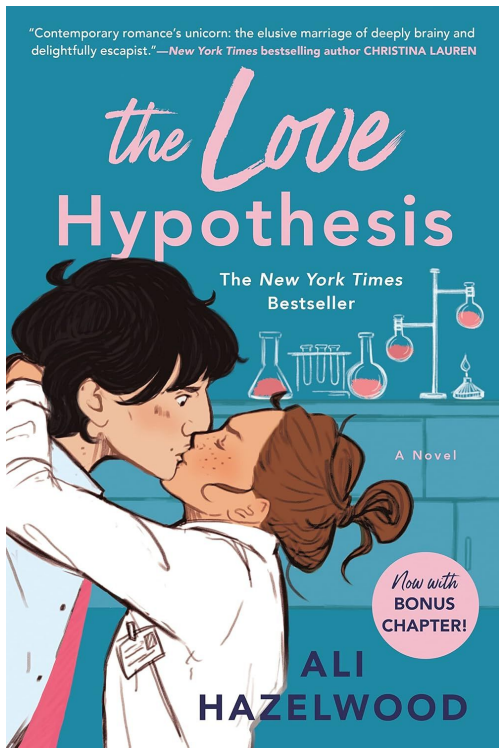


The Love Hypothesis



Adult

By Ali Hazelwood

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Book Summary

A fake relationship between scientists meets the irresistible force of attraction, throwing one woman's carefully calculated theories on love into chaos.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, drugs (mentioned), alternate gender/sexual ideologies, animal testing, anxiety, blackmail, controversial cultural/social commentary, death/grief, discrimination, dubious consent (minor), gaslighting, kink (cum kink)-minor, lying, misogyny, obscene sexual activities/sexual nudity, oppression, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, sexism, sexual assault, slut-shaming (minor), and stealing (threatened).

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Deviant Content

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243	<p>He could fit her entire breast in his mouth. All of it. He groaned in the back of his throat, and it was clear that he'd love to swallow her whole. Olive should touch him, too—she was the one who'd asked for this, and it followed that she should make sure that being with her was not a chore for him. Maybe put her hand back where he'd dragged it earlier and stroke? He could instruct her on how he liked it. Maybe this was a one-time thing and they were never going to talk about it again, but Olive couldn't help herself — she just wanted him to like this. To like her.</p> <p>"This okay?" She must have lingered too long inside her head, because he was looking up at her with a frown, his thumb swiping back and forth on her hip bone. "You're tense." His voice was strained. He was cupping his cock almost absentmindedly, stroking and gripping every once in a while—when his eyes fell on the hard points of her nipples, when she shivered, when she squirmed on her feet to rub her thighs together. "We don't have to —"</p> <p>"I want to. I said I did."</p> <p>His throat bobbed. "It doesn't matter, what you said. You can always change your mind."</p> <p>"I won't." The way he was looking at her, Olive was sure he'd protest again. But he just rested his forehead on her sternum, his breath warm</p>
244	<p>against the skin he'd just licked, and let his fingertips coast the elastic of her panties, dip under the thin cotton.</p> <p>"I think I've changed my mind," he murmured.</p> <p>She stiffened. "I know I'm not doing anything, but if you tell me what you like, I can—"</p> <p>"My favorite color must be green, after all."</p> <p>She exhaled when his thumb pressed between her legs, brushing against fabric that was already dark and wet. She exhaled in a rush until there was no air left, embarrassment washing over her at the thought that now he must know exactly how much she wanted this—and at the pleasure of his finger, large and blunt, running against her seam.</p> <p>He definitely knew. Because he looked back up at her, glassy-eyed and breathing fast.</p> <p>"Damn," he said, quiet. "Olive."</p> <p>"Do you . . ." Her mouth was as dry as the desert. "Do you want me to take them off?"</p> <p>"No." He shook his head. "Not yet."</p> <p>"But if we—"</p> <p>He hooked his finger on the elastic and pushed the cotton to the side.</p> <p>She was glistening, swollen and plump to her own eyes, way too far ahead, considering that they'd barely done anything. Too eager. This was embarrassing. "I'm sorry." There were two kinds of heat, the one curling tight at the bottom of her stomach, and the one rising to her cheeks. Olive could barely tell them apart. "I am . . ."</p>

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244	<p>“Perfect.” He wasn’t really talking to her. More to himself, marveling at the way his fingertip sank so easily between her folds, parting them and gliding back and forth until Olive threw back her head and closed her eyes because the pleasure was streaming, stretching, thrumming through her and she couldn’t, couldn’t, couldn’t—</p> <p>“You are so beautiful.” The words sounded hushed, ripped out of him. Like he wasn’t going to say them. “May I?”</p> <p>It took her several heartbeats to realize that he was referring to his middle finger, to the way it was circling around her entrance and tapping at it. Applying a light pressure right against the rim. So wet already.</p>
245	<p>Olive moaned. “Yes. Anything,” she breathed out.</p> <p>He licked her nipple, a silent thank-you, and pushed in. Or at least, he tried. Olive hissed and so did Adam, with a muted, hoarse “Fuck.”</p> <p>He had big fingers—that must be why they didn’t fit. The first knuckle was just shy of too much, a pinching ache and the sensation of damp, uncomfortable fullness. She shifted on her heels, trying to adjust and make room, and then shifted some more, until he had to grip her hip with his other hand to keep her still. Olive held on to his shoulders, his skin sweat slicked and scorching hot under her palms. “Shh.” His thumb grazed her, and she whimpered. “It’s okay. Relax.” Impossible. Though, if Olive had to be honest, the way his finger was curving inside her—it was already getting better. Not so painful now, and maybe even wetter, and if he touched her there . . . Her head lolled back. She clutched his muscles with her nails.</p> <p>“There? Is that a good spot?”</p> <p>Olive wanted to tell him that no, it was too much, but before she could open her mouth, he did it again, until she couldn’t keep quiet anymore, all groans and whimpers and wet, obscene noises. Until he tried to get a little further inside, and she couldn’t help wincing. “What is it?” His voice was his regular voice, but a million times raspier. “Does it hurt?”</p> <p>“No— Oh.”</p> <p>He looked up, all flushed pale skin against dark waves. “Why are you so tense, Olive? You’ve done this before, right?”</p> <p>“I—yes.” She was not sure what compelled her to continue. Any idiot could see from a mile away that it was a terrible idea, but there was no room left for lies now that they were standing so close. So she confessed, “A couple of times. In college.”</p> <p>Adam went immobile. Completely motionless. His muscles flexed, coiled strong under her palms, and then they just stayed like that, tense and still as he stared up at her.</p> <p>“Olive.”</p> <p>“But it doesn’t matter,” she hastened to add, because he was already shaking his head, pulling away from her. It really didn’t matter. Not to</p>

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246	<p>Olive, and therefore, it shouldn't to Adam, either. "I can figure it out—I've learned whole-cell patch clamp in a couple of hours; sex can't be much harder. And I bet you do this all the time, so you can tell me how to—"</p> <p>"You'd lose."</p> <p>The room was chilly. His finger was not inside her anymore, and his hand had left her hip.</p>
247	<p>Maybe she was a little naive about sex. But she truly hadn't thought about it for ages before Adam, and even then, it was never quite in these terms—him above her, pushing her legs wide open with his palms on her inner thighs and then kneeling between them. Sliding down, low.</p> <p>"What are you—"</p> <p>The way he parted her with his tongue, it was as though she was butter and he meant to slice through her like a hot knife. He was slow but sure,</p>
248	<p>and didn't pause when Olive's thigh stiffened against his palm, or when she tried to squirm away. He just grunted, rich and low; then ran his nose in the skin at the juncture of her abdomen, inhaling deeply; and then he licked her once more.</p> <p>"Adam—stop," she pleaded, and for a moment he just nuzzled his face against her folds like he had no intention of doing any such thing. Then he lifted his head, eyes foggy, as if aware that he should be listening to her.</p> <p>"Mmm?" His lips vibrated against her.</p> <p>"Maybe . . . maybe you should stop?"</p> <p>He went still, his hand tightening around her thigh. "Have you changed your mind?"</p> <p>"No. But we should do . . . other things."</p> <p>He frowned. "You don't like this?"</p> <p>"No. Yes. Well, I've never . . ." The line between his eyebrows deepened. "But I'm the one who put you up to this, so we should do things that you are into, and not stuff for me . . ."</p> <p>This time it was the flat of his tongue against her clit, pressing just enough to make her clench and exhale in a rush. The tip was circling around it, which—such a small movement, and yet it sent her hand straight to her mouth, had her biting the fleshy part of her palm.</p> <p>"Adam!" Her voice sounded like someone else's. "Did you hear what I . . . ?"</p> <p>"You said to do something I'm into." His breath was hot against her. "I am."</p> <p>"You can't possibly want to—"</p> <p>He squeezed her leg. "I can't remember a moment I didn't."</p> <p>It just didn't feel like standard hookup fare, something this intimate. But it was hard to protest when he looked spellbound, staring at her, at her face and her legs and the rest of her body. His hand was large, open over her abdomen and holding her down, inching</p>

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248	<p>higher and closer to her breasts, but never close enough. Lying like this, Olive was a little embarrassed of how concave her stomach was. Of the way her ribs stuck out. Adam, though, didn't seem to mind.</p>
249	<p>“Wouldn't you rather—” A nip. “No.” “I didn't even say—” He glanced up. “There isn't anything I'd rather do.” “But—” He sucked on one of her lips with a loud, wet noise, and she gasped. And then his tongue was inside her, and she moaned, half in surprise, half at the feeling of— Yes. Yes. “Fuck,” someone said. It wasn't Olive, so it must have been Adam. “Fuck.” It felt incredible. Otherworldly. His tongue, dipping in and out, circling and lapping, and his nose against her skin, and the quiet sounds he made from deep in his chest whenever she contracted, and Olive was going to—she . . . She wasn't sure she was going to come. Not with another person in the room touching her. “This might take a while,” she said apologetically, hating how thin her voice sounded. “Fuck, yes.” His tongue swiped the entirety of her, a long, broad stroke. “Please.” She didn't think she'd ever heard him quite this enthusiastic about anything, not even grant writing or computational biology. It kicked the whole thing a few notches higher for her, and it got worse when she noticed his arm. The one that wasn't cupping the cheek of her ass and holding her open. He hadn't taken himself out of his pants yet, that Olive could see, and wasn't that unfair, since she was all splayed open for him. But the way his arm was shifting, how his hand was moving up and down slowly, that was just unbearable. She arched further, her spine shaping a perfect curve as the back of her head hit the pillow. “Olive.” He leaned back a few centimeters and kissed the inside of her shaking thigh. Took a deep breath with his nose, as if to hold the smell of her within himself. “You can't come yet.” His lips brushed against her folds as his tongue dipped in again, and she squeezed her eyes shut. There was a liquid, burning heat blossoming in her tummy, spilling all over her. Her</p>
250	<p>fingers clawed at the sheets, grasping for an anchor. This was impossible. Unmanageable. “Adam.” “Don't. Two more minutes.” He sucked on— God, yes. There. “I'm—sorry.”</p>

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250	<p>“One more.”</p> <p>“I can’t—”</p> <p>“Focus, Olive.”</p> <p>In the end, it was his voice that ruined everything. That quiet, possessive tone, the hint of an order in the low rasp of his words, and the pleasure broke over her like an ocean wave. Her mind snapped, and she was not wholly herself for seconds, and then minutes, and when she had a sense of the world again, he was still licking her, except more slowly, as if with no purpose but to savor her. “I want to go down on you until you pass out.” His lips were so soft against her skin.</p> <p>“No.” Olive fisted the pillow. “I—you can’t.”</p> <p>“Why?”</p> <p>“I have to . . .” She couldn’t think straight, not quite yet. Her mind was addled, stuttering.</p> <p>She almost screamed when he pushed one finger inside. This time it sank like a rock into water, smooth and without obstacle, and her walls clamped on it as if to welcome Adam and hold him inside.</p> <p>“Jesus.” He licked her clit again, and she was too sensitive for this. Maybe. “You are”—he hooked his finger inside her, pressing against the roof of her channel, and the pleasure welled in her, washing against her edges—“so small and tight and warm.” The heat flooded within her once more, knocked the air out of her lungs, leaving her openmouthed, bright colors bursting behind her eyelids. He groaned something that was not quite coherent, and slid in another finger on the tail end of her orgasm, and the taut stretch of it, it was ruinous. Her body bloomed into something that didn’t belong to her anymore, something made of bright, high peaks and lush valleys. It left her heavy and boneless, and she was not sure how long went by before she could bear to raise her</p>
251	<p>palm to his forehead and gently push him away to get him to stop. He shot her a sullen glance but complied, and Olive tugged him up—because he looked like he might start again any moment, and because it would be nice, to have him next to her. Maybe he was thinking the same: he lifted himself above her, leaning his weight on his forearm; his chest pushed against her breast, one large thigh lodged firmly between her legs. She was still wearing her stupid knee socks, and God, Adam was probably thinking that she was the lamest lay he’d ever—</p> <p>“Can I fuck you?”</p> <p>He said it, and then he kissed her, unconcerned with where his mouth had been just seconds earlier. She wondered if she should be put off by that, but she was still twitching with pleasure, contracting with aftershocks at the memory of what he’d just done. She couldn’t make herself care, and it was nice to kiss him like this. So nice.</p>

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251	<p>“Mmm.” Her palms came up to cup his face, and she began to trace his cheekbones with her thumbs. They were red, and hot. “What?”</p> <p>“Can I fuck you?” He sucked the base of her throat. “Please?” He breathed it against the shell of her ear, and—it wasn’t as though she could say no. Or wanted to. She nodded her permission and reached for his cock, but he beat her to it and pulled down his pants, closing his fist around it. He was big. Larger than she’d thought he’d be, than she’d thought anyone could be. She could still feel his heart pounding rapidly against her chest as he aligned himself to her and nudged the head against her opening and—Olive was lax now. And pliant. And still not loose enough. “Ah.” It didn’t quite hurt, but it was nearly too much. Definitely not easy. And yet, that sensation, the push of him against every part of her, it held a promise. “You’re so big.”</p> <p>He groaned into her neck. His entire body was vibrating with tension. “You can take it.” “I can,” she told him, voice reedy, and her breath caught halfway through the second word. Women gave birth, after all. Except that he was not in, not really. Not even half. And there was just no more room.</p>
252	<p>Olive looked up at him. His eyes were closed, dark half-moons against his skin, and his jaw was tense. “What if it’s too much?”</p> <p>Adam lowered his lips to her ear. “Then . . .” He attempted a thrust, and maybe it was too much, but the friction was lovely. “Then I’ll fuck you like this.” She squeezed her eyes shut when he hit a place that made her whimper. “God, Olive.”</p> <p>Her entire body was pulsating. “Is there something I should be . . .” “Just . . .” He kissed her collarbone. Their breathing was erratic by now, loud in the silence of the room. “Be quiet for a moment. So I don’t come already.”</p> <p>Olive canted her hips, and he was rubbing that spot again. It made her thighs tremble, and she tried to open them wider. To invite him inside. “Maybe you should.”</p> <p>“I should?”</p> <p>She nodded. They were too dazed to kiss with any kind of coordination by this point, but his lips were hot and soft when they brushed against hers. “Yes.”</p> <p>“Inside you?”</p> <p>“If you—”</p> <p>Adam’s hand came up behind Olive’s knee and angled it just so, spreading her legs in a way she simply hadn’t thought of. Firmly holding her open.</p> <p>“If you want to.”</p> <p>“You’re so perfect, you’re driving me insane.”</p> <p>Her insides opened to him without warning. They welcomed and pulled at him until he bottomed out, until he was wedged deep and stretching her to a point that should be breaking, but just made her feel filled, sealed, perfect.</p> <p>They both exhaled. Olive lifted a hand, closed it shakily around Adam’s sweaty nape. “Hey.” She smiled up at him.</p> <p>He smiled back, just a little. “Hey.”</p>

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253	<p>His eyes were opaque, like stained glass. He moved inside her, just a hint of a thrust, and it made her entire body clench around him, until she could feel his cock twitch and pulsate inside her, like a drum. Her head fell to the pillow, and someone was groaning, something guttural and out of control.</p> <p>Then Adam pulled out, pushed back in, and they annihilated the no-sex rule. In the span of a few seconds his thrusts went from tentative, exploratory, to fast and all-eclipsing. His hand slid to the small of her back, lifting her into him as he piled in, and in, and in again, rubbing inside her, against her, forcing pleasure to vibrate up her spine.</p> <p>“Is this okay?” he asked against her ear, not quite managing to stop. Olive couldn’t answer. Not past the sharp hitch of her breath, the way her fingers dug desperately into the sheets. Pressure built again inside her, swelled large and consuming.</p> <p>“You have to tell me, if you don’t like it,” he rasped. “What I’m doing.” He was eager, a little clumsy, losing control and slipping out of her, having to nudge his cock back inside; he was out of focus, but so was she, too flooded by how good he felt, how stupefying the pleasure, how smoothly he slid in and out. How right this felt.</p> <p>“I—”</p> <p>“Olive, you have to—” He stopped with a grunt, because she canted her hips and clenched around him. Gripping him harder, sucking him deeper.</p> <p>“I like it.” She reached up to fist her fingers in his hair. To catch his eyes, make sure he was paying attention as she said, “I love it, Adam.”</p> <p>His control poured out. He made a crude noise and shuddered, pumping hard and muttering nonsense into her skin—how perfect she was, how beautiful, how long he’d wanted this, how he would never, could never let go of her. Olive felt his orgasm soar, the blinding, scalding pleasure as he trembled on top of her.</p> <p>She smiled. And when new shivers began to roll down her spine, she bit Adam’s shoulder and let herself go under.</p>
257	<p>“I’m all sticky, Adam.” She squirmed a little.</p> <p>In response, his palm moved to her ass. To keep her still. “Ssh. I’ll clean you up myself.”</p> <p>He put his finger inside her and she gasped, because— Oh God. Oh. Oh God. She could hear the wet noises down there, from herself and his own</p>
258	<p>come, and he should be disgusted by this, and she should, too, and yet—She wasn’t. And he was groaning, as if the satisfaction of having made a mess of her, inside her, of knowing that she’d let him, was a heady thing for him. Olive closed her eyes and let herself go under, feeling him lick the skin between her thigh and abdomen, hearing low moans and gasps coming out of her own mouth, sliding her</p>

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258	<p>fingers in his hair to grip him more tightly against her. She was definitely clean by the time she came, slow contractions that swelled in large waves and had her thighs shaking around his head, and that was when he asked, "Can I fuck you again?" She looked up at him, flushed and hazy with her orgasm, and bit her lip. She wanted to. She really wanted to have him on top of her, inside her, chest pushing her into the mattress and arms snaked around her body. That feeling of security, of finally belonging that seemed to get more intense the closer he got to her.</p> <p>"I want to." Her hand came up to touch his arm, the one he was holding himself up on. "It's just—I'm just sore, and I—"</p> <p>He immediately regretted asking. She could tell by how his body stilled before he got off her, as if to not crowd her, as if to give her space she didn't want.</p> <p>"No," she panicked. "It's not that—"</p> <p>"Hey." He noticed how flustered she was and bent down to kiss her.</p> <p>"I do want to—"</p> <p>"Olive." He curled around her. His cock rubbed against her lower back, but he instantly angled his hips away. "You're right. Let's go to sleep."</p> <p>"What? No." She sat up, frowning. "I don't want to go to sleep."</p> <p>He was struggling, she could tell. Trying to hide his erection. Trying not to glance at her naked body. "Your flight was early this morning. You're probably jet-lagged—"</p> <p>"But we only have one night." One single night. One night for Olive to suspend the outside world. To avoid thinking about Tom, and what had happened earlier today, and the mysterious woman Adam was in love with. One night to forget that whatever feelings she had for him, they were not mutual.</p>
259	<p>"Hey." He reached up, pushing her hair behind her shoulder. "You don't owe me anything. Let's get some sleep and—"</p> <p>"We have one night." Determined, she pressed her palm on his chest, straddling him. The cotton of his pants was soft against her folds. "I want the whole night." She smiled down at him, forehead against his, her hair a curtain between them and the outside world. A sanctuary of sorts. He gripped her waist like he couldn't help himself, pulling her against him, and oh, they fit so well together. "Come on, Adam. I know you're old, but you can't go to sleep just yet."</p> <p>"I—" He seemed to forget what he was about to say the moment her hand slid inside his pants. His eyes closed, and he exhaled sharply, and—yes. Good. "Olive."</p> <p>"Yes?"</p> <p>She kept on sliding down his body. And tugging at his pants. And he made some half-hearted efforts to stop her, but he didn't seem to be fully in control, and in the end he let her take his remaining clothes off. She pulled her hair back and sat on her heels between his thighs.</p>

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259	<p>Adam tried to look away and failed. “You are so beautiful.” The words were low and hushed, as though they’d slipped out of his mouth. Loose and unbidden, just like everything else about this.</p> <p>“I’ve never done this,” she confessed. She didn’t feel shy, probably because this was Adam.</p> <p>“No. Come here.”</p> <p>“So it probably won’t be any good.”</p> <p>“You—Olive. You don’t have to. You shouldn’t.”</p> <p>“Noted.” She pressed a kiss against his hip, and he groaned as though she’d done something special. As though this was beyond anything. “But if you have any wishes.”</p> <p>“Olive. I’m going to—” Grunt. He was going to grunt, a rumbling noise coming from deep in his chest. She ran her nose on the skin of his abdomen, seeing his cock twitch with the corner of her eye.</p> <p>“I love the way you smell.” “Olive.”</p>
260	<p>Slowly, precisely, she wrapped her hand around the base of his erection and studied it from underneath her eyelashes. The head was shiny already, and—she didn’t know much, but he seemed close. He seemed very hard, and above her his chest heaved and his lips parted and his skin flushed. He seemed like it wouldn’t take much, which . . . good. But also, Olive wanted her time with him. She wanted so much time with Adam. “Someone has done this to you, before? Right?”</p> <p>He nodded, like she’d expected he would. His hand fisted the sheets, trembling slightly.</p> <p>“Good. So you can tell me, if I mess it up.”</p> <p>She said the last word against the shaft, and it felt like they were oscillating, vibrating at some short-wave frequency that burst and shattered when she touched him for real.</p> <p>Before parting her lips on the head of his cock she looked up at him, gave him a small smile, and that seemed to do him in. His back arched. He groaned, and ordered her in hushed tones to please, give him a moment, go slow, not let him come, and Olive wondered if his spine was melting into the same liquid, scalding pleasure she’d felt earlier.</p> <p>It probably couldn’t have been more obvious, that she’d never done this. And yet it seemed to turn him on beyond belief. He clearly couldn’t help himself—he thrust forward, threaded his fingers in her hair, pressed her head down until her throat was tight around him. He groaned, and talked, and caught her eyes, as if constantly fascinated by the way she was looking up at him. He slurred raspy words, mumbling, “Olive, yes.” “Lick the . . .” “Take it just—deeper. Make me come.” She heard praises and endearments come out of his mouth—how good she was, how lovely, how perfect;</p>

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260	<p>obscenities about her lips and body and eyes, and maybe she would have been embarrassed, if it hadn't been for the pleasure spilling rich from both of them, overflowing their brains. It felt natural, to have Adam ask for what he wanted. To give it to him.</p> <p>"Can I—?" Her teeth grazed the underside of the head, and he grunted abruptly. "In your mouth."</p>
261	<p>She only had to smile at him, and his pleasure looked nuclear, pounding through him and washing over his entire body. What Olive had felt earlier, white-hot and just shy of painful. She was still sucking gently when he regained control of his limbs and cupped her cheek.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	60
Bitch	3
Breast / Tit	10
Clit	2
Cock	8
Cunt	0
Dick	11
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.	44
Piss	2
Shit / Bullshit etc.	45
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	19
God / God damn etc.	59
Hell	16
Jesus	2