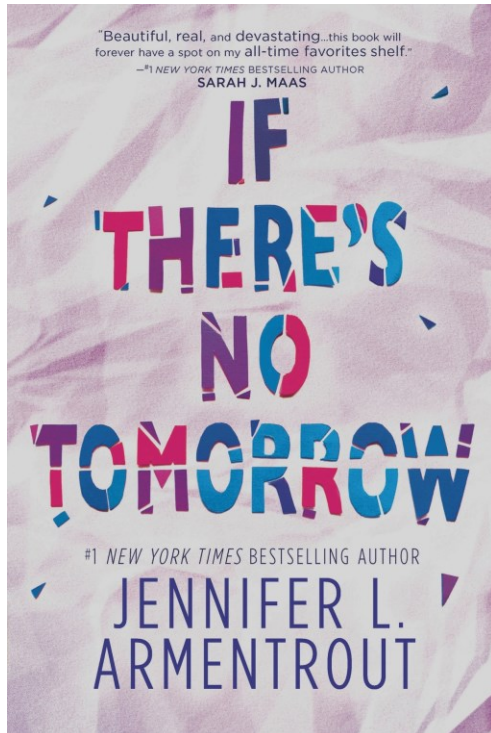


# IF THERE'S NO TOMORROW



*Young Adult*

**By Jennifer L. Armentrout**

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## **Book Summary:**

A teenage girl's life changes after being involved in a deadly car accident.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains sexual activities involving minors; profanity; and alcohol use by minors.

**2** / 5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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12	<p>“All I have to say is that you almost had sex with that.”            ...“What does it look like?” Dary’s eyes widened behind her white plastic-framed glasses.            “He’s basically humping a blow-up dolphin.”            I pressed my lips together, because yep, that was what it looked like.            ...“And I didn’t have sex with him.”            She rolled dark brown eyes. “Your mouth was on his mouth, and his hands—”            “All right.” I threw up my hands, warding off whatever else she was about to say. “I get it. Hooking up with Cody was a mistake. Trust me. I know. I’m trying to erase all of that from my memory and you’re not helping.”</p>
22	<p>My cheeks flushed, and the blush raced down the front of my body. And there was a whole lot of body on display. The shirt hung off one shoulder, I had no bra, and I fought the urge to tug on the hem of the shirt.</p>
23	<p>I so did not want to flash him. Or maybe I did want to flash him.</p>
42	<p>“But when I think about another four years of getting up at dawn, running and catching... another four years of Dad basing his entire existence on how the game goes... I want to turn to drinking. Hell, maybe even crack and meth. Something.”</p>
46	<p>“What do you want to drink?”            “Grey Goose.”            “Ha ha,” I replied drily. “What age-appropriate drink do you want?”</p>
59	<p>It felt like his gaze was focused on my mouth, and my stomach hollowed. Time seemed to stop and I became aware of every part of him that was touching me. His arm still circled around my waist, and his hard thigh pressed against mine. His thin shirt was under my palm, and I felt his hard chest under that.            ...And I was moving without thinking, lowering my head, my mouth...            And I kissed Sebastian.</p>
60	<p>The kiss was so light, like a whisper against the lips, I almost didn’t believe it had happened, but it had, and his arm was still around me, his hand still on the nape of my neck, tugging on the strands of my hair.            His mouth was still close to mine, so close I could feel every breath he took against my lips, and I wasn’t sure I was breathing, but my pulse was thrumming wildly. I wanted to kiss him again. I wanted him to kiss me back. That was all I ever wanted.</p>
64	<p>“There are different levels of kissing. There’s a quick peck on the lips, and then there’s a longer closed-mouth one, and then there’s—Wait, why am I explaining different kisses to you two? No one in this room is a member of the hymen parade. You know the different types of kissing.”            ...“So you kissed him briefly, no tongue, and then freaked out?”</p>
80	<p>“Can’t we talk now?”            “No. Later,” he said. He let go of my hand and walked around me. “After I’ve had a drink.”</p>
86	<p>Really, I would have been surprised if anyone I knew was doing coke or heroin.</p>
108	<p>“Were they drinking?” Mom asked.            I’d seen Cody with a drink—a red plastic cup and a bottle.</p>
109	<p>“You got into that car. That is what happened. You got into that car, and that boy, they said he’d been drinking. The police said they could smell it on all of you. And you—you could’ve died. They died.”</p>

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158	<p>We'd kiss, this time deeper and stronger than before. I'd kiss him back, and maybe we'd get caught up in the moment. Maybe things would go further, and it would be glorious and perfect.</p>
173	<p>A small smile curled the corners of his lips up. "You can touch me if you want. You don't even have to ask."</p> <p>I wanted to touch him, so very badly, but I hesitated. Touching him wasn't pretending, and how would I come back from that?</p> <p>His chest rose with a deep breath. "I would love for you to touch me."</p> <p>My breath caught.</p> <p>Tentatively, I splayed my fingers across his cheek. A jolt of exhilaration rushed me when I felt the tremor that rocked his strong body. His jaw was almost smooth under my palm with just the hint of stubble. I slid my hand down, sliding my thumb along his lower lip. His sharp intake of breath elicited a shudder. He closed his eyes when I followed the curve of his upper lip, feeling the indent of his scar.</p> <p>All these years, and I'd never touched him like this. Ever. I was lost a little in the moment, in the right now, as I coasted my hand down his throat. My fingers brushed over his pulse and I could feel it beating as wildly as mine.</p> <p>I kept going.</p> <p>Flattening my hand over his chest. He made this sound, this low gravelly groan that was part growl, and it was like taking a match to gasoline. A fire started. Emboldened, I went lower, following the taut ripples and planes. His muscles were hard, clearly defined like I always knew they were, like I'd always seen and only ever accidentally touched briefly.</p> <p>But this wasn't brief.</p> <p>I took my sweet time, tracing just a finger over his abs and then two fingers, mapping them out, committing them to memory.</p> <p>I kept going.</p> <p>My fingers drifted around his navel and lower, reaching the band on the flannel bottoms he was wearing. His body jerked again, bringing him closer. His thigh pressed against the side of mine.</p> <p>This isn't right.</p> <p>I shouldn't get to do this, but knowing that didn't stop me. Slowly, I lifted my gaze to his. His eyes were blue as the deepest seas I'd never seen in real life but had circled on that map above my desk. Somehow our faces had gotten closer and closer during my exploration. Our breaths mingled together.</p> <p>I closed the distance.</p> <p>The contact of my mouth against his was just as shocking and electrifying as it had been the first time, maybe even stronger now. It was just the sweetest, gentlest of pressures. Only my mouth moving against his, and then his hand was on the nape of my neck.</p> <p>I made a sound I'd never heard myself make before, opening my mouth to him, and whatever control Sebastian had, whatever was holding him back, snapped. Sebastian kissed me, really kissed me. My heart threatened to explode. His tongue slipped in. He tasted of mint and him. My hand moved to his hip and flexed, urging him closer, but he couldn't get closer. Not with my sore ribs and the bum arm.</p> <p>But he kissed me, drank from my lips and mouth and my sighs. And he moved down, nipping at my lower lip, drawing out a moan, and he kissed his way down my throat when I kicked my head back, giving him more access. He licked and sucked, paying special attention to this spot just below my ear that had my toes curling and my hips twitching restlessly.</p>

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	<p>Then he was devouring my lips once more, our tongues tangling and the only sound in the room was our panting breaths.</p> <p>I had no idea how long we kissed. It went on for forever, and there was no faking or pretending each time we dived back into each other, wanting and silently begging for more. ...And still, we kissed and kissed.</p> <p>When his mouth finally lifted from mine, I pressed my forehead into his shoulder.</p>
175	<p>Not even after last Tuesday night—after we spent the time together really getting to know the feel of each other’s mouths.</p>
187	<p>“And that is?” My gaze dropped to his mouth briefly, and I felt the clench in my lower stomach.</p> <p>His head tilted slightly to the side. “It’s time for no more talking.”</p> <p>“No more talking?” I repeated dumbly as a flutter started deep in my chest and moved south. Did he mean what I thought he meant?</p> <p>“Yeah.” He inched his upper body closer and I felt his breath dance across my cheek. ...“We find better uses for our lips and our tongues.”</p> <p>Eyes wide, I coughed out a laugh. “Did you really just say that out loud?”</p> <p>“Yes. Yeah, I did, and I don’t take it back.” He leaned in, and I jerked when his forehead rested against mine. “No shame in my game.” “I don’t think you have any game.”</p> <p>“Oh, I have game,” he replied smoothly. “So much you wouldn’t know what to do with all of it.”</p>
188	<p>His fingers grazed over the loose sleeve of my nightshirt. “I think the last thing you need to be doing right now is thinking.”</p>
189	<p>I don’t know who moved first, if it was him or me or both of us at the same time, but our mouths came together in a clash. His lips. Mine. I tasted him, my fingers landing on his chest and my hand sliding up to his shoulder. And he kissed in a way that consumed me, lit a fire that burned through my skin, turned my muscles into lava and my bones to ash. There was tongue and teeth, and Andre had never kissed me like that.</p> <p>...Sebastian doled out kisses like there was an endless supply and I had a high demand for them, and somehow, without knowing how, I was lying on my back, and he’d lowered me so gently, so carefully.</p> <p>“My turn,” he murmured against my mouth.</p> <p>I didn’t want to stop him.</p> <p>Sebastian mirrored my explorations from last week. As his lips mapped out the curve of mine, his hand trailed down the center of my chest, over my stomach. The flutter was back in my chest, a pounding of wings that met my out-of-control pulse. His fingers slipped under my shirt, fingers splayed against my stomach.</p> <p>...I gripped him, tugging on the longer strands of hair, and his hand went up, his touch like a feather over my healing ribs, and his fingers kept moving. I gasped against his mouth, and he made this sound that had my back arching even though it put pressure on my ribs. Sebastian let out a low, husky laugh when he pulled his hand away and I tugged his hair harder. “I’m not done.”</p> <p>Oh Lord.</p> <p>His mouth moved over mine as those clever fingers of his went farther south, over the band of my sleep bottoms, stopping for only a heart-stopping moment. My entire body tensed in anticipation, and then his hand slipped between my legs. A sense of wildness invaded every pore. This was insane, completely crazy, but I didn’t care. The pants were thin, and it was</p>

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	<p>like nothing was between his hand and me. Every part of my body zeroed in on that hand and his fingers. Electricity zipped through my veins and—</p> <p>A door closed in the hallway. My eyes flew open. Sebastian halted, lips above mine, hand still between my legs as his head turned to the door. I waited for it to fly open and Mom to either congratulate us or kill us. When neither happened and the door stayed closed, I relaxed a little.</p> <p>...I pushed at his chest with my right hand even though I wanted to pull him back onto me.</p>
193	<p>“What I feel for you, what we were doing in there, what I want to do to you is not about getting laid, and I... I can’t believe you would even think that about me.”</p>
199	<p>“Are you okay? To drive?” I asked.</p> <p>“Why wouldn’t I be?” He started to climb in behind the wheel.</p> <p>I stopped at the door. “You look a little drunk.”</p> <p>His eyes narrowed. “Jesus. Are you serious? I had one drink.”</p>
223	<p>It had also been the first and only time I’d gotten drunk.</p> <p>...“I know you don’t drink more than a couple of mouthfuls, and unless you decided to change it up that night, I knew you couldn’t have been drunk,” he said.</p>
225	<p>“But with Keith, everyone knows his family furnished the alcohol. They were the adults, and it’s really tearing his family up,” Sebastian explained quietly.</p>
240	<p>Closing the distance between us, I kissed Sebastian on the lips, throwing not just the welling gratitude behind it but also everything I felt for him. There wasn’t a moment of hesitation from him. One hand moved to the nape of my neck and he moved off the mattress, onto his knees in front of me. His mouth was soft and hard all at once, and when my lips parted, he deepened the kiss.</p> <p>He was the one who eventually pulled away, and when he spoke, his voice was deliciously thick.</p>
241	<p>One hand cupped my cheek, and then his mouth was on mine and we were kissing. There was nothing artful about these kisses. Our lips and mouths crashed together. He tasted of chocolate and salt, and when the kiss deepened, he shifted even closer.</p> <p>He worked one arm under me, and we were fused together, chest to chest, hip to hip. When he rolled me onto my back, he followed, and our hands were needy, slipping under clothes, skin to skin in a heady rush.</p> <p>My hands roamed the length of his back and his sides. His hand traveled down my hip, over my thigh. He hooked my leg around his waist, bringing us even closer together, although I hadn’t thought that was possible. His shirt came off, then mine. And then we were truly skin to skin in a way we’d never been before.</p> <p>Acute shivers raced over my skin as the small, rough hairs of his chest brushed against me. Unbridled sensation pounded my senses.</p> <p>“This wasn’t why I did this tonight,” he said, his voice unlike I’d ever heard before. “We don’t have to do anything. We don’t—”</p> <p>“I know.” Curling my hand around the nape of his neck, I opened my eyes. “I know.”</p> <p>I tugged his mouth back to mine, and this time when we kissed, there was something different about it. It was uninhibited and more... more purposeful, and I felt wild in the most wonderful way. I had no idea where tonight would go, where we would end up, but I trusted him. He trusted me.</p> <p>“I love you,” I whispered against his mouth.</p> <p>Sebastian made this sound, this rugged and deep sound against my mouth, as his hips</p>

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	settled between my legs and his chest was once again pressed into mine. He moved, and I was falling, swimming, drowning in sensations.
244	<p>His fingers moved continuously against my hip, drifting in a slow circle, as if he was letting me know that even though he was focused on the novel, he was fully aware of me in his lap. I wanted more attention, though.</p> <p>Pressing my lips against his smooth cheek, I grinned when I heard him snap the novel shut. His arm tightened around me. "What are you doing?" he asked.</p> <p>"Nothing." I kissed the hard line of his jaw.</p> <p>He turned his head toward mine. "I like this idea of nothing, then."</p> <p>I kissed him on the lips this time and he returned the kiss in a way that made me wish Mom wasn't home.</p>
245	<p>He kissed the corner of my mouth. "True." Another pause so he could kiss the other side of my mouth.</p> <p>...It was my dad walking out of my bedroom and onto the balcony while I was sprawled across Sebastian's lap.</p> <p>Holy hell.</p> <p>My entire body jerked as I scrambled to stand up. I all but fell out of Sebastian's lap, nearly smacking my face on the floor after my legs tangled in the blanket. The last thing I wanted was for my dad, even if he excelled at the absentee-father gig, to walk in while I was sprawled in my boyfriend's lap.</p> <p>Sebastian ducked his chin as he helped unwrap my legs from the blanket, and I knew he was hiding a grin, and I was so going to smack him upside the head.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	12
Piss	7
Shit	7