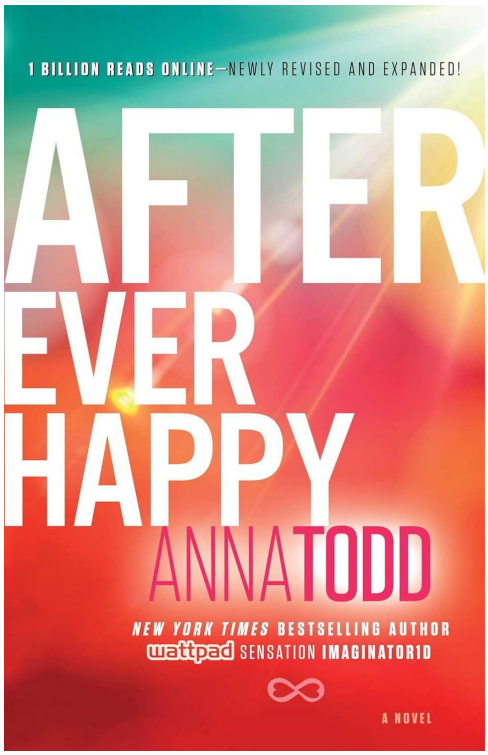
Pending Final Report

After Ever Happy



Book Summary

This is the final book in the "After" series, follows Tessa and Hardin as they navigate the aftermath of a shocking revelation about Hardin's family and a tragedy that befalls Tessa.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol/addiction, death, deception, depression/mental illness, derogatory terms, drugs/addiction, dubious consent, obscene sexual activities/sexual nudity, potentially prurient content, profanity (excessive), sexual assault, smoking, toxic relationships, and vaping.

New Adult / Young Adult

By Anna Todd

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Deviant Content

Page	Content
60	Her voice is thick, and her eyes follow my free hand as it moves across her exposed thigh. Her dress is bunched up at her waist in the most maddening way possible. “Everything I do is because I love you. Even the stupid shit.” I reach the lace of her panties, and she gasps when I run a single finger across the moisture already collected between her thighs. “Always so wet for me, even now.” I slide her panties over and push two fingers into her wet flesh. She whimpers and arches her back against the steering wheel, and I feel her body relaxing. I move the seat back farther to give us more room inside the small car. “You can’t distract me with—” I remove my fingers from her and plunge them back in, stopping the words before they can fall from her lips.
61	“Yes, baby, I can.” I bring my lips to her ear. “Will you stop fighting me if I let your hands go?” She nods. The second I let them go, they move to my hair. Her fingers bury into the thick mess of my hair, and I tug the front of her dress down with one hand. Her white lace bra is sinful despite its holy coloring. Tessa, whose blond hair and white ensemble contrast in the most extreme manner with my dark hair and dark clothes. Something about the contrast is so fucking erotic: the ink on my wrist as my fingers disappear inside her again, the clean, unmarked skin of her thighs, the way her soft moans and whimpers fill the air as my eyes drag shamelessly up her tight stomach and back to her chest. I tear my eyes away from her perfect tits long enough to scan the parking lot. The windows are tinted, but I want to be sure we are still alone on this side of the street. I unfasten her bra using one hand and slow the movement of my other. She whines in protest, but I don’t bother to hide the smile on my face. “Please,” she begs for me to continue. “Please what? Tell me what you want,” I coax her, the way I have since in the beginning of our relationship. It has always felt like unless she spoke the words aloud, they couldn’t be true. She couldn’t possibly want me the way I want her. She reaches down and pushes my hand back between her thighs. “Touch me.” She’s swollen and waiting and fucking soaking, wanting me, needing me, and I fucking love her more than she could ever comprehend. I need this, I need her to distract me, to help me escape all of this bullshit, even if only for a little while. I give her what she wants, and she moans my name in approval, taking her lip between her teeth. Her hand moves under mine to grip me through my jeans. I’m so hard that it hurts, and Tessa’s touches and squeezes aren’t helping. “I want to fuck you. Now. I have to.” I glide my tongue over one of her breasts. She nods, her eyes rolling back in her head, and I suck at the sensitive tip while kneading its twin with the hand that isn’t between her legs.
62	“Hard-in . . .” she groans. Her hands are eager to free me from my jeans and boxers. I lift my hips enough for her to tug my jeans down my thighs. My fingers are still buried in her, moving at a tender pace, just enough to drive her fucking crazy. I remove my fingers from her and bring them to her swollen lips, pressing them into her mouth. She sucks at them, her tongue running slowly up and down my fingers, and I groan, quickly withdrawing them before I come from that alone. I lift her by her hips and lower her back onto me. We share the same relieved moan, both desperate for one another.

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Page	Content
62	“We shouldn’t be apart,” she says, pulling me by my hair until my mouth is level with hers. Can she taste the cowardly goodbye on my breath? “We have to be,” I say as she begins to swivel her hips. Fuck. Tessa lifts herself slowly. “I won’t force you to want me. Not anymore.” I begin to panic, but all my thoughts are lost as she slowly lowers herself back down onto me, only to pull back and then repeat the same torturous movement. She leans forward to kiss me, her tongue lapping around mine as she takes control. “I want you,” I breathe into her mouth. “I always fucking want you, you know that.” A low sound rips through me as her hips quicken their movements. Holy fuck, she’s going to kill me. “You are leaving me.” She glides her tongue across my bottom lip, and I reach down to where our bodies are joined and bring her swollen clit between my fingers. “I love you,” I say, unable to find any other words, and she’s silenced by my pinching and rubbing her sensitive bud of nerves. “Oh God.” Her head falls to my shoulder, and she wraps her arms around my neck. “I love you,” she practically sobs as she comes, squeezing all around me. I follow directly after, filling her with every drop of me, literally and metaphorically.
75	I undressed her slowly, savoring every inch of her sexy curves. I loved the way her eyes went wide as I rolled the condom on. That same afternoon she had been nervous about fucking while on her period, but her chest was moving up and down with rapid jerks as I began to stroke myself in front of her. Impatient breaths and a small whine was all it took for me to stop teasing her. I moved between her thighs and pushed into her slowly. She was so wet and tight, I lost myself in her and I still can’t remember how that damn tree got stored away.
176	Hardin, please. I’ve got to get ready,” Tessa had whined into my chest one day. Her naked body was sprawled across me, distracting every brain cell I have left. “You’re not convincing me, woman. If you actually wanted to leave, you would be out of bed by now.” I pressed my lips against the shell of her ear, and she wiggled against me. “You certainly wouldn’t be rubbing yourself against my cock right now.” She giggled and slid against me, deliberately making contact with my erection. “Now you’ve done it,” I groaned, wrapping my fingers around her curvy hips. “You’ll never make it to class now.” My fingers slid to the front of her, sliding into her as she gasped. Fuck, she always felt so fucking tight and warm around my fingers, even more so around my cock. Without a word, she had rolled onto her side and wrapped her hand around me, jerking slowly. Her thumb swiped across the bead of moisture already present, betraying the cool smirk on my face, as she whined for more. “More what?” I teased her, praying that she would take the bait. Either way I knew what was coming next; I just loved to hear her say it. Her desires became more substantial, more tangible, when said aloud. The way she whined and whimpered for me was more than for my satisfaction or a plea of lust. The words signified her trust in me; the
177	I had pressed her for the words that I wanted. The words that I needed. “Tell me, Tessa.” “More everything, just . . . just all of you,” she moaned, running her lips along my chest, and I

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Page	Contents
177	lifted one of her thighs to wrap it around my own. It would be more difficult this way, but much deeper, and I could watch her easily. I could watch what only I could do to her, and I would fucking revel in the way her mouth fell open and she came, calling my name alone. You already have all of me, I should have said. Instead, I reached in front of her and pulled a condom from the nightstand and slid it on, pressing between her legs. Her satisfied groan had me almost burst right then, but I held it together long enough to bring her to the edge with me. She whispered how much she loved me and how good I made her feel, and I should have told her that I felt the same way, even more than she could ever imagine, but instead, I spoke only her name as I emptied myself into the condom.
219	Tessa spread out on the bed, her thighs pushed apart and her fingers clawing at the sheets as she comes against my tongue. Tessa's hips moving in slow, torturing circles as she rides my cock, her moans filling the room. Tessa kneeling in front of me, her full lips parting as she takes me into her warm mouth. Tessa leaning forward, her naked skin glowing in the soft light of the room. She's in front of me, facing away from me as she lowers her body onto me. I fill her as she gasps my name . . .
221	I wrap my arms around her and press my hips into hers until her back reaches the mattress. Her knee is bent, lifted, level with my crotch, and I shamelessly rub myself against her. She gasps at my desperation and removes a hand from my hair to bring down to her own chest. I could burst at the feeling of having her under me again—it's too fucking much, yet not enough, and I can't form a thought aside from her. She touches herself, gripping one of her large breasts, and I look down like I've forgotten how to do anything else except stare at her perfect body and the way she's finally letting loose with me. She needs this even more than I do. She needs the distraction from the real world, and I will gladly serve in that role. Our moves aren't calculated—pure passion is fueling us. I'm the fire, and she's the damn gasoline, and there's no sign of stopping or slowing until something is sure to explode. I'll be waiting then, ready to fight the flames for her, keeping her safe so she doesn't get burned by me, again. Her hand travels down her body, and she grips me, rubbing her hand over me, and I have to concentrate not to come from her hand alone. I shift my hips, resting them between her parted legs as she tugs at the waistband of my shorts. I tug at hers with one hand until both of us are naked from the waist down. The groan that escapes her lips matches my own when I rub against her, skin to skin. I shift slightly, entering her partially, and she groans again. This time she presses her mouth to my bare shoulder. She's licking and sucking at my skin as I push farther inside her. My vision blurs as I try to savor every second of this, every moment that she's willing to be with me in this way. "I love you," I promise her. Her mouth stops moving, and her grip on my arms loosens. "Hardin . . ." "Marry me, Tessa. Please." I push my cock inside her, filling her, hoping to catch her in an unfair moment of weakness.
222	"If you're going to say things like that, then we can't do this," she says softly. I can see the hurt in her eyes, the lack of self-control she has when it comes to me, and I instantly feel guilty for

Page	Content
222	bringing up fucking marriage while fucking her. Great fucking timing, you selfish asshole. “I’m sorry. I’ll stop.” I assure her with a kiss. I will give her this time to think, and I will lay off the heavy shit while I’m thrusting in and out of her hot, wet— “Oh God,” she moans. Instead of confessing my undying love for her, I’ll only say the things she wants to hear. “You feel so fucking tight around me. It’s been so long,” I say against her neck, and one of her hands presses against the bottom of my back, pressing me deeper into her. Her eyes pinch shut, and her legs begin to tighten. I know she’s already close, and even though she hates me right now, she loves my filthy mouth. I’m not going to last long, but neither is she. I’ve missed this—not only the pure fucking perfection that it is to be inside her, but being close to her in this way is something I need, something she needs. “Come on, baby. Come around me, let me feel you,” I say through gritted teeth. She obeys, clenching one of my arms and whimpering my name as she pushes her head back into the mattress. She comes apart, stitch by beautifully constructed stitch, and I watch her. I watch her beautiful mouth fall open as she whimpers my name. I watch the way her eyes find mine just before they close in pleasure. It’s too much, the beauty of her coming for me, allowing me to have her. I push myself into her once more, grabbing onto her hip as I spill into her.
279	He pushes his weight onto me, his hips pinning me to the mattress in a dominating and demanding way that has my head swimming faster than last night’s wine. His knee slides between my thighs, and he opens them. “Don’t think about me. Only think about you and what you want.” “Okay.” I nod, moaning when his knee rubs between my legs. “I love you—don’t ever feel bad about letting me show you that.” He speaks such soft words, but his hands are rough as one of them keeps both of my hands pinned to the bed and the other pushes into my panties. “So wet,” he groans, moving his finger up and down the moisture there. I try to hold still as he brings his finger to my mouth, pushing it past my lips. “So sweet, isn’t it?” He doesn’t allow me to respond before he frees my hands and positions his head between my legs. His tongue swipes across me, and I push my fingers into his hair. With each stroke of his tongue across my clit, I am lost in this place with him. I’m no longer clouded by darkness, I’m no longer pissed off—I’m not focusing on regrets and mistakes. I’m only focused on my body and his. I’m focused on the way he groans against me when I pull his hair. I’m focused on the way my nails leave angry little lines across his shoulder blades as he pushes two fingers inside me. I can only focus on his touching me, every part of me, inside and out, in a way that no one else ever could. I focus on the sharp intake of his breath as I beg him to turn around and let me please him while he pleases me, the way he pushes his jeans to the floor and nearly rips his shirt off in his hurry to touch me again. I focus on the way he lifts me on top of him, my face opposite his cock. I focus on the way we’ve never done this before, but I love the way he moans my name when I take him into my mouth. I focus on the way his fingers dig into my hips as he licks me and I suck him. I focus on the way I can feel the pressure building inside me, and I focus on the dirty things he’s saying to bring me over the edge. I come first, followed by him filling my mouth, and I nearly collapse from the relief that my body feels after my release.

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Page	Content
378	I've missed the sexy-as-hell noises that fall from those fuckable lips. I've missed the way she moves her full hips, sliding them across me, getting me so fucking hard that all I can think of is loving her, showing her how fucking good she makes me feel both emotionally and physically. "I've craved you every second of every fucking day," I say into her open mouth. Her tongue swipes across mine, and I wrap my lips around it, playfully sucking on her tongue. Tessa's breath catches. Her hands reach for the bottom of my shirt, and she pushes it up to my arms. I sit up, bringing her half-dressed body with mine, and make it easier for her to lift the shirt off me. "You have no idea how many times I've thought of you, how many times I've stroked my cock, remembering the way your hands feel on me, the way your hot mouth felt on me." "Oh God." Her moan only spurs my words. "You've missed this, haven't you? The way my words make you feel, the way they make you soaking, fucking wet?" She nods and moans again when my tongue moves down her neck, slowly kissing and sucking at the salty skin. I've missed this feeling so
379	much, the way she can completely and entirely take me over, take me under, and pull me back to the surface with her touch. I wrap my arms around her waist and turn our bodies so I can lay her underneath me. My fingers have her pants unbuttoned, and my hands push them down to her ankles within seconds. Tessa grows impatient and kicks her feet, tossing the pants to the floor. "Take yours off," she orders. Her cheeks are flushed; her hands are shaking, resting on the bottom of my back. I love her, I fucking love her and the way she still loves me after all this time. We are truly fucking inevitable; even time cannot come between us. I do as I'm told and climb back on top of her, taking her panties off while she arches her back. "Fuck." I admire the way her hips curve and her thighs just fucking scream to be grasped by my hands. I do just that, and she stares at me with those fucking blue-gray eyes that got me through hours of bullshit with Dr. Tran. Those eyes even brought me to call Vance a few times in the last few months. "Please, Hardin," Tessa whines, lifting her ass off the mattress. "I know, baby." I bring my fingers to the apex of her thighs and rub my index finger over her pussy, collecting the wetness there. My cock twitches, and she sighs, wanting more relief. I push a finger inside her and use my thumb to brush across her clit, making her writhe underneath me and causing the sexiest fucking noise I've ever heard when I add another finger inside her. Fuck. Fuck. "So good," she gasps, her fingers gripping at the hideous flower-printed sheets on her tiny bed. "Yeah?" I urge her, moving my thumb faster over the spot that drives her fucking crazy. She nods frantically, and her hand moves to my cock, sliding up and down in a slow but tight motion. "I wanted to taste you, it's been so long, but if I don't get my cock in you right now, I'll come all over your sheets." Her eyes widen farther, and I give a few more pumps of my fingers inside her before aligning my body with hers. She is still gripping me, guiding my cock into her, and her eyes close as I fill her.
380	"I love you, I fucking love you so damn much," I tell her and lean down on my elbows, pressing in and pulling out, pressing in and pulling out. She claws at my back with one hand and wraps the

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Page	Content
380	fingers of the other into my hair. She pulls at it when I shift my hips, spreading her thighs farther apart. After months of improving myself, seeing the brighter side to life and shit, it feels so fucking good to be with her. Everything in my life revolves around this woman, and some people may say it's unhealthy or obsessive, crazy even, but you know what? I don't give a flying fuck, not a single fucking one. I love her, and she is everything to me. If people have shit to say, they can take their judgmental bullshit elsewhere, because no one is fucking perfect, and Tessa brings me as close to perfect as I will ever be. "I love you, Hardin, I always have." Her words make me pause, and another piece of me is glued back in place. Tessa is everything to me, and hearing her say this shit, and the way her face looks when I look down at her, is everything to me. "You had to know that I would always love you. You made me . . . me, Tessa, and I will never forget that." I enter her again, hoping that I don't end up crying like a bitch while getting her off. "You made me me, too," she concurs, smiling up at me like we're in some romance novel. Two lovers, kept apart for months, only to be wonderfully reunited in the big city. Smiles and laughs and plenty of fucking. We've all read it before. "Leave it to us to have a sentimental conversation at times like this," I tease, planting a kiss on her forehead. "Then again, what better time is there for our feelings to come out?" I kiss her smiling lips, and she wraps her thighs around my waist. I'm getting close now. My spine is tingling, and I can feel myself getting closer and closer to coming as her breaths get deeper, quicker, and she tightens her thighs. "You're going to come," I pant in her ear. Her fingers tug at my hair, sending me to the edge. "You're going to come now, with me, and I'm going to fill you," I promise, knowing how much she loves my fucking dirty-ass mouth. I may be less of an asshole, but I won't ever lose my edge.
381	With Tessa calling my name, she comes around me. I join her, and it's the most relieving, fucking borderline-magical feeling in the entire fucking world. This is the longest I've gone without fucking someone, and I would gladly have gone another year waiting for her.
422	Too soon, I pull away, and she drops her hands from my belt. "I'm just blocking the door." I'm thankful for the chairs placed in women's gathering
423	places, and I pull two of them over to the door to keep anyone from coming inside. "We're really doing this?" Tessa asks as I lean down to lift her floor-length dress from the floor, up to her waist. "Are you surprised?" I laugh into another kiss. Her mouth tastes like home to me, and I've been away from home, living in Chicago alone, for so long. Only small doses of her have been granted to me over the last few years. "No." Her fingers hurry to unzip my pants, and I gasp when she grasps my cock through my boxers. It's been a long time, too damn long. "When's the last time you . . ." "With you in Chicago." I urge her, "You?"

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Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	86
Bastard	10
Bitch	18
Breast / Tit	10
Clit	5
Cock	14
Cunt	1
Dick	11
Fuck, Fucking, Fucked etc.	**584**
Piss	34
Pussy	5
Shit / Bullshit etc.	277
Whore	7
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	**Count**
Damn	114
God / God damn etc.	29
Hell	109
Lord	2