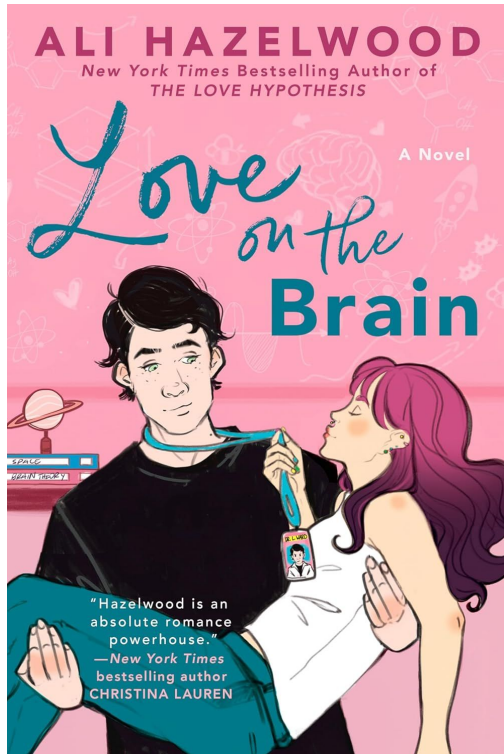


# Love on the Brain



## Book Summary

Workplace arch-enemies become allies and lovers.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alternate gender/sexual ideologies, controversial gender/cultural commentary, death, derogatory terms, potentially prurient content, profanity, lying, obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; sexism and sexual harassment.

*New Adult / Adult*

## By Ali Hazelwood

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4 / 5

Adults Only

256	<p>“You’re so— Fuck, Bee,” as I run my teeth down his throat. “I used to dream of you,” when my fingertips brush against the fine hair underneath his belly button. “I’m going to—we have to slow down, or I’m going to—” after I</p>
257	<p>start rocking on top of him, and the friction of his erection against my clit is already the best sex I’ve ever had. I’m shuddering, pulsating, about to explode with pleasure. My underwear is soaked and I want to get closer. Closer.</p> <p>But our clothes stay on. Frustratingly, maddeningly on, even when he brings me to bed, the kitchen light trickling inside the room. Levi’s grip on my hip is near-bruising, every breath a sharp intake. My body feels warm, buoyant, filled with cutting heat. He looks down at me and says, “I want to fuck you.” He nips at my collarbone, and—he likes teeth. To bite, to clutch, to suck. There’s something devouring about him, something clumsy and overeager, but it’s not a turnoff. He’s usually so patient, meticulous, but now he can’t wait. Can’t have enough. “Can I fuck you?”</p> <p>I nod up at him, let him take my top, my pants, everything off, and the way he looks at me like he has found answers all of a sudden, like my body is a religious experience, has me squirming up for contact. “This,” he says breathlessly, his thumb tracing reverently the piercing on my nipple.</p> <p>“If you don’t like it, I—”</p> <p>He shushes me, and it’s okay. I’m okay. I’m totally okay with him staring at my small breasts as though they’re something wondrous, with him kissing them until his lips are plump, until I have to pull at his hair, until I’m so wet, I feel it trickle down my thigh. I’m okay with being told ridiculous things: I’m a good girl, I’m perfect, I’ve been driving him insane, when he first saw me I changed the chemistry of his brain.</p> <p>He makes me laugh when I roll us around, push him underneath me, his elbows smacking against the hard wall. He mumbles a few obscenities, but when I bend down to kiss him again he forgets all about it. “You’re too big for the</p>
258	<p>bed,” I tell him between giggles, peeling his shirt from his skin. He has abs. Defined ones. And pecs. He has muscle groups I thought were myths.</p> <p>“Your bed’s too small for me. Next time we’ll do this in mine,” he says, lifting his hips and letting me undo his zipper. The sound of each catch fills the room, and it shouldn’t be so erotic, but I’m naked on top of him, his length rubbing against my core, and there’s no mistaking how deliciously, furiously, eagerly big he is.</p> <p>“It’s been a while,” he says.</p> <p>I blink at him, breathless, hazy. “Yeah. Me too.” I can’t help myself. I touch the damp head of his erection, just a brush of my fingertips. He grunts, bites his lip. His hips jerk. It’s a little like riding a horse. A bull.</p> <p>“Do we need a condom?” he asks. I shake my head and mouth “birth control,” eager to continue. “This might be over very quickly,” he husks, hands gripping my thighs as I position him at my entrance. “But I’ll make it up to you. With my mouth. Or my fingers. If— Bee. Bee.”</p> <p>I don’t know what I expected from having Levi inside of me. Probably the same as with Tim: something vaguely pleasant. At best, sex made me feel close to him. At worst, I was bored for a few minutes and remembered that taxes were due soon. With Levi it’s nothing like that. I’m in control. I’m easing his cock into my body. I struggle inch by inch to adjust, to accommodate, but it’s my decision. I close my eyes and feel my face twist, half pleasure and half pain. I need more. He needs more. We both need more, and I push down to take him farther inside, thighs and hands trembling as I strain to fill myself with him, and . . .</p> <p>I can’t do it.</p> <p>There is no room. I try again, grinding down to take more of him. My skin beads with sweat. The sense of</p>

Page	Content
259	<p>fullness grows, turns into a sting of pain, but I push through it, force myself to—</p> <p>“Slow down,” Levi orders, a little more than a growl. His hands clasp my hips to still me. I open my eyes. Shake my head. “I need to—”</p> <p>“You need a minute,” he says firmly, and his voice brooks no argument. We’re both shaking, gasping, sweaty against each other, but I pause for a moment, and he nods, choppy, pleased. “Good girl.” He stares at me like he doesn’t know where to settle his eyes. Then he finds the place where we’re joined and starts touching me there, slow, wet strokes of his thumb on my clit that soften me and help me take him all the way. His hip bones press into the undersides of my thighs when he bottoms out. I feel my channel clench and grip him, and his groan tells me that he does, too. He’s in me to the hilt, and I collapse on top of him.</p> <p>“Levi,” I stutter into his mouth. “You are really big.” Something vibrates between us. Not physical—a feeling. It resonates in my body and in my brain.</p> <p>“You’ll get used to me,” he gasps against my temple, pushing my hair back from my forehead with trembling hands, and then I am so full, I cannot be still anymore. I roll my hips to test the waters, see what hurts (very little) and what’s good (a whole lot). I learn what I want. Which angle. Which rhythm. In exchange, I let Levi’s hands roam my body wherever he likes—and it’s everywhere. There are wet, filthy, shameful sounds, but I don’t care, too busy gripping the headboard and grinding myself against that spot inside me which— Yes. Yes. He’s immense, stretching me to my limit and a bit past. I balance myself on his chest. His heart beats a drum against my palm, and I move up and</p>
260	<p>down. Delicious pressure. Pleasure pulses deep in my belly. “Like this?” I ask.</p> <p>He doesn’t answer. Or he does, but in murmurs, incoherent little things, like Please, Be still, Don’t move, You’re so tight, I’m going to— Oh, shit. It gets worse when I clench around him on purpose, just to see where I can go. There’s no extra room inside me. Nothing at all, and my vision dots. My pulse spikes. My head snaps blank, my lungs void of air, and I come like an avalanche, a wash of blinding pleasure as my body contracts rhythmically. I whimper my orgasm into the skin of his collarbone.</p> <p>When I can think again, I find Levi on top of me, panting against my throat, fingers tight around my hips. He babbles, groans, desperately grinds his cock against my stomach, but he has pulled out. I am painfully empty, clenching against nothing.</p> <p>“Did you—?” My voice is hoarse.</p> <p>“I’m trying to make it last,” he pants. “I don’t want this to end.” I try to guide him into me once again, but he pins my wrists above my head and kisses me, endless, deep, without restraint, swallowing my soft whimpers in his mouth. Then he slides back inside. In this position he gets deeper. Harder. Different angles. He covers me, all of me, and I let him do what he let me do: find his pleasure in my body. His thrusts are shallow, then slow, then deep. Then his control snaps in two, long movements that drag delicious friction against all of my nerve endings. I love his weight on me. I love his guttural groans. I love the absent, awestruck green of his eyes. I’m so close. So close again.</p> <p>This is good. He is good. We are good. Together. Like this.</p> <p>“Bee,” he slurs against my cheek. “Bee. You are everything I—”</p>
261	<p>My hands slide against his sweat-slick back, and I hold him together as he shatters into a million pieces.</p>

Page	Content
278	<p>I'D EXPECTED HIM to be reserved about sex.</p> <p>Not that I'd thought about it very much, but if someone had held a gun to my head and forced me to guess, I'd have probably told them, "I bet Levi Ward is quiet in bed. Boring. Because he's such a guarded person out of bed. A few low grunts, maybe. A handful of words, all directives. Faster. Slower. Actually, this other angle is better." I'd have been wrong. Because there's nothing reserved in the way he takes his pleasure out of my body. Nothing at all.</p> <p>I'm not sure how I find myself spread out on my stomach in the middle of his bed, trying to breathe steadily as he traces the line of small tattoos down my spine.</p> <p>"The UK," he says, hoarse and a little shaky. "And—I don't know this one. Or the next. But Italy. Japan."</p> <p>"Italy's—ah—a boot. Easy." I push my forehead into the pillow, biting my lower lip. This would be easier if he weren't inside me. If he hadn't pushed to the side the green panties I'd bought to celebrate BLINK—the ones that I regretted the second Levi was announced as my co-lead, the ones I didn't think I'd use anytime soon, the ones Levi</p>
279	<p>stared at speechless for a whole minute—and slowly, inexorably slid in to the hilt.</p> <p>"They're pretty. The outlines." He lowers himself to kiss the skin of my neck. It makes his cock shift inside me, and we both groan. It's just embarrassing, the way my back arches, the way my ass bucks back into his abdomen like my body isn't mine anymore. "You might be too tight this way. It might be too good."</p> <p>Sex isn't like this. I'm not like this. I'm not the type to come quickly, or uncontrollably, or loudly. I'm not the type to come very often. But there's a place inside me that he hits. He found it last night, too, but now, in this position, or maybe just because it's slower . . . I don't know what it is, but it's even better. He thrusts inside me a couple times, shallow, experimental, and I have to fist my hands into his sheets. They are shaking.</p> <p>"They're—" I have to stop. Collect myself. Clear my throat. Tense. Release. "They're my homes. All the places I've lived."</p> <p>"Beautiful." He presses a soft kiss to the ball of my shoulder. "So damn beautiful," he repeats, almost to himself, like it's not about my tattoos anymore. Then the mattress shifts, I hear a frustrated groan, and all of a sudden I feel cold. He's not touching me anymore. He has pulled back. Pulled out.</p> <p>"What are you . . . ?" I try to turn around, but his hand splays between my shoulder blades to hold me down gently. "Just trying to pace myself." His voice is all strained, self-effacing amusement. I can't see his smile, but I picture it in my head, faint, warm, beautiful. I take a deep, shuddering breath, trying to relax into the sheets, feeling his eyes roam my body. His fingers trail down my back and</p>
280	<p>then he begins to arrange me ever so slightly, tilting my hips at a different angle.</p> <p>Levi exhales. "All those years ago. And then later. There were lots of things that I imagined doing to you, but I always went back to . . ." He trails off. For a few seconds I hear very little, but it's okay. I'm unwinding from the trembling, needy, overheated mess he makes of me, and it's good to have a moment to calm down. It'll be nice to keep some dignity in this bed—</p> <p>The palms of his hands move between my legs and spread them apart. My panties are yanked all the way to the side. I gasp, feeling cold air on my core, feeling so open, exposed, it's almost obscene. "You look . . ." His voice is quiet, and then he half explodes in a low, "Fuck." I'm a fraction of a second from asking him what's wrong with me when I feel him pull my hips higher.</p> <p>"Levi?"</p>

Page	Content
280	<p>His tongue, his lips, his nose press into me from behind, and I inhale sharply. First it's careful, delicate licks, flicking my clit and nudging my opening; then it's deep kisses, mapping me thoroughly. "Oh my God," I moan.</p> <p>His only response is a low, satisfied growl against my folds, and I don't know if it's the vibrations, or the enthusiastic way he's working on me, or the fact that he's holding me wide open like I am a feast made for him to consume, but my belly tenses, and my limbs are shaking, and keeping my pleading noises in is a losing game. It can't last, not like this. It takes him less than a minute to push me tumbling over the edge.</p> <p>This is not my body. Or maybe it is, but Levi's in charge, and I don't mind. The pleasure takes over, crashes over me like a tidal wave, and before it even dries out I feel him</p>
281	<p>rearranging me once more, pressing my stomach into the mattress again until I'm at his mercy. His fingers are on me, parting me open. Then there is a stretch, a split-second burn, and he's pushing deep inside. He was there before and it was heaven, but I'm wetter now, and the friction is even more delicious. I feel myself tighten, quick, fluttering contractions around his length.</p> <p>This is. So. Unbelievably. Good.</p> <p>"Jesus," Levi grunts. Tests a deep, shaky thrust. "You're still coming, aren't you?"</p> <p>Yes. No. I don't know. I twist my neck and turn back.</p> <p>He's looking down at me. At my flushed skin and my trembling flesh. He's not going to stop anytime soon, I know it. I'm going to come disastrously quickly, again, or maybe I'll never stop, and he's going to stare at me for every last second of it. Caging me, propped up on his huge, shaking arms, with that hungry, spellbound gleam in his eyes. "You're some kind of fantasy. Built to do this. Built for me. Fuck, Bee." His rhythm picks up. Uneven and choppy, but it picks up.</p> <p>And I can't bear it.</p> <p>"You can't," I moan.</p> <p>He immediately pauses.</p> <p>"No," I whine. "Don't stop."</p> <p>"You said—?"</p> <p>"Just . . . Please, don't look at me."</p> <p>He seems to finally get it. "Hush." He lowers himself and presses a kiss to my cheekbones. It's getting—it's impossible, but it's getting even better. He's figured it out, the inside of me. How to angle his thrusts. They're more shallow, more purposeful, and I'm . . .</p> <p>Babbling. Things like Oh my god and More and Please and Please harder and he somehow knows what I mean. He</p>
282	<p>makes sense of me, and bends down to run his tongue down the skin of my throat, to bite my shoulder, to grunt his pleasure against my nape.</p> <p>"I'm not sure," he murmurs gutturally, breath harsh against my ear, "how I haven't come yet."</p> <p>Me neither, I think. I say his name, muffled in the pillow, and just let go.</p>
308	<p>I take him out of his boxers and wrap my small hand around him. He's completely hard already. Huge. Shockingly warm against my flesh. He smells like soap and himself, and I want to bottle his delicious scent and bring it with me always. "I'm not very good at stir-fries." My breath is on his skin, making his cock twitch. "This, I hope I can do well."</p> <p>I'm not exactly confident, and maybe I'm a little clumsy, too, but when I softly lick the head there is a quiet, surprised groan coming from above me, and I think that maybe I'll be fine. I close my lips around him, feel Levi's hands tighten on my scalp, and my insecurities melt.</p> <p>I don't know why we haven't done this before. It has to do, perhaps, with how impatient he usually is, impatient to be in me, on me, with me. There is often an undercurrent of haste with us, like we both want, need, deserve to be as close as physically possible, as quickly as physically possible, and . . . It doesn't leave much time for delays, I guess.</p>

Page	Content
308	Levi wants it, though. It might not be something he'd ever ask for, but I can see the shape of pleasure on his face, hear his intakes of breath. I suckle right beneath the head and he lets out a sound of shocked, overwhelming pleasure. Then he threads his fingers through my hair and starts guiding me. He's too thick for me to do much, but I try to
309	<p>relax, to let myself enjoy this, lose myself to the taste, the fullness, his soft, deep groans as he tells me how good it feels, how much he loves my mouth, how much he loves this, how much he loves . . .</p> <p>"Fuck." Softly, with his thumb, he traces the bulge of his cock through the skin of my cheek. My lips, stretched obscenely around him. "You really are everything I've ever wanted," he mutters, gentle, reverent, hoarse, and then he's angling me again, this time a rhythm that's deeper, purposeful, working my jaw for his pleasure. When he holds me close and says, "I'm going to come in your mouth," like it's inevitable, like we both need this too badly to stop, I whimper around his flesh from how much I want this for him.</p> <p>He loses control a little when he comes, his grunts deep and unusually rough, his grip viselike, and I feel his orgasm course through me as if it were my own. I suck him gently through the end of it, and when I look up at him I'm wet and swollen and I feel empty, trembling, a messy lump on the floor.</p> <p>"Open your mouth," he rasps.</p> <p>I blink at him, confused. He cups my cheek.</p> <p>"I want you to open your mouth and show me."</p> <p>I comply, and the sound he makes, possessive and hungry and pleased at last, travels through me like a wave. He massages the back of my neck while I swallow, his thumb caresses my jaw, and when I smile up at him, he stares at me like I've just gifted him with something divine.</p> <p>It's a long night, this one. Somehow different from all the others. Levi takes his time undressing me, stopping often, lingering, losing track of his progress as if distracted by my flesh, my curves, the sounds I make. I moan, I squirm, I beg, and he still won't slide inside, too busy tracing the</p>
310	<p>swell of my breast, pressing his tongue against the bump of my clit, nuzzling against the skin of my throat. I teeter on the edge for too long, and so does Levi, immobile within me, then thick and delicious and slow, slow inside and then slow out, long, drugging kisses stretching the pleasure between us, making my body twitch for his own. And then he looks down at me, hands twined with my hands, eyes twined with my eyes, breath twined with my breath.</p> <p>"Bee," he says. Just my name, half gasp, all heated plea. He stares down at me as though I own him. As though his future hangs from my hands. As though everything he's ever wanted, I hold it within me. It makes my chest hurt and leap with a dangerous, thunderous kind of joy.</p> <p>I close my eyes not to see and let the liquid heat swell inside me like the tide, high and low all night long.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	27
Bitch	8
Breast / Tit	5
Clit	4
Cock	11
Dick	28
Fuck, Fucking etc	42
Penis	4
Piss	5
Shit / Bullshit etc.	64

Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	27
God / God damn etc.	54
Hell	16
Jesus	4
Lord	11