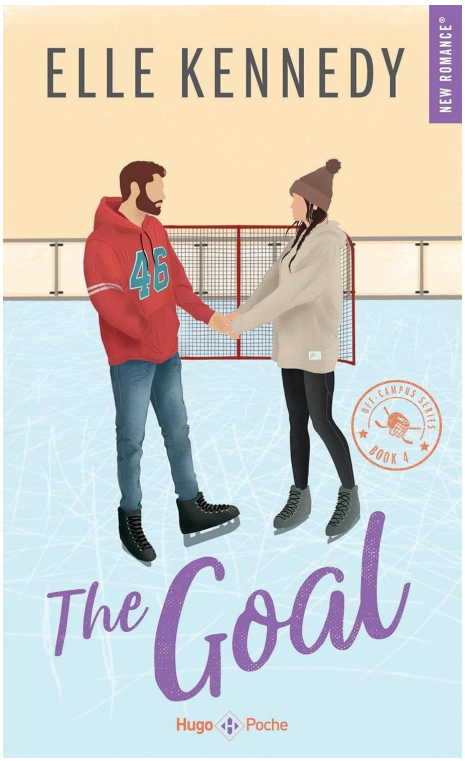
Pending Final Report

The Goal



Book Summary

Tells the story of a college senior with a meticulously planned future, who finds her carefully constructed path disrupted by a chance encounter with hockey player.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alternate gender and sexual ideologies (minor), alcohol, child abuse, discussions of abortion, death, domestic abuse, drugs, obscene/prurient sexual activities, profanity, self-harm (minor), sexism, sexual assault (attempted), sexual nudity, Unplanned pregnancy, violence (minor)

Adult

By Elle Kennedy

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CONTENT WARNING

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5/5 **Deviant Content**

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29	Laughing, I grab his head and hold it against me as he tongues his way down my throat to the tops of my breasts. “Never happening.” “Don’t tie yourself to absolutes. It makes it easier to back away. More graceful.” His words are somewhat muffled as he buries his face in my cleavage. A callused hand pulls at my shirt, and then I hear a frustrated growl when the neckline doesn’t lower enough to give him access to what he wants. Good thing our needs are aligned. I reach between us and yank my sweater off, and his mouth latches on to my nipple before I can get my bra undone. When I reach around to undo the clasp, his hands bat mine away. My laugh at his eagerness dies in my throat as his palm closes around one bare breast. I arch into his rough caress. Oh gosh, it’s been way, way too long. As Tucker’s mouth gets busy sucking on one puckered nipple, his fingers pinch and tease the other one. He’s good at this. He knows how deep to suck, how hard to bite, how tender to kiss, and despite the rod in his pants, he acts like he could do this
30	nipple-sucking deed all night long. I rock my lower body over his erection, fumbling to push my skirt out of the way so I can really feel him. I want it off, damn it. I want his naked body rubbing against mine. I want him inside me. I want it all. I fish for the bottom of his T-shirt. He offers me zero assistance, because he’s too intent on my breasts right now. I find the hem and pull it hard. Only then does he separate from me, and the cool air in the truck causes my nipples to tighten even more. “I don’t need more foreplay,” I tell him as I drag his shirt up over his head. Oh God, muscle alert. Lots and lots of tight, smooth, rippled muscles glide beneath my palms. Gotta love athletes. His hands tunnel under my skirt. “Is that right?” There’s nothing graceful about the way his fingers shove aside my thong, and there’s no warning when he thrusts two of them inside of me. It’s dirty and so hot. Air whistles between my teeth as I inhale sharply. “Like that, do you?” he murmurs. “It’s okay,” I lie, and am immediately punished when he withdraws. “Fine. It feels good.” He withdraws again and uses his now-wet fingers to lightly circle my clit. My entire body strains and clenches and screams for more. “Just good, huh?” he taunts. I give in. “Great. It’s great.” “I know.” He looks smug. “I hate to tell you this, Sabrina. But you’ve made a big mistake.” “What? Why?” His fingers draw my thong tight, the fabric cutting into my swollen lips. “Because I’m going to ruin you for all future guys. I apologize in advance.” Then he jerks the fabric aside and slams three fingers in. The graphic rawness of it comes as a giant shock. I can feel it—him—everywhere. Even down to my toes. A wave of excitement crashes over me. Holy shit, he’s making me come. Is that even possible? I stare at him open-mouthed, and he grins back, white teeth against his tanned skin and his beard, fully aware he’s blowing my mind. His fingers
31	move again, two of them rubbing against that spot that hardly anyone ever finds but me. And he keeps rubbing it as he jacks his fingers inside me. And I keep coming. I let my head fall back and my eyelids fall closed and I give myself over to the pleasure that spirals up and through my body until I’m one shuddering mass of sensation.

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Page	Content
31	When I drop back to Earth, I find myself lying against his chest, gasping for air. I've never come this hard in my life, and the guy hasn't even been inside me yet. My heart is pounding insanely fast, and my sluggish mind is having a hard time keeping up. He's just a guy. A normal guy, I remind myself. One dick and two balls. This is nothing special. "I haven't had sex in a while," I mumble as my breathing starts to normalize. "I've been super stressed. My body really needed a release." His long fingers flex inside me. "Whatever you need to tell yourself, darlin'." There's smug amusement in his voice, but the guy just fingered me to orgasm (which never happens to me), so I guess I can't blame him. He drags the pads of his fingers along my sensitive nerve endings as he withdraws, pulling another involuntary shudder out of me. Between us, his hand rises and the wetness shines on his fingers even in the dark cab of his truck. I'm not prepared for the shock of arousal that hits me when he sucks them clean. I gulp. One swift jerk of a lever and his seat falls completely flat. Tucker lies down and beckons for me again. "C'mere and ride my face. I need more of that." Oh. My. God. Who is this guy? Maybe I shouldn't hike my skirt up around my waist and crawl forward, but I do. It's like he's cast a spell on me and I'm helpless to disobey him. "You're gonna want to brace yourself," he rasps, "because I'm going to make you come again." "You're so fucking cocky." "No. I'm sure. And so are you. Now gimme that sweet pussy and ride my tongue."
32	Oh, sweet baby Jesus. Sex with Tucker is dirtier and hotter than I thought it would be. He doesn't look like he'd be this way, but isn't it always the quiet ones? I like it, almost too much. His hot breath warms my skin as I lower myself over his face. "Fuck yeah," is the last thing he says before his mouth latches on to me. He doesn't just use his tongue. He uses his lips, his teeth to scrape across my hypersensitive clit. One hand is clamped around my hip while he uses the other to finger me. And his tongue? He licks me in long, sweeping strokes until I'm muffling sobs against my wrist. Then he parts me with two fingers and holds me open while his tongue stabs hard inside me. He's right—I do need to brace myself. I grip the sides of the seat and then I'm gone. He brings me right to the edge of the cliff and throws me over. While I'm still shuddering from my second orgasm of the night, Tucker lifts me off his face and down to his lap where somehow his dick is free of his jeans. I reach between us and grab him. "Wait," he barks, but it's too late. I suck in my lower lip as the broad head slowly penetrates me. Greedily, I push down, wanting to fill myself up. His hands find my hips, and I breathe out a sigh of anticipatory satisfaction only to yelp with dismay when he pushes me off. "Condom," he says grimly. I glance down between us in surprise. I never make that mistake. Never. My hand flies to my mouth. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking…" He fumbles in his jeans, finds his wallet and tosses it to me. "No big deal. It was just the tip." A sly wink draws a startled laugh out of me. I bite open the foil and then position the rubber over the head of his shaft. "I'm clean," I feel compelled to tell him. "I get tested after…" I trail off, feeling like talking about past hookups is bad form when I'm naked and about to impale myself on someone else's dick. "Well, after. And I'm on the pill."

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Page	Content
32	“It’s all good on my end,” he says. His eyelids flutter shut for a beat as I roll the condom down the thick, hot column of flesh. A low moan escapes his mouth, and then he brushes my hand aside to take hold of himself.
33	“Ready?” he asks, positioning the head at my entrance. I don’t know if I nod or whimper or beg, but whatever sound comes out of my mouth must sound like assent, because he shoves upward with one swift motion until he’s seated to the hilt. “Fuck, you’re so tight,” he hisses through gritted teeth. “And you’re damn big,” I croak, wriggling around on top of him. He grabs my hips to hold me still and shallowly pumps into me. “Don’t move.” “Can’t stop.” The friction feels so good. If I thought his fingers and tongue were magic, his dick is supernatural. I can feel him everywhere. I dig my knees into the leather seat and rest my hands on his chest. The muscles flex beneath my palms, and I rake my gaze over his ridged abdomen, the light hair on his chest, and the thin line that leads directly down to heaven. He’s as delicious to look at as he feels. I wonder how he tastes, but that will have to come later. Right now, I need him to fuck me until my anxiety about Harvard, money, and my home life is driven out completely. I want to be wrecked and he’s the perfect man for the job. I slam down on him. A feral look crosses his face and then a large palm clamps against my ass. He powers upward, finding the leverage from somewhere, and even though I’m on top, he’s clearly in control, which is exactly what I want. His teeth are clenched and I feel the bite of his fingers on my ass, pushing me downward with each thrust forward. I squeeze my thighs tight around him and give myself over to his care, allowing him to power me into oblivion. “Come for me,” he mumbles. “Take what you need.” Inside of me, his cock pulses, and then his fingers find my clit, stroking and teasing it until I go off like a rocket, shaking so hard I can barely stay on top of him. Tucker rises part way to clasp me to his chest, pounding into me so hard that I have to raise trembling hands to the truck’s roof to prevent my head from slamming through it. He drives into me, over and over, until suddenly he’s the shaky, mindless mess who has a hard time maintaining any control. He collapses back against the seat, taking me with him.
87	This girl is gonna kill me. I peel off my shirt and then I’m standing there naked in front of her. She remains fully clothed, if you could call booty shorts and a whisper-thin T-shirt clothes. As her heated gaze eats me up, I send a quick thank-you to the hockey gods for inventing such a grueling sport. Hockey’s a tough, dangerous game that requires hours of training. It’s given me muscles in places I didn’t even know had muscles. And now, all that hard work is paying me back twofold by putting this hungry look on Sabrina’s face. “Your body’s insane,” she informs me. I chuckle. “Pot, kettle,” I reply before cupping her tits over her top. She swats my hands away. “Don’t distract me! I have a job to do.” I flash her a look of challenge. “I figured you’d be good at multitasking. Considering you’re always so busy.” “Oh, I can multitask like a pro. I just don’t want to right now. I want to savor this.” She voices the seductive promise while slowly sinking to her knees. Her hair falls over one shoulder as she peers up at me. Christ, I’ve never seen a hotter sight. I reach down and rub her mouth with my thumb. I want to see those lips wrapped around me. I want to see her throat working to take me in.

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87	“Suck me,” I rumble when she continues to kneel there without touching me. She hears the tortured note in my voice and takes pity on me, leaning forward to kiss the tip of my cock. She offers the tiniest flick of tongue, but that alone is enough to send an electric current up my spine. Oh man, I’m not gonna last long at all. I cup the back of her head and urge her closer. On command, she opens her mouth and half my length slides in. Wet heat surrounds me, making me groan. It’s fucking amazing, and that’s before she starts working me with her tongue. “Ah, fuck,” I choke out when she licks the sensitive underside. Sabrina laughs, and the sound ripples through my shaft and pulses in my balls. She torments me with slow, lazy pumps of her hand. Deep, wet pulls of her mouth. Sweet, gentle licks of her tongue. And the entire time, she’s making the hottest noises I’ve ever heard. Tiny whimpers of arousal and breathy moans that confirm she’s as close to losing it as I am.
88	I stroke her hair. It’s so damn soft, silky as it moves between my fingers. I rock my hips, slowly, because I want to make this last. But when her mouth suddenly slides forward until her lips are wrapped tightly around my base, there’s no stopping the orgasm. Buried in her throat, I go off like a firecracker. It happens so fast I don’t even have time to warn her. “Sabrina,” I croak, trying to pull out. She just moans and tightens the suction, taking everything I have to give. The pleasure is so intense it almost fells me. My knees knock together. My brain stopped producing coherent thoughts right around the time she put her mouth on me. Eventually I register the soft caress of her hand over my thighs, the tickle of her fingers along my shaft as she gives one final stroke before rising to her feet. “That was fun,” she tells me. I sputter with laughter. Fun? Talk about an understatement. “It was incredible,” I correct, yanking her toward me. I kiss her until she’s breathless. My legs are still shaking but my hands are rock steady as I methodically pull off her T-shirt and then tug on the string that’s keeping her bikini-style bra in place. Our mouths still locked, I nudge her toward the bed, advancing on her until she has no choice but to fall onto her elbows and stretch out on her back. I pop her heels off, one by one, taking the time to kiss each of her shapely ankles. Then I get rid of her booty shorts, whip them across the room, and reach for the heels again. Sabrina raises a brow. “You’re putting them back on me?” “Hell yeah I am. You have no idea how hot you look in these heels.” I ease one small foot back into a stiletto, then the other. When I’m done, I stare at her for a long, long moment and wonder how I ever got this lucky. She’s all long limbs and sweet curves and smooth olive-toned skin. Her dark hair is fanned out behind her head, her red lips are glossy and parted. And those fuck-me heels… Christ. She’s the ultimate wet dream. I rise on my knees and shuffle closer. My dick is waking up again, but I ignore him. He can take five while I play a little. “I can’t get over how beautiful you are,” I rasp, bringing my hand between her legs.
89	When I rub the pad of my thumb over her clit, her hips jerk off the bed in response. I smile. One barely there touch and she’s already hot for me. Or maybe she got hot when she was giving me a blowjob that belongs in the history books. I trail my finger down her slit toward her opening, groaning when I discover that she’s soaking wet. “Did I do this?” I mutter. Mischief dances in her eyes. “Sorry, but no. I was pretending you were Tom Hardy the whole time I was blowing you.”

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89	“Bull. Shit.” I push one finger inside her and she squeaks loudly. “You knew exactly whose dick was in your mouth.” Sabrina squirms against my probing finger. I add another one, curl them both, and stroke her inner channel while my thumb teasingly circles her clit. “Fine, I knew,” she gasps out. “Who needs to picture a movie star when you’re already a fantasy come to life?” Damned if my ego doesn’t like hearing that. And my cock definitely likes the way her pussy is clenching around my fingers. I remember how tight she was the last time, how good it felt, and once again I forget that I’m trying to be patient. Groaning, I spread her thighs with my free hand and lean down to bury my face where my dick wants to be. When my tongue touches her, she moans loud enough to wake the dead. Hopefully that sleeping pill her grandmother took is doing its job, otherwise we’re in for a mighty awkward interruption. I kiss and lick and suck and play until my body can’t take it anymore. Until my mind shuts down again, empty save for one thought: need to be inside her. Wrenching my mouth away results in Sabrina’s grumble of disappointment. My beard has left pink splotches all over her thighs, but she doesn’t seem to care. She’s squirming and scissoring her legs, a sexed-up look on her face. “Tucker,” she begs. “Hold on, darlin’.” I lean over the edge of the bed to grab my pants, then whip out the condom in my wallet. She watches me suit up. Her gaze is no longer cloudy with frustration. It’s on fire, blazing with anticipation.
90	“Get inside me,” she orders. “Yes, ma’am.” With a grin, I crawl back to her, one fist grasping my dick to guide it inside her. We both groan when I drive in deep. But apparently it’s not deep enough. Her legs, long and silky and incredible, instantly wrap around my waist. She digs her heels into my ass and lifts her hips to deepen the contact, and it’s the best fucking feeling in the world. I drop down until my elbows are resting on either side of her head. “Beautiful,” I mumble, staring down at her flushed face. I dip my head and kiss her again, while my cock pulses in the tight heat of her body. I try to keep it slow. I try my fucking hardest. But Sabrina has other ideas. She shoves her hand in my hair and pulls until our mouths break apart. “I need more.” She sounds as desperate as I feel. “Tell me what you need.” “This.” She grabs my hand and pushes it to where we’re joined. Her fingers cover my knuckles as she urges me to stroke her clit. “And this.” She bucks upward and starts fucking herself on me. And that’s the game, ladies and gentleman. My slow, measured pace explodes to dust. In its place, pure animal fucking. I drill into her with everything I’ve got. The heel of my hand stays glued to her swollen clit, rubbing in time to each frantic thrust. Within seconds we’re both sweaty, breathless messes. The mattress springs creak from the force of our fucking. The headboard slams against the wall in a rhythmic thump-thump-thump that matches the wild pounding of my heart. She comes before I do, clutching my shoulders as she shudders beneath me. The blowjob had taken the edge off, so I last longer. Hell, longer than I want to, because I’m dying to come. Every muscle in my body is coiled tight, screaming for release that’s still out of reach.

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90	“Let go,” Sabrina murmurs. And then her fingers dig into my ass cheeks, one drifts along the crease, and— That’s the game. I shoot with a hoarse cry. I forget my name. I probably black out for a minute. I feel loopy and wonderful and my balls are still tingling, but I think I might be crushing her, so I force my weak body off hers and collapse onto my back.
163	Licking her lips, she proceeds to move down my body and unzip my jeans. My dick jumps out like it’s on a spring. She circles me with her hand and then gives me the dirtiest, most devilish grin before swallowing me to the back of her throat. Holy shit, that’s good. I cup her head as she blows me, admiring the way her ass juts in the air as she bends forward to take more of me in her mouth. I reach over and slide my hand underneath the satin of her shorts until my fingers meet her soaked pussy. And suddenly her mouth on my cock isn’t enough. I’ve got to be inside her. I lift her up and in three strides have her down on the bed. She claws at my clothes. I tear at hers. We’re hasty, somewhat uncoordinated, and full of
164	need. I grab the condom from my jeans and am inside her in the next breath. She’s coming three strokes later. “It’s been a while,” she gasps. Sweat beads on my forehead as I slow down, trying to prolong the pleasure for as long as humanly possible. But as usual, Sabrina has other ideas. “Come on, Tuck. Fuck me hard.” She digs her nails into my ass and I’m gone. I hammer into her hard enough to drive her from one side of the bed to the other. She comes again and I finally let go.
224	“Fuck me,” I plead. He falls backward on his ass and pulls me down on top of him, somehow never once losing contact with my breasts. I straddle him and try to rub my wet core against his cock, but my stupid belly gets in the way and a moan of frustration escapes.
225	His response is to slip a hand between us. Shoving my panties aside, his fingers find my slick skin and begin to rub. Two fingers glide along my pussy while his thumb strums my clit like a guitar string. And suddenly it’s almost too much. I come in a mindless rush of pleasure, moaning his name, and even when I float down from the blissful high, it’s still not enough. I reach down and give his cock a desperate stroke. “This,” I gasp. “I want this.” “Yes, ma’am.” With a glittery, hungry gaze, he tears my panties off and nudges me onto my back. Then he grips his shaft and guides it to my entrance. I suck in a breath at the first push of his broad head spreading me. He stops abruptly in midglide. “You okay?” I can see his arms straining as his lust pushes hard against his self-control. I want to be taken hard, though. I want him to remind me that I’m beautiful, that I’m lust-worthy, that I’m still rocking his world. I curve my legs around his hips and try to pull him in deeper. “I’m more than okay. I need you. Please.” The fierce look that passes over his face is breathtaking. He jacks in deep, hard, and hot, filling me up with his cock until that’s all I know. I haven’t felt him close to me like this in so long. It feels like…a homecoming.

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225	His mouth finds my neck, the tender skin behind my ear. He trails wet kisses along my shoulder and collarbone. He sucks on my nipple again, and stars flash in front of my closed eyelids. One hand slips beneath my ass, holding me slightly off the couch, and his hips move, stroking, stroking, stroking until he hits that one spot that has me crying out again. He's relentless, plunging inside me again and again. The head of his shaft rubs against that soft bundle of nerves inside me until I'm a gasping, writhing mess. "I missed you," he chokes out. "So fucking much." I don't say it back because I've forgotten how to talk. The pleasure is too intense, fogging up my brain. He continues to ravage my breasts, one and then the other. And then he sits up, takes hold of my hips, and thrusts into me harder and faster than before. The leather beneath my shoulders chafes my skin. My hair is plastered across my face and I'm having a hard time drawing each breath, but none of that matters as I'm lost in the maelstrom of sensation. All I register, all I
226	know, is him. How good he feels, how much my body craves him, how hard my heart beats for him. How I'm deeply in love with him. "Come for me," he rasps. "Come all over my dick, Sabrina." The pleasure builds inside of me until finally it detonates, shattering my composure, melting my body. Tucker whips his head back and groans out his own release, while I lay a wrecked mess beneath him.
312	My dick springs up and tries to tunnel its way out of my boxer briefs. Sabrina doesn't miss my body's response. Licking her lips, she reaches for the hem of her sweater and tugs it up and over her head. "Darlin'," I start hoarsely. "Hmmm?" "If this is some sick joke and you're not planning on fucking me right now, I need you to tell me. My cock won't be able to handle the disappointment." She bursts out laughing, then claps a hand over her mouth to stifle the sound. Fortunately, the baby monitor stays quiet. "Not a joke," she assures me. Then she unclasps her bra, and holy hell, her tits are glorious. "I've wanted to jump you all night." I stalk toward her like a predator. "Yeah?" "Mmm-hmmm. I've been thinking about this all day. And tonight, the thinking turned into obsessing. You have no idea how hot you are when you order your staff around." She's already wiggling out of her yoga pants and bikini underwear. My breath stalls when I lay eyes on her pussy. It's completely bare. Oh yeah, this isn't a spur of the moment thing. She totally prepared for this. I'm on top of her before she can blink, my mouth crushing down on hers in a kiss that leaves us both breathless. But as much as I love her mouth, that's not what I want to be kissing right now. Three months. It's been three goddamn torturous months since I've had my tongue in paradise. I tear my mouth away and slide down the bed until my face is level with her pussy. Her very wet, very gorgeous pussy. "Hold yourself open, babe. I haven't eaten in a very long time and I'm hungry as fuck."
313	Sabrina's hands come down and spread her lips apart. I dive in and drag my tongue over her. My already aching dick throbs with need. God, I've missed this. I've missed her. "Tucker, please," she begs.

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Page	Content
313	My cock is so hard it might break in half, but I don't care because my face is buried between my woman's legs. Her heels dig into my shoulders, urging me on. Above me, she thrashes, making the sexiest noises ever. Come on, baby. Come for me. "Yes, ah, yes. Right there." She cries out and then claps a hand over her mouth again. We both freeze, waiting for a peep from next door. When nothing happens, I breathe a sigh of relief, reach for a pillow, and throw it to her. I grin devilishly. "As much as your sexy sounds drive me nuts, it's probably best you scream into the pillow." She drops her head back, throws the pillow over her face, and gives me the thumbs-up. Laughing, I reapply myself to the awesome task at hand, but as soon as my mouth is back on, my chuckles quickly die out. Each taste of her makes me more ravenous. Her thighs tighten under my palms and her pussy vibrates against my tongue, signaling that she's close. I suck harder. I lick faster. I bite and kiss and tongue her until she screams into her pillow and comes all over my face. It's fucking glorious. Sitting up, I swipe a hand over my mouth. "Condom?" I ask. She shoves the pillow aside. "I'm on the pill. Got the prescription at the last checkup." I grip my cock and run the tip along her wet core. Her breath hisses when the broad head breaches her entrance. It's been a long time since I've been inside her, and despite the fact that she pushed a bowling ball out of her vagina, she's still tight as fuck. The female body is a thing of magic. As I slide inside, I can't stop my own groan from escaping. It feels so damn good. When I'm fully seated, I stop. Her inner muscles pulse around me. "Fuck, I wish I rubbed one out before the bar opened," I grind out. "I'm going to shoot my wad in under ten seconds." "Please don't. This feels so good." Her tone is slightly surprised. "You thought it would suck?" I pull her legs up around my shoulders so I can drill in deeper.
314	"I had a baby." "Your body is perfect." I kiss a pretty ankle. "Any more perfect and I'd be dead. You're still tight as hell, wet as heaven." She giggles. "Heaven is wet?" I rotate my hips and we both moan. "My heaven is wet and hot and belongs to this babe called Sabrina." Smiling, she clenches around my dick. "Stop it." I gasp. "You want to come again, or do you want me to embarrass myself?" She responds by squeezing me even tighter. I clamp my eyes shut and search for an ounce of control. Once the urge to come inside of her passes, I start moving at a slow and steady pace. Her gaze clings to mine and I telegraph everything I feel, everything I can't say, everything that's in my heart for her. You're the only one for me. My sun rises and sets on your smile. My heart beats because yours does. Her hips cant upward, welcoming every thrust. "Hold on to me, babe." Sweat beads on my forehead as I dig a knee into the mattress to drive into her harder, deeper. She pulls me down until her tits rub against my chest with every plunge forward. "I'm close," she whispers. "Kiss me. I want your tongue in my mouth when I come." Fucking hell.

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314	My mouth crashes onto hers. Our tongues greedily tangle together. This is all I'm ever going to want. Her body beneath mine. Her taste on my lips. Her scent in my lungs. She cries against my mouth as she comes. I swallow her cry of ecstasy and then allow my own orgasm to rip through me, slamming into her so hard that I'm probably going to leave bruises. After the pleasure finally subsides, I collapse next to her, barely managing to throw my body to the side so I don't crush her. "Give me about ten minutes and I'll be good to go again," I mumble into the mattress. A soft hand strokes its way down my spine and cups my ass, sending shivers throughout my frame. My dick twitches with interest.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	87
Bastard	5
Bitch	21
Breast / Tit	37
Clit	10
Cock	25
Dick	53
Fuck, Fucks, Fucker,etc	187
Penis	5
Piss	9
Pussy	25
Shit / Bullshit etc.	80
Whore	2
Slut	1
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	**Count**
Damn	47
God / God damn etc.	78
Hell	62
Jesus	16
Lord	8
Christ	10

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