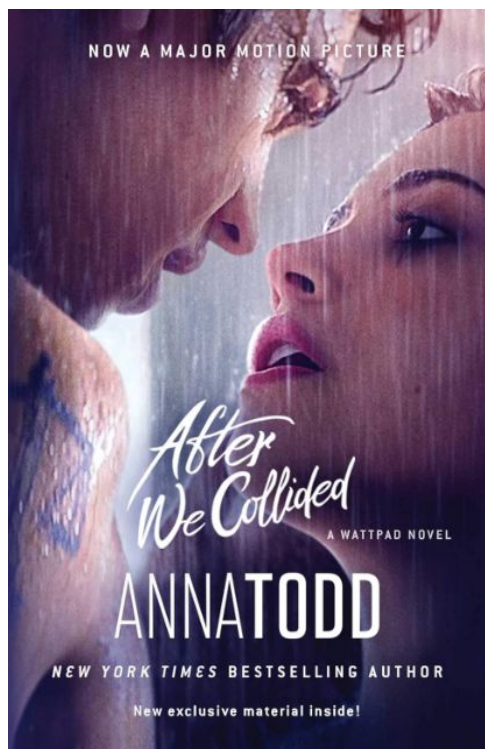


After We Collided



Book Summary

Tessa finds herself struggling with her complicated relationship with Hardin; she faces a dilemma that could change their lives forever.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol use, alcoholism, bullying, controversial gender commentary, drug use, obscene sexual activities; potentially prurient interest content, profanity, sexual nudity, sexism, smoking and violence.

Young Adult / New Adult

By Anna Todd

ISBN 9781476792491

978-1-4767-9255-2

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

5 / 5

Deviant Content

Page	Content
65	<p>If I'm not mistaken, a smirk plays on Zed's lips as my fist connects with Jace's jaw. I feel nothing on my knuckles from the repeated blows to Jace's face; my anger overpowers everything as I climb on top of him to continue my assault. Images of him touching Tessa, kissing her, undressing her flash through my mind, making me hit him harder. The blood on his face only pushes me on, making me want to hurt him as much as I possibly can. Jace's black-framed glasses lie broken and shattered next to his bloody face as strong hands pull me off him.</p>
77	<p>"Fuck . . . Okay. Fuck it," he says and wraps his hands in my hair, pulling my mouth to his. The moment Hardin's lips touch mine, my body ignites. I moan into his mouth and am rewarded with an equally feverish sound from Hardin. My fingers thread through his hair and tug harder, not able to control myself or my need for him. I know he's holding back and it's driving me crazy. My hands move from his hair down to the hem of his black T-shirt, gripping the fabric and pulling it up and over his head. The second the kiss breaks, Hardin leans back slightly.</p>
78	<p>"Hardin," I counter and run my fingertips over his ink. I've missed the way his hard muscles strain against his skin, the way the intricate black ink swirls and decorates his perfect body. "I can't take advantage of you," he says but then moans as I swipe my tongue over his bottom lip. I let out a derisive little chuckle. "Just stop talking." As my hand reaches down to palm him through his jeans, I know that he can't resist me, which pleases me more than it should. I never thought I would be in a situation with Hardin where I'd have all the control; it's amusing, really, the way we've switched roles. He's so hard and so turned on, I climb off of him and reach for his zipper</p>
79	<p>My mind's racing and I know how wrong this is, but I can't help it. I want her, need her. Long for her. I have to have her—and she gave me an edict to either leave or fuck her, so there is no way I'm leaving her if those are my options. The words that came out of her mouth sounded so unnatural, so strange . . .</p> <p>But so hot.</p> <p>Her small hands reach down to unbutton and unzip my jeans. When my belt hits my ankles, I shake my head. I'm not thinking clearly; I'm not thinking rationally. I'm wasted, completely gone for this usually sweet, now wild woman that I love more than I can stand.</p> <p>"Wait . . ." I say again, not really wanting her to stop, but the good part of me wants to at least put up a little fight to ease the guilt it feels.</p> <p>"No . . . no waiting. I've waited enough." Her voice is soft and teasing as she pulls my boxers down and grips me in her hand.</p> <p>"Fuck, Tessa . . ."</p> <p>"That's the idea. Fuck. Tessa."</p> <p>I can't stop her. Not even if I wanted to. She needs this, needs me. And drunk or not, I am selfish enough to take it if this is the only way I can have her wanting me.</p> <p>She drops to her knees in front of me and takes me into her mouth. When I look down at her, she looks up at me, batting her lashes. Fuck, she looks like an angel and the devil at once, so sweet and so goddamn dirty as she works her tongue around me, swirling and flicking.</p> <p>She pauses with my cock next to her face and asks with a smirk, "You like me like that?"</p> <p>I almost come from her words. I nod, unable to speak, as she swallows me again, hollows her cheeks, and sucks harder, taking more of me into her sweet mouth. I don't want her to stop, but I need to touch her. To feel her. "Stop," I beg and gently push her back by her shoulder. She shakes her head and tortures me by moving her head up and down at a dangerous speed.</p>

Page	Content
79	<p>“Tessa . . . please,” I moan, but I feel her laugh, a deep vibration that rumbles through me until, luckily, she stops just before I’m about to come down her throat.</p> <p>She smiles and wipes her now swollen lips with the back of her hand. “You just taste so good.”</p> <p>“Fuck, where did this dirty mouth of yours come from?” I ask her as she gets up off of her knees. “I don’t know . . . I always think these things. I just never have the balls to say them,” she says and moves toward the bed.</p> <p>I almost laugh from her saying “balls.” It’s so unlike her, but tonight she’s in charge and she knows it. I can tell she’s enjoying this, having me at her complete and utter mercy.</p> <p>This dress she has on is enough to break any man. The way the fabric clings to her every curve, every dip in her flawless skin, is the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. That is, until she pulls it over her head, tossing it at me playfully. I can literally feel my eyes straining to pop out of my head when I take her body in. The white lace of her bra is barely holding her full breasts inside, and her matching panties are bunched up on one side, revealing the soft skin between her hip and pubic bones. She loves to be kissed there, even though I know she’s embarrassed by the thin, almost transparent white lines on her skin. I have no idea why; she is flawless to me, marks and all.</p> <p>“Your turn.” She smiles and lets her heels hit the bed before she falls backward onto the mattress.</p> <p>I’ve been dreaming of this since the day she left me. I didn’t think it would ever come, and now that it’s happening, I know that I need to pay attention to every detail because it probably won’t happen again.</p> <p>I must pause a little bit too long because she cocks her head up and looks at me with a raised brow. “Do I need to start myself?” she teases.</p> <p>Christ, she’s insatiable right now.</p> <p>Instead of answering, I join her on the bed. I sit next to her legs and she impatiently tugs at her panties. I move her hands away and pull them down for her.</p> <p>“I’ve missed you so much,” I say, but she just grabs my hair and pushes my face down where she wants it. I shake my head but give in, pressing my lips against her. She whines and squirms under my tongue as I pay extra attention to her most sensitive bud. I know how much she loves this. I remember the first time I touched her, she had asked, “What is that?”</p> <p>Her innocence was and still is such a turn-on for me.</p> <p>“Oh my God, Hardin,” she moans.</p> <p>I’ve missed that sound. Normally I would say something about how wet she is, how ready, but I can’t find any words. I’m too consumed by her noises and her hands gripping the sheets from the pleasure I’m giving her. I slip one finger inside of her, sliding in and out, and she whimpers.</p> <p>“More, Hardin, please, more,” she begs, and I give her what she wants. I circle and curl both fingers inside of her before pulling them out and giving her my tongue. I notice her legs stiffening, the way they always do when she’s close. I pull back to watch my fingers rub over her, quickly from side to side, and she screams—literally screams my name—as she comes all over my fingers. I stare at her, taking in every detail, the way her eyes screw shut, the way her mouth forms an almost perfect O, the way her chest and cheeks flush a light pink as she goes through her orgasm. I love her; fuck, do I love her. I can’t help but slide my fingers into my mouth after she finishes. She tastes so good, and it’s something I hope I can remember when she leaves me again.</p>

Page	Content
79	<p>The rapid rising and falling of her chest distracts me and her eyes fly open. Her beautiful face holds a huge grin, and I can't help but smile as she hooks her finger to tell me to come closer. "Do you have a condom?" she asks wickedly as I lean over her.</p> <p>"Yeah . . ." I answer. A frown takes over the smile, and I hope she doesn't think too much into this. "It's just a habit," I admit truthfully.</p> <p>"Don't care," she mumbles and looks over at my jeans on the floor. She sits up and grabs them, digging in the pockets until she finds what she's looking for.</p> <p>I reluctantly grab the foil packet and hold her gaze. "You're sure?" I ask for the twentieth time.</p> <p>"Yes. And if you ask again, I will go down to Trevor's room with your condom," she barks.</p> <p>I lower my eyes at her. She's ruthless tonight, but I can't imagine her with anyone but me. Maybe because it would kill me. My heart begins to race as I picture her with that faux-Noah, my blood heating and my temper rising.</p> <p>"Have it your way, then, he'll be—" she starts to say, but I cut her off by placing my hand over her mouth.</p> <p>"Don't you dare finish that," I growl at her and feel her lips pull into a smile beneath my hand. I know this isn't healthy, her antagonizing me this way and me fucking her while she's drunk, but it seems neither of us can help it. I can't deny her when I know she wants me, and there's the chance . . . the small chance that if she's reminded of what we have together she'll give me another shot. I remove my hand from her mouth and tear open the condom. As soon as I roll it on, she climbs onto my lap.</p> <p>"I want to do it this way first," she insists, gripping my length before she lowers herself onto me. I let out a sigh full of defeat and pleasure as she rolls her hips against mine. She moves herself slowly in circles, creating the sweetest rhythm. The shape of her body, the perfect fullness of her curvy hips, is mesmerizing and so fucking sexy as she rides me. I know I won't last long; I have been deprived for too long. The only relief I've gotten lately is from myself while imagining it was her.</p> <p>"Talk to me, Hardin, talk to me like you used to," she whimpers and wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me closer to her. I hate the way she says "used to" like it was really so long ago. I lift off the bed slightly to meet her movements and bring my mouth to her ear. "You like when I say filthy things to you, don't you?" I breathe and she moans. "Answer me," I say, and she nods her head yes. "I knew you did—you try to act all innocent, but I know better." I nip at her neck. My self-control has diminished and I suck her skin harshly, making sure to leave a mark. For fucking Trevor to see. For everyone to see.</p> <p>"You know I'm the only one who can make you feel like this . . . you know no one else can make you scream the way I can . . . no one knows exactly where to touch you," I say and reach down and rub her where our bodies join. She's soaking, my fingers glide easily over the moisture.</p> <p>"Oh God . . ." she purrs.</p> <p>"Say it, Tessa, say that I'm the only one." I rub her clit in tighter circles and move my hips to thrust into her while she continues moving on her own.</p> <p>"You are." Her eyes roll back in her head. She's so lost in her passion for me and I'm joining her.</p> <p>"I'm what?"</p> <p>I need to hear her say it, even if she's lying. My desperation for her terrifies me. I grab her hips and flip us over, me hovering over her, and she shrieks as I pound into her harder than ever before. My fingers dig into her full hips. I need her to feel me, feel all of me, and I need her to love the way I claim her.</p>

Page	Content
79	<p>She's mine and I'm hers. Her soft skin is glistening with sweat, and she looks absolutely delicious. Her breasts move rhythmically with my force, and her eyes roll back in her head. "You're the only one . . . Hardin . . . the only . . ." she says, and I watch her bite her lip, grab at her face, and then at mine. I watch her come completely undone beneath me . . . and it's beautiful. The way she lets go of everything as she comes is too damn perfect. Her words are all I needed to find my own release, and she rakes her nails down my back. The sting is welcomed, I love the passion between us. I lean up, bringing her body with me, resting her on my lap so she can ride me again. My arms wrap around her back, and her head falls onto my shoulder as I lift my hips off of the bed. My cock moves in and out of her at a steady pace as I spill into the condom with a groan of her name.</p>
82	<p>I remove my hand from her mouth and tear open the condom. As soon as I roll it on, she climbs onto my lap.</p> <p>"I want to do it this way first," she insists, gripping my length before she lowers herself onto me. I let out a sigh full of defeat and pleasure as she rolls her hips against mine. She moves herself slowly in circles, creating the sweetest rhythm. The shape of her body, the perfect fullness of her curvy hips, is mesmerizing and so fucking sexy as she rides me. I know I won't last long; I have been deprived for too long. The only relief I've gotten lately is from myself while imagining it was her.</p> <p>"Talk to me, Hardin, talk to me like you used to," she whimpers and wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me closer to her. I hate the way she says "used to" like it was really so long ago. I lift off the bed slightly to meet her movements and bring my mouth to her ear. "You like when I say filthy things to you, don't you?" I breathe and she moans. "Answer me," I say, and she nods her head yes. "I knew you did—you try to act all innocent, but I know better." I nip at her neck. My self control has diminished and I suck her skin harshly, making sure to leave a mark.</p> <p>"You know I'm the only one who can make you feel like this . . . you know no one else can make you scream the way I can . . . no one knows</p>
83	<p>exactly where to touch you," I say and reach down and rub her where our bodies join. She's soaking, my fingers glide easily over the moisture. "Oh God . . ." she purrs. "Say it, Tessa, say that I'm the only one." I rub her clit in tighter circles and move my hips to thrust into her while she continues moving on her own. "You are." Her eyes roll back in her head. She's so lost in her passion for me and I'm joining her. "I'm what?" I need to hear her say it, even if she's lying. My desperation for her terrifies me. I grab her hips and flip us over, me hovering over her, and she shrieks as I pound into her harder than ever before . My fingers dig into her full hips. I need her to feel me, feel all of me, and I need her to love the way I claim her. She's mine and I'm hers. Her soft skin is glistening with sweat, and she looks absolutely delicious. Her breasts move rhythmically with my force, and her eyes roll back in her head. "You're the only one . . . Hardin . . . the only . . ." she says, and I watch her bite her lip, grab at her face, and then at mine. I watch her come completely undone beneath me . . . and it's beautiful. The way she lets go of everything as she comes is too damn perfect. Her words are all I needed to find my own release, and she rakes her nails down my back. The sting is welcomed, I love the passion between us. I lean up, bringing her body with me, resting her on my lap so she can ride me again. My arms wrap around her back, and her head falls onto my shoulder as I lift my hips off of the bed. My cock moves in and out of her at a steady pace as I spill into the condom with a groan of her name.</p>

Page	Content
179	<p>She answers me by taking my hand and placing in in between her thighs. Fuck. I grab her waist with my other hand and pull her toward me. Within seconds I'm hovering over her, one knee between her legs. I kiss her neck first, my mouth feverish and quick against her soft skin. She tugs my T-shirt up and lifts her back enough for me to pull it off. My tongue leaves a wet trail behind as I kiss over her collarbone and the swell of her breasts. Her hands pull at my shirt and my sweats simultaneously, and I help her, leaving me in only my boxers. I want to touch every part of her body, every inch of skin, every curve, every angle. God, she is beautiful. As I lower myself to kiss her stomach, her fingers disappear into my hair, tugging at the roots. I nip at her skin. Her panties and shorts are tossed to the floor. My tongue caresses the skin over her hips. I explore her body as if it's the first or last time, but she rushes me along with a "Hardin . . . please . . ." I bring my mouth to her most sensitive area and slide my tongue across her slowly, savoring her taste as it consumes my senses. "Oh God," she pants and pulls harder on my hair.</p>
180	<p>Her hips buck up off of the bed and she presses herself against my tongue. I pull back and she whines. I love that she's as desperate for me as I am for her. I quickly lean up and open the drawer on the nightstand, grabbing the foil packet and tear it open with my teeth. She watches me and I watch her. I watch the way her chest rises and falls in anticipation. I push down my boxers and lean over to plant a small kiss on her cheek, my cock resting on her thigh for a couple of heartbeats. I straighten up and put the condom on. "Stay still," I instruct. She obliges and I climb back between her legs. The anticipation is exhilarating. I'm so hard that it hurts. "You're always so ready for me, baby," I muse, collecting her moisture on my fingers before bringing them to her mouth to have her taste. She's shy but doesn't protest as she wraps her tongue around my finger. The sensation causes me to ease into her. The feeling is exquisite and one I have missed so, so much. "Christ," I curse as she moans in relief. All of my previous heartache dissolves as I bury myself into her, filling her up completely. Her eyes roll back in her head, and I deliberately circle my hips slowly before pulling out and pushing back in repeatedly. "More . . . please, Hardin." Fuck, I love to hear her beg. "No, baby . . . I want to go slow this time." I rotate my hips again. I want to savor every second of this. I want it to be slow and I want her to feel how much I love her, how sorry I am for hurting her, and how I'm willing to do anything for her. I bring my mouth to hers and caress her tongue with mine. I groan when her fingernails dig into my biceps with a force sure to leave crescent marks in their wake. "I love you . . . I love you so much," I tell her and increase my pace slightly. I know I'm torturing her with my teasing, slow movements. "I . . . I love you," she moans, and her legs begin to shake, telling me she's almost there. I would love to see what we look like in this moment, molded together yet so separated. The contrast of her smooth, clear skin and the black ink covering mine as she runs her hands up and down my arms must be quite the sight. It's dark meets light; it's chaotic perfection; it's everything I fear, want, and need. Her moans become louder, and I bring my hand to her mouth so she can bite on it. "Shhh . . . let go, baby."</p>
181	<p>My thrusts quicken as her soft body goes rigid under mine and she calls my name into my hand. Within seconds I'm joining her, getting high off her. She's the perfect drug. "Look at me," I breathe. Her eyes meet mine and I'm done for. I spill out all of me, and her body relaxes, leaving us both a panting mess. I roll off the condom and toss it into the bin next to the bed.</p>

Page	Content
244	<p>I lift my hair up, and his fingers find the zipper immediately. When the green fabric hits the floor, Hardin says, "I like that dress."</p> <p>He removes his pants and boxers, and I try not to stare at his naked body as I slide the straps of my bra down my arms. When I'm completely naked, Hardin steps into the shower, holding his hand out for me. His eyes rake down my body and stop at my thighs with a scowl.</p> <p>"What?" I try to cover myself with my arms.</p> <p>"The blood. It's on you." He gestures to some faint red marks.</p> <p>"It's fine." I grab the loofah and rub it against my skin.</p> <p>He takes it from me and covers it with soap. "Let me." Hardin kneels, and I can't help the goose bumps that form on my skin at the sight of him on his knees in front of me. The loofah moves up and down my thighs, slowly circling around. The boy has a direct line to my hormones. He brings his face close to my skin, and I try not to squirm as his lips touch my left hip. He keeps one of his hands wrapped around the back of my thigh, holding me in place as he does the same to the right. "Hand me the showerhead," he says, breaking me from my perverted thoughts.</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"Hand me it, the showerhead," he says again.</p> <p>I nod and lift the piece from its hook and hand it down to him. Looking up at me with a gleam in his eye and water dripping from his nose, he turns the head in his hand, pointing it directly at my stomach.</p> <p>"What . . . what are you doing?" I squeak as he moves the object lower. The hot water pulses against my skin, and I watch in anticipation.</p> <p>"Does that feel good?"</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>"If you think it feels good now, let's see how it feels if we move it down, just a little lower . . ."</p> <p>Every cell in my body is awakened, dancing under my skin as Hardin teasingly tortures me. I jump as the water hits me, and Hardin smirks.</p> <p>The water feels so good, much better than I'd ever have assumed it could. My fingers wrap into his hair, and I pull my bottom lip between my teeth to stifle my moans. His mother is in the other room, but I can't make him stop—it feels too good.</p> <p>"Tessa . . ." Hardin probes for an answer.</p> <p>"Same . . . stay there." I pant, and he chuckles, pressing the water closer to me to add more pressure. When I feel Hardin's soft tongue run across me just under the water, I nearly lose my balance. It's too much, his tongue lapping with the water pulsing and my knees shaking.</p> <p>"Hardin . . . I can't . . ." I'm not sure what I'm trying to say, but when his tongue moves faster, I pull his hair, hard. My legs begin to shake, and Hardin drops the showerhead and uses both of his hands to hold me up.</p> <p>"Fuck . . ." I curse quietly, hopeful that the noise of the shower will drown out my moans. I feel him smile against me before continuing to bring me over the edge. My eyes screw shut as I allow pleasure to take over my body.</p> <p>Hardin pulls his mouth from mine long enough to say, "Come on, baby, come for me."</p> <p>I do just that.</p> <p>When I open my eyes, Hardin is still kneeling and his hand is wrapped around his cock. It's hard and heavy in his grip. Still catching my breath, I drop to my knees. I wrap my hand around his, stroking him.</p>

Page	Content
244	<p>“Stand up,” I quietly instruct. His eyes lower and he nods, getting to his feet. I bring his length to my mouth, licking the tip of him. “Fuck . . .” He sucks in a breath, and I lap my tongue around him. I wrap my arms around the back of his legs to keep my balance on the wet floor and take his cock down my throat. Hardin’s fingers dig into my wet hair, holding me still as he moves his hips, thrusting into my mouth. “I could fuck your mouth for hours.” He thrusts a little faster, and I groan. His dirty words make me tighten the suction of my lips around him, and he curses again. The animalistic way he’s completely claiming my mouth is new. He has total control, and I love it. “I’m going to come in your mouth, baby.” He pulls at my hair a little more, and I can feel the muscles in his legs tighten under my hands, and he curses my name repeatedly as he relieves himself down my throat.</p>
239	<p>Trish screams as Hardin lunges at his father. Landon rushes over to try to help, but it’s too late. Hardin pushes Ken back against the china cabinet, the replacement for the one Hardin had broken months ago. Ken grabs Hardin’s shirt and is trying to hold him back when Hardin’s fist connects with his jaw. I stand frozen, as always, as Hardin attacks his own father. Ken manages to turn himself and Hardin around before Hardin can hit him again. Instead, Hardin punches through the glass cabinet door. Seeing the blood, I break out of my stupor and grab Hardin’s shirt. His arm jerks back, knocking me into a table. A glass of red wine topples over, covering my white cardigan.</p>
273	<p>I moan at the way those words sound coming from her full lips, and I’m loving her sudden dominance as she takes control, tugging my jeans down my legs.</p> <p>“Aren’t you?” I ask, referring to her period. “Yeah . . . you aren’t.”</p> <p>She blushes and takes my length into her hand. I hiss, and she smiles while pumping slowly, too slowly.</p> <p>“Don’t tease me.” I groan and she works her hand faster as she sucks the skin on my neck. If this is her way of making amends to me, I welcome her to fuck up more often. As long as it doesn’t involve her and another guy.</p> <p>I pull her head back by her hair to look at me. “I want to fuck you.”</p> <p>She shakes her head no, and a shy smile plays on her lips.</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>“We can’t.” She looks toward the door.</p> <p>“We have before.”</p> <p>“I mean . . . because of . . . you know.”</p> <p>“It’s not so bad.” I shrug. It really isn’t as bad as people assume it is.</p> <p>“Is that . . . normal?”</p> <p>“Yes. It’s normal,” I decree, and her eyes widen. Despite how shy she’s acting, her pupils are blown out, letting me know how bad she wants it, too. Her hand remains on me, slowly moving, and I spread her legs farther. I tug on the string of her tampon and dispose of it in the trash, then, moving her hand away, roll the condom on.</p> <p>She climbs down, then bends over the desk, lifting her skirt up over her ass.</p> <p>Fuck if this isn’t the hottest thing I’ve seen in my entire life, despite the circumstances.</p> <p>Anticipation builds as Hardin pushes the thick material of my skirt farther up my waist.</p> <p>“Relax, Tess. Shut your mind off—it’s not going to be any different than it usually is,” Hardin promises.</p>

Page	Content
273	<p>I'm trying to hide my embarrassment as he slides into me; it doesn't feel any different. Well, if anything, it actually feels better. More daring. Doing something so out of my norm, so taboo, makes it all the more exciting. Hardin's hand runs down my spine, making me shiver in anticipation. His mood has totally shifted. Given his stance when I came out of the elevator, I had expected him to cause a much bigger scene. "Are you okay?" he asks. I nod, moaning in answer. One of his hands digs into my hip as the other grips my hair, holding me in place. "You feel so good, so good, baby." His voice is tight as he slowly drags himself in and out of me. Hardin's hand moves from my hair down to my breasts. He tugs at the neckline of my blouse, exposing my chest. His hand finds my nipple, tugging at it gently before he rolls it between his fingers. I gasp and arch my back as he repeats the action over and over. "Oh God," I utter, then clamp my mouth shut. I'm aware that we are in my office, but I can't seem to worry in the way that I normally would. My thoughts begin with Hardin and end with pleasure. The reality of this and the taboo around our act isn't relevant to me right now.</p> <p>"Feels good, doesn't it, baby? I told you, nothing different . . . well, nothing different-bad, at least." He moans and wraps his arm around my waist. I nearly slip from the edge of the desk as he changes positions, resting my back against the hard wood of my desk. "I fucking love you, you know that, don't you?" Hardin pants into my ear.</p> <p>I nod, but I know that he needs more.</p> <p>"Say it," he insists.</p> <p>"I know you love me," I assure him. My body is tightening and he straightens his back, bringing his fingers to rub over my clit. I lean up, trying to watch his fingers work their magic on my body, but the sensation is too much.</p> <p>"Come, baby, go on." Hardin picks up the pace and lifts one of my legs higher into the air.</p> <p>His eyes roll back in his head. My release is so close, so intense, and so overpowering that I can't see anything but stars as I grip his inked arms. I press my lips together, hard, to keep from calling out his name as I come undone. Hardin's release isn't as composed: he leans down, burying his head in my neck, calling my name once before pressing his mouth into my skin to silence his voice.</p>
548	<p>One look at her while she's undressing and I'm ready to bury myself inside of her. I know all of our issues haven't been resolved, but I need this, we fucking need this.</p> <p>I push my jeans down over my ankles and climb back onto the bed to meet her, the infuriating girl who has stolen every ounce of me, body and soul, and I never want it back. I don't even care what she does with it. It's hers. I'm hers.</p> <p>I'm already hard just from looking at her naked body. I tear my mouth away from her beautiful tits just long enough to grab a condom from the dresser. She lies down on her back, legs spread open.</p> <p>"I want to be able to see you," I tell her.</p> <p>She tilts her head to the side slightly in confusion, so I gently hold on to her arms and pull her on top of me. Her body feels so damn good on top of mine; she was made for me.</p> <p>Tessa's thighs part farther, and she moves her hips, rubbing her wetness against my hard cock.</p>

Page	Content
548	<p>I'm already fucking anxious and ready, but this, the way she glides over my length with a teasing roll of her hips, is driving me fucking crazy. I reach my hand down between us and rub my thumb over her clit. She gasps and wraps her hand around the back of my neck. She lowers herself down onto me, and we both hiss as I enter her. Fuck, I've missed this. I've missed us. "You feel so good with me filling you." I praise her and watch as her eyes roll back in pleasure. Her hips begin to move in slow circles as I take in the sight in front of me. She's beautiful and so damn sexy, exquisite really.</p> <p>I've never seen anything or anyone like her. Her chest is full, pushing out each time her hips move. I love watching her ride me.</p> <p>She's getting better and better at this, being on top. I can remember the first time she tried. She wasn't bad, but she was so nervous the entire time.</p> <p>Right now she's taking full control, and it couldn't be any fucking better.</p> <p>She's getting more and more comfortable in her body, and that makes me happy. She's fucking sexy, and she should own it.</p> <p>I lift my hips from the bed and meet her movements. She moans, her eyes widening.</p> <p>"Feels good, doesn't it, baby? You're fucking amazing," I encourage her.</p> <p>I gently tug at Tessa's arm to bring her down to me. As much as I want to look at her as her body owns mine, I want to kiss her even more. My mouth finds hers, and I love the way she whimpers into my kiss.</p> <p>"Tell me how it feels," I say into her mouth and cup her ass, pushing my cock deeper inside of her.</p> <p>"Good . . . so good, Hardin," she whimpers. Her hands rest on my chest to support her weight.</p> <p>"Move faster, baby." I reach up and take one of her tits in my hand. I squeeze, and she fucking loves it.</p> <p>"Mm-hmm . . ." she agrees.</p> <p>Seconds later she winces and stills. Her eyes meet mine.</p> <p>"What's wrong?" I try to sit up with her against my chest without removing myself from her.</p> <p>"Nothing . . . it just felt . . . deeper or something. I can feel you so much deeper." She flushes, her voice soft with wonder.</p> <p>"Good or bad?" I lift my hand to push her hair back behind her ear.</p> <p>"Oh, it's good," she says as her eyes roll back.</p> <p>I have fucked this girl so many times now and she's still basically clueless about all things sex, except giving me head. She's great at that.</p> <p>I move her hips again in an attempt to find that spot, the spot that will have her screaming my name in seconds. I love the way she looks when she rolls her hips; the shape of them is beyond fucking perfect. Her nails dig into my bare chest, and I know that I've found the spot. She covers her mouth with her hand and bites down on her palm to quiet herself as I lift my hips to meet her movements, to thrust faster in and out of her.</p>

Page	Content
566	<p>I reach across the boxes of plants to wrap my hand around his neck— and slam his face into the metal barrier between us. I hear a crisp snap, so I already know what happened. But when he lifts his head up and shouts “You broke my fucking nose!” while struggling to get out of my grip, I have to admit that the amount of blood pouring from his face is a little alarming.</p>
567	<p>I take another step toward him, and he surprises me by swinging on me. His fist connects with my jaw and I stagger backward, knocking into a wooden box of plants. They crash to the ground, and as I recover, he swings again in a fury, but this time I’m able to block him and stumble to the side.</p> <p>My fingers wrap around the material of his lab coat, and I push him into another row of plants; the plants and our bodies hit the ground. I climb on top of him, making sure not to let him be in control. Out of the corner of my eye I see him raise his arm, but by the time I realize what’s happening, he’s slammed one of the small pots against the side of my head. My head jerks and I blink rapidly to restore my vision. I’m stronger than him, but it seems he’s a better fighter than he had led me to believe.</p> <p>But there’s no way in hell I’m letting him get the best of me. “I already fucked her, anyway,” he chokes as I grab hold of his hair and slam his head into the floor. At this point I don’t give a fuck if I kill him or not.</p> <p>My fist snaps his head to the side and he half screams from the pain, and for a brief moment I consider gripping his broken nose between my fingers to cause him even more. His feet kick frantically under me to try to lift my body from his.</p>
568	<p>I tighten my grip around his neck. His bloody face is turning red and he tries to speak, but I only hear broken gasps for air. “What the hell is going on in here?” a male voice shouts behind me. When I turn my head around to see who the voice belongs to, Zed attempts to wrap his hands around my neck. Not fucking happening. Another punch to his cheek is all it takes for his arms to drop to the floor next to his sides. A hand wraps around my arm, and I shove it off. “Call campus security!” the voice says, and I hurry to climb off of Zed.</p>

Profanity & Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	61
Bastard	2
Bitch	12
Cock	6
Damn, Damned	57
Dick, Dicks, Dickhead	31
Fuck, Fucker Fucked, Fucking, Fucked up	536
Piss, Pissed	21
Shit, Shit's, Shitty, Shitloads, Shit-faced, Batshit, Bullshit	233

Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn, Damned	57
God / God damn etc.	36
Hell	66
Jesus	5
Christ	2