Pending Final Report

People We Meet on Vacation

Adult

Book Summary

Two best friends, vastly different, reunite for one last vacation to confront the truth that could make or break their relationship.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, anxiety, bullying, deception, drugs, explicitly sexual activities/sexual nudity, potentially patently offensive content, profanity. and smoking.

By Emily Henry

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CONTENT WARNING

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4/5 | **Adults Only**

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258	One of his hands twists into the hem of my T-shirt where it hangs against my thigh, and the other grazes up my stomach beneath it. “What about this?” he asks. “Yes,” I breathe. His hand lifts higher, slips under my bathing suit top, making me shiver. “This?” he says. My breath catches, heart stumbles over a beat as his fingers lightly circle. I nod, pull his hips back to mine. He’s hard between my legs, and instantly I feel a little light-headed. “I think about you all the time,” he says, and kisses me slowly, drags his mouth down my neck, goose bumps fluttering out in his wake. “I think about this.” “I do too,” I admit in a whisper. His mouth moves over my chest, kissing me through my wet T-shirt even as his hands work the fabric up over my hips, my ribs, and then my shoulders. He pulls away long enough to peel it over my head and discard it among the plastic sheeting. “Yours too,” I say, heart leaping. I reach for the hem of his shirt, pull it over his head. When I toss it aside, he tries to move toward me, but I hold him back for a second. “Do you want to stop?” he asks, his eyes dark. I shake my head. “I just . . . never get to look at you like this.” The corner of his mouth twitches into a smile. “You could have always looked,” he says in a low voice. “Just so you know.” “Well, you could’ve too,” I say. “Trust me,” he says. “I did.” And then I’m dragging him in against me, and he’s roughly lifting my thigh against his hip, and I’m sinking my fingers into his wide back, my teeth into his neck, and his hands are massaging my chest, my ass. His mouth moves down my collarbones, sliding under my bikini, teeth careful on my nipple, and I’m feeling him through his shorts, then reaching into
259	them, loving how he tenses and shifts. I push his shorts down over his hip bones, my mouth going dry at the feeling of him against me. “Shit,” I say, a realization hitting me like a bucket of ice water, “I went off birth control.” “If it helps,” he says, “I had a vasectomy.” I draw back, shocked out of the moment. “You what?” “They’re reversible,” he says, blushing for the first time since we started this. “And I took . . . precautions, in case I want kids and the reversal doesn’t work. They usually do, but . . . anyway, I just . . . didn’t want to accidentally get someone pregnant. I’m still always safe—it’s not like . . . Why are you looking at me like that?” I knew Alex was a black-and-white thinker. I knew he was ultracautious, and I knew he was the most thoughtful, courteous person on the planet. But somehow I’m still surprised all of that added up to this big decision. It makes my heart feel like a sore muscle, all heat and achy tenderness, because it is just so him. I tighten my arms around his waist, squeeze him to me. “It’s just that of course you did that,” I say. “Above and beyond caution and consideration. You’re a prince, Alex Nilsen.” “Uh-huh,” he says, his expression both amused and unconvinced. “I’m serious,” I say, pressing closer. “You’re incredible.” “We can find a condom if you want,” he says. “But I’m not—there’s no one else.” I’m sure I’m blushing now and probably smiling ridiculously. “That’s okay,” I say. “It’s just us.” What I mean to say is, if there’s anyone I would do this with, it would be him. If there’s one person I truly trust, want all of in this way, it’s him. But that’s how I say it: It’s just us. And he says it back to me, like he knows exactly what I mean, and then we’re on the ground, in a sea of discarded plastic, and he’s tearing my top off, pulling my bottoms off too, pressing his

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Page	Content
259	mouth between my legs, clutching my ass in his hands, making me gasp and rise against him as his tongue moves over me. “Alex,” I plead, knotting my hands into his hair, “stop making me wait for you.”
260	“Stop being impatient,” he teases. “I’ve waited twelve years. I want this to last.” A shiver races down my spine, and I arch into him. Finally, he crawls up the length of me, hands tangling in my hair, roaming over my skin, and he slowly pushes into me. We find our rhythm together, and it all feels so good, so electric, so right that I can’t believe all the time we wasted not doing this. Twelve years of subpar lovemaking when all along, this was how it was supposed to be. “God, how are you so good at this,” I say, and his laugh grates against my ear as he kisses behind it. “Because I know you,” he says tenderly, “and I remember what you sound like when you like something.” Everything in me pulls taut in waves. Every move of his hands, every thrust threatens to unravel me. “I could have sex with you until I die,” I pant. “Good,” he says, and he moves a little faster, harder, the intense pleasure of it making me buck and swear and move to match him. “I love you,” I hiss, by accident. I think I meant to say I love having sex with you or I love your amazing body, or maybe I did mean to say I love you, the same way I always say it to him when he does something thoughtful, but this is a little bit different because we’re having sex, and my face goes hot and I’m not sure how to fix it, but then Alex just sits up and draws me into his lap, holding me close as he pushes into me again slow, deep, hard, and says, “I love you too.” And all at once, my chest loosens, my stomach unwinds, and any embarrassment and fear evaporates. There’s nothing left but Alex. Alex’s rough hands moving gently through my hair. Alex’s wide back rippling under my fingers. Alex’s sharp hips working slowly, purposefully against mine. Alex’s sweat and skin and raindrops on my tongue. His perfect arms holding on to me, keeping me there, against him, as we rock and clutch.
261	His sensual lips tugging at my mouth, coaxing it open to taste me as we draw together and apart, finding new ways to touch and kiss each other every time we reunite. He kisses my jaw, my throat, my shoulder, his tongue hot and careful against my skin. I touch and taste every hard line and soft curve of him I can get to and he shivers under my hands, my mouth. He lies back and draws me on top of him, and this is the best yet, because I can see so much of him, get to every place I want. “Alex Nilsen,” I say breathlessly. “You are the hottest man alive.” He laughs, just as breathlessly, and kisses the side of my neck. “And you love me.” My stomach flutters. “I love you,” I murmur, this time on purpose. “I love you so much, Poppy,” he says, and somehow, just the sound of his voice tips me over the edge and I’m coming undone. We are, together.

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Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	18
Bastard	1
Bitch	5
Dick	4
Fuck, Fucking, Fucker etc.	29
Shit / Bullshit etc.	37
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	**Count**
Damn	9
God / God damn etc.	36
Hell	15