falling deeply. "Avery? What the—?"</p>
276	<p>"At first I didn't mind, but he started doing things I didn't want him to. I told him to stop and he laughed it off. I started crying and I tried to get away from him, but he was stronger than me, and once he got me on my stomach, I couldn't do anything really, but to tell him to stop."</p> <p>Cam had gone very still. The only way I could tell he was breathing was because of the steady thrumming of the muscle along his jaw. "Did he stop?"</p> <p>"He didn't," I said quietly. "He never stopped no matter what I did."</p> <p>A moment passed and Cam straightened. He looked like he wanted to stand but changed his mind. "He raped you?"</p> <p>Closing my eyes, I nodded.</p> <p>..."I am still a virgin." I forced my eyes open. "He didn't touch me there. That's not how he...raped me."</p> <p>..."You were fourteen and he did that to you?"</p>
280	<p>"I've let what happened to me five years ago still affect me! When we almost had sex? I wasn't afraid of you or if there'd be pain. It wasn't that. I was afraid that once we started, that what Blaine had done would ruin it for me or that I would ruin it for myself..."</p>
284	<p>Three weeks had passed before anything sexual happened between us.</p> <p>...His grip tightened. "Damn. There goes my master plan of spending the summer like a sex-crazed bachelor."</p>
290	<p>"Is it against the law to let me know that Blaine raped another girl, just like he had raped me?"</p>
296	<p>I didn't wait for his answer. I bent my head down and brushed my lips over his once, twice, and then again, slipping the tip of my tongue over his lower lip and then inside. His grip on my hips tightened, but I was totally in control as I coaxed</p>

Page	Content
	<p>his mouth open, deepening the kiss. His lips moved against mine, following my lead. I was sure I would melt into him, into the bed. "Touch me." My lips brushed his. "Please." Cam obliged.</p> <p>He slipped his hands under the hem of the towel. Both were on my thighs, sliding up and down slowly. Each pass brought his fingers closer to where I wanted him desperately. One stopped along the back of my thigh while the other came tantalizing close to my core.</p> <p>"Now," I said, lifting my head.</p> <p>Cam chuckled as his fingers inched back up. His knuckles brushed my dampness and then retreated. A groan of frustration escaped me. "What do you want?" he asked, those lashes hiding his eyes.</p> <p>"I want you to touch me."</p> <p>Another close call as his knuckles brushed me once more and then his hand slid back down my leg. "I am touching you, sweetheart."</p> <p>"You know what I mean."</p> <p>"I don't."</p> <p>"Please." I dropped my head to his. "Please touch me, Cam."</p> <p>Cam tipped his head back again. Our noses brushed and then our lips. "Well, when you say it like, I think I get what you mean."</p> <p>"Finally," I groaned.</p> <p>He laughed again and then nipped at my chin as his hand drifted up the inside of my thigh. I jerked as he cupped me fully. "Like this?"</p> <p>"Yes."</p> <p>His lips pressed down on the center of my throat as his finger slipped inside. "And this?"</p> <p>My eyes closed as my back arched. "Uh-huh."</p> <p>Cam shifted his hand and his thumb pressed down on the nub of nerves. I gasped as he worked another finger inside me and his body tensed beneath mine. "What about this?"</p> <p>I tipped my hips forward, moaning as my body heated. "Oh, yeah. Definitely that."</p> <p>"Definitely that," he murmured, his fingers pumping.</p> <p>Another moan escaped me, but I wanted more. I wanted to feel him inside me, needed him to be. A wild desire born from lust and something far, far stronger. Opening my eyes, mine locked with his. Slowly, I unraveled the knot on my towel and let it slip down my back, falling onto the floor.</p> <p>Cam's hand stilled and his breathing quickened. He reached up with his free hand, cupping my breast. "Fuck, Avery... "</p> <p>I placed my hand over his, my heart pounding. "Don't stop. "</p> <p>His thumb moved over my hardened nipple and he growled, "I wasn't planning on it."</p> <p>"Not what I meant," I whispered. Reaching down with my other hand, I found the zipper on his jeans. "I want you, Cam."</p> <p>"You have me," he groaned. "You so fucking have me."</p> <p>A delighted smile appeared as I wrapped my fingers around his wrist. With a level of control I didn't realize I had, I pulled his hand out from between my thighs. "I really want you." I flicked open the button on his jeans and pulled his zipper down. My fingers skimmed his hardness and he shuddered. "Don't you want me?"</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"More than you know," he said, lashes lowering as I palmed the length of him. He groaned. "Avery..."</p> <p>I let go of him, long enough to tug his shirt off and toss it aside. He was all golden skin and sleek muscles. "I want this, Cam." He grabbed my hips, his chest rising sharply. "Are you sure, Avery? Because if you're not, we don't have</p> <p>Silencing him with a kiss, I slid my hands over his chest. "I'm sure."</p> <p>His hands flexed on my hips and then in one powerful movement, he had me on my back and he was above me, his eyes bright and intense. He swooped down, claiming my lips in a feverish kiss with so much power and passion. Then he stood, pinning me with a molten stare as he shucked off his jeans. My gaze traveled over his chest, the tattoo, the magnificent abs, and then lower. Cam was huge and an awfully naive part of me wondered how this was going to work.</p> <p>Cam's heated gaze drifted down my bare skin. My heart fluttered unsteadily, my stomach was full of anticipation. "I could stare at you for a lifetime. It would never grow old."</p> <p>"Even when I'm old?"</p> <p>"Even then."</p> <p>Then he lowered himself, trailing his lips over my legs and stomach. He reached my breast, suckling and nipping until my breasts felt heavy and swollen. Cam took his time, slowly moving over me, licking every inch of my skin like he sought to memorize my body or claim it. I didn't care. He could do it for eternity. Intense heat built in my stomach and spread lower, turning into a glorious ache. For the first time, I wasn't afraid or unsure of the awakening desire. I wanted to explore it. I wanted Cam to explore it.</p> <p>My body arched against his, aching and tense as he drew out every breath, every moan and whimper. Desire, rife and powerful, spread through me. I had never felt this way before.</p> <p>Cam brought his lips back to mine, supporting himself with his arm, continuing to delve into my mouth while he gently worked one finger into me and then two. Soon he had me buckling under him. Then he lifted his head and there was something intoxicating in his gaze— wild. It mirrored what I felt inside me. He worked me to the edge and then slowly withdrew his fingers.</p> <p>I whimpered, "Cam."</p> <p>He chuckled as he slid down my body and then his mouth was on me, his tongue moving until my head was thrashing and my hips rolling with abandoned. I felt all over the place, half crazed with need, and when he rolled his fingers over the bundle of nerves, I came, crying out his name.</p> <p>Cam rose swiftly, his gaze fixed on mine as my body trembled. He nudged my thighs apart and there was a twinge of unease, of coldness and darkness, but I pushed it away. I was ready. His erection rested against me and then he slipped in, maybe an inch.</p> <p>"I love you," Cam said softly, one hand flat against my cheek. "I love you so very much."</p> <p>I wrapped an arm around his. "I love you."</p> <p>He kissed me deeply as he dropped a hand to my hip and then his hips thrust into mine. Sharp, stinging pain shot through me. Tears of surprise pricked my eyes and I froze at the incredible pressure of fullness.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"Are you okay?" he breathed, stilling. I nodded and then said, "Yes." Cam's eyes searched mine as his arm shook around mine. He remained still, buried deep inside me as he lowered his mouth to mine. He kissed me slowly, tenderly, and so deeply that I felt a different kind of tears rise to my eyes. My chest swelled with love and then, finally, the dull ache faded and the pressure inside me started to feel good. I tentatively raised my hips. He groaned. "Av... " I did it again, rocking against him. He cradled my hips, thrusting forward, wringing a cry of pleasure from me. I gripped his shoulders as I wrapped my legs around his waist, bringing him deeper. He moved over me, in me, the intensity increasing until it became a feverish pace. My head spun with the bliss building inside me. He moved faster and his touch was everywhere, his mouth on my breasts, piercing me. Hips grinding, Cam slipped a hand between us and it was too much. I threw my head back, shuddering around him. The moment was incredible. The spasms rocked my body in tight, sensual waves. "Avery," he grunted my name, burying his head in my shoulder. Two quick thrusts and he came as the last of the tremors rippled through me. Our hearts pounded together, our skin slick with moisture. Minutes went by, maybe hours. I don't know. When he pulled out slowly, carefully, he kissed me in a way I don't think he ever had before.</p>
301	<p>Not just the sex- and the sex had been awesomely wonderful- but everything that had come afterward. ...Cam didn't tell me how he wanted to spend those moments. He showed me...in great detail. Kissing me once before latching his mouth onto my breast. A ball of lava formed in my belly as he turned me sideways, the water spraying down on us. Dazed, my hand fluttered to the strands of wet hair. They sifted through my fingers like silk. He slipped his hand between my thighs as he dragged his mouth to mine. He knew exactly how to touch me, how to make me come to the brink of control. "Hold on," he ordered. I wrapped my arms around his neck, letting out a short breath as he lifted me up, pressing my back against the wet tile as he settled between my legs. He brought us together with a slow, torturous thrust. My moans filled the bathroom as his hips pumped. My heart was thundering, a flutter deep in my chest and stomach. Somehow we ended up out of the shower, my back against the cool floor and Cam over me, his body rocking with mine, my thighs squeezing him as the shower still ran. One hand was on my breast, the other buried deep in my soaked hair. His mouth was hot and demanding, consuming. "Cam!" I cried out, my back arching as my release powered through me, explosive and crashing. His arms went around me as he lifted me up, seating me in his lap. My knees skid over the now wet floor. Lightning zinged through my veins. His body shook as he held me to him tightly, thrusting once more, grinding my hips against his as he came. For a while, the only sound was our ragged breathing. We were limp in each other's arms, my head on his shoulders, my hand resting above where his heart was pounding. "You—"</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"I'm okay," I cut him off, giggling. "I'm not going to break. "</p> <p>"I don't know." He brushed my hair back from my face. "You—"</p> <p>...Throwing him a towel, I giggled. "You're about to answer the door with your junk hanging out."</p> <p>"Good call." He wrapped the towel around his hips as he cast me a wicked grin.</p> <p>"Although the masses would love to see my junk."</p>
303	I laughed as I dipped back under the lukewarm spray. His junk was rather impressive.
310	<p>"You know what they say about a guy who kisses a girl's ass? Literally?"</p> <p>..."That women's breasts are at their perkier in the morning."</p> <p>"What?" I laughed.</p> <p>"Yep," he replied, cupping my right breast. "I have to check out that theory." He squeezed gently and my nipple tightened. He moved onto my other breast and did the same thing. "I think what I've read is right. Your breasts are exceptionally perky this morning."</p>
311	<p>Cam growled deep in his throat. My smile spread.</p> <p>He settled between my legs and I drew my arms up to my shoulders, putting his weight onto them. Lifting up slightly, I turned my head and his lips immediately found mine. I loved the way he kissed me, like he was drinking in my very essence. One kiss from him and I was melting in his hands. That's how good they were.</p> <p>Cam broke the kiss as he shifted his hips forward, slipping into me from behind. The pace was slow and unhurried and yet still so absolutely shattering with each stroke. I dropped my forehead to the pillow, my breathing ragged as I rocked back against him. His hands landed on mine, threading through my fingers as his pace picked up.</p> <p>"I love you," his voice was a beautiful, hoarse whisper in my ear that sent me over the edge. Release took us both, seconds apart.</p> <p>It was my whisper in his ear that took us both when we finally made it the shower.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	26
Bitch	16
Cock	6
Dick	2
Fuck	89
Piss	8
Shit	46