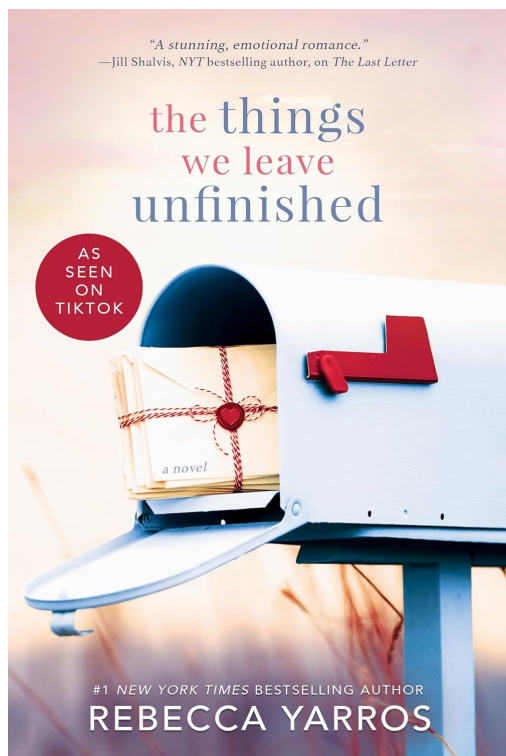


# The Things We Leave Unfinished



## Book Summary

A divorced woman and an arrogant bestselling author clash over completing her grandmother's unfinished novel, while discovering its tragic World War II love story might mirror their own relationship.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains: alcohol, death/grief, deception, derogatory terms, domestic violence (mentioned), explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, potentially patently offensive content, profanity, smoking, violence, and war.

*Adult*

## By Rebecca Yarros

ISBN 978-1682815885,  
9781682815663

**CONTENT WARNING**

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**Adults Only**

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187	<p>He huffed a laugh, then kissed every thought from her head. They were a flurry of questing hands as their remaining clothes fell to the floor with every step toward the bed. She gasped as he palmed her breast, then melted when he swept his thumb over the stiff peak.</p> <p>“Perfect,” he murmured against her lips, then lowered her to their bed. She devoured him with her eyes as he rose above her, his hair falling forward to brush along his eyebrow. Every single part of him was flawless. He was so much bigger than she was and infinitely stronger, but she’d never felt more cherished.</p> <p>“I love you, Jameson.” She brushed those locks back just to watch them fall again. Out of every sensation bombarding her body, from the feel of his strong thighs inside of her much smaller ones, to the wisp of cool air across her exposed breasts, the swell of love—of unfettered joy—in her chest</p>
188	<p>flared the brightest.</p> <p>“I love you, too,” he promised. “More than my own life.”</p> <p>She arched up and kissed him, inhaling sharply as their bodies came in full contact. He brushed his lips over the patch of skin just beneath her ear, then moved down her body, slowly, methodically exploring her curves with lips and hands.</p> <p>He sucked the peak of her breast into his mouth. Her fingers tightened in his hair as his tongue unraveled her. Everywhere he touched seemed to catch fire—the curve of her waist, the swell of her hips, the tops of her thighs. He turned her into a living flame, stoked a hunger she hadn’t known she was capable of. His hands felt so good, her entire body began to ache with it.</p> <p>He brought his mouth to hers again, and she poured everything she felt into the kiss when words failed her. Her hands stroked down the broad lines of his back, and he deepened the kiss, groaning into her mouth before yanking his away, his breath coming in the same quick pants her own did.</p> <p>“I forget my name when you touch me,” he said, bracing his weight on an elbow as his other hand traveled down her belly.</p> <p>“It’s the same for me.” There was a slight tremble in her fingers as she lifted them to the back of his neck.</p> <p>“Good.” He kept his eyes locked with hers as he reached between her thighs, gently cupping her. “You okay?”</p> <p>Her breath hitched and she nodded, her hips rolling against him, seeking pressure, friction, anything that would relieve the ache.</p> <p>The muscles of his shoulders went tight for a breath, and then his fingers were there, sliding through her, stroking from her entrance to where that ache centered. The first touch sent a jolt of pleasure so intense, she felt it all the way to her fingertips. The second was even better.</p>

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188	<p>“Jameson!” she cried out, her nails digging into his skin as he returned to that spot again and again, swirling and teasing, overwhelming her senses.</p> <p>“You’re incredible.” He kissed her once. “Are you ready for more?” “Yes.” If everything he did felt like this, she’d always want more.</p>
189	<p>His fingers slipped to her entrance as his thumb kept her on edge, building the tension inside her to a breaking point. Then he slid one digit inside her. Her muscles locked around him as she whimpered, her hips rocking slightly with need.</p> <p>“Okay?” he asked, the lines on his face taut with worry and restraint. “More.” She kissed him.</p> <p>He groaned and a second finger joined the first, stretching her. The pleasure more than made up for the slight burn as her body accommodated him. Then those fingers moved within her, stroking and gliding as his thumb moved faster, driving her higher, until she felt so tight she knew she’d snap or shatter if he stopped.</p> <p>“I...I...” Her thighs locked as that tension within her rose like a wave. “Yes, right there. God, you’re so beautiful, Scarlett.” His voice somehow grounded her even as she lost complete control over her body.</p> <p>He changed the pressure, curled his fingers, and the wave crested and fractured her into a million shimmering pieces. She flew, calling his name, the pleasure so blindingly sweet that the world around them faded as it washed over her again and again, until her muscles liquified and she went limp beneath him.</p> <p>Her entire body hummed with satisfaction as he withdrew his hand and shifted so the head of him pressed at her entrance.</p> <p>“That...” She struggled to find an adequate description. “That was extraordinary.”</p> <p>“We’re just getting started.” He grinned, but the strain was evident in the rigid set of his jaw.</p> <p>Right. She lifted her knees so he could settle deeper into the cradle of her thighs. He gripped her hip but held completely still above her, watching her intently.</p> <p>“I’m okay,” she assured him. She was better than okay.</p> <p>He relaxed slightly, then kissed her breathless, using his hand to build that fire again, flicking over her nipple, teasing her waist, finding the</p>
190	<p>hypersensitive spot between her thighs. That same spiraling need built within her again as she kissed him back, stroking his shoulders and chest.</p> <p>When she rolled against him, he sucked in a breath through his teeth. “Tell me if I hurt you,” he demanded, resting his forehead on hers.</p> <p>“I can take it,” she promised, her fingers sliding down his ribs and past his waist to his hips and the firm curve of his backside where she held firm, pulling him tighter against her. “Make love to me.”</p>

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190	<p>“Scarlett,” he growled, his muscles clenching beneath her fingers.            “I love you, Jameson.”            “God, I love you.” His hips flexed, and he pushed inside her, taking her inch by inch in rolling thrusts until he filled her completely, then moved once more, stretching her to a point near pain to hold him completely.            Their breathing was ragged as he stilled, giving her body time to adjust. “Are you okay?” His voice was rougher than gravel.            “I’m great,” she promised, her smile shaky as the burn lessened and her muscles relaxed.            “You feel like heaven, but better. Hotter,” he said through gritted teeth.            She moved slightly, testing the feel of him inside her.            “God. Scarlett. Don’t do that.” His brow furrowed like he was in pain.            “Give yourself a moment.”            “I’m fine.” She smiled up at him and did it again.            He groaned, withdrawing slowly and sliding back in. The burn was still there, but it was nothing compared to the indescribable pleasure of him moving inside her.            “Again,” she demanded.            A wicked smile lifted his lips as he did exactly as she ordered, making both of them moan this time. Then he set a rhythm, taking her with slow, deep thrusts that drove that tension within her a little higher each time. Every stroke felt better than the last.            They moved together like one soul stretched between two bodies, seamless as they shared the same space, the same air, the same heart.            “Jameson.” She felt that wave building again, and she tightened, her</p>
191	<p>hips rising to meet his as he thrust faster, harder.            “Yes,” he said against her lips, working his hand between them and pushing her right over that edge, hurling her into a kaleidoscope of bliss and color as she came apart in his arms again.            She was still swimming in the throes of her climax as she felt him drive into her with abandon, keeping her with him as he tensed above her, shouting her name as he found his release.</p>
271	<p>He captured my mouth in another kiss, stealing every logical thought with every thrust and swirl of his tongue against mine.            We broke apart only long enough for my shirt to land next to his, and then our mouths fused again, like it wasn’t just a kiss but oxygen. My hands flew to the fly of his jeans.            He caught my hands. “We can take this slow.” Even the rasp of his voice turned me on.            “Sure. Slow, later. Fast, here. Now.” The urgency clawing its way through me wouldn’t be satisfied with anything less than hot and hard.</p>

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271	<p>The sound that escaped him reminded me of a growl before he sealed his mouth over mine and kissed me senseless. We were a tangle of hands and mouths, kicking off our shoes before Noah gripped my ass and lifted me like I weighed nothing.</p> <p>My legs wrapped around his waist, and I locked my ankles at the small of his back as he carried me from the office, striding up the stairs without so much as getting winded. Tension radiated from his muscles as he walked us down the hall and into my bedroom, but his kiss never wavered.</p> <p>I felt the bed under my back as Noah rose above me, his hands sliding under me to unclasp my bra. Then it, too, was on the floor, followed quickly by my jeans.</p> <p>“Damn, you’re beautiful,” he said reverently, sitting back on his knees as he slid his fingers along my throat, down the valley between my breasts, and over my stomach to the thin straps of my underwear. My skin tingled in the wake of his touch.</p> <p>I mentally gave myself a high-five that I’d gone with the pink lace thong</p>
272	<p>this morning on a whim—then that was gone, too, the lacy fabric quickly replaced by his mouth.</p> <p>“Noah!” I cried, fisting one hand in his hair as the other clutched at the covers to keep me grounded.</p> <p>Holy shit, the man’s tongue was magical. He worked me with sweeping strokes, quick flicks, and even the light scrape of his teeth, cradling my hips as I began to writhe beneath him. The pleasure was too intense, too consuming, too wild, and it only grew as he slid first one, then two fingers inside me. I clenched around him, my eyes slamming shut against the onslaught, my neck arching as he stroked me. It had never been like this for me. Ever. How had I lived without this desperate desire that was turning me molten? I didn’t just want him, I needed him.</p> <p>The fire he stoked gathered in my belly, coiling like a spring, winding tighter with every lick, every press of his fingers, until my thighs trembled and my muscles locked. Then he sucked my clit between his lips, and I shattered, the orgasm sweeping over me in long, powerful waves that had me screaming his name.</p> <p>He pressed a kiss to my inner thigh, then rose over me with a satisfied smile—like he’d just had the orgasm of his life, not me. “I could spend days with you under my tongue and still want more.”</p> <p>That flame of need flared back to life, bright and hungry. “I need you.” I threaded my fingers through his hair and pulled his mouth to mine, kissing him long and hard.</p> <p>We separated only long enough for him to strip naked, and I blatantly ogled the lines of his ass as he slipped a condom from his wallet, dropping the leather to the pile of denim at his feet.</p> <p>I sat up and took the packet from him, ripping it open and rolling it onto his length, stroking over him once before he groaned and captured my hands in his.</p> <p>“Tell me you’re sure.” His words were clipped and low as his gaze locked with mine.</p> <p>“I’m sure.” I tugged lightly in his grip, urging him back to me.</p>

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273	<p>He took the hint, sliding over me to rest in the cradle of my thighs. He kissed me deeply, learning my curves with long, caressing sweeps of his hands, lingering on my breasts and sweeping his thumbs over my nipples before teasing the dip of my waist and gripping my hips. “Incredible. That’s the only word for you.”</p> <p>He stole any reply I could have made with a kiss, so I rocked my hips in answer, feeling him thick and hard at my entrance.</p> <p>“Noah,” I begged, gripping his shoulders.</p> <p>He lifted his head slightly, keeping his eyes locked on mine as he rolled his hips, filling me inch by slow inch until I’d captured all of him, my body stretching with a slight burn that was more pleasure than pain.</p> <p>“You okay?” he asked, a fine sheen of sweat making his skin glow in the soft light of the bedside lamp. Restraint was evident in every rigid muscle as he braced his weight on his elbows, watching me for any sign of discomfort.</p> <p>“I’m perfect,” I assured him, stroking his shoulders and circling my hips as the burn turned to bliss.</p> <p>“That’s exactly how you feel.” He withdrew slightly, then thrust home with a groan. “God, Georgia. I’m never going to get enough of you.”</p> <p>“More.”</p> <p>He obliged. My toes curled as I whimpered, and I lifted my knees to take him deeper. Then words became obsolete as our bodies took over, speaking for us in every way we needed. He took me slow and hard, driving into me in a ceaseless, aching rhythm that had me straining and arching beneath him, my nails biting into his skin as I gave myself over to the mind-blowing sensations he evoked.</p> <p>As that pleasure gathered again, surprising me with its intensity, he adjusted his angle, sliding even deeper, rubbing over the most sensitive parts of me with every thrust, driving me higher and higher, until my body went rigid beneath his as I hovered on that precipice.</p> <p>“Noah,” I whispered, my body locking.</p>
274	<p>“Yes,” he urged, swinging his hips faster.</p> <p>I broke apart, calling his name as I came again, gripping him tight and taking him over with me as deeper, stronger swells raced through my body, consuming me—remaking me into something entirely new, entirely his.</p>
341	<p>Scarlett clung to Jameson, her nails raking down his back as he moved within her with sure, deep strokes. There was nothing in the world that compared to the feel of his weight on top of her in these moments where there was no war, no danger, no looming deadline for their separation. In this bed, there were only the two of them, communicating with their bodies</p>

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341	<p>when words failed.</p> <p>She moaned at the indescribable pleasure that coiled tight within her belly, and he kissed her deep, swallowing the sound. They'd nearly perfected the art of quiet sex in the past few months.</p> <p>"I can never get enough of you," he whispered against her mouth.</p> <p>She whimpered in reply and arched her hips harder against his, hooking one ankle around the small of his back and urging him on. Close. She was so close.</p> <p>He gripped her thigh and raised her knee toward her chest, taking her deeper, then ground his hips in maddening circles with every thrust, keeping her on that tight edge of pleasure, hovering without falling.</p> <p>"Jameson," she begged, burying her hands in his hair. "Say it," he demanded with a grin and another stroke. "I love you." She lifted her head and brought her lips to his. "My heart, my soul, my body—it's all yours." It was always the love you that shook his control, and this time was no exception.</p> <p>"I love you," he whispered, slipping his hand between them and using his fingers to push her over the edge. Her thighs locked, her muscles trembled, and she heard him whisper, "Scarlett, my Scarlett," as the orgasm swept over her in waves.</p> <p>When she screamed, he covered her mouth with his, and a few strokes</p>
342	<p>later, he joined her, tensing above her as he found his release.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	44
Bastard	3
Bitch	1
Breast / Tit	13
Clit	1
Dick	1
Fuck, Fucks, Fucking, etc.	17
Piss	9
Slut	1
Sacriligious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	54
God / God damn etc.	82
Hell	67
Lord	5