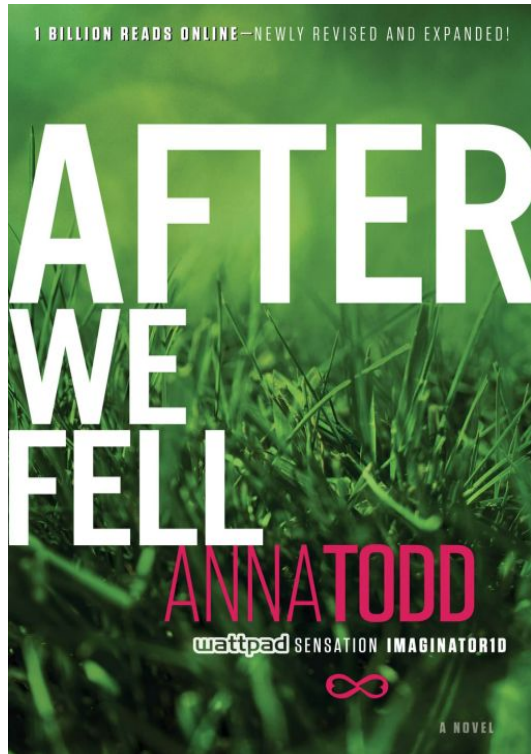


# After We Fell



## Book Summary

This is the third book in Anna Todd's "After" series, it continues the tumultuous romance between Tessa Young and Hardin Scott.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol/addiction, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, anxiety/mental illness, death (minor), deception, derogatory terms, drugs, dubious consent, obscene sexual activities/sexual nudity, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity (excessive), rape/sexual assault (attempted), sexism, and toxic relationships.

*Young Adult / New Adult*

## By Anna Todd

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5 / 5

**Deviant Content**

Page	Content
84	<p>He reaches his hand down between our bodies and under the waistband of my pants and panties. “See, I knew you’d be ready when I started talking about eating . . .”</p> <p>I press my lips against his to silence his dirty mouth, and he swallows the gasps he’s causing me to make as his fingers graze over my clit. He’s barely touching me, deliberately trying to torture me.</p> <p>“Pleasssse,” I hiss, and he applies more pressure, pushing a slick finger inside of me.</p> <p>“Thought so,” he taunts and pumps his finger slowly.</p> <p>All too soon he stops his motion and moves me to lie beside him.</p> <p>Before I can complain, he sits up and grips the top of my pants, the pair he seems to be so infatuated with, and pulls them roughly down my thighs. I lift my hips to assist him, and then he works off my panties, too.</p> <p>Without speaking, he gestures for me to move up toward the top of the bed. I push myself back using my elbows and rest my back against the headboard. He lies on his stomach in front of me, hooking both arms around my thighs, opening them.</p> <p>He smirks. “At least try to be quiet.”</p> <p>I begin to roll my eyes, but then his warm breath hits me—soft at first, then increasing in pressure when he gets closer. Without warning, his tongue slides across me, and I reach over and grab a decorative pillow, the</p>
85	<p>yellow one that Hardin calls hideous on a regular basis. I cover my face with it, using it to muffle the involuntary sounds falling from my lips as his tongue moves faster and faster.</p> <p>Abruptly, the pillow is ripped away from my face. “No, baby, watch me,” Hardin instructs, and I nod slowly. He brings one thumb to his lips, and his tongue glides over me. Moving his hand back between my thighs, he hits my most sensitive spot. My legs tighten—his touch feels heavenly against my clit, his finger moving in slow circles with just the lightest touch of the tip of his finger torturing me.</p> <p>Obedying his command, I gaze down at him between my thighs, his hair messy and pushed back, standing in a wave above his forehead, a lone lock falling down only to be pushed back again when he dips his head down. Half seeing, half imagining his mouth moving against me increases the sensation drastically, and I know, I just know, I won’t be able to stay quiet as the slow buildup of my release begins. With one hand covering my mouth and one buried in his curls, I being shifting my hips to meet his tongue. It just feels too good.</p> <p>I tug at his hair and feel him moan against me, sending me closer and closer . . .</p> <p>“Harder,” he gasps.</p> <p>What?</p> <p>He reaches up to the hand that I’ve threaded through his hair, and places his hand on top of mine to tug at the roots of his hair . . . He wants me to pull his hair?</p> <p>“Do it,” he says with a wanting look, and then begins to move his fingers in fast circles and lowers his head to add his tongue to the sensation. I tug at his hair, hard, and he looks up at me, his eyes fluttering closed. When they open they’re a bright, burning jade. He holds my gaze as my vision blurs and disappears momentarily.</p> <p>“Come on, baby,” he whispers.</p> <p>I notice his hand reach down between his legs, and I can’t hold it any longer. I watch his hand</p>

Page	Content
85	<p>stroking his hard cock, bringing himself to orgasm with me. I will never get used to the way his actions make me feel. Watching him touching himself, feeling the hot puffs of air against me as his breathing grows heavier . . .</p>
86	<p>You taste so fucking good, baby,” he moans against me, his hand moving quicker between his legs. I barely feel my teeth sinking into my palm as I ride out my high, still pulling at his hair. I blink. And blink some more, lazily.</p> <p>As I come back to consciousness, I feel him adjust his weight and lay his head on my stomach. I open my eyes to find him with his closed, his chest moving up and down, his breath shallow. I lift him by his shoulder and attempt to move between his legs. He stops and looks at me. “I . . . um, I’m already done,” he says. I stare at him.</p> <p>“I already came . . .” His voice is thick with exhaustion.</p>
134	<p>“Should have taken these off,” I tell her, tugging at the side of her thin, soaked panties. She lets out a breathless laugh before sucking in a sharp breath when my fingers enter her. Her moans are cut off by my mouth against hers. She pulls my bottom lip between hers, and I nearly lose it. She’s so fucking sexy and seductive, and she doesn’t even fucking try.</p> <p>When she begins to rock her hips, pushing herself onto my hand, I grip her waist, move her from my lap, and place her next to me, her legs spread wide, my fingers still pleasing her. These fucking panties are getting on my nerves.</p> <p>She startles, then pouts when I remove my fingers from her and hook them around her panties, tugging them down as quickly as possible and leaving her to kick them off the end of one foot into the water beside her. I watch for a second as the jets carry them to the other side of the tub; there’s something mesmerizing about seeing that final barrier float away so smoothly.</p> <p>But quickly, Tessa grabs my wrist to force me to touch her again. “What do you want?” I urge, wanting to hear the words from her. “You.” She smiles sweetly, then spreads her legs further, showing how dirty she really is.</p> <p>“Turn around, then,” I tell her.</p>
135	<p>Without giving her a chance to respond, I turn her body around, and she lets out a yelp. I panic for a moment, but then realize that her little pussy is directly lined up with the jets. Of course, she’s moaning. She’ll be fucking screaming in a minute.</p> <p>I kneel behind her—I love taking her this way. I can feel so much more of her, I can touch the creamy skin on her back and pay attention to every muscle moving under her skin—and I watch every breath she fights for as I rock into her.</p> <p>I move her long hair to the side and move closer, slowly pushing farther into her. Her back arches into me, and I take her breasts in my hands as I begin to move in and out of her slowly. Fuck, it feels so damn good, better than ever. It has to be the hot water pushing around us as I inch in and out of her. She moans, and I reach down to make sure she’s still being hit with the rushing water. Her eyes are screwed shut, and her mouth is wide open. Her knuckles are nearly white from gripping the edge of the tub.</p> <p>I want to move faster, to pound into her, but I force myself to stay at this slow, torturing pace.</p> <p>“Har-dinnn,” she moans.</p>

Page	Content
135	<p>“Fuck, it’s like I can finally feel every inch of you.” The moment I say the words, I panic and pull away from her.</p> <p>A condom.</p> <p>I didn’t even think to use a fucking condom. What has she done to me? “What’s wrong?” she pants, a thin layer of moisture covering her face.</p> <p>“I don’t have a condom on!” I run my hands over my wet hair.</p> <p>“Oh,” she says calmly.</p> <p>“Oh? What do you mean, Oh?”</p> <p>“So put a condom on?” she suggests with a doe-eyed look.</p>
388	<p>I hear Tessa gasp, and I know she’s followed my instructions. I can picture it perfectly, her lying on the bed, legs spread open. Holy fuck.</p> <p>“God, I wish I was there right now, to watch you,” I groan, trying to ignore the blood rushing straight to my dick.</p> <p>“You like that, don’t you—to watch me?” she gasps through the line. “Yeah, fuck yeah, I do. And you like to be watched, I can tell.”</p> <p>“I do, just like the way you like it when I pull your hair.”</p> <p>Reflexively, my hand goes between my legs. Images of her writhing underneath my tongue, her fingers tugging my hair as she moans my name, fill my mind, and I press my palm against myself. Only Tessa can make me this hard this quickly.</p> <p>Her moans are quiet, too quiet. She needs more encouragement.</p> <p>“Faster, Tess, move your fingers in a circle, faster. Imagine I’m there, it’s me, and my fingers are circling you, making you feel so fucking good, making you come,” I say, keeping my voice down in case my annoying houseguest happens to be in the hall.</p> <p>“Oh my,” she pants and moans again.</p> <p>“My tongue, too, baby, swirling against your skin, my sinful lips pressed against you, sucking, biting, teasing.” I slide my gym shorts down and begin to stroke myself gently. I close my eyes and focus on her soft pants, pleas, and moans.</p> <p>“Do what I’m doing—touch yourself,” she whispers, and I’m gifted with the image of her back arching off the mattress as she pleasures herself.</p> <p>“Already am,” I mutter, and she whimpers. Fuck, I want to see her.</p>
389	<p>“Talk to me, again,” Tessa begs. I fucking love the way her innocence disappears in these moments . . . she always loves to hear such filthy things.</p> <p>“I want to fuck you. No—I want to lay you back on the bed, and make love to you, hard and fast, so powerfully that you’re screaming my name as I thrust deeper and deeper—”</p> <p>“I’m . . .” she moans low in her throat. And her breath catches.</p> <p>“Come on, baby, let go. I want to hear you.” I stop speaking when I hear her come, soft whimpers and whines as she bites into the pillow, or the mattress. I have no fucking clue, but the image sends me over the edge, and I spill into my boxers with a strangled groan of her name.</p>
447	<p>I ignore the aching throb between my legs as she climbs off me and hurries across the room to do as I said. I don’t waste a goddamn second</p>
448	<p>when she returns. Her pants are pushed down her thighs, and her black panties follow, pooling around her ankles on the padded floor.</p>

Page	Content
448	<p>“I’ve been tortured all week, thinking about how you look when you’re like this,” I groan, my eyes drinking in every fucking detail of her half-naked body. “So beautiful,” I say with awe.</p> <p>When she pulls her T-shirt over her head, I can’t help but lean forward and kiss the curve of her wide hips. A slow shiver rakes through her, and she reaches behind her back to unclasp her bra. Holy fuck. Out of all the times I have made love to her, I can’t remember ever feeling this feverish. Even the times when she woke me up by wrapping her mouth around my cock, I never felt this fucking animalistic.</p> <p>I reach for her, taking one of her breasts into my mouth and one in my hand. Her hands move to my shoulders to keep her steady as I pucker my lips around her soft skin.</p> <p>“Oh God,” she moans, her nails digging into my shoulder, and I suck harder. “Lower, please.” She attempts to guide my head down with a gentle push, so I use my teeth against her, to tease her. I run my fingertips along the underside of both of her breasts, slow and torturous . . . this is what she gets for being so fucking tempting and teasing.</p> <p>Her hips move forward, and I slide my body down slightly so that my mouth is at the perfect height to press against the swollen bud of nerve endings between her thighs. With a soft moan, she encourages me to go further, and my lips wrap around her, sucking and savoring the wetness already gathered there. She’s so warm and so fucking sweet.</p> <p>“Your fingers haven’t quite satisfied you, have they?” I pull away to ask her. She breathes a deep breath, her blue-gray eyes watching me as I tilt my head and run my tongue along her pubic bone.</p> <p>“Don’t tease me,” she whines, tugging at my hair again.</p> <p>“Did you touch yourself off again this week, after our chat on the phone?” I taunt her. She squirms and gasps when my tongue lands exactly where she wants it.</p> <p>“No.”</p> <p>“You’re lying.” I call her out. I can tell by the redness creeping from her neckline to her cheeks and the way her eyes flicker away to the mirrored</p>
449	<p>wall that she’s not telling the truth. She has gotten herself off since our time on the phone . . . and the thought of her lying there, her legs spread open, her fingers moving over herself, her finding such pleasure from what I taught her . . . it makes me groan against her hot skin.</p> <p>“Only once,” she lies again.</p> <p>“That’s too bad.” I completely pull away from her.</p> <p>“Three times, okay?” Tessa admits, embarrassment clear in her voice. “What were you thinking about? What was it that made you come?” I ask with a smirk.</p> <p>“You, only you.” Her eyes are hopeful, needy.</p> <p>Her admission thrills me, and I want to please her now more than ever before. I know that I can make her come in less than a minute using only my tongue, but I don’t want that. With one last kiss to the apex of her thighs, I pull away and stand. Tessa is completely naked, and the mirrors . . . fuck, the mirrors reflect her perfect body all around me, multiplying those luscious curves of hers ten-fold. Her smooth skin surrounds me, making me tug my shorts and boxers down to my ankles with only one hand. I begin to pull at the tape wrapped around my knuckles, but her hand quickly darts out to stop me.</p> <p>“No, leave it,” Tessa requests, a flicker of darker lust sparking in her eyes.</p>

Page	Content
449	<p>So she likes the tape . . . or maybe watching me work out . . . or the mirrors . . .</p> <p>I do as she says and press my body against hers, my mouth claiming hers, and I pull her down to the padded floor with me.</p> <p>Her hands run across my bare chest, and her eyes darken to a smoky gray. “Your body is different now.”</p> <p>“I’ve only been working out for a week.” I roll her naked body so that’s she pinned underneath mine.</p> <p>“But I can tell . . .” Her tongue runs across her full lips so slowly that I don’t hesitate to press myself against her, letting her know just how fucking hard I am. She’s so smooth and so goddamn wet against me, one small movement, and I’ll finally be inside her.</p> <p>Then it hits me.</p> <p>“I don’t have a fucking condom in here,” I curse and bury my face in her shoulder.</p>
450	<p>She lets out a frustrated groan but presses her nails into me, pulling me closer. “I need you,” she moans, flicking her tongue across my mouth.</p> <p>I press against the warm, soaked flesh and slowly fill her.</p> <p>“But . . .” I begin to try to remind her of the risks, but her eyes flutter closed, and sensation overwhelms me as I flex my hips to get deeper, as deep inside her as I possibly can.</p> <p>“Fuck, I’ve missed you,” I moan. I can’t get over just how fucking warm and soft she feels without the barrier of a condom. All of my common sense has been erased; all the warnings that I’ve given to myself and to her have vanished. I only need a few seconds, a few more thrusts into her eagerly waiting body, and I’ll stop.</p> <p>I lift myself by stretching my arms below me, straightening them to gain leverage. I want to look at her while I’m moving in and out of her. Her head is lifted off the padded floor, and she’s staring at the spot where our flushed bodies are connected.</p> <p>“Look into the mirror,” I say. I’ll stop after three more . . . okay, four. I can’t help but continue to move as she turns her head to watch us in the mirrored wall. Her body looks so soft and perfect, and fucking clean, compared to the black stains covering mine. We are pure passion personified, devil and angel, and I’ve never been more madly fucking in love with her.</p> <p>“I knew you liked watching, even if it’s only by your own self, I fucking knew it.”</p> <p>Her fingers press into the bottom of my spine, pulling me closer and deeper, and fuck, I have to stop now, I feel the pressure building from the bottom of my spine to my groin as I reveal one of her kinks. I have to stop . . .</p> <p>I slowly pull out of her, letting both of us enjoy the lingering moment of pleasure. Her whines are quickly cut short when my fingers slide into her with ease. “I’m going to make you come now and then take you to your bed,” I promise her, and she smiles a dazed smile before looking back into the mirror, watching me.</p> <p>“Quiet, baby, you’ll wake the others,” I whisper against her. I love the noises she makes, the way she moans my name, but the last thing I need is one of the cock-blocking Vances knocking at the door.</p>
451	<p>Within seconds, I feel her tighten around my fingers. I nip and suck at the nerve endings above her entrance, and she tugs at my hair, continuing to watch me fuck her with my fingers until she comes, gasping and panting my name repeatedly.</p>

Page	Content
457	<p>When I join her on the bed, eager hands move straight to the lining of my boxers, tugging them down my thighs. Her feet finish the job, and she gathers me in her hand, squeezing gently. "Christ," I hiss, momentarily losing my focus on everything except her touch. She begins to slowly pump, her small wrist twisting slightly as it moves up and down, and I fucking love the way she knows exactly how to touch me. As she lays herself down, her hand keeps a steady rhythm, and I give her the condom, silently instructing her what to do next. She bites her lip and quickly obliges. As the latex rolls down me, I silently curse at her, and myself, for never following through with the birth-</p>
458	<p>control plan. The feeling of skin on skin with her is heavenly, and now that I've felt it, I crave more and more. She's quick to climb on top of me and straddle my waist, my dick only a breath away from slipping inside her. "Wait . . ." I stop her by gently wrapping my hands around her hips and laying her back down beside me on the bed. Confusion flashes in her beautiful eyes. "What's wrong?" "Nothing . . . I just want to kiss you a little more first," I assure her and cup my hand around the nape of her neck to bring her face closer to mine. My mouth covers hers, and I hover over her body, forcing myself to take this slow. With her naked body pressed against mine, I take a moment to appreciate that after all the shit I've put her through, she's still here, she's always fucking here, and it's about goddamned time I make it worth her while. I support my weight with one arm and lie on top of her, parting her legs with my knee. "I love you . . . so much. You still know that, don't you?" I ask her between strokes of my tongue over hers. She nods, but for a dreadful moment, Zed's face appears in my mind. His confession of love for my Tessa, and her thankful acceptance of it. "I love you, too," she had moaned in her sleep. A slow shiver travels through me, and I pause. Noticing my hesitation, she pushes her fingers into my unruly hair and takes possession of my mouth with hers. "Come back to me," she begs. That's all it takes. Everything fades except for the softness of her body underneath mine, the wetness between her legs as I slowly push into her. The feeling is exquisite. No matter how many times I've taken her, it won't ever be enough. "I love you." She repeats the words. I wrap one arm under her so our bodies are pressed as closely together as possible. I lick my dry lips and bury my head in her neck again, whispering dirty things into her ear and moving to kiss her every time she moans my name. I feel the buildup of pressure rising from my spine, igniting every fucking vertebra. Tessa's fingernails dig into my back, across my shoulder</p>
459	<p>blades, as if she's reaching for the words inked across my skin. The words meant for her, and only her. "I never wish to be parted from you from this day on," it says. And I'm going to do everything I have to do in order to keep my permanent promise.</p>

Page	Content
459	<p>I lean up to look at her. One hand still rests under her back; the other travels up her torso and across both of her breasts, and rests just below her throat.</p> <p>“Tell me how it feels,” I say with a grunt. I’m barely holding on to the pleasure that is coursing through me. I want to keep it there for both of us, to make it last longer. I want to create this space that we can both inhabit.</p> <p>My movements quicken, and she moves one of her hands down to fist the bedsheets. Every sinful twist of my hips, every violent thrust into her waiting body, intensifies and further seals the power she has over me.</p> <p>“So good, Hardin . . . so good . . .” Her voice is thick and hoarse, and I swallow the rest of her moans like the greedy bastard I am. I feel her body begin to go rigid, and I can’t wait any longer. With a soft cry of her name, I spill into the condom with slow and sloppy thrusts before collapsing, barely breathing, next to her.</p>
568	<p>Moments later, her hips begin to sway along to the whining voice of the lead singer. Fuck. I move my hand down to the curve of her hip, and she backs into me, still moving. The tempo of the song speeds up, and Tessa does the same. Holy fuck.</p> <p>We’ve done a lot of shit . . . I’ve done a lot of shit, but I’ve never had anyone dance on me this way. I’ve had girls and even a few strippers give me a lap dance, but not like this. This is slow, intoxicating . . . and achingly fucking hot. My other hand moves to her other hip, and she turns slightly to place her glass on the bar top. With her hands empty, she gives me a salacious smile and looks back to the stage. She lifts up one hand and runs her small fingers through my hair and places the other hand on top of mine.</p> <p>“Keep going,” I beg.</p> <p>“You sure?” She tugs at the roots of my hair.</p> <p>It’s hard to believe that this seductive girl, wearing a short, black dress, swaying her hips, and tugging my hair, is the same girl who spits her</p>
569	<p>champagne when I talk about fucking her chest. She’s such a turn-on.</p> <p>“Yes, fuck,” I breathe and lift a hand up to the nape of her neck, bringing her ear to my mouth. “Move against me . . .” I squeeze her hip. “Closer.”</p> <p>She does just that. I’m thankful for my height as I sit on the bar stool, the perfect height for her ass to move against me, hitting the exact spot that aches for her.</p> <p>I pull my attention from her, only for a second, to scan our surroundings. I don’t want anyone else watching her dance.</p> <p>“You’re so sexy right now,” I say against the shell of her ear. “Dancing this way, in public . . . for me and only me.” I swear I hear her moan through the music, and that’s all I can take. I turn her around and push my hand under her skirt.</p> <p>“Hardin.” She groans when I slide her panties to the side.</p> <p>“No one is paying any attention. Even if they were, they can’t see,” I assure her. I wouldn’t be doing this if I thought anyone could possibly witness it.</p> <p>“You liked putting on that show, didn’t you?” I say. She can’t deny it, she’s soaking.</p> <p>She doesn’t respond; she only rests her head on my shoulder and pulls at the bottom of my shirt, fisting it in her hand like she normally would do our sheets. I pump in and out of her, trying to match the haunting melody of the song. Almost instantly, her legs are stiffening, and she’s coming</p>

Page	Content
569	<p>on my fingers. She hums, letting me know just how much pleasure I'm bringing her. She leans in further, her mouth sucking at the base of my neck. Her hips rock into me, keeping a steady beat with my fingers pumping in and out of her wet pussy. Her moans are drowned out by the music and the voices around us, and her nails could possibly be breaking the skin on my stomach.</p> <p>"I'm going to," she groans into my neck.</p> <p>"I know, baby. Come for me. Right here, Tessa. Come." I gently persuade her.</p> <p>She nods, biting down on the tendon in my neck, and I feel my cock pulsing, pressing against the front of my jeans. All of her weight rests on me as she orgasms, and I hold her up. She's panting, absolutely flushing, glowing under the lights, when she lifts her head.</p>
570	<p>"Car or bathroom?" she asks when I bring my fingers to my lips, sucking her sweetness from them.</p> <p>"Car," I reply hastily, and she downs the last of her champagne. Vance can pay for that shit; I don't have time to hunt down the bartender.</p> <p>Tessa takes my hand and drags me toward the door. She's eager, and I'm hard as fuck from her seduction game at the bar.</p>
571	<p>I tell her how much I love her while she climbs across the console and straddles my lap. Her hands are quick to undo my jeans and tug them down just enough . . . her mouth is quick against my neck, and she pulls at my shirt, popping the top two buttons off in a rushed attempt to gain access to my chest. I push her dress up to expose her tight little body to me, and she digs into my back pocket to retrieve the condom that I suspected I would need.</p> <p>"I only want you, always," she reassures me, calming my racing mind as she slides the condom onto me. I grip her hips and help lift her body. In the small space of the car it feels closer, deeper, as she lowers herself onto me. As I fill her, completely and possessively, a low hiss escapes my mouth. She covers my lips, swallowing my moans as she moves her hips slowly, the way she did in the club.</p> <p>"It's so fucking deep this way," I say, taking her bun in my hand and tugging gently to force her to look at me.</p> <p>"So good," she groans, taking me inside her, feeling every inch of me. One of her hands moves to my hair while the other rests at the base of my throat. She's so fucking sexy this way, when alcohol is laced with adrenaline and she's full of hunger and need—need for me, for my body, for this raw passionate connection that only we share. She couldn't find this with anyone else, and neither could I. I have everything I need here with her, and she can't ever leave me.</p>
572	<p>"Fuck, I love you," I breathe into her mouth as she tugs at my hair and her fingers tighten on my neck. It's not uncomfortable, it's fairly light pressure, but it's driving me fucking insane.</p> <p>"I love you," she gasps when I lift my hips to meet her, thrusting harder than before. I stare at her and revel in the sensation of her flexing her hips. The slow building of pleasure begins at the base of my spine, and I can feel Tessa tensing as I continue to aid her by lifting my hips with each thrust.</p> <p>She has got to get on the pill. I need to feel her skin-to-skin again.</p> <p>"I can't wait to be inside you without a condom . . ." I say into her neck. "Keep going," she urges me. She loves my dirty mouth.</p> <p>"I want you to feel me come inside you . . ." I suck at the salty skin of her collarbone, tasting the thin layer of sweat there. "You'll fucking love it, won't you? Me marking you that way?" The thought alone pushes me over the edge.</p> <p>"I'm almost . . ." she moans, and with one harsh tug at my hair, we ride out our highs together, panting, and moaning, and messy, and us.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	115
Bastard	9
Bitch	36
Breast / Tit	15
Clit	2
Cock	11
Dick	28
Fuck, Fucking, Fucker etc.	<b>786</b>
Piss	31
Pussy	6
Shit / Bullshit etc.	380
Whore	16
Slut	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	124
God / God damn etc.	62
Hell	156
Jesus	3
Lord	4
Christ	5