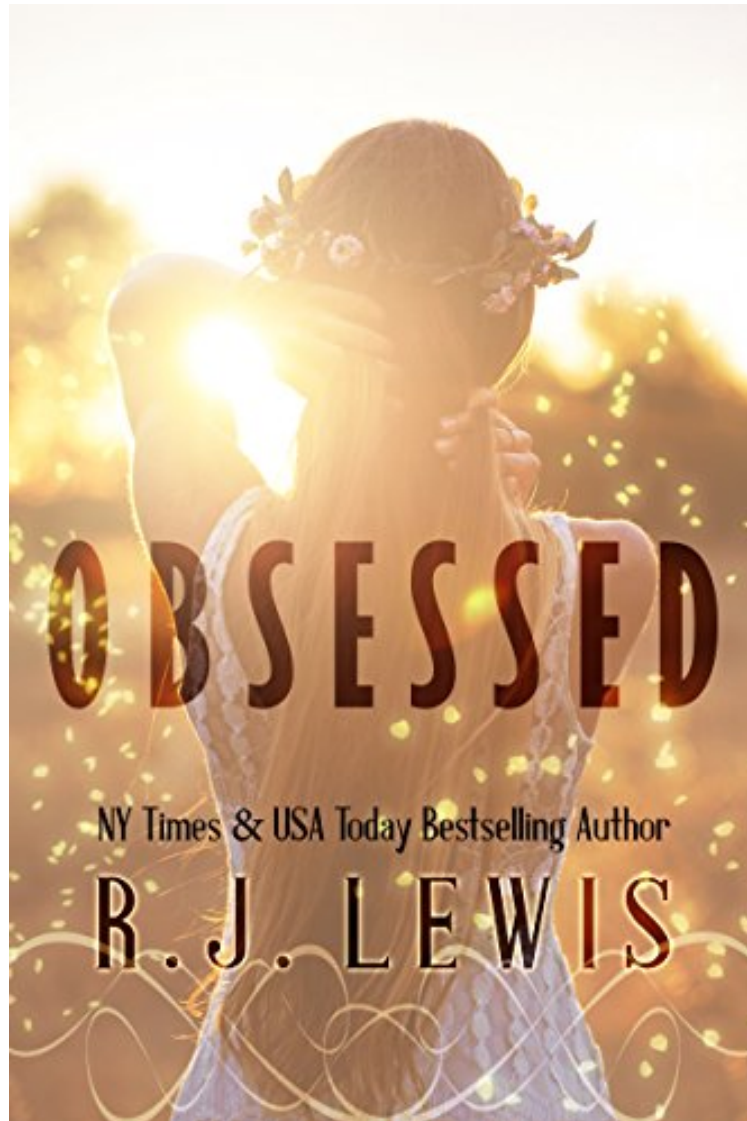


[Ebook free] Obsessed (English Edition)

Obsessed (English Edition)

Von R.J. Lewis

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Von R.J. Lewis : Obsessed (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Obsessed (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. I love itVon JamieI've never been a fan of books about love because I don't believe in them. They make it look like no matter what, the pretty couple always ends up together. But that's almost never the case. Happy ends are rare in reality. I read this book because it sounded interesting, and I ended up reading the whole book in one night- though I would have to get up the next morning with my son. But 'Obsessed' was definitely worth a night with three hours of sleep. Even

though I don't know what it is, but the story has something that made me not being able to keep my eyes off the pages. Like a drug addict, but instead of doing meth, I just couldn't stop reading. These two teens totally caught me in a weird way- like I was obsessed myself. Their story (and journey) is difficult, interesting, individual, exciting, sexy and romantic at the same time and not that kind you get to read that often. I'm not gonna talk about what happens because you can read that in the description as well, but I'd recommend it to people who are into love, but not into Nicholas Sparks or, even worse, Fifty Shades Of Grey.

KurzbeschreibungEliseI'm obsessed with Aston.He became my addiction the moment I met him at 10 years old.He was my best friend from childhood.He protected me and guided me.I loved him fiercely long before I really understood what love was.We were inseparable.He knew how I felt, and sometimes he would stare at me in ways that made me breathless.But there were boundaries. Lines that couldn't be crossed. Looks that shouldn't be exchanged. Lips that shouldn't be kissed.We weren't supposed to love each other. Not in ****that**** way.Because, you see, Aston was also my adopted brother...AstonElise was off-limits, a temptation that cursed my existence with this visceral hunger to have her, possess her, and taste her like she was made for me. I was tormented and on the brink of falling. If I stepped over that boundary, if I gave into my want, I wasn't sure I could survive the disappointment of my adopted parents. We would all be affected. Our lives wouldn't be the way it was. That change was irreversible, and the damage would be permanent. It was a scary thought, destroying a foundation and rebuilding it without knowing what it might end up looking like.But my want for her sat in the core of me, growing and growing. And want is a dangerous fucking thing. It clouds your judgment, it makes you weak, and I knewI knew without a doubt, it was only a matter of time before I cracked.Obsession was devotion. Obsession was mania and need. It was a compulsive urge to self-gratify by wanting, and wanting, and wanting til it hurt, til you could feel it there in your bones, gnawing its way deeper within you.Obsession was my craze for Elise. She was my impulse. My pulse itself.It wasn't healthy. I knew that. I didn't fucking care either. KurzbeschreibungEliseI'm obsessed with Aston.He became my addiction the moment I met him at 10 years old.He was my best friend from childhood.He protected me and guided me.I loved him fiercely long before I really understood what love was.We were inseparable.He knew how I felt, and sometimes he would stare at me in ways that made me breathless.But there were boundaries. Lines that couldn't be crossed. Looks that shouldn't be exchanged. Lips that shouldn't be kissed.We weren't supposed to love each other. Not in ****that**** way.Because, you see, Aston was also my adopted brother...AstonElise was off-limits, a temptation that cursed my existence with this visceral hunger to have her, possess her, and taste her like she was made for me. I was tormented and on the brink of falling. If I stepped over that boundary, if I gave into my want, I wasn't sure I could survive the disappointment of my adopted parents. We would all be affected. Our lives wouldn't be the way it was. That change was irreversible, and the damage would be permanent. It was a scary thought, destroying a foundation and rebuilding it without knowing what it might end up looking like.But my want for her sat in the core of me, growing and growing. And want is a dangerous fucking thing. It clouds your judgment, it makes you weak, and I knewI knew without a doubt, it was only a matter of time before I cracked.Obsession was devotion. Obsession was mania and need. It was a compulsive urge to self-gratify by wanting, and wanting, and wanting til it hurt, til you could feel it there in your bones, gnawing its way deeper within you.Obsession was my craze for Elise. She was my impulse. My pulse itself.It wasn't healthy. I knew that. I didn't fucking care either.