



Fifty Shades Freed

E.L. James

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When unworldly student Anastasia Steele first encountered the driven and dazzling young entrepreneur Christian Grey it sparked a sensual affair that changed both of their lives irrevocably. Shocked, intrigued, and, ultimately, repelled by Christian's singular erotic tastes, Ana demands a deeper commitment. Determined to keep her, Christian agrees.

Now, Ana and Christian have it all—love, passion, intimacy, wealth, and a world of possibilities for their future. But Ana knows that loving her Fifty Shades will not be easy, and that being together will pose challenges that neither of them would anticipate. Ana must somehow learn to share Christian's opulent lifestyle without sacrificing her own identity. And Christian must overcome his compulsion to control as he wrestles with the demons of a tormented past.

Just when it seems that their strength together will eclipse any obstacle, misfortune, malice, and fate conspire to make Ana's deepest fears turn to reality.

This book is intended for mature audiences.

Fifty Shades Freed Details

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From Reader Review Fifty Shades Freed for online ebook

Inge says

Well, I hope you're all happy, because I am dead inside.

Books are supposed to make you feel richer, yet I feel as though I have lost things. A good deal of my sanity, a fair number of brain cells, and whatever I had left of my dignity. All gone.

How this trilogy has managed to outsell pretty much everything is beyond me. This story is ridiculous.

There is zero plot apart from the repulsive and repetitive sex. Take that away and you have a man and woman who groom each other. They might as well be monkeys for all we're concerned.

Why is this even a trilogy at all? There is nothing going on. Has the author really run out of things to talk about if I have to read about the two of them *shaving each other*? And him braiding her hair, and her washing and cutting his hair, and him blow-drying her hair. Seriously, what the fuck is this shit?

Ah, Christian. Who is too handsome for his own good; every woman's type. Who is too modest to have sex in the sea when there are people on the beach, but is not above fingering Ana inside a full elevator. Who needs to confirm that Ana is "his" once every five minutes. Who takes his wife to a topless beach, then becomes furious when she takes off her top. Who accuses her of always distracting them away from the argument, when all he does is use sex on her when she has the audacity to get angry. **Who flies across the country when she decides to go out for a drink with her best friend.**

Ana. Stupid, brainless, Ana, who allows herself to be physically abused by Christian, but becomes furious with him when she discovers he's given her hickeys. Who gains an inch of my sympathy when she finally defies Christian or gets angry with him, and then loses it all again when she starts whimpering or gives in to his solution for everything: sex. Who talks about their unborn daughter liking sex in the middle of sex. Who manages to blame her secretary for getting her pregnant when she told her secretary to cancel her appointments over and over again.

These two have sex at least three times a day. Not only is half of what they do morally repugnant, it's also usually disgusting, and, quite frankly, boring. When the BDSM is gone, the scenes become repetitive and dull, and wouldn't even send a cornered nun into fits. And if they weren't having sex, they were having god-awful make out sessions that made me wince.

"As my tongue invades his mouth"

"As our tongues glory in each other"

"Plundering my mouth"

And sex scenes that involve the words “carnal” and “flesh” way too often. Just... no.

And then there’s this gem:

*Putting one arm around my waist and with his other hand tugging my lacy panties sideways, **he impales me in one swift move.***

This is just bad fanfiction, and don’t let anyone tell me anything different. It is horrible – the kind of stories you really should be keeping to yourself. Every single woman on Earth is physically attracted to Christian, to the point where they all pout their lips, gaze at him through their long eyelashes, and open up a few extra buttons when he’s around. They all flirt with him and they’re all openly jealous of Ana. Jesus fucking Christ, could you be more obvious?

"Christian, I could look at you all day."

He shakes his head exasperated. "It's just a pretty face, baby."

“Oh, he is so perfect. I wouldn’t change a hair on his head. Of course all the women want him too, who could resist such a perfect and sexy guy like him? But he’s all mine. And I am his. I love you, Mr Grey. I love you too, Mrs Grey. Hello, Mr Grey. Hello, Mrs Grey. Oh, he’s so needy and controlling. Who would’ve thought?”

Gee, I don’t *know*, Ana. Who would’ve thought indeed?

AND STILL HE’S PERFECT.

*"Christian, you are the state lottery, **the cure for cancer**, and the three wishes from Aladdin's lamp all rolled into one."*

I just can’t with this dumb twit.

Round three of reasons why Christian needs to be thrown to death with tiny spoons

* His ever-controlling tendencies.

"Here." Christian hands me a glass of water. "Drink this."

I frown at him and see, rather than hear, his sigh.

"Three glasses of white wine at dinner and two glasses of champagne, after a strawberry daiquiri and two glasses of Frascati at lunchtime. Drink. Now, Ana."

I like how he keeps track of all the drinks she's had during the day, even at times when *he wasn't even there*.

* Still compares his wife to his crack whore mother.

"You asked me why I braid your hair," he murmurs. His tone alarms me. He looks... guilty.

"Yes."

"The crack whore used to let me play with her hair, I think."

Oh Christian, you smooth bastard.

* Not only does he watch her sleep almost every night, he's also made a habit out of taking pictures of her. You know, there's really nothing more romantic than opening up your camera drive, and finding about fifty photos of you sleeping, completely and utterly defenceless.

* *"I like to make the odd impromptu visit. It keeps management on their toes, **wives in their place**."*

Oh no, you didn't.

* Likes to punish his wife to such an extent that she feels tortured. He reduces her to a puddle of tears and has her whimpering the safe-word over and over again until he finally stops.

* Ana's stepfather is in a car accident. Christian can't get out of work, so Ana goes to the hospital. José and his dad are there. Ana gets comfort out of holding José's hand and he gives her his coat when she starts shaking.

When Christian is finally done being an important fucker, he enters the waiting room, and immediately his face darkens when he sees Ana with José. He also feels the need to correct the doctor when he calls her "Ms Steele" instead of "Mrs Grey".

Not. The fucking. Time.

Then again, Ana also feels the need to bring up ex-submissives while her dad is in a coma, so why do I still give a hoot? **You know what, you two numpties deserve each other. Let's have elevator sex while we're at it.**

* Christian completely loses his shit when Ana tells him she's pregnant.

"I know the timing's not very good."

"Not very good!" he shouts. "We've known each other five fucking minutes."

Which is long enough to stalk her, own her, alienate her from her friends and family, marry her, possess her some more, and assault her in a variety of ways, but apparently not to have a baby together.

* More rape tendencies.

"He swallows and takes a step forward. I step back and hold my hands up.

"Don't even think about it, Grey," I whisper menacingly.

"You're my wife," he says softly, threateningly.

"I'm the pregnant wife you abandoned yesterday, and if you touch me I will scream the place down.

His eyebrows rise in disbelief. "You'd scream?"

"Bloody murder." I narrow my eyes.

"No one would hear you," he murmurs.

Can't even BEGIN to describe how sick and twisted this is. You creepy assclown.

* "I want to punish you," he whispers. **"Really beat the shit out of you."**

The worst part about that is that he has the audacity to get "palm-twitchingly mad" after SHE JUST SAVED HIS SISTER'S LIFE. Might want to express some fucking gratitude there, Jimbo.

I am getting sick of this shit:

"My inner goddess has her sequins on and is warming up do dance the rumba."

"My inner goddess is wearing her gladiatrix outfit and is taking no prisoners."

Her inner goddess also likes to read Charles Dickens and Jane Eyre in her spare time. Like, "My inner goddess looks at me over her copy of Jane Eyre". **What the fuck do I care what your inner goddess is reading?!**

You know what, I have fucking had it with this series. I have sat through endless scenes of abuse, sex, and mutual grooming. I have been disgusted beyond belief as well as bored to tears, and will probably end up using such riveting lingo as "holy cow" and "oh my" in my daily vocabulary from the number of times I've seen them appear. There's such a thing as too much of a good thing. Every time Ana thought she was being clever ("Fifty Shades", "Mr Mercurial"), she ended up using it over a hundred times. I wanted to beat her over the head with a dictionary. I have wanted to kill Christian in a creative array of ways, including spoons, cacti, Darth Vader, and penguins.

In the end, there's really only one remedy:

This guy deserves a lifetime of handjobs. With sandpaper.

Shea says

~This review is for all 3 books in the *Fifty Shades Trilogy*~

WOW...I just absolutely love all 3 books in this trilogy. I love them so much that not only do I have all 3 books on my Kindle but as soon as I finished reading *Fifty Shades Freed* earlier today I went online and ordered all 3 in paperback.

Now I'm sitting here trying to put into words how much I love the *Fifty Shades of Grey* Trilogy without sounding like a babbling idiot but I don't think that's going to happen. So let the babbling commence...

I ABSOLUTLY LOVE TO READ. In fact I read so much that my husband has threaten to send me to reading rehab where I'll be forced to watch TV in hopes of breaking my reading habit. But now that I've educated him about "hard limits" he has stopped threatening me about rehab and has now offered to buy me a Kindle Fire or an Apple iPad ...I got the iPad.

The reason I love to read is because of books like the *Fifty Shades of Grey* Trilogy. The kind of books that put you on an emotional rollercoaster ride while transporting you to a different world. Out of all the books I've read, and there have been hundreds of them, the *Fifty Shades Trilogy* books are among my favorites. I was hooked from the very beginning and totally fell in love with Christian Grey and his fifty shades of fucked-up. I also love the chemistry between Christian and Ana and the journey they went on together as a couple and by themselves. I loved how their relationship evolved from being based on kinky fuckery mind blowing sex to unconditional, take your breath away, gut wrenching, passionate, soul stirring, true love. I laughed out loud while reading these books and I also cried. A couple of things that I loved about the books and had me laughing out loud were the emails between Christian and Ana. When the emails first appeared in *Shades of Grey* I made the mistake of only reading the main body of the email and not the signature line. Once I caught on to what was going on, I had to go back to the first one and re-read them and ended up laughing some more. Another thing that had me laughing out loud was Ana's inner Goddess. OMG, she was freaking hysterical. Talk about your comic relief. I can totally see her having her own line of greeting cards based on her.

******SPOILER ALERT COMING UP******

I was totally unprepared for how much these three books would pull at my heartstrings and have me in tears... and at one time cause me to sob. That one time was when submissive Christian showed up. When I read that I literally gasped out loud. I couldn't believe it...It was soo wrong. I found myself holding my breath as tears started streaming down my face silently begging Christian to get up, to move, to say something, do something ...ANYTHING as if I was kneeling right there with Ana fighting for Christian's life.

I don't think I've ever thought about a character from a book after I'm done reading it as much as I've

thought about Christian Grey. If it were possible to will a character out of book into our reality as a real breathing human being, then Christian Grey would currently be standing in my bedroom wearing nothing but his soft ripped “playroom” jeans with the top button casually undone, holding his grey silk tie in one hand and a riding crop in the other, asking me what my safe word is...It’s vanilla I tell him (but I have no plans on using it). :)

Now for some shameless begging ...

Ms. James I’m begging you to **please, please, please**, don’t let this be the last we hear of Christian Grey. I need more of him. Three books are nowhere near enough to write about him. Please you have to write some more. I don’t care if they’re Fifty Shades of Baby Pooh, or Fifty Shades of Paint Chips. As long as they have Christian and his fifty shades of fucked - upness and kinky fuckery ...Then all will be right in universe. :)

Francine says

Things I have learned while reading the Fifty Shades series:

- a. Stalking is good. (No, really...stalking is acceptable behavior! **rolls eyes**)
- b. Being controlled is a turn on. (Free will? Freedom? Why would I want that? I want someone to control me! Well, sometimes, at least...because you know...there are *benefits* to being controlled. See below.)
- c. If you have low self-esteem, it's perfectly okay to lose your virginity to a stalker, uber-controlling guy who gets off on kinky-f*ckery. Because, you know, you knew he was into kinky f*ckery (Ana's words, not mine!). You knew he didn't want the hearts and flowers and vanilla sex. And you know this because...well, you know...you embarked on this relationship after having signed a non-disclosure agreement regarding your relationship with said stalker-uber-control-freak, *and* after you've studied a contract regarding his kinky f*ckery and what he would do to you as his submissive. So you can't say that you didn't know what you were getting yourself into.
- d. Once you've lost yourself to said stalker-uber-control-freak, it's okay to solve all your problems (and there will be many, mind you, starting with the fact that this guy you're having a relationship with is such a control freak *and* a stalker)...but I digress...it's okay to solve all your problems with never-ending-mind-blowing-kinky-f*ckery multiple times a day, every day. And the more problems and fights you have, the better. Because he gets off on when you're bad and you get off on his kinky f*ckery! And because by now, you realize that sex solves everything! That's the one thing you two have in common! You revel in it. Even if everything about you is being controlled such as what you eat, where you go, who you see, what you do, it's all okay! Kinky f*ckery solves *all* that lost freedom you once knew and enjoyed. And the best part?

Everything's good because you've got a stalker-uber-control-freak who has accepted that you will *not* be a submissive. He worships the ground you walk on and loves you and can't live without you! (Psst...guess what...I think he's got lower self-esteem than you do! What's that? You think you're perfect for each other? Wow...I never would've seen *that* coming!)

e. And if you're bad (e.g., you decide to visit with your friend, your mom, go to work, or heaven forbid, skip a meal), you will be found. He will show up wherever you are, even if you're on the opposite end of the country. And you will be punished. Harshly. With never-ending-mind-blowing kinky f*ckery. And with spanking (for those small offenses), flogging or whipping (for slightly larger offenses), or if you were really bad, you will be tortured with a vibrator and will not be allowed to have an orgasm. (Ummm...okay...) Oh wait...sorry...that wasn't the worst. If you're really, really bad, as in you go topless in a nude beach in Italy, your wrists will be handcuffed to your ankles and you will be "tortured" with more kinky f*ckery, which will inevitably leave you with chafed wrists and ankles as well as hickies, bruises and bite marks all over your torso, from your neck down, so that you can no longer wear a bikini. You have been marked. As the property of one stalker-uber-control-freak. So let that be a lesson to you.

f. But if you were said low-self-esteemed-innocent girl, then you will be okay with it all. Because you love the stalker-uber-control-freak. Warts and all. And isn't that what love is all about anyway? Looking past someone's faults and accepting them, and losing yourself in them, and trying to forge through all that pain and angst together? Because you two together can do anything? Right? That's what it's all about, right? And you will save him. From himself. From his sad, forlorn, horrible, abused past. From the pedophile who turned him onto BDSM. From all the craziness that is in him. You are his Messiah. You will free him of all that ails him. You are strong enough for the both of you. You have achieved a demented Goddess complex. You will agree to marrying him, even though you've only known him less than two months because you know that you two are yin and yang. You complete each other. He had you at "Hello."

g. And it will all be okay, because said stalker-uber-control-freak will give you an Audi A3, a Saab, an Audi R8, a laptop, an iPad, a Blackberry, 3 (count 'em, 3!) first editions of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (because one wasn't enough), a closet full of designer clothing *and* a multimillion dollar house. Oh, did I mention that he will also buy the company that you work for, so that he can *control* you, what you do and who you work with? No? Well, stalker-uber-control-freak will definitely buy your company.

h. After all that, not to mention the mind blowing kinky f*ckery, why, you have no recourse but to marry the guy! Otherwise, you'd just be ungrateful. And because you know that your life would lose all meaning without him, and his would be a dark chasmic miasma without you. (I know, I know...you're perfect for each other! You already said that. Shhh!) So you will accept his offer of marriage. You will accept him, warts and all (which includes all his baggage). Which will, of course, include one (or all) of the following: blackmail, BDSM pedophilia, the Red Room of Pain, arson, kidnapping, breaking and entering, stalker ex-girlfriends who stalk you/watch you while you sleep/point a gun at you, women who want your man, sexual harassment by your boss, multiple car chases, spying, 24/7 security, a helicopter crash, psychiatric evaluations, intense mother-hatred, extreme jealousy, heart attacks, unwanted pregnancies...phew, I'm exhausted.

The list is exhaustive.

Boy, am I glad I read this series. Because now I know what I've been missing! Silly me, to think that my life has been pretty good thus far. *shakes head* I need to ditch my all-too-vanilla hubby and find a stalker-uber-control-freak who will demean me and control me and make me a billionaire and repay me with never-ending-mind-blowing kinky f*ckery and absolute, all-encompassing (read: stifling, suffocating, totally unhealthy) love. Because that's why this series is so popular right?

shakes head

Ugh.

Suzanne (Under the Covers Book blog) says

Okay, don't hurt me, I know there are a lot of Christian Grey fans out there, unfortunately I am just not one of them.

This is the third and final installment of the Fifty Shades trilogy, Ana and Christian are now married and are set to live a long and happy life, or are they? With some body out there threatening them and Christian's own fucked up past, wedded bliss maybe but a dream.

Although I am not the biggest fan of the other books, I did find them strangely addicting and was quite looking forward to *Fifty Shades Freed* but I am very disappointed. I expected so much more. For me the book went like this:

Ana: I am going out for some milk Christian! See you in 5!

Christian: NO, STAY! MINE! Why are you abandoning me for milk, I KNEW I was unworthy of love. STAY!

Ana: It is not that I am abandoning you for milk, we have just run out, you know I love you *gives soulful look*

Christian: MINE STAY! It is dangerous..*looks away*...What would I do without you? *looks vulnerable*

Ana: My poor Fifty! Oh Mr. Grey, you know I would never leave you...this is about your birth mother isn't it? She never got you milk.

Christian: It is simply too dangerous you are MINE MINE MINE! Now Mrs Grey come here, I want to use sex to avoid talking about our problems Mrs Grey.

Ana: Oh okay...you know I would never refuse you Mr Grey.

The next morning...

Ana: *looks down at her cereal* I knew I should have gotten some milk.

Rinse and repeat

~~~~~

I found the whole thing repeatative, and Ana and Christian continued to irritate me more and more as I read the book, she would do something any normal girl would do; he would go psycho about it; she would cave; they have sex; he gets his way. It drove me nuts.

I guess the two stars that I have given it are for the sex scenes themselves, they were hot, although I did start to get bored of them about half way through the book. It seems instead of giving *Fifty Shades Freed* a plot, it has just been filled out with sex.

I don't normally give such negative reviews and I try to say something positive, something that I liked, but I have found it hard for this book. But, I know alot of people, including my friends have loved it and would

gleefully takes Ana's place if they could...just please, please cross me off that list!

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### **Alicia (is beyond tired of your \*ish) says**

Looking at the other reviews here for the continuation of what can only be called the word-like remnants of a loose bowel movement that doesn't even have the decency to be original fiction only further confirms that the world is ready for the zombie apocalypse. Or an apocalypse of any kind, really.

My review for the first "book" is applicable here as well, though as far as I'm aware this "book" picks up past where my summary ended. I'm still unsure of how it is possible, but the story nose dived even further and became flat out disturbing and impossible to even skim through – even for the lulz.

Edit 1/17/12: Placed in the comments.

Edit 5/1/12:

My God. Thank you ONTD for the nightmare inducing spoiler excerpts from this fic.

Yeah, not horrifying or creepy. *At all*. But you all enjoy.

My Fifty Shades of Grey review.

My Fifty Shades Darker review.

My review of the Bundle. It includes some important points I didn't include in these reviews.

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### **Morgan says**

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\*\*\*EXPLICIT LANGUAGE AND CONTENT. THIS IS AN ADULT BOOK. PLEASE DON'T READ THIS REVIEW UNLESS YOU ARE AN ADULT\*\*\*

Fifty, Fifty, Fifty. I can't get enough Fifty.

I have read a lot of mixed reviews for Fifty Shades Freed, the third novel in the Fifty Shades trilogy. This is my response: Fifty Shades Freed was EXCELLENT. How can anyone complain about more Fifty?

Reading this novel was a bittersweet experience. I couldn't get enough; I wanted to rush through this entire novel and absorb it all as quickly as possible. On the other hand, I wanted to take my sweet time and drag things out because I never wanted it to end. I'm devastated that this series wrapped up, and I have hopes (fingers crossed) that this won't be the last we see of Christian Grey. I could read about Christian and Ana

forever. (Christian may be the perfect man to star in a never-ending series. He seems to have enough issues. LOL)

Christian and Ana make a lot of progress in this novel, but they also suffer a few setbacks. I thought both their progress and their setbacks were moving and realistic. Christian is still the same bossy, domineering man that we all love, and their sex is still just as kinky and hot as ever. This novel also had the added element of suspense. The “bad guy” storyline was intriguing and entertaining; it really added to the novel. In this novel, we also discover more about Christian's past and see more growth and development in his character. Oh, and don't forget about Ana's inner goddess and her subconscious; they are back and just as hilarious as before. I enjoyed this novel – beginning, middle, and end. And, I absolutely adored the epilogue and the bonus chapters at the end!!!

E.L. James - Thank you so much for writing this hot, crazy, mind-blowing story! It has been an absolute pleasure reading Ana and Christian's love story.

The Fifty Shades trilogy is UN-FREAKING-BELIEVABLY GOOD!

This series is HILARIOUS. Ana and Christian's playful emails and witty banter are hysterical and entertaining. Christian's domineering side is amusing, and, Ana's inner goddess and subconscious are, like I've said before, the best things ever! This series is guaranteed to make you laugh out loud.

This series is HOT! This erotic series pushes the envelope. I strongly recommend this series to everyone who thinks they can handle some kinky fuckery! By kinky fuckery, I mean an introduction into the world of BDSM – floggers, handcuffs, blindfolds, cable ties, D/s relationships, and a whole lot more.

I gave Fifty Shades Freed by E.L. James 5 STARS. I look forward to re-reading this series over and over in the future, and I can't wait to see what Ms. James comes out with next. Can you top Fifty? I just don't see that happening, but hey, I never thought I'd read and love a BDSM novel either. Never say never!

PS: I absolutely adored the bonus chapters from Christian's perspective at the end. It was a wonderful treat.

PSS: Ms. James concludes an excerpt from Fifty Shades of Grey in Christian's perspective with, “That's all...for now.” Is she thinking about writing this trilogy from Christian's perspective? Hmm...

-XOXO

READING, EATING & DREAMING

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## **Nadine Larter says**

Oh dear Lord I have just finished reading this and I can't stop laughing. At the end of the book there is an Author's Note that states that the author is fully aware that you cannot walk into an American Bank and demand to draw five million dollars. Oh my ever loving hell. THAT is the part that you're apologizing for?

I want to cry scream and throw things! These books make me feel like the world is irreversibly messed up. And no - not because of the sex. Have all the kinky fun sex you want. But this man BROKE people. Am I the only person who is not ok with that? You want me to believe that this successful man is "broken" himself because his mother was a "Crack whore" (fuck you for constantly calling someone that just by the way - the constant reference to his mother as the crack whore pissed me off just as much as the shoddy workmanship and bullshit pretentious over-use of puffed up vocabulary did)but I will NEVER accept that being broken is

an acceptable reason to use people like toilet paper - something our supposedly irresistible Mr. Grey even admits to.

No. I'm sorry. All of this is fucked up. The writing is pathetic, superfluous and almost every second line in this series is redundant. Awesome - so a bunch of people read about kinky sex and now the riding crop and butt plug industry is booming. So happy you guys have all got your kink on. But please do NOT try and tell me that this is a "beautiful story". It just fucking isn't. The dynamic between these two people makes my teeth hurt. The idea that any woman would put up with being treated that way repulses me to no end. And Ana herself is just a bloody idiot. Take away the good looks and the money and you're left with a creepy fucked up guy who should be in jail. You tell me he is all these wonderful things though give me no reason to believe you. Ana is supposedly this intelligent bookish person - and she narrated THIS load of crap? You tell me she is strong? I'm sorry but I see no strength. All I see is a bunch of books where sometimes stuff almost happens but nothing ever really does. Oh yeah with a lot of sex in it. Whoopdie friggen doo. If you're into reading erotica then GREAT!! Go wild. Erotica is awesome and if nothing else it might help turn you on if your hubby can't get you excited any more. But spare me the "it's such a touching story and we care about Ana and Christian" crap.

I have a newsflash for you: You're not in love with Christian Grey you just seriously need to get laid by someone who knows what they're doing.

And let me tell you something else: no matter how good the sex is NO MAN is worth being treated badly. End of story.

Also: for all of you planning to indulge in this kind of unrealistically frequent sex life - drink Citro Soda. On a daily basis. Twice daily even. I don't care how clean that man's penis is you still need to look after your vag!

I have about a million other things to say but I'm actually too exhausted to even start going there...

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## Shelly says

By now, I'm not entirely sure what to say about this book. Aside from now Ana and Christian are now married, travel to fantastic places for their honeymoon and someone is still trying to do both of them harm, not much has changed. I'm really tired of Christian's over-protectiveness, fast. It's beyond annoying and he's no where near as sexy now as I thought he was in the beginning.

I can't understand why anyone would think Christian's behavior is sexy. Troubled? Tortured? Stalkerish? Childish? Hell yes. Sexy? Not unless you like to be told what to do, when to do it, how to do, even have it done for you - ALL. THE. TIME.

Nothing gets resolved, Christian is still overbearing, and Ana still takes it. In many different ways, but even that gets really old. I was ready to give up and didn't care what happened to anyone in the story at all.

I guess it's a good thing I didn't. The last quarter of the book was really good, I mean like different book good. Stuff happens, change of pace, even change of characters! It's like Ana and Christian *finally* become the terrific couple we thought they could become in the first book. I won't give too much away, but Christian becomes likable again, and Ana tolerable.

This really should have been just one book, and only one! Seriously, with some good editing, cutting of tons of unnecessary crap and a little restructuring, this would have been an awesome ★★★★★ book! But the author, editors and publishers must have gotten greedy or lazy. Or both, I'm gonna go with both. First, \$9.99 per ebook is just ridiculous (and yet I bought all 3, so I guess I'm just as stupid). No excuse for it, especially for a first time author. Second, for \$9.99 - it better be pretty f\*cking flawless, and none of them are. A few words here and there that totally take me out of the story (During a sex scene, Ana runs her hands across Christian's clavicles. Because that sounds erotic as hell. What? Shoulder blades too common for you?) Several times I caught myself trying to figure out the choreography (Her back is to him, he's touching her in all the right places and she's admiring his boyish grin, or something along those lines. No mirror in the room, no mention of her turning around, but she can see his mouth? Bad choreography, bad editing.) And I'm not sure what they're called, but those weird boxes that show up in the middle of words, when you know it's a software thing, a comma or apostrophe didn't translate or something - plenty of those here. If I'm paying \$9.99 for an ebook, these, at the very least, should not be there. Unacceptable.

And I understand re-using certain words and phrases throughout a book, it can drive a point home, reconnect you with a certain feeling the author wants to convey, even be funny or sweet, reveal something. Once or twice, I'm not going to complain. Hell, I may not even notice! Twenty million times across 3 way too long books, I'm gonna be bored, angry you're wasting so much time and space on inane words, and just plain sick of it.

*Fair point well made. Mr. Grey. Mrs. Grey. Twitching palms. Kinky f\*ckery. Mr. Mecurial. Oh, my Fifty, Fifty, Fifty! My poor lost boy! Come! (used several different ways) Smirking. Later, baby. Your Mrs. Robinson. B\*tch Troll. My control freak. You don't eat enough. Don't bite your bottom lip. You're mine. Mine. Mine. Hush. He's really mad. Mine.*

There's tons more, but I think you can get the point.

Also, this still feels a lot like fan fiction. This book really reminds me Breaking Dawn, in that like Bella, Ana really and finally comes into her own and takes some control in her life. They both save the day at the ends of their books, rescuing all they love, no longer needing the men in their lives to save them. Even though the men still want too.

If you've read the first two, and are feeling a little tired of all the junk, skim this one until the last quarter. You won't miss too much, but the end brings the series to a better than expected close. And it won't take you forever and a week to finish it. If you've not read any of the books yet, don't. Or at least borrow them. Really, there is better stuff out there, don't rush.

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**Navessa says**

**FIFTY BETTER USES FOR FIFTY SHADES OF GREY**

**PART 1: #1-15**

**PART TWO: #16-34**

Did you know that used bookstores and charity shops are drowning in used copies of FSoG?! Our local ReStore actually put out a news bulletin telling people they were no longer accepting them.

**HARHARHARHAR.**

I'm guessing people are trying to dump them off on the needy because they have buyer's remorse (ME, I HAVE THIS), they don't want people to see these books sitting on their bookshelves (ME, I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO SEE THESE BOOKS SITTING ON MY BOOKSHELVES), or they want to pass the glory of this series around (NOT ME. NOT ME AT ALL. I ACTUALLY JUST GAGGED WHEN I TYPED GLORY).

So, if you, like me, like TOO DAMN MANY of us, find yourself with a set of the FSoG trilogy you no longer want, I've compiled a helpful list of ways you can re-use, re-purpose or recycle them!

## **16. AN INSTRUCTIONAL GUIDE FOR HOW NOT TO TREAT YOUR LOVED ONES.**

## **17. PAPER AIRPLANES**

### Phase One

Step One: Don't Google how to do this, because you definitely still retain your airplane making skills from middle school.

Step Two: Make a random fold.

Step Three: Make some more random folds. Don't worry, it'll be awesome.

Step Four: Toss that sucker.

### Phase Two

Step One: Google how to make a paper airplane.

Step Two: Follow instructions. Resent every moment of it.

Step Three: Lob your stealth fighter at an unsuspecting loved one.

Step Four: Run like hell when they whip it back at you.

## **18. GET REVENGE FOR THE "AIRPLANE INCIDENT" BY FASHIONING YOURSELF A PAPER PRISON SHANK**

## **19. DRINKING GAME**

Step One: Open any of the FSoG books to a random passage. Start reading. Every time Ana says or thinks, "Oh my", take a shot.

Twenty pages later:

## **20. GLASS CLEANER**

This works surprisingly well.

## **21. SNOT RAG**

This works unsurprisingly terrible. FSoG is about as good at absorbing snot as it is at portraying a healthy, consensual BDSM relationship.



## 22. STEP STOOL

## 23. KITTEH TOYS

Figures that they actually loved this. Buy them all the jingly, interactive toys you want and they'll ignore them. Get them an empty box or a crumpled up description of a man pulling a tampon out of his girlfriend, and they'll play with that shit all day. Cats. Ugh.

## 24. PAPER MACHE...THING

At first I wanted to make a paper mache peesh, because how hilarious would that be? I'm not even going to post a picture of the travesty I created. It looked like a half-sunken molehill. Apparently I'm about as good with the female anatomy as my high school boyfriends were.

Ba-dum-ching.

So, I decided to attempt a paper mache butt. Because that seemed easy enough.

Step One: Take the fifteen layers of crafting drop cloth you've acquired and crumple a bunch of it into a ball. Repeat.

Step Two: Mix an equal part of Elmer's Glue and water in a container.

Step Three: Resist the urge to do that thing you did in kindergarten. You know, when you coated your hands in glue, waited for it to dry, and then slowly peeled it off, getting a strange amount of pleasure from the process. **DON'T ACT LIKE YOU DIDN'T DO IT TOO.**

Step Four: Cut up about twenty pages of any of the FSoG books into 1-2 inch strips.

Step Five: For the first layer, wet the strips with water only, and drape them over your butt cheeks. The paper ones, not your actual ones. Don't get weird.

Step Six: Now pile on some layers of the glue mix. Remember to use your fingers to strain away extra liquid, otherwise you'll end up with a mess on your hands.

Step Seven: Wait for it to dry. Be super unimpressed when you get back to it.

Step Eight: Quit. Hey, I didn't say that all these ideas would work out!

Step Nine: Come up with a genius plan to salvage the situation.

Alcohol. Alcohol will help.

## **25. CAT PISSER-OFFER**

Normal mode: Roll a page up and poke a sleeping kitteh.

Challenge Mode: Take a selfie with them before they scratch the shit out of you.

## **26. PACKING PAPER**

Protect breakable goods when shipping! I recommend selecting explicit sex scenes for this. Don't warn the person you're shipping to either, because that would take all the fun out of it.

## **27. SCRAP PAPER**

## **28. "PADDING"**

This is my butt. This is totally my butt. This is my totally normal butt. All the time. This is what I live with.

Look at the booty, look at the booty, look at the - oops. What?! No! I am NOT stuffing!

## **29. WINTERIZE YOUR PLANTS**

Wrap your delicate shrubs and trees with paper to keep them from dying during the WINTER FROM HELL.

## **30. PREVENT WEEDS IN THE SPRING**

Step One: Lay down a single layer of sheets over your garden (or in this case over one of your indoor boxed planters - BECAUSE I AM NOT GOING OUTSIDE RIGHT NOW).

Step Two: Cover in mulch.

## **31. RANSOM NOTE**

Step One: Select a target.

Step Two: Get crafting.

Step Three: Send a message.

## **32. LITTER BOX LINER**

## **33. MAKE YOUR OWN VALENTINE'S DAY BOUQUET**

Step One: Take a bunch of pages containing contrived relationship drama, and paint that shit in the "colors of love".

Step Two: Once your pages have dried, stack them and draw a whirlpool design on the top one.

Step Three: Cut. It. Out.

Step Four: Curl it up and glue it together.

Step Five: Take some green wire, bend it to your will (you want them to resemble stems), and tape those flowers to it!

Step Seven: Take some left over white flowers from #1-15 and add them in to the flower arrangement.

Step Eight: SO PRETTEH

### **34. MAKE YOUR OWN VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS**

Step One: Paint a sheet whichever color you want on each side.

Step Two: Once it dries, add a message.

Step Three: Share.

**Blog | Facebook | Twitter | Instagram | Pinterest**

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## **Taryn says**

[image error]

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## **Katrina Passick Lumsden says**

Welcome back, fellow masochists (or those of you who simply wish to forgo the hassle of reading this crap and opt for my poignant reviews instead). I wish I could say Fifty Shades Freed met my expectations, but...well, honestly, I don't know *what* the fuck that was. I don't know how I feel. I don't know what to think. The only thing I know is that, usually after finishing a trilogy/series, I'm lost. My brothers end up finding me curled up in a ball somewhere and they laugh and call me names, most of which are variations of "emo douchebag" because I'm all like

I can't help it. If I've invested enough of myself into a story to read more than one installment, it generally means I liked it (or at least something about it). That wasn't the case with the Fifty Shades trilogy. I went into Fifty Shades of Grey knowing full well I would probably hate it, and I wasn't wrong. In fact, I think I may have underestimated that book in terms of how thoroughly it would infuriate and disgust me. I considered not bothering with the next two installments because I was certain it wouldn't get any better. Look, I know there are those of you out there who think that it *did* get better, but I'm not talking about the story. I mean, I don't think that improved much, either, but the point I'm trying to make is that E.L. James is a terrible writer, technically *and* artistically. As a photographer, I can tell you that sucking ass in both categories won't get you far. Certain people will give you a certain amount of latitude one way or another, sure, but if your composition is badly placed, taken at the wrong time of day, crowded, confusing, *and* out of focus....well, you get it. Needless to say, I wasn't even halfway through Fifty Shades Darker before I started getting bored, but I trudged on and it wasn't much different from any of the boredom I've experienced before.

Then I started reading Fifty Shades Freed. I can honestly say that I had no idea this kind of feeling was even possible. I've never had a book so thoroughly turn off my desire to read before. Ever. I would read a page here and there, then turn my Kindle off and get online. There wouldn't be anything to do online, and I'd sit at my desk thinking, *Oh, I should really finish that book*. But then I'd just keep surfing the internet. To be honest, it was because every time I even thought about reaching for my Kindle, my brain did this:

Should we talk about what happened this time around? OK...

Honeymoon. Christian throwing a tantrum. Ana's boobs get marked up in retaliation. Drama, drama, drama, corn, some cheese, sex sex sex, lots of whining, Christian being clingy, Ana trying to assert her independence, blah blah blah. It reads exactly like the other two books with its repetitive wording and infuriating platitudes, and because of this it suffers far more than the other two books. I was *tired* of reading this shit. The only thing that set this one apart was the utter weirdness of a few of the scenes. Like Christian marking up Ana's titties after she goes topless on a beach in the south of France. Yeah, it happens. It's OK, though. Ana gives him a pass because, emotionally, he's stuck in adolescence and this apparently gives him free reign to do as he likes with impunity. She's angry at first, sure, but she forgives him. Even after he has the balls to say, "Well, you won't take your top off again."

The temerity of this character is astounding. E.L. James has managed to create one of the most blatantly antagonistic sociopaths I've ever seen, yet women everywhere are gobbling it up like he's the best thing since the vibrator.

But nothing really happens in the first 90% of the book except a lot of emotional manipulation. Ana and Christian play games with each other's emotions and genuinely seem to have absolutely no clue how to communicate with another human being. It's apparently all good, though, because the sex makes up for any lack of connection they should have. During one sex scene, Ana thinks, "We still have this. We'll always have this."

No. No, you won't. Your sex life may still be fulfilling after five, ten, or even fifteen years, but it won't be the same. No, not at all. And if you think for one second that sex can make up for the emotional connection and teamwork a marriage requires, you're going to be sorely disappointed. Look I'm all for fantasy, but I guess I like mine tinged with a little more reality than this. Friendship is the foundation of any solid relationship and without it, you're just bumpin' uglies until it gets boring.

Arguably the best thing to come out of this book was the fun I had discussing butt plugs with my sister-in-law. Yes, there's a sex scene involving a butt plug, and yes, it's both hilarious and disturbing, if for nothing else but E.L. James' refusal to use the word "ass". Ana is always using the words 'behind' and 'bottom' to describe her *other* "down *there*", and those words do not mesh well with the concept of an anal sex toy. I'm sorry, but hearing about how Christian inserted a butt plug into Ana's 'bottom' made me both uncomfortable *and* highly amused. Or when he inserted his finger into her 'behind'. No. No. As a child, you have a behind or a bottom, but once you hit about 14 or so, it's your butt or your ass. Only occasionally can the other words be used in reference to an older individual and be gotten away with.

As amusing as all that was, however, it didn't hold a candle to the things that went on when they were *finished* engaging in anal play. Just to be clear, I don't have anything against people who find pleasure in the anus. If that's your thing, hey, more power to ya. So I don't have a problem with the sex scenes themselves. However, when Christian fingered Ana's arsehole and then *didn't wash his hands*...yeah, I was a little grossed out. They're cuddling and everything afterward and on a constant loop in my head was, "poopy finger, poopy finger, poopy finger....poopy....finger!" My sister-in-law said she was wondering if he was going to make her suck on it like he did every other time he jammed his digits into her nether regions.

But wait, there's more!

Ana asks Christian who cleans the toys (this is after they've used the aforementioned butt plug), and he informs her it's either him, a submissive, or Mrs. Jones.

Mrs Jones, the *hired help*. She's a maid and a cook, for pete's sake, not a wall-washer at the local gentleman's club! *God!* Can you imagine taking a housekeeping job with some 27-year-old douche canoe and all you're expecting is dusting, vacuuming, cooking, etc., and the next thing you know, he's handing you a bowl of used butt plugs? Or maybe he's not even handing them to you, he just mentions that, hey, that mysterious almost-always-locked spare room could use a good cleaning and you walk in to discover not only that you've stumbled into some kind of David Lynchian porn den, but you've also been greeted by the smell of stale sex and *ass*. And oh! **There's a bowl of dirty butt plugs on the sideboard!**

Mr. and Mrs. Brady may have had their freaky naughty time, but I highly doubt they were crass enough to make Alice clean up after it.

So then Ana takes the butt plug (yes, I'm still on this) and washes it off in the sink, then vaguely wonders if it needs to be sanitized somehow.

Well, Ana.....I'm thinking yes. Yes, it should probably be subjected to some sort of sanitation process. But that's just my opinion.

When you read scenes like that over the course of several books, it really comes as no surprise when you discover that Ana has missed several appointments with her gyno and apparently completely forgotten about her birth control shot. You know where this is going.

Christian is going to fuhreeaaak.

“Christian, I’m pregnant.”

And at first, Christian's all like

But then he's like

Then he storms out and is never heard from again.

Ha! I *wish* 'cause that would've been the end of the story, and it would've served Ana right for being such an idiot. But alas, he returns and there's nothing to be done for it except more melodrama. He comes home drunk and Ana finds out he saw the “bitch troll” pedophile again, and she feels betrayed, and yadda yadda.

So they fight, and this is the only time in any of the books that they actually have a raging screaming match, and yeah, it was about fucking time it happened, but even the fight is tainted by Ana's ridiculous assertions that if Christian touches her, he'll just get his way because her traitorous body will succumb to him.

Christian spends the entire book shutting Ana up with his penis.

So then the ending happens. Something about Hyde kidnapping Christian's sister or some shit. Ana saves the day. Funny. No, it really is 'cause the girl's dumb.

Well, when that shit's all over, we get this weird-ass epilogue wherein Ana asserts that she thinks their in-utero daughter "likes sex already" because she's dancing around in her mother's womb after...sex? I guess so. There isn't a sex scene, so not only is this remark *fucking weird*, it's also oddly misplaced. Then Christian sucks popsicle off of his son's fingers.

What is *with* E.L. James and the finger sucking?

(Edit: A commenter brought to my attention the fact that there is indeed a sex scene before the aforementioned conversation about the baby liking sex. So I double-checked and yes, there *is* a sex scene right before. The confusion came about as the direct result of E.L. James's inability to maintain a coherent timeline.)

After the epilogue, there's even *more* pointless drivel. The beginning of Fifty Shades of Grey *from Christian's perspective!* I can hear the collective squee and the panties droppin' and it kinda makes me wanna choke a bitch. But that's not even the worst of it. No, the worst is that it ends right as Christian's leaving the hardware store, and as the narrative comes to a close, the reader is treated to this: *"That's all...for now."*

Please, someone break her hands. Do it quickly. Might as well cut out her tongue, as well, so she won't be able to dictate her nonsense.

I think one of the best blurbs for this series (and this installment in particular) would have to be something my older sister said about it after I told her there's a Happily Ever After ending:

*"Maybe she'll write a fourth book in which, after having three kids, being isolated, and losing her job, he finally hits her and the cops get called, leading to his arrest. She leaves and takes half his damn shit plus child support. 'Cuz after three kids and several years, 'down there' ain't gonna drip at the sight of him anymore."* - Kimberly Brown

Harsh and bitter? Perhaps, but that's reality. Like I said before, it would be nice if we could have a little realistic fantasy (it's *not* an oxymoron if you know what I'm talking about). Christian Grey might have been a desirable character if....well, if he weren't Christian Grey.

To be honest, I'm disappointed in this review. I just can't seem to muster the same amount of enthusiasm as



before. Or even come close. All I know is that I tried to write this twice before, but lost it both times due to computer error, and I took that as a sign that I shouldn't over-think it. Maybe this review reflects the book itself; haphazard and drained. Whatever the case, the only burst of energy I got during this book was at the end. When it was done. It should come as no surprise that my reaction when finishing this book was *not* despondent depression. Far from it. When I read that last word and knew I could finally, finally walk away from this trilogy, I felt...

Yeah. It was *that* good. It was "taking a giant crap after being constipated for a week" good. Or "getting laid for the first time in years" good. **I.felt.so.free.**

The only thing good about the Fifty Shades trilogy is the moment it finally ends.

Word Count:

"Oh my" - 52

"Crap" - 46

"Jeez" - 58

"Holy (shit/fuck/crap/hell/cow/moses)" - 108

"Whoa" - 14

"Gasp" - 60

"Gasps" - 15

"Sharp Intake of Breath" - 2

"Murmur" - 115

"Murmurs" - 186

"Whisper" - 194

"Whispers" - 190

"Mutter" - 88

"Mutters" - 38

"Fifty" - 67

"Lip" - 51

"Inner goddess" - 33

"Subconscious" - 48

[Click here for my review of Fifty Shades of Grey](#)

[Click here for my review of Fifty Shades Darker](#)

[Click here for my review of the Fifty Shades Trilogy](#)

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## Anastasia says

\*Sigh\* So bummed the series is over. Ana and Christian's character evolution throughout the trilogy is unlike any I've ever seen. She started off as a naive, shy college student, while Christian (AKA Fifty) was a cold, aggressive businessman. By the end of *Fifty Shades Freed*, not only are they closer to one another, but they're also more confident in themselves.

In the final installment of the Fifty Shades series, Ana and Christian are married, but that doesn't mean that it's all roses and sunshine for the happy couple. Not only is there the mystery of trying to find out who's trying to kill them -- the suspense definitely has its heart-pounding moments -- but the newlyweds are also adjusting to married life and learning even more about each other. There's more than just nail-biting suspense, though. Of course there's also plenty of spicy bits to go around -- I mean, c'mon, Christian was a Dom when he first met Ana. Of course their bedroom (and other room) scenes are going to sizzle! But their sexual interactions are beautifully interwoven with humorous and somber plot points, character arcs, and the infamous email exchange between Ana and Christian (love those!).

After reading *Fifty Shades Freed*, I kept trying to decide which of the three books I loved best. After thoughtful deliberation, I honestly could not come up with a favorite because I love them ALL. So much so that gray may be my new favorite color. Kidding... sort of.

\*I received *Fifty Shades Freed* as a complimentary copy for review from the publisher.

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## Jessica's Totally Over The Top Book Obsession says

### 4.5 I'm yours. I will always be yours Stars

#### Spoilers

First Read Feb. 16th 2015

Reread Sept. 25, 2015

Re-reread 6/3/2017

What a Awesome conclusion to the Fifty Shades trilogy. So bittersweet that it had to end, but Christian and Ana deserve their happily ever after. God knows they worked hard for it! IF you have not read the first two books in this series you really need to, to understand this book. They all go together and should be read in order.

**"So beautiful," he says as he deftly undoes the first button. "You have made me the happiest man alive today."**

So in Fifty Shades Freed we pick up while Ana and Christian are on their honeymoon, and we get little flashbacks of their wedding. Which was very sweet. We also get a flashback of Christian when he was four and get to see what it was like the days after his mother killed herself until he is found laying next to her dead body , and it broke my heart! Poor lil four year old Fifty!

**I poke him with my elbow. "Mrs. Grey, you wound me." He clutches his side as if in pain. "Wimp," I mutter disapprovingly. "Wimp?" he utters in disbelief. He slaps my behind, making me yelp. "Hurry up with my food, wench. And later I'll show you how wimpy I can be."**

Christian in this book does some more growing , but he also has some set backs. Which made him feel more human. He isn't a instant fix and he is still healing. He is still everything that makes him Christian Grey sexy, bossy, kinky, fucked up control freak, who is trying real hard to let go, and better himself. Christian has a very sweet and romantic side too. He can be very cute and playful and when he is, it just makes the book!

**"Anastasia, if you leave me, you might as well take everything. You left me once before. I know how that feels." Holy Fuck! "That was different," I whisper, moved by his intensity. "But . . . you might want to leave me." The thought makes me sick. He snorts and shakes his head with mock disgust. "Christian, you know, I might do something exceptionally stupid - and you . . ." I glance down at my knotted hands, pain lancing through me unable to finish my sentence. Losing Christian . . . fuck. "Stop. Stop now. This subject is closed, Ana. We're not discussing it any more. No prenup. Not now - not ever."**

**"You turned my world on its head." He closes his eyes, and when he opens them again, they are raw. "My world was ordered, calm and controlled, then you came into my life with your smart mouth, your innocence, your beauty, and your quiet temerity . . . and everything before you was just dull, empty, mediocre . . . it was nothing." Oh my. "I fell in love," he whispers.**

Ana was great in this book. She was strong and sassy, sweet and bold, but she did have a few moments that I was like Huh? Moments in which I feel she should have tore into him a little more , fought a little harder , but if she came out the gate kicking ass and taking no prisoners I don't think she would be the real Ana. I love how she starts to really get some confidence in herself in this book and in her relationship with Christian!

**"You're right to be nervous, Gia, because right now your work on this project hangs in the balance. But I'm sure we'll be fine as long as you keep your hands off my husband." She gasps. "Otherwise, you're fired. Understand?"**

**"I love philanthropic Christian," I murmur. "Just him?" "Oh, I love megalomaniac Christian, too, and control-freak Christian, sexpertise Christian, kinky Christian, romantic Christian, shy Christian . . . the list is endless." "That's a whole lot of Christians." "I'd say at least fifty."**

**"Christian, I've been yours since I said yes." I scoot forward, cupping his beloved face in my hands. "I'm yours. I will always be yours, husband of mine. Now, I think you're wearing too many clothes."**

**"I love you so much." Trailing kisses from the nape of my neck to the edge of my shoulder. Between each kiss he murmurs, "I. Want. You. So. Much. I. Want. To. Be. Inside. You. You. Are. Mine."**

Fifty Shades Freed was so damn good , from the minute I started reading I didn't want to put it down. Ana and Christian together \* Fans self\* OH Good lord, Hot as Hell! I love their playful emails, I loved the drama , and OMG the Sex after the Car chase!!!!!!!!!!

**"Why, Mrs. Grey, you have a dirty, dirty mouth." Christian feigns an offended expression, but I can hear his amusement. "That's because I'm married to a dirty, dirty boy, Mr. Grey."**

Towards the end Mrs. E.L. James Really started dropping bombs, and I was freaking out , doing a little happy dance, fighting tears, and wanting to shake Christian, then forgiving him, wanting to shake Ana , then fighting tears again, AND the End OMG the epilogue!!!! I Freakin loved the epilogue it made the whole damn book for me!!!! Totally heartwarming.

**"Oh, baby, please come back to me. I'm sorry. Sorry for everything. Just wake up. I miss you. I love you..."**

I loved the Fifty Shades series and would recommend it . I know it's not for everyone, but I truly enjoyed all three books. I will end this review with Christian and Ana's wedding vows which are just beautiful!

**"I give you my solemn vow to be your faithful partner in sickness and in health, to stand by your side in good times and in bad, to share your joy as well as your sorrow," I murmur. He freezes. His only movement is to open wide his fathomless eyes and gaze at me as I continue my wedding vows. "I promise to love you unconditionally, to support you in your goals and dreams, to honor and respect**

you, to laugh with you and cry with you, to share my hopes and dreams with you, and bring you solace in times of need." I pause, willing him to talk to me. He watches me, his lips parted, but says nothing. "And to cherish you for as long as we both shall live." I sigh. "Oh, Ana," he whispers and moves again, breaking our precious contact so that we're lying side by side. He strokes my face with the back of his knuckles. "I solemnly vow that I will safeguard and hold dear and deep in my heart our union and you," he whispers, his voice hoarse. "I promise to love you faithfully, forsaking all others, through the good times and the bad, in sickness or in health, regardless of where life takes us. I will protect you, trust you, and respect you. I will share your joys and sorrows and comfort you in times of need. I promise to cherish you and uphold your hopes and dreams and keep you safe at my side. All that is mine is now yours. I give you my hand, my heart, and my love from this moment on for as long as we both shall live."

<http://jessicasoverthetopbookobsessio...>

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## Tammy Walton Grant says

Sometimes you can just have too much of a good thing.

I believe one of my GR friends called this book an "exhausting melodramatic hot mess." (Thanks, Amy!) After having stayed awake until 3:00am to try to push through said mess, I would have to agree.

I really wanted to love this book. When I read Fifty Shades of Grey I was mesmerized - I'd never read anything like it. The story stuck with me for days, and I immediately bought the second book and it was much the same thing. There were little hints of things that bothered me in the second book - I have a pretty visceral reaction to people in a relationship using the words "let" (as in "he let me go out") and the second book was peppered with these. In the first book, Christian was a Dom, and I expected that from him. In the second book Christian had ostensibly let go of that life, and was struggling to let go of his issues with control. In this book, he seemed to me to be just an insecure overbearing asshole, who used sex to distract Ana and get her to do what he wanted. You know how in some cultures they say they put women on a pedestal, which amounts to stripping them of the ability to express an opinion, to have a say, to be told what's going on and eventually they can't leave the house? That's what Christian reminded me of. "Oh, I'm so worried about you, I love you so much, I can't bear to have you out of my sight, don't go to work, it's because I love you so much, you are my whole world, and if you do I'll buy the company and bankrupt it so you won't have a job to go to. But it's because I love you so much and I'm so afraid something will happen to you." Shudders. I just wasn't ok with it in this book.

(eta: And the hickey thing when they were on their honeymoon???? Juvenile, petty, mean, vindictive. I hated it. I would have fucking **killed** him.)

Fifty's possessiveness, aggressiveness and control issues were getting pretty old by the middle of this story. Watching Ana run around constantly trying to discern if he was angry with her, and changing her behaviour to fit his moods was much worse in this book than the second -- what was vaguely unsettling in Fifty Shades Darker became downright disturbing in Fifty Shades Freed. I should do a Kindle search for "please don't be mad at me". Together with "Holy Fuck" and "I love this man" they make up a good portion of the book.

And Ana didn't sit much better with me this time around, either. Her voice as narrator, which resonated so much with me in the first 2 books, grated on me this time. Other reviews complained of how immature she sounds; I finally agree. Frankly, I got tired of hearing how much she "loved this man", this "beautiful man", her husband, her Fifty. It seemed to me that after 2 books of hearing how she can't believe someone that physically beautiful could love her that it would be toned down a bit. To me, it seemed to have been cranked up even higher in this book. She doesn't say it to herself as much as she did, but her actions and her words and even the way she thinks of Christian screams it.

("Ohferchrissakes," I remember thinking. "You let him shave your snatch but you won't PEE in front of him? How do you ever expect to build a marriage with him?")

It all seemed so over the top, almost hokey, all surface declarations of this all-consuming passionate love and I wasn't really buying it this time around. They both seemed desperate, and for each step they took forward, they slid backwards twice as far.

The epilogue and the HEA were nice, but I felt like it could easily have been an add-on to the second book and we could have skipped this one entirely.

Damn, this could easily turn into a rant. Me stop now.

Barely 3 stars -- the cover rounded up the 2.5 I would have given it otherwise.

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## Anne says

Relief.

*Profound* relief that I've finally finished this book.

441 pages.

Dear God it was about 200 pages too long. I swear, I thought it was *never* going to end. On and on and on and on...I just can't describe it.

And then, *just* when I thought it was over...along comes an **Epilogue**.

Ana and Christian frolicking in a *meadow* with their son, while she pregnant with their daughter.

But it's not a *short* epilogue. Oh no. It comes complete with a **Flashback**.

*Oh no! Poor Ana had a scary labor and delivery!*

But it doesn't end there.

*'Cause where's the fun in that?*

No, you get re-read the first chapter of Fifty Shades of Grey...from Christian's point of view.

God! I *hate* him! I know everyone else luuuurves this guy, but....

*\*shrieking and banging head against wall\**

## HE! IS! CRAZY!

Does *nobody* else notice this?! I *get* that he's had an awful childhood (*for the first 4 years of his life*), but he is beyond wacky!

And Ana's reactions to his idiocy pissed me off even worse.

He doesn't want her to drive a *jet ski*, because it's too dangerous.

?!?!?!?

Are you serious? A fucking *jet ski*?! 10 year old kids drive jet skis!

Oh, but *defiant* Ana does it anyway.

You go, girl! Get your ass on that big scary *jet ski*!

Of course the entire time she's worried that she's made him *mad*. Grrrrrrrr.

Then, to add insult to injury, he agrees to *let her drive* after her initial unapproved ride. And she wrecks.

Well, as much as you can *wreck* on a jet ski. She basically falls off...in the *water*. And yet, you would think she hit a wall at 90 miles an hour, for all of the blubbing and scowling Christian does.

**HE! IS! CRAZY!**

So, in other words, Christian was *right*. Poor little Ana shouldn't have driven the *incredibly dangerous* jet ski.

**Arghhhhh!**

And, naturally, Ana simpers and rushes to comfort the crazy bastard.

It was like that for the entire book!

*Ana, you deliberately disobeyed me, by leaving the house to have drinks with your friend.*

*\*simper, simper\**

*Oh, my poor, poor, Fifty! He looks so angry...maybe this time I've pushed him too far! He looks so lost and childlike. I guess that now would be a terrible time to tell him that I want to keep my maiden name at work! He's just so scared! I shouldn't do things to upset him. My poor, dear, lost, Fifty!*

In case you were wondering, she *doesn't* keep her maiden name at her job. Nope. Poor Fifty couldn't take the *stress*.

Everyone must know that you are mine, Ana!

**BECAUSE! YOU! ARE! CRAZY!**

If the damn animal bites you, **stop** petting it, Ana!

I kept thinking I would reserve judgment of her reactions, because maybe the author was going to have her go into therapy at the end of the book.

But she didn't. No, apparently coddling a possessive stalker is the right way to deal with things.

Yep. It's one big Happily Ever After for those two!

I especially enjoyed the visual of him flogging her while she was pregnant, and commenting on how much he would miss the taste of breast milk.

*Ewwwwwwwwwwwwww!*

### **Fifty Shades of Annoying...the short list**

1) The 'high speed' car chase. **85** mph is *not* high speed unless you are over **85**!

2) Calling each other Mr and Mrs. Grey. It was cute on your wedding day. After 400 plus pages...not so cute.

3) **Come**. It's Christian's favorite word, and he must have said it 500 times. If you haven't read the book, then you probably can't understand how much one word could grate on your nerves.

Come. Ana, we must go.

Come. You must eat.

Come. You must be tired.

Come. Follow my creepy ass to the bedroom.

Come. You cannot think for yourself.

Come. I will smirk and grin if you go with me.

**KA-BOOSH!**

*\*my head explodes\**

4)The grody Mrs Robinson? *Nothing happens to her.*

At the very least Grace should have taken a hit on on her. Sorry, but if I found out a family friend had screwed one of my teenagers...*Run, Bitch! Run!* I was perversely delighted to find out that her ex-husband had broken a few of her bones when he found out about he *affair* with Christian. In fact, my *inner goddess* did a somersault...in her granny panties, *thank you very much.*

5)The book is filled with dumb-ass stuff like this:

*"What do you want, Mrs Grey?"*

Blah, blah, blah...*I can feel him hard against my behind.*

*"You."*

*"And I you, my love, my life...,"*

*\* retching noise in background \**

Who says pretentious shit like that?! I can't imagine any guy (who still has his nuts) spouting that crap.

This book sucked. I hated it.

**The End**

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