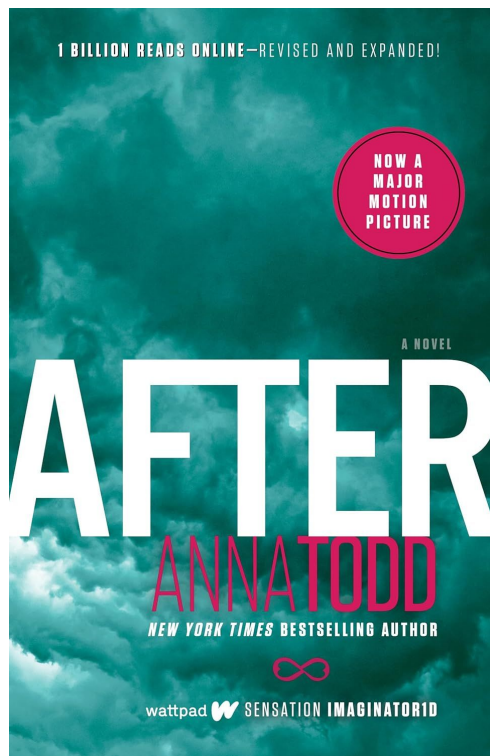


After



Book Summary

Tells the story of a young college student who finds herself drawn into a passionate and tumultuous relationship with a dark and brooding "bad boy".

Summary of Concerns

This book contains: alcohol, anxiety/mental illness, bullying, deception/manipulative behavior, derogatory terms, drugs, emotional abuse, explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, physical abuse, potentially dubious consent, potentially prurient behaviors, profanity, sexism, sexual assault (mentioned), smoking, vaping and violence.

Young Adult / New Adult

By Anna Todd

ISBN 978-1476792484

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Adults Only

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| 131 | <p>I nod and he puts his hand over mine, bringing it down to touch him again. He opens my hand and makes my fingers cup around his length. When he sucks a breath between his lips, I look up at him through my lashes. He takes his hand off mine, giving me full control.</p> <p>“Fuck, Tessa, don’t do that,” he growls. Confused, I still my hand and am about to jerk it away when he speaks up. “No, no, not that. Keep doing that—I mean don’t look at me that way.”</p> <p>“What way?”</p> <p>“That innocent way—that look that makes me want to do so many dirty things</p> |
| 132 | <p>to you.”</p> <p>I want to throw myself back onto the bed and let him do whatever he wants. I want to be his—to be freed for a moment from whatever it is that makes me so scared sometimes. I give him a small smile and begin to move my hand again. I want to take his boxers off, but I’m afraid to. A moan escapes his lips and I tighten my grip; I want to hear that sound again. I don’t know if I should move my hand faster or not, so I keep my movements slow and tight, and he seems to like it. I lean in and press my lips against the clammy skin of his neck, causing him to moan again.</p> <p>“Fuck, Tess, your hand feels so good wrapped around me.” I give him a little tighter squeeze and he winces. “Not that hard, baby,” he says in a voice that’s soft and sounds like it could never be the same one that mocked me before.</p> <p>“Sorry,” I say and kiss his neck again. My tongue runs over the skin beneath his ear and his body jumps. His hands go to my chest and he cups my breasts beneath his hands.</p> <p>“Can I. Take. Off. Your . . . bra?”</p> <p>His voice is so uncontrolled and raspy; I’m amazed by the effect I am having on him. I nod and his eyes light up in excitement. His hands are shaky as he reaches under the shirt and up my back, unclasping my bra as soon as his fingers touch the strap with a dexterity that makes me think for a minute about how many times he has done this before. I force the thoughts to the back of my mind, and Hardin slides the straps down my arms, making me let go of him. Tossing my bra off the bed, he returns his hands up under my shirt and grabs hold of my breasts again. His fingers lightly pinch my nipples as he leans forward to kiss me. I moan into his mouth and reach down and grab his length again.</p> <p>“Oh, Tessa, I’m going to come,” he says, and I feel the wetness growing in my panties even though he is only touching my chest. I feel like I may come, too, from his moans and his gentle assault against my breasts alone. His legs tense under me and his kiss becomes sloppier. His hands drop down by his sides, and I feel a wetness spread through his boxers and pull my hand away. I have never made anyone else come before. My chest heats, filling with a strange new sense that I’m now one step closer to being a woman. Staring down at the wet spot on Hardin’s boxers, I love the control I feel over him. I love that I could bring his body pleasure the way he does mine.</p> |
| 316 | <p>I know the responsible thing to do would be to agree to leave the shower, but it’s hard to concentrate on being responsible when he’s naked in front of me. I reach for him, gripping his length in my palm, and he steps back against the shower wall. He stares at me as I pump him slowly in my hand.</p> <p>“Tess,” he groans, resting his head back against the tiled wall.</p> |

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| 316 | <p>I keep my hand on him, willing him to groan again. I just love the noises he makes. I glance down, admiring the way the water is spraying us, helping my hand to glide easily over him. "You make me feel so fucking good."</p> <p>His gaze on me makes me a little nervous, but the way his teeth are pressed together and the way his eyelids flutter, it's as if he's trying to keep them open to urge me to pleasure him further. My thumb rubs across the head of his penis and he curses under his breath. "I'm going to come now, already. Fuck." His eyes close and I feel the warmth of his release mix with the hot water, and I can't help but stare until only the water is left on my hand.</p> |
| 347 | <p>I have only ever seen condoms in sex ed class, where they seemed so intimating. But right here, right now, I just want to yank it out of Hardin's hand and put it on him as fast as I can. I am thankful that Hardin can't hear my indecent thoughts, even if his words are far dirtier than any thought I've ever had.</p> <p>"Are . . ." His voice is low.</p> <p>"If you ask if I am sure, I will kill you."</p> <p>He smiles and laughs, waving the condom between his thumb and forefinger.</p> <p>"I was going to say, are you going to help me put this on, or should I do it?"</p> <p>I bite my lip. "Oh. I want to . . . but you have to show me how," I say, realizing that learning about condoms in sex ed really didn't prepare me for how this moment feels, and I don't want to mess this up.</p> <p>"Okay." He sits on the bed and I sit up cross-legged. Stretching out to me, he kisses me swiftly on my forehead. When he tears the packet open, I hold my hand out, but he just chuckles and shakes his head. "I'll show you, this way." Taking my hand, he pulls out the little disk and uses our entwined hands to place the condom above him. It feels slippery to the touch. "Now it goes down," he says, his cheeks flushed. As both of our hands slide the condom over his hard skin, his eyes narrow and he grows a little larger.</p> <p>"That wasn't so bad for a virgin and a drunk," I joke.</p> <p>He raises an eyebrow at me and smiles. I am glad we are being playful and not so intense; it makes me less nervous for what is about to happen.</p> <p>"I'm not drunk, babe. I had a few drinks, but arguing with you sobered me up,</p> |
| 348 | <p>as usual." He flashes his dimples and runs his thumb across my bottom lip.</p> <p>I'm relieved by his answer. It's not like I want him passing out halfway through or puking on me. I laugh a little at my thoughts and look at him again. His eyes are clear, not glazed like they were an hour ago.</p> <p>"Now what?" I say before I can stop myself.</p> <p>He laughs, taking my hand and wrapping it around his length. "Eager?" he teases and I nod. "Me too," he admits, and I love the feel of his hard flesh in my hand. Shifting his body, he hovers over me. With one knee he parts my legs, spreading them wide, and I feel his fingers rub against me. I wonder if he will be gentle with me . . . I hope so.</p> <p>"You're soaking wet, so that will make it easier." He inhales. His lips meet mine and he kisses me slowly, his tongue teasing mine. His lips seem to be molded against mine, made just for me. Pulling back slightly, he kisses the corners of my mouth, followed by my nose, and then my lips again. My hands go to his back in a desperate attempt to pull him closer to me.</p> |

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| 348 | <p>“Slow, baby, we need to go slow,” he whispers against my earlobe. “It’s going to hurt at first, so just tell me if you want me to stop. I mean it, okay?” he says gently and looks straight into my eyes, waiting for my answer.</p> <p>“Okay.” I gulp. I have heard that losing your virginity hurts but it can’t be that bad. I hope not, at least.</p> <p>Hardin kisses me again. I feel the silky condom brush against me, causing me to shudder. Seconds later he presses into me . . .</p> <p>It’s such a foreign feeling . . . My eyes screw shut and I hear myself gasp. “You okay?”</p> <p>I nod and he moves farther into me. I wince at the pinching feeling deep inside. It’s just as bad as everyone says—if not worse.</p> <p>“Fuck,” Hardin groans. His body is still, unmoving, but it’s still incredibly uncomfortable.</p> <p>“Can I move?” His voice is so strained and raspy.</p> <p>“Yeah,” I say. The pain continues, but Hardin kisses me all over, my lips, my cheeks, my nose, my neck, and the tears forming at the corner of my eyes. I put my focus on squeezing Hardin’s arms and feeling his warm tongue on my neck.</p> <p>“Oh God,” he moans and rolls his head back. “I love you, I love you so much, Tess.” He breathes against my cheek. The comfort of his voice mutes my pain slightly, but it persists as his hips slowly roll against mine.</p> <p>I want to tell him how much I love him, but I am afraid if I talk, I will cry.</p> <p>“Do you . . . fuck . . . do you want me to stop?” he stutters. I can hear the pleasure and worry battling in his voice.</p> <p>I shake my head and watch him in amazement when his eyes close tightly</p> |
| 349 | <p>again. His jaw is clenched in concentration; his hard muscles contract and pull beneath his inked skin. The pain almost completely disappears as I watch him coming undone. He brushes my cheekbone with his fingers and kisses me again before burying his head in the crook of my neck. His breath is staggering, hot and wild against my skin. Bringing his face to mine, he opens his eyes. I would take the pain over and over to be able to feel this way, this deep-seated connection to Hardin that takes me somewhere I never knew existed. The emotion in his brilliant green eyes as he looks into mine unleashes the tears from my eyes; it sends me reeling out into the oblivion and then tethers me back to him. I love him and I know without a doubt he loves me. Even if we don’t last forever, if we end up never speaking again, I will always know that in this moment he was everything to me.</p> <p>I can tell that it’s taking everything in him to control himself, to keep this slow pace for me, and I love him all the more for it. Time slows and stops, speeds and stops again as he moves in and out of me. The salty taste of sweat is on his lips as he kisses me, and I want more. I kiss his neck and the spot under his ear that I know drives him crazy.</p> <p>He shivers and moans my name. “You’re doing so good, baby. I love you so much.”</p> <p>It doesn’t hurt anymore, but it is still uncomfortable, and there is a slight sting each time he thrusts into me. My lips move to his neck and my hands tug at his hair.</p> <p>“I love you, Hardin,” I manage to say.</p> <p>He moans and brings his swollen lips to mine. “Oh, baby, I am going to come. Okay?” he says through clenched teeth.</p> |

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| 349 | <p>I nod and kiss his neck again, sucking gently on his skin. Hardin’s eyes never leave mine as he comes; promises of forever and unconditional love are made as he tenses and gently falls onto me. I can feel the heavy thrumming of his heart against my chest, and I kiss the top of his dampened hair. His chest stops heaving and he lifts up, pulling out of me. I wince at the sudden emptiness as he pulls the condom off and folds it over and places it on the floor atop the foil wrapper.</p> |
| 388 | <p>In an attempt to wrestle control from him, I straddle his torso and pull my sweatshirt and tank top over my head at the same time, leaving me in my lacy bra. His eyes widen and he tries to pull me down to kiss him, but I have other plans.</p> <p>Reaching behind my back, my rushed fingers find my bra clasp and I unsnap it before pulling the straps down my shoulders and letting it drop to the bed behind me. Hardin’s hands are warm as he reaches up and cups my breasts in his large palms, kneading them roughly. Grabbing his wrists, I remove his hands from my skin and shake my head. His head tilts in confusion before I climb down his body and unbutton his pants. He helps me tug them down to his knees along with his boxers. My fingers immediately grip his length—he gasps, and when I look at his face his eyes are closed. I pump slowly before dipping down and bravely taking him into my mouth. I try to remember his instructions from last time and repeat the things that I know he liked.</p> <p>“Fuck . . . Tessa,” he pants and wraps his hands into my hair. This is the longest he has been silent during any sexual experience we have shared, and I</p> |
| 389 | <p>realize much to my own amusement that I missed his dirty words.</p> <p>I move my body while continuing to please him and end up between his knees.</p> <p>He sits up and watches me. “You look so sexy like this, with that smart mouth of yours wrapped around me,” he says and grips my hair harder.</p> <p>I feel the heat gathering between my legs and move my head faster, wanting to hear him moan my name again. My tongue laps around the tip of him and he lifts his hips slightly off the bed, pushing himself down my throat. My eyes begin to water and I can barely breathe, but hearing my name fall from his lips over and over again makes it that much better. Seconds later, he removes his hands from my hair and cups my face, stopping me from moving further. The metallic scent of his bloody knuckles hits my nose, but I ignore the reflex to pull away.</p> <p>“I’m going to come . . .” he tells me. “So if there is anything else you . . . you know, want to do before then, you should stop blowing me.”</p> <p>I don’t want to speak, to give away how desperate I am to have him make love to me, so I simply stand up and slide my jeans down my legs and step out of them. When I begin to remove my panties Hardin’s hand reaches out and stops me.</p> <p>“I want you to leave these on . . . for now,” he coos. I nod and gulp, anticipation consuming me.</p> <p>“Come here.” He gestures and pulls his shirt over his head. Scooting to the edge of the bed, he pulls me onto him.</p> <p>Our feverish exchange in the beginning has slowed and the angry tension between us has decreased. Hardin’s chest is flushed and his eyes are wild. The feeling of sitting on his lap while he is completely naked and ready—and I am only dressed in panties—is exquisite. He presses the small of my back, the length of his one outstretched hand there holding me in place as his lips meet mine once again.</p> |

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| 389 | <p>“I love you,” he whispers into my mouth as his fingers move my panties to the side. “I . . . love you . . .”</p> <p>I gasp at the immediate pleasure of the intrusion. He moves his fingers slowly, too slowly, and I instinctively rock back and forth to create a faster pace.</p> <p>“That’s it, baby . . . fuck . . . You’re always so ready for me,” he groans and I continue to rock against his hand. My breathing and moans intensify—it still surprises me how quickly my body responds to Hardin. He knows every little thing to do and say.</p> <p>“You are going to listen to me from now on. Am I right?” he says against my neck, gently biting the skin.</p> <p>What?</p> <p>“Tell me you will listen to me or I won’t let you come.”</p> |
| 390 | <p>He can’t be serious. “Hardin . . .” I plea and try to move faster, but he stops me.</p> <p>“Okay . . . Okay . . . just please,” I beg and he smirks. I want to slap him for doing this right now. He is using my most vulnerable time against me but I can’t find my anger through my need for him. I am all too aware of his bare skin against mine, only my thin panties between us.</p> <p>“Please,” I repeat and he nods.</p> <p>“Good girl,” he says in my ear and guides my hips to move again as his fingers pump in and out. I feel myself inching closer and closer to the edge in no time at all. Hardin whispers filthy things in my ear, the foreign words urging me on in a way that I can’t describe. They are completely filthy but welcome, and I grip on to his arms to keep myself from falling off the bed as I come undone under his touch.</p> <p>“Open your eyes. I want to watch what only I can do to you,” he instructs and I do my best to keep them open as my orgasm overtakes me.</p> <p>Afterward, my head falls onto his chest and my arms wrap under his arms, hugging him tight as I try to catch my breath.</p> <p>“I can’t believe you tried to . . .” I begin to scold him, but he silences me by running his tongue along my bottom lip. My breath comes out in spurts as I am still recovering from my high. I reach my hand down in between us and grab hold of him. He winces and pulls my lip between his, sucking lightly. I decide to take a page from the Hardin Scott sex handbook and grip him harder.</p> <p>“Apologize, and I will give you what you want,” I say as seductively as I possibly can into his ear.</p> <p>“What?” His face is priceless.</p> <p>“You heard me.” I keep my face neutral and pump him in one hand and slide my fingers over my soaking panties with the other.</p> <p>He whimpers as I rub him against me.</p> <p>“I’m sorry,” he blurts, his cheeks a deep shade of red. “Just let me fuck you . . . please,” he begs and I laugh. My laughter is cut short by him reaching over to the nightstand and pulling out a small packet. He wastes no time putting the condom on and kissing me again.</p> <p>“I don’t know if you are ready to do it this way, with you above me. If it’s too intense, tell me. Okay, baby?” And like that he’s back to the sweet and gentle Hardin.</p> <p>“Okay,” I answer.</p> <p>He lifts me up slightly and I feel the condom brush against me and then fullness as he lowers me onto him. “Oh my,” I say and close my eyes.</p> |

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| 391 | <p>“Is it okay?”</p> <p>“Yeah . . . just . . . d-different,” I stammer.</p> <p>It hurts, not nearly as much as before, but the feeling is still unpleasant and foreign. I keep my eyes closed and move my hips a little, trying to decrease the pressure.</p> <p>“Good, different, or bad?” His voice is strained and the vein in his forehead is showing.</p> <p>“Shh . . . stop talking,” I say and move again.</p> <p>He moans and apologizes, promising to give me a minute to adjust. I have no idea how much time passes before I move my hips again. The discomfort eases dramatically the more I move, and at some point Hardin wraps his arms around my back, hugging me close to him as he moves to meet my hips. This way is much better, him holding me as we move together. One of my hands rests on his chest, holding my weight as my legs start to tire. I ignore the burn of my muscles and continue to ride his body this way. I keep my eyes open to watch Hardin as a bead of sweat rolls down his forehead. Watching him like this, with his lower lip pulled between his teeth, his eyes so focused on my face that I swear I can feel the burn from them on my skin, is overwhelming in the best way.</p> <p>“You are everything to me. I can’t lose you,” he says as my lips move over his neck and shoulder. His skin is salty and damp and perfect. “I’m close, baby, so fucking close. You’re doing so good, baby.” He groans and moves his hands up and down my back as I try to pick up speed. He laces his fingers through mine and the intimacy of the gesture makes me weak. I love his encouragement and I love him.</p> <p>I feel my stomach tightening as Hardin grips the back of my neck with one hand. He continues to whisper how much I mean to him as his body grows tense. I stare, completely consumed by his words and the way his thumb is brushing over my clit, bringing me to a quick and powerful release. Our moans intertwine along with our bodies as we finish. He practically falls back, lying on the bed, and takes me with him. I barely notice him discarding the condom as I come back to reality.</p> |
| 406 | <p>Too bad we didn’t make it to the part about me removing the dress,” Hardin whispers into my ear as he pushes me farther onto the bed. As soon as I slid his T-shirt off over my head, he practically tackled me onto our bed and slid the condom on faster than I thought possible.</p> <p>“Mmm . . .” is the only word I can manage to form as he slides in and out of me. This is the first time we are making love that there is no pain, only pleasure.</p> <p>“God, baby . . . you feel so good,” he groans and rocks his hips against mine. The feeling is indescribable. His lean body fits perfectly between my legs, and his hot skin feels heavenly against mine. I consider responding, to urge him with dirty talk the way that he does me, but I’m lost in him and the pleasure coursing through me as he continues his tender assault.</p> <p>I grip on to his back, my nails rake down his skin, and his eyes roll to the back of his head. I love to see him this way, so out of control, so primal. He lifts my thigh to wrap around his waist, bringing our bodies even closer. Watching him pushes me to the limit; my toes curl and my leg tightens around his back as I moan his name repeatedly.</p> <p>“That’s it, baby . . . come for me. Show me how good . . . fuck . . . how good I make you f-feel,” he stutters, and I feel him twitch inside me. Though he finishes a few seconds before me, his</p> |

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| 406 | <p>perfect movements continue until I am turned into a pool of boneless mush and am spent. My body is completely relaxed and he collapses on top of me.</p> |
| 408 | <p>Without thinking, I pull Hardin closer and immediately put my hand over his crotch, palming him through his jeans. He groans and unbuttons his jeans, yanking them down along with his boxers. “This is going to be faster than usual, okay, baby?” he says and slides my panties over. I nod with anticipation and lick my lips. He chuckles and pulls me by my hips to the edge of the desk. My lips attack his neck and I hear the foil packet being ripped open. “Look at you—three months ago you would blush at the mention of sex, and now here you are letting me fuck you on your desk,” he whispers and slams into me. Hardin clamps his hand over my mouth and takes his bottom lip between his teeth. I can’t believe I am actually letting Hardin have sex with me on a desk, at the place of my internship, with Kimberly less than a hundred feet away. As much as I hate to admit it, the idea actually drives me crazy. In the best way. “Are you going . . . to be . . . quiet . . .” he says in short spurts and moves even faster. I nod and pant, grabbing on to his biceps so I don’t fall off the desk from his assault. “You like it this way, don’t you? Fast and hard?” He grits his teeth. I gently bite down on his palm to keep quiet. “Answer me or I’ll stop,” he threatens. I lower my eyes at him and nod, too overwhelmed with sensation to actually speak. “I knew you would,” he says, and flips me over so my stomach is on the desk. Oh God. He thrusts back into me and moves slowly before wrapping my hair</p> |
| 409 | <p>around his fist and pulling me up so he can kiss my neck. The tension grows in my stomach and his movements grow sloppier—and I know we are both close. With his final thrust he kisses my shoulder before pulling out of me and helping me off the desk.</p> |
| 445 | <p>Instead of asking him any questions or pushing him further, I grab him by the collar of his shirt and push my hips out to meet his. He’s already hard. Groaning, he lets go of my wrists, allowing me to comb my fingers through his hair. When his mouth moves over mine, his tongue is hot and sweet with the lingering taste of champagne. Within seconds he is reaching into his pocket and pulling out a foil packet. “We’ve got to get you on birth control so I can stop using these. I want to really be able to feel you.” His voice is husky and he pulls my lower lip between his, sucking lightly and seductively, making my body crave him even more. I hear him unzip and he hisses as my hands reach down and push his pants and boxers down to his knees. Hardin’s hands go up the front of my dress and he hooks his long fingers around my panties and pulls them down. I clumsily step out of them, using his arms to steady myself. He chuckles lightly before connecting his lips with my neck. His hands squeeze my hips before he lifts me up and I whimper a little, wrapping my legs around his waist. My hands grip the top of my dress in an attempt to pull it down, but he pleads into my neck, “No, leave it on. This dress is so incredibly sexy . . . it’s so sexy, yet white and virginal looking . . . and fuck . . . it’s so hot. You’re so beautiful.”</p> |

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| 446 | <p>He lifts me up farther, then lowers me onto him. My back is against the smooth door and Hardin begins guiding me up and down. There is a fever and a desperation in him that I have not seen at this level before, and I feel as though I am ice and he is fire. We are so completely different, yet the same.</p> <p>“Is . . . this . . . okay?” he stutters, his arms wrapped around my back to keep me steady.</p> <p>“Yes,” I moan. The feeling of him taking me this way, against the door, my legs around his waist, is very intense but heavenly all the same.</p> <p>“Kiss me,” he begs.</p> <p>I slide my tongue across his lips before his mouth parts, allowing me access.</p> <p>Tugging at his hair, I do my best to kiss him as he moves in and out of me faster and faster. Our bodies are moving vigorously, but our kiss remains slow and intimate.</p> <p>“I can’t get enough of you, Tess, I . . . fuck. I love you,” he says into my mouth and I gasp and moan, that feeling growing in the pit of my stomach.</p> <p>A few grunts escape his lips and I cry out, both of us reaching our climaxes. “Let go, baby,” he instructs, and I do just that. He leaves his lips pressed against mine, swallowing my moans as he tenses and spills into the condom.</p> <p>With a few heavy breaths his head falls onto my chest and he continues to hold me in place for a few seconds before lifting me and then lowering me to stand on my own feet.</p> <p>I tilt my head back against the door and catch my breath as he neatly puts the condom back into the wrapper and puts it into his pocket before pulling his pants back up.</p> |

| Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms | Count |
|---|-------|
| Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc. | 23 |
| Bastard | 1 |
| Bitch | 7 |
| Breast / Tit | 15 |
| Clit | 2 |
| Cock | 1 |
| Dick | 5 |
| Fuck | 74 |
| Penis | 1 |
| Piss | 25 |
| Pussy | 1 |
| Shit / Bullshit etc. | 37 |
| Whore | 3 |
| Slut | 3 |
| Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage | Count |
| Damn | 27 |
| God / God damn etc. | 41 |
| Hell | 78 |
| Jesus | 7 |
| Lord | 2 |