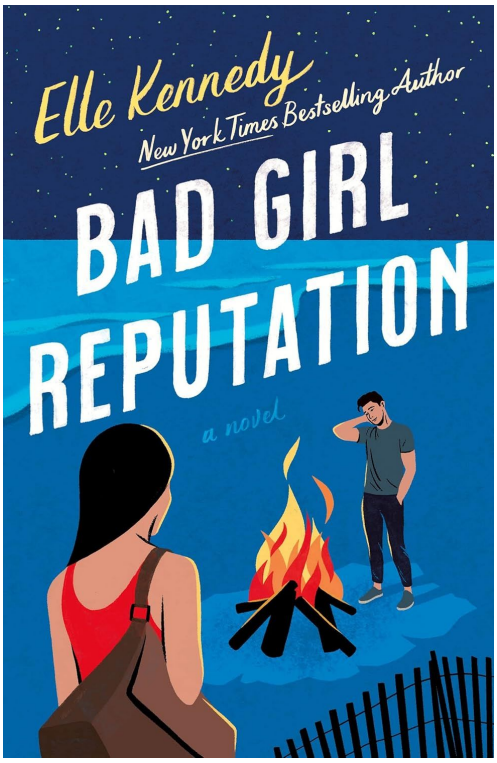
Pending Final Report

Bad Girl Reputation



Book Summary

Follows a former "bad girl," who returns to her hometown for her mother's funeral and finds herself drawn to her ex-boyfriend.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, death/grief, derogatory terms, drugs, explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, lying, profanity, references to rape, and sexual assault.

New Adult

By Elle Kennedy

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89	“Let me taste you,” I whisper against her mouth. Lying back on the log, the blanket beneath her, she parts her legs for me, granting me the access I desperately crave. Not even trying to be polite about it, I pull down her lacy panties, shove them in my pocket, and throw her leg over my shoulder. “I’ve missed this,” I say with a happy groan. God, and I have. I missed the way she pulls my hair when I suck her clit, arching her back to grind against my face as I drag my tongue over her delicate flesh. I missed her soft sighs of pleasure. Her fingers tangled in my hair. I push her knees up to her chest, spreading her open, as she trembles against my mouth. She’s quiet, all but holding her breath. At least until I work two fingers inside her. Then she moans uncontrollably, and it’s almost unfair how fast she comes. I want to make it last for her, but I’m also greedy to make her shake for me. I don’t even expect her to fuck me. I’d be happy to go down on her every day and twice on Sunday just to go home and yank it to the memory. But afterward Gen throws the blanket on the sand and starts unzipping my jeans. She takes my cock in her hand and strokes me, slow and firm. We don’t speak. As if we’re both afraid words will shatter the darkness, the seclusion that makes this all possible. Out here, alone and in secret, is it even real? We can be anyone, do anything. If no one knows, it never happened. She sits me on the blanket, both of us still clothed. She knows I’ve got a condom in my pocket because I almost always do, so she takes it, rips it open and slides it on me before sliding herself down on my dick. So wet and tight. Her hips rock back and forth, taking me deep, summoning a ragged breath from my lungs. I drag down the zipper of her dress and unhook her bra to grab two handfuls of her breasts. Squeezing. Sucking her nipples while she rides me. Burying my face in her warm skin. It’s fucking perfection. Small noises start to escape her lips. Sighs that become louder, more desperate. Then she loses all control of her voice, moaning against my ear. “Harder,” she begs me. “Please, Evan. Harder.”
90	I grab her ass, holding her above me while I thrust into her. She bites my shoulder. I don’t know why that always does it, but seconds later I come, hard, shaking as I hold her tight to my chest. Every time with Gen is the best sex I’ve ever had. Raw and unfiltered, the most honest we know how to be. If only that feeling could last forever.
94	He presses himself against me, letting me feel him hard against my leg. “You’re a tease, you know that?” “I do.” We reach dry sand. Standing there, we stare at each other, until a tiny smile tickles my lips. “You like it.” Then I kiss his neck. His shoulder. Down his chest until I’m on my knees with his erection in my grip, stroking him. Evan runs both hands into his hair and drops his head back, breathing heavy. When I don’t do anything, he peers down at me, his dark eyes burning with need. “Are you just going to sit there, or are you going to suck it?” “Haven’t decided yet.” I lick my lips, and he lets out a tortured groan. “Tease,” he says again, trying to thrust forward. I tighten my grip in warning, but that just makes his eyes gleam brighter. “More,” he begs. “More what?” I use my index finger to draw teeny circles around the tip of his cock, prolonging his torture. “More everything,” Evan chokes out.

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94	His hips snap forward again, seeking contact, relief. Laughing at his desperation, I slide my tongue up his shaft and then take him in my mouth. He moans loud enough to wake the dead. There are things about Evan I've missed more than others. Getting wasted, blacking out, waking up in a random closet of some random warehouse wearing clothes that weren't my own—I could live without some of those memories. But how he makes me feel when we're alone? How he gives himself over to me, trusts me completely—I love this version of us. The good us. I relish in the soft groans that vibrate in his chest and the tension tightening his muscles. The way his hands drop to his hips, then to my hair, as he resists the urge to thrust hard and fast, because one time I gently bit him in warning and now he lives in fear of me—just a little. It's our game. I'm on my knees but he's the one at my mercy. I make him feel only what I give him. The pleasure and anticipation. Slowing to prolong the experience, rushing to pull him to the edge of frustration. Until finally, he breaks. "Gen, please." So I let him come, pumping him until he reaches his release. Then, totally spent, he slinks to the ground and tugs me to lie with him on the blanket.
170	Evan's palms lightly caress my hips, sending a shiver up my spine. "Bad Boy Evan would take his hand and slide it under your skirt." To punctuate that, one big palm travels south to capture the hem of my pale-green skirt between his fingertips. He doesn't pull it up, though. Just plays with the filmy fabric, while a slight smile lifts the corners of his mouth. "Yeah?" My voice is hoarse. "And why would he do that?" "Because he'd want to find out how hot you were for him. How wet." He bunches the fabric between his fingers, giving a teasing tug. "And then, when he felt how bad you wanted it, he'd put his fingers inside you. Wouldn't even need to take your panties off, because Bad Girl Gen doesn't wear 'em." I almost moan out loud. "Then, after he made you come, he'd spin you around. Tell you to put your palms flat against the wall." Evan brings his lips close to my ear, eliciting another shiver, a flurry of them this time. "And he'd fuck you from behind until we both forgot our names."
186	His skin under my palm is hot to the touch. In the quiet part of my mind, I know he's dangerous. But the rest of it, the loud, screaming voice between my ears, tells me to drag my hands down his chest. To undo the zipper on his jeans, reach into his boxer briefs, and wrap my fingers around his thick, throbbing erection. Evan sucks in a breath when I stroke him. He looks down, watching me, his abdomen clenching. "Good choice." Without warning, he draws my hand away and spins me around. I grip the edge of the desk to steady myself as he hastily tugs my shorts down to expose my bare ass. He squeezes my warm flesh with one hand, humming an appreciative sound. I hear a drawer open and shut, followed by the rip of a condom wrapper. His fingers slide between my legs, finding me wet, and then I feel him rub himself against my feverish skin as he leans over to whisper in my ear. "I don't mind if you want to be loud." A thrill shoots through me.
187	He leaves a kiss on my shoulder as he drags his erection along my aching core, before slowly pushing inside me. With one hand on my hip, and the other knotted in my hair to pull my head backward and arch my back, Evan fills me completely. My nails bite the worn desktop as I push back, taking him. The exquisite ache fogs my vision and quickens my pulse. "Fuck, Gen." He grinds out the words. Lays another kiss at my temple.

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187	I breathe out his name because I can't take the static anticipation a moment longer. I just want him already. I need him to put me out of my misery. Evan glides his hand up my spine, under my shirt, to unhook my bra and let it slide down my arms. I grab his hand, guide it to my breast. Still, he stubbornly refuses to move. "Why are you teasing me?" I demand. "Because I never want this to end." His thumb brushes over my nipple in the most feather light of caresses. I groan my desperation and buck against him, grinding on his dick. Chuckling softly, he brings his other hand up and clasps both breasts now. "Better?" "No," I mumble. "You're still not moving." And the feel of his entire length lodged inside me, completely motionless, is a new form of torment. No oxygen is reaching my lungs. My skin is on fire, and I'm close to self-combusting. "Breathe." His voice is soft in my ear, his fingers playing with my nipples. "Take a breath, baby." I manage a shaky inhale, and just as the air fills my lungs, Evan withdraws slowly. I'm mid-exhalation when he slides back in, sending a wave of sensation through my body. My head drops back on his shoulder, experiencing every inch of him. Pleasure tingles in my nipples and tightens my core as he moves inside me, slow and deliberate. When I can't quell the need alone, I move his right hand between my legs. "I'm close," I whisper. "Already?" "Feels too good." A ragged breath slips out. "Missed having you inside me." That earns me a satisfied growl. He runs his finger over my clit. Gentle at first, then more insistent when I moan for him. It isn't long before I'm
188	shaking, leaning against him for support as the orgasm sweeps through me. "You're gorgeous when you come," he rasps against my neck. As tiny flutters of pleasure continue to dance inside me, Evan bends me over the desk. He takes my hips with both hands and pumps into me with strong, forceful thrusts. Just the right intensity. Having me like it's his last night on Earth. I twist my head to look at him, floored by the raw need darkening his eyes, the blissed-out haze. When our gazes lock, he stills, groaning through his climax. He runs his hands up my back, soothing my muscles, laying kisses across my sensitive flesh. I'm sated and spent, panting, when he steps away to throw out the condom. "I'm gonna grab a Gatorade," he says, biting his lip as he stares at me. "Then we're doing that again."
196	A groan slips out when she undoes the button of my khakis. "Gen," I protest, because I know she's trying to distract me with sex. And it's working. She peers up at me with big, innocent eyes. "It's okay, baby. I don't mind if you want to be loud." She's throwing my own words back at me, uttered the night of the bonfire before I spent hours making her gasp and moan and scream. I was relentless in my seduction that night. But now it's my turn to be weak and helpless, to fight for control as she leaves a trail of hot kisses along my stomach on her way down south. When she takes my cock in her mouth, I give up on resisting. There's no better feeling in the world than having Gen swallow me up. She curls one delicate hand around my shaft and sucks me deep, while her other hand strokes my chest, her nails scraping along my sensitized flesh.

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196	I give an upward thrust, pleasure gathering inside me, pulse quickening with each languid swipe of her tongue. And as I tangle my fingers in her hair and rock against her wet, eager mouth, I tell myself that we can talk after. Later. When my heart isn't hammering against my ribs, and my balls aren't drawn tight with need. But we never get around to having that talk.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	71
Bastard	8
Bitch	11
Breast / Tit	13
Clit	2
Cock	7
Dick	18
Fuck	63
Penis	2
Piss	16
Pussy	1
Shit / Bullshit etc.	66
Slut	3
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	**Count**
Damn	57
God / God damn etc.	24
Hell	70
Jesus	8
Lord	1
Christ	6

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