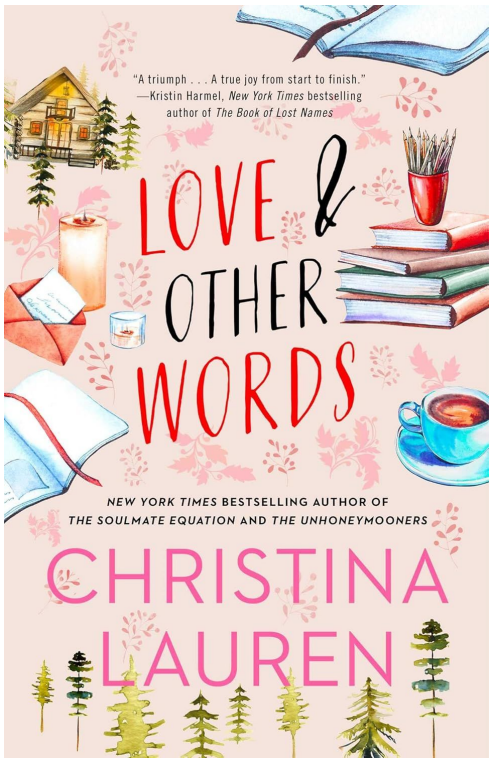
Pending Final Report

Love and Other Words



Book Summary

Tells the story of Macy Sorensen and Elliot Petropoulos, who meet as teenagers and share a deep love for books and each other.

Summary of Concerns

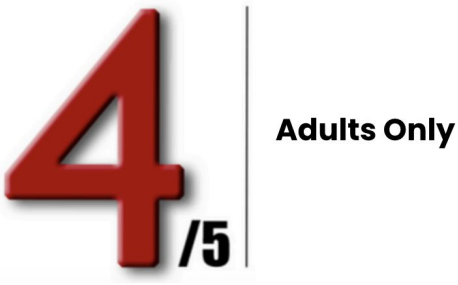
This book contains; alcohol, anxiety, deception/lying, death, drugs/addiction, dubious consent, explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, profanity, and self-harm (mentioned).

Adult / Young Adult

By Christina Lauren

ISBN 9781501190537





Page	Content
164	I reached for it but his long monkey arm kept it easily away from me and I ended up falling on top of him instead, my boobs completely in his face. He made a muffled happy sound and laughed out a string of unintelligible words, totally pushing his face into my chest. I screamed, scrambling back and pushing at his chest to get away. “Pervert!” Elliot grabbed my waist and flipped me over as he sat up, pulling me backward into his lap and tickling me with his crazy long fingers, digging into my ribs. I gasped and cackled, squirmed as he tickled, and laughed and held his arm around my waist until he rolled over onto me. He pinned me gently; his hips fit perfectly between my legs. We both froze, out of breath, staring at each other. I was seventeen, but I’d never felt something like this before. He was hard, pressing right up against me. The mood was suddenly completely different from the wrestle-ticklefest of one minute before. Elliot glanced down at my mouth, and then back up to my face. I wanted to say something, to joke about the wood in his pants, anything. But my throat felt tight, my face burning. With one elbow propped by my head, he whispered a quiet “Sorry” and began to climb off me. I trapped him with my leg around his thigh, and his eyes flew back to mine. “Stay,” I whispered. I think. It might have been my subconscious saying it, because I really didn’t want him to get up. I was obsessed with what was under those buttons on his jeans, and more than that, I wanted to know if . . . well, I wanted to know what could happen. He swallowed audibly. “Okay.” I rolled my hips up, watching as his mouth fell open and his eyes fell closed.
165	Elliot shifted forward and back, pressing the solid length of himself against me, and did it again. And again. His breath was harder, puffing my hair off my neck, and then his hand gripped my leg and he held his breath and we started grinding in earnest . . . together. My body was all instinct, chasing something familiar, just in the distance. Oh, my God, what were we doing? I ran my hands down his back. If I overthought it, I would ruin it. This was Elliot. This was my Elliot. I made fists around his T-shirt, thought about the weirdest things like how his weight felt over me, and that I wanted to kiss him but didn’t want to turn my attention away even a little from the feeling building inside me . . . and then I spun into a strange loop of wondering whether I was imagining this. We were having sex with our clothes on.
202	I had never known this feeling, this ache that bloomed in my stomach and spread, lower and hot, driving me past my senses and pinpointing my entire universe down to this one sensation, and then the next. And then wanting what came after. My shirt came off. My pants were unzipped and peeled away. I pushed closer, afraid that even naked we wouldn’t be close enough to satisfy this new hunger. He bent down, licking my neck, my breasts, and then returned to me, greedy lips sucking at mine and then back down over my chest. His hand pressed flat against my stomach and fingers teased at the hem of my underwear.

Page	Content
202	“Too fast?” he asked, breathing heavily, and I shook my head even though he couldn’t see me from where his mouth explored my breasts. “No,” I said out loud. It was too slow. Not too fast—too slow. Fire crackled up and down every nerve ending and I wanted more, even if I didn’t know exactly what that was. “Shit, Macy, I’m . . . this is insane. Good insane. You feel insane under me.” I laughed because Elliot’s rare incoherence was strangely reassuring, and then his lips were on my mouth, swallowing my laugh and making it his, his tongue slipping over mine as his hand cupped my breast, squeezed, our sounds muffled by the way we could barely bring ourselves up for air. His fingers went lower again, slipping over my ribs, across my navel, below the cotton to exactly where I needed them, and he made a strangled sound at the same time that I ground out something unintelligible. His hips shifted over me, seeking the same rhythm as his fingertips gliding across my skin. In a flash he was moving down, tugging my underwear off, and kissing my belly, hips, and then lower, almost wild with the want that mirrored mine. He shook below me, between my thighs, shoulders trembling under my grip, and I missed his weight on top but whatever he had decided to do with his mouth distracted me from any other coherent thought. It was warm soft suction, hands on my legs, resisting the way they seemed to want to close around his head and the mad sensation of tongue and lips and his gasps of air. He was doing that thing I’d barely let myself imagine. He moved back up when I started gasping, biting and kissing along my skin, wilder than I would have ever imagined, but then, in the moment, I realized it
203	could never be any other way with us. “Sorry,” he said. “I wanted to keep going but—” He closed his eyes, biting his bottom lip and groaning as if he was trying to keep himself together. “It’s okay, come here.” I wanted his weight on me. I wanted to see him hovering over my body and then burn the image into my brain. “I seriously thought I was going to come,” he added with a laugh against my lips, his mouth still wet from me, and with an urgency behind his touch that made me a little wild. I pushed ineffectually at his belt and then my fingers remembered function, pulling through loops and undoing one fascinating button at a time, and then my hands felt the bare skin of his flat stomach, his narrow hips, the soft hair on the backs of his thighs as I worked his pants down around his knees. He was heavy on me, hard and thick against my hip, and I arched to him, wanting to rub across him there. “I want to,” I began, reaching for him and finding it. My mind turned to mush at the sound he made, at the feeling of him, so warm and hard in my hand. “Do you want to?” “Have sex?” he asked, head bobbing in a frantic nod, eyes rapt. “Yes. Yes. I do. I do, I do, I do, Macy, but fuck, but I don’t have any protection.” “Pill,” I gasped as he shifted and I felt him slide across my thigh. Smooth and soft skin over something not at all soft. Elliot lifted his chin in surprise. “You’re on the pill?” “It was one of Mom’s rules. Dad put me on in October.” He reached between us and when he rubbed himself across me I was completely gone. I barely heard him ask, “You sure, Mace? Look at me.” At the soft pulse of his voice, I moved my gaze from the fascinating place where he was about to be in me to his eyes, which were almost black with hunger but patient and waiting, too. “Please,” I said. It felt so good. If he kept rubbing over me like that . . . “I’m sure.” He looked down and guided himself to the right place before leaning over me and resting his elbows near my shoulders. This felt like the most natural thing in the world: my legs slid up and over his hips, his lips found mine. He moved forward, an inch. Not yet inside but there. “This is not going to be a marathon,” he groaned. “I’m barely hanging on.”

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Page	Content
204	“I just want to feel you.” He pushed forward an inch more but stopped when I cried out at the commotion in my body, at the cohesion of sense and stimulation. His eyes were riveted to my face and then rolled back in his head as I used my leg curled around his thigh to pull him quickly—and roughly—all the way inside me. I bit his shoulder at the sharp stab of pain, his body muffling my cry. Elliot’s hips shifted carefully back, and then in again, and I felt the tearing pleasure/pain of him, over and over as he started moving in earnest, pushing in and pulling out of me again, again, faster. “You’re okay?” he gasped. I managed a strangled “Yes.” “Oh, God, I’m—” I held him to me, with arms and legs banded around him, my eyes clenched against the tight pinching of it, my heart wanting to keep him inside more than my body needed him out. “I’m coming,” he gasped, and then shook beneath my hands, his breath held high and tight in his shoulders as he fell. I felt what it did to him. Felt every single shift inside me. In an echo somewhere I heard sound, feet, a voice. Desire still echoed through me, ricocheting against the sharp pain between my legs. Elliot’s touch was suddenly gone, the entire front of my body was cool without him over me, and I felt oddly, immediately hollow. With a foggy head, I realized he was scrambling back and pulling me up. “Macy?” Dad called from downstairs. Or underwater, I couldn’t be sure. Elliot’s face swam into focus above me, his brow damp, eyes wide, lips bright red and still wet from my kisses. “Get up, Mace.” Jerked into realization, somehow I found my voice, pushing out a hoarse “Yeah, Dad?” Elliot yanked his pants up and threw his shirt over his head as my own fumbling fingers struggled to jerk on my pants. I paused at the brilliant streak of blood on my thigh, blinking up to Elliot, whose eyes snared with mine as he buttoned his jeans. “You okay?” he whispered. Footsteps echoed down the long upstairs hallway. “Yeah.” I stood on weak, shaky legs to find my shirt, tug it on, and shove my bra under a pillow with my foot just as Dad walked in.
218	His mouth opens against mine, and he sits up with a sharp inhale, hands cupping my jaw again. Urgently, he comes back for more, tilting his head, biting and sucking, and I need deeper, more. I need all of him. His moans are muted by my lips and teeth and breath. His hands come up beneath my dress, pushing it to my waist while I tug his bow tie loose, unbuttoning his shirt. Cold fingers slide up the inside of my thigh. His chest is so warm under my hands, though, and I dig in, sliding my palms over his collarbone and down to his stomach, wanting to feel every inch. He grunts out some unintelligible words when he feels me through my underwear. And then his fingers slide up my navel, carefully digging down inside the lace, and I push up to my knees above him, helping give him access to the place I need his touch more than I need anything else in the galaxy. “Are you wet like this for me?” he asks, pulling back to look up at my face. His fingers push into me, thumb stroking. “This is me?” I nod and his disbelief is contagious; it’s what makes every touch feel amplified, makes me move with him, biting him while he touches me. It’s what sends my body up a tight spiral staircase, one destination, just there, just two strokes higher. Two more.

Page	Content
218	“Ell.” “Yeah.” “I’m going to come.” His smile curves the single word: “Good.” I fumble for him, his belt, his zipper. “Wait,” I tell my body. “Oh God, I’m close.” Wait. Hold on. Wait. He doesn’t stop what he’s doing when he pulls back and looks up at my face. “You want . . . ?”
219	His fingertips glide over me, tighter, faster. Clumsily, I dig in, finding the heavy heat of him, closing my hand around it, shifting so I’m there, tilting him up, making him wet with me. He groans as he sinks in, and the sound hits me somewhere ancient and savage. The relief of it—of him thick and hungry, finally sliding deep in and out of me —is a melting star, spreading fire into my bloodstream. He gasps that he doesn’t want to come, never wants to come, doesn’t ever want to stop. I’m already on the sharp edge, and our instant, frantic fucking gets me there through a jagged set of thrusts. Him up, me over. The crickets and Elliot go quiet at the sharp, aching cries tearing out of me. In the silence that follows, I can feel the drum of his pulse where my lips meet his throat. But then his hands come to my jaw, cupping, tilting my face to his. “Yeah?” he whispers. I nod in his hands, feeling the weight of him inside me. “Holy mother of God,” he says into a kiss, “this is unreal.” Everything narrows down to the tiny shifts of my hips over his, and the soft sucking kisses. I’m barely moving. Just rocking, squeezing. It means I’m not expecting the tight way he tells me he’s close. I press the question against his lips: “Do you want me to stop?” “Only if you’re not on something.” His tongue meets mine and he groans. “Macy, honey, I’m so close.” I’m not sure why it’s this moment that makes the reality sink in, that we’re making love, still mostly dressed, somewhere in the gardens at his brother’s wedding. But when Elliot comes, I want his hands and the cool, humid air on my skin, not on the crushed silk of my dress. Every time we’ve touched each other, we’ve been mostly dressed. I reach back, unzipping, pushing the straps off my shoulders and quickly doing away with the tiny strapless bra. My dress falls to my waist. His mouth is there, and his words of approval—for the heat and sweetness of me, for the feel of my breasts on his tongue. Against my belly is the scratch of his open, starched shirt, and inside I feel him climb, feel him need more than the gentle shifting he’s getting, and his hands find my breasts, holding them for his open mouth. We are a crescendo again, faster now, I’m bouncing on him three, oh four five six times
220	“Fuck.” He bites me, wild. “Yes.”

Page	Content
220	Elliot stills me when his iron grip drops to my hips, and he's jerking into me, his mouth open, teeth bared on my breast. It will leave a mark. But even after he's finished he grazes his teeth back and forth, tongue stroking the tight peak, soothing the site of his gentle attack. I feel the way he spasms still. His breaths are tight puffs of air against my breast. My fingers make a tangle in his hair, holding him to me. Goose bumps spread across my skin as his hands slide around, cupping my backside, holding me tight against him. He came inside me. He's still inside me.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	5
Bastard	1
Bitch	2
Breast / Tit	14
Dick	7
Fuck, Fucking, Fucked etc.	30
Pussy	1
Shit / Bullshit etc.	29
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	**Count**
Damn	2
God / God damn etc.	24
Hell	11
Jesus	4
Christ	2