

On Monday, June 27, 2022 I, Stephanie Jansen approached our Amery School Board and requested that our district adopt a book/ content rating system like the one attached along with reevaluating the vetting process in which books are selected for the School District of Amery.

Today more and more authors are writing books geared towards our youth that exhibit sexual content beyond anything we've ever seen offered to students as regular reading in the past.

A Content-Based Rating System works similarly to a movie rating system. In this particular system a Rated R movie is equivalent to a level 3 book due to the content containing explicit violence, explicit/ frequent use of profanity, sexual nudity, and references to sexual activity (not involving activities such as penetration and ejaculation. An example of a level 3 book would be Me Earl and the Dying Girl by Jessie Andrews a book I previously read to the school board and as well as challenged see page 238 for details.

A level 4 book is rated equivalent to a NC-17 rated movie. Movies that receive a NC-17 classification are considered too adult in nature for children in fact no one under the age of 17 is allowed in these rated movies. Books rated at a level 4 meet these criteria due to content containing explicit sexual nudity (depictions of sexual organs in a state of arousal). Obscene References to Sexual Activities (involving anal, oral, or vaginal intercourse; fingering, anilingus, or ejaculation. An example of this book would be This Book is Gay by Juno Dawson a book previously challenged at the AHS.

A level 5- movie contains explicit references to aberrant sexual activities such as sexual assault, battery, bestiality, or sadomasochistic abuse. The Amery Schools Library Collection currently offers two rated 5 books in their collection.

A Book/Content Rating system like this would allow the board and staff to establish a ground and parameters in a policy for determining what types of content would be acceptable in the vetting process for the overall maturity of the students in each building. Currently, library content is not thoroughly vetted and many books pass on a recommendation and backed by a couple of reviews.

Youth Advisory Rating Stickers <https://tinyurl.com/yd363azn> can be placed, by the owner, on the book alerting the reader of the offensive content within, this is common practice with media, tv, music, and video games. There are two sticker options with one option containing a QR code and a link to view the exact content that places the title in a certain content rating tier. This could be very helpful for parents to review assigned reading if they don't have the time to read the book in its entirety.

Amery Schools Book Policy 871 has been added to the July School Board Meeting as an informational item. On the behalf of Moms for Liberty, I encourage and invite you to join us on Monday, July 18 at 6:30 PM to share your thoughts with our School Board.

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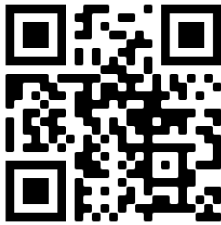
Mark your calenders

Amery Schools Book Policy 871 has been added to the July School Board Meeting as an informational item. On the behalf of Moms for Liberty, I encourage and invite you to join us on Monday, July 18 at 6:30 PM to share your thoughts with our School Board.

Amery High Schools Obscene Book List

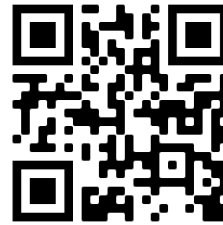
Book Rating System

<https://tinyurl.com/3hwwak4w>



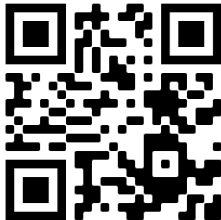
Amery Collection by Rating

<https://tinyurl.com/6cbjtc9x>



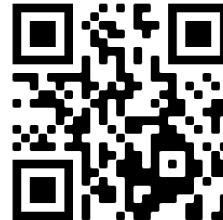
The Harms of Porn

<https://tinyurl.com/3a223zbd>



How to Challenge

<https://tinyurl.com/2p9azhuh>



Child-Appropriate Library Materials

1. *Book Rating System Review*
2. *Pico Analysis*

Do our ratings match yours?

1st set:

1. Triangles
2. Tricks
3. Push
1. The Haters
2. Tilt
3. A Court of Mist and Fury
4. Infamous
5. The Nowhere Girls
6. Crank

Take the Book Rating System Review Survey



CONTENT BASED RATING

G

Movie Rating Equivalent

0

- Mild non-explicit violence
- No Nudity
- No Profanity
- No References to Sexual Activities
- No Drug or Alcohol Use

PG

Movie Rating Equivalent

1

- Mild Profanity
- Non-Sexual Nudity
- No References to Sexual Activities
- No Drug or Alcohol Use

PG-13

Movie Rating Equivalent

2

- Moderate Violence
- **Inexplicit-Sexual** Nudity/Sexual Activities
- Drug or Alcohol Use

R

Movie-Rating Equivalent

3

- Explicit violence
- Explicit/Frequent Use of Profanity
- Sexual Nudity
- References to Sexual Activities (NOT involving penetration, cunnilingus, fellatio, or ejaculation)
- Drug or Alcohol Abuse

NC-17

Movie-Rating Equivalent

4

- Explicit Sexual Nudity (depictions of sexual organs in a state of arousal)
- "Obscene" References to Sexual Activities (involving anal, oral, or vaginal intercourse; fingering, anilingus, or ejaculation)

NC-17+

Movie Rating Equivalent

5

- Explicit References to **Aberrant Sexual Activities** (sexual assault/battery, bestiality, or sadomasochistic abuse)

DEFINITIONS

Aberrant: deviant

Drug/Alcohol Abuse: the habitual use of illicit drugs/alcohol

Excess: exceeding a reasonable limit; extreme in frequency, intensity or severity.

Explicit Violence: Realistic depictions of physical conflict. May involve extreme and/or realistic depictions of human injury/death involving blood, gore Depictions of blood or the mutilation of body part

Gore: Depictions of blood or the mutilation of body part

Mild: low frequency, intensity or severity.

Moderate: reasonable limit; not extreme in frequency, intensity or severity.

Nudity : Depiction of human male or female genitals, pubic area, or of a female breast without a covering of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple, or of male genitals in a turgid state.

Obscene: material "the average person, applying contemporary community standards," would judge as appealing primarily to prurient interests; (2) "the work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law"; and (3) the work "lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value."

Patently Offensive: so offensive on its face as to affront current community standards of decency.

Prurient: having or encouraging an excessive interest in sexual matters.

Violence: behavior involving physical force intended to hurt, damage, or kill someone or something.

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.



Concerns

This book has numerous excerpts regarding explicit rape, child abuse, violence, incest and profanity.

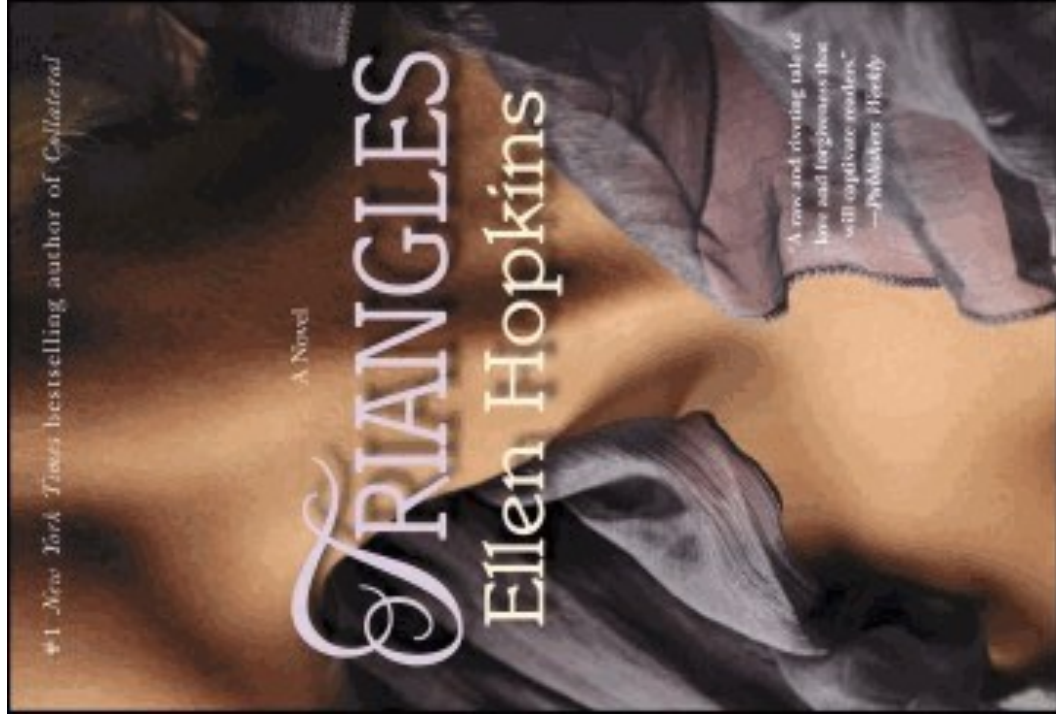
P U S H

“...Hurt. Now again. I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, “Big Mama your pussy is popping!” I hate myself when I feel good.”

Page 99

| | |
|--|--|
| Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still | grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big |
| he sex me up. I nawshus in my | Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I |
| stomach but hot tight in my twat | wanna say I DON"T. I wanna say I'm |
| and I think I want it back, the smell | a chile. But my pussy popping like |
| of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap | grease in frying pan. He slam in me |
| my face till it sting and my ears sing | again. His dick soft. He start sucking |
| separate songs from each other, call | my tittie. |
| me names, pump my pussy in out in | ...Then my body take me over again, |
| out in out awww I come. He bite me | like shocks after earthquake, shiver |
| hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his | me, I come again. My body nto |
| hips into me HARD. I scream pain he | mine, I hate it coming. |
| come. He slap my thighs like | Afterward I go bafrroom. I smear shit |
| cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. | on my face. |
| Orgasm in me, his body shaking, | |

By Sapphire



TRIANGLES

By Ellen Hopkins

Concerns

This book has sexually explicit excerpts including sadomasochism and commentary involving adults and minors.

40 | Page

“

...short denim skirt, he finds nothing but skin and hot, wet pulsing. His fingers start there, work their way inside. My body screams for orgasm, but not like that. “Fuck me, “ I beg. His eyes, feral, meet mine. He smiles, props me up on his knee. Unzips his fine silk trousers, brings the swollen knob of his cock just outside my thrumming slit. Stops. “Say please.”

Page 310

Have you ever been tied up? It is the most intense experience in my life, and when I get home I'm glad the house is fast asleep, so it can go into my journal. Oil of Cloves. To offer up every slender thread of control is frightening. Exhilarating. I am naked when he lays me, trembling, on the bed. "I won't hurt you. Not if you're very good." He uses my stockings. One for my hands, which he crosses at the wrists, stretching them over my head. The other he wraps around my eyes. I'm swimming in a dark sea where something unseen waits for me. "Don't move." It's hard to comply when his teeth rake my neck in a vampire style kiss, lower to my nipples. His bite is half brilliant hurt, half surreal pleasure. The scent, lifting from his hair, is spice. Cloves, I think. It's sharp, sexy as hell. "Open your legs." His face dives between them, and his mouth claims what he finds there. And when he says, "You can come now," I am beyond ready. "Now that you're wet, I'm going to do something I've always wanted to." He slips one finger inside me. Two. Three. At four, the pressure becomes terrific. But when I squirm, he gives my arms a warning tug. "No. Hold still." I do and he works his entire hand into that narrow place. And over the flashing silver pain, I shudder orgasm. "That's my girl." I wish I could see his rigid cock, fevered, and poised to push inside me. One wicked thrust and I come again. And again. And now, so does he.

TRICKS

By Ellen Hopkins



Concerns

This book contains numerous sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. There are also excerpts containing explicit child rape and abuse; illegal drug use; violence; underage alcohol consumption; and prostitution of adults and minors.

"Get the fuck away from me."

...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength.

You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the

guy to give it that way No extra charge.

The words burn into my ear. "What? What the fuck did you say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge.

Already paid two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well make it very good.

He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat.

Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor.

As promised, he is rough. Biting.

Pounding. Shredding. Ripping.

"Please?" The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me. And then, despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud. Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you.

I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother
And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting...

- Page 323

You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS

"Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. **I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull.** "Holy crap, dude, I don't know..."

"What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant,

trying not to choke on his thrusts against my throat.

...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out.

The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is.

No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach.

...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me.

...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do.

...An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers.

through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear?

Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain... Pressure. Pressure, deep.

Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.

...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.

- Page 524

CONCERNS

This book has excessive profanity and sexually explicit excerpts.

JESSE ANDREWS



THE HATERS

BY JESSE ANDREWS

Page 265

...She straddled me and pulled her top off and her breasts flopped out and I heard them more than saw them. She reached behind herself and kind of carefully took my not hard dick into one and pretty soon I couldn't really think about anything else and pretty soon after that I was hard and she took her hand away and I heard her opening some little crinkly package and I felt her put the cool plasticky middle of the condom snugly on the front of my dick like she was shrink wrapping it and I felt her fingernails through the plastic like the legs of a crab fingernailing their way down my dick and she rose up a little and adjusted her panties and breathed harder and opened her mouth... The moment she put me inside her I came. I mean the exact moment. FUCK, I said, and I curled up around her like a snail, and kept coming about a hundred times, and I said fuckfuckfuck, until she said sssshhhhh, and pushed me back down onto my back and just lay on top of me.

Page 206

Then she reached over and grabbed my dick. I mean, she couldn't really get a handle on it, because it was in my pants and stuff. She more or less just grabbed a random handful of my crotch, and gave it a little squeeze, and let go, and the world as I knew it basically exploded.

Page 305

thanks dickhead
...corey, can we talk oral sex technique a little...you gotta slow it down and I mean way down...just really simplify what you're doin. In general try to make circles with your tongue...got it, got it
...and no matter what happens, you need to be out of there after five minutes, good or bad...there's nothing worse than knowing a guy is trying to get you to come, like he thinks your cooz is candy crush and he's trying to get three stars or some shit...wes you didn't go down on me but I think you'd be even worse at it...you'd just sit there completely still with your mouth open and hope that I would start fucking your face and you wouldn't have to do anything
...I listened to him have sex for more than an hour. He basically just lets himself be a sex prop...no no here's wes going down on you: lick lick lick.... "all right all right all right" ...his finishing move is making a spaceship noise into your cooz and then asking you if he's getting an A

CONCERNS

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors; sexual assault; underage drinking and illegal drug use.

TILT

BY ELLEN HOPKINS

Page 396

His spare hand lands on my exposed thigh, starts to creep. I leave it there, but say, "Not here. I think the neighbors are spies." ...Okay. Let's go someplace private. ...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I... I have my period." ...He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do.

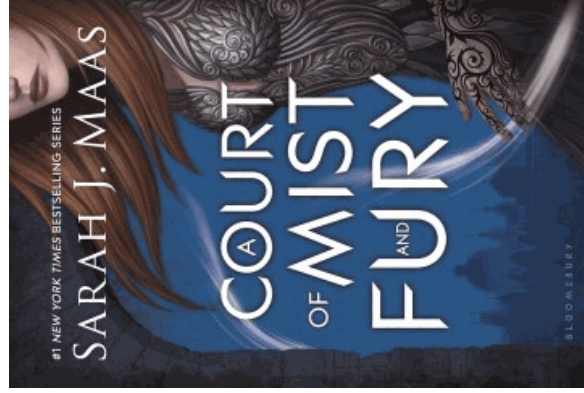
Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes.

Page 423

Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next. ...I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC. ...I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. ...I look at the photo I sent him. ...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. ...Suddenly, my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING. ...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone—the source of the building throb. ...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. ...Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash— and a bolt of understanding. ...if there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.

A COURT OF MIST AND FURY

By Sarah J. Maas



He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth.
...He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion.

...But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple.

...He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button.

"Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.

I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him.

...he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table.

...The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire.

I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast.

He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely.

A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when

his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the world

that I was very near to falling off.

He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as

his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked,

his teeth scraping ever so slightly---I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving.... But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table.

I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor.

...I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness.

Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me,...

...Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch.

...Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused.

...I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me.

...Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow.

...Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine.

Again—faster, deeper this time.

...With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger.

...I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you."

Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end.

...Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt.

CONCERNS

This book has profanity, sexually explicit excerpts involving minors with adults and underage drinking.

"Slow and dripping, tragic and brilliant, *Infandous* is both about a girl trapped within her own dark fantasy and the most fantastic that all girls are trapped inside."
—Stephan Lee, *Morris Award-winning author of Churn & Struggle*

Infandous

A NOVEL

ELANA K. ARNOLD

INFANDOUS

BY ELANA K. ARNOLD

Page 54

...I did go back with him to his hotel, and not just to reclaim my surfboard. I did allow him to kiss me, across my neck and down my shoulder. I did stand still as he slid my jeans down around my feet, as he pulled the strings that held on my bikini.

"I've been wanting to do this all day," he murmured as the bows came undone, first the one across my back and then the other, behind my neck.

...And when he laid me on the bed, the soft white duvet pluming up around me like a cloud, I wanted to be there.

...I was a flower and I opened, I softened, and I ripened and warmed. I felt, I thought, like a woman rather than a girl, and as he found his way inside me, I wondered- fleetingly- if this was what sex was like for my mother.

1

Page 75

Fuck it.

I drink the vodka, and I pour us each another.

...Maybe inspired by Sal's lesbo porn comment, Darrin throws this gross DVD into the Xbox, and the moans and groans augment the party's sound track. I do my best to ignore the hard jiggling boobs and condom-sheathed cock...

2

Page 149

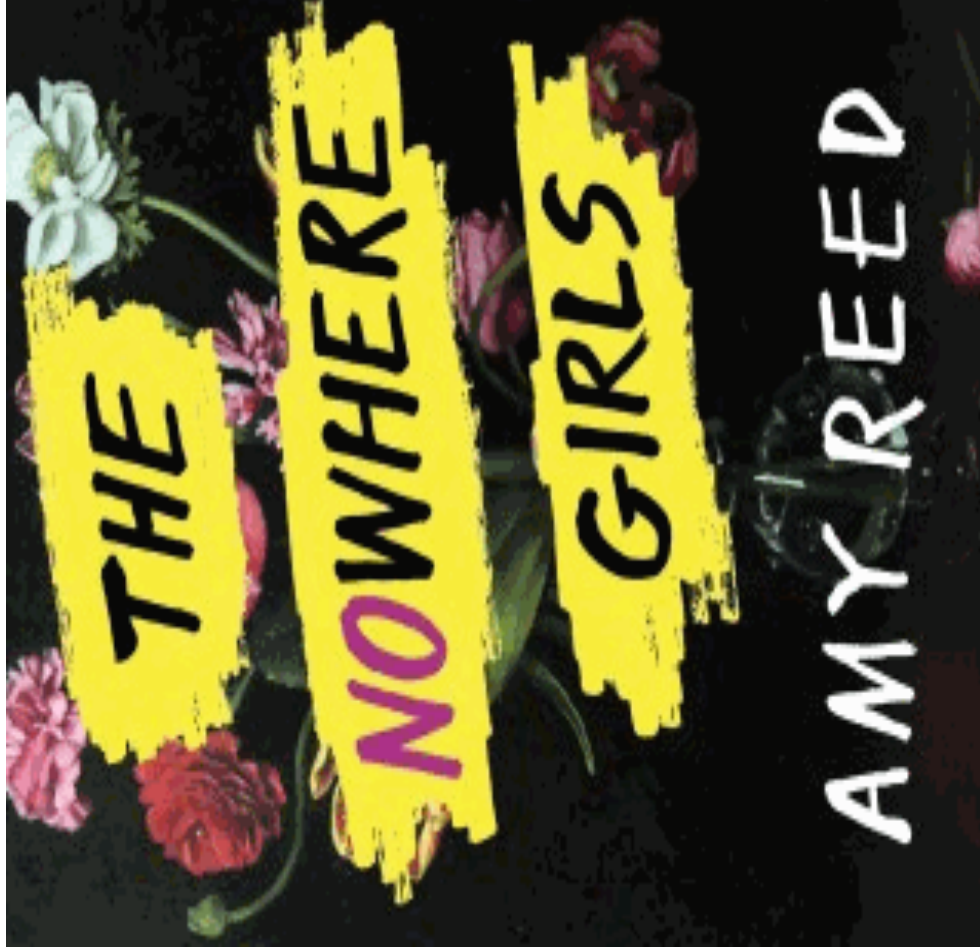
I see the whole situation again, from Jordan's mom's point of view: ...when she pushes open the door she finds her baby son between the legs of this female, this woman, her coppery hair shimmering like flames engulfing them both, the scent of her in the humid air.

Or maybe she found him kneeling as if in prayer, face buried deep in the ocean of my mother.

3

THE NOWHERE GIRLS

BY AMY REED



Concerns

This book has several excerpts involving explicit sex and rape of minors as well as underage drinking and excessive profanity.

62 | Page

I'm fifteen and I'm about to make out with one of the most popular seniors in school. ...I'm not even sure he knows my name even though his body is so heavy on top of mine and I can't move I can't breathe I don't want this I don't want this anymore I want to push but my wrists are pinned down and my pants are off and it's too late it's too late to say no. Her last solid memory is pain.

...Then brief gasps for air, tiny moments, bright flashes in the darkness...Hands. Bed. Pain. Fear. ...Stillness. A heavy blanket of flesh, unmoving. She lets herself hope it is over...Then movement. His voice: "Did you lock the door?" ...Another voice: "Yeah. No one's coming." ...His voice: "You ready, Ennis?" Or are you going to be a pussy? ...Another voice. She knows this voice. Everybody knows Eric Jordan's voice. "Fuck Ennis. It's my turn." ...A rhyme for children: One, two, three: How many can there be?...A thought: I'm going to die...Rocking, thrashing, a violent seal Then more. So much more. More than can possibly be imagined...A voice: "Turn on the lights, man. I want to see her." ...A hand on her mouth, shoving her voice back inside. She sees nothing...A voice: "Fuck, she's puking." A voice: "Just turn her over." ...It is morning and she is only mostly gone. Her hair is caked with puke. She hurts all over. She hurts inside. The floor is littered with crumpled clothes and half a dozen used condoms.

3. Midtwenties hippie chick with big tits. Didn't realize she had hairy armpits until it was too late. Her wildness in bed made up for it. Would consider adding her to my long-term harem if she agreed to shave and wash her hair more often.
4. Seventeen-year-old slut I knew from high school. Hot body, but too insecure to be high value. ..she was all over me at a bar, I didn't even have to throw any game. Okay sex, but a little too eager to please. She's still pretty hot
- now, but I can tell this one's on her way to becoming a fifty-year-old barfly.
6. Nineteen-year-old skinny, lazy stoner. Loved to fuck all night. Was part of my harem for a couple of months. Ended up in the hospital for a few days with some kind of infection, asked me to visit her. Fucked her in the bathroom when she was high on painkillers. Too doped up to say much, but whatever.

- Page 78

Concerns:

The book gives an exciting portrayal of meth use (crank), marijuana use, tobacco smoking, and underage alcohol use which gives a positive, electrifying spin on illegal drug use. There are also sexually explicit excerpts including a rape and attempted rape. Additionally, there is a teen pregnancy and commentary on the physical ease of and access to abortion without parental knowledge.

The New York Times bestseller

CRANK

Ellen Hopkins

March 2022

CRANK

Page 341

BY ELLEN HOPKINS

It started with a kiss crank-rewed, pistons firing full bore, passion firecrackered in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button.

Oh, baby. I want you so bad!

"B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed, but it wasn't alright. Not for long.

My shirt tore open. "Wait."

I've waited for weeks. Put up and shut up. Kisses segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body. "Brendan, please stop."

No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream."

Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes.

Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside.

There it is.

Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff.

You weren't lying, you bitch!

I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish.

Give me a line, I'll give you an encore.

He pulled away sticky and bloody. Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move, didn't dare look him in the eye.

Page 96

Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you. Sweetest coercion. Let me eat you up. Skin to skin, belly to shoulder. Sweet as puddin'. It was body rush after body rush, intensity building. Touch me there. Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition. See how much I need you? Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door.

No! Don't stop now! ...I've got to have all of you. It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.

Page 113-14

Yo, I think this bitch has been cranked.

That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked. Ever done a three-fer? Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground.

No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain.

List 2

Do our ratings match?

1st Set

5/5 Rating

Triangles
Tricks
Push

4/5 Rating

The Haters
Tilt
A Court of Mist and Fury
Infamous
The Nowhere Girls
Crank

2nd Set

5/5 Rating

Sold
This Book is Gay
Lucky
Red Hood

4/5 Rating

What Girls are Made of
Damsel
Forever...

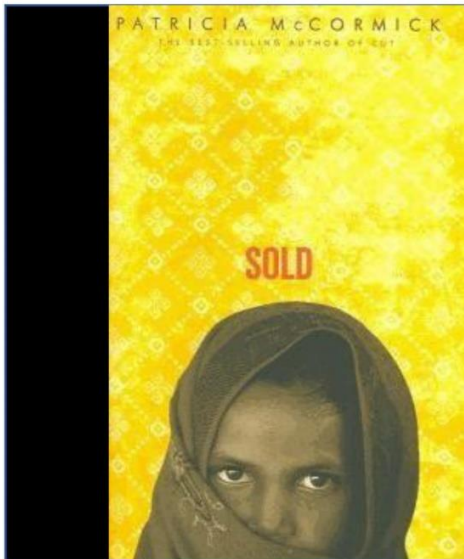
3/5 Rating

Monday's Not Coming
Not My Problem
This One Summer

Sold

march 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts including assault and rape of minors.



“ In between, men come.
They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open.
Then they disappear.
I cannot tell which of the things they do to me are real, and
which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare.
Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.”

- Page 123

By Patricia McCormick

Page 102

Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. He teeth dig into my lower lip. Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might. He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move. ...I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast... He unbuckles his belt...The fish-lips man removes my dress. ...Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me. With a sudden thrust I am torn in two. "Oh, yes," he says, panting. "Habib is good in bed."

Page 120

I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don't know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally, I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing. Habib rolls off me. Then I understand: I was the person crying.

This Book is Gay

March 2022

This book has detailed excerpts of sexual acts and practices inappropriate for minors.



“ Gay men have slightly longer and thicker winkies. Excellent. The amygdala of gay men is more responsive to porn than those of straight me. So we have bigger dicks and we're hornier.

Jus' sayin' . “

- Page 41

By Juno Dawson

Page 171

Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware of which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide. The lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait. Nipples: A lot of guys like having their nipples played with- they are mega sensitive. Testicles: Also to be treated with loving care. Bum: Up you bum you have a prostate gland which feels nice when massaged. The anus is also sensitive and responds to being played with. Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked. Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed. Penis: If you are a guy, you'll already know that even a gentle breeze can be enough to inspire a stiffy in this super-sensitive organ. But keep in mind that sex doesn't begin and end with your dick. Be creative." The illustration on this page depicts a cartoonish man in full-frontal pose completely nude with arrows pointing to each area described in the above citation.

Page 173

Two men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways.

1. Handies:...the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way getting himself off. ...Something they don't teach you in school is that, in order to be able to cum at all, you or your partner may need to finish off with a handie. A lot of people find it hard to cum through other types of sex.

...A GOOD HANDIE is all about the wrist action. Rub the head of his cock back and forth with your hand. Try different speeds and pressures until he responds positively....Finally, my misunderstanding about rubbing two peens together wasn't far off the mark- rubbing them together in one hand feels awesome...

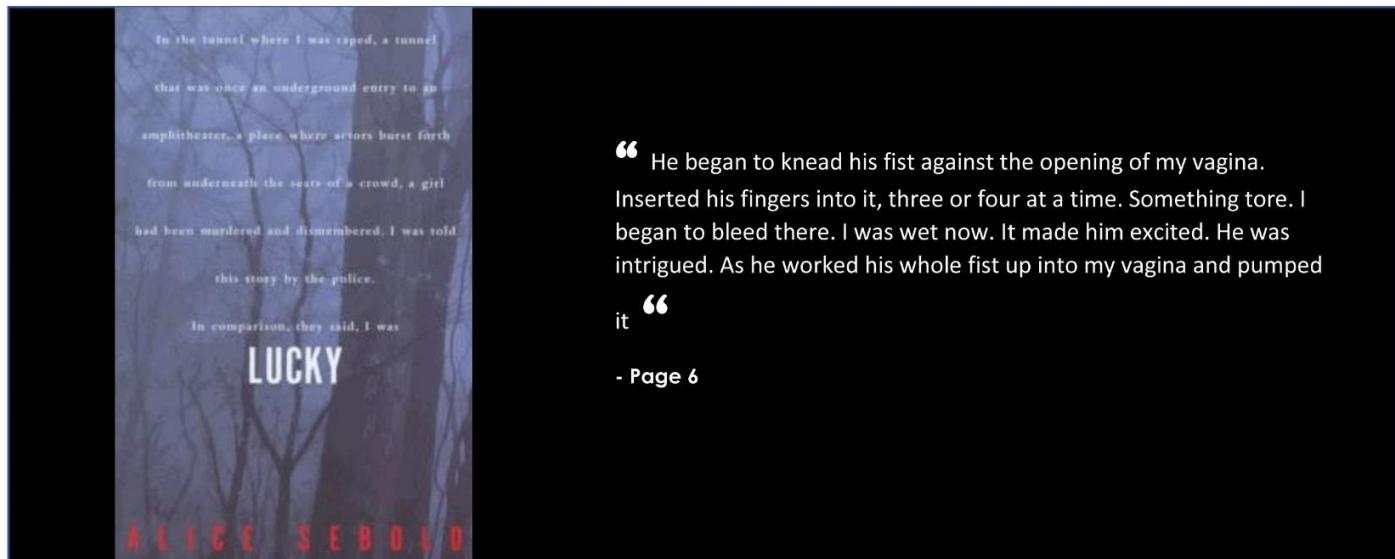
...2. Blowis: Oral sex is popping another dude's peen in your mouth, or, indeed, popping yours in his...

As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways.... it's more about sucking...It's more about sliding your mouth up and down the shaft of his cock.

Lucky

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts and rape inappropriate for minors.



“ He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now. It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it “

- Page 6

By Alice Sebold

Page 9

He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind.

He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said.

"Spread them."

I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold.

"Keep them there," he said.

He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue.

Tears came out of the corners of my eyes and rolled down either cheek.

Page 11

He kicked me and I curled into a ball.

"I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand.

"...I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin."

"Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said.

"Like a straw?" I said.

"Yeah, like a straw."

I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard.

"Not like that," he said and brought my head away.

"Don't you know how to suck a dick?"

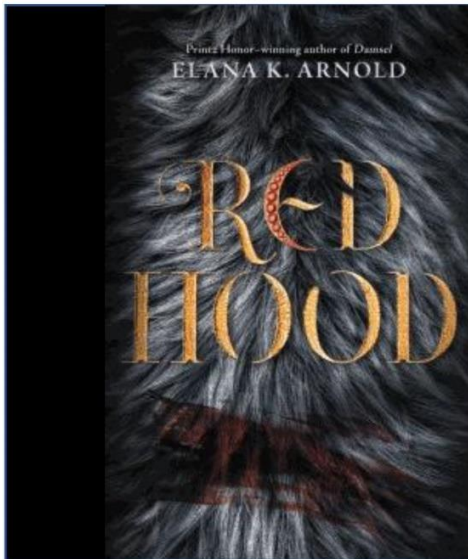
"No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before."

"Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin

Red Hood

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts with minors.



“ ...he’s found his way there, a hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them...

...as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart

...the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure rising, oh, that is not familiar, that is new, brand-new. You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive... and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails...

James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he’s crouched between your thighs, and he smiles, and you see his face in the moonbeam that pours through the strip of window you’ve wiped clean, and at first you don’t know what you’re seeing, you don’t

what to make of the redness on his chin.”

By Elana K. Arnold

Page 10

There is the nub of your clitoris, and again you push away the memory of what James did last night with his tongue. With your right hand, you pull apart the lips of your vagina, and with your left, you angle the tampon toward its opening. You are slick with blood, and so the tampon slips in easily. You push until you’re knuckle-deep in your own body, the first time you’ve touched yourself like this- though you have rubbed your clitoris and touched the outside, you’ve never put your fingers inside...

It’s warm in there, almost hot. It feels like what it is- a muscular tube, made of flesh

Page 105

...the tight black curls of his pubic hair surrounding his erection. It’s wet-tipped and urgent, and you stroke it with your fingers.

...find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina.

It feels thick there, sort of scary, and there is a moment when you wonder how on earth it will fit inside, but James doesn’t rush you, and you lower yourself onto him, his hands gentle on your hips, not trying to tell you what to do. His eyes are closed, his head is back, and you look at him through the soft curtain of your hair as you sink all the way down, as you feel a tear deep inside you, painful but not terrible, as you feel yourself full of him, of James.

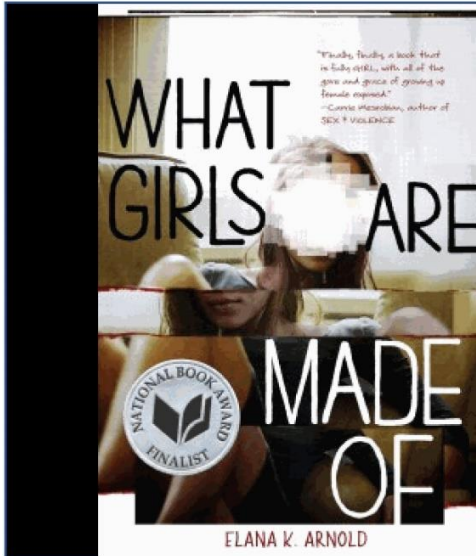
And then you move, careful and slow, your hands on his chest, his on your hips, your thighs, and it’s not long before his face tightens up, he makes a low groan, and he shivers beneath you.

You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften.

What Girls are Made of

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts inappropriate for minors.



“ Instead I flick the vibrator’s switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I’m overcome and lost in it. When the crest of it passes, I don’t turn off the vibrator, I don’t take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I’ve come and how many ways I’ve lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before...”

- Page 68

By Elana K. Arnold

Page 34

Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground.

My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard...and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together.

He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don’t move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it.

It’s clear from his face when he’s close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, “Okay?”

“Okay,” I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don’t, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.

“Fuck,” he says, collapsing against me.

Page 67

...and don’t restart the vibrator until it’s muffled underneath the blankets.

...I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it’s apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it....My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently...It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth’s tongue.

It’s remembering Seth’s tongue that pushes me into the first orgasm, the sweet way he’d press it just there, right where I’m holding the rubber tip of the vibrator, the anxious, ineffective, hopeful lapping of his tongue. And I squeeze my eyes shut and my hips buck up against the vibrator, and my neck gets tight and my toes are stuck in a weird curled spasm, and I can’t tell and don’t care which way is up and which way is down.... I’m hearing the buzz of the tool in my hand, and every part of me vibrates in a way that makes me forget my name, and I don’t care I don’t care I don’t care, just as long as this feeling persists...I’m lost in the vibration of my coming...and my legs spread into butterfly pose then and fold up like wings. that pleasure.

Damsel

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts including sexual assault.



“ ... he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama’s fingers to the shaft of him. A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama’s fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama’s hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama’s fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama’s hands, still encased in Emory’s. ... When Emory’s breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama’s hands, which were still wrapped around the king’s yard, now softening and shrinking.

Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him.”

- Page 284

By Elana K. Arnold

Page 107

...her lips, pressed into Emory’s teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest... His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled.

...and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened...

...Emory’s hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.

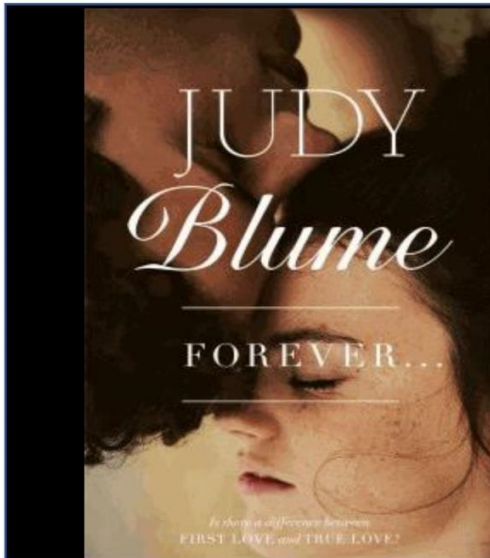
Page 161

She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory’s hands and body.

Forever...

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts with minors.



“ ... I straddled him, helping Ralph find the right angle, and when he was inside me I moved slowly- up, down and around- up, down and around- until I couldn't control myself anymore. “Oh God...oh, Michael...now...now” And then I came. I came before he did. But I kept moving until he groaned and as he finished I came again, not caring about anything- anything but how good it felt .”

- Page 174

By Judy Blume

Page 77

He rolled over on top of me and we moved together again and again and it felt so good I didn't ever want to stop- until I came.

...He led my hand to his penis. “Katherine...I'd like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She's a very good friend of mine.”

... When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn't let go of Ralph.

Page 139

His hair down there is almost the color as on his head, but curlier. Mine is very dark, much darker than on my head. “Hello Ralph...” I said, kneeling in front of Michael. Ralph was small and soft and just hung there. ...as we kissed Ralph grew bigger and hard. I undressed myself, while Michael watched. Ralph stuck straight out, as if he was watching too. We had love on the bathroom rug, but just when I was getting really excited, Michael came.

... when we woke up Ralph was hard again. This time Michael made it last much longer and I got so carried away I grabbed his backside with both hands, trying to push him deeper and deeper into me- and I spread my legs as far apart as I could- and I raised my hips off the bed- and I moved with him, again and again and again- and at last, I came. I came right before Michael and as I did I made noises, just like my mother. Michael did too.

Monday's Not Coming

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts and graphic violence inappropriate for minors.



“ I tiptoed toward the door, peering through the window at the boy- his pants around his ankles- squeezed between April's straddled legs as she lay on top of a teacher's desk. “

- Page 246

By Tiffany D. Jackson

Page 194

"Cause in that PICTURE, look like Monday was the one licking your box."

All the rage, all the pent-up emotions of the last few months, erupted at the mention of "the picture." I pulled back a fist and went to strike her but only hit air as she dodged my pathetic blow. Shayla shoved me so hard I went flying, hitting my head on the stall door and falling to the floor. The room spun. I tried to stand back up but she yanked me by the hair and dragged me.

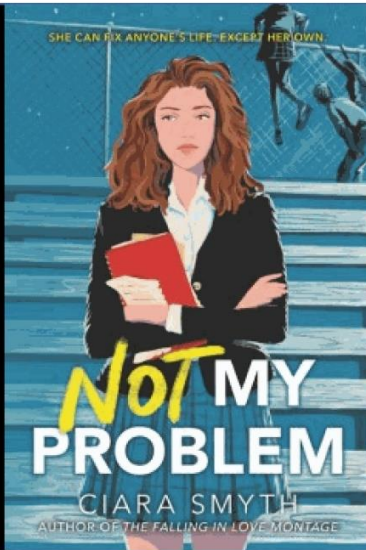
Page 430

I came home early from babysitting and see her coming out of some car, in these tight-ass little shorts, talking fast, telling me she's about to leave me. I grabbed her by the neck and started punching her. She wanted to be all big and bad, trying to face me like a grown-ass woman, she gonna get beat like a grown woman. She started screaming, cursing at me and carrying on. "I threw her in the closet for a couple of days. She kept on screaming, begging to be let out, begging for water. Every time she made too much noise I'd walk in and kick her. That last time...she wouldn't get up. I don't know how she got in that freezer. I didn't put her there. I would've let her rot in that closet.

Not My Problem

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts and violence inappropriate for minors.



“ Everyone would think I was class and then I’d like “Have you met my wife, Kristen Stewart? We’re flying on a private jet to Maui tonight to have lots of sex and lip biting. Fuckity bye, assholes.”

- Page 13

By Ciara Smyth

Page 18

There’s loads of things that are salty but you don’t go round liking them all.

“Like what?”

I scrambled to think of something.

“Um...ROAD SALT,” I finally said triumphantly. “SAND.”

“A sweaty armpit,” she said.

“A dick.”

“Oh my God, Aideen. Gross.”

Page 149

Sure, I’d had to answer some embarrassing questions at the chemist.

“Have you had unprotected sex in the last seventy-two hours?”

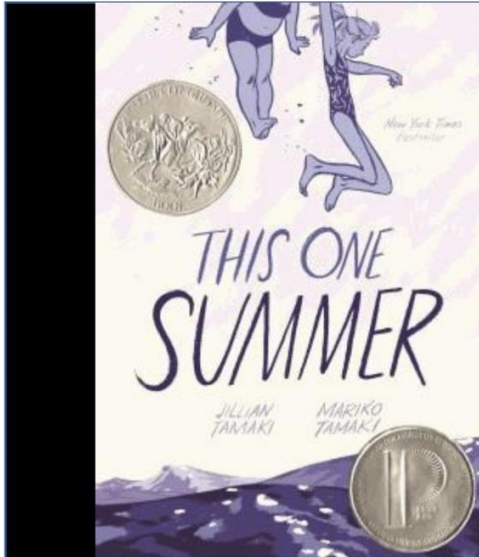
“Yep. With a boy. And his bare penis. My bad.”

But that was fine.

This One Summer

March 2022

This book has excerpts involving underage sex and drinking.



“ One of the three girls says, “BLOW JOB. Like they don’t know what a blow job is.”

The next image depicts bushes with a “shout” bubble which reads, “It’s ORAL SEX kids!”

The next image depicts the two young girls. One of them is reading a DVD in her hand as she says, “OH MY GOD. They TOTALLY weren’t expecting us to rent this, right? It’s like X-rated!”

The other girl says, “Hello? That’s PORN. Porn is X. Violence and all that other stuff is R.”

- Page 61

By Mariko Tamaki

Page 40

“Since when do you get to call me a SLUT, ASSHOLE?”, one of the girls asks the young man.

The man replies, “Uh. Since when am an ASSHOLE, slut?”



Page

A teenage girl smoking a cigarette says, “Hey, Sarah, was it you who said that sperm can live for like, three weeks in your stom-“

The same girl turns around and says “OH SHIT!”

The next illustration depicts two young girls walking into a house behind the teenage girls. One of the teenage girls says, “Like I would say that! Fuckin’ gross.”



Pico Analysis

1. **3-Judge Plurality Decision.** The *Island Trees v. Pico* decision regarding First Amendment application to K-12 materials, and the distinction of library materials as special, constituted the decision of only three judges. Six judges did not join that part of the decision, yet it is being treated as binding authority on decisions to remove offensive materials from K-12 schools.
 - a. This case involved a decision that there were issues of material fact regarding how and why the school board removed certain books which precluded a grant of summary judgment at the trial court level.
 - b. Only three judges took the further step of adding dicta that removing these books violated a First Amendment right to freedom of expression to have specific content available in a K-12 school library.
2. **Selection of content in K-12 Schools is not a suppression of First Amendment Freedom of Expression.** There exists no right to have certain materials available in K-12 schools. The selection of certain materials over other materials is not a First Amendment suppression of Free Speech. K-12 schools make many decisions to limit content, which courses to teach and not teach, which books to purchase or not, etc. There is no suggestion that K-12 schools have to purchase any particular book.
3. **Education is exclusively reserved to the states in the Constitution.** In the many subjective decisions over course content, federal courts have inserted themselves in place of the most local and most accountable decision making of our democratic republic, the local school board.
 - a. This is a classic federalism matter that left immediately unaddressed evolves into de facto federal jurisdiction over the most basic decisions of school content and administration.
 - i. **“public education in our Nation is committed to the control of state and local authorities and federal courts should not ordinarily intervene** in the resolution of conflicts which arise in the daily operation of school systems.” (P.27)
 - ii. **“public schools are vitally important in the preparation of individuals for participation as citizens, and as vehicles for inculcating fundamental values** necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system.” (P.27)
 - iii. **“We are therefore in full agreement with petitioners that local school boards must be permitted to establish and apply their curriculum in such a way as to transmit community values,** and that there is a **legitimate and substantial community interest in promoting respect for authority and traditional values** be they social, moral, or political.” (P.27)
 - iv. **“students do not shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate.”** (P. 30)
 - b.
4. **A First Amendment Right to freedom of expression does not mean a right to have all books available in a K-12 school, certainly not books that violate criminal standards of pornography.**

5.

6. Brennan, Marshall and Stevens Plurality

a. II.A only joined by the three justices

- i. **“public education in our Nation is committed to the control of state and local authorities and federal courts should not ordinarily intervene** in the resolution of conflicts which arise in the daily operation of school systems.” (P.27)
- ii. “we have repeatedly emphasized the **comprehensive authority of the States and of the school officials** to prescribe and control conduct in the schools.” (P.27)
- iii. “public schools are **vitaly important in the preparation of individuals for participation as citizens, and as vehicles for inculcating fundamental values** necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system.” (P.27)
- iv. “We are therefore in full agreement with petitioners that **local school boards must be permitted to establish and apply their curriculum in such a way as to transmit community values**, and that there is a **legitimate and substantial community interest in promoting respect for authority and traditional values** be they social, moral, or political.” (P.27)
- v. “students do not shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate.” (P. 30)
- vi. “Tinker held that **students’ rights to freedom of expression of their political views could not be abridged** by reliance upon undifferentiated fear or apprehension of disturbance arising from such expression.” (P. 33)
- vii. “In short, First Amendment rights, **applied in light of the special characteristics of the school environment**, are available to students.” (P. 35)
- viii. “Of course, courts should not intervene in the resolution of conflicts which arise in the daily operation of school systems unless basic constitutional values are directly and sharply implicated in those conflicts.” (P. 36)
- ix. “we have recognized that “the State may not, consistently with the spirit of the **First Amendment**, contract the spectrum of available knowledge.” *Griswold v. Connecticut*, [381 U.S. 479, 482](#), 85 S.Ct. 1678, 1680, 14 L.Ed.2d 510 (1965)” (Griswold held that the right of privacy prohibits States from forbidding the use of contraceptives.)
- x. “we have held that in a variety of contexts “the Constitution protects the right to receive information and ideas.” *Stanley v. Georgia*, [394 U.S. 557, 564](#), 89 S.Ct. 1243, 1247, 22 L.Ed.2d 542 (1969)” (**the “right to receive information and ideas,”** *Stanley v. Georgia*, held that the **First Amendment** prohibits States from making the private possession of obscene material a crime.” P.87)
- xi. “The dissemination of ideas can accomplish nothing if otherwise willing addressees are not free to receive and consider them. It would be a barren marketplace of ideas that had only sellers and no buyers.” *Lamont*

v. Postmaster General, [381 U.S. 301, 308](#), 85 S.Ct. 1493, 1497, 14 L.Ed.2d 398 (1965)” (P. 36) (Lamont required persons receiving Communist propaganda in the mails affirmatively to state their desire to receive such mailings.)

- xii. “Petitioners emphasize the inculcative function of secondary education, and argue that they must be allowed *unfettered* discretion to “transmit community values” through the Island Trees schools. ...Petitioners might well defend their claim of absolute discretion in matters of *curriculum* by reliance upon their duty to inculcate community values. But we think that petitioners' reliance upon that duty is misplaced where, as here, they attempt to extend their claim of absolute discretion beyond the compulsory environment of the classroom, into **the school library and the regime of voluntary inquiry that there holds sway.**” (P44) (“**no restraints of any kind are placed on the students.** They are free to read the books in question, which are available at public libraries and bookstores; they are free to discuss them in the classroom or elsewhere. Despite this absence of any direct external control on the students' ability to express themselves, the plurality suggests that there is a new [First Amendment](#) “entitlement” to have access to particular books in a school library.” (P.83)
- xiii. “Petitioners rightly possess significant discretion to determine the content of their school libraries. But that **discretion may not be exercised in a narrowly partisan or political manner.**” (P. 49)
- xiv. “an unconstitutional motivation would *not* be demonstrated if it were shown that petitioners had decided to **remove the books at issue because those books were pervasively vulgar.** Tr. of Oral Arg. 36. And again, respondents concede that if it were demonstrated that the **removal decision was based solely upon the “educational suitability” of the books in question, then their removal would be “perfectly permissible.”** *Id.*, at 53. In other words, in respondents' view such motivations, if decisive of petitioners' actions, would not carry the danger of an official suppression of ideas, and thus would not violate respondents' [First Amendment](#) rights.” (P. 49)
- xv. “Because we are concerned in this case with the suppression of ideas, **our holding today affects only the discretion to remove books.** In brief, we hold that local **school boards may not remove books from school library shelves simply because they dislike the ideas contained** in those books and seek by their removal to “prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion.” *West Virginia Board of Education v. Barnette*, [319 U.S., at 642, 63](#) S.Ct., at 1187. Such purposes stand inescapably condemned by our precedents.” (P. 50)
- xvi. “This would be a very different case if the record demonstrated that petitioners had employed established, regular, and facially unbiased procedures for the review of controversial materials. But the actual record in the case before us suggests the exact opposite. Petitioners'

removal procedures were vigorously challenged below by respondents, and the evidence on this issue sheds further light on the issue of petitioners' motivations." (P. 53)

- xvii. "some of the evidence before the District Court might lead a finder of fact to accept petitioners' claim that their removal decision was based upon constitutionally valid concerns. But that **evidence at most creates a genuine issue of material fact on the critical question of the credibility of petitioners' justifications for their decision**: On that issue, it simply cannot be said that there is no genuine issue as to any material fact." (P. 54)

b. Justice Blackmun

- i. "none of these cases define the limits of a school board's authority to choose a curriculum and academic materials" (P. 60)
- ii. "the [First Amendment](#) therefore "does not tolerate laws that cast a pall of orthodoxy over the classroom." (P. 61)
- iii. **"I do not believe, as the plurality suggests, that the right at issue here is somehow associated with the peculiar nature of the school library"** (P. 63)
- iv. "our precedents command the conclusion that the State may not act to deny access to an idea simply because state officials disapprove of that idea for partisan or political reasons." (P. 63)
- v. **"the question in this case is how to make the delicate accommodation between the limited constitutional restriction that I think is imposed by the [First Amendment](#), and the necessarily broad state authority to regulate education**. In starker terms, we must reconcile the schools' "inculcative" function with the [First Amendment](#)'s bar on "prescriptions of orthodoxy." (P. 64)
- vi. "As I view it, this is a narrow principle. **School officials must be able to choose one book over another, without outside interference, when the first book is deemed more relevant to the curriculum**, or better written, or when one of a host of other politically neutral reasons is present. **These decisions obviously will not implicate [First Amendment](#) values**. And even absent space or financial limitations, **[First Amendment](#) principles would allow a school board to refuse to make a book available to students because it contains offensive language**, cf. *FCC v. Pacifica Foundation*, [438 U.S. 726, 757](#), 98 S.Ct. 3026, 3044, 57 L.Ed.2d 1073 (1978) (POWELL, J., concurring), or because it is psychologically or intellectually inappropriate for the age group, or even, perhaps, because the ideas it advances are "manifestly inimical to the public welfare." *Pierce v. Society of Sisters*, [268 U.S. 510, 534](#), 45 S.Ct. 571, 573, 69 L.Ed. 1070 (1925). And, **of course, school officials may choose one book over another because they believe that one subject is more important, or is more deserving of emphasis.**" (P. 66)
- vii. "I believe that **tying the [First Amendment](#) right to the purposeful suppression of ideas** makes the concept more

manageable than Justice REHNQUIST acknowledges. Most people would recognize that refusing to allow discussion of current events in Latin class is a policy designed to "inculcate" Latin, not to suppress ideas. Similarly, removing a learned treatise criticizing American foreign policy from an elementary school library because the students would not understand it is an action unrelated to the *purpose* of suppressing ideas. In my view, however, removing the same treatise because it is "anti-American" raises a far more difficult issue." (P 67)

- viii. **"Concededly, a tension exists between the properly inculcative purposes of public education and any limitation on the school board's absolute discretion to choose academic materials.** But that tension demonstrates only that the problem here is a difficult one, not that the problem should be resolved by choosing one principle over another. As the Court has recognized, **school officials must have the authority to make educationally appropriate choices in designing a curriculum:"** (P. 69)

c. Justice White

- i. "The plurality seems compelled to go further and issue a dissertation on the extent to which the [First Amendment](#) limits the discretion of the school board to remove books from the school library. I see no necessity for doing so at this point. When findings of fact and conclusions of law are made by the District Court, that may end the case. If, for example, the District Court concludes after a trial that the books were removed for their vulgarity, there may be no appeal." (P. 74)
- ii. "It is even more important that we take a similar course in cases like *Dombrowski*, which involved Speech or Debate Clause immunity, and in this one, which poses difficult [First Amendment](#) issues in a largely uncharted field. We should not decide constitutional questions until it is necessary to do so, or at least until there is better reason to address them than are evident here." (P. 79)

d. Chief Justice Burger, Powell, Rehnquist, O'Connor

- i. "In an attempt to deal with a problem in **an area traditionally left to the states**, a plurality of the Court, in a lavish expansion going beyond any prior holding under the [First Amendment](#), expresses **its view that a school board's decision concerning what books are to be in the school library is subject to federal-court review.** Were this to become the law, **this Court would come perilously close to becoming a "super censor" of school board library decisions.** Stripped to its essentials, the issue comes down to two important propositions: *first*, **whether local schools are to be administered by elected school boards, or by federal judges and teenage pupils;** and *second*, **whether the values of morality, good taste, and relevance to education are valid reasons for school board decisions concerning the contents of a school library.** In an attempt to place this case within the protection of the [First Amendment](#), the plurality suggests a new "right" that, when shorn of the plurality's rhetoric, allows this

Court to impose its own views about what books must be made available to students.” (P. 81)

- ii. “Here, however, **no restraints of any kind are placed on the students.** They are free to read the books in question, which are available at public libraries and bookstores; they are free to discuss them in the classroom or elsewhere. Despite this absence of any direct external control on the students' ability to express themselves, **the plurality suggests that there is a new First Amendment "entitlement" to have access to particular books in a school library.**” (P. 83)
- iii. “The plurality finds ... the previously unheard of "right" of access to particular books in the public school library.” (P. 84)
- iv. “It is true that where there is a willing distributor of materials, the government may not impose unreasonable obstacles to dissemination by the third party. ... **the plurality suggests today that if a writer has something to say, the government through its schools must be the courier.** None of the cases cited by the plurality establish this broad-based proposition.” (P. 85)
- v. “Never before today has the Court indicated that the government has an *obligation* to aid a speaker or author in reaching an audience.” (P. 86)
- vi. “the plurality concludes that "the right to receive ideas is a necessary predicate to the *recipient's* meaningful exercise of his own rights of speech, press, and political freedom." However, the "right to receive information and ideas," does not carry with it the concomitant right to have those ideas affirmatively provided at a particular place by the government.” (P. 86)
- vii. “The plurality also cites *Tinker, supra*, to establish that the recipient's right to free speech encompasses a right to have particular books retained on the school library shelf. But the cited passage of *Tinker* notes only that school officials may not *prohibit* a student from expressing his or her view on a subject unless that expression interferes with the legitimate operations of the school. **The government does not "contract the spectrum of available knowledge" by choosing not to retain certain books on the school library shelf; it simply chooses not to be the conduit for that particular information.** In short, even assuming the desirability of the policy expressed by the plurality, **there is not a hint in the First Amendment, or in any holding of this Court, of a "right" to have the government provide continuing access to certain books.**” (P. 88)
- viii. “Whatever role the government might play as a conduit of information, **schools in particular ought not be made a slavish courier of the material of third parties.** The plurality pays homage to the ancient verity that in the administration of the public schools " **'there is a legitimate and substantial community interest in promoting respect for authority and traditional values be they social, moral, or political.'** If, as we have held, **schools may legitimately be used as vehicles for "inculcating fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic**

political system," school authorities must have broad discretion to fulfill that obligation. ...How are "fundamental values" to be inculcated except

by having school boards make content-based decisions about the appropriateness of retaining materials in the school library and curriculum. In order to fulfill its function, an elected school board *must* express its views on the subjects which are taught to its students. In doing so those elected officials express the views of their community; they may err, of course, and the voters may remove them. **It is a startling erosion of the very idea of democratic government to have this Court arrogate to itself the power the plurality asserts today.**" (P. 89)

- ix. "The plurality concedes that **permissible factors are whether the books are "pervasively vulgar," or educationally unsuitable.** "Educational suitability," however, is a standardless phrase." (P. 90)
- x. "The plurality also tells us that **a book may be removed from a school library if it is "pervasively vulgar." But why must the vulgarity be "pervasive" to be offensive?** Vulgarity might be concentrated in a single poem or a single chapter or a single page, yet still be inappropriate. Or a school board might reasonably conclude that even "random" vulgarity is inappropriate for teenage school students. A school board might also reasonably conclude that the school board's retention of such books gives those volumes an implicit endorsement." (P. 91)
- xi. "**What the plurality views as valid reasons for removing a book at their core involve partisan judgments.** Ultimately the federal courts will be the judge of whether the motivation for book removal was "valid" or "reasonable." Undoubtedly **the validity of many book removals will ultimately turn on a judge's evaluation of the books. Discretion must be used, and the appropriate body to exercise that discretion is the local elected school board, not judges.**" (P. 93)
- xii. "**the people elect school boards, who in turn select administrators, who select the teachers, and these are the individuals best able to determine the substance of that policy.** The plurality fails to recognize the fact that **local control of education involves democracy in a microcosm.** In most public schools in the United States the *parents have a large voice in running the school.* Through participation in the election of school board members, ... A school board reflects its constituency in a very real sense and thus could not long exercise unchecked discretion in its choice to acquire or remove books. If the parents disagree with the educational decisions of the school board, they can take steps to remove the board members from office. (P. 94)
- xiii. "even if parents and students cannot convince the school board that book removal is inappropriate, **they have alternative sources to the same end.** Books may be acquired from bookstores, public libraries, [phones, internet] or other alternative sources unconnected with the unique environment of the local public schools." (P. 94)

- xiv. "The plurality also limits the new right by finding it **applicable only to the removal of books once acquired**. ...According to the plurality, the evil to be avoided is the "official suppression of ideas." **It does not follow that the decision to remove a book is less "official suppression" than the decision not to acquire a book** desired by someone." (P. 96)
 - xv. "the **plurality suggests that the Constitution distinguishes between school libraries and school classrooms, between removing unwanted books and acquiring books**. Even more extreme, the **plurality concludes that the Constitution requires school boards to justify to its teenage pupils the decision to remove a particular book from a school library. I categorically reject this notion that the Constitution dictates that judges, rather than parents, teachers, and local school boards, must determine how the standards of morality and vulgarity are to be treated in the classroom.**" (P. 97)
- e. Justice Powell
- i. "The plurality opinion today rejects a **basic concept of public school education in our country: that the States and locally elected school boards should have the responsibility for determining the educational policy of the public schools**. After today's decision any junior high school student, by instituting a suit against a school board or teacher, **may invite a judge to overrule an educational decision by the official body** designated by the people to operate the schools." (P. 99)
 - ii. "School boards are uniquely local and democratic institutions. ...school boards have only one responsibility: the education of the youth of our country during their most formative and impressionable years. Apart from health, no subject is closer to the hearts of parents than their children's education during those years. For these reasons, **the governance of elementary and secondary education traditionally has been placed in the hands of a local board, responsible locally to the parents and citizens of school districts**. ...parents are informed and often may influence decisions of the board. ...It is fair to say that **no single agency of government at any level is closer to the people whom it serves than the typical school board.**" (P. 100)
 - iii. "**the decision as to the educational worth of a book is a highly subjective one**. Judges rarely are as competent as school authorities to make this decision; nor are judges responsive to the parents and people of the school district." (P. 101)
 - iv. "The plurality does announce the following standard: A school board's **"discretion may not be exercised in a narrowly partisan or political manner."** But this is a **standardless standard that affords no more than subjective guidance to school boards, their counsel, and to courts** that now will be required to decide whether a particular decision was made in a "narrowly partisan or political manner." (P. 102)
 - v. "The plurality's reasoning is marked by contradiction. It **purports to acknowledge the traditional role of school boards and parents in**

deciding what should be taught in the schools. It states the truism that the schools are "vitally important 'in the **preparation of individuals for participation as citizens,**' and as vehicles for '**inculcating fundamental values** necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system.' Yet **when a school board, as in this case, takes its responsibilities seriously and seeks to decide what the fundamental values are that should be imparted, the plurality finds a constitutional violation.**" (P. 104)

f. Justice Rehnquist

- i. "[I]t cannot be gainsaid that the State has interests as an employer in regulating the speech of its employees that differ significantly from those it possesses in connection with regulation of the speech of the citizenry in general. The problem in any case is to arrive at a balance between the interests of the teacher, as a citizen, in commenting upon matters of concern and the interest of the State, as an employer, in promoting the efficiency of the public services it performs through its employees." *Pickering v. Board of Education*, [391 U.S. 563, 568](#), 88 S.Ct. 1731, 1734, 20 L.Ed.2d 811 (1968) (P. 184)
- ii. "it is helpful to assess **the role of government as educator, as compared with the role of government as sovereign.** When it acts as an educator, at least at the elementary and secondary school level, the government is engaged in inculcating social values and knowledge in relatively impressionable young people. Obviously there are **innumerable decisions to be made as to what courses should be taught, what books should be purchased, or what teachers should be employed.** In every one of these areas the members of a school board will act on the basis of their own personal or moral values, will attempt to mirror those of the community, or will abdicate the making of such decisions to so-called "experts." ... **it is "permissible and appropriate for local boards to make educational decisions based upon their personal social, political and moral views."** In the very course of administering the many-faceted operations of a school district, **the mere decision to purchase some books will necessarily preclude the possibility of purchasing others.** ... In each of these instances, however, **the book or the exposure to the subject matter may be acquired elsewhere.** The managers of **the school district are not proscribing it as to the citizenry in general,** but are simply determining that it will not be included in the curriculum or school library. In short, actions by the government as educator do not raise the same [First Amendment](#) concerns as actions by the government as sovereign." (P. 186)
- iii. "Justice BRENNAN would hold that the [First Amendment](#) gives high school and junior high school students a "**right to receive ideas**" ...**only in the library of the school, and only if the idea previously has been acquired by the school in book form.** It provides **no protection against a school board's decision not to acquire a particular book,** even though that

decision denies access to ideas as fully as removal of the book from the library, and **it prohibits removal of previously acquired books only if the remover "dislike[s] the ideas contained in those books,"** even though removal for any other reason also denies the students access to the books." (P. 187)

- iv. "as this language from *Tinker* suggests, our past decisions in this area have concerned freedom of speech and expression, not the right of access to particular ideas." (P. 189)
- v. "Neither the District Court nor the Court of Appeals found that petitioners' removal of books from the school libraries infringed respondents' right to speak or otherwise express themselves." (P. 189)
- vi. **"this Court has never held that the First Amendment grants junior high school and high school students a right of access to certain information in school.** ...*Tinker* held no such thing. One may read *Tinker* in vain to find any recognition of a **First Amendment** right to receive information. *Tinker*, as already mentioned, was based entirely on the students' right to *express their political views.*" (P. 190)
- vii. **"It would be ludicrous, of course, to contend that all authors have a constitutional right to have their books placed in junior high school and high school libraries.** ...Justice BRENNAN ... fails to explain the constitutional or logical underpinnings of a right to hear ideas in a place where no speaker has the right to express them." (P. 191)
- viii. "If the denied ideas are **readily available from the same source in other accessible locations,** the benefits to be gained from exposure to **those ideas have not been foreclosed by the State.** ...Our past decisions are thus unlike this case where **the removed books are readily available to students and non-students alike at the corner bookstore or the public library.**" [phones, etc.] (P. 192)
- ix. "The importance of public schools in the preparation of individuals for participation as citizens, and in the preservation of the values on which our society rests, has long been recognized by our decisions." Public schools fulfill the vital role of teaching students the basic skills necessary to function in our society, and of "inculcating fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system." **The idea that such students have a right of access, in the school, to information other than that thought by their educators to be necessary is contrary to the very nature of an inculcative education.**" (P. 193)
- x. **"Education consists of the selective presentation and explanation of ideas.** ...an orderly exposure to relevant information. Nowhere is this more true than in elementary and secondary schools, where...the courses taught are those thought most relevant to the young students' individual development. ... Determining what information *not* to present to the students is often as important as identifying relevant material." (P. 194)

- xi. "Justice BRENNAN rejects this idea, claiming that it "overlooks **the unique role of the school library.**" the unique role referred to appears to be one of Justice BRENNAN's own creation. **No previous decision of this Court attaches unique [First Amendment](#) significance to the libraries of elementary and secondary schools.**" (P. 195)
- xii. "The **libraries of such schools serve as supplements to this inculcative role**...elementary and secondary school libraries ...are tailored, as the public school curriculum is tailored, to the teaching of basic skills and ideas. ... the [First Amendment](#) right to receive information simply has no application to the one public institution which, by its very nature, is a place for the selective conveyance of ideas." (P. 196)
- xiii. "petitioners' removal of the books did not violate respondents' right to receive information is **the ready availability of the books elsewhere.** Students are not denied books by their removal from a school library. The books may be borrowed from a public library, read at a university library, purchased at a bookstore, or loaned by a friend. **The government as educator does not seek to reach beyond the confines of the school.**" (P. 197)
- xiv. "Justice BRENNAN **distinguishes the act of removing a previously acquired book from the act of refusing to acquire the book in the first place:** "[N]othing in our decision today affects in any way the discretion of a local school board to choose books to *add* to the libraries of their schools. [O]ur holding today affects only the discretion to *remove* books." ... this distinction between acquisition and removal makes little sense. The failure of a library to acquire a book denies access to its contents just as effectively as does the removal of the book from the library's shelf." (P. 199)
- xv. "one would think that a school board's public announcement of its refusal to acquire certain books would have every bit as much impact on public attention as would an equally publicized decision to remove the books. And yet only the latter action would violate the [First Amendment](#) under Justice BRENNAN's analysis." (P. 201)
- xvi. "The final limitation placed by Justice BRENNAN upon his newly discovered right is **a motive requirement:** the [First Amendment](#) is violated only "[i]f petitioners *intended* by their removal decision to deny respondents access to ideas with which petitioners disagreed." ...If Justice BRENNAN truly recognizes a constitutional right to receive information, it is difficult to see why the reason for the denial makes any difference." (P. 202)
- xvii. "In the case before us the petitioners ... ordered the removal of books containing vulgarity and profanity, but they did not attempt to preclude discussion about the themes of the books or the books themselves." (P. 209)
- xviii. "**the school board may properly determine** in many cases that a particular book, a particular course, or even a particular area of

knowledge is **not educationally suitable for inclusion** within the body of knowledge which the school seeks to impart." (P. 211)

xix. "I find the actions taken in this case hard to distinguish from the myriad choices made by school boards in the routine supervision of elementary and secondary schools. **"Courts do not and cannot intervene in the resolution of conflicts which arise in the daily operation of school systems and which do not directly and sharply implicate basic constitutional values."** In this case respondents' rights of free speech and expression were not infringed, and by respondents' own admission no ideas were "suppressed."

g. Justice O'Connor

i. **"If the school board can set the curriculum, select teachers, and determine initially what books to purchase for the school library, it surely can decide which books to discontinue or remove from the school library** so long as it does not also interfere with the right of students to read the material and to discuss it. As Justice REHNQUIST persuasively argues, the plurality's analysis overlooks the fact that in this case the government is acting in its special role as educator." (P. 214)

7. Questions

- a. What books do we have to include in K-12 school curriculum or in school libraries?
- b. Why do motivations matter when removing a book but motivation don't matter at all when deciding which books to add or not add?
- c. Why should federal courts be the judge of a school board's motivation for removing a book but exercise no oversight over whether or not a school board adds a book? And which books?
- d. Does the state have an obligation to aid an author in reaching K-12 students with any particular content, particularly so with vulgar content?
- e. Who would or should determine if school board discretion is exercised in a narrowly partisan manner?

**Titles Previously
Challenged in the
Amery School District**

Request for Reconsideration of Library Resources

The Amery School has delegated the responsibility for selection and evaluation of library resources to the school librarians and has established reconsideration procedures to address concerns about those resources. Completion of this form is the first step in those procedures. If you wish to request reconsideration of library resources, please return the completed form to the head librarian at each building:

Name Stephanie Jansen Date 11/30/21

Address [REDACTED] City Amery

State WI Zip 54001

Phone [REDACTED] Email [REDACTED]

Do you represent self? Organization? Name of Organization: Moms for Liberty of Polk County

1. Resource on which you are commenting:

Book Textbook Video Display Magazine Library Program

Audio Recording Newspaper Electronic Information/Network

Other:

Title: Me and Earl and the Dying Girl

Author/Producer: by Jesse Andrews

2. What brought this resource to your attention?

This book among others has gained the attention of parents nationwide.

3. Have you examined the entire resource? If not, what sections did you review?

No, I didn't review the entire resource. An example of my concern can be found on pages 59 & 60.

Excerpt:

"Yeah Earl. "I'm going to eat her pussy."

"Heh"

“Yeah”

“Do you even know how to eat pussy”

“Uh, not really.”

Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day your’re gonna have to eat the pussy.”

“No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole.”

When Earl is in full-on Gross-Out Mode, you have to play along or you’ll feel stupid.

“God bless that man.”

“Yup.”

“I would teach you some pussy- eating techniques, but it’s a little complicated.”

“That’s a shame.”

“I would need some diagrams and whatnot.”

“Well, tonight maybe you can draw some up.”

“Son, I don’t have time for that, I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat.”

“Is that right.”

“I’m on pussy deadline.”

“You’ve got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row.”

“Aw, what the hell. What the hell. No one’s talkin bout vaginas. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that’s nasty”

What concerns you about the resource? (use other side or additional pages if necessary)

I understand that offensive language is likely to appear throughout a variety of books in our Public School Library however If offensive language is being used, what is the theme, is it appropriate to the purpose of the text, Is it appropriate for the age and maturity level of students?

In this excerpt of the book “pussy” is a word us to describe female genitalia and furthermore in terms of a sexual act.

They’re not fixing to eat a feline cat, its content and purpose are derogatory towards women and the sexual act itself.

This type of language doesn’t support the stance of abstinence among teens, nor does it support the respect that goes along with intimate relationships -“Son, I don’t have time for that, I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat.”

What might the message be for our students viewing this material?

One of my concerns is if this language, by your own actions of muting my reading, is not appropriate for YouTube standards, why would it be suitable for a Highschool Public School Library?

Furthermore, to what extent is this type of language tolerated in the Amery School District? Where in the school is this type of language acceptable in classrooms, cafeteria, hallways, locker rooms? To whom are these conversations appropriate? Among staff, students, staff, and students?

5. Are there resource(s) you suggest to provide additional information and/or other viewpoints on this topic?

6. What actions are you requesting the committee consider?

I am requesting a response to my answers, mentioned above, as to why Shawn Doerfler, Char Glenna and Erin Hosking believe this book is appropriate, as expressed in a previous meeting, for the Amery High School Public Library.

I am requesting the board review the 1995 templated policies adopted by the American Library Association Intellectual Freedom Committee to include language, similar to the questions above.

What is the Purpose of the material, is it appropriate, what is the context and culture of the text etc...

Revised by the American Library Association Intellectual Freedom Committee, June 27, 1995.

Emailed on 12/6/21

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School District of Amery
Summary of Decision Regarding Book Review of
Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl

Background Information – Citizens Request for Reconsideration of Library Media Materials

School District of Amery Board of Education policy 871 provides a forum for members of the public to submit complaints about instructional materials which are provided in Amery school library media settings. On Monday, December 6th two such complaints were submitted for the book titled *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* by Jesse Andrews. On Tuesday, December 7th an additional complaint was submitted for the same title. The process for attending to complaints about library media materials is also described in policy 871.

The nature of each complaint was similar. The complaints can best be characterized in the assertion that this book is not age appropriate for any audience in the School District of Amery due to its offensive language. As evidence, the following statements were provided through the documentation submitted to the district through three submitted - '*Citizen Requests for Reconsideration of Library Media Materials.*'

Statements about the language used in *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* included:

- Statement #1:* "This type of language doesn't support the stance of abstinence among teens nor does it support the respect that goes along with intimate relationships."
- Statement #2:* "One of my concerns is if this language, by your own actions of muting my reading, is not appropriate for YouTube standards, why would it be suitable for a high school public school library."
- Statement #3:* "To what extent is this type of language tolerated in the Amery School District? Where else is this type of language acceptable?"
- Statement #4:* "Its disgusting. I don't want any kids to talk like this, or use vulgar, inappropriate language about a woman's body. And I DO NOT want my son reading about eating pussy."
- Statement #5:* "I just don't see any reason for the language used."
- Statement #6:* "There just isn't a need for the language and pornographic content."
- Statement #7:* "The explicit sexual nature and content."
- Statement #8:* "The sexually explicit language served no legitimate purpose to our young easily influenced teenagers."

Guidelines for Selection and Access to Media Center

School District of Amery Board of Education policy 361 delineates the guidelines for how materials are selected for the district's media centers.

Board Policy 361 states, "The Board, as a policy-making body, delegates the responsibility for coordinating the selection of and making recommendations for the purchase of instructional materials to the professionally-trained personnel employed by the Board. Such personnel shall select instructional materials in accordance with established guidelines."

The rule for Board policy 361 which notes how library materials are selected and maintained asserts that:

- 1) The Board believes the primary objective of instructional materials/library media is to enrich and support the educational program of the school.
- 2) The district is concerned with generating understanding of American freedoms and with the preservation of these freedoms through the development of informed and responsible citizens.
- 3) All materials selected shall be consistent with an appropriate depiction of materials as they pertain to issues of sex, race, religion, and ethnicity.
- 4) The values and impact of any literary work shall be judged as a whole, taking into account the author's intent.
- 5) In all cases, decisions shall be made on the basis of whether the material presents life in its true proportions, whether circumstances are realistically dealt with and whether the material has literary or social value.

Procedures for Handling Public Complaint of Library Media Materials

The established procedure for how the School District of Amery handles public complaints regarding library media materials is described in Board of Education policy 871 and the associated exhibit and rule for said policy. It notes:

The following established procedures for processing and responding to public complaints about approved instructional materials for media centers shall be followed. The term "instructional materials" applies to all materials circulated from the media center for student and/or teacher use. These materials include print, non-print media and electronic media.

1. Citizens of the school community may register constructive criticisms with the building principal and the building media specialist. The complainant, building principal and media specialist shall discuss the materials in question.

2. Following the meeting, all criticisms shall be made in writing.
3. The criticisms shall be forwarded to the district administrator. He/she shall appoint a special review committee. *(Please note: the concerns voiced in each of the book challenges relevant here were sent directly to the district administrator as well as school board members rather than the building principal and media specialist)*
4. The review committee shall:
 - a. Read and examine the materials.
 - b. Check general acceptance of the materials by reading reviews.
 - c. Weigh values and faults against each other and form an opinion based on the material as a whole and not on passages out of context.
 - d. Meet to discuss the materials
 - e. Prepare a written statement/recommendation to be submitted to the district administrator. This shall be done within one month of the filing of the written complaint.
 - f. Upon request by the complainant, meet with the complainant to discuss the challenged materials and the committee's decision. (Optional)
5. After reviewing the committees' written statement/recommendation, the district administrator shall notify the complainant of his/her decision.
6. The complainant may appeal the district administrator's decision to the Board of Education within 10 days.
7. Circulation of challenged materials shall not be restricted during reconsideration proceedings.

Determination and Rationale

On Wednesday, January 5, 2022, a committee comprised of library media staff, classroom teachers, administration, and Board members met to review the book titled *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl*. The decision of this committee was to keep this book in the Amery High School library. The rationale of the committee is positioned firmly in the fact that *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* meets the principles spelled out in the collection development guidelines for Amery School District libraries.

Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl has not violated the district guidelines for library acquisition and stands in agreement with School District of Amery policies 361 and 362. Therefore, this book challenge has not met the burden required for the book to be removed. *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* will remain in the high school library and accessible for student check out.

The collection development guidelines state the responsibility of school staff is to offer, "Materials for the library media center which are selected by professional library media staff with due regard to suggestions from library staff, teachers, faculty and students. Professionally recognized review sources, publishers, catalogs, and other selection aids are used by the library media specialist to guide in their selection."

The purpose of the Amery School Libraries is stated as an intent to offer, "A wide range of learning resources at varying levels of difficulty, with diversity of appeal, and the representation of different points of view, in order to meet the needs of students and teachers."

Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl meets more than a dozen of the stated principles of selection set forth by School District of Amery 361-rule. These principles include:

- ✓ Portray people (men and women, adults and children), whatever their ethnic, religious, or social class identity may be, as human and recognizable and as displaying a familiar range of emotions, both negative and positive
- ✓ Give comprehensive, accurate, and balanced representation to people in all fields of life and culture.
- ✓ There should be a searching evaluation of the merits of each work (literary quality, truth to life and relevance)
- ✓ The book should meet age appropriateness for reading level, maturity level, emotional development, social development, and knowledge or subject level
- ✓ Include a character with whom students can identify with or with whom they can learn from – is relevant to their daily lives, problems they encounter, or to their imagination
- ✓ Help students better understand the dimensions of their world
- ✓ Have the ability to stimulate curiosity and promote the intellectual, spiritual, and social development of each individual student
- ✓ Favorable reviews found in standard selection sources – a minimum of 2 reviews, reputable sources should indicate it is recommended for an age level the library primarily services
- ✓ Holdings of nearby libraries are considered – neighboring districts have this book as well
- ✓ Library materials shall be appropriate for the subject area and for the age, emotional development, ability level, learning style, and social development of the students for whom the materials are selected.
- ✓ Library materials shall be designed to provide a background of information that will motivate students and staff to examine their own attitudes and behavior, to comprehend their duties, responsibilities, rights and privileges as participating citizens in our society, and to make informed judgements in their daily life.

- ✓ Library materials shall provide information on opposing sides of controversial issues so that users may develop under guidance the practice of critical analysis
- ✓ The selection of learning resources on controversial issues will be directed toward a balanced representing various views
- ✓ The values and impact of any literary work shall all be judged as a whole, taking into account the author's intent

The merits of any book should be weighed upon the entirety of the text, not on an excerpt taken out of context with no purpose other than to discredit the broader themes, ideas, and meanings inherent in the wholeness of the book. The procedures set forth for book challenges in School District of Amery policy 361 state that when books are reviewed the committee should, "Weigh values and faults against each other and form an opinion based on the material as a whole and not on passages out of context." The review committee did just that.

Every book is certainly not of interest to every kid or for that matter their parents. That is why Amery school libraries are filled with an array of books which form the tapestry of a literary universe. The School District of Amery wants our students to have the freedom to choose whatever books best suit them. That is why nearly every book that a child reads during their education in the Amery schools is a book they have chosen. *Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl* is not required reading for any Amery student. Further, the School District of Amery respects fully the idea that parents ought to have the ability to select the books their children read. The district rejects fully the dangerous path of allowing parents and community members the ability to determine which books are available for not just their kids, but for all kids. Parents must be able to make their own book choices for their own kids.

Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl will remain as a selection available to read for Amery High School students. If you have any questions please contact School District of Amery administrator, Shawn Doerfler, at 715-268-9771 extension 237.

Sincerely,

Dr. Shawn Doerfler
District Administrator
School District of Amery

CITIZEN'S REQUEST FOR RECONSIDERATION OF INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS/LIBRARY MEDIA

Title: The Haters Author : Jesse Andrews

Website: URL:

Publisher (if known)

Hardcover Picture Video/DVD Recording Paperback x Electronic Media Other

Request for reconsideration initiated by: Telephone

Number Address City/State/Zip Amery, WI 54001

Citizen represents: Him/Herself An organization (name of organization) Moms For Liberty Other group (identify other group)

To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific - e.g. cite pages) In the first 2 chapters of the book, the author has the boys inflicting self-harm to their genitalia in order to "get off." The bottom of page 8 "COREY: it was a performance to buttery and smooth that i had to do harm to my dick." Top of page 9 "Dick harm is a thing that comes up with us a lot. It's kind of our go-to trope. WES: oh hell yeah COREY: specifically i had to go to the reception desk and unload an entire clip of staples into the side of my dick. WES: right in that side part. a classic gambit COREY: yeah right into the side part of my dick skin WES: i wandered the parking lot for what must have been hours or even days until i happened upon an unlocked parked car at which point i summoned a boner so that i could slam the car door on my own boner" Do you want me to continue?

What do you feel might be the result of reading, writing, viewing or listening to this material? I do not believe it is all appropriate to give this book to our children where some may think that self harm is normal and ok. It's an "embarrassing" topic that they may not want to ask to anyone else and learn it's NOT.

For what age group could you recommend this material?

Is there anything positive about this material? I could not read past the 8th chapter as it's not an enjoyable read. I believe any positive concept brought from this book is negated by the first few chapters that set the theme of the book.

Did you read, view or listen to the entire material? If not, what parts? See above

Are you aware of the judgment of this material by professional critics? Yes x No


What do you believe is the theme of this material? Great question. I couldn't find one except they thought it was jazzy and it's cool to hate.

What would you like to have done with this material?

- Do not assign or lend it to my child
- Withdraw it from the media center
- Return it to the committee for reconsideration
- Block website
- Other (specify) _____

In its place, what material would you recommend that would convey a valuable picture and perspective of the subject treated? *I'm assuming this has to do with teenage angst (even though I didn't even find out in the first 8 chapters of the book what age these boys are supposed to be, how about The Taming of the Shrew.*

Are you aware of statutes that require schools to have available materials displaying the pluralistic nature of society? Yes No

 _____ 12/5/21 _____
Signature of Citizen Date

APPROVED: January 18, 1993
May 19, 2008

REVISED: March 21, 2011

December 15, 2021

BY E-MAIL
RE: Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media
Our File No.: 12700.0000Dear 

Please take notice that this office represents the School District of Amery. The District has forwarded to me the “Citizen’s Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media” that you completed. In that document, you challenged (on behalf of an organization called Moms for Liberty) an e-book entitled *The Haters* by Jesse Andrews.

In this particular case, *The Haters* is not a physical book that the District has in any of its school libraries. Instead, it is an e-book that District students have access to through an online subscription service. In order to expand reading opportunities to District students, the District subscribes to a service provided by the Wisconsin School Digital Library Consortium (WSDLC). WSDLC gives District students access to over 40,000 e-books that might not otherwise be available to them.

WSDLC maintains an e-book and audiobook library that is curated by the State of Wisconsin, including partners from the Department of Public Instruction (DPI), the Cooperative Educational Service Agency (CESA), and WiLS. The collection is currently selected by OverDrive librarians who specialize in developing K-12 collections. The WSDLC Board and Selection Advisory Committee is responsible for setting the direction for the collection. The District is one of over 200 schools in Wisconsin that subscribe to WSDLC.

Unfortunately, the District is not in a position to directly act upon your concerns over one specific book in the WSDLC collection, *The Haters*. The District does not have the independent capability of excluding certain books contained in WSDLC’s collection books from WSDLC’s online library that District students have access to. In other words, the District would not be able to keep its overall subscription to WSDLC but make *The Haters* inaccessible to the District’s students. With regards to the decision to subscribe to WSDLC, the District’s choice is purely binary. The District is either a WSDLC subscriber or it is not. District students either have access to WSDLC’s online library of over 40,000 e-books or they have access to zero of WSDLC’s e-books.

If *The Haters* was a book in the District’s physical library, the District would have a greater ability to assess and address your specific content-based concerns. As you are aware, the District has a policy that allows for books in the District’s library to be challenged by members of the community (see Rule 871, “Procedure for Handling Public Complaints About Instructional Materials/Library Media”). Part of that process involves setting up a review committee to “read

and examine the materials” and to “weigh values and faults against each other and form an opinion based on the material as a whole and not on passages out of context.” Ultimately, in cases involving a book that the District itself owns and controls, the committee can decide to retain a challenged book in the District’s collection or remove it. But given the fact that this particular e-book (*The Haters*) is part of the WSDLC library (as opposed to the District’s own library), the District is not in a position to remove the challenged book from WSDLC’s collection. Again, either the District subscribes to WSDLC and provides students with access to over 40,000 e-books or it ends its subscription. There is no mechanism that would allow the District to block access to one particular e-book in WSDLC’s collection. As such, it is not possible for the Rule 871 procedure to be implemented when the challenged book is part of the WSDLC’s collection.

Therefore, it is the District’s view that your concerns about the content of *The Haters* would be best addressed to the WSDLC. The WSDLC does have a procedure for addressing concerns about the content of books in its collection:

The Wisconsin Schools Digital Library Consortium (WSDLC) welcomes the opinions of its users concerning items in the WSDLC digital collections. The WSDLC Board has established a Selection Advisory Committee whose members provide oversight and evaluation of the materials in the WSDLC collections. The WSDLC has established a reconsideration procedure to address concerns about materials in the collection.

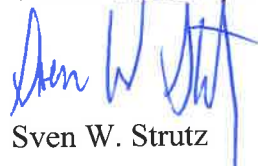
In the e-mail that forwards this letter, I will provide a link to the “Collection Development Policy” provided on WSDLC’s website: <https://wsdlc.org/for-members/collection-information/wsdlc-reconsideration-of-materials-form/>

The District takes your concerns seriously. That is why the District has a procedure that allows concerned parents and community members to raise questions about books or other materials that are made available to District students. However, given the unique circumstances of this case—where it is the WSDLC and not the District that controls access to *The Haters*—the course of action that stands the greatest chance of success for you would be for you to work through WSDLC’s process for challenging books.

Thank you for your attention. Please let me know if you have any additional questions or concerns.

Very truly yours,

WELD RILEY, S.C.



Sven W. Strutz

**CITIZEN'S REQUEST FOR RECONSIDERATION
OF INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS/LIBRARY MEDIA**

Title: This Book is Gay Author: Juno Dawson
https://www.amerysd.k12.wi.us/students/stude https://amery.follettdestiny.com/common/welc
Website: nts_libraries-mediacenters.cfm URL: ome.jsp?context=saas034_4801470

Publisher (if known) _____

Hardcover Picture Video/DVD Recording
 Paperback Electronic Media Other

Request for reconsideration initiated by: [REDACTED]

Telephone Number [REDACTED] Address _____

City/State/Zip Amery 54001

Citizen represents:

Him/Herself
 An organization (name of organization) _____
 Other group (identify other group) _____

To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific – e.g. cite pages) Too Many to count but for starters, pages 200-212 This is literally instructions on how to have sex.

What do you feel might be the result of reading, writing, viewing or listening to this material? _____
This opens the door for much more teen pregnancies, mental health issues, rape etc This is nowhere education related and outside the human and growth development guidelines.

For what age group could you recommend this material? Certainly NOT Elementary through Middle School.
This is in all 4 schools per the Amery School Website and is absolutely sickening to be exposing such young children to this kind of filth.

Is there anything positive about this material? I do believe there is only one positive in this book that was based on bullying. However that should go for All situations across the board, not just pertaining to people's identities.

Did you read, view or listen to the entire material? If not, what parts? Yes, I personally read this book.

Are you aware of the judgment of this material by professional critics? Yes No
I searched and didn't find any, other than LGBTQ+ reviews.

What do you believe is the theme of this material? There is not a justification for the theme of this material in the school. There is one short chapter on bullying which is not even worth the rest of this book. The sexual content of this book in the Elementary, Intermediate, Middle and High schools is outrageous!! It even says in the description on the back of the book that "THIS IS THAT INSTRUCTION MANUAL"

What would you like to have done with this material?

- Do not assign or lend it to my child
- Withdraw it from the media center
- Return it to the committee for reconsideration
- Block website I would ask that it be removed as hard copies as well if in all the School Libraries as well. This is definitely not for young children.
- Other (specify) _____

In its place, what material would you recommend that would convey a valuable picture and perspective of the subject treated? This is not a valuable resource nor a learning guideline for students, due to illicit sexual content, promoting sex, and actual sex act instructions. This is not a book for confused kids or their identities, or questions, its SEX ED TO THE MAX!

Are you aware of statutes that require schools to have available materials displaying the pluralistic nature of society? Yes No

Signature of Citizen

12/12/2013

Date

APPROVED: January 18, 1993
 May 19, 2008

REVISED: March 21, 2011

December 27, 2021

BY E-MAIL

RE: Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media
Our File No.: 12700.0000

Dear [REDACTED]

Please take notice that this office represents the School District of Amery. The District has forwarded to me the “Citizen’s Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media” that you completed. In that document, you challenged an e-book entitled *This Book Is Gay* by Juno Dawson.

At the outset, I will note that you specifically stated that you did not want to receive a response to your book challenge from the District’s legal counsel. You stated: “I have been in receipt of an email sent yesterday about another book reviewed. It is factually unnecessary to be using taxpayer’s money to be using lawyers for these responses.” This is a legal issue. First, Wisconsin statutes and administrative code provisions impose an obligation on school districts to provide libraries that “reflect” and “depict in an accurate and unbiased way” “the cultural diversity and pluralistic nature of American society” (see Wis. Stat. § 121.02(1)(h) and Wis. Admin. Code § PI 8.01(2)(h)). Second, the District has a right to be represented by legal counsel on a legal issue if it so chooses (see Wisconsin Constitution, Article I, Section 21). As such, it is entirely appropriate for the District to request that its legal counsel respond to your book challenge. If you have seen this office’s response to another recent book challenge, several of the following paragraphs will already be familiar to you. Since you are concerned with the District’s legal costs, I will assure you that reusing these paragraphs is a cost savings to taxpayers.

If you wish to skip over the portion of the discussion that you have already read in the context of a separate book challenge, there is a heading in bold text (“New Discussion Unique to *This Book Is Gay*”) that will address some of the concerns that you have raised in this case that were not present in the previous book challenge. The unique concerns that you have raised pertain to the alleged availability of the challenged book to students other than high schoolers. As discussed below, *This Book Is Gay* is not available to elementary, intermediate, or middle school students.

In this particular case, *This Book Is Gay* is not a physical book that the District has in any of its school libraries. Instead, it is an e-book that District students have access to through an online subscription service. In order to expand reading opportunities to District students, the District subscribes to a service provided by the Wisconsin School Digital Library Consortium (WSDLC). WSDLC gives District students access to over 40,000 e-books that might not otherwise be available to them.

WSDLC maintains an e-book and audiobook library that is curated by the State of Wisconsin, including partners from the Department of Public Instruction (DPI), the Cooperative Educational

Service Agency (CESA), and WiLS. The collection is currently selected by OverDrive librarians who specialize in developing K-12 collections. The WSDLC Board and Selection Advisory Committee is responsible for setting the direction for the collection. The District is one of over 200 schools in Wisconsin that subscribe to WSDLC.

Unfortunately, the District is not in a position to directly act upon your concerns over one specific book in the WSDLC collection, *This Book Is Gay*. The District does not have the independent capability of excluding certain books contained in WSDLC's collection of books from WSDLC's online library that District students have access to. In other words, the District would not be able to keep its overall subscription to WSDLC but make *This Book Is Gay* inaccessible to the District's students. With regards to the decision to subscribe to WSDLC, the District's choice is purely binary. The District is either a WSDLC subscriber or it is not. District students either have access to WSDLC's online library of over 40,000 e-books or they have access to zero of WSDLC's e-books.

If *This Book Is Gay* was a book in the District's physical library, the District would have a greater ability to assess and address your specific content-based concerns. As you are aware, the District has a policy that allows for books in the District's library to be challenged by members of the community (see Rule 871, "Procedure for Handling Public Complaints About Instructional Materials/Library Media"). Part of that process involves setting up a review committee to "read and examine the materials" and to "weigh values and faults against each other and form an opinion based on the material as a whole and not on passages out of context." Ultimately, in cases involving a book that the District itself owns and controls, the committee can decide to retain a challenged book in the District's collection or remove it. But given the fact that this particular e-book (*This Book Is Gay*) is part of the WSDLC library (as opposed to the District's own library), the District is not in a position to remove the challenged book from WSDLC's collection. Again, either the District subscribes to WSDLC and provides students with access to over 40,000 e-books or it ends its subscription. There is no mechanism that would allow the District to block access to one particular e-book in WSDLC's collection. As such, it is not possible for the Rule 871 procedure to be implemented when the challenged book is part of the WSDLC's collection.

Therefore, it is the District's view that your concerns about the content of *This Book Is Gay* would be best addressed to the WSDLC. The WSDLC does have a procedure for addressing concerns about the content of books in its collection:

The Wisconsin Schools Digital Library Consortium (WSDLC) welcomes the opinions of its users concerning items in the WSDLC digital collections. The WSDLC Board has established a Selection Advisory Committee whose members provide oversight and evaluation of the materials in the WSDLC collections. The WSDLC has established a reconsideration procedure to address concerns about materials in the collection.

See: <https://wsdlc.org/for-members/collection-information/wsdlc-reconsideration-of-materials-form/>

The District takes your concerns seriously. That is why the District has a procedure that allows concerned parents and community members to raise questions about books or other materials that are made available to District students. However, given the unique circumstances of this case—where it is the WSDLC and not the District that controls access to *This Book Is Gay*—the course of action that stands the greatest chance of success for you would be for you to work through WSDLC’s process for challenging books.

New Discussion Unique to *This Book Is Gay*:

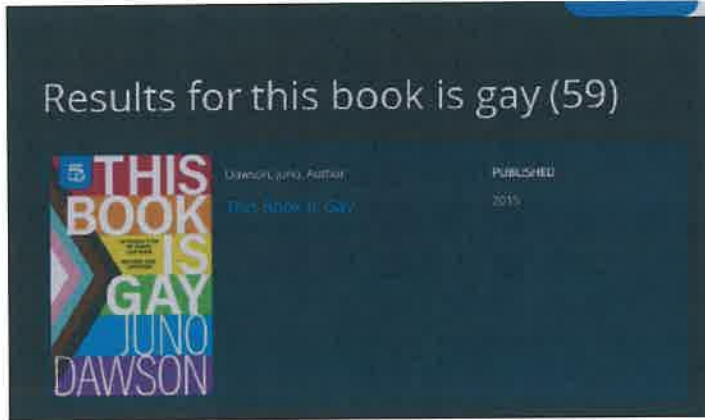
The “Citizen’s Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media” that you completed raises issues about the availability of *This Book Is Gay* that were not at issue in the other recent book challenge related to an e-book available through WSDLC. You raise issues about the age/grade levels that this book is made available to. In response to the question “for what age group could you recommend this material?” you state: “Certainly NOT Elementary through Middle School. This is in all 4 schools per the Amery School website and is absolutely sickening to be exposing such young children to this kind of filth.” You also state: “The sexual content of this book is in the Elementary, Intermediate, Middle and High schools is outrageous!!”

To be clear, *This Book Is Gay* is *not* available to Amery elementary, intermediate, or middle school students through WSDLC. It is only available through WSDLC at the high school level. We are not sure of the basis for your belief that the book is available to elementary, intermediate, and middle school students. However, it is possible that you ran a partial search (i.e. a looking for the title without trying to access the full text) using an elementary, intermediate, or middle school student’s login information and then drew your own conclusions.

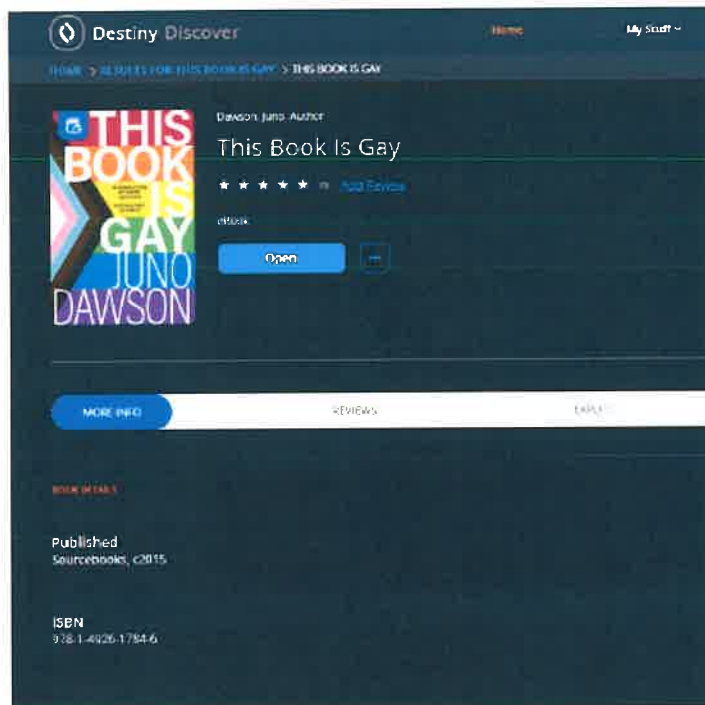
If a student/parent were to search for *This Book Is Gay* through the WSDLC catalog, they would see a title record for the book (i.e. an indication that the book is available to some students through WSDLC). That appears to be what you did. However, if the student/parent were to take the next step and try to click on the link to access the e-book itself, the student/parent would receive the following message: “This title is not available at your age level.” Only high school students would have the ability access the actual text of *This Book Is Gay* through the WSDLC.

The following pages include screenshots showing an attempt to access *This Book Is Gay* through an account of an elementary, intermediate, or middle schooler who is not authorized to borrow the e-book through WSDLC.

Step 1 – If an elementary/intermediate/middle school student runs a title search of WSDLC’s catalog for *This Book Is Gay*, he or she will see a listing for the book. After running the search, the results would appear on the screen as follows:



Step 2 – If the elementary/intermediate/middle school student clicks on “View More Details,” the following screen would come up—including an icon that would appear to allow the user to “Open” the e-book:



Step 3- However, if a elementary/intermediate/middle school student clicks on the “Open” icon to try to access the full text of *This Book Is Gay*, he or she will receive a message informing them that “*this title is not available for your age level*”:



This stands in contrast to the results that a high school student would receive (where there would be a blue “Borrow” icon). Contrary to your assumptions, *This Book Is Gay* is **not** available to elementary, intermediate, and middle school students through the WSDLC collection.

I understand that your objections are not based solely on the mistaken view that the book is available to elementary, intermediate, and middle school students. Instead, I am assuming that you would find the book objectionable even if it is only accessible to high school students. Nonetheless, I am sure that you can acknowledge that there is a significant difference between the maturity levels of elementary, intermediate, and middle school students on the one hand and high school students on the other.

Next, I will comment on your position that it is somehow improper for the District to inform you that your best option for addressing your concerns would be for you to go through WSDLC’s book challenge process. You assert that: “It is not our responsibility to reach out to an Online app to what our/my children are being exposed to. We entrust our children to you and should be able to trust that you are keeping their and our best interest in mind.”

This letter has described WSDLC’s selection process for books for its online library (involving DPI, CESA, and WiLS). The District plays no role in that process. The only decision that the District can make as to WSDLC’s library is to opt in or opt out. As discussed above, the District does not have the ability to disallow access to one e-book (*This Book Is Gay*) on the WSDLC system. Instead, the only choice that the District has is whether to continue or discontinue its overall subscription to WSDLC. The “Citizen’s Request for Reconsideration of Instructional Materials/Library Media” form you have completed does not lend itself to decision-making on

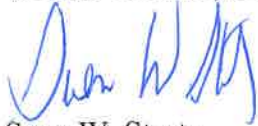
the question of whether to continue the subscription to WSDLC. In essence, you are not challenging one book. You are challenging WSDLC's entire 40,000+ book collection. Obviously, the mechanism set forth in Rule 871—which calls for a careful reading and examining of the challenged materials, checking the general acceptance of the materials by reading reviews, weighing values and faults, meeting to discuss the materials, etc.—cannot be applied by the District to an entire library of 40,000+ of texts. Unlike the District, WSDLC *can* review the specific text that you are challenging and provide you with a decision on the precise issues you want addressed, the appropriateness of *This Book Is Gay* to students.

From a practical standpoint, there would be one additional benefit to you pursuing your challenge of this e-book through WSDLC (instead of trying to challenge the e-book through the District's own process). While *This Book Is Gay* has been available to District high school students through WSDLC since 2020, the District's records show that—to date—*no Amery student has checked the book out*. If you want to keep it that way, the WSDLC's review process is your best bet. Rule 871 makes it clear that, while a book challenge is pending before the District, it will remain accessible to students (“circulation of the challenged materials may not be restricted during reconsideration proceedings”). A challenge occurring locally in Amery is likely to draw significant attention to this book through local media reports, school board meetings, and social media postings—and thereby raise student interest/curiosity while the challenge is pending. Since *This Book Is Gay* is an e-book, it can be checked out by more than one student at a time. Therefore, if you are truly concerned that this book may be harmful to impressionable students, it would be in your interest to minimize the interest/curiosity of local students in this book by prosecuting your challenge with WSDLC.

Thank you for your attention. Please let me know if you have any additional questions or concerns.

Very truly yours,

WELD RILEY, S.C.



Sven W. Strutz

**Titles Currently
Available to Amery
High School Students**

Amery Collection in order by Rating

| Title & Author | Author | Tinyurl (PDF) | Rating |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|---|---------------|
| Sold | Patricia McCormick | https://tinyurl.com/2jxuxsyj | 5 |
| Tricks | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/t3dasyru | 5 |
| All Boys Aren't Blue | George M Johnson | https://tinyurl.com/2bkmr3v | 4 |
| Deogratias: A Tale of Rwanda - | J.P. Stassen | https://tinyurl.com/2p8fxcs5 | 4 |
| Red Hood | Elana Arnold | https://tinyurl.com/22y3jemt | 4 |
| Shine | Lauren Myracle | https://tinyurl.com/4rxy4scr | 4 |
| The Handmaid's Tale | Margaret Atwood | https://tinyurl.com/2p8v9mvr | 4 |
| This Book is Gay | James Dawson | https://tinyurl.com/5n8nc5ew | 4 |
| A Court of frost and Starlight | Sarah J Maas | https://tinyurl.com/r739d2m8 | 4 |
| A Court of Mist and Fury | Maas, Sarah J. | https://tinyurl.com/28mnu4s7 | 4 |
| A Court of Silver Flames | Maas, Sarah J. | https://tinyurl.com/yrxdbjr2 | 4 |
| A Court of Thorns and Roses | Maas, Sarah J. | https://tinyurl.com/2p827jt9 | 4 |
| A Court of Wings and Ruin | Maas, Sarah J. | https://tinyurl.com/yckw5ddv | 4 |
| Breathless | Jennifer Niven | https://tinyurl.com/82z9kyek | 4 |
| Damsel | Elana Arnold | https://tinyurl.com/2p9y8pyx | 4 |
| Flamer | Mike Curato | https://tinyurl.com/smw8utf3 | 4 |
| I Never | Laura Hopper | https://tinyurl.com/59vvrduf | 4 |
| Kingdom of Ash | Sarah J Mass | https://tinyurl.com/bdbmj3k6 | 4 |

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| Last Night at the Telegraph Club | Malinda Lo | https://tinyurl.com/2h9brrkd | 4 |
| Slaughterhouse Five | Kurt Vonnegut | https://tinyurl.com/bdfzp849 | 4 |
| The Haters - Jesse Andrews | Jesse Andrews | https://tinyurl.com/nh2cdb7h | 4 |
| The Kite Runner - | Khaled Hosseini | https://tinyurl.com/yc8mjxc3 | 4 |
| The Nowhere Girls - Amy Reed | Amy Reed | https://tinyurl.com/99fr779n | 4 |
| The Perks of Being a Wallflower | by Stephen Chbosky | https://tinyurl.com/ykatdwdc | 4 |
| Tilt | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/3aumxcnd | 4 |
| Water for Elephants | Sarah Gruen | https://tinyurl.com/rnx2k4w | 4 |
| WHAT GIRLS ARE MADE OF | Elena K. Arnold | https://tinyurl.com/3886j6xy | 4 |
| Almost Perfect | Katcher, Brian | https://tinyurl.com/bddvyjtk | 3 |
| Beyond Magenta: Transgender Teens Speak Out | Susan Kuklin | tinyurl.com/2p92c2bf | 3 |
| Burned | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/2sh7p63n | 3 |
| Eleanor & Park | Rainbow Rowell | https://tinyurl.com/2p9df7hv | 3 |
| Fade | Lisa McMann | https://tinyurl.com/5n8xpnuF | 3 |
| Fallout | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/mpzefd2h | 3 |
| GABI A GIRL IN PIECES | Isabel Quintero | https://tinyurl.com/2kh9btyf | 3 |
| Grown | Tiffany D Jackson | https://tinyurl.com/yckw97nh | 3 |
| Impulse | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/vf6wjudf | 3 |
| Julian is a Mermaid | Jessica Love | https://tinyurl.com/svzc8xjc | 3 |
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| Smoke | Ellen Hopkins | https://tinyurl.com/sadvf8hb | 3 |
| The 57 Bus - Dashka Slater | Dashka Slater | https://tinyurl.com/2p9d6ubw | 3 |
| The Black Flamingo | Dean Atta | https://tinyurl.com/2p9ft3ae | 3 |
| The Hate U Give | Angie Thomas | https://tinyurl.com/bdfvcnt3 | 3 |
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| Anti-racist Baby | Ibram X. Kendi | https://tinyurl.com/2p8thpf4 | 1 |
| Stamped (for Kids) | Jason Reynolds and Ibram X. Kendi | https://tinyurl.com/eehdezfy | 1 |
| Cinderella is Dead | Kalynn Bayron | add url | 1 |
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| Bad Boy: A Memoir | Walter Dean Myers | https://tinyurl.com/yvr8fzu4 | 0 |
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| aristotle and dante discover the secrets of the universe | | | |
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| Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close | Jonathan Foer | https://tinyurl.com/3pbx47w4 | |
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| HER ROYAL HIGHNESS | Rachel Hawkins | https://tinyurl.com/39mtc4jv | |

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| Two Boys Kissing | | | |

TRICKS



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 1-41695007-9



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including child rape and abuse; drug abuse; violence; alcohol use; and adult and child prostitution.

5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 9 | ...Why would God need a pecker, anyway? |
| 33 | Swollen with desire. Demanding. Lips still locked to mine, she murmured, What if I give you this...? Her hand found my own, urged it along her body's contours, all the way to the place between her legs, the one I had never asked for. ...In the heat of the moment, I even got hard, especially when Janet touched me, dropped onto her knees, lowered my zipper, started to do what I never suspected she knew how to do. Yes... |
| 53 | ...considering how buzzed we got. Okay, it wasn't the first time I'd smoked weed, but I'd rarely smoked myself so close to outer space before. |
| 55 | We were making out hot and heavy. He started to unbutton my blouse. I let him. And when he unzipped my jeans, I helped him help me out of them. Snared by the heat of his kiss, I barely noticed when he slipped out of his own Levis. Skin urgent against skin, only panties and boxers between us, I was ready to shed that final thin barrier, allow him access to the most private part of me,... |
| 59 | Too much booze. Too many smokes. Way too many pills. Speed. Downers. Everything in between. |
| 63 | "...then all they're after is free booze and an easy lay." |
| 80 | Let alone given me an up-close view of those tasty-looking tits. Something twitches behind my zipper. Glad I'm standing behind the counter. ...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the mounds I can't quit staring at. ...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again. |
| 82 | Ronnie dips even lower, giving me a quick nipple shot before drawing back and straightening. ...Thinking with my dick. That's for sure. So what is Ronnie thinking with? That makes the dick in question think even harder. |
| 84 | I have to admit I have thought about boinking her more than once, while taking solo care of a hard-on. Oh yeah, the big M. I probably do it more than I should, and Ronnie is definite boner bait, at least when I'm left to my own imagination instead of Internet porn. Viva la webcams! |
| 89 | ...we've def gotten high together. This guy I work with scores really good bud... "So what do you think about the smoke?" ...It's awesome. Then she reaches over, touches my leg. Tonight will be fun. Thanks for taking me. Her hand strokes my thigh gently. |
| 101 | "And I want to make love with you soon." My body aches with wanting that very thing. |
| 105 | My Hand, Disguised as Andrew's hand, moves lightly down my neck, over collarbone, breastbone. Goose bumps rise in unusual places, and my body tingles in a completely foreign way. Because of Andrew. But he's not here. I pretend he is and let "his" hands explore the rounds of my breasts, move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers circle the hard center nubs, raised like it's cold in here. It's not. I'm burning up. Delirious with raw need. My hand wants to slide lower, to a place I know nothing about except what they call it in books. And suddenly it comes to me how completely inept I'll be when Andrew and I finally share that warm feather bed, with comfy quilts and pillows we can fall into. I Turn on the Light Go to the computer, try to avoid looking at the Calvary screen saver. Jesus, hanging on the cross, staring down at his poor crying mother. Mama downloaded that, no doubt specifically to deter the kind of Internet exploration I have in mind... |
| 118 | Sex that is more than mutual masturbation. ...individual masturbation was the bulk of my sexual experience. There were a few short chapters of "touch here, I'll touch you there" in my very slim book of adolescent sexual escapades, but nothing more. |

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| 139 | Wonder how hot his monkey is. |
| 148 | Guess he has fuck buddies, though. |
| 164 | ...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones... |
| 166 | We Had Sex The very first night we went out together... |
| 168 | But he is a partier. Drinks like no serious athlete should... ...Vince and I Have Shared A bottle or two, a fistful of doobs, pipes and pipes and pipes. Tonight, we'll pass around all three at his regular Friday poker game. ...Suppose it could be because I'm usually the one supplying the weed. ...Booze isn't his only bad habit, though. Pot. Pills. Crack. Probably other stuff... |
| 172 | I swear I never had a clue she had made friends with the pipe. Best thing about it is what a little horndog she turns into when she's smoking. Boo friggng yah! Whatever I want. |
| 175 | Except this time he smells like cheap brew. Thirteen! How did he even get hold of the stuff? Ripped it off, no doubt. |
| 176 | The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table. |
| 177 | You brought some of that good green, didn't you? ...Six of us belly up to the table, and I light a big fat one. |
| 179 | My head is Tilt-A-Whirling with substance abuse... |
| 196 | Andrew stops kissing me, and his eyes ask what he's afraid to, and my eyes answer in the same way, so he takes my hand, leads me down the hall to the bedroom... ...But when he kisses me, I'm shaking, and there are tears in my eyes. We don't have to, he whispers. "I know. I want to. I'm just..." Unsure. I'm completely unsure about my body. What if he hates it? But now he touches me. His hands are tentative, and I remember that this is new for him, too. Is this okay? he asks. Tell me what you like. He kisses me as he picks me up, lays me gently on the bed. A slow, mutual exploration begins. As we learn together, the fear falls away... ...He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pain, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right. |
| 203 | Looking for a threesome? |
| 224 | What's in the Baggie Is a half-dollar-sized chunk of something yellowish white. It sparkles in the sunlight. Lucas slices off a thin section and tells me, Cocaine, clean as you can find anywhere. My brother knows the importer. Wait until you try it. ...Weed is one thing. Cocaine is another. |
| 225 | You've done coke before, right? No? Oh, baby, you're gonna love it. You're totally gonna fly. Don't worry. He grins like a leprechaun. You're safe flying with me. Mostly anyway. I Watch Lucas Suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze. I inhale gently, one line up the right nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention. I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched. Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body. Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive. |

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| | <p>...But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?"</p> <p>I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall...</p> <p>...Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don't think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back." I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready. And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts.</p> |
| 235 | <p>...another of Iris's badass lays, one I can't forget. I do my best never to think of him, what he did. Try never to remember that place in my childhood, but sometimes it pops into view despite all my efforts to keep it hidden. I was almost ten...</p> <p>...Iris worked at a cathouse, making money her usual way, only without walking the streets. Walt was a miner, and though he was a regular paying customer at Mimi's, he had an appetite for younger meat. Iris was younger then too, but even at twenty-six, she was way too old for Walt. Still, he paid for her... I remember how he touched Iris, and how she didn't care that her kids could see. I remember his Marlboro breath falling all down around me when he said, Let me show you something.</p> <p>On Another Day It wouldn't have happened, couldn't have happened. Too many witnesses around. But for some odd reason, that particular afternoon, Iris had taken the other kids to play in the park.</p> <p>...But it wasn't more than ten minutes before Walt came through the door. He didn't ask where Iris was, or why the house was so quiet. He didn't say one word. I opened a can of refried beans, spooned them into a pot. I had no real reason to be afraid. So why did my hands shake? I kept my back to him but could feel his eyes, carving into me. Finally, he started toward the living room. Bring me a beer, sweets.</p> <p>...he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called from Iris's room. He was already out of his jeans. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that. ...He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him.</p> <p>Let me show you something.</p> <p>I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. He choked my cries. When He Finished (Thank God it didn't take long), he rolled off me with a grunt. Reached for his beer. Slammed it. Ripped and pried, swallowed up by the shame of what that meant, I crawled into the bathroom to scrub away the evidence.</p> <p>...Not when he followed me,</p> <p>stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too.</p> <p>...I knew he would come back for Mary Ann. She was only eight. If he did this to her, she'd die for sure. It had almost killed me.</p> |
| 250 | <p>A little bouillon (takes care of the protein requirement, right?) watered down with vodka. And for dessert, stiff megashots of gin. Hey, someone besides Cory should drink it.</p> |
| 251 | <p>So Cory Drinks Way too much.</p> <p>...But how can I say anything when I drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. When Cory and I finish off Jack's dwindling booze stash, scoring more won't be a problem. Vinnie will happily buy. At least as long as I keep bringing bud to the Friday night games.</p> |
| 263 | <p>...Cory's giant sobs fill the front seat with booze-infused exhales.</p> |
| 266 | <p>We have learned a lot about each other. How to touch. Where to kiss.</p> <p>I have taught him as much as he has taught me, all through mutual experimentation. Mad sex scientists,</p> |

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| | <p>that's us. ...we don't have to have sex every time we see each other, do we?</p> |
| 277 | <p>Her voice drips icicles. I believe you're confusing love and desire. Do you really think that man is in love with you? What he wants... Once again, her eyes travel over me, trying to look under my clothes to the sin she intuits beneath them. He wants your innocence. I will not let you succumb to temptation. She is past Papa, hands moving toward me. They fall. I don't dare try to defend myself. I've been here before. Tears sting my eyes. From the pain of her blows. And from the heartbreak tomorrow holds. ...Face bruised, eyes swollen almost shut from crying, no way can I go</p> |
| 280 | <p>Let me see what she did. His hands are kind as they soothe the bruises... ...How could anyone do something like that to their child? he demands.</p> |
| 292 | <p>What's calling is a stiff shot of good old' Kentucky bourbon.</p> |
| 299 | <p>A gulp of bourbon clears it, raises a nice, warm buzz.</p> |
| 300 | <p>Four courses of French cuisine and two bottles of wine later, my stomach is churning with rich food, my head buzzing with alcohol.</p> |
| 310 | <p>"Let's go find the alcohol." I don't wait for Paige's response, just push through the crowd, into the house. ...I work my way through the human knot, stopping twice to take a hit off lit blunts. By the time I reach he kitchen, I've got a nice little pot buzz going on, something to mellow the fog of anger.</p> |
| 313 | <p>First I Pour A hefty shot (okay, more like four) of Cuervo Gold. No need to bother with salt or limes, no worries about tequila burn going down. It feels good.</p> |
| 315 | <p>I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin, and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin sex really isn't very good. ..."F-fuck you!..." ...One more gulp and I repeat, "Fuck you!"</p> |
| 323 | <p>"Get the fuck away from me." ...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge. The words burn into my ear. "What? What the fuck did you say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge. Already paid two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well make it very good. He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In m Humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor. As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me. And then, despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud. Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you. I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting, something else suddenly becomes crystal clear. This day was exactly like that other day. If this guy paid Iris, so did Walt When He's Gone I use wet paper towels to clean the mess on the linoleum. Under the sink, I find the Pine-Sol, carry it to the shower. It stings, which means it's working. I scrub my body over and over,</p> |

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| | washing away all evidence of this afternoon. On TV, they want you to call the cops. Tell. But what do say? "Hey. My mom took money to let some guy rape me." Who'd believe that? I go to my room, stuff clothes into my backpack. |
| 327 | Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than rape. Fuck! |
| 335 | ... Alex and me in back, sipping rum from a water bottle... |
| 340 | Ronnie rises on her tiptoes, lifts her slick, honey-sweet lips to meet mine. It's the sweetest kiss ever, but it soon becomes more. I lock the door, guide her to my bed, and for maybe the very first time, sex is more than getting off. This time, sex feels like love. ...She undulates seductively, the rise and fall of her body like salty waves beneath my own. Another first, this time no faking climbing higher and higher, until she finishes with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction. |
| 342 | I've never had a girl in here. He probably thinks I'm taking care of business, solo. ...I kiss Ronnie's face, her neck, lick the shimmer of sweat from the deep fold between her breasts. She sighs, and that makes me want more. |
| 345 | The three of us get drunk together... |
| 348 | A big, fat joint is calling my name. ...Bud and Booze May not exactly cure what ails ya, but partner 'em up and they'll definitely make you forget it for a while. |
| 350 | The Pot Buzz Should make me feel better, but all it does is combine with the alcohol to make loneliness hit like a freight train. |
| 360 | He creeps toward me, baiting, pallid tongue circling his mouth suggestively. Because I like you. He puts a berry to my lips. And because you're beautiful. Instinctively I suck the fruit onto my tongue, crush it against the roof of my mouth, go weak at the intense rush of pleasure. "Thank you." It comes out a whisper. "I promise not to tell." Jerome Isn't Quite Finished He takes my hand, caresses it gently before placing the other two berries on my palm. If you're really good at keeping secrets...His eyes bore into mine. Something feral pacing there. We could have a little fun. If you be good to me, I'll be really good to you. Strawberries are just the beginning. Cheese. Meat. Chocolate. Maybe even some shampoo to use instead of that vile soap. He touches my hair. I bet it's pretty when it's clean. ...And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my body, I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain. ...I go as far as to let him open my blouse, touch beneath my bra. Now he kisses down my neck, to the skin he has just exposed. Drawn tight up against him, I feel him grown hard against my thigh. Now it's he who shakes. Shivers with hunger, and just like that, I am in control. I push him away, but tenderly, like a mother convincing the infant at her breast that he's had enough. I make my voice light. "That's all you get for three strawberries." He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become. ...What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner whore" Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?" The Door Locks Behind Jerome, who promised to see what I can do about Cherry Garcia. |
| 376 | Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor. ...there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine. |
| 377 | ...now it's Miller time! I reach into the fridge, find a frosty can, pop the top, take a long swallow. |

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| 401 | Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me. ...I do have some Valium, if you're a little nervous. In there. He points at the center console. Valium? Why not? "I'm not exactly nervous. But a good buzz never hurt anyone, right?" I pop one, wait for it to kick in, watching the ocean's heave. By the time we reach Bryn's chosen location, I'm feeling pretty darn fine. |
| 402 | He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint-- of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately. Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after. ...When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket. ...Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you? Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places. ... "Make love to me." You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists. Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that okay?" Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach. |
| 411 | See, for a while Lydia worked as a stripper in a fairly nice club near the Stratosphere. I made pretty good money. Most of it went to the house, which took a big cut for keeping the girls safe. I did all the work, they reaped sixty percent of the bennies. Hard to swallow. So Lydia got smart, started her own business--Have Ur Cake Escorts. Now she takes a cut from the girls (and guys) whose "dates" she sets up. I still strip for fun once in a while. All on my own terms. |
| 413 | Okay, here's the deal. Both of you are pretty girls. Great bods, with that fresh look guys (especially old ones) appreciate. You could make boatloads taking off your clothes. The clubs are careful about underage girls, but work for me, no one will check your IDs. |
| 414 | The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, breast-to-breast or belly-to-ass, tan skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching hidden places we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to masturbation. It's like they are masturbating for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see. |
| 415 | Sooner or later, Lydia said, you'll have to deal with a jerk who won't want to hear "no touching allowed," if you decide to stick to that. With two of you, you've got a fighting chance, or at the very least, a witness. ...Our two-for-one fee is three hundred an hour (a bargain!) plus tips for straight dancing. Private lap dances are twenty dollars per song. Girl-on-girl action adds another hundred to the tab. |
| 416 | As for the actual stripping, Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I'm a better dancer than Alex. Her boobs are bigger, though, and really beautiful. |
| 418 | And when there's a crowd in the room, the dicks mostly stay hidden. |
| 419 | We decline and he escorts us inside, where a half dozen guys are ogling cable porn. |

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| 420 | How much for head? ...We don't do head, except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred. |
| 422 | I glance at Alex, who nods, meaning she'll do it for him. She knows I never could. After a little girl-on-girl rubbing, she goes to take care of it. He sits very still in his chair, staring as she strips free of her bra. Suddenly his hands are all over her. "Hey. Cut it out. Absolutely no touching allowed." ...Okay, man, we're out of here. She tries, but the creep snakes his arms around her waist, squeezes like a hungry boa constrictor. All I want is a hand job. Give it to me, I'll let you go. You, over there, play with yourself. So much for control. Good thing it doesn't take long He finishes with a loud, Aaaagh! |
| 424 | Later, After Several Shots Of whiskey (Lydia buys it for us, as long as we drink it post-business only), |
| 442 | Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white nakedness over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he plunged inside. Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. Sex is sex. A kiss means love. |
| 444 | But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you touch yourself. Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use vibrators too? Like this. ...Your period? I like the taste of blood. |
| 449 | Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too. ...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love you, too, Mommy. See how much? ...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual. |
| 451 | I roll on top of him, look up into his eyes. "What if we..." Soft kiss. "Never mind." He shivers. Is much too easy. I feel almost evil when he whispers, What? almost evil when he whispers, What? Together." ...I lean forward, cup my breasts, rub them over his face. ...I rock back gently, invite him inside. "I'd be all yours and take such good care of you." The second time takes longer, but when he's finally done, he says, I'll think about it. |
| 458 | He lifts my arms, pulls my shift up over my head. I'm in need of your special brand of lovin'. Help me special brand of lovin'. Help me As He Pokes And pinches, I concentrate on ways to not reach Salt Lake City. |
| 471 | they ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. Masturbators. Every now and then, you come across married guys who want to meet for real, with or without their wives, usually the former. Cheap thrill seekers. I haven't played in the flesh, but I don't mind getting someone off telling dirty stories. There's a certain sick kind of power in that. |
| 483 | It's a dope-sized plastic bag with some brown substance inside. "What's that?" But I suspect his response: Smack. One of the girls turned me on to a little. Thought you might like to share a taste. Heroin. I've never even thought about trying it. "I don't know....That shit is scary as hell." Way past meth, which is scary enough. ...Oh, I see. You can do cocaine with your other boyfriends, but you won't try this for me? ...Not if you only do a little, once in a while. And the places it will take you! I want to see you there. OMG. I can't believe I'm saying okay to heroin. But I am. Except, "No needles! No way will I shoot up anything." I wait for his reaction. No problem. We'll just chase the dragon, okay? He means heated tinfoil and a rolled-up bill to grab the smoke, draw it up my nose. |

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| | <p>...Even before Bryn creases the foil into a deep V, my heart starts racing. Fear is exhilarating, all on its own.</p> <p>I watch him drop a pinhead of H into the makeshift bowl, and goose bumps cover my arms. I have no idea what to expect when the smoke lifts into the dollar bill "straw." Ugh. It tastes like rotten ketchup. Bitter and harsh in my throat. I start to choke. Bryn's warning is rough: Don't you dare cough it out! He ...If you shoot up, you feel the effects instantaneously. Smoking it might take ten or fifteen minutes. Patience.</p> <p>...It takes all of ten minutes before I begin to feel kind of tingly. Euphoric. Like everything in my life just fell into place. The sensation is gentle, not at all like the overwhelming buzz I thought it would be. I can handle this. What's all the hype about, anyway? Bryn has finished setting up the second surprise-- a webcam, hooked up to his laptop. I thought it would be fun to put ourselves in the movies. America's Sexiest Home Videos. Come here. Let's get nasty. The tone of his voice lets me know disagreeing is not an option.</p> <p>But I don't want to disagree. Every nerve in my body screams to make love with Bryn, who responds by taking "nasty" to a whole new level. It is only afterward, floating on a sensual fog, in an uneasy state of half sleep, that it comes to me: Bryn didn't join in the dragon chase.</p> <p>...A Week After My first sweet-bitter taste of smack, Bryn has talked me into indulging again four or five times. I don't want to get hooked, and I'm sure I won't, as long as all I do is smoke a little every now and again. I have to admit I like the way it makes me feel--like I'm on top of the world.</p> <p>Bryn never indulges. I can't get it up if I do, and I want this to be all about you. So why does he keep asking me to do things that seem mostly all about him? Things like performing dirty acts on pay-per-view webcam? It won't be forever, I promise.</p> |
| 489 | <p>Some guys like to watch girls getting off all by themselves. Make it look good for the camera. I was never into touching myself, but it isn't so bad, especially when I'm high. Besides the occasional H, Bryn supplies me with bud-- mediocre seeded Mexican-- and prescription downers. Not sure where he gets them, and I really don't care. As long as I'm buzzed, the things he asks of me are easy to do...</p> <p>...You're right, Bryn. She's very pretty. Tight little body, too. Yes, she'll do.</p> <p>His hands slide over my front, reach up under my blouse. The skin of his fingers, seeking my nipples, is calloused. Cold. "No, wait. I can't. You're not serious... Bryn?" He can't want me to do this! I jerk away from Oscar, turn to Bryn. Search his eyes. They are deadly serious, and so is Bryn when he says, Yes, you can. And if you love me, you will. You do love me, don't you? "Of course I love you! But this isn't..." Isn't right, is what I want to say. But what is right, anymore? is this really what loving him means? Bryn's hands press down on my shoulders.</p> <p>...I Beg for a Buzz First Pot won't do. It has to be smack, and three long pulls of the acrid smoke barely take me to the place I need to be. Oscar watches. Waits impatiently for the H to kick in.</p> <p>...Fear-queasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His body is lean, muscular. Another time, another place, I might find him attractive, but attraction is about choice. I have no choice here but to I have no choice here but to is he has paid to do. I hate you, Bryn. I hate you. Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion...</p> <p>...he bites my neck, and lower. I'll wear his teeth marks for days. "Stop. You're hurting me.""</p> <p>You think that hurts? You ain't seen nothing yet. His teeth close even harder and his hand squeezes my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to the morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.</p> |
| 497 | <p>It's not such a big deal, as long as they use condoms.</p> |
| 500 | <p>Maybe that bastard who raped me made me pregnant and God was gracious enough to let me miscarry.</p> |
| 509 | <p>It's more than a little bit obvious that the day's "business" included more than stripping. The smell of sweat and sex hangs in the air, a storm cloud.</p> |

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| | <p>...You're not turning tricks like some hooker, are you?"</p> <p>...I mean, the sex isn't good, but it's fast, and all things considered, the pay scale isn't bad. Fifty bucks for under ten minutes' work? Three hundred an hour! Shit, girl, that's attorney wages.</p> <p>"Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping."</p> |
| 516 | <p>Chris still had a sleeve or two left of his shirt, and while he was busy losing those, I invited Misty to smoke some bud. We got to talking, and the more we smoked, the more I confessed, which made her open up to me. Yeah, money sucks, but you can't live without it. I'm paying my way through UNLV with a little sex-on-the-side.</p> <p>...I mean, if you're going to have sex anyway, why not earn a little extra cash, you know? She took a big drag.</p> <p>...You interested in a little paid action? I can introduce you to Lydia if you want.</p> <p>...Sex for money. I still hadn't considered the possibility of it meaning having sex with men</p> |
| 520 | <p>Sometimes Misty and I Do have "two-fers" with confused guys.</p> <p>...I hang up, pop a Valium, "borrowed" from a bottle in Ronnie's medicine cabinet. Fuck. Stealing pills. I suck.</p> <p>...Twenty bucks for a backseat blowjob?</p> <p>...if someone would have told me two months ago I'd be selling myself to men, I'd have said they were full of shit. Necessity is a motherfucker. And if they would have said I might even like it, I'd have kicked their ass.</p> |
| 524 | <p>You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull. "Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, not to choke on his thrusts against my throat.</p> <p>...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is. No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach.</p> <p>...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me.</p> <p>...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do.</p> <p>...An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain, apple. Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.</p> <p>...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.</p> |
| 548 | <p>Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: Oral sex or a very long walk to Vegas.</p> |

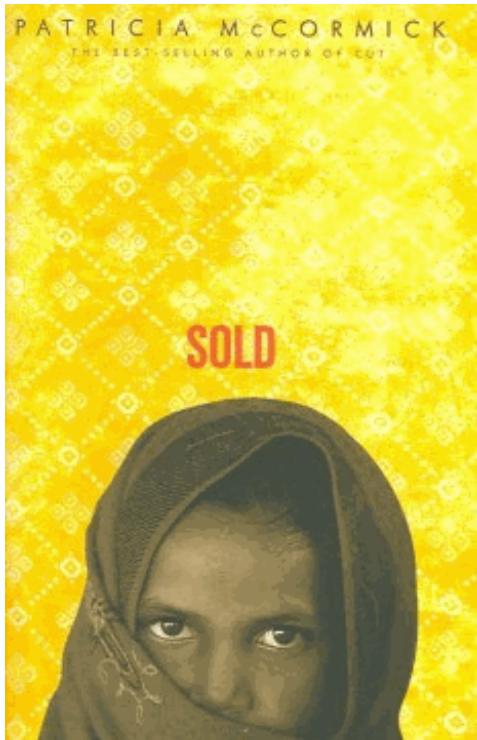
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| 563 | <p>Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. Mouth. Ugh. Tequila. I push him away. "Wait just one fucking second..." I step back, look at Carl...</p> <p>...No need to be rude to our guest. He's here by invitation. Understand? "Invi--" Carl wants me to be with this creep? What happened to our "exclusive relationship"? "No. I don't understand."</p> <p>...He pushes me, and not gently, toward Brett. Now apologize to my friend as I hope you would apologize to me. He Does Not Mean With words. And he doesn't exactly mean solo. They move in unison, and I am sandwiched between them, Carl behind me, moving sensuously, while Brett dares kiss me again. I hold my breath against the assault of gin at my back, tequila in my face. A strange tongue in my mouth. Now Brett rests his chin on my shoulder, and he and Carl are kissing. It's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by sensual motion. Behind me and in front of me, both men grow hard, and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner.</p> <p>I Have Never Considered Three-way sex. How would...? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that.</p> <p>...My rule: hands or mouths only. He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, writhing like mating hooded serpents. We're playing by my rules, remember? But don't worry. I only expect you to give. For now. From somewhere, he extracts a condom, hands it to me, keys to the kingdom.</p> <p>Don't rush, he orders, and don't you dare close your eyes. I want to see how much you like it. He moves in front of me, strips Brett from the waist down, pushes him onto his hands and knees. Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, positioning himself inches from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, grab his shoulders. Carl's hands cover mine. Brett moans as I...Oh my God! I am damned. But I don't stop and I don't rush. Carl's eyes never once leave mine. Finally I beg his permission. "Now? Please?" He nods and I do. We all do.</p> |
| 569 | <p>Sometimes he comes, rewards them like he rewards me, with junk and beautiful sex. Sometimes other men come. That sex is never beautiful. It is selfish. Needful. Fueled by sick desire to get off. Get even. Get over someone who has hurt them by symbolically impaling someone else. So Bryn's zombie girls stay stoned. Out of our heads messed up. Eyes closed, we can be anywhere.</p> |
| 571 | <p>Poor baby. Don't worry. Daddy has presents for his beautiful little girl. He comes over, sits beside me. Pulls a dime bag from his pocket like it's made of gold. Clean rigs, too. Let Daddy fix it for you. He cooks up a perfect spoon, loads it, plunges it between my toes. Bryn gives me wings. The sting is luscious, the awful rush all I need. No, not all. I need Bryn. And he's here, all mine right now. His lap is warm, inviting. I climb into it, slip my arms around his neck. Thank you. Better now. Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, suck his tongue into my mouth, seeking moisture. It curls over my own tongue, sensuous as smoke. Time slows.</p> <p>...Want him to take me higher. Want sex as it was meant to be, as only Bryn can ever give it to me. "Make love to me."</p> <p>He pushes me to the floor. My head spins, dizzy with anticipation. My brain screams, kiss me! Kiss all those special places, just like you used to. I know he will, but... But what? Why is he stopping? He reaches into a back pocket. What is that? A rubber? No. We don't need that.</p> <p>...Finally he says, Never know what kind of gift one of your customers might have left. What? My face flushes, hot from the skag, hotter still with an overdose of anger. Always, with no exceptions, "My customers use condoms."</p> <p>I Try to Push Him Away But even if I were perfectly straight, my stick-figure body would be no match for his toned physique. And I'm not straight. My vision is blurred, like looking through a fishbowl, and my muscles feel like steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest vanishes. So hell, he can screw me, if that's all it means to him. He boosts himself up over me.</p> <p>...That's it, he soothes. No need to waste a perfectly good boner In. Out. In. Out. I close my eyes.</p> |

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| 576 | Stay a while, watching pole dancers and cocktail waitresses, shaking their boobs for tips. Boys come out, horny as hell. Some go home to beat off or bug their wives. |
| 580 | <p>I Swear Until This Moment I never even noticed his hand creeping up my leg, ever closer to my semi-exposed crotch.</p> <p>...I give the guy a quick feel before pushing his hand away. "Oh, I for sure know how to have fun." Game on.</p> <p>...All I can think about is a syringe full of magic. How fast can I do this guy?</p> <p>...Cost? You want me to pay for it? He pushes me inside. I don't pay for sex. Even if I did, I wouldn't pay for you, you junkie bitch. He is all predator now, and on me. Scream! But his hand is already over my mouth. I shake my head, look into his eyes. This wolf has mayhem on his mind. He takes me down. So okay. Give it to him. I go limp. No! he screams. Fight, you goddamn whore! Fight, or I'll kill you. No fight left in me. Fuck me. Kill me. Don't care. He wants both. His penis stabs me, his hands lock around my throat. Air. No air. Black...Air! My lungs grab it suddenly. I float up into gray light, roll onto my side, vomit. Only nothing comes out. Noise. Someone's screaming. Get the fuck out of here, you son of a bitch.</p> |
| 596 | <p>Since the revelation about Iris sicking her snarling dogs on me, other faces--other mutts--materialize when I least want to recognize them, often just as I sink into an alcohol-fueled stupor, praying it will let me sleep, dreamless. I was so young the first time, I didn't know what it meant, only that nothing had ever hurt so bad. Walt tore me up and I bled and bled and when I screamed, nobody came. And he laughed. That's it, little baby. Scream for your daddy. Only he wasn't my daddy at all. My daddy was a brave soldier, fighting far away. Iris told me so. I still believed the stuff she told me then. When I told her about the man, not my daddy, she said, He was only making you into a real girl. I didn't understand. But I made myself believe her. I was a real girl now. But what was I before?</p> <p>Walt Was the First There were others. Nameless. Faceless. I figured out how to close off my brain when they did it to me, to withdraw into a dark little room inside my head, where I couldn't see them. Couldn't smell their sweat, their stagnant breath. Couldn't taste the tobacco coating their tongues, or the beer tainting the spit they left in my mouth. Couldn't feel what was down between my legs. But now they revisit me. Is it because of what I'm doing?</p> |
| 600 | Bastard screwed me, then robbed me. |
| 611 | We both have a date with some sexually confused out-of-towner. Three-ways aren't quite so bad. Misty isn't the brightest girl. But she's got a killer body to focus on. It's okay to be turned on by that. The evening's little snort party will help me out too. |
| 616 | <p>I do, find her already mostly naked. The guy, who's a totally forgettable middle-aged nothing, is completely naked.</p> <p>...The dude, who isn't much down there either, despite it being at full mast, turns his attention away from Misty, focuses on me. What are you waiting for? Time is money, you know. Like it's going to take him much time at all. But whatever. It is his money. And less time is better. Misty distracts him with her yummy boobs and I start to pull my T-shirt over my head Suddenly the door explodes behind me. What the...? Something--bear or bulldozer--knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. yells, What the fuck, as my right kidney takes two massive punches. My shirt is still over my head and I can't see a damn thing as I fight for air. But I hear crack-crack-crack. And the room goes silent, except for strained breathing, right above me..</p> <p>...You fucking whore. It is Chris's voice. You promised... no more... you said... and you... he means me. aid... and you... he means me.my God. Is he going to kill me?</p> <p>...Snap! Lightning? White-hot. Electric. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Suck air.</p> |

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| 621 | I've managed four or five showers, when the man of the hour wanted a motel room. More often, it's the seat of his car. Quick and easy, five minutes or less. No emotion. |
| 623 | "...I mean except to tell me to suck harder, or..." |
| 640 | "I was just hoping maybe you had a little something in your pocket." I run my knee up over his bulging groin. "Something besides that, I mean, and something to take me down." ...He wants to get off, not an easy thing, high on meth. I hate doing guys on meth. Takes too long. But hey, this was my deal. ...You wanna pay for one and fuck for one, or what? We start to walk. ...You never seen black tar? Baby, it's the best. Believe me, those boys in Mexico know their shit. Now come over here. Take a taste of this. ...Never tried it, but guess I'm gonna. Ol' Lorenzo gets a ride around the world. Doesn't take as long as I thought. |
| 652 | How much to do the two of you? ..."Three hundred for all you can eat." Right on. Bermuda reaches into his back pocket. |

| Profanity | Count |
|--------------|-------|
| Bitch | 6 |
| Dick | 1 |
| Fuck | 15 |
| Motherfucker | 1 |
| Ass | 4 |
| Shit | 5 |

SOLD



Young Adult

Ny Patricia McCormick

ISBN: 978-0786851720

Summary of Concerns:

This contains explicit aberrant sexual activities including rape of a minor; prostitution; and explicit violence.



5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 102 | <p>“Are you ready to work?” she says in my language.</p> <p>I nod and say yes, then nod again, although I do not understand how these city people do their chores in such fine clothes and uncomfortable shoes.</p> <p>I follow Mumtaz down the hallway lined with tiny rooms. We pass by girls sitting cross-legged on the floor. Girls drawing on tiger eyes. Girls spraying themselves with flower water. Some of them stare at me. Some take no notice.</p> <p>We go up some stairs, down another hallway, then into a room where an old man is lying on a bed. His skin is yellow and he has tufts of hair poking out from his ears. Mumtaz speaks kindly to him and I wonder if he is sick.</p> <p>Across the hall, in another room, where a red cloth is hung across the doorway, I hear the sound of grunting. It is a strange, animal sound that makes me shudder. Mumtaz points to me and says something to the old man. He licks his palm and smooths down his hair. They do not seem to notice the grunting.</p> <p>Then it stops. The red cloth is pulled back. And a man stands in the hallway zipping his pants.</p> <p>I look down at my red-painted nails and my new shoes. Something is not right here. I don’t know what is going on, but it is not right, not right at all.</p> <p>Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound.</p> <p>“Don’t be afraid,” she says. “Come her, now.”</p> <p>I don’t move.</p> <p>Her voice turns hard. “Get over here, you ignorant girl.” She says.</p> <p>Still, I don’t move.</p> <p>Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. He teeth dig into my lower lip.</p> <p>Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might.</p> <p>He cries out “Aghh!” and I am running. Running down the hall, past the other girls, losing my fancy city shoes along the way, until I am back in the room where I started, pulling my old clothes out of my bundle.</p> |
| 106 | <p>I wrap my arms around myself and grip with all my might. But the trembling will not stop.</p> <p>“Well, then.” Mumtaz says, pulling her record book out from her waistcloth.</p> <p>“Let me explain it to you.”</p> <p>“You belong to me,” she says. “And I paid a pretty sum for you, too.”</p> <p>She opens to page in her book and points to the notation for 10,000 rupees.</p> <p>“You will take men to your room,” she says. “And do whatever they ask of you. You will work here, like the other girls, until your debt is paid off.”</p> |
| 107 | <p>This Shahanna leans close and whispers to me, “It will go easier on you if you hold still.”</p> <p>There is a slicing sound, and a clump of my hair falls to the floor. I cry out and try to break free, but Shahanna has hold of me.</p> |

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| | Mumtaz draws back, the jaw of the scissors poised at my neck. “Hold still,” she says, her teeth clinched. “Or I’ll slice your throat.” |
| 109 | Each morning and evening Mumtaz comes, beats me with a leather strap, and locks the door behind her. |
| 110 | Tonight when Mumtaz comes to my room, she sees that her strap has left raw sores on my back and neck, my arms and legs. So she hits me on the soles of my feet. |
| 111 | Tonight when Mumtaz comes and unlocks the door, she sees there is no part of me unmarked by her strap. “Now will you agree to be with men?” I shake my head. And she says that she will starve me until I submit. |
| 115 | “No,” I hear myself say in a ragged voice. “I will not do this disgraceful thing.” Shahanna sighs. “She will only sell you to another place just like this.” |
| 116 | You are safe here only if you do not show how frightened you are. |
| 120 | A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says, “You’re lucky to be with Habib.” He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn’t move. “You’re lucky,” he says, “that Habib is your first one.” I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that. “You can tell the others that it was Habib,” he says. I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is this Habib he keeps talking about? “If this is really your first time,” he says. “Old Mumtaz is a tricky one.” He unbuckles his belt. “Once before, she sold Habib used goods.” The fish-lips man removes my dress. I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens. “Habib,” he says. “Habib is good with the ladies.” Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me. With a sudden thrust I am torn in two. “Oh, yes,” he says, panting. “Habib is good in bed.” I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don’t know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally. I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing. |

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| | <p>Habib rolls off me. Then I understand: I was the person crying.</p> |
| 123 | <p>In between, men come. They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open. Then they disappear. I cannot tell which of the things the do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable.</p> |
| 125 | <p>I hurt. I am torn and bleeding where the men have been. I pray to the gods to make the hurting go away. To make the burning and the aching and the bleeding stop.</p> |
| 127 | <p>Before it starts, you hear a zipper baring its teeth, perhaps the sound of a shoe being kicked aside in haste, the wincing of the mattress. Once it starts, you may hear the sound of horns bleating in the street below, the peanut vendor hawking his treats, or the pock of a rubber ball as the children shout and play in the school yard nearby. But if you are lucky, or if you work hard at it, you hear nothing. Nothing, perhaps, but the clicking of the fan overhead, that steady ticking away of seconds until it is over. Until it starts again.</p> |
| 128 | <p>One day Shahanna comes to my room, bearing a cup of tea and a leftover heel of bread. She slips a small plastic package into my hand. “Don’t let Mumtaz see this,” she whispers. “What is it?” I ask. She checks to make sure no one can hear. “A condom.” I don’t understand what this condom is and why it must be kept so secret. Shahanna explains. “Ask the men to use ti, sot that you don’t get a disease,” she says. “Most of them will say no; they will threaten to go somewhere else if you insist.”</p> |
| 129 | <p>There is a bucket of water next to my bed. But no matter how often I wash and scrub and wash and scrub, I cannot seem to rinse the men from my body.</p> |

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| 132 | <p>One afternoon, Mumtaz comes to the door and tells me to gather up my things. “Now that you are no longer a virgin,” she says, “I cannot fetch a good price for you.”</p> |
| 133 | <p>I haven’t cried, not one tear, since that first night with the fish-lips man. But now tears surge up in my eyes. I blink them back and lift my chin. “But what?” she says. She pulls the leather strap out from under her skirt and slaps it against her open palm. I bow my head. “From now on,” Mumtaz says, “you will join the other girls downstairs each night. You will share a bedroom and be free to walk the house.” I stare straight ahead. Mumtaz comes close and takes my chin in her hand. “But if you try to run away,” she says, “I will grind hot chilies and put them in your private parts.”</p> |
| 135 | <p>A fat, toothless woman stirs a vat of greasy stew while a naked child crawls at her feet, and the air is thick with the smell of spices and cooking oil, perfume and cigarette smoke. It is all, suddenly, too much. I sink to the floor, wincing at the tenderness between my thighs.</p> |
| 141 | <p>Before, when you were in the locked room, Shahanna says, Mumtaz sent the customers to you. Now, if you want to pay off your debt, you must do what it takes to make them choose you. Tell the customers that you are twelve, she says. Or Mumtaz will beat you senseless. Do whatever the customer asks of you, Shahanna says. Otherwise he will beat you senseless. Then he will do whatever he likes and leave without paying. Always wash yourself with a wet rag after the man is finished, Pushpa says. This will keep you from getting a disease.</p> |
| 142 | <p>There are special things you need to know about how to use your shawl, she says. Flick the ends of your shawl in a come-closer gesture and you will bring the shy men to your bed, the ones who will slip an extra coin into your hand before they go. Draw your shawl to your chin, bend your neck like a peacock. This will bring the older men to your bed, the ones who will leave a sweet on your pillow. Press your shawl to your nose with the back of your hand, Pushpa says, when you must bring a dirty man to your bed. He will leave nothing but his smell, the stink of sweat, and hair oil and liquor and man. But you can use your shawl to block the worst of it. Anita turns away from the mirror, transformed from a crook-faced country girl into a tiger-eyed city woman. There is another way to use a shawl, she says. I cannot tell from her always-frowning face if she is being kind or cruel. That new girl, the one in your old room, she says. Yesterday morning Mumtaz found her hanging from the rafters.</p> |

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| 145 | The younger ones, like Jeena, are given special medicine so they can sleep under the bed while their mothers are with customers. |
| 147 | Half of what the men pay goes to Mumtaz, she says. Then you must take away 80 rupees for what Mumtaz charges for your daily rice and dal. Another 100 a week for renting you a bed and pillow. And 500 for the shot the dirty-hands doctor gives us once a month so that we won't become pregnant. |
| 180 | Once, when the dirty-hands doctor pushed himself up against me in a back hall, Monica pried him off of me and told him he would have to pay like everyone else. |
| 182 | I have been beaten here, locked away, violated a hundred times and a hundred times more. I have been starved and cheated, tricked and disgraced. |
| 189 | "Have you been washing yourself?" she says. "After the men. Do you wash yourself down there?" I try to nod, but my head is heavy, achy, a distant thing I cannot control. All I can do is close my eyes. |
| 191 | "Take these pills tonight," she says. "And you'll be back at work in no time." Then she unwinds her waistcloth and takes out her record book. She wets her pencil with the tip of her tongue and writes a number in her book. "You'll be able to work off the cost of the medicine in a few days," she says. |
| 216 | "Get to work, you lazy whores," she says. |
| 227 | Here at Happiness House, there are dirty men, old men, rough men, fat men, drunken men, sick men. I will be with them all. Any man, every man. |
| 228 | I have a regular customer now. He makes me do a nasty thing, but he gives my 10 rupees extra. |
| 254 | I learned ways to be with men. I learned how to forget what was happening to me even as it was happening. But ever since the pink-skinned man came here, with his pictures of the clean place, I cannot remember those ways. Now, while I wait for the American to return, and the men come to my bed, I clench the sheets in my hands, for fear that I will pound them to death with my fists. I grit my teeth, for fear that I will bite through their skin to their very bones. I squeeze my eyes closed tight, for fear that I will see what has actually happened to me. |

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| 257 | <p>It is a simple kitchen sound, the grinding of spices with a wooden pestle. Sometimes it means nothing more than spicy stew for supper. But sometimes it means that the cook is readying the hot chili punishment for one of us. And then it is a sound that turns even the hardest woman here into a whimpering child. Because it means that someone has crossed Mumtaz, that Mumtaz will smear the chili on a stick and put it inside the girl, and that all of us will be awake throughout the night, listening to the girl moan.</p> |
| 258 | <p>She pushes the cook aside, takes her stick, rolls it in the chili powder, and wheels around to face me. I fall to the floor, kissing her feet and weeping. She gives me a kick in the ribs, and all the air flies out of me in a whoosh. Then she is gone. Soon I hear a piteous wailing coming from the next room. Anita bends over me. “It’s Kumari, the new girl,” she says, stroking my hair. “She accepted a bangle bracelet from a customer.”</p> |
| 258 | <p>“You certainly act the part of the guilty one,” Mumtaz says from above me. What I feel next is the gritty sole of her shoe on the side of my head, gently at first, then with steady, gathering force, relentless, building pressure until her full weight is on me. She grinds her foot, and the metal edge of my earring bites into the flesh of my ear. But I do not cry out. The seconds tick by. Then, somehow, I am outside myself, marveling at this pain, a thing so formidable it has color and shape. Fantastic red, then yellow, starbursts of agony explode in my head. Then there is a blinding whiteness, and then blackness. Somehow, without warning, the pain is gone. A new pain takes its place as Mumtaz yanks on my braid and drags me to my feet. We are eye to eye. I can smell the sour tang of her sweat. “Have you done something for which you should be punished?” she says. I don’t answer. She yanks on my braid. My scalp yelps with pain. But I don’t say a word. “Have you done something wrong?” she says, spit gathering in the corners of her mouth. “Tell me, you stupid little hill girl.” Mumtaz has called me a little hill girl. Which is, still, what I am. I meet her gaze. “No, Mumtaz,” I say. “I haven’t.” She lets go of my hair, and it takes all my strength to keep my knees from giving way. “Then put on you makeup,” she says, “and get back to work.” I stay upright until she is gone. Only then do I slump to the floor and touch the side of my head. My earring comes off in my hand, bloodied, but intact. And I know then that my earlobe has been torn clear through.</p> |

THIS BOOK IS GAY



Young Adult

By Juno Dawson

ISBN: 978-1492617822

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excerpts and illustrations depicting explicit nudity and sexual activities.



4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 5 | <p>"If you're new to the club, you're lucky because being L or G or B or T or * is SUPER FUN. You're FREE now and don't have to hide. Whatever you identify as by the end of this book, you'll see that, far from being alone, you're joining a vast collective of cool, happy, inspirational people, each with a story to tell."</p> |
| 6 | <p>"Maybe you're nosy to see what we get up to between the sheets."</p> |
| 7 | <p>"I was so sad at how we still DEFAULT to heterosexual in the twenty-first century. The assumption goes that all babies are born both straight and locked into their birth gender unless something goes awry. This is NOT the case."</p> |
| 8 | <p>"And yet we're all automatically born "straight" and "cis" (the gender we're assigned at birth).</p> |
| 10 | <p>"Oh Shit! When first faced with same-sex sexthoughts, or sexthoughts about your gender, your first reaction may well be the above."</p> |
| 12 | <p>"Trans people and nonstraight people are subject to a lot of the same discrimination, misunderstanding, and mistreatment, because many people think of us as all being part of the same group."</p> |
| 12 | <p>"So whether it's LGB* or T, we're all seeking membership to this awesome club that exists outside the majority."</p> |
| 16 | <p>"I'm a gay man, but I've considered having sexyfuntime with women plenty of times. Funnily enough, it's yet to 'turn me'.</p> |
| 16 | <p>"2. You can acknowledge them and act on them- have the sex you wanna have or wear clothes you wanna wear- but choose not to define yourself. 3. You can act on them AND adopt an identity to define yourself. This is the bit where you'd get the membership card and become part of a community."</p> |
| 17 | <p>"Most people choose option two- you can totally have sex with people who are the same gender as you and be 'gay' or 'lesbian' or 'bi'. This is why a lot of forms (especially medical ones) you fill in may refer to 'men who have sex with men,' etc. You have very little choice about your sexual preference or gender, but you can decide whether to make it a lifestyle. This is option three: You get to be out and proud and open about your relationships or gender. Living with stress and secrets is stressful."</p> |
| 19 | <p>"Now that we've been label shopping, it's worth noting that the one you bought has a return policy. Sexual preference and gender are fluid, meaning just because you feel one way now, it doesn't necessarily mean you'll feel the same way in five years' time."</p> |
| 21 | <p>"now. You may have heard some people calling lesbians 'dykes."</p> |
| 22 | <p>The word 'gay' started life meaning joyful, carefree, bright, and showy, from the French term 'gaiety,' which is still used. However, by the seventeenth century,</p> |

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| | had evolved: A 'gay woman' was a prostitute, a 'gay man' was promiscuous, and a 'gay house' was a brothel. Nice." |
| 24 | <p>"I tell people I'm bi because it's easier to understand, but I think I'm pan- I'm concerned with personality, not genitals. Anon, 24, Brighton, UK '(I say I'm) bisexual when asked. Varies depending on the day, who I've been around, what I've been reading, and so on. A description I found on Tumblr that fits perfectly goes along the lines of 'If you think of sexuality in terms of music, where the low notes represent being attracted to boys and high notes represent being attracted to girls, I am a Slayer guitar solo.' Nina, 16, UK"</p> |
| 26 | <p>"Like anything in life, sometimes you don't know until you try. I wouldn't eat prawns until I was eighteen- the mere idea of them freaked me out. But then I tried them and it turns out they're DELISH."</p> |
| 29 | <p>"Advertisers would like us to believe that being female somehow feels different to being a male, but we will never really know. Culture tells our parents how to dress us as kids, and it becomes ingrained. It sometimes seems bonkers to me to think that a dude would have to be 'trans' to put on a skirt or some heels. Who bloody says that they are 'female attire'? Sadly, as most of the world is blind to how small-minded this is, that's the way the cookie crumbles. For now. As we said in the last chapter, although the studies of gender and sexuality are closely linked, they are largely unrelated: A person will choose separate identities for both. For instance, I presently identify as a gay man. Tomorrow, I could identify more as a female but still like me, thus making me a straight trans female. Do you see?"</p> |
| 32 | <p>"...A lot of people struggle with the pronoun game. This is understandable; after all, for years and years you've used, i.e., 'he' to describe your friend and now she is asking to be called 'she'. It can take time to adjust. ...never EVER use the word 'it' or 'he/she'. That is NOT COOL."</p> |
| 33 | <p>...the majority of people will identify as "cis" even if they don't know it- it removes the need for anyone to say they are "normal," which, as we said, is an unpleasant word.</p> |
| 38 | <p>..."YOU DEFINITELY WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH DUDES." Now, for a long time it was assumed that these Post-its were removed before being passed via SWEATY PARENT SEX (sorry, couldn't resist) to their baby.</p> |
| 41 | <p>Gay men have slightly longer and thicker winkies. Excellent. The amygdala of gay men is more responsive to porn than those of straight me. So we have bigger dicks and we're hornier. Jus' sayin'. Finger-length ratios may vary between lesbians and straight women.</p> |
| 47 | <p>Think about it- you know what gay men like? BIG, HAIRY MEN WITH BIG PECKERS.</p> |
| 51 | <p>One of the best things about choosing to IDENTIFY as gay or bi is that you are already making your own rules. ...(you're never too young to learn that the whole world is largely run and designed for straight, white, cis men, or "the patriarchy"). This pretty much</p> |

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| | means you are free to adopt whichever elements of gay or queer culture you see fit. |
| 61 | NO ONE WANTS TO HAVE SEX WITH A BALD SPOTTY PSYCHO WITH BALLS LIKE SHRIVELLED RAISINS. |
| 63 | ...Lesbians like vagina. They don't even want blokes watching. I KNOW, how INCONSIDERATE. Note the sarcastic tone. |
| 64 | If you are chatting to gay men who are dismissive of lesbians (or for that matter disparaging of the vagina as a concept), you are talking to misogynist dicks. |
| 64 | In certain parts of South Africa, "corrective rape" is a terrible, heartbreaking practice whereby gay women (as many as an estimated ten a week) are raped or gag-raped "for their own good" to turn them heterosexual. |
| 68 | So far, I hope I've sold this LBGT* thing pretty well. I mean, it does sound brilliant, doesn't it? You get to dress how you like and make out with whomever you want. It's hip and trendy (just as Zachary Quinto, Andreja Pejic, or Angel Haze). You get to be part of an avan-garde subculture with links to art, music, and fashion. |
| 73 | Heteronormative values are forced down our throats from birth. Cinderella gets together with a dude she met once and lied to; the Little Mermaid rejects her entire culture for a guy; one princess even goes for a spot of bestiality and make out with a FROG- but there are NO LBGT* role models for kids. |
| 81 | Be a SQUEAKY WHEEL: If you politely make enough noise at school, someone will eventually oil the gears. |
| 85 | Once again the law is on your side: Being LBGT* is a "protected class" (which I like because it makes us sound like a beautiful, rare butterfly on the verge of extinction in Java or something). |
| 98 | Most people of religion see their sacred texts as a general guide for life- moral guidance, as it were. The problem comes when a minority take the written words literally- and the meaning of some of these words may even have been misinterpreted. |
| 101 | HOW TO ARGUE WITH A CHRISTIAN |
| 102 | <p>IF THEY COME AT YOU WITH "IT'S IN THE BIBLE!"</p> <p>...Point out that the text was written thousands of years ago. Times have changed. The messages are still somewhat applicable, but we have to adapt them for modern living. Also point out that ALL of the above extracts are out of context, and at the end of the day, they are stories, no laws (even the Apostle Paul decreed this).</p> <p>Contexts change. The Bible repeatedly refers to going after taxmen- who at the time were crooked. You don't hear about Christians chasing after the IRS with flaming torches, do you?</p> <p>Also, lady lovers, as the problem all stems from "sodomy," lesbians are automatically off the hook anyway! Whoop!</p> <p>Finally, in the New Testament, based on the teachings of Jesus, Jesus said precisely NOTHING on the subject.</p> <p>...Personally, I think Jesus, had he lived today, would be at a every Pride march.</p> |

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| 115 | Lots of people may choose to have sexyfuntimes with people of the same gender without identifying as gay or lesbian, just as a gay man who has sex with a woman isn't automatically straight. |
| 115 | <p>APPS</p> <p>The smartphone revolution understood that, like anything in the twenty-first century, we'd eventually want to be to download sex. It wouldn't surprise me if, in a couple of years, we can download the idea of sex so convincingly that we won't have to bother with the messy bodily fluids and pesky emotional stuff at all. It is a fact that although grown-up adult types are sometimes looking for a serious relationship, sometimes they are just looking for a spot of sexyfuntime. You may come to establish that gay and bi men in particular do seem to quite like sex. OK, nearly everyone likes sex, but gay guys really seem to have cornered the market. ...Gay and bi men have taken to app sex like ducks to sexy water.</p> |
| 156 | <p>How sex apps work:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Upload a tiny pic of yourself to the app. 2. The app works out your location. 3. The app tells you who the nearest homosexuals are. 4. You then chat to them. 5. Because they are near, it is easy to meet up with them. <p>...if you're looking for the ubiquitous "fun" (the words "sex," "shag," and the F-word, ironically, are banned on most sex apps), be upfront about it and then no one's feelings are going to get hurt.</p> |
| 157 | <p>THE GREAT SEX-APP DEBATE</p> <p>Pro sex app</p> <p>..."The benefits are obvious: quick, easy, and uncomplicated sex.</p> <p>..."I've met a variety of interesting people through (sex apps). They are predominantly use for sex though. They're sold to us as 'social networking' apps, but we all know what they're really for. It's a bit like selling a dildo under the pretext that it's sole use is a draft excluder. I don't have a problem with that aspect of it- if people want casual sex, then something like Grindr is a must..."</p> |
| 158 | Another major plus to sex apps is they allow a degree of anonymity, so guys and girls who aren't out can meet people this way without having to self-identify by entering a gay bar. |
| 159 | ...a hive of shitweasels... |
| 160 | If you're THAT HORNY that you want to do a "sex meet," meet the "trick" in a public place for a drink first. That way you can assess if you fancy them in the flesh/they are not a twitchy-eyed freakazoid before letting them into your house. |
| 163 | "(I use) almost exclusively OKCupid..." |
| 166 | <p>The fact that they didn't also teach you what same-sex couples do is noting less than institutionalized homophobia.</p> <p>...Is there something icky about gay sex? Is there something wrong with it? I challenge any politician to discuss this with me. I WILL RUIN THEM.</p> <p>This chapter is simply all the stuff teachers SHOULD be saying if they want to be inclusive of people with same-sex feelings.</p> |

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| 170 | <p>"...The owner was married, and we'd been flirting with each other for a few months, though till then nothing had come of it. On this day, however, I spent hours there, as I had nothing to do till my mom finished work. The shop was quiet, and as the morning went on we got more and more tactile until we were rubbing our crotches against each other. We managed to stop short of getting our knobs out in the shop...</p> |
| 171 | <p>"Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware of which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide. The lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait. Nipples: A lot of guys like having their nipples played with- they are mega sensitive. Testicles: Also to be treated with loving care. Bum: Up you bum you have a prostate gland which feels nice when massaged. The anus is also sensitive and responds to being played with. Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked. Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed. Penis: If you are a guy, you'll already know that even a gentle breeze can be enough to inspire a stiffy in this super-sensitive organ. But keep in mind that sex doesn't begin and end with your dick. Be creative." The illustration on this page depicts a cartoonish man in full-frontal pose completely nude with arrows pointing to each area described in the above citation. <i>See Figure 1.</i></p> |
| 173 | <p>Doing the Sex Two men can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways.</p> <p>1. Handies: Perhaps the most important skill you will master as a gay or bi man is the timeless classic, the hand job. The good news is, you can practice on yourself. The bad news is, each guy has become very used to his own way getting himself off.</p> <p>...Something they don't teach you in school is that, in order to be able to cum at all, you or your partner may need to finish off with a handie. A lot of people find it hard to cum through other types of sex.</p> <p>...A GOOD HANDIE is all about the wrist action. Rub the head of his cock back and forth with your hand. Try different speeds and pressures until he responds positively.</p> <p>A BAD HANDIE is grasping a penis and shaking it like a ketchup bottle.</p> <p>Finally, my misunderstanding about rubbing two peens together wasn't far off the mark- rubbing them together in one hand feels awesome- MEGA COMBOHANDIE</p> <p>...2. Blowis: Oral sex is popping another dude's peen in your mouth, or, indeed, popping yours in his. There is only one hard and fast rule when it comes to blow jobs- WATCH THE TEETH. Lips and tongue, yes; teeth, NO.</p> <p>As with hand jobs and breakfast eggs, all men like their blow jobs served in different ways. The term "blow job" is massively misleading, as you won't actually be blowing on his penis- it's more about sucking (although I stress you're not trying to suck his kidneys out through his urethra). It's more about sliding your mouth up and down the shaft of his cock.</p> <p>Letting a guy cum in your mouth is a safe sex no-no.</p> |

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| | <p>3. Bumping: It is a universal truth that many men like sticking their willies inside things. ...Well, in the absence of a vagina, gay and bi men make excellent use of the back door. Wanna know a secret? Straight people have anal sex all the time too. Another one? Straight men like stuff up their bums just as much as gay ones.</p> |
| 174 | <p>Still, unlike vaginal sex, a little more though has to go into anal sex, and here's why: Pre-care: As pleasant as bumping can be, we must hold in mind that the primary function of the back passage is to do poos. Poo is not sexy. Therefore, those of you planning to have anal sex will need to dedicate a portion of time to ensuring poo doesn't creep into sexyfuntime. The best, healthiest method is to make sure you've been to the bathroom before attempting butt sex and have had a jolly good clean afterward. ...Some people choose to douche. You can buy a douche online or from an adult shop. Roles: This is where dude-dude pairings can get tricky. At the end of the day, if you want to have anal sex, one of you is going to have to go "top" (the one who puts his willy in) and the other "bottom" (the one who gets the willy up his bum). ...most guys are "versatile" and will happily switch roles depending on mood, although there are guys who prefer to be strictly top or bottom.</p> |
| 176 | <p>How do you know if you're a top or bottom? It's easy- if the thought of having a big hard thing poked up your tush is arousing, you are probably a bottom. See? Easy. ...Lube: ...You NEED lube if you're going to attempt anal. This is for two reasons. One, anal sex hurts. The anus does not have the capacity to stretch in the same way a vagina does. This means it's a tight hole (which feels nice for the top), but it also means it can be very uncomfortable for the bottom.</p> |
| 178 | <p>"Part Two: Girl-on-Girl Sex Here is a diagram of a woman. If you are not a woman, you are probably aware which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide. Clitoris: Observe the diagram. Women are that little bit harder than men, who have everything dangling out in the open. The clitoris is a super-sensitive cluster of nerve endings that, when rubbed, kissed, or licked, can make a woman orgasm (which is a good thing). Anus: Although women do not have a prostate gland up their bum, some women like having stuff poked up there too. Lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait. Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed. Vagina: The vagina is the opening to the female reproductive system, from which babies po out. Much, much research has been done on this, and it is thought there is a 'G spot' located just inside the vagina. Although the existence of this sexual holy grail has not been proven, many women agree that having things inserted into their vagina feels very nice indeed. Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked. Nipples: A lot of girls like having their nipples played with- they are mega sensitive." The illustration depicts a cartoon woman in a full-frontal pose nude.</p> |

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| | <p>There is also an illustration of a vagina. Both illustrations have arrows pointing to the different areas cited above. <i>See Figure 2.</i></p> |
| 179 | <p>"Doing the Sex Two women can pleasure each other in a variety of fun ways. 1. Fingers: Far more effective than a penis in many ways, a hand can do the job of five penises. When gay women refer to having sex, this is usually what they mean. Lesbians can stimulate the clitoris and vagina and bring their partner to orgasm with their fingers; sometimes both partners can do this simultaneously. 2. Oral: That clitoris really does like being licked and kissed. Again, girls can take it in turns to perform oral sex or, if feeling adventurous, they can perform it at the same time. 3. Toys and strap-ons: Some women like these; some don't. Much has been written about why gay women would seek to play with a replacement penis, but I say who the heck cares- if it feels nice, go for it! Moreover, a man is more than a penis- just because a woman wants something a bit penis-shaped doesn't mean she fancies broad-shouldered, bearded, no-boobed men. Toys, dildos, vibrators, and strap-ons all fulfill the same purpose- a prosthesis to insert into the vagina. As with gay men, one woman isn't the 'man'. Two women having same-sex sex are both (yup) women! Don't Take it From Me Clearly, I am not a gay woman and, as such, why would you possibly come to me for tips on girl-girl sex? well, quite. So I've called an expert- gay writer, Fi Locke: Let's talk about dildos: I think a lot of people assume that where there is no penis, a desperate sexual void is created, out of which something dick shaped must ultimately slot in order to satisfy a vagina. Basically, there's holes everywhere, but you DON'T HAVE TO FILL THEM ALL! Not necessarily even with your tongue (personally, I don't that feels nice) and not with something penis shaped either. I think most good orgasms revolve around the clit-well, for me and mine anyway! If you then want to get a bit fancy, there's nothing wrong with a few finger inside (or a hand, depending on, well...y'know) during or proceeding on from some clitoral stimulation. But that's orgasms. And as great as they are, it's not always all about them. I've only ever slept with two women who enjoyed using dildos. I hate wearing a strap-on. I've only ever done it once and NEVER AGAIN! But then I'm more of a receiving kind of person anyway. (Also, strap-ons are really hard work! You need to be FIT to really shag with one of them! And don't ever expect to cum when you're wearing it.) The whole 'butch dykes love strap-ons' thing is rubbish. I've heard differing opinions from friends and lovers about this, which vary from agreement with the above statement to actually feeling quite emasculated by a 'pretend dick'. It's totally personal. Some people love them, some people don't. But back to orgasms. I love a good shag from a hand or a dildo- vaginal or anal- but, honestly, that's not about the orgasm; it's about the pleasure of being shagged. And sometimes that pleasure is pleasure enough in itself. That's not a timid "It's okay darling, as long as you're happy, I'm happy' excuse. Genuinely, there doesn't always need to be an orgasm. What else? Well, it's OK to ask for help sometimes. Everybody's lady gardens are mapped out differently, so if your lover is doing it wrong, help her out. Even if it means doing it for her once or twice. That might feel like you're just using her hand to have a wank with, and it is, really, but hopefully after a while she'll start to notice where you're putting it. I've been with a lot of girls with this kind of "This isn't straight sex, it's lesbian sex, and we're</p> |

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| | <p>nicer and more respectful than them" attitude. That's boring. It's really boring. Just go for ti and don't ever be ashamed about anything. Lastly, I think you'll always have to take turns (unless you're 69ing). I haven't found an effective way to not take turns yet. Just make sure you don't do it in a "Right, I suppose I have to do you, now" kind of way. Actually, really lastly: On refection, I don't think girl-on-girl sex is any different to any other type of sex. If you just listen to what your body wants, what turns you on, and are never ashamed to ask for it, and if you experiment wherever possible, explore every corner of your desire, even if you only do it once, then you'll learn what you love and what you don't want and, voila, you'll be enjoying sexy sex in no time! Oh, okay, actual last thoughts: 1. Why do they always put "veins" on dildos? It's gross. 2. Note to manufacturers: Vibrators do not need to be shaped like penises. 3. Something in your ars, withdrawn shortly before a clitoral orgasm can feel AMAZING for some people. 4. Lube is great. Don't worry about the sheets; you can wash them. Never run out of lube. Especially if you're doing anything with your arse. who ever said that lesbians can't have sex? We beg to differ."</p> |
| 186 | <p>"Why are Gay Men So Slutty? Well, first of all, I don't lie the word slutty, so let's rephrase that to it's proper word, PROMISCUOUS, which basically means 'has sex with multiple partners.' Second of all, anyone who suggests that all gay men are promiscuous is a raging homophobe. HOWEVER, the fact of the matter is that many stereotypes have a seed of truth lurking under all the horse crap. In this instance, both my own research and that of other writers suggests that gay men reported having more than twenty partners in their lifetime, with several reporting they had had sex with more than a hundred. This is not meant to be shocking. It is simply a fact. Remember as young gay people, we are raised on HETERONORMATIVE VALUES, which means the values of straight people who are in the majority. Until very, very recently, same-sex couples couldn't even get married, so OF COURSE LGB* people haven't always played by the same rules as our heterosexual brother and sisters. The gay scene has its own norms, and one of those norms, it seems, is promiscuity. Some theories about gay male promiscuity: 1. BOYS WILL BE BOYS: We (and that's all of us, women too) get RAGINGLY HORNY because of TESTOSTERONE- a hormone. Men make more of it than women. Fact. From an evolutionary perspective, a male could make about fifty babies in the time it takes a female to have one. It is thought that monogamy (having one sexual partner) stems from our prehistoric need to have a male hunter-gatherer handy to help provide for a female's offspring. Basically, the only reason straight men aren't having as much sex as has ones is because their girlfriends would have them out on the street in a heartbeat.</p> |
| 201 | <p>Saunas and Sex Parties ..."In big cities all around the world, there are places that cater to gay men's seeming obsession with sex. Saunas, or 'bath houses', are dotted all over the country, and they are perfectly legal. People (many saunas run lesbian nights) pay some money to enter and then have a bit of a sauna and some random sex. Again, this is fine as long as you're safe. That said, NEVER ONCE did I hear ANYONE say, 'This is my husband, Derek. We met at Chariots in Vauxhall and it was TRUE LOVE.'</p> |

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| | Saunas are regarded as a little sleazy, and people often visit these places in secret." |
| 248 | Here's the thing- straight people do butt sex too. And two girls are pretty much doing what your daughter would be doing with a dude, I'm afraid. |
| 256 | <p>"All the Weird Terms, No Waiting. 69: Two people giving simultaneous oral sex. AIDS: A syndrome brought on by the virus HIV. Asexual: A person who is not interested in sex or has low sexual desire. Bisexual: A person who fancies both men and women. Blow job: Oral sex on a guy. Bottom/passive: Being the partner who "receives" during sex. Circumcised: Term to describe a boy who has had his foreskin surgically removed. Cisgender: The sex you were assigned at birth. Clitoris: Female erogenous zone. Coming Out: The process of telling people about your identity. Cum: common slang term for semen OR to orgasm. Cunnilingus: Oral sex on a girl. Curious/Questioning: A person in the process of wondering about their sexuality. Dildo: a sex toy. Dom: Being the dominant partner during sex. Douching: Washing out the back passage or lady garden prior to sex. Drag queen/king: A performer who wears clothes traditionally assigned to the opposite gender. Fellatio: Fancy term for oral sex on a dude. Foreskin: Loose skin at the end of the penis. Gay: Term to describe a homosexual man or woman. Glory Hole: A hole in a wall or partition through which a man pokes his peenie. Grindr: A social network app for gay and bi men. HIV: A virus affecting the immune system. Intersectionality: The different parts of your whole identity and the impact they have on your life. Intersex: Term to describe a person born with no clear gender or attributes of both genders. Labia: The folds at the entrance of the vagina. Lesbian: A homosexual woman. Lube: Short for lubrication. Makes sex easier. Orgasm: Sexual climax. Orgy: Group sex. Penis: Male erogenous zone Poppers: Slang term for amyl nitrite- an aroma that gives a feeling of light-headedness Queer/genderqueer: A person who refuses to label their sexuality or gender. Rimming: Licking the bottom. Scat: Eating poop. Scissor sisters: A sexual position for two women OR and early 2000s electropop band. Strap-on: A sex toy worn on a belt. STI: Sexually Transmitted Infection. Sub: Being the submissive partner during sex. top/active: Being the partner who 'gives' during sex. transsexual: Any person changing their gender identity. Transvestite: A person who wears the clothes traditionally assigned to the opposite gender. Vibrator: A vibrating sex toy. Water sports/golden shower: Weeing on people in a way considered sexy.</p> |

Part One: Boy-on-Boy Sex

Here is a diagram of a boy. If you are also a boy, you are probably aware which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.

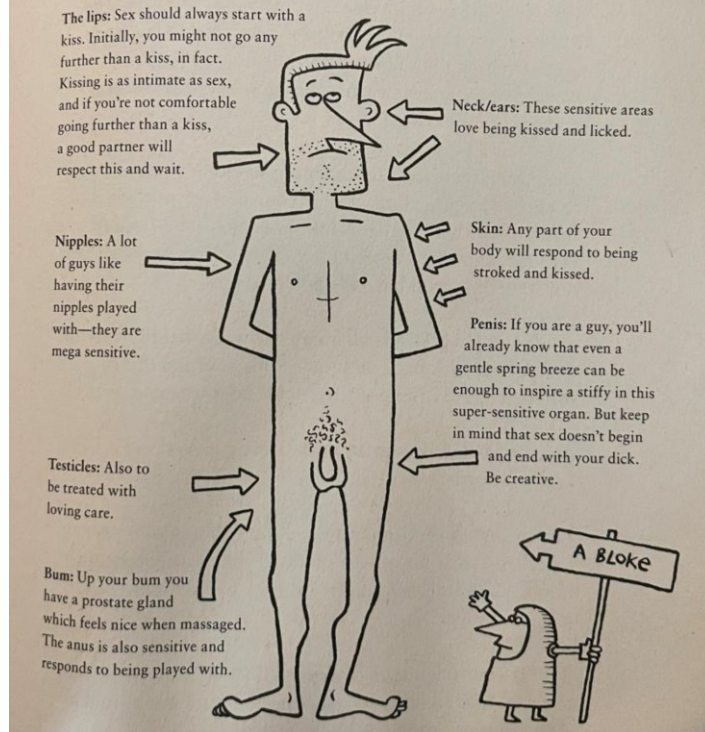
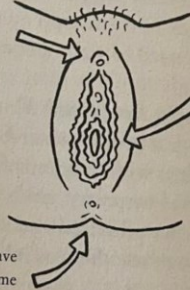


Figure 1

Part Two: Girl-on-Girl Sex

Here is a diagram of a woman. If you are also a woman, you are probably aware which parts FEEL NICE when you touch them, but here's a rough guide.

Clitoris: Observe the diagram. Women are that little bit harder than men, who have everything dangling out in the open. The clitoris is a super-sensitive cluster of nerve endings that, when rubbed, kissed, or licked, can make a woman orgasm (which is a good thing).



Vagina: The vagina is the opening to the female reproductive system, from which babies pop out. Much, much research has been done on this, and it is thought there is a "G spot" located just inside the vagina. Although the existence of this sexual holy grail has not been proven, many women agree that having things inserted into their vagina feels very nice indeed.

Anus: Although women do not have a prostate gland up their bum, some women like having stuff poked up there too.

Lips: Sex should always start with a kiss. Initially, you might not go any further than a kiss, in fact. Kissing is as intimate as sex, and if you're not comfortable going further than a kiss, a good partner will respect this and wait.



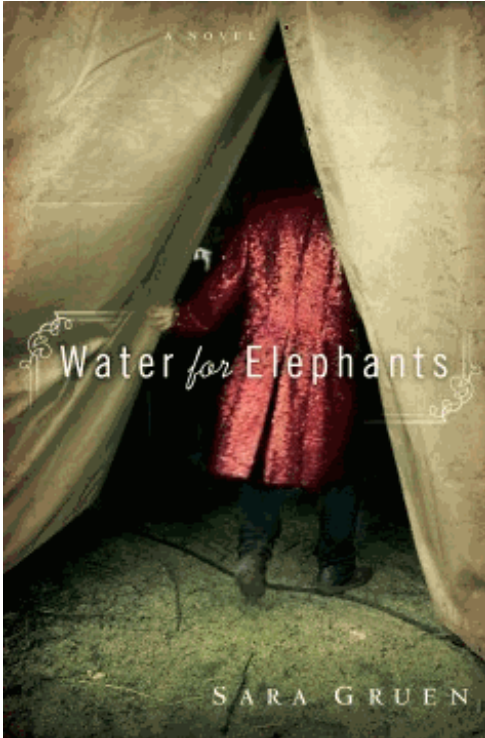
Neck/ears: These sensitive areas love being kissed and licked.

Nipples: A lot of girls like having their nipples played with—they are mega sensitive.

Skin: Any part of your body will respond to being stroked and kissed.

Figure 2

WATER FOR ELEPHANTS



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; and profanity.

Adult

By Sarah Gruen

ISBN: 9781565124998

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| 44 | <p>The woman is a statuesque redhead with eyelashes too long to be real and a beauty spot painted next to her full lips. Her legs are long, her hips full, her chest a stupefaction. She is down to a G- string, a glimmering translucent shawl, and a gloriously overflowing brassiere. She shakes her shoulders, keeping gelatinous time with the small band of musicians to her right.</p> <p>She takes a few strides, sliding across the stage in feathered mules. The snare drum rolls, and she stops, her mouth open in mock surprise. She throws her head back, exposing her throat and sliding her hands down around the cups of her brassiere. She leans forward, squeezing until the flesh swells between her fingers. I scan the sidewalls. A pair of shoe tips peeks under the edge of the canvas. I approach, keeping close to the wall. Just in front of the shoes, I swing the pipe and smack the canvas. There's a grunt, and the shoes disappear. I pause with my ear to the seam, and then return to my post.</p> <p>The redhead sways with the music, caressing her shawl with lacquered nails. It has gold or silver woven through it and sparkles as she slides it back and forth across her shoulders. She drops forward suddenly at the waist, throws her head back, and shimmies. The men holler. Two or three stand, shaking their fists in encouragement. I glance at Cecil, whose steely gaze tells me to watch them.</p> <p>The woman stands up, turns her back, and strides to the center of the stage. She passes the shawl between her legs, slowly grinding against it. Groans rise from the audience. She spins so she's facing us and continues sliding the shawl back and forth, pulling it so tight the cleft of her vulva shows.</p> <p>"Take it off, baby! Take it all off!"</p> <p>The men are getting rowdier; more than half are on their feet. Cecil beckons me forward with one hand. I step closer to the rows of folding chairs.</p> <p>The shawl drops to the floor and the woman turns her back once again. She shakes her hair so it ripples over her shoulder blades and raises her hands so that they meet at the clasp of her brassiere. A cheer rises from the crowd. She pauses to look over her shoulder and winks, running the straps coquettishly down her arms. Then she drops the bra to the floor and spins around, clutching her breasts in her hands. A howl of protest rises from the men.</p> <p>"Aw, come on, sugar, show us what you got!"</p> <p>She shakes her head, pouting coyly.</p> <p>"Aw, come on! I spent fifty cents!"</p> <p>She shakes her head, blinking demurely at the floor. Suddenly her eyes and mouth spring open and she pulls her hands away. Those majestic globes drop. They come to an abrupt stop before swinging gently, even though she's standing perfectly still. There's a collective intake of breath, a moment of awed silence before the men whoop in delight.</p> <p>"Atta girl!"</p> <p>"Lord have mercy!"</p> <p>"Hot damn!"</p> <p>She caresses herself, lifting and kneading, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She stares lasciviously down at the men, running her tongue across her upper lip. A drum roll begins. She grasps each hardened point firmly between thumb and forefinger and pulls one breast so that its nipple points at the ceiling. Its shape changes utterly as the weight redistributes. Then she drops it—it falls suddenly,</p> |

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| | <p>almost violently. She hangs onto the nipple and lifts the other in the same upward arc. She alternates, picking up speed. Lifting, dropping, lifting, dropping—by the time the drum cuts out and the trombone kicks in, her arms move so fast they’re a blur, her flesh an undulating, pumping mass. The men holler, screaming their approval.</p> <p>“Oh yeah!”</p> <p>“Gorgeous, baby! Gorgeous!”</p> <p>“Praise the sweet Lord!” Another drum roll begins. She leans forward at the waist and those glorious tits swing, so heavy, so low—a foot long, at least, wider and rounded at the ends, as though each contains a grapefruit.</p> <p>She rolls her shoulders; first one, and then the other, so her breasts move in opposite directions. As the speed increases, they swing in ever-widening circles, lengthening as they gain momentum. Before long, they’re meeting in the center with an audible slap.</p> <p>Jesus. There could be a riot in the tent and I wouldn’t know it. There’s not a drop of blood left in my head.</p> <p>The woman straightens up and then drops into a curtsy. When she stands, she scoops a breast up to her face and slides her tongue around its nipple. Then she slurps it into her mouth. She stands there shamelessly sucking her own tit as the men wave their hats, pump their fists, and scream like animals. She drops it, gives the slick nipple a final tweak, and then blows the men a kiss. She leans down long enough to retrieve her diaphanous shawl and disappears, her arm raised so that the shawl trails behind her, a shimmering banner.</p> <p>“All right then, boys,” says Cecil, clapping his hands and climbing the stairs to the stage. “Let’s have a big hand for our Barbara!” The men cheer and whistle, clapping with hands held high.</p> <p>“Yup, ain’t she something? What a lady. And it’s your lucky day, boys, because for tonight only, she’ll be accepting a limited number of gentleman callers after the show. This is a real honor, fellas. She’s a gem, our Barbara. A real gem.”</p> <p>The men crowd toward the exit, slapping each other on the back, already exchanging memories.</p> <p>“Did you see those titties?”</p> <p>“Man, what a rack. What I wouldn’t give to play with those for a while.”</p> <p>I’m glad nothing requires my intervention, because I’m trying hard to maintain my composure. This is the first time I’ve ever seen a woman naked and I don’t think I’ll ever be the same.</p> |
| 63 | <p>I’m lying on the floor, looking up at the stripper’s dangling breasts. Her nipples, brown and the size of silver dollar pancakes, swing in circles—out and around, SLAP. Out and around, SLAP. I feel a pang of excitement, then remorse, and then nausea. And then I’m... I’m...</p> |
| 78 | <p>Rumor has it that Chaz's tiny penis even gets erections.</p> |
| 81 | <p>I flip one open. A crudely drawn Olive Oyl lies on a bed with her legs open, naked but for her shoes. She spreads herself with her fingers. Popeye appears in a thought bubble above her head, with a bulging erection that reaches to his chin. Wimpy, with an equally enormous erection, peers through the window.</p> |

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| 107 | <p>Bathing is even more embarrassing, because I have to strip down to my birthday suit in front of a nurse. Now, there are some things that never die, so even though I'm in my nineties my sap sometimes rises. I can't help it. They always pretend not to notice. They're trained that way, I suppose, although pretending not to notice is almost worse than noticing. It means they consider me nothing more than a harmless old man sporting a harmless old penis that still gets uppity once in a while. Although if one of them took it seriously and tried to do something about it, the shock would probably kill me.</p> <p>Once she's gone I quite enjoy my shower. I take the shower head from its mount and spray my body from up close, aiming it over my shoulders and down my back and then over each of my skinny limbs. I even hold my head back with my eyes shut and let the spray hit my face full on. I pretend it's a tropical shower, shaking my head and reveling in it. I even enjoy the feel of it down there, on that shriveled pink snake that fathered five children so long ago.</p> <p>Sometimes, when I'm in bed, I close my eyes and remember the look—and especially the feel—of a woman's naked body. Usually it's my wife's, but not always. I was completely faithful to her. Not once in more than sixty years did I stray, except in my imagination, and I have a feeling she wouldn't have minded that. She was a woman of extraordinary understanding.</p> |
| 131 | <p>I hear thrashing in the long grass and pause to investigate. I see a woman's bare legs spread wide with a man between them. He grunts and ruts like a billy goat. His trousers are down around his knees, his hairy buttocks pumping up and down. She grasps his shirt in her fists, moaning with each thrust. It takes me a moment to realize what I'm looking at—when I do, I wrench my eyes away and wobble forward.</p> |
| 133 | <p>"Well now, what have we here?" says a sultry voice from somewhere very nearby. My eyes pop open. A foot's length of tightly packed cleavage is directly under my nose. I run my eyes up it until I see a face. It's Barbara. I blink quickly, trying to see only one of her. Oh God—it's no use. But no—wait. It's okay. It's not multiple Barbaras. It's multiple women.</p> <p>"Hi, honey," says Barbara, reaching out and stroking my face. "You doing okay?"</p> <p>"Mmm," I say, trying to nod.</p> <p>Her fingertips linger under my chin as she turns to the blonde crouching beside her. "So young. Oh, he's cute as a button, isn't he, Nell?"</p> <p>Nell takes a drag from a cigarette and blows the smoke from the side of her mouth. "Sure is. Don't think I've seen him before."</p> <p>"He was helping out at the cooch tent a few nights ago," says Barbara. She turns back to me. "What's your name, honey?" she says softly, running the backs of her fingers up and down my cheek.</p> <p>"Jacob," I say, around the edges of a belch.</p> <p>"Jacob," she says. "Oh, say, I know who you are. He's the one Walter was talking about," she says to Nell. "He's brand new, a First of May. Handled himself real well at the cooch tent."</p> <p>She grabs my chin and raises it, gazing deep into my eyes. I try to return the favor but am having some trouble focusing. "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me, Jacob—you ever been with a woman?"</p> |

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| | <p>“I...uh...,” Isay. “Uh...”</p> <p>Nell giggles. Barbara leans back and puts her hands on her waist. “Whadya think? Wanna give him a proper welcome?”</p> <p>“We practically have to,” says Nell. “A First of May and a virgin?” Her hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. My head, which had been wobbling on its stem, snaps upright. “You think his hair is red down there, too?” she says, cupping me in her palm.</p> <p>Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be.</p> <p>Oh God. Oh God. I’m touching a breast. Through a dress, but still—</p> <p>Barbara stands up for a moment, smooths her skirt, looks furtively around, and then crouches. I’m pondering this change of position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my fingers against hot, moist silk.</p> <p>I catch my breath. The whiskey, the moonshine, the gin, the God-knows-what—all of it dissipates instantly. She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys.</p> <p>Oh shit. I may come right now.</p> <p>“Hmmm?” she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places it back on my knee, and then gives my crotch an experimental squeeze.</p> <p>“Mmmm,” she says, her eyes half-closed. “He’s ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age.”</p> <p>The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the door of the stock car. At least, I am aware of finding myself cheek down in the dirt. Then I’m swept upward again and jostled along in the dark until I’m sitting on the edge of a bed.</p> <p>There are definitely two Barbaras now. And two of the other one, as well. Nell, was it?</p> <p>Barbara steps backward and raises her arms in the air. She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I’m interested—there is no question about that. But I simply can’t sit upright anymore. So I fall back.</p> <p>Someone’s yanking on my pants. I mumble something, not sure what, but I don’t think it’s encouragement. I’m suddenly not feeling well.</p> <p>Oh God. She’s touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It’s limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified.</p> <p>The other woman—now there’s only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?—lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from</p> |

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| | <p>her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis.</p> <p>I gasp. The women giggle, but it's a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response. Oh God, oh God, she's sucking it. Sucking it, for God's sake.</p> <p>I'm not going to be able to— Oh my God, I need to— I turn my head and hurl the unfortunately varied contents of my stomach onto Nell.</p> |
| 136 | <p>"Where am I?" I croak. I cough and try to clear my parched throat.</p> <p>"Clown Alley," says Kinko, fingering some paint jars on a dresser.</p> <p>I lift an arm to cover my eyes and notice it is clad in silk. A red silk dressing gown, to be exact. A red silk dressing gown that is wide open. I look down and discover that someone has shaved my genitals.</p> <p>I snatch the edges of the gown together, wondering if Kinko saw.</p> <p>Dear God, what did I do last night? I have no idea. Nothing but scraps of memory, and—</p> <p>Oh God. I threw up on a woman.</p> <p>I struggle to my feet, tying the dressing gown. I wipe my forehead, which feels unusually slick. My hand comes away white. "What the—?" I say, staring at my hand.</p> <p>Kinko turns and hands me a mirror. I take it with great trepidation. When I raise it to my face, a clown looks back at me.</p> <p>I POKE MY HEAD out of the tent, look left and right, and then streak across to the stock car. I am followed by guffaws and catcalls. "Whooooeee, look at that hot mama!"</p> <p>"Hey, Fred—check out the new cooch girl!"</p> <p>"Say, honey—got plans tonight?"</p> <p>I dive into the goat room and slam the door, leaning against it. I breathe heavily, listening until the laughter outside dies down. I grab a rag and wipe my face again. I rubbed it raw before I left Clown Alley, but somehow I still don't believe it's clean. I don't think any part of me will ever be clean again. And the worst part is that I don't even know what I did. I have only snippets, and as horrifying as those are it's even more horrifying not knowing what happened in between.</p> <p>It suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea whether I'm still a virgin. I reach inside the dressing gown and scratch my stubbly balls.</p> |
| 142 | <p>Photo of nude woman from a collection of the Ringling Circus Museum, Sarasota, Florida.</p> |

TILT



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-41698330-9

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| 1-41698330-9 |
| 1-44242359-5 |

Summary of Concerns:

This book has explicit sexual activities including sexual assault; alcohol use; drug abuse; and profanity.

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Not For Minors
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| 2 | <p>...I hooked up with Dylan Douglas. ...so maybe part of that earth-sway had something to do with the downers, weed and cheap beer, a dizzying combo on an empty stomach.</p> |
| 4 | <p>One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please." Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive? just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did. And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all.</p> |
| 6 | <p>Mostly, they don't want their kids to have fun, at least not if it involves underage drinking, illegal substances and the possibility of sex.</p> |
| 10 | <p>Maybe we should get a room? "Maybe." We could probably get one inside. ...But before he detaches himself totally from me, he slips a hand down the scoop of my tank. Can't wait to kiss these, too.</p> |
| 11 | <p>Can't wait to get her all alone, pull her nakedness into me, silk skin slick against my own, eliciting the proper reaction. She smells like summer wildflowers, as if they were woven into her hair and crushed by the weight of our love. Tastes like strawberry pie, thick drizzles of whipped cream melting down over luscious ripe fruit. I could lick her all day.</p> |
| 13 | <p>Not that I mind the perks— a regular supply of weed and the occasional snort.</p> |
| 17 | <p>For now, I'll distract myself with some fine medicinal green and a little porn of the guy-on-guy variety. You can get anything you want online. It's crazy, really. All you have to do is lie and say you're eighteen.</p> |
| 19 | <p>I finish off a fat blunt and am almost ready to finish myself off... ..."I would think that's obvious, Mom. I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action." She never even noticed! Her eyes go wide at Mr. Top drilling Mr. Bottom. God, Shane! She clicks the mouse and the screensaver pops up as she launches a rant about how am I paying for porn and pot and now she's onto Grandma's good china, which I remind her she never uses anyway.</p> |
| 34 | <p>That's pretty much where you find yourself when your uncle is the cop who busts you at a party, stoned out of your head. ...And the only thing she said about my crooked clothes, smeared makeup and obvious sex perfume was to take a shower.</p> |
| 36 | <p>He's everything, and all I can think about right now is how we made love that night. We had messed around lots of times before, but it had never seemed quite like this—much more about making each other feel good, less about just having sex. Maybe it was the Southern Comfort, or the weed (green and so stony!), or the two together. But when we took off our clothes in the back of his Wrangler, skin raked by cool claws of moonlight, insane, hot need grabbed hold of me. All I wanted was his mouth and tongue kissing me all over my body. I was wild for it, really. ...This was real, and when we reached that ultimate peak, it was nothing I'd ever</p> |

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| | <p>experienced before. We seriously both went, “Wow,” in unison. ...Afterward, I wasn’t in a hurry to get dressed. Which explains why, when the cops showed up, I think Uncle Stan caught a glimpse of my boobs.</p> |
| 50 | <p>This is the perfect location to toke a fatty. I know he smokes weed, want to share. “This shit is stony.” I torch the blunt, inhale deeply, and despite the dropped windows, skunk-flavored smoke envelops us.</p> |
| 51 | <p>I torch the blunt, take a deep drag, offer it to him once again, this time with knowledge.</p> |
| 55 | <p>But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather’s prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn’t ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn’t ask for it.</p> |
| 62 | <p>I like sex just fine, only not with some selfish prick who is all about pleasing himself and not worried at all about satisfying his partner!</p> |
| 70 | <p>Turns out, Ty walked in on Emily and Clay. Caught them mid-dirty. ...Meanwhile, until we get to Tyler’s, I let my hand crawl up Dylan’s thigh, all the way to the burgeoning bulge. Quit, he says. God, girl, don’t you have any idea how much I’ve missed being with you? I’m desperate to show you. Just not here. Five minutes, okay? t takes three to reach Tyler’s. Thirty seconds to get through the door, kissing each other like we’ve never done it before. The house smells like skunk. Green weed.</p> |
| 71 | <p>I hear the canned moans that can only mean they’re watching cable porn. ...Make yourselves at home, he says, patting the sofa beside him. Orgy? ...Mik and I would appreciate a little alone time, you know? Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents’ room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay? ...Dylan pulls me through the door, and his kisses are filled with intent. “Wait,” I say, going into the bathroom to get a big clean-looking towel. I put it over the pretty paisley spread and as we start taking off our clothes, it comes to me that we’ve barely said a dozen words to each other tonight. That’s plenty for Dylan, who pulls me down on top of him ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He’s ready. Wants inside me. But He’s ready. Wants inside me. But “Not yet. Where’s the condom?” I forgot it. But it’s okay. I’ll pull out. Don’t worry. Don’t worry? We didn’t use one last time. It was right after my last period. But now it’s been a couple of weeks. “Dylan. This is dangerous. I can’t get pregnant.” He rolls me onto my back. Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles down at me. I know what I’m doing. Promise. I won’t get you pregnant. And I have to have you right now. He hesitates, waiting for my answer. Everything about me is shouting yes, so I nod and lose myself in the moment. Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good. I</p> |

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| | am happy for the towel beneath us. Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat and the sticky proof of our love. It is, for sure, all good. At least, until I get home. |
| 78 | I've smoked weed with him. |
| 80 | Went and called Lucas, who is an asshole, but his brother scores awesome weed. |
| 82 | That was a lot more fun than admitting Lucas is not really my friend and only consorts with me because of the money I give him for weed that he steals from his brother. |
| 83 | I got my weed, and it's my birthday, and in just a few hours, when I see Alex, this upside-down place I find myself in will right itself. |
| 83 | ...the reason gay guys prefer girls for friends is because they're not hung up on dick size. (Well, not personal dick size, anyway.) |
| 100 | One thing God might prefer I do without is porn. ...Weirdly, after a while, porn actually gets kind of boring. Ditto jerking off. |
| 115 | Dirty movies are the best I'm gonna do tonight. Again. I never thought whacking off would get old, but after you've had the real deal, all warm and creamy, calloused skin, too cool with lotion, can't measure up. And once you've experienced the low growl of building passion, dubbed moans and groans get annoying really fast. And after you've tasted authentic nipples, all sweet with strawberry shower gel, fake boobs, no matter how giant and airbrushed, kind of seem like letdowns. No, once you've made love with your amazing girlfriend, getting off solo is bullshit. |
| 118 | I was fourteen and he was twenty, and I understood his interest had nothing to do with romance. I also knew there was something not quite right about a guy that old wanting to get off with me. ...He was mostly hungry for ejaculation. ...Just those awful hands, grasping. Pushing. Pulling. Insisting, after I'd said no. He was bigger. I was quicker. One kick, well-placed, slowed him down long enough for me to run. After, I almost decided to try straight. |
| 119 | Finally, I figured out that love and sex don't have to be intertwined. |
| 122 | Of course I want to smoke. Weed is the only thing that will calm the churn in my gut. I share the blunt without hesitation. |
| 123 | And we're kissing again. And we're halfway to naked as we fall, tangled, on the bed. ...We lie on our sides, looking into each other's eyes as our hands begin slow, mutual exploration. There is no top, no bottom here. There is only the web of us. ...I don't have to think about what to do. Mouth. Tongue. Hands. Skin. All in perfect order. And now, there are fireworks. ...I blanket his body with mine. Tattoo him with pleasure. Lead him to the edge of the cliff, push him over, feel him fly, wings beating softly in the promise of this night. |
| 129 | And before he does, I hope some con with a giant dick makes him his little bitch. |
| 135 | When Chad wanted to ditch his little girlfriend in favor of a fat, stinky blunt, I asked if he felt like a traitor. |

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| | ...But Chad has no connection with her except his mom hooking up with her ad, at least that's what he says. |
| 138 | No silly. Planned Parenthood. I have a checkup so I can get on a new pill. |
| 141 | Not wonderful. I, uh...She look around. Clears her throat. Drops her voice to a whisper. Was pregnant. Past tense. Was pregnant. ...First the "pregnant." What a horrible thing to deal with. Then the "was," which means, what? Considering where we are, I have a pretty good idea. |
| 149 | "I love you," into his open mouth as I looked down into his eyes. I love you, as his tongue traced the outline of my lips. "I love you," and then we full-on kissed. Not gently. Not that time. I love you, and he circled me with his arms, drew me into the heat of his body and then the whispers built into cries of I love you. And we rocked against each other, into each other. "I love you." Wet with sweat and spit and spilled tears. Because we were defining "making love," and that's all that it was. Making love with each other and to each other. And at the pinnacle, his final I love you was a scream into the face of the night. Afterward, we lay there, knotted together. |
| 151 | Hey, do aliens dig weed: He exhales a big drag out the window. |
| 164 | And just as I come through the door, she turns her face to his, and the two of them are kissing. |
| 165 | Kissing I can't believe it, but that's what I'm doing- kissing a boy for the very first time. I know it's wrong that it's this guy, but when he looked at me with hunger in his eyes- hungry for me!- kissing him just seemed like the right thing to do. And my inner voice doesn't say one word as a I close my eyes, leant into him. But then, when it all turns into a wet, sloppy mess, my conscience laughs out loud at my disappointment. |
| 166 | The only thing we've managed to do is have sex a few absolutely amazing times. |
| 170 | "PLEASE INFORM HER THAT I HAVE NEVER HAD SEX WITH ANYONE OTHER THAN MY WIFE, SO I CAN'T POSSIBLY BE RELATED TO HER." |
| 171 | What kind of wimp-ass guy claims he's only slept with one woman- the one he married after pumping enough sperm into some other girl to get her pregnant? |
| 180 | "I mean, like, guys with long, gray hair and beards, smoking weed. It's weird." I'm pretty sure Gramps took a hit or two off a blunt going around, although he tried to hide it from Harley and me. ...And boy, was she vamped out in a really short skirt and really tall heels and a really tight tank top that made her boobs look really big. ..."some of those old guys were checking her out. Perverts." |
| 181 | "...And boy, was she vamped out in a really short skirt and really tall heels and really tight tank top that made her boobs look really big. I've never seen her dressed like that before..." ..."Some of the old guys were checking her out. Perverts." ...The hate me being queer. |
| 181 | They hate me being queer. |
| 183 | Which somehow segued to him beating me down over my sexual orientation. |

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| 185 | Christ was all about walking with sinners, Alex and paving a path to heaven for whores and homos and such. |
| 185 | "...That I watch porn and smoke weed and have a boyfriend?..." ...Christ was all about walking with sinners, Alex, and paving a path to heaven for whores and homos and such. |
| 196 | I can't believe I was nothing more than a three-night stand.... |
| 197 | Or maybe Mom doesn't care that I know about her friend's latest hookup, come unhooked. |
| 209 | When we're together, we're very careful to always use condoms. |
| 211 | AIDS is God's way of saying "gay" is a very bad choice. |
| 225 | Typical bad boy. Drugs. Booze. |
| 231 | Then I asked her what she wanted to do, totally expecting her to say abortion. |
| 232 | To Abort or Not to Abort I have asked myself that question, over and over, for the past few days. |
| 234 | It doesn't really matter, except if I decide to have an abortion, it will have to be soon. |
| 236 | I scoot into his lap, straddle his legs. Can I reach him this way? I lock his eyes with mine. "Kiss me." He hesitates, and I see a flash of doubt, so I cover his mouth with mine, and there is nothing tentative about the way I move my body, eel-like, against his. God, I've missed this amazing rush! I lift my shirt over my head, wit for him to take his off, too. And we are skin against skin in the sage-scented night and I am overwhelmed with love for him. He rolls me off him, onto my back, starts to unzip my shorts. But now he stops. "Don't stop. I want to." But I didn't think we would so I didn't bring a condom. That makes me laugh. "And that matters, why?" Good point. But I don't want to hurt you, either. "You won't. Pregnant women have sex all the time. In fact, I've heard-" Stop talking. You're messing up my concentration. He kisses me, softly at first, then harder. I kiss him back even harder. Slip out of my shorts, help him out of his, too. And now we are totally naked under a blush of summer stars. He kisses down the front of me, lifting goose bumps, even though the air is low oven hot. He lifts up over me, holding his weight with the strength of his arms. Rocks into me with a tenderness I didn't know he possessed. Time blurs a mist of making love. |
| 240 | It's not a baby. It's just a glob of cells. It never has to become a baby. "A little glob of cells? What is that? Internet research?" I should know. I did it, too. |
| 241 | "Dylan, your decision would be for some doctor to stick a tube up inside me and vacuum our little problem away, like dog hair and dust. I still might choose to do exactly that. I've got a couple of weeks..." |

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| 259 | She outlined the obvious lines some guys use to convince you not to use protection- how it's not possible to get preggo the first time you do it; how he's great at pulling out; how he's def sterile. |
| 260 | But then she got into really weird stuff, like how foreplay makes you want to do more, only she didn't call it foreplay, she called it "digital penetration" and "oral stimulation." And that made me picture Mom doing that stuff, and it grossed me out, so I just promised to keep it in mind whenever at some way future date I might be in that position. |
| 265 | Except when he lights it, it doesn't smell like tobacco. "Um. Is that marijuana?" He takes a big puff. Holds it in and says, around the smoke, Really excellent weed. Want some? He offers me the cigarette. ...You've never smoked weed? You should. It makes all the bad crap kind of disappear. You know? |
| 266 | Never even tried. I watched Chad inhale and hold it. I try a little puff. ...Smoke crawls across my tongue. Creeps down my throat. ...Don't let it out yet. That's good shit. Don't waste it. Finally, I have no choice but to release the tainted air from my lungs. Now what? ...You might not feel much. Usually you have to do it a few times to catch a buzz. |
| 272 | The fetus is now an embryo, which doesn't deny a surgical solution. |
| 301 | This sweet little thing has a rockin' bod. And the best thing about it is, I'm betting it's virgin territory. She's pure as snowmelt, despite all the ass waving going on, and unmarked girls are a raging turn-on. Me and Kurt got two right here. Pretty, tight and looking for love, which we aren't exactly offering. But they don't know that. The game now is to see how easy we can make them, how far they'll let us take them on promises meant to be broken. Such potential is hard to find. |
| 303 | Anyway, they were all getting buzzed on some excellent weed and when the blunt came around to me, what could I do but take it? |
| 309 | Does this mean you've decided to have the abortion? ...I think you should, but you know how I feel. I'll take you, if you want. God, Mik, I just want everything back like it was. |
| 311 | Ack! Maybe he's right. Terminating would make everything go back like it was. |
| 325 | It's the tilt of the head, a slick slide of lips a sublime explorations tongue touching tongue. |
| 329 | Actually, you don't. A lot of people who aren't in love have sex. |
| 342 | Come view them. Come screw them. Flesh, everywhere you look. Boobs. Butts. Girls. Guys. |
| 349 | He put his arm around her shoulder. Said something I couldn't hear. And then they kissed. Gently at first, then with passion, something I thought was long dead to them. |
| 358 | I'm angry. Pissed at God, if there is one, and the way things are. |
| 359 | Seems to me religion's true motivation lies within the offering plate. |
| 382 | We barely parked and I am all over him because I want him because I need him because I love him can't bear the thought of losing him going on without him seeing him with someone else |

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| | <p>I cover his mouth with mine give him my kiss open his lips with the tip of my tongue And now we are naked skin rubbing skin bone against bone flesh into flesh I tell him I love him a murmur a scream a moan Right at this moment there is no baby no worry no one but the two of us.</p> |
| 391 | <p>I realize something else, too If there is no God, it doesn't matter what the fuck I do. all that self-righteous whiny crap is for cowards, really. I have to do what's right is synonymous with I'm scared to do what's wrong. I s that how I've lived for sixteen years- afraid? Screw that. If I don't have to worry about pleasing some Pearly Gatekeeper, I'm damn sure going to live large. First I have to find the courage I somehow missed. I close my door, open my window. Smoke half of a fatty. Grab my keys, step into the hall, listen for voices. ...where I know Dad keeps his booze stash. I've never had a taste for alcohol. Too hard to get buzzed on without getting busted. Plus, I hate what it's done to my father. But screw it. This is a special day. Vodka, right. You can't smell it as bad. I take a big gulp. Yech. Still, I take another. And one more. Enough. I don't want to get wasted. Just brave. I don't tell anyone I'm leaving, but get into my car and head toward the freeway. I want to go fast and I do, windows open to let any idea of God out. Holy shit. Ninety mph is flying.</p> |
| 393 | <p>...hair wind-mussed, eyes freaky wide, and smelling like weed and booze.</p> |
| 401 | <p>That's better, he says, pulling me to him for a kiss. He tastes of weed and alcohol, but I don't care, and I give him as good as he gives me. His spare hand lands on my exposed thigh, starts to creep. I leave it there, but say, "Not here. I think the neighbors are spies." ...Okay. Let's go someplace private. ...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." It's a lie, but he can't know that, and it's better than saying I'm too young. He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do. Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There's the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren't all that much fun. Okay, maybe I'm a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I'm</p> |

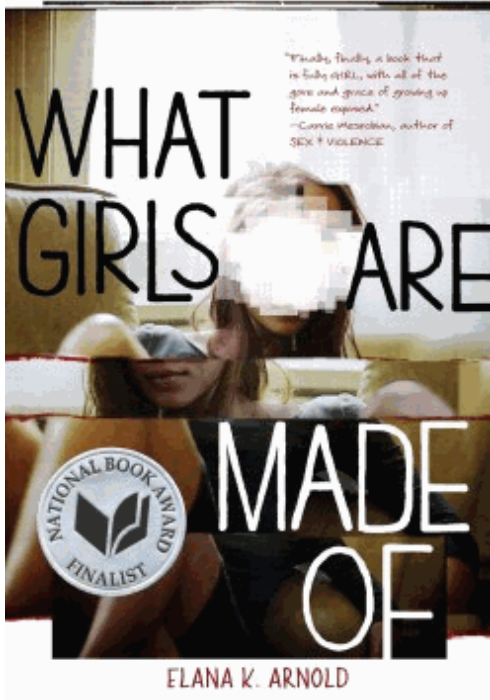
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| | <p>so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait. Oh yes, I plan on winning a major jackpot, taking her all the way for the very first time. If that means patience, okay by me. It's only part of the game.</p> |
| 426 | <p>And now we are kissing. It's the kind of kiss that means it's been way too long. A sudden longing floods my body- a torrent of deep, lust-drenched need, flowing through my veins. "Make love to me." Heart pounding, I tug him backward, toward the small bed.</p> <p>He wants me just as much. The proof is obvious, despite two layers of jeans between us. Yet, he hesitates. Is this the only reason you wanted to see me? "No, goddamn it! I love you and I've missed you, and maybe it's part of the reason because I'm sick of not feeling. Make me feel something!"</p> <p>I yank my T-shirt over my head, put his hands on my chest, over my thrashing heart. "This is the most alive I've been in two weeks. Please. I don't want to be dead inside anymore." He slides his hands around me, drops them to my thighs, lifts and carries me to the bed. Now water becomes fire coursing through me, consuming, filling the emptiness inside me with flame. I fall back against the small, hard mattress, rushing my zipper as Alex removes his own clothes. I open my arms and he comes to me, kisses my mouth. My neck. Down my chest.</p> <p>...I love you, before kissing me in the most intimate way of all. His mouth urges me to quench conflagration, but I don't want to. "No! Not yet." Too soon. And not enough of him. I could go all night. Besides, "This has to be good for you, too." He pushes up over me, stares down at me. Do you have a condom? I didn't bring one. Didn't think . . .</p> <p>"I . . . no . . ." Shit. But, you know, "I don't care. You can withdraw. What are the odds? Please . . ."</p> <p>His eyes flash terror. No fucking way!</p> <p>...I'm okay. Let me take care of you. I do. And it's good.</p> |
| 431 | <p>The kissing and licking and touching and rubbing. I do like it. It feels good. I totally get the lust part.</p> <p>...I'm alone in my room.</p> <p>Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next.</p> <p>...I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC.</p> <p>I try to make it sexy like the girl in that movie. I'm not sure I can accomplish that with a cell phone camera, but I give it my best shot, then hit send before I chicken out. I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. He called me beautiful. That's a first. Am I beautiful? I look at the photo I sent him.</p> <p>...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. Wow. How did that happen? Suddenly ,my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING.</p> <p>...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little</p> |

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| | <p>to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone— the source of the building throb.</p> <p>...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. Wouldn't even if I could. So I give myself up to that woman inside me. Let her move my hand. Teach me what to do. She is instinct, pure or filthy, and I listen to her, follow her direction. Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash— and a bolt of understanding.</p> <p>If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.</p> <p>...Excited to try it again. I will. But not now. Why don't they teach you this in school? That you really don't need someone else to make you feel this good?</p> <p>...Ask me, self-pleasure could be the key to abstinence.</p> <p>Listen to me like I've suddenly become an expert on self-pleasure.</p> |
| 440 | <p>Meanwhile, maybe biology homework (regeneration) will take my mind off Lucas and scattered notions of lies excuses periods invented pending sexting pics nipples touching that place until...</p> |
| 451 | <p>A giant glass of alcoholic courage.</p> |
| 453 | <p>I mean, I might be guilty of casual sex. Maybe even with a friend's boyfriend.</p> |
| 458 | <p>Want to fuck all day like a Viagra poster boy.</p> <p>...And I can't fuck because when I try all I do is cry.</p> |
| 459 | <p>I detour through the kitchen. Reach up to raid the alcohol stash.</p> <p>Grab the first bottle- like booze roulette- and come away with what? Absinthe.</p> <p>What the hell is that? Guess I'll find out the hard way.</p> <p>I close the back door quietly. Head to the trailer, where my weed is stashed. I roll a big fatty, light it up and take a swig from the bottle. Whoa, Joe!</p> <p>...The bottle is a third gone when I happen to notice the price tag.</p> <p>....I just drank twenty-two dollars' worth of Absinthe. And, you know, I'm close to ecstatic.</p> |
| 462 | <p>What are you drinking?</p> <p>"Absinthe. Ever tried it? It's wicked, man." I offer the bottle. He takes a tiny sip. Grimaces. Wicked is right. How much of that have you had? My shrugs says too much. All this?</p> |
| 463 | <p>But instead, he kisses me. Maybe I can help you fall asleep. Want to try?</p> <p>Oh, yeah, I do and I think maybe just one more little taste of wicked strong booze will help me become the Viagra poster boy instead of a weeping fool.</p> <p>...I leave the bottle by the little sink, follow Alex back to the lumpy bed. Hungry. But not for food. Starving for his body. Famished for his love. We tangle together, and I am grateful that he takes control. I'm a wreck. But less of a wreck than I am without him.</p> |

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| 467 | Pretty sure she won't mind him touching those places. |
| 473 | "I can't drink any more than this one. I can't miss school tomorrow. I've got a history test." Chloe rolls her eyes. I know. I'm in your class, remember? Don't worry. We won't get drunk on a beer or two. She might not, but I'm feeling pretty buzzed. She hands me a can for Lucas, and we go back to the boys, who down their beers in a couple of swigs. Lucas drapes his arm around my shoulder. Ready for a little Halloween fun? His hand drops down over my boob, and his fingers obviously play with my nipple and I'm worried that he thinks this beer means I'm going to have sex with him, right here, right now. |
| 475 | But whether it's the weed or the beer or the combination, I am definitely woozy. |
| 483 | "Sure." The guy is kind of cute, and I'm most of the way naked, which makes me a little uncomfortable, even if he has seen it lots of times before. |
| 549 | I lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment. |
| 571 | I pop some anonymous pill- the pharm dealers at school aren't always so savvy. I asked for antidepressants, have collected them for a couple of weeks. Sort of fun going for a ride without knowing exactly where you'll end up. So I pop another. Wash it down with big swigs of Jagermeister. ...And while I wait for it to get warm, I down three or four pills. Maybe more. Jager and downers make me feel great. Make me feel like shit. Make me go ahead and cry. I spiral down into a whirlpool of tears. |
| 574 | Alcohol blackout, they call it. ...Booze and weed and onion-sweat stink. |
| 576 | I was so buzzed I didn't even wash until morning. |
| 578 | Maybe one day, if I get drunk enough. |
| 592 | And it stinks like alcohol. ...When I shake my head, she goes rigid. You...you...you tried to kill yourself. If not for Alex, we'd be planning another funeral. Kill myself? Did I try to kill myself? |
| 593 | Jager. Pills, three or four. Maybe more. I don't remember. |
| 598 | When I tried on the dress, I loved how it looked on me, all mid-thigh short and scooped to reveal my pushed-up boobage. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Bitch | 12 |
| Fuck | 26 |
| Piss | 17 |
| Shit | 23 |

WHAT GIRLS ARE MADE OF



Summary of Concerns:

The book contains explicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; and profanity.

Young Adult

By Elena K. Arnold

ISBN: 978-1512410242

CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 8 | I'd driven myself there, to the Costa Mesa Planned Parenthood, which was joke of a name because no one went there planning for parenthood, they all went planning for un-parenthood. |
| 9 | As long as they're at it, what's a little boob play, between friends? |
| 14 | The gloves go in the bin marked MEDICAL WASTE next to the door on her way out, as though the touch of me- of my vagina- is toxic. |
| 19 | I laid a towel on the sheet in case I bled, and then I watched Seth roll the condom over his penis, and I rested my head on my pillow and watched his hands push into the flesh of my thighs, spreading them apart, and I watched him maneuver his latex wrapped erection, as he pushed and tried to get inside. |
| 20 | I know it isn't okay to care this much about a boy. I know it's not feminist, or whatever, to make all my decisions based on what Seth would think. |
| 20 | If Seth wants to have sex and I'm on my period, I'm the one to suggest that I give him head. |
| 22 | It's the way hi fingers look glazed like donut after they have been inside of me. |
| 25 | <p>"It's a vibrator," he says.</p> <p>Then I do get it, and I feel melted by the shame.</p> <p>"It's no big deal," he says. "Wade says it's hard for some girls to come without some...help."</p> |
| 25 | "So you know the girl I'm dating, Nina? She's pretty cool. But no matter how much we do it, or how long I lick her, she just can't come." |
| 34 | <p>Then he's there, naked, the thick horn of him we-tipped and hard, a rush of wetness floods the cotton lining of my thong.</p> <p>"Take off your bra."</p> |
| 34 | <p>Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground.</p> <p>My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard. I shouldn't care but I do, because the thong is brand new and it matches the bra, and lace can't be sewn back together. But I don't say anything, and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together.</p> <p>He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it.</p> <p>It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?"</p> <p>"Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still.</p> <p>"Fuck," he says, collapsing against me.</p> |

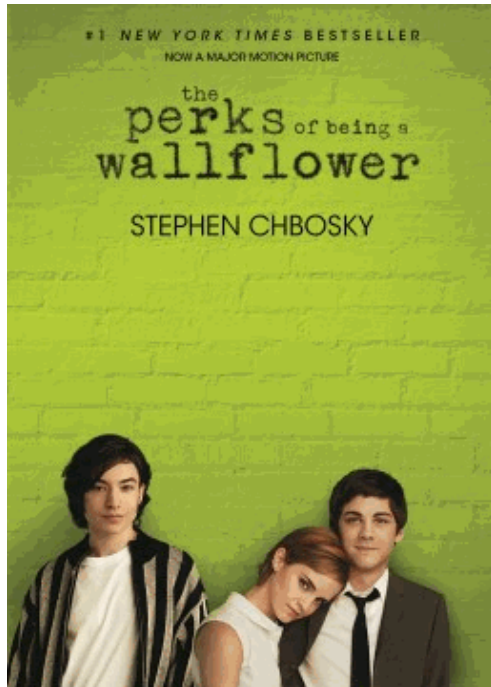
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| 35 | <p>Soft now, his penis shrinks inside me and then slips out.</p> <p>When I get up to go to the bathroom, a runny path of semen, like egg whites, trails down my leg. I am horrified. It feels like I've just peed myself. I don't know what I expected. I guess I thought it would just sort of absorb inside me, or really, I guess I never thought about what would happen at all. The other times when we didn't use a condom, Seth would pull out and come on my stomach or- those two times- on my back. And then he'd use his T-shirt or a sock to wipe me off. But this time, as I walked to the bathroom connected to my room, the sticky wetness drips down my thigh, a couple of drops falling silently to the carpet.</p> |
| 36 | <p>And I don't need the stupid vibrator, either.</p> |
| 49 | <p>The box is in front of her. It's violet and white with a green arc over the letters that read Plan B One-Step, and beneath, in pink, Emergency Contraceptive.</p> |
| 49 | <p>"It's just one pill," the pharmacist says. "You take it by mouth withing seventy-two hours of unprotected sex. Has it been less than seventy-two hours?"</p> |
| 58 | <p>She was talking about sex, right? Sex with Jesus? That was what she wanted- to give Jesus head.</p> |
| 67 | <p>I tun up the volume and yank back the covers on my bed, slide beneath them, and don't restart the vibrator until it's muffled underneath the blankets.</p> <p>Between the closed door and the loud music and the heavy quilt, no one but me could possibly hear the angry buzz of Seth's first and final gift to me. I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it's apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it.</p> <p>My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently.</p> <p>It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth's tongue.</p> <p>It's remembering Seth's tongue that pushes me into the first orgasm, the sweet way he'd press it just there, right where I'm holding the rubber tip of the vibrator, the anxious, ineffective, hopeful lapping of his tongue. And I squeeze my eyes shut and my hips buck up against the vibrator, and my neck gets tight and my toes are stuck in a weird curled spasm, and I can't tell and don't care which way is up and which way is down, and the music is playing and I hear the words of the song and picture myself heeled at Seth's side, a faithful pet, a happy dog, an obedient good girl who follows rules and gets rewarded. I'm hearing the buzz of the tool in my hand, and every part of me vibrates in a way that makes me forget my name, and I don't care I don't care I don't care, just as long as this feeling persists, and I'm wound so tight that I might break like a thread, like a cord, like a promise, and then I do break, I break and I shatter and I'm lost in the vibration of my coming, and maybe I make a sound and maybe I bite my lip and my legs spread into butterfly pose then and fold up like wings and I fly, and then I shiver and it's behind me, that pleasure.</p> |
| 68 | <p>Instead I flick the vibrator's switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I'm overcome and lost in it. When the crest</p> |

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| | <p>of it passes, I don't turn off the vibrator, I don't take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I've come and how many ways I've lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before, and they drag me back and away, like an undertow.</p> |
| 91 | <p>I lay in a bath full of tepid water, imagining myself as Teresa, massaging myself with a rough washcloth, pretending it was the hand of God, until I came, suddenly and hard, for the first time. My mother was in the next room, and she heard me in there, she heard the sound I made, a sharp inward breath, a little high-pitched cry.</p> |
| 105 | <p>I have options. I can continue the pregnancy. I can get an abortion. "I don't want a baby," I say. I'm done crying now, and I absolutely know the answer to this question. I know it more surely than any question I've ever answered, ever. "Okay," says the counselor. "This is California, so you aren't required to have parental permission to move forward, but we do recommend that you consider having someone with you.</p> |
| 105 | <p>I have options. I can continue the pregnancy. I can get an abortion. "I don't want a baby," I say. I'm done crying now, and I absolutely know the answer to this question. I know it more surely than any question I've ever answered, ever. "Okay," says the counselor. "This is California, so you aren't required to have parental permission to move forward, but we do recommend that you consider having someone with you.</p> |
| 107 | <p>Equal opportunity abortion.</p> |
| 107 | <p>"Have you ever had an abortion?" Jesus. That's not the kind of question you ask someone. But Angie doesn't look offended. "Yes," she says. "I'm not really supposed to talk about my own experiences, but yes. Twice. Once the kind you're having, with the Abortion Pill, and once before that, the surgical kind." I don't ask why, but Angie smiles like she knows I'm wondering. "The first time, I was a little younger than you. My boyfriend and I were sexually active, but the condom we were using broke. I should have come to a place like this and gotten the Morning After Pill, but I didn't even know it existed. By the time I admitted to myself that my period was never going to come, I was thirteen weeks pregnant. Too far along for the Abortion Pill. The second time was just last year." "Oh," I say. "Were you sorry? Are you sorry?" Angie shakes her head. "I don't believe in God," she says, "But if I did, I'd thank him every day for both of my abortions."</p> |
| 109 | <p>"That's everything. The abortion begins after you take this first pill. A pregnancy can't survive without the progesterone to support it. So take a few minutes if you'd like, for yourself, before you take it. Then make a follow-up appointment at the front desk before you leave."</p> |

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| | I don't need a few minutes. I pick up the cup that holds the pill and tip it into my mouth and swallow it down with the water. |
| 109 | "I'm pregnant and I'm taking pills so that I can stop being pregnant and the doctor said I shouldn't be alone"- |
| 120 | I sit on the toilet and I cramp and bleed, liquid blood and blood clots, something that might be tissue. |
| 124 | I lie back, for a third time, my uterus looks like an empty cave. "Great," she says. "You're no longer pregnant." |
| 181 | That nurse practitioner and Angie at Planned Parenthood, and how much they helped me. |
| 188 | "I could rape you," he said. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Fuck | 2 |
| Shit | 2 |

THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including assault and battery; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol and drug use.

Young Adult

By Stephen Chbosky

ISBN: 978-1-4516-9620-2

978-1-4391-2243-3

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Not For Minors
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| 2 | <p>I just need to know that someone out there listens and understands and doesn't try to sleep with people even if they could have. I need to know that these people exist.</p> |
| 4 | <p>That's maybe why he felt all alone and killed himself.</p> |
| 6 | <p>But over the summer she had her braces taken off, and she got a little taller and prettier and grew new breasts.</p> |
| 12 | <p>And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked. He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper. "Get out. You pervert."</p> |
| 21 | <p>I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I had never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission. ...Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow! I thought that in those movies and television shows when they talk about having a coffee break that they should have a masturbation break. ...I told Sam that I dreamt that she and I were naked on the sofa, and I started crying because I felt bad, and do you what she did? She laughed.</p> |
| 30 | <p>This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I sad I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting. "C'mon, Dave." "What?" "The kid's in here." "It's okay." And the boy kept working up the girl's shirt, and as much as she sat no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn't know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. "Please. Dave. No." But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was. After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl's head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis</p> |

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| | <p>in her mouth, and I don't think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying "no." Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.</p> <p>..."Did they know you were in there?"</p> <p>"Yes. They asked if they could use the room."</p> <p>"Why didn't you stop them?"</p> <p>"I didn't know what they were doing."</p> <p>"You pervert,"...</p> |
| 33 | <p>Sam told me as we were hanging up our coats that Bob was "baked like a fucking cake."</p> |
| 44 | <p>When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick's room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don't want to go into detail about it because it's pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that's pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really really stoned.</p> |
| 45 | <p>He was also crying pretty bad, and he decided if anyone asked him, he would say his eyes were red from smoking pot.</p> |
| 49 | <p>According to my sister, Sam used to be a "blow queen." I hope you know what that means because I really can't think about Sam and describe it to you.</p> |
| 56 | <p>They usually start when my mom's dad (my grandfather) finishes his third drink. It is around this time that he starts to talk a lot. My grandfather usually just complains about black people moving into the old neighborhood, and then my sister gets upset at him, and then my grandfather tells her that she doesn't know what she's talking about because she lives in the suburbs.</p> |
| 66 | <p>And I wasn't shy because we were trying to act like grown-ups, and we drank brandy. And I was warm. I'm still a little warm, but I have to tell you this. ...That's when Patrick put on the second side of the tape I made for him and poured everyone another glass of brandy. I guess we all looked a little silly drinking it, but we didn't feel silly.</p> |
| 70 | <p>She told me about the first time she was kissed. She told me that it was with one of her dad's friends. She was seven.</p> |
| 72 | <p>And he caught his sister making out on the back porch ...That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that was the thing to do And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" because that's what it was really all about And he gave himself an A and a slash on each damned wrist And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he could reach the kitchen.</p> |
| 81 | <p>I agreed, but then my brother started saying how my sister was just a "bitchy dyke." ...I am probably the only one in the family with a friend who is gay.</p> |
| 94 | <p>Everyone else is either asleep or having sex.</p> |

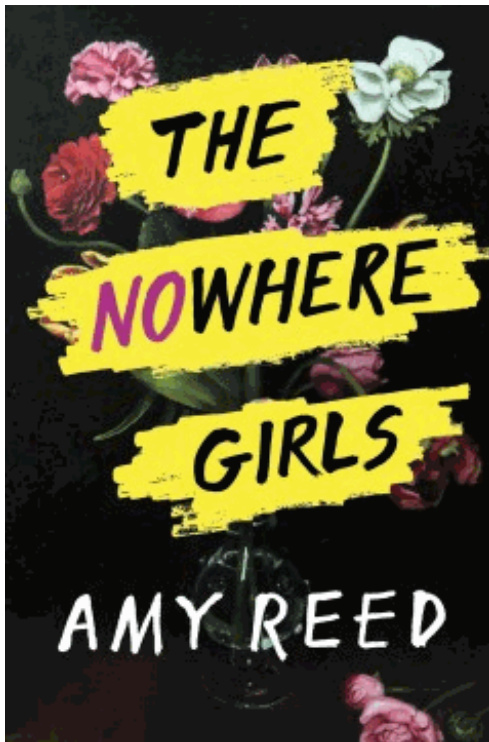
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| 95 | That's what Bob said before he went to his bedroom with Jill, a girl that I don't know. |
| 96 | But the thing is that I can hear Sam and Craig having sex, and for the first time in my life, I understand the end of that poem. And I never wanted to. |
| 100 | Regardless, I decided to never take LSD again. |
| 101 | The book said that sometimes people take LSD, and they don't really get out of it. |
| 110 | Patrick kept making jokes that I would get an "erection." I really hoped this wouldn't happen. Once, I got an erection in class and had to go to the blackboard. |
| 113 | Sam did say that sex things were tricky with Mary Elizabeth since she's had boyfriends before and is a lot more experienced than I am. She said that the best thing to do when you don't know what to do during anything sexual is pay attention to how that person is kissing you and kiss them back the same way. |
| 116 | That's when she told me she was pregnant. |
| 119 | "Charlie, are you smoking?!" ..."I can't believe you're smoking!" |
| 123 | So, I told him a little about Mary Elizabeth, leaving out the part about the tattoo and belly button ring. ...He lit a cigarette and started telling me about sex. |
| 124 | ..."wear protection,"... ...Things like sex don't embarrass him. ...I think he was especially happy because I used to kiss this boy in the neighborhood a lot when I was very little, and even though the psychiatrist said it was very natural for little boys and girls to explore things like that, I think my father was afraid anyway. |
| 126 | And then she leaned down and started kissing my neck and ears. Then my cheeks. Then my lips. And everything kind of melted away. She took my hand and slid it up her sweater, and I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Or what breasts felt like. Or later, what they looked like. Or how difficult bras are. After we had done everything you can do from the stomach up, I lay on the floor, and Mary Elizabeth put her head on my chest. |
| 130 | Sex things are so weird, too. It's like after that first night, we have this pattern where we basically do what we did that first time, but there is no fire or Billie Holiday record because we are in a car, and everything is rushed. Maybe this is the way things are supposed to be, but it doesn't feel right. ...So, I asked her about Mary Elizabeth (leaving out the sex part) because I knew she could be neutral about it, especially since she "stayed clear" of dinner. |
| 144 | They were all laughing and making sex jokes, and Susan was doing her best to laugh along with them. |
| 158 | "So, they've been going out for a long time, and I think they've even had sex before, but this was going to be a special night..." ..."They start to make out. The stereo's playing, and they're just about to 'do it' when Parker realizes he forgot the condoms. They're both naked on this putting green. They both want each other. There's no condom. So, what do you think |

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| | <p>happened?" "I don't know." "They did it doggie-style with one of the sandwich bags!"</p> |
| 160 | <p>We hugged good night, and when I was just about to let go, he held me a little tighter. And he moved his face to mine. And he kissed me. A real kiss. Then, he pulled away real slow. ...So, he said "thanks" and hugged me again. And moved in to kiss me again. And I just let him. ...We didn't do anything other than kiss.</p> |
| 161 | <p>We drink a lot. Actually, it's more like Patrick drinks, and I sip. ...He said that eye contact is how you agree to fool around anonymously.</p> |
| 171 | <p>It was fun watching my sister dance the Time Warp on stage, but I don't think I could have handled her pretending to have sex with a large stuffed Gumby.</p> |
| 178 | <p>"Don't blame me that you fucked around on her since the beginning!..."</p> |
| 186 | <p>"This is good champagne." I don't think he knew the difference because he's a beer drinker. Sometimes, whiskey. ...I went with all my Ohio cousins, who promptly pulled out a "joint" and passed it around.</p> |
| 187 | <p>"Jesus. Look at these bleachers. How many colored people-"</p> |
| 188 | <p>Then, Mr. Small and the vice principal, whom Patrick swears is gay...</p> |
| 190 | <p>On the way home for the party, my Ohio cousins lit up another joint.</p> |
| 192 | <p>After about half an hour looking around the dance club, I finally saw Mary Elizabeth with Peter. They were both drinking scotch and sodas, which Peter bought since he is older and had his hand stamped. ...She told me that Alice was getting high in the ladies' room and Sam and Patrick were on the floor dancing. ...Then, he took Mary Elizabeth's drink out of her hand and drank it. "Hey, asshole" was her response. I think he was drunk, even though he hasn't been drinking lately, but Patrick does stuff sober, so it's hard to tell.</p> |
| 193 | <p>Her whisper smelled like cranberry juice and vodka.</p> |
| 196 | <p>After I ate my Ho-Ho, I lit up a cigarette,...</p> |
| 197 | <p>She was scared, and it wasn't until she had a sip of whatever we were drinking or a hit off of whatever we were smoking that she would calm down and be the same Sam.</p> |
| 202 | <p>So, I kissed her. And she kissed me back. And we lay down on the floor and kept kissing. And it was soft. And we made quiet noises. And kept silent. And still. We went over to the bed and lay down on all the things that weren't put in suitcases. And we touched each other from the waist up over our clothes. And then under out clothes. And then without clothes. And it was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. She took my hand and slid it under her pants. And I touched her. And I just couldn't believe it. ...Until she moved her hand under my pants, and she touched me.</p> |

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| 205 | I just keep seeing him, and he keeps hitting my sister, and he won't stop, and I want him to stop because he doesn't mean it, but he just doesn't listen, and I don't know what to do. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Faggot | 2 |
| Fuck | 6 |
| Prick | 2 |
| Pussy | 2 |
| Shit | 2 |

THE NOWHERE GIRLS



Young Adult

By Amy Reed

ISBN: 987-1-4814-8173-1



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities including rape involving minors; alcohol use; and excessive/frequent profanity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 9 | In a very different neighborhood, a very different girl closes her eyes and lets go, feels the boy's head between her legs, painting pleasure on her body with her tongue, just like she taught him. |
| 13 | ...the annoying fact that Jesus loved and accepted everyone without judgement, she alluded to his being a brown-skinned socialist. ..."Fuck Leviticus!"... |
| 46 | "Virgins count double," he says. Most of the guys laugh. ..."Start with the freshmen. They're the easiest." |
| 62 | I'm fifteen and I'm about to make out with one of the most popular seniors in school. ...I'm not even sure he knows my namek even though even though even though his body is so heavy on top of mine and I can't move I can't breathe I don't want this I don't want this anymore I want to push but my wrists are pinned down and my pants are off and it's too late it's too late it's too late to say no. Her last solid memory is pain. Then black. Then nothing. ...Then brief gasps for air, tiny moments, bright flashes in the darkness. Memories surface like tight bubbles. Hands. Bed. Pain. Fear. A searing inevitability. A life taken and redefined. ...Stillness. A heavy blanket of flesh, unmoving. She lets herself hope it is over. Then movement. His voice: "Did you lock the door?" Another voice: "Yeah. No one's coming." His voice: "You ready, Ennis? Or are you going to be a pussy?" Another voice. She knows this voice. Everybody knows Eric Jordan's voice. "Fuck Ennis. It's my turn." A rhyme for children: One, two, three: How many can there be? A thought: I'm going to die. Rocking, thrashing, a violent seal Then more. So much more. More than can possibly be imagined. A voice: "Turn on the lights, man. I want to see her." A hand on her mouth, shoving her voice back inside. She sees nothing. She is dying. She is dead. She is a whale carcass being torn apart by eels at the bottom of the sea. A voice: "Fuck, she's puking." A voice: "Just turn her over." ...It is morning and she is only mostly gone. Her hair is caked with puke. She hurts all over. She hurts inside. The floor is littered with crumpled clothes and half a dozen used condoms. How vile this tiny sliver of gratitude: they only destroyed; they did not plant anything alive inside her. ...Bodies all over the place, bodies everywhere, people who didn't make it home last night. All these people down here while she was drowning. ...A voice in the darkness, giving her a new name: Slut. |

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| 66 | <p>...called her a spic dyke... ...the guys who don't even bother lowering their voices around her when they brainstorm about what it must be like to fuck "someone like her."</p> |
| 70 | <p>At least we're not getting married off to old guys at nine years old and getting out clits cut off."</p> |
| 77 | <p>If I included every blow job and hand job, I'd be here for days. ...1. Late-thirties MILF. ..definitely the oldest I've ever fucked. Did it doggie style in her basement while her kid played video games upstairs. She came into my business a few times afterward, but I made it clear I wasn't interested in her anymore. ...2. Negged her into submission by first hitting on her friend to make her jealous. A little too drunk, so she just sort of laid there.</p> |
| 78 | <p>3. Midtwenties hippie chick with big tits. Didn't realize she had hairy armpits until it was too late. Her wildness in bed made up for it. Would consider adding her to my long-term harem if she agreed to shave and wash her hair more often. 4. Seventeen-year-old slut I knew from high school. Hot body, but too insecure to be high value. ..she was all over me at a bar, I didn't even have to throw any game. Okay sex, but a little too eager to please. She's still pretty hot now, but I can tell this one's on her way to becoming a fifty-year-old barfly. 6. Nineteen-year-old skinny, lazy stoner. Loved to fuck all night. Was part of my harem for a couple of months. Ended up in the hospital for a few days with some kind of infection, asked me to visit her. Fucked her in the bathroom when she was high on painkillers. Too doped up to say much, but whatever.</p> |
| 79 | <p>Nothing special about this one. Did her in the back of my car, then never called her back. 8. Seventeen to eighteen years old. I made the mistake of actually agreeing to be this one's "boyfriend" for a year in high school though of course I was still getting tail on the side. She started out hella hot...Finally got rid of her shortly after graduation. Good riddance to damaged goods. 9. Seventeen-year-old chubby girl from school. I had a girlfriend and she had a boyfriend, but she got drunk at a party when he was out of town and told me she'd had a crush on me since sixth grade. Fat girls are so easy. Mostly a pity fuck on my part. She was so grateful. ...There's something so fun about virgins. It's so sweet how insecure they are, how they're so willing to do what they're told. You have so much power automatically, and they love it. 11. Fifteen-year-old freshman nobody, got her so drunk she couldn't say no. Kind of messy and mostly just laid there, but busting a nut is busting a nut. 12. Sixteen-year-old who followed me around at school for weeks like a puppy. She was so grateful when I finally kissed her at a party. Didn't take long to get her upstairs and naked. Boring and needy.</p> |
| 80 | <p>13. Sixteen-year-old hot girl from another school. Got her drunk and she immediately turned into a raging slut. Strung this one out for a few weeks until she started getting clingy and wanting commitment, then I kicked her to the curb 14. Fourteen-year-old. My first. Watching porn for the previous few years set me</p> |

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| | up to expect more. Her tits were too small for one thing, and her bush needed trimming. She had no idea what to do at first, but over time I showed her how to please. |
| 119 | "...Is there, like, hot guy-on-guy action?" |
| 136 | Having sex with someone who can't consent doesn't make a guy lucky. It makes him a RAPIST. |
| 138 | Hot girls are trained to make it hard for you to fuck them. Being untouchable heightens their value. But all girls want a strong man, not some sensitive beta pussy who talks about his feelings. Girls want to be taken; it's in their natures, so sometimes they put up a fight hoping you'll get a little rough. The truth is, sometimes no doesn't mean no...but I'll bet you a hundred bucks most of those chicks like it rough. ...They want a master. But remember, only when you gain complete control of yourself will you be able to gain complete control of her. |
| 147 | "That is so fucked," Rosina spits. "This is so incredibly fucked up." |
| 149 | We are sick of your shit. |
| 150 | But until that happens, and until our demands are met, we will not engage in any sexual activity with the male students of Prescott High School. This includes but is not limited to: sexual intercourse, oral sex (aka blow jobs), kissing, frenching, necking, making out, heavy petting, dry humping, wet humping, porking, screwing, banging, boning, boinking, and other ridiculous word for hook up that you can think of. |
| 151 | We hereto declare that the young women of Prescott High School are officially on a sex strike. |
| 152 | "What the fuck is this shit?" ..."Fucking bitches!" |
| 155 | "Fucking chicks, man," says the asshole... "...some kind of bullshit that cost like six dollars, and she wouldn't even give me a fucking hand job." ..."...Who said anything about sexual assault? I just wanted a hand job,' and then she threw the fucking drink in my face!" "She has a point, though," says a third guy at the table. "It is kind of a dick move to just expect her to want to hook up with you whenever you feel like it." ..."What the fuck, dude?" |
| 160 | God, what a perfect day to have sex. |
| 161 | We have to stop letting the bitches manipulate us. ...These bitches aren't worth our time. There's plenty of pussy out there, and we know how to grab it. |
| 178 | She looks away from the dick pic... ...A girl searches on the Internet: How do girls masturbate? |
| 193 | "Amber still has sex with lots of guys..." |
| 201 | "I kind of like sex," says another girl, confusion written across her face. "I don't know. I mean- sorry if this is TMI- but I can get so horny sometimes when we're |

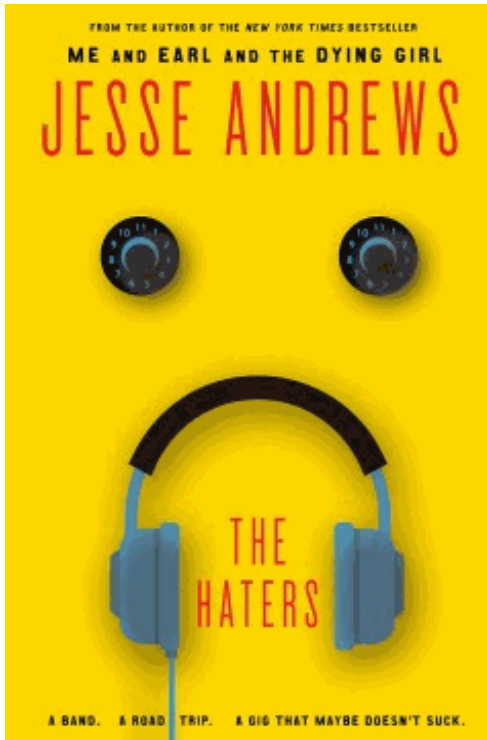
| Page | Content |
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| | making out, and I totally want to do it. But then it happens so fast, and I'm just like, 'Is that it?'" |
| 202 | "I like sex, and I'm not ashamed of it,""Sometimes I offer to give a blow job when I really don't want to have sex with a guy," ... |
| 203 | "...I lost my virginity when I was barely thirteen. The guy was seventeen, and I was high..." |
| 213 | As soon as her boyfriend put his mouth on her nipple, she's suddenly confident the answer is no. ...A girl searches on the Internet: Where is the clitoris? |
| 221 | Guys, we have to stop putting bitches on a pedestal ...I'm goint to be totally honest with you-girls are good for fucking and making sandwiches. |
| 245 | Homely and kinda fat girl just walked into my work, was totally checking me out. Obvious she wanted me. If I wasn't so hungover, I would have played that. She probably wouldn't have been too bad with the lights out. Nice lips, lots of nice pieces to hold on to. A lot of the time, plain girls can be way better fucks than 9s and 10s because they know they have to work harder. Sometimes the hottest girls don't even try. They think they just have to lie there. This one would have been an easy score. ...and then pulls some shit later saying she didn't want it. |
| 249 | Girls are passing bottles around. Erin has taken it upon herself to go around the room asking everyone if they have a designated driver. |
| 292 | Something about wanting "respect" from guys and "justice" for some girl who got fucked last year and cried rape because she thought being a victim would be cooler than being a slut. |
| 298 | She takes a sip of what she guesses is about five shots of cheap vodka with a splash of Sunny D. They talk for approximately four minutes before Chad unceremoniously leans over and puts his mouth on hers, his hand on her breast. He tastes like the room smells. Amber wishes she'd gone to school today after all. ...She pushes Chad away. "What's wrong, baby?" he mumbles as he pulls her back. She tries to wiggle out of his arms, but he holds her closer. She hears her phone ring again, and she moves to reach for her purse on the floor, but Chad doesn't let go. "Stop," she whispers, the word so foreign and strange in her mouth. She thinks maybe he didn't hear her. She says it a little louder. Chad laughs and pushes her down on the couch. "Yeah, right," he says, both hands under her shirt, pressing against her ribs, holding her in place. "No, really," Amber says, the taste of fear in her mouth, "I'm not joking." He pretends not to hear her. He pushes her shirt up until it is gathered around her neck like a noose. Amber knows she must make a decision. To fight or not to fight. She is so tired. She thinks today was not a good day to try to not be herself. She thinks, It doesn't count as rape if I give up. |

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|------|--|
| | She thinks, Different rules apply to different girls. Someone like me doesn't get to say no. |
| 331 | "You think I need the bitches as this school to talk to me? You think I don't want to talk to them?" He said half laughing, half choking. He is verging on hysterical. "I don't want to talk. I don't want to talk to you. I can get what I want without talking." He pushes her against the lockers with his left hand and grabs her crotch with his right. Through the thick denim of her jeans, Erin can feel his muscular fingers grabbing, tugging, trying to tear through her. It is not sexual. There is nothing sexual about it. He wants to hurt her. He wants to turn her into nothing. |
| 346 | "...I heard him coming and then I just felt myself getting pulled back by my jacket. And then I was on the ground and he was punching me. He kicked me in the stomach. I didn't even fight back." |
| 362 | Driving a friend to a clinic for an abortion? |
| 377 | "I haven't touched my car since I drove home that morning. I never want to go in that car again. God, there's probably still their fucking condoms on the floor. Who fucking does that? Who rapes someone with a condom and leaves it lying around like that? Either they're really fucking stupid or they're so delusional and arrogant they think they'll never get caught." |
| 403 | Despite all the good news, there was still that case a couple of months ago about that boy who was caught raping a passed-out girl in his frat house's laundry room. Even with eyewitnesses, even with video evidence, he still only got three months. Because he was rich. Because he was white. |

| Alternate ISBN |
|------------------|
| 978-1-48148173-1 |
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| 978-1-50825668-7 |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Bitch | 6 |
| Fuck | 47 |
| Shit | 22 |

THE HATERS



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual commentary; and excessive/frequent profanity.

Young Adult

By Jesse Andrews

ISBN:978-1-4197-2018-9



4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 101 | <p>It was definitely my boner. ...no one was awake to stare in disgust at the lurchy jailbreak of my sleep boner. ...still had the boner, masturbated in a brisk businesslike manner into the sink with the hotel conditioner...</p> |
| 102 | <p>well I don't know either but it looks like jizz ...wes, true or false: that's your jizz in our sink ...shut up about wes jizzing in the sink ...rinsing isn't always enough to get jizz all the way out of the sink. ...But I figured it wasn't just awkward because I had masturbated into the hotel sink.</p> |
| 115 | <p>...trying to make yourself okay with the idea that they will be furiously making out or, who knows, casually fingering each other...</p> |
| 169 | <p>...be awake because of the boner that you've had for the last three hours. At this point the boner has nothing to do with being sexually aroused. It's more of an athletic boner, if that makes any sense. It's more like your dick is seeing how many sit-ups it can do.</p> |
| 206 | <p>Then she reached over and grabbed my dick. I mean, she couldn't really get a handle on it, because it was in my pants and stuff. She more or less just grabbed a random handful of my crotch, and gave it a little squeeze, and let go, and the world as I knew it basically exploded.</p> |
| 208 | <p>ALTHOUGH I WAS ABLE TO GET SOME SLEEP AFTER MASTURBATING IN THE SINK AGAIN</p> |
| 263 | <p>...and she was literally smushing my dick under her thigh.</p> |
| 265 | <p>She guided me onto my back and pulled on the bottom of my briefs and I pushed them over my knees and feet and I was completely naked and not hard at all. She straddled me and pulled her top off and her breasts flopped out and I heard them more than saw them. She reached behind herself and kind of carefully took my not hard dick into one and pretty soon I couldn't really think about anything else and pretty soon after that I was hard and she took her hand away and I heard her opening some little crinkly package and I felt her put the cool plasticky middle of the condom snugly on the front of my dick like she was shrink wrapping it and I felt her fingernails through the plastic like the legs of a crab fingernailing their way down my dick and she rose up a little and adjusted her panties and breathed harder and opened her mouth and her breath was like vegan fritters and farm animals and her eyes were dark and I saw them very clearly somehow and her hair was stiff with chlorine and itched like straw on my face. The moment she put me inside her I came. I mean the exact moment. FUCK, I said, and I curled up around her like a snail, and kept coming about a hundred times, and I said fuckfuckfuckfuck, until she said sssshhhhhh, and pushed me back down onto my back and just lay on top of me, and that was how it happened.</p> |
| 271 | <p>"No. Come on. You're fucking with me." "I wish I was. You got maybe ten steps out of my room, and then you stopped, and got down right in the middle of the floor and immediately started fucking."</p> |

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|------|---|
| | <p>..."The first time there was about thirty seconds of foreplay, she put a condom on you, and it was pretty much over before it started."</p> |
| 272 | <p>"Oh yes you did. You guys went right back at it. You weren't even done coming. You were like, fuck, sorry, I came instantaneously, and she was like, well, you won't this time, and you guys just started making out and going at it again. You didn't even change condoms, which I have to tell you is gross. And defeats the purpose." "That's really not how I remember it." "Well, your memory is fucked up, because that's what happened. I was there. In the future you need to change condoms if you're going to have gross porny multiple-male-orgasm sex."</p> |
| 273 | <p>"...smoke a bowl before a third round of pain-fucking." "...You waited for exactly as long as it took you to speed smoke a bowl and then she basically tortured your dick. For a really long time. She was flipping you around and putting you in all these positions and you were like, ow, wait wait wait, time out. And she was like, no timeout, no stopping, just shut up and don't even think about stopping because I am a psycho." "...Um, I did break it up the fourth time, and that's what you should be thanking me for." "There was no fourth time!" "Ohhh yes there was. You were half-asleep. You were just lying there murmuring. Please, no, and she was ordering you around in broken Spanish." "No. Come on." "Yeah. Finally I yelled, 'He wants to stop,' and she was like, 'Are you sure,' and I was like, 'Um, yeah.' And then I think you both fell asleep because I didn't hear anything."</p> |
| 305 | <p>...corey, can we talk oral sex technique a little ...I'm never gonna improve without your feedback so please give it to me straight ...you gotta slow it down and I mean way down ...ok ...just really simplify what you're doin. In general try to make circles with your tongue ...got it, got it ...and no matter what happens, you need to be out of there after five minutes, good or bac ...there's nothing worse than knowing a guy is trying to get you to come, like he thinks your cooz is candy crush and he's trying to get three stars or some shit ...wew you didn't go down on me but I think you'd be even worse at it ...you'd just sit there completely still with your mouth open and hope that I would start fucking your face and you wouldn't have to do anything ...actually yeah that sounds ideal ...I listened to him have sex for more than an hour. He basically just lets himself be a sex prop ...no no no here's wew going down on you: lick lick lick...."all right all right all right"</p> |

| Page | Content |
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| | ...his finishing move is making a spaceship noise into your cooz and then asking you if he's getting an A |

| Profanity | Count |
|--------------|-------|
| Bitch | 5 |
| Fuck | 67 |
| Motherfucker | 2 |
| Shit | 37 |

shine



New York Times bestselling author

LAUREN MYRACLE

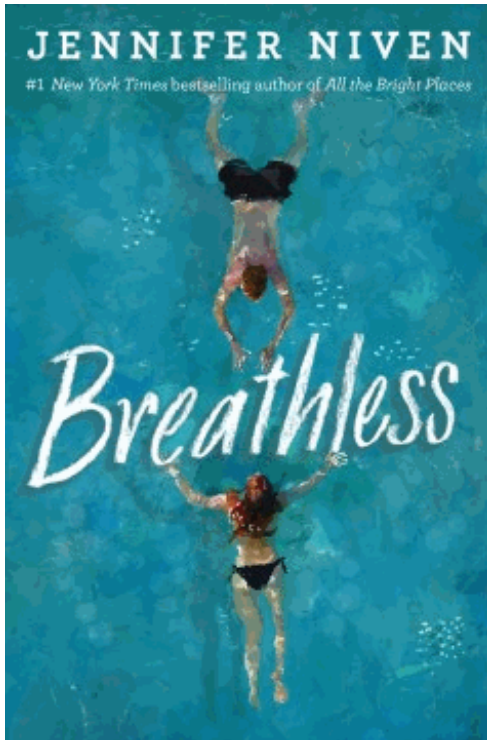
Published by Amulet Books, Published date 5/1/2011

Lots of sex, cock and oral sex. Below is the on line description of the book.....

While researching at a local library, Cat is viciously insulted by Jason Connor, a passing college boy whom she inadvertently offends and who, though from a poor background, pretends to be high-class. She soon learns that Jason is actually another distressed friend of Patrick, and she and Jason ultimately make up, become confidants and allies, and later even share romantic feelings. Meanwhile, a flashback reveals that Cat was sexually molested by Tommy three years ago, leading to an inability to continue maintaining relationships, thus naturally causing the deterioration of her friendship with Patrick. Convincing herself that Tommy must be Patrick's assailant, Cat confronts Tommy at last, only for him to apologize for his past wrongs, while sincerely affirming his innocence in the hate crime against Patrick.

Cat, with Jason's help, learns that Patrick has been maintaining a secret boyfriend, and they track the unknown lover to a gay bar, where Cat is astonished to realize that he is in fact Beef. Still-closeted, Beef, during a meth-fueled rage, apparently beat Patrick up and then framed the scene to look like a hate crime. The impulsive young Robert, who once admired Beef, now questions Beef's manliness as a gay man and threatens Beef's cover. Under the influence of meth once more, Beef consequently abducts Robert and takes him to a high cliff called Suicide Rock. Cat and Christian together pursue Beef, who threatens to push Robert from the summit of the cliff. Cat climbs the rock face, grabs Robert, and falls with him off the cliff, together safely landing in a swimming hole below. Christian and Beef then scuffle, and Beef slips off the cliff to his death. Afterward, at the hospital, Patrick finally awakens from his coma and is joyously greeted by Cat. The teenagers agree to pose Beef's death as an accident and to remain silent about his meth problem, in order to preserve his dignity in the community.

BREATHLESS



Young Adult

By Jennifer Niven

ISBN: 978-1-52470197-0

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity.

CONTENT WARNING

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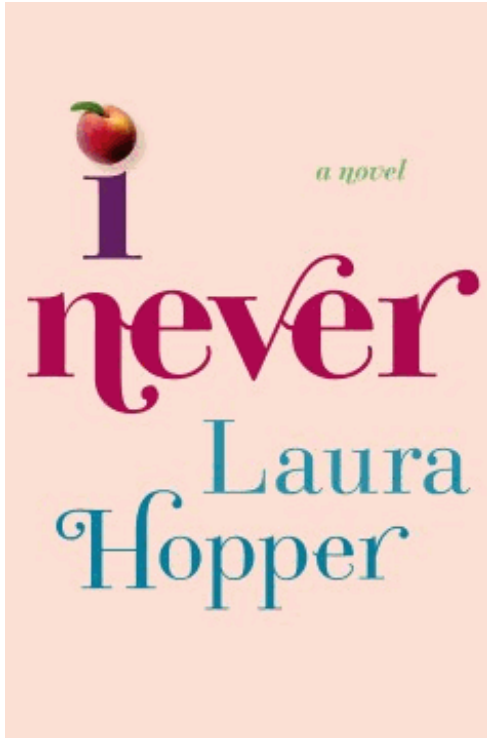
4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 18 | <p>Shane’s hands are snaking their way down... ...Suddenly there’s something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can’t slide it in. “Claude...” His voice is blurred...I feel momentarily bad because I was never going to have sex with him. It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg.</p> |
| 24 | <p>And then I can feel him. All of him...all at once I breathe, Yes! as my entire body lifts off the bed. It just rockets right off and hovers there in midair, shooting off fireworks of every color. ...And then my mind drifts to Shane and the barn and my wet, wet thigh, and what if some of it got in me and I get pregnant and have to have a baby...</p> |
| 147 | <p>What if I just found his house tonight and slipped into his bed and surprised him? I imagine it. His skin. My skin. Naked. Hot. Him. Him. Him...I touch my arm and it’s on fire at the thought of him.</p> |
| 153 | <p>He’s getting a condom. When he rolls back toward me, condom in hand, I go, “Wow. You’re confident.” “Not confident. Hopeful...” ...He waves at his body and gives me this cheesy grin. And then his face shifts into a genuine smile, and I can’t help it, I kiss the dimples on either side of his mouth, and then he’s kissing my throat, and just when I think my body might explode like a firework, it happens. ...Now he’s opening the condom packet. Now he’s putting the condom on...Now you can feel him. Now he’s putting the condom in. There’s the surprise of him inside me, even though I’m expecting it. ...He goes, “Are you okay, Captain?” “Yeah. Of course.” ...Now you can feel him—all of him. And there’s the surprise again. Not pain, necessarily, but the surprise of my body registering something entirely new. I actually suck in air. A loud, gasping, hiccupping sound that makes him stop what he’s doing and look at me funny. Before he can ask what the hell that was or change his mind about ever wanting to have sex with me, I kiss him. I wonder if I’m bleeding all over his couch, if my mythical hymen has actually broken. Even if it hasn’t, and even if it’s the most awkward, terrible sex that has ever been had on this planet, I know that technically this counts. This counts. Even though virginity is a heteronormative, patriarchal construct... Now he’s moving on top of you. And you are moving with him even though you don’t know how...It’s as if it knows something I don’t, as if my body and his know each other and understand each other, as if they’re meant to move together like this. But then, suddenly, we’re done. Which means he’s done.</p> |
| 199 | <p>But first he leans down and kisses me, and I kiss him harder and more urgently to let him know it’s okay...My body is wanting his. And I am burning up, head to toe, little fires everywhere. Then I can feel him. All of him. And it hurts a little, but that’s more the surprise again of having another body in your body, the getting used to something new...And he’s literally in it, as in my vagina...And he pulls back and looks at me and goes, “Uh. Captain?” ...he kisses my forehead and mumbles something into my neck... There’s only music and the sound of our breathing. It takes us a moment, but then we hit this rhythm...I know he feels it too because of the way he’s looking at me, and then the way he’s kissing me, and then the way he stops worrying about hurting me</p> |

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| | and is just moving with me and not holding back, and I tell myself not to hold back either. |
| 234 | ...like 'How to Give Your Woman Pleasure' and 'How to Make Sure You're Taking Care of Your Lady.' I figure you can never learn enough when it comes to satisfying your girlfriend." ...There are eighty thousand nerve endings in the clitoris." "Okay. I did not know that." |

I NEVER



Young Adult

By Laura Hopper

ISBN: 978-1-328-80989-6

978-1-328-80989-6

978-1-328-59587-4

CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity; and profanity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 7 | Yes, I know plenty of seventeen-year-olds are dating, are having sex, and maybe even in love. |
| 8 | Many women wear short, sexy dresses, probably purchased for the sole purpose of ringing in the New Year. |
| 18 | Sloan has two older sisters, so she was exposed to a lot of information about guys and sex pretty early on. |
| 22 | Charlie turns her around, backs her up against the lockers, and starts kissing her with unbridled desire. |
| 23 | <p>Many of them have real bodies, the ultra-coveted boobs and butt that girls show off on Instagram to hundreds of likes.</p> <p>...Where these girls have cleavage that spills out of their demi-cup bras and full round butts that sit up high under their thongs,...</p> <p>...As the other girls change out of their jeans, skirts, and leggings and into their shorts and jog tops, I notice their delicate and colorful lace bras and thong underwear. Clearly, these girls are doing their very best to be sexy. I wonder if they're selecting underwear for themselves or to impress someone else.</p> |
| 25 | <p>Sloan is the girl who some parents would refer to as fast. They'd probably be shocked to learn that she's technically a virgin. She loves to go to parties and hook up with guys. In fact, her mantra is everything but. She frequently talks about all the times she's done everything but. She frequently talks about all the times she's done everything but.</p> <p>Danielle and I started calling Sloan E.B. because of all of her stories about doing everything but,...</p> <p>...Sadly, her virgin status is less widely known than her reputation for having a lot of fun with guys.</p> |
| 53 | I close my eyes and lean in. Our lips touch, softly at first, with a little peck. Then we kiss again, and this time we stay pressed together a little longer. He opens his mouth slightly, and I follow. I have never done this before and am terrified that I'm doing it wrong. I'm really not sure what to do with my tongue. His tongue ever so gently finds mine, and our two tongues do a little dance, I am lost in him, in his soft lips, his smooth tongue, his yummy smell. I quickly pick up his rhythm, and it's much easier than I thought it would be. |
| 83 | <p>We kept looking at each other until we were dancing together, and the next thing you know, DFMO."</p> <p>"What is DFMO?" Danielle asks.</p> <p>Sloan sighs as if it's the most obvious thing, "Dance Floor Make-Out."</p> |
| 86 | "Nevertheless, I think it's a little soon to talk about having sex with him. I don't want this to be a hookup..." |
| 87 | <p>"How do I give a hand job?"</p> <p>"Do I take my own clothes off, or does he undress me?"</p> |
| 91 | "That's more like it," he says and leans closer, putting his lips over mine in the deepest, sexiest kiss that ever happened. He continues to kiss me, his tongue |

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| | <p>exploring my whole mouth. He pulls away slightly and delicately licks my lips. "Mmm, you taste good." "So do you," I say.</p> <p>He rolls on top of me, pressing his body against mine, our lips still locked together, our tongues still intertwined. He tastes like a combination of mint and cherry. I love the feeling of his chest against mine. I reach up and put my hands on his back. He's a little sweaty, which I find surprisingly sexy. My natural instincts take over and I lift up his shirt and feel the warm, smooth skin on his back.</p> <p>"You have soft hands," he says between kisses. He positions his hands under my body and flips me over so that now he's lying on his back and I'm on top of him. His hands start exploring my back, under my shirt, over my jog bra. He skillfully lifts my shirt over my head, removing it completely. I gasp. He looks at me.</p> <p>"Is this okay?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yeah," I say.</p> <p>"You sure?"</p> <p>"Yeah, I'm sure." I've never been more certain of anything.</p> <p>He wraps his hands around me, pulling me into him. It's as though I'm fully enveloped in him. The entire world consists of Luke and me and this blue squishy mat. His hands on my body don't feel scary or threatening or uninvited. They feel warm, protective, comforting, and supremely sensual.</p> <p>"You're a really good kisser," I try to say without breaking my lips away from his. The words end up muddled and muted.</p> <p>"What was that?" he asks as he pulls away. I can't help but think he's trying not to laugh at me for attempting to kiss and talk at the same time.</p> <p>"You're a really good kisser," I say, hoping he can't see how awkward I feel.</p> <p>"It's because I'm kissing you."</p> <p>He grabs me even tighter and rolls us over again so that he's lying on me, his legs between mine. I open my eyes for an instant and see the stars emerging in the darkening evening sky. I feel his whole body pushing against me. I can tell how much he wants me. I wonder if I should pull back, call it a night, but it's almost impossible to stop something that feels so good.</p> <p>A faint and familiar clicking noise can be heard in the distance. I don't pay much attention, because right now there's only one thing on my mind, and that thing is on top of me, kissing me passionately and pressing his hips into me. The clicking seems to be getting closer, harder to ignore. Before I realize where the sound is coming from, Luke and I are being sprayed with freezing-cold water.</p> <p>"The sprinklers!" I yell.</p> <p>"Who cares?" Luke asks, apparently perfectly happy to stay right where he is.</p> <p>"You're crazy," I say, laughing, gently pushing him off me. I run across the field through the storm of spraying water. He grabs my shirt and runs after me.</p> |
| 105 | <p>First he kisses my cheek, then my nose, and then he plants a soft kiss on my forehead. I close my eyes and enjoy the mystery of wondering where the next kiss will land. There it is. Right on my lips. He opens his lips and his tongue finds its way into my mouth. As we sit there kissing I practically inhale him, enjoying the smells of soap and fabric softener. He lies back and gently pulls me so that I'm lying on top of him, his hands in my hair. As we continue kissing, our tongues twisted together, I reach over and switch off the little yellow lamp on my nightstand.</p> |

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| | <p>My room goes dark except for the stream of dim light filtering down the hallway from the living room. Luke's hands leave my hair and move to my back. Slowly, slowly they travel from the tops of my shoulders, rubbing my back lightly, softly, sweetly. His strong hands reach the bottom of my tank top, which has ridden up a bit, so I can feel his bare hands on the inch of skin above my jeans. Just the touch of his fingers on the small of my back is enough to make my heart race even faster. And it was beating pretty damn fast already.</p> <p>His fingers find their way under my tank top and are now working their way back up, only this time directly on my skin. They wander up my back until he has a gentle but firm grasp of my shoulders. In one impressively swift move, he lifts my tank top up and over my head and, before I know it, I am lying on him wearing only jeans and my black no-nonsense bra.</p> <p>"This okay?" he whispers between deep, soulful kisses.</p> <p>"Yeah." I manage to eke out the syllable even though practically no sound escapes my lips.</p> <p>"Here, we'll make it even," he says.</p> <p>He sits up slightly, gently moving me from lying on top of him to kneeling between his legs. He takes his sweatshirt off, letting it fall to the floor next to my bed. In the dim light, I can barely make out the silhouette of his body, broad and strong and smooth, lying against my pillows. I feel extremely awkward sitting in front of him without my shirt on, even though the room is practically dark. I self-consciously cover my chest, arms crossed, each hand on the opposite shoulder.</p> <p>Luke laughs a little, taking my hands in his, opening my arms wide. Hopefully, in the low light, he can't make out that I'm fully freaked. I'm not scared, and I don't feel forced or pressured. I'm freaked in an excited way. Like I'm on a tropical island, about to jump off a rocky cliff into the crystal blue water down below. Exhilarated, but unsure whether I'm really ready to take the leap.</p> <p>"What's the problem?" Luke asks.</p> <p>"No problem," I say, but I know he's not buying it.</p> <p>"You don't want me to see your body?"</p> <p>"I don't think of my body as something that you would want to see," I say.</p> <p>"Are you kidding me?" he asks in disbelief. He reaches over to the nightstand and turns on my lamp. My hands jump back onto my shoulders like they are on springs.</p> <p>"Come here," he says. He gets up and guides me over to the mirror that covers the length of the door to my bathroom. He places me in front of the door and stands behind me, his hands interlocked near my bellybutton. "Look at you."</p> <p>Is he serious? I'm supposed to stand here, wearing jeans and a bra in a fully lit room, and gaze into the mirror at myself with Luke Hallstrom supervising? I don't freakin' think so. I put my hands over my eyes and hope he'll give up on this mission. He takes hold of my hands and pulls them down to uncover my eyes. My lids stay shut tight. I only wish I could make it dark for him as well.</p> <p>"Will you please open your eyes so you can see what I see?" he begs.</p> <p>I open my eyes, but look everywhere except at my own reflection—the sandy-beige carpet, the molding around the doorframe, the backward photos reflected in the mirror.</p> <p>"Come on, just for a second. For me." I finally relent and stare straight ahead.</p> |

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| | <p>I try to see in myself what he clearly sees. I look at my image and the self-consciousness slowly evaporates.</p> <p>...He reaches his hands behind my back and unhooks my bra. I keep my eyes locked on the mirror as my bra falls to the floor.</p> <p>"My god, Janey, look at you." I do as he says and look, searching to find the truth in his words. It takes significant effort for me to let him stare at me. His hands wrap back around my waist and find their way up to my chest, cupping my breasts. I watch his hands, and then I watch his face. I see how taken he is with me. I see appreciation and admiration in his eyes. Finally his eyes find mine in the mirror. He looks deeply into me, making sure we're in sync. I turn around to face him and feel the whole of my naked chest up against his smooth brown skin. I lift my face to look at him and he delicately licks the tiny space between my lips.</p> <p>"You're perfect, you know that?" he asks.</p> <p>"Maybe I'm just perfect for you."</p> |
| 110 | <p>"We kissed-" I start to say.</p> <p>"Hey," she interrupts. "I'm not looking for details. Just know I'm aware of what teenagers do. Keep that in mind."</p> |
| 118 | <p>I would see them holding hands walking down the hallway, and sometimes kissing at her locker.</p> |
| 120 | <p>I assume that means that Luke and Julia were (are?) having casual sex. So Luke has had sex with at least two people.</p> |
| 125 | <p>I remember years ago when I was at the beach with my mom and dad, and a girl walked by in a tiny white see-through bikini, with a bronze fake tan and massive boobs swaying side to side.</p> |
| 136 | <p>...and he licks the back of my neck under my ponytail, sending chills up my spine. I hear a moan escape my lips, conveying to him, as well as myself, how good he makes me feel. I close my eyes and let my head fall forward as the sensations travel to my every nerve. He continues to run his tongue around my neck, making his way to my ear and ultimately finding my mouth.</p> <p>My eyes are still closed when I feel his lips touch mine, and I kiss him hungrily. The feelings he has sent through my skin into my veins have made me ravenous for him. I press my lips firmly against his as my tongue explores every crevice of his mouth.</p> |
| 137 | <p>"I'm pretty sure we have an hour or so to ourselves," I tell Luke.</p> <p>"I can think of a few things to with that time," he says with a twinkle in his eye.</p> |
| 138 | <p>He lifts my chin so that our faces are less than an inch apart. "Just to be clear, I'm the lucky one," he says in a whisper, and he kisses me softly, lightly, as if to punctuate his point. I kiss him back and the soft kisses grow more intense, more passionate. "Should we take off our sweaty shirts?"</p> <p>"For sure," I say and I reach for his shirt, pulling it over his head. He then helps me off with my shirt and jog bra, leaving our sticky bodies to cool in the brisk February air. He explores my skin, front and back. I love the feeling of his hands on my back, my chest, and my shoulders. We wrap our arms around each other and the kissing continues, creating more heat between us.</p> <p>"I have a question," he says.</p> |

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| | <p>"What?"</p> <p>"Are your shorts sweaty too?"</p> <p>Is my heart beating fast because I'm nervous or excited? Or both? "Yeah, a little," I say.</p> <p>"Mine too." He lifts his hips and slides his shorts off. He's wearing black boxer briefs that hug his body and make his erection beyond obvious. It's one thing to assume it's there, or to feel a slight hardness pressed against me through his jeans. It's an entirely different matter to see a huge boner underneath a thin layer of black cotton. And that boner is pointed at me. It's a turn-on, but it's also a little scary.</p> <p>"Lean back," he says.</p> <p>I lean back so my head is at the foot of the lounge. He leans over me and reaches his hands into my shorts, easing them off my body. I'm so glad I happen to have cute underwear on today.</p> <p>...Once my shorts have been discarded, Luke lowers himself onto me. His face on my face, his chest on my chest, his hips on my hips. Even with the cool breeze, I feel myself getting hotter and sweatier. He is rubbing against me, pressing himself with a seasoned rhythm. I feel like I'm going to explode. My legs separate slightly and he fits snugly between them. I can feel the warmth beneath our underwear. Is it coming from me or from him? Or is it the fusion of our body parts? I picture us like those commercials for pain relievers where there is a red throbbing epicenter under a crude drawing of a unisex form, and arrows shoot outward depicting the pain spreading through the body. Only in our case, there is this intense heat arising from between our legs and spreading outward from there.</p> <p>"Should we stop?" he whispers in my ear. Although the pressing and rubbing do not appear to be stopping.</p> <p>"That's probably a good idea," I say.</p> <p>We slowly sit up, facing each other, taking a moment while our breathing returns to normal and our inner temperatures cool. Another moment passes while we sit there in our underwear.</p> <p>.... Getting dressed is not nearly as sexy as getting undressed.</p> |
| 141 | <p>"I want to have sex with you." I almost fall off the lounge. "Let me rephrase that. I want to make love to you. I know how important the first time is, and I want to be your first. I promise to be gentle and patient and wait until you're ready."</p> <p>..."I want to have sex with you, too. I want you to be my first. I trust you, and I want to remember for the rest of my life that my first time was with you, because you make me feel really comfortable. I don't know when I'll be ready, and I hope you'll wait, but I have a feeling it won't be too long."</p> |
| 144 | <p>...bitchy...</p> |
| 144 | <p>Danielle tells me how she and Charlie can never be together at her house because the twins think it's hilarious to spy on them or rifle through the trash in search of used condoms.</p> |
| 147 | <p>Danielle gets an economy pack of Ultra Ribbed in a bright gold box.</p> <p>"I'm going over to Charlie's to put these to good use before I have to babysit the monsters," Danielle says as we exit the store.</p> |

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| 159 | <p>"Big time." He leans in hungrily and kisses me full on the lips. My eyes close, my arms wrap around him, and I feel wetness between my legs the second his tongue enters my mouth. As soon as he's near me, touching me, kissing me, my body responds automatically. I feel weak, I moan, I get wet. I am physiologically connected to this guy, and it's clear my body wants him desperately. I want to have sex with him. Every organ I possess is telling me that I want to have sex with him. On second thought, it might be more of a need. I need to have sex with him.</p> <p>...I feel his erection against my pelvis. It's so hard and hot. The heat makes me sweat. My insides are on fire.</p> <p>Is it possible that seven minutes ago I was helping with dishes in his mother's kitchen and now I'm feeling her son's boner practically tearing a hole in Sloan's dress?</p> |
| 161 | <p>Am I a criminal for considering having sex with him?</p> <p>...I'm willing to bet my mom didn't get anyone's permission the first time she had sex.</p> |
| 165 | <p>"He gets you jewelry so you'll want to have sex with him."</p> |
| 168 | <p>Sloan said if I have it, I'm more likely to use it, and if I don't bring it, there's a better chance I won't agree to have sex with him.</p> <p>...in the end, I put the condom in my purse.</p> |
| 169 | <p>His hair is still a little wet, giving me an instant mental image of him in a recent shower. I haven't even stepped into his foyer and I'm already picturing him naked. My body immediately goes weak and gooey. He leans in to kiss me and I smell his shampoo and his soap and his minty breath.</p> |
| 170 | <p>"Come lick it off," he says, pulling me into his arms and kissing me while deliberately transferring the frosting from his face onto mine. Our tongues intertwine, and we lick the inside and outside of each other's mouths. "The only thing that tastes better than your cupcake is you," he says.</p> <p>He lifts me up and sits me on the island, his lips still on mine. He stands between my legs, leaning against me. I take hold of his hands and finger the leather strap around his wrist. His lips leave my mouth and work their way down my neck. My head falls back in sheer bliss as he finds his way to my chest. Somehow he simultaneously unbuttons my shirt and kisses my chest. I wonder where he picked up these advanced skills. Before I know it, my shirt is off and I'm sitting on his mother's kitchen island in my leggings and bra.</p> <p>..."Sure," I say.</p> <p>He helps me off the island and guides me into his backyard. We walk through French doors to a covered patio. On the left is a big grassy lawn and to the right is a long rectangular pool joined at the back by a hot tub that is radiating steam as if it's welcoming us into its bubbly water.</p> <p>"Want to go in the hot tub?" he asks.</p> <p>"I didn't bring a bathing suit," I say. The words sound silly and naive and I know it.</p> <p>"That's okay," he says. "I didn't either." He unbuttons his jeans, slides them off his hips, and lets them fall to the brick patio. He then whips his shirt over his head and drops it on top of his crumpled jeans. He stands there in his boxer briefs, a huge erection poking at the cotton, begging to be released. I look at his beautiful</p> |

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| | <p>body, marveling at his ability to stand there, looking at me, without the slightest hint of self-consciousness. "You're overdressed," he says.</p> <p>I tuck my fingertips into the waistband of my leggings and slowly push them down the length of my legs. He watches me, his eyes moving from my eyes to my body, which is gradually revealing itself to him. He turns me around gently, then unhooks my bra and lets it fall next to all the other discarded clothing. We've been in this position before, both in our underwear, but I know it's not stopping here tonight. He takes my hand and leads me over to the hot tub. The jets are already on, making me realize he has a plan in mind and in place. I do love a man with a plan.</p> <p>He tucks a fingertip into my underwear at one hip and gently strokes my skin inside the waistband across my belly to the other hip. "I want to take these off. Is that okay?" he asks quietly, carefully.</p> <p>"Yes." The word is barely audible, a cautious whisper.</p> <p>"Was that a yes?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yes," I say, turning up volume slightly. With both hands, he slides my lacy black underwear down my legs. As if he knows it wouldn't be fair for only one of us to be naked, he takes his own underwear off immediately. There we are, totally naked. Am I supposed to look at his penis? Touch it? I glance at it fleetingly and find that it looks exactly how it's supposed to look. I look back up at him and catch his stare.</p> <p>My instincts are to close my eyes really tight and jump into the pool to submerge my nudity under the darkness of the water, but Luke grabs my hands and takes a long, adoring look at my body.</p> <p>"Perfection," he whispers.</p> <p>...He guides me into the steamy water of the hot tub. He sits on the bench in the water and pulls me onto his lap, facing him. I feel his hardness between my legs. His hands are wrapped around my back, and mine are around his neck. He kisses me more deeply and passionately than ever before, if that's even possible. His hands move down my back and explore my butt and my waist as he pulls me closer to him, pushing me against him. The kissing is constant, while I drop my hands to feel him. It's smooth and the skin is soft, but the whole thing is so incredibly hard, much harder than I would have thought possible. It turns me on even more to touch it, and the worry that I wouldn't know what to do with it immediately vanishes. It's instinctual to stroke it and feel it and explore it. His breathing gets heavier, which tells me that I'm probably doing it right. He stops kissing me and leans his head back against the brick in a clear display of rapture, I love knowing I'm making him feel good.</p> <p>He shifts my body up a bit so that he is poking me, a gentle knock on a door, hoping to be let in. My heart stops. I feel panic. I'm scared. Every inch of my body freezes. I'm not ready. Something must have changed in my rhythm, because he opens his eyes to look at me.</p> |
| 174 | He kisses me on the lips as if to accentuate his point. |
| 175 | His wet, muscular body glimmers in the moonlight. |
| 177 | He pulls away after a quick little peck, but I grab him and pull him in for a longer, more passionate kiss. |

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| 199 | <p>"Come here," he says as he leans toward me. I drop the blanket and crawl up toward him. We kiss hungrily. We go from zero to sixty in about half a second, and the kissing is suddenly crazy hot.</p> <p>...He pulls me onto his lap and I straddle him. He leans back against his pile of blue and gray pillows and I lean forward against him.</p> <p>His hands reach down my pants and grab my ass. Feeling his strong hands on my butt makes me even hotter for him. I hear myself moan and quickly realize we are in his house and his mom is downstairs.</p> <p>"What about your parents?" I ask.</p> <p>"Don't worry about them," he answers, unwilling to let his mouth separate from mine.</p> <p>I push myself down on him so my legs press tighter around his, and his crotch pushes up against mine. We find a rhythm—kissing, pressing, pushing, moaning, grabbing.</p> <p>...We're both flushed and a little sweaty. I stare at him and I know. I know at some point in the very near future I'm going to lose my virginity to Luke Hallstrom.</p> |
| 202 | <p>"If you're trying on sexy lingerie, you're definitely thinking about having sex," Sloan says.</p> |
| 211 | <p>I'm going to lose my virginity this weekend.</p> <p>...I think of him constantly and am strongly considering having sex with him this weekend in Dad's peaceful apartment by the beach.</p> |
| 216 | <p>In all my calculations and planning, I never realized I'd have to say the words I want to have sex with you. Today.</p> |
| 217 | <p>Here goes. Wow. You'd think telling a boy you're ready to sleep with him would be easy. I mean, what guy doesn't want to hear that, right?</p> <p>..."Will you have sex with me? Today?"</p> <p>...He grabs my hand and pulls me onto him. Now I am lying on top of him, in the grass in broad daylight, his arms wrapped tightly around me. My face hovers over his face, our noses almost touching.</p> <p>"I would love to make love to you," he says.</p> <p>"Good. Because I've given it a lot of thought, and I'm ready," I say.</p> <p>"You're absolutely sure?" he asks.</p> <p>..."Please don't say make love," I say with a little cringe.</p> <p>"Too mushy?" he asks.</p> <p>"It just kinda creeps me out," I say.</p> <p>..."I'm going to make love to you." He smiles. "Fine," I say. "Make sweet love to me, Luke Hallstrom. "</p> <p>...I give Luke directions to my dad's place, but all I can think of is that I can't believe I'm about to have sex. I can't believe Luke is going to be inside me. Will it hurt as much as Danielle said it would? Will I do it right? If I change my mind, will he hate me? Are blue balls a real thing?</p> <p>..."I need to make a quick stop to pick something up." It takes me a minute, but then I figure out that he's probably talking about condoms.</p> <p>"I've got them," I say.</p> <p>"You do?" he asks.</p> |

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| | <p>I reach into my bag and feel around in the tissue to dig out a couple of the condoms. "Are these fine?"</p> <p>He takes a look at the foil-wrapped rubbers in my hand. "Wow. Yeah. Those will work." He sort of chuckles and shakes his head.</p> <p>..."Yeah. Very cool, Janey." For some reason, I am elated by this revelation. Everything with Luke—the physical as well as the emotional stuff—has been new for me, but not for him. He, the seasoned veteran, has guided me with his expertise. I have just provided a first for him. I am the first girl to bring condoms to the party.</p> <p>...We stop at a red light, and Luke leans over the gearshift to kiss me. I kiss him back with all the excitement and heat that have riddled my body all day long.</p> <p>.... As soon as the elevator doors close, we start to kiss. I back up against the wall of the elevator as our hands and tongues explore with a newfound fervor. The heat that always exists when we make out is intensified considerably by all the anticipation.</p> <p>...He faces me, taking both of my hands in his.</p> <p>He kisses me softly on the lips.</p> <p>...He takes hold of my sweatshirt and lifts it over my head.</p> <p>"I think I need to shower first," I say.</p> <p>"Can I join you?" he asks.</p> <p>"Sure," I say.</p> <p>He follows me into my small bathroom. I turn on the shower and the steam from the hot water begins to fill the room. The new white towels hang on the towel rack. Suave shampoo and Dove body soap are the only items on the shower shelf. I take off my sweaty shirt and jog bra, and he removes his shirt. He reaches for the waistband of my shorts and slides them, along with my underpants, over my hips and onto the floor. I let him look at me, stark naked, allowing myself to be admired and wanted. His shorts fall to the bath mat and his impressive erection stands at full attention. I put my hands on him, feeling his hardness, knowing that it will soon be inside me. I slowly move my hands back and forth, more so to feel him than to please him.</p> <p>We step into the shower and the hot water bounces between our naked bodies. I stand under the spigot facing Luke, letting my hair and face get drenched. Luke picks up the body soap and squeezes an ample amount into his hands. He moves his soapy hands around my entire body: across my shoulders, over my breasts, around my stomach, and down each arm. He then kneels down to wash my legs, his face right at my crotch. I'm still standing under the beating hot water while he lathers me up, inside and out. It's by far the best feeling I've ever experienced. I feel swollen and tingly throughout my entire body. I look down at him and watch how he watches me, his eyes moving from the work he's doing down there to my face, gauging my reaction.</p> <p>I gently pull him to standing and take the soap from him to return the favor. I pour the milky white liquid soap directly on his chest and then move my hands across his body, covering every inch with the fresh-smelling foam. His shoulders and chest feel strong under my palms. He turns around and I work on his back and let my hands drift to his butt. I rub his ass and the sides of his legs and then, working up the courage, reach around to the front. I move slowly, gently touching</p> |

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| | <p>and teasing without intense stroking, keeping in mind that I don't want him to get too close yet.</p> <p>He turns around, bringing his lathered-up body next to mine under the stream of hot water. His lips on my lips, his chest on my chest, and his penis up against me. "Wanna take this into the other room?" he whispers into my mouth.</p> <p>"Yeah," I say.</p> <p>The soap travels down our bodies and circles the drain. I turn off the water and reach for two towels, handing one to Luke and wrapping one under my arms and around my chest. I step out of the shower and Luke, towel around his waist, follows me into the living room.</p> <p>..."I'll be right back," I say, and I grab my bag and go into my bedroom. I remove the beautiful nightgown, rip off the tags, and slide it over my head. The smooth fabric feels cool and fresh on my newly washed skin. I take a look in the mirror, and I have to admit, I'm fairly satisfied with how I look. The soft white silk dips down between my breasts, revealing what little cleavage I actually have, and the little flouncy skirt ends at the very tops of my thighs. I shake out my wet hair and take a step out of the bedroom before I remember that the condoms are still in the bag. What am I supposed to do with them? How does one make an entrance with a handful of condoms and still look totally alluring? Not sure it's possible. The truth is, though, there's no way around it. I grab a couple and hide them discreetly behind my back.</p> <p>"Wow," Luke says. "You look so sexy."</p> <p>"Thanks," I say, hoping he doesn't notice me tucking the condoms behind a cushion as I pass the sofa. I take the thick brown blanket from the arm of the club chair and spread it on the rug. We sit on the blanket, facing the sliding glass doors and the view of the ocean. Luke's fingers investigate the edge of my nightgown.</p> <p>"Did you get it for this occasion?" Luke asks curiously.</p> <p>"I did," I say, returning his smile. I figure the detail about my best friends buying it for me for precisely this occasion is probably more information than he needs. He slips his arm around my back and into my sopping wet hair, turning my face toward his. I look at him, taking inventory of his brown eyes, his thick black eyelashes, and his honey-colored skin with a smattering of freckles on his nose. I memorize his pink lips, which turn up at the corners even when he isn't smiling. He lets me stare at him, waiting for me, as though I'm rereading the last chapter of my favorite book and he's allowing me to enjoy those final precious words. When I've fully taken him in, I lean forward to kiss him. He kisses me back with several tiny kisses. I lie back on the blanket, pulling him on top of me, opening my mouth as though I'm inviting his tongue in to play. The kissing becomes deeper, more intense, hungrier. He reaches between us to remove the towel that is awkwardly tangled in our legs. Once the towel has been cast aside, we lie there, two warm clean bodies fused together, legs and tongues intertwined, skin welcoming as much contact as possible. The only barrier between us is the thin lacy silk of my lingerie. Luke moves in a gentle rocking motion and my body responds like he's leading me in a simple, rhythmic dance. I feel him get harder and harder. He shifts himself so he's lying next to me, giving him room to explore my body. With one hand propping up his head, his other hand starts at my neck and works its way down.</p> |

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| | <p>He pulls my straps down over my shoulders so that the nightgown is now bunched around my waist. He spends sufficient time tickling and rubbing my boobs, moving his hand from one to the other, circling each nipple with care. As his hand moves down my torso, he lets his mouth take over where his hand left off, sucking on my breasts and flicking his tongue against my nipples. My nipples harden, my breathing quickens, and I feel moisture accumulating between my legs. The feelings are wildly intense. I am on fire, wanting him, craving him. His hand now moves lower and his fingers gently touch me, making their way inside. Not too deep, just exploring the parts, feeling the wetness. My hips writhe in response, the tickling becoming almost unbearable. Now I have a deep need to have him inside me. I want him to fill me up and reach the depths of me.</p> <p>"Does that feel good?" he whispers in my ear.</p> <p>"Better than anything," I say through almost gasps.</p> <p>I suddenly become aware that he's doing all the work. I am lying on my back, one hand behind my head, the other in Luke's thick, soft hair. He is touching me, making me feel things I've never felt before, and I am not reciprocating at all. How is this supposed to work? Do we take turns or do it simultaneously?</p> <p>I reach over and grab hold of him. He is hard and hot and poking straight up at me. My hands instinctively know what to do. I wrap one hand firmly around the base and use the other to tickle the rest. I keep both hands moving, working in a rhythm. He moans in my ear, which turns me on even more. He doesn't stop touching me while I work on him. Our lips and tongues are fully enmeshed as we touch each other all over.</p> <p>"I think it's time," he says.</p> <p>"Me too."</p> <p>"Are you sure?"</p> <p>"I've never been more sure about anything," I say.</p> <p>"Are they in the pink bag?"</p> <p>"Not anymore," I say. I stand up and the nightgown falls to the floor at my feet. I step over it and reach behind the sofa cushion for the condoms.</p> <p>"Very sly," Luke says.</p> <p>I bring both packages over to the blanket.</p> <p>"Do you have a preference?"</p> <p>Luke grabs one without much scrutiny and tears the wrapper open.</p> <p>"Wanna help?" he asks.</p> <p>"I don't know how," I say.</p> <p>"I'll show you," he says as he places the rubber disc at the top of his penis. "Now just unroll it."</p> <p>I put my hands on the condom and stretch it down over him. Luke wraps his arms around me and eases me onto my back, his legs gently pushing mine apart. I feel the tip of him poking at me. I open my legs farther as Luke rocks slowly back and forth, reaching a little deeper with each gentle thrust. The moisture between my legs gets more obvious, allowing him to enter me push by push, millimeter by millimeter.</p> <p>It does hurt, but at the same time, it's exhilarating. With each push, I feel increased pressure, but I don't want him to stop. As he gets deeper inside me, both the pleasure and the pain build. I am determined to focus on the pleasure.</p> |

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| | <p>He is rubbing me in all the right places. I know he's not all the way in yet. I can tell that he's being ever so careful to enter me incrementally. I open up for him, slowly allowing him to push right through me. I'm so turned on that the wetness allows him to glide in. Now we are pressed against each other, and our bodies fit together like the only pieces in a two-part puzzle.</p> <p>He starts to thrust with more force, his hips moving back and forth as he props himself up on his elbows, his mouth never leaving mine. My hands explore his back and I can feel his muscles tensing as he pushes. He pulls his face an inch away from mine and opens his eyes to check on me.</p> <p>"You okay?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yeah," I whisper.</p> <p>"Feel good?"</p> <p>"Feels so good," I answer.</p> <p>My hands find his ass and squeeze while he moves up and down, in and out.</p> <p>"I love you," he says.</p> <p>"I love you back," I say.</p> <p>His hips start to move faster, his breath getting quicker.</p> <p>"Oh god," he says. "Oh, Janey." I watch his face.</p> <p>"I'm getting close," he tells me.</p> <p>"Okay," I say. "I want to watch you."</p> <p>His eyes close and he seems to drift to a far off place. His mouth opens wide and I feel him throb inside me. It takes him a moment or two to return to our present, and he fully grasps the fact that I have been watching him while he climaxed. It's the first time I've ever noticed a hint of self-consciousness in Luke Hallstrom.</p> <p>He kisses me quickly and rolls next to me. "That was unbelievable." "It was?" I ask. Luke looks offended. "You don't think so?" I laugh a little. "Of course I think so. It was amazing. But I have nothing to compare it to," I say.</p> <p>"Trust me," he says. "It was phenomenal." "I'm glad," I say.</p> <p>"You're not done, are you?" he asks.</p> <p>"What do you mean?"</p> <p>"You didn't have an orgasm."</p> <p>"I don't think so, but I'm not sure," I say. "What do you mean you're not sure?" he asks.</p> <p>"I don't think I've ever had an orgasm," I say.</p> <p>"Haven't you ever given yourself one?" "No," I say, embarrassed.</p> <p>"You should."</p> <p>"You're telling me to masturbate?" I ask, incredulous.</p> <p>"Well, yeah," he says, smiling, but completely serious.</p> <p>"Why do I need to masturbate if I have</p> <p>"Because if you know what you like, I can do it for you," he says, as though it's the most obvious explanation ever.</p> <p>..."Here, I'll help." He reaches his hand down and starts touching me again. "Tell me when I get to a good spot." He rubs back and forth, covering the whole area with rapid movements. "Is that good?"</p> <p>"That's really good," I say, leaning my head back and closing my eyes.</p> <p>He keeps at it, moving more quickly, applying more pressure. The feeling starts to build, radiating from between my legs to my entire torso, down my legs, up my</p> |

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| | <p>back. "Have I found the spot?" "Yes," I eke out. "Want me to stop?" he teases. "No," I say in the faintest of whispers. I arch my back. I feel my knees shake. The feeling grows almost intolerable. I let out an audible gasp as the orgasm takes hold of my entire body. After a brief recovery, I open my eyes to find Luke looking down at me. "I think I came," I say, smiling. "Yeah, I think so too," he says.</p> |
| 230 | <p>I was in an elevator full of adults, and I realized that everyone in that elevator had probably had sex. Including me. ...I tell them about the care ride to my dad's place, the shower, and the first orgasm of my life (hopefully the first of many).</p> |
| 231 | <p>...I wax philosophic about the gravity of the sexual experience. ..."Lots of people have hookups that end up meaning nothing. Your first time is still your first time, and nothing else matters."</p> |
| 232 | <p>"You're going to do nothing but have sex?" I ask. ..."I won't just have sex, I'll...make love." ...Sex undoubtedly means different things to people at different points in their lives.</p> |
| 233 | <p>Luke changed my self-awareness and my feelings about my own sexuality. For me, sex not only feels really good on a primal level, but it also makes me feel so much closer to Luke emotionally. ...Finding places to have sex is not easy. ...I wonder if she suspects that Luke and I are trying to sneak in a quickie. I do wonder when she last had sex.</p> |
| 235 | <p>When I catch his gaze in the school hallway, or on the track, or at the lunch tables, a bolt of electricity shoots through my veins, landing squarely between my legs. He turns me on from afar, with merely the glint in his eye. One rainy day in March, as track season is nearing its end, we have a quick workout in the weight room. ...Luke gives me a ride home, and the whole way from school to my driveway, his hand slowly works its way up my thigh. He moves so incrementally that I barely notice the progress, but by the time he shuts off the Jeep's engine, his hand is between my legs, over my sweats, turning me on big-time. I lean back in the seat, spread my knees, lift my hips, and let him slide his hand down my sweats, beneath my underwear. I'm already completely wet, and having his fingers down there makes me long to have him inside me for real. I know we can't take this into the house, because my mom's car is parked in the driveway, serving as a barrier to entry. Luke presses the release buttons on both of our seat belts and leans over to kiss me. I open my mouth and twirl my tongue in his mouth while I reach down to touch him. His erection is trapped inside his compression shorts. I pull the waistband down to free him from the Spandex restraint. We work on each other simultaneously while our tongues twist and turn in each other's mouths. I feel my breathing quicken while the sensation inside me builds. He knows exactly where to touch me, how fast to move, and how firmly to press to make me absolutely</p> |

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| | <p>crazy. I keep stroking him while I feel myself get hotter and closer. I can feel him get harder while my hand moves up and down. "Are you close?" he whispers in my ear. "How can you tell?" I ask through labored breathing. "Your knees are shaking. They always shake when you 're close. " "I'm almost there," I say. He takes that as a cue to kick it up a notch, working a little faster and harder. Within seconds, the feelings overtake me and my moans drown out the sound of the raindrops beating on the Jeep's roof. After I recuperate, I can focus solely on him. I use both hands to cover every inch of him. We shift so that he sits back in his seat and I lean over him, kissing him while I tickle and stroke. Just as he knows how to make me burst, I know what he likes. I know where he likes me to be gentle and where he wants more pressure. "Oh god," he mutters. His utterance of Oh god is the equivalent of my shaking knees. It's the signal to me that he is closing in. I pull my face away from his to watch his expression. I love to watch the ecstasy take over—his eyes squeeze shut and his mouth opens wide and he stays like that for a beat while he throbs in my hand. He opens his eyes and sees that I was watching him progress through the stages of his orgasm. It's really the only time the formidable Luke Hallstrom is vulnerable. I like that he's surprisingly unaware of himself in that moment. I know that when he clears a high jump or executes a long jump, he is wholly in control of his body. ...But he does not know what he looks like when he climaxes. I do. "Why do you watch me?" he asks curiously. "It makes me happy to see you experience pleasure," I say. "What's wrong with that?" "I don't know. Nothing, I guess," he says. I sense his slight embarrassment. "In case you forgot, I'm still kinda new at this," I say teasingly. "It's fascinating." "Well, being with someone comfortable enough to watch me closely while I have an orgasm is new for me," he says. "If it helps," I say playfully, "when you're in ecstasy, you're more handsome than ever." Luke laughs. "Oh, thank god. I was so worried."</p> |
| 238 | <p>Two naked bodies are moving feverishly atop the champagne-colored duvet. My mother is on her back amid her throw pillows, her legs splayed. An unknown man is on top of her, his back slightly hairy and his bald spot evident, even in the dim light of the rainy afternoon. His ass, also slightly hairy, knocks repeatedly against my mother, and with each knock, she lets out a little grunt. It takes me a second or two to make sense of what I'm seeing. My mom is having sex. My mother is having raucous, furious, daytime sex in my parents' bed with a man who most definitely is not my father. I have never seen two other people entwined in sexual intercourse. ...Or simply because heated, energetic, matinee sex is really not meant to be viewed by a third party. ...The two of them jump apart so quickly that I think my naked mother is going to hit the ceiling. Hairy-ass Reebok man grabs a pillow and covers his crotch.</p> |

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| 240 | "I walked in on my mother having sex," I pant. ..."Who was she having sex with?" "I don't know. He has a bald spot and a hairy ass." |
| 241 | "...My mother was screwing some random guy. In the middle of the afternoon. In my parents' bedroom. I am freaking out." ..."...It's traumatic to see your mom doing it. I walked in on my parents once. I was eleven years old, and I still remember every detail..." ..."You're having sex. It's great, right? Don't you think she should be able to have a little fun, too?" |
| 242 | "...She was having sex in broad daylight, and her bedroom door wasn't even closed, let alone locked..." ..."That you've had sex," he says. |
| 243 | "You want to know why it's so bad that my mother is having meaningless sex?" ..."I think sometimes casual sex is okay." |
| 245 | "...I'd hate to judge you for all the nameless, faceless sex you're planning,"... |
| 246 | I can't believe your mom would do it with a random stranger. I would never do it with a random stranger. |
| 248 | "...I, too, plan to sleep with people who mean nothing to me." ..."But he seems to think there are plenty of wonderful opportunities to have sex with perfect strangers..." ..."I can't face my horny mommy." |
| 249 | My impression of her changed so dramatically since I saw her this afternoon, legs spread and bouncing furiously,... |
| 250 | "...Do you know him well enough to have sex?" ..."That's essentially what you said to me when you were worried I was rushing into sex with Luke,"... |
| 254 | I hate that I saw my mother having sex. |
| 257 | "He told her he wanted to squirt whipped cream all over her and lick it off," Danielle told me. "Charlie and I did that on Valentine's Day. It was my idea." Charlie came out of the shower, wearing a towel. He approached Danielle and dropped the towel, revealing a boner and an urgent need for sex. Danielle looked at his penis, then up at Charlie, and said, "Maybe Eve would like to take care of that for you." Charlie quickly lost his erection, his mojo, and his girlfriend. |
| 259 | He was right that sometimes people need sex with no strings attached. As hard as it is to admit, my mom is a woman who is coming out of a marriage that lacked a spark. She deserves to have some crazy, grownup fun, even if it throws my worldview into a tailspin. Danielle, too, is ready for a fling without a commitment. People need different kinds of sex and affection at different times of their lives. |
| 263 | still close my door. "I missed you so much," Luke says, grabbing me around the waist and pulling me to him. "I missed you too," I say. "So much." I reach up and comb my fingers through his thick hair, which has gotten longer since we started dating, the waves a little messier. |

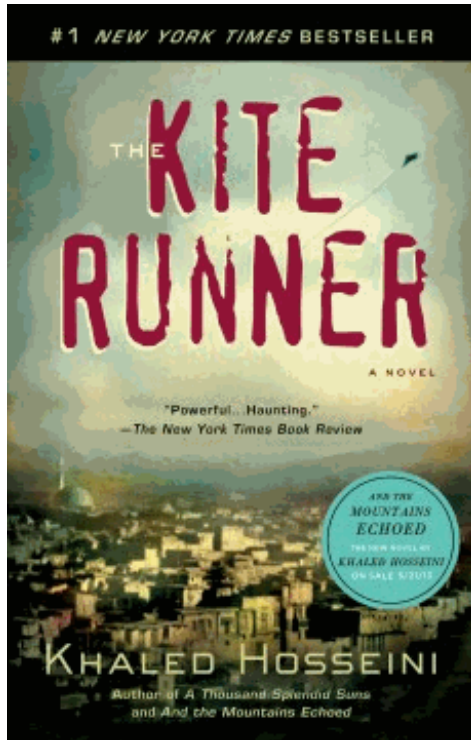
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| | <p>He pushes me up against my bedroom door. His chest meets my chest, his hips meet my hips. Our lips find each other. The kisses start out soft, then turn hungry and urgent. He kisses my ear and down my neck to my collarbone.</p> <p>"God, you smell good. I could eat you." He sighs.</p> <p>I pull my shirt over my head, revealing a new purple bra I bought with this reunion in mind.</p> <p>"Wow," he says. "Recent purchase?"</p> <p>"Yep," I say. "It's for you." I then step out of my shorts to reveal a matching purple thong.</p> <p>"You're killing me," Luke says, breathing heavily. "Turn around, let me see the full picture."</p> <p>I give Luke a little twirl, showing him my new ensemble.</p> <p>"Nice tan," he says.</p> <p>"Come here," I say, pulling him to my bed. I push the stuffed animals onto my floor, not so much because I need to make room, but because I don't need reminders that I'm about to have sex in the same bed I once referred to as my "big-girl bed."</p> <p>I lie down, still in my matching bra and thong. Luke whips off his shirt and then takes off his jeans and underwear in one fell swoop. He stands there wearing nothing but his leather braided bracelet, and I take in his body, dripping in flawlessness, I am aware how things have changed. I can now take the time to stare at him, every inch of him, for as long as I want. With the lights on, I lie on my bed, practically naked, and I'm happy to know he's looking at me as well.</p> <p>He lies on top of me, his body covering mine. He wraps his arms around me, puts his hands under my butt, and presses me up to him. We kiss and kiss and kiss, our bodies moving in a syncopated rhythm. He moves his hands from my butt up my back and starts to take off my bra.</p> <p>"I'll be right back," I say. I walk out of my room and close the door behind me. In anticipation of seeing Luke, I bought something other than the new underwear. My time with Danielle inspired me. I walk into the dark kitchen and open the refrigerator. I reach up to the top shelf, behind the milk and orange juice, grab the red and white metal can, and hurry back to my room.</p> <p>Luke is lying on the bed, his erection waiting eagerly for my return.</p> <p>"Whatcha got there?" he asks, referring to the hand I hold behind my back.</p> <p>"Ta-da!" I say, revealing the brand-new can of Reddi-wip.</p> <p>Luke's eyes open wide. "What do you plan to do with that?" he asks, his eyes twinkling knowingly.</p> <p>I sit on top of Luke, straddling him at his waist. I remove the red cap, point the plastic tip at his torso, and spray the white creamy sugar in a small mound on his chest.</p> <p>"Ah! That's cold," he says with a laugh, and when the tip of his tongue peeks out, as it always does when he laughs, I spray a dab of whipped cream on it and then suck it off his tongue.</p> <p>"What's gotten into you?" he wants to know.</p> <p>"The sexy purple stuff, the whipped cream.</p> <p>You've been planning." "I've been thinking about you a lot," I say, and I spray the whipped cream in a straight line from his chest down to where his body hits mine.</p> |

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| | <p>I lean down and lick him, using my tongue to cover his chest and stomach in the sugary goodness and then lick him clean. After I've worked over Luke's entire body, he takes the can from me and returns the favor.</p> <p>He removes my bra and thong and instructs me to lie down. Luke is very strategic about his placement and has impressive control over the spray can. He puts a tiny dab behind my ear and licks my neck. He then squirts a little pile on each of my boobs and takes his sweet time making sure he gets all the whipped cream off my skin. It is nearly impossible to stay still when he draws a thin line down my side from my ribs to my hipbone. Instead of licking it clean, he delicately uses his tongue to make little waves in the white stream. I can barely stand it. I practically beg him to have sex with me.</p> <p>"What's your hurry?" he asks teasingly.</p> <p>"I can't take it anymore," I admit.</p> <p>He puts the can down, swiftly puts on one of the condoms I placed on my nightstand, and lowers himself onto me. While he kisses me tenderly, he enters me. Our bodies are sticky from the whipped cream and every time he moves up and down, our skin clings together as if trying not to let go.</p> <p>"Can we take a shower?" Luke asks when we're finished, indicating the mess of leftover whipped cream and sweat that is caked between us. I check the time and see that we still have plenty of time to ourselves.</p> <p>I take him into my bathroom and hang two towels over the shower door. We step in and allow the hot water to wash away the remnants of the evening.</p> <p>"That was incredible," he says. "I didn't know food and sex could be such a good combo."</p> <p>"You've never experimented like that before?" I ask.</p> <p>"Nope," he says. "Can't say that I have."</p> <p>"Well, aren't you lucky to have me around to show you a thing or two?" I say with more than a hint of irony.</p> <p>"I'm very lucky." He says it so sincerely that it seems he's no longer talking about whipped cream.</p> <p>"Glad you enjoyed it," I say.</p> <p>"You're full of surprises," he says, picking up the shampoo and squeezing some into his hand.</p> <p>"I have another surprise," I say. He looks at me as if to ask, What else can you possibly have up your sleeve? Here goes. "You were right." I soap up my body and reach out to him to spread soap on his shoulders and arms.</p> <p>"I was? About what?" he wants to know.</p> <p>"That sometimes sex is just sex, and that's okay," I say.</p> |
| 277 | And I didn't think anything could be better than Luke naked. |
| 278 | <p>"I also love you out of this dress," he says.</p> <p>I sit up and turn my back to Luke so he can unzip me. He takes his time lowering the zipper, revealing my braless back and pink underwear. He lifts my dress up and over my head and then lays me down on my stomach. Luke lies above me, resting on his elbows, and kisses me. He kisses the back of my neck, my shoulders, and my back. He works his way down, kissing every inch of my spine. He kisses across the waistband of my underwear, covering the entire span from hip to hip.</p> |

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| | <p>Continuing to slowly lower himself, he covers my butt with tiny, soft kisses. The feeling is astounding, like being brushed with velvety flower petals. With every kiss, I grow more relaxed and more turned on. I want him so bad, but waiting for it and knowing it's coming is exhilarating.</p> <p>As he moves down my legs, kissing as he goes, he pulls my thong down with him. Slowly, slowly he goes, caressing the backs of my thighs and calves with his luscious lips. When he gets to my feet, he is at the bottom of the bed. He removes my underwear completely, then stands up and takes off his tuxedo, shirt, socks, and underwear. I stay in position, keeping my head on my pillow, but I recognize the sounds of the clothes being discarded and the condom wrapper opening. Luke comes back to lie on top of me, his naked front to my back. I can feel him, hard and warm, between my legs. He rocks gently against me and I respond instinctively, meeting his movements. The rhythm, the tempo, the pace all perfectly in time. He lowers himself so his breathless voice is right in my ear. "You're the sexiest girl out there." The words have an immediate effect on my body as I turn over and open my legs, making room for him to enter me. He starts slowly, moving ever so gently. But as the pleasure mounts, we move with more intensity. My hands clutch the pillows tightly and the sensations build inside my entire core.</p> <p>Luke reaches under me with one hand on my butt and manages to flip us both over so that he's lying on his back with his head against the pillows and me on top of him. I straddle him and squeeze him tight with my legs while I hold on to his shoulders. I find the rhythm with my body to match Luke's breathing. I love having control of the movements, and I love knowing that the way I sway on top of him is causing the sounds of pleasure I hear escaping his lips. I want to feel our bodies pressed together, I want us to be entirely connected, so I lower my chest to his while I keep rocking my hips.</p> <p>His face is above my shoulder, his warm sweet mouth at my ear. I hear his breathing get heavier, and my breaths quicken to match his. The feeling between my legs becomes almost too much to bear as his heart beats against my chest, pounding harder and harder. The heat, the rhythm, and the gasps between us escalate and I am about to shatter into an orgasm when I hear the faintest of whispers.</p> <p>"Oh god."</p> |
| 283 | There will definitely be sex, or everything but. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 5 |
| Piss | 4 |
| Shit | 4 |

THE KITE RUNNER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; prostitution involving minors and adults; explicit violence; and mild profanity.

Adult

By Khaled Hosseini

ISBN: 9781101217238

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4 / 5

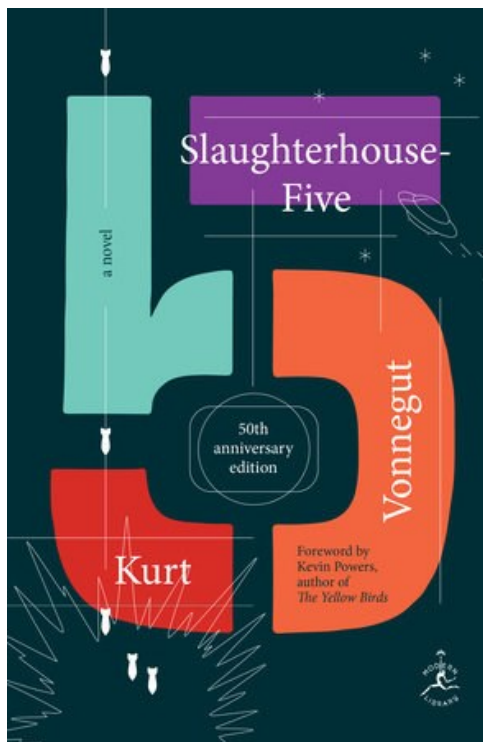
Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 7 | <p>He handed the cigarette to the guy next to him, made a circle with the thumb and index finger of one hand. Poked the middle finger of his other hand through the circle. Poked it in and out. In and out.</p> <p>“I knew your mother, did you know that? I knew her real good. I took her from behind by that creek over there.” The soldiers laughed. One of them made a squealing sound. I told Hassan to keep walking. “What a tight little sugary cunt she had!” the soldier was saying, shaking hands with the others, grinning.</p> |
| 75 | <p>Hassan lay with his chest pinned to the ground. Kamal and Wali each gripped an arm, twisted and bent at the elbow so that Hassan's hands were pressed to his back. Assef was standing over them, the heel of his snow boots crushing the back of Hassan's neck.</p> <p>...“All I want you weaklings to do is hold him down. Can you manage that?” Wali and Kamal nodded. They looked relieved.</p> <p>Assef knelt behind Hassan, put his hands on Hassan’s hips and lifted his bare buttocks. He kept one hand on Hassan’s back and undid his own belt buckle with his free hand unzipped his jeans. Dropped his underwear. He positioned himself behind Hassan. Hassan didn’t struggle. Didn’t even whimper. He moved his head slightly and I caught a glimpse of his face. Saw the resignation in it. It was a look I had seen before. It was the look of the lamb.</p> <p>...I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef’s quick, rhythmic grunts</p> |
| 77 | <p>I stopped watching, turning away from the ally. Something warm was running down my wrist. I blinked, saw I was still biting down on my fist, hard enough to draw blood from the knuckles. I realized something else. I was weeping. From just around the corner, I could hear Assef’s quick, rhythmic grunts</p> |
| 115 | <p>Karim cleared his throat, dropped his head. Said the soldier wanted a half hour with the lady in the back of the truck.</p> <p>...“It’s his price for letting us pass.” Karim said. He couldn’t bring himself to look the husband in the eye. “But we’ve paid a fair price already. He’s getting paid good money,” the husband said. Karim and the Russian soldier spoke. “He says... he says every price has a tax.”</p> |
| 116 | <p>My mind flashed to that winter day six years ago. Me peering around the corner in the alley. Kamal and Wali holding Hassan down. Assef’s buttock muscles clenching and unclenching, his hips thrusting back and forth.</p> |
| 120 | <p>Then he told Baba about Kamal. I caught only snippets of it: Should have never let him go alone... always so handsome, you know... four of them...</p> |

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| | <p>tried to fight... God... took him...bleeding down there... his pants... doesn't talk anymore...just stares...</p> |
| 255 | <p>"There is a Talib official," he muttered. " He visits once every month or two. He brings cash with him, not a lot, but better than nothing as all." His shifty eyes fell on me, rolled away. " Usually he takes a girl. But not always." "And you allow this?" Farid said behind me. He was going around the table, closing in on Zaman. "What choice do I have?" Zaman shot back. He pushed himself away from the desk. "You're the director here," Farid said. "Your job is to watch over these children." "There's nothing I can do to stop it." "You're selling children!" Farid barked</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Fuck | 2 |
| Piss | 3 |
| Shit | 2 |

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence including animal cruelty; inexplicit sexual activities including bestiality; sexual nudity; profanity; and inflammatory religious commentary.

Adult

By Kurt Vonnegut

ISBN: 9780440339069

9780385312080



4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 15 | We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education. |
| 52 | "Ge out of the road, you dumb motherfucker." The last word was still a novelty in the speech of white people in 1944. It was fresh and astonishing to Billy, who had never fucked anybody- and it did its job. |
| 55 | Weary to Billy about neat tortures he'd read about or seen in the movies or heard on the radio- about other neat tortures he himself had invented. One of the inventions was sticking a dentist's drill into a guy's ear. ...The correct answer turned out to be this: "You stake a guy out on an anthill in the desert- see? He's facing upward, and you put honey all over his balls and pecker, and you cut off his eyelids so he has to stare at the sun till he dies." |
| 59 | He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times. The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedleeballs. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history. |
| 111 | Their penises were shriveled, and their balls were retracted. |
| 125 | the British had no way of knowing it, but the candles and the soap were made from the fat of rendered Jews and Gypsies and fairies and communists, and other enemies of the State. |
| 139 | The visitor from outer space made a serious study of Christianity, to learn, if he could, why Christians found it so easy to be cruel. He concluded that at least part of the trouble was slipshod storytelling in the New Testament. He supposed that the intent of the Gospels was to teach people, among other things, to be merciful, even to the lowest of the low. But the Gospels actually taught this: Before you kill somebody, make absolutely sure he isn't well connected. So it goes. The flaw in the Christ stories, said the visitor from outer space, was that Christ, who didn't look like much, was actually the Son of the Most Powerful Being in the Universe. Readers understood that, so, when they came to the crucifixion, they naturally thought, and Rosewater read out loud again: Oh, boy—they sure picked the wrong guy to lynch that time! And that thought had a brother: "There are right people to lynch." Who? People not well connected. So it goes. The visitor from outer space made a gift to Earth of a new Gospel. In it, Jesus really was a nobody, and a pain in the neck to a lot of people with better connections than he had. He still got to say all the lovely and puzzling things he said in the other Gospels. So the people amused themselves one day by nailing him to a cross and planting the cross in the ground. There couldn't possibly be any repercussions, the lynchers thought. The reader would have to think that, too, since the new Gospel |

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| | <p>hammered home again and again what a nobody Jesus was. And then, just before the nobody died, the heavens opened up, and there was thunder and lightning. The voice of God came crashing down. He told the people that he was adopting the bum as his son, giving him the full powers and privileges of The Son of the Creator of the Universe throughout all eternity. God said this: From this moment on, He will punish horribly anyone who torments a bum who has no connections!</p> |
| 144 | <p>One of the biggest moral bombshells handed to Billy by the Tralfamadorians, incidentally had to do with sex on Earth. They said their flying-saucer crews had identified no fewer than seven sexes on Earth, each essential to reproduction. Again: Billy couldn't possibly imagine what five of those seven sexes had to do with the making of a baby, since they were sexually active only in the fourth dimension. ...They told him there could be no Earthling babies without male homosexuals. There could be no babies without female homosexuals.</p> |
| 150 | <p>Billy was on top of Valenica, making love to her. ...While Billy was making love to her,...</p> |
| 151 | <p>Billy made a noise like a small, rusty hinge. He had just emptied his seminal vesicles into Valencia, had contributed his share of the Green Beret.</p> |
| 153 | <p>It was a simple-minded thing for a female Earthling to do, to associate sex and glamour with war.</p> |
| 154 | <p>"I heard you tell Father one time about a German firing squad." She was referring to the execution of poor old Edgar Derby. "Um." "You had to bury him?" "Yes." "Did he see you with your shovels before he was shot?" "Yes." "Did he say anything?" "No." "Was he scared?" "They had him doped up. He was sort of glassy-eyed." "And they pinned a target to him?" "A piece of paper," ...</p> |
| 156 | <p>Billy took his pecker out, there in the prison night, and peed and peed on the ground.</p> |
| 159 | <p>"Man," said the porter, "you sure had a hard-on."</p> |
| 163 | <p>Their most destructive untruth is that it is very easy for any American to make money. They will not acknowledge how in fact hard money is to come by, and, therefore, those who have no money blame and blame themselves. This inward blame has been a treasure for the rich and powerful, who have had to do less for their poor, publicly and privately, than any other ruling class since, say, Napoleonic times. Many novelties have come from America. The most startling of these, a thing without precedent, is a mass of undignified poor.</p> |

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| 166 | Montana was naked, and so was Billy, of course. He had a tremendous wan, incidentally. |
| 168 | After she had been on Tralfamadore for what would have been an Earthling week, she asked him shyly if he wouldn't sleep with her. Which he did. It was heavenly. ...Billy sniffed. His hot bed smelled like a mushroom cellar. He had had a wet dream about Montana Wildhack. |
| 173 | <p>You should have seen what I did to a dog one time." "A dog?" said Billy.</p> <p>"Son of a bitch bit me. So I got me some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock. I cut that spring up in little pieces. I put points on the ends of the pieces. They were sharp as razor blades. I stuck 'em into the steak—way inside. And I went past where they had the dog tied up. He wanted to bite me again. I said to him, 'Come on, doggie—let's be friends. Let's not be enemies any more. I'm not mad.' He believed me."</p> <p>"He did?"</p> <p>"I threw him the steak. He swallowed it down in one big gulp. I waited around for ten minutes." Now Lazzaro's eyes twinkled. "Blood started coming out of his mouth. He started crying, and he rolled on the ground, as though the knives were on the outside of him instead of on the inside of him. Then he tried to bite out his own insides. I laughed, and I said to him, 'You got the right idea now. Tear your own guts out, boy. That's me in there with all those knives.'"</p> |
| 175 | "...And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll let him think a couple of seconds about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker. |
| 179 | Lazzaro was talking to himself about people he was going to have killed after the war, and rackets he was going to work, and women he was going to make fuck him, whether they wanted to or not. |
| 191 | Billy Pilgrim accidentally saw a Pole hanged in public, about three days after Billy got to Dresden. Billy just happened to be walking to work with some others shortly after sunrise, and they came to a gallows and a small crowd in front of a soccer stadium. The Pole was a farm laborer who was being hanged for having had sexual intercourse with a German woman. |
| 191 | <p>In my prison cell I sit, With my britches full of shit, And my ball are bouncing gently on the floor. And I see the bloody snag When she bit me in the bag. Oh, I'll never fuck a Polack any more.</p> |
| 210 | She was a dull person, but a sensational invitation to make babies. Men looked at her and wanted to fill her up with babies right away. She hadn't had even one baby yet. She used birth control. |
| 244 | A sign in there said that adults only were allowed in the back. There were peep shows in the back that showed movies of young women and men with no clothes on. It cost a quarter to into a machine for one minute. There were still photographs of naked young people for sale back there, too. You could take those home. The stills were a lot more Tralfamadorian than the movies, since you could |

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| | look at them whenever you wanted to, and they wouldn't change. Twenty years in the future, those girls would still be young, would still be smiling or smoldering or simply looking stupid, with their legs wide open. Some of them were eating lollipops or bananas. They would still be eating those. And the peckers of the young men would still be semierect, and their muscles would be bulging like cannonballs. |
| 249 | The magazine, which was published for lonesome men to jerk off to,... |
| 250 | The clerk leered and showed him. It was a photograph of a woman and a Shetland pony. They were attempting to have sexual intercourse between two Doric columns, in front of velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls. |
| 251 | "To provide touches of color in rooms with all-white wall." Another one said, "To describe blow-jobs artistically." |
| 254 | The illustration on this page depicts two naked breasts in frontal view with a heart necklace hanging between them. |

| Profanity | Count |
|------------|-------|
| Bitch | 1 |
| Cocksucker | 2 |
| Fuck | 10 |
| Piss | 1 |
| Shit | 7 |

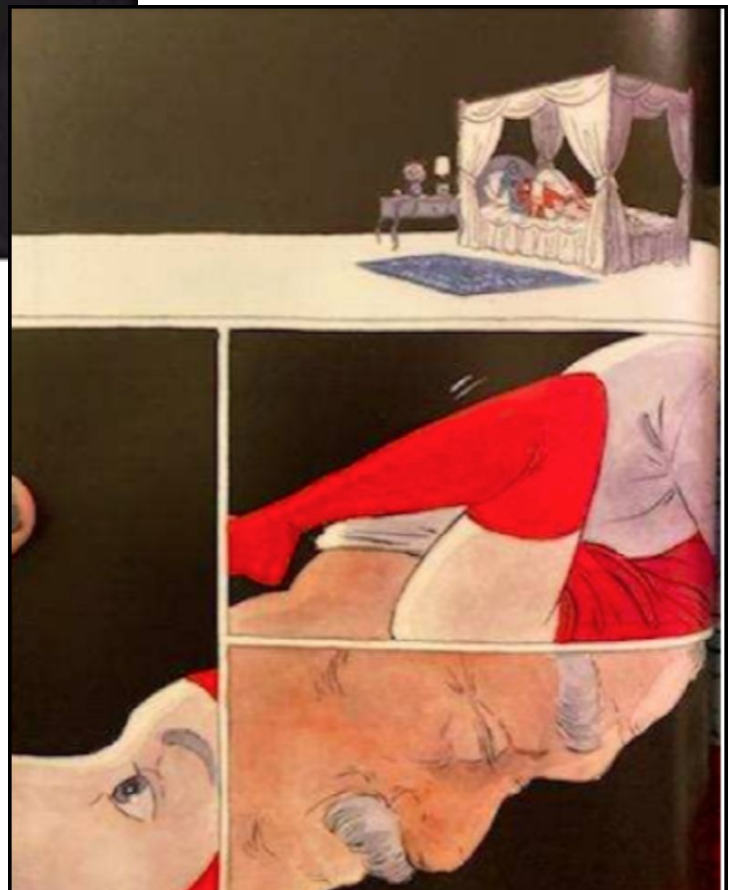
MARGARET ATWOOD



THE
HAND
MAID'S
TALE

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

ART & ADAPTATION | REHEE MAULT





A COURT OF FROST AND STARLIGHT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild profanity; explicit sexual nudity; and obscene references to sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-68119-906-1

978-1-63557-561-3

978-1-63557-562-0

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 29 | <p>Last week had been so stupidly busy and I'd been so desperate for the feel and taste of her that I'd taken her during the flight down from the House of Wind to the town house. High above Velaris- for all to see, if it weren't for the cloaking I had thrown into place. It'd required some careful maneuvering, and I'd planned for months now on actually making a moment of it, but with her against me like that, alone in the skies, all it had taken was one look into those blue-gray eyes and I was unfastening her pants.</p> <p>A moment later, I'd been inside her...</p> <p>...I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.</p> |
| 71 | <p>His gaze slid over my bare legs as I pushed back the covers.</p> <p>Heat bloomed in me, but I shoved my feet into slippers.</p> <p>...Five minutes later, Rhys held the door open for me wearing nothing but his undershorts as I strode in, tray in my hands.</p> <p>...Rhys sat, folding his wings behind him before reaching to pull me into his lap, but I dodged his hands and kept a healthy distance away. "Eat the food first."</p> <p>"Then I'll eat you after," he countered, grinning wickedly, but tore into the food.</p> |
| 80 | <p>He grinned, tugging me close again, and murmured against my stomach...</p> <p>...His fingers again stroked down my back. Lower.</p> <p>...He traced the seam of my backside with a long, lazy stroke. With me standing before him like this, he could instantly smell the shift of my scent as my core heated.</p> <p>...He pressed a kiss to my stomach, right over my navel.</p> <p>...He smiled against my stomach, his fingers still exploring, coaxing. "You tackled me like an Illyrian. Perfect form, a direct hit. But then you lay on top of me, panting. All I wanted to do was get us both naked."</p> <p>"Why am I not surprised?" Yet I threaded my fingers through his hair.</p> <p>The fabric of my dressing gown was barely more than cobwebs between us as he huffed a laugh onto my belly. I hadn't bothered putting on anything beneath.</p> <p>"You drove me out of my mind. All those months. I still don't quite believe I get to have this. Have you."</p> <p>My throat tightened. That was the thought he wanted to trade, needed to share.</p> <p>"I wanted you, even Under the Mountain," I said softly.</p> <p>...His eyes gleamed, and he buried his face between my breasts again, hands caressing my back.</p> <p>...Rhys's hands clamped on the back of my thighs, the only warning before he smoothly twisted us, pinning me to the bed as he nuzzled my neck.</p> <p>..."A week to have you in this bed. That's all I want for Solstice."</p> <p>I laughed breathlessly, but he flexed his hips, driving against me, the barriers between us little more than scraps of cloth. He brushed a kiss against my mouth, his wings a dark wall behind his shoulders.</p> <p>..."We're strong High Fae," I mused, fighting to concentrate as he tugged on my earlobe with his teeth. "but a week straight of sex? I don't think I'd be able to walk. Or you'd be able to function, at least with your favorite part."</p> <p>He nipped the delicate arch of my ear, and my toes curled. "Then you'll just have</p> |

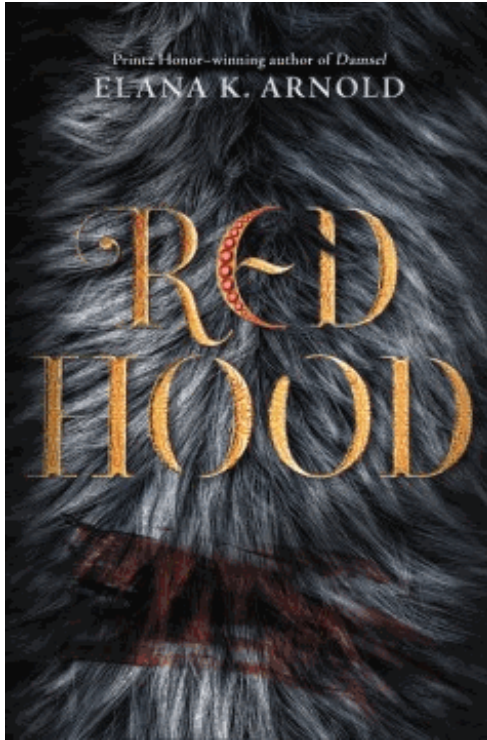
| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>to kiss my favorite part and make it better." I slid a hand to that favorite part- my favorite part- and gripped him through his undershorts. He groaned, pressing himself into my touch, and the garment disappeared, leaving only my palm against the velvet hardness of him. "We need to get dressed," I managed to say, even as my hand stroked over him. "Later," he ground out, sucking on my lower lip. ...My core pounded, sister to my thunderous heartbeat, the need to have him buried inside me, to have him- ..."This isn't finished," he promised me, his voice rough, before he kissed the hollow of my throat and pulled away.</p> |
| 140 | <p>Save that tongue for later. I have ideas for it. ...Mor called from the front hall, startling me from the warmth pooling in my core.</p> |
| 199 | <p>I admired the view from behind as Feyre's glass was filled. It was an effort to leash every raging instinct at that particular view. At the curves and hollows of my mate, the color of her- so vibrant, even in this room of so many personalities. Her midnight-blue velvet gown hugged her perfectly, leaving little to the imagination before it pooled to the floor.</p> |
| 206 | <p>I kissed him again, and when I made to pull away, he slid a hand behind my head and kept me there. He kissed me deeply, lazily- as if he'd be content to do nothing but that all day. I might have considered it. But I managed to extract myself, and crossed my legs as I settled back on the bed and reached for my new sketchbook and satchel of supplies. "I want to draw you," I said. ...His smile was positively feline. I added, flipping open my sketchbook and turning to the first page. "You said once that nude would be best." Rhys's eyes glowed, and a whisper of his power through the room had the curtains parting, flooding the space with midmorning sunshine. Showing every glorious naked inch of him sprawled across the bed...</p> |
| 230 | <p>A memory. Of me on the kitchen table just a few feet away. Of him kneeling before me. My legs wrapped around his head.</p> |
| 261 | <p>He ran his hand down my thigh. "I'm glad."</p> |
| 265 | <p>Rhys leaned in, brushing a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear. "Shall we begin tonight, mate?" My toes curled. "That was the plan." "Mmm. Do you know what my plan was?" Another kiss, this one to the hollow of my throat as his hands slipped around my back and began to undo the hidden buttons of my dress. That precious, beautiful dress. I arched my neck to given him better access, and he obliged, his tongue flicking over the spot he'd just kissed. "My plan," he went on, the dress sliding from me to pool on the rug, "involved this cabin, and a wall." My eyes opened just as his hands began to trace long lines along my bare back. Lower. I found Rhys smiling down at me, his eyes heavy-lidded while he surveyed my</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>naked body. Naked, save for the diamond cuffs at my wrists. I went to remove them, but her murmured, "Leave them."</p> <p>My stomach tightened int anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy. I unbuttoned the rest of his jacket, fingers shaking, and peeled it from him, along with his shirt. And his pants.</p> <p>Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was.</p> <p>"Do you want to begin at the wall, or finish there?" His words were guttural, barely recognizable, and the gleam in his eyes turned into something predatory. He slid a hand down the front of my torso in brazen possessiveness. "Or shall it be the wall the entire time?"</p> <p>My knees buckled, and I found myself beyond words. Beyond anything but him. Rhys didn't wait for my answer before kneeling before me, his wings draping over the rug. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. The pressed a kiss lower. Lower.</p> <p>My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder. Just as I found myself somehow leaning against the wall near the doorway, as if he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me.</p> <p>He took his time.</p> <p>Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height.</p> <p>Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall.</p> <p>One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?"</p> <p>..."Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless.</p> <p>He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then."</p> <p>...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle.</p> <p>But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me.</p> <p>So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me.</p> <p>"Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite."</p> <p>I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him.</p> <p>And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped.</p> <p>I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin. "About the way you taste."</p> <p>Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me.</p> <p>Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard.</p> <p>A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left.</p> <p>I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>"But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue." My nails cut into his broad shoulders. "How even if we a thousand years together, I will never tire of this."</p> <p>Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me.</p> <p>Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand. He lowered his mouth to my breast and nipped- nipped, and then licked away the hurt that sent pleasure zinging through my blood. "How you let me do such naughty, terrible things to you."</p> <p>His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster. Rhys only chuckled softly, cruelly, as he withheld that all-out, unhinged joining I craved.</p> <p>I opened my eyes long enough to peer down, to where I could see him joined with me, moving so achingly slowly in and out of me. "Do you like watching?" he breathed. "Watching me move in you?"</p> <p>...and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust.</p> <p>He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre.</p> <p>...Look at how perfectly we fit.</p> <p>My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him.</p> <p>Do you see why I can't stop thinking of this- of you?</p> <p>Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power.</p> <p>...Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist.</p> <p>I brushed my own mental hands down him and breathed, Can you fuck me in here, too?</p> <p>That wicked delight faltered.</p> <p>...Then undiluted, utter predator answered, It would be my pleasure.</p> <p>...He gave me everything I wanted: the unleashed pounding of him inside my body- the unrelenting thrust and filling and slap of skin on skin, the slam of our bodies against wood.</p> <p>...his body still moving in my own...</p> <p>...Rhys spilled into me with a roar...</p> <p>...He remained buried in me, leaning heavily against the wall as he panted against my neck, "FeyreFeyreFeyre."</p> <p>He was shaking. We both were.</p> <p>I worked up the presence of mind to crack open my eyes.</p> |
| 273 | <p>And I'd never been so glad for a Fae mate when he hardened again a heartbeat later, lowered me to the floor and flipped me onto my stomach, then plunged deep into me with a growling purr.</p> |
| 277 | <p>The sex had destroyed me.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 4 |
| Fuck | 2 |
| Prick | 2 |
| Shit | 7 |

RED HOOD



Young Adult

By Elana Arnold

ISBN: 978-0062742353

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

CONTENT WARNING

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4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 9 | <p>These are remarkable- his kisses, tracing a path down your neck, his hands pulling low the sweetheart neckline of your dress, his nose brushing your right nipple, and then, a moment later, his lips capturing it, his tongue circling, circling, his teeth skimming and biting, not hard, just enough to make your hands tighten into fists and clutch the blanket, enough to make your legs begin to quiver.</p> <p>And then he pushes up the tulle and satin of your skirt, rustling like wrapping paper coming undone, and his hands reach and find the lace panties you bought just especially for this occasion, and slowly, so slowly, he pulls them down your thighs, and you lift your hips to help him slide them free. Your feet are already bare, high heels abandoned in the front seat, so there is nothing to stop your panties from coming all the way off.</p> <p>Oh, how much you want this.</p> |
| 10 | <p>How much you want him to put his mouth on you, there, right there, at the crux of you.</p> <p>Your combined breaths have fogged the windows of the wagon, the air is damp. Your head rolls with desire, frustration, as he moves his kisses from your right thigh to your left as his fingers run up and down your legs, all the way down to your toes but never up all the way to your aching center.</p> |
| 10 | <p>Do you shiver from anticipation, for the moment when- at last, at last- his mouth finds his way to the center of you?</p> <p>At last, at last, he's found his way there, a hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them, and he's not teasing you, not now, not anymore, he's earnest in his desire to bring you desire, and yes, you think, as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart, as you come undone beneath his hands, it is important to be earnest if this is what earnestness brings.</p> <p>Yes, the smell of him, the sight of him, the feel of him, all of it familiar, but not this- the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure rising, oh, that is not familiar, that is new, brand-new.</p> <p>You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive, and it bursts like a shaken-up can of soda, it tickles and it burns and it ripples from your center outward, in pulses of sensation so intense you are pinned by them, and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails, hitting the damp cold glass and streaking away the steam, and your eyes open as the pleasure ebbs, and just then the clouds outside part, revealing the full white moon, unblinking, staring down at you from a black velvet sky.</p> <p>James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he's crouched between your thighs, and he smiles, and you see his face in the moonbeam that pours through the strip of window you've wiped clean, and at first you don't know what you're seeing, you don't know what to make of the redness on his chin.</p> |
| 29 | <p>There is the pelt of your pubic hair. You keep it trimmed close and neat around the edges, but you like the way it looks and have bucked the fashion magazines that advise you to shear it completely. There is the nub of your clitoris, and again you push away the memory of what James did last night with his tongue. With your right hand, you pull apart the lips of your vagina, and with your left, you angle the tampon toward its opening. You are slick with blood, and so the tampon</p> |

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|------|--|
| | <p>slips in easily. You push until you're knuckle-deep in your own body, the first time you've touched yourself like this- though you have rubbed your clitoris and touched the outside, you've never put your fingers inside, somehow feeling like it was not right, like it would be trespassing.</p> <p>It's warm in there, almost hot. It feels like what it is- a muscular tube, made of flesh.</p> |
| 30 | <p>The thrust of your small breasts. Nipples that seem darker than you imagine they should be, the right one smaller than the left.</p> |
| 32 | <p>You are not going to tell your grandmother about the feel of James's mouth between your legs. You are not going to tell her about your orgasm in his old blue wagon, or about the moonbeam that illuminated his face just as he looked up to see your pleasure on your face and showing you your blood on his.</p> |
| 52 | <p>You turned a corner toward your locker and there they were—Maggie and Tucker, her pushed up against the row of lockers, him pinning her there, his mouth on-her throat and one hand disappeared u under her skirt. Maggie squirmed like maybe she wanted him to stop, or maybe she was just embarrassed to be found there by you like that, so undone.</p> <p>But Tucker didn't pull away; he kept his hand where it up under Maggie's skirt, buried between her thighs, as you walked past them, as you turned the dial Of your padlock) as you extracted your book, as you relocked your locker, as you passed them again on your way back up the hallway</p> |
| 72 | <p>You have lain together in your bed, first him on top, then you, then him again.</p> |
| 84 | <p>He liked to drink- beer, of course, usually Bud Light. Jack Daniel's as well.</p> |
| 104 | <p>You work on loosening the buttons of his blue-and-green plaid flannel, and though he do it more efficiently himself, he waits and watches. Then the last button is free, and you push the shirt off his shoulders. There's a white T-shirt underneath, tucked in, and, with a sudden rush of urgency, you pull it roughly from the waistband of his pants, up and over his head. He lifts his arms willingly, and you see the dark curls of his armpit hair, which seems like maybe the most intimate thing you have ever seen.</p> <p>He is hard, you see the shape of him through the thick denim of his jeans. You reach out, you put your hand there. You squeeze and look up into James's eyes. They shine down at you, and you read them well- desire, pleasure, love. Hand still wrapped around his erection, you lean up to kiss him.</p> |
| 105 | <p>The rest of your clothes come off, and James's. You are together in your bed, and he is naked before you in a way you have never seen this clearly- his dark, flat chest, the tight black curls of his pubic hair surrounding his erection. It's wet-tipped and urgent, and you stroke it with your fingers. James makes a sound, a moan, and he falls back against your pillows, giving his body up to you to explore. You take your time. If James wishes you'd do something more, or faster, he doesn't say. Instead he strokes your arms, gently, as you run your hands across and over him.</p> |

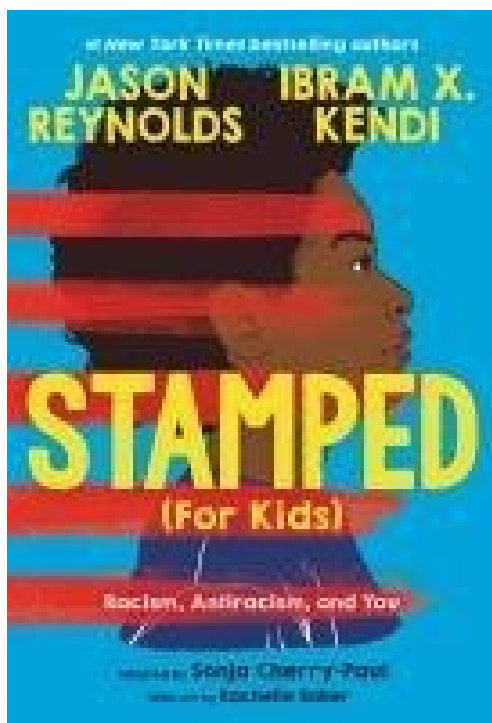
| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>He doesn't ask you to, but you want to, and you reach into James's discarded pants and find his wallet, find the condom he's tucked inside. He grins then, and he watches as you tear it open.</p> <p>You've never used one of these before, but you've been told how, and anyway, it's not hard to figure out; you roll it down James's penis, all the way to the base of the hair. James adjusts it, making sure it's rolled completely down and pinching the tip a little, stretching it. He's still lying on his back on the bed, and you kneel before him, letting your hair hide your face as you reach between your bodies, find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina.</p> <p>It feels thick there, sort of scary, and there is a moment when you wonder how on earth it will fit inside, but James doesn't rush you, and you lower yourself onto him, his hands gentle on your hips, not trying to tell you what to do. His eyes are closed, his head is back, and you look at him through the soft curtain of your hair as you sink all the way down, as you feel a tear deep inside you, painful but not terrible, as you feel yourself full of him, of James.</p> <p>And then you move, careful and slow, your hands on his chest, his on your hips, your thighs, and it's not long before his face tightens up, he makes a low groan, and he shivers beneath you.</p> <p>You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften.</p> <p>...Then he grasps the base of the condom while you move off him, and then you sort of look away, a little embarrassed, while he pulls off the condom, knots it.</p> |
| 107 | <p>But James is not; he kisses you again, on the mouth, and then he readjusts the blankets and begins to move his mouth down your body, across your breasts, down your stomach. You clench your legs together, remembering last time, but James looks up at you and says, "Relax, Bisou, I'm not worried," and so you let your legs fall apart, you let James kiss you there, and it is wonderful.</p> |
| 121 | <p>He said once he had, like, a rash, you know, on his dick, but that was it.</p> |
| 130 | <p>Each time the sex feels better than the time before, more natural, though James is embarrassed about how he can only last a few minutes.</p> <p>"It just feels so goo," he says, which makes you smile.</p> <p>That third Wednesday, you decide to try again, after the first time ends quickly. And this time is different- you still don't have an orgasm while he's inside you, but it lasts longer, and you're more able to focus on trying things that feel good for you.</p> |
| 142 | <p>You press yourself more firmly into James, you pull his sweater away from his back and run your fingers up and down his warm skin, you tangle your tongue with his and take his lower lip between your teeth. He makes a sound only you can hear, a soft moan, and you feel all the ways his body responds to you.</p> |
| 148 | <p>...an I Support Planned Parenthood sticker in the lower right corner of the windshield.</p> |
| 188 | <p>He got rough with me, dear one. He tore the neck of my blouse, and he bruised my wrist, but as soon as I could manage it, I found the door handle with my other hand and pried it open. I yanked up with my arm and broke his grip, and I landed hard on the asphalt, hard enough to bruise my tailbone, hard enough to rip the skin from both of my elbows.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | ..."Come on, Sybil," he said. "Don't play hard to get." |
| 213 | And my mistake, dear one, was not the abortion. My mistake was leaving a phone number with the clinic. |
| 250 | "His daughter had sex with him?" "Not willingly. Maybe no one cared if it was rape or consensual..." |
| 259 | Roosters who can't get laid don't flap off to Mother Nature demanding a chicken sex slave. ...You talk about how smart and talented you are, but then you go and reveal that you think "forced monogamy" is a good idea. |
| 277 | You wonder, one Saturday afternoon, your chin rubbed red from his weekend stubble, your vulva swollen with desire... |
| 308 | "...told us about this time he had sex with a girl at a party, a girl who was really drunk. Too drunk, probably." |
| 310 | You feel him shift to open his bedside table and you hear him rustle around, find a condom and tear it open, and his hand slips between you to unroll it before the two of you fit together, his breath in your hair, his blankets up to your chins, and you move together, together, together, until you shiver with pleasure and his breath catches, his hips tighten, and he moans into your hair. |

Alternate ISBN
0-06-274235-3

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Fuck | 4 |
| Shit | 6 |

STAMPED (FOR KIDS): RACISM, ANTIRACISM, AND YOU



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial and social commentary.

Juvenile

By Jason Reynolds and Ibram X. Kendi

ISBN: 978-0316167581

1
/5

Child Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 19 | In 1619, THE FIRST SHIP CARRYING ENSLAVED AFRICAN people arrived in the newly colonized America. America welcomed slavery with open arms and used it to build this new country |
| 19 | Some of these new arrivals were missionaries, religious folks who wanted to spread their religion, including Puritan ministers who followed strict religious rules. When they came to America, they set up churches and schools to teach their way of thinking; that they were better than anyone who wasn't a Puritan, and way better than Native American and African people. They taught those ideas in their churches and schools, which, along with Zurara's ideas and others, helped justify slavery for a long, long time- because it was tied to church and school, which are basically the bacon and eggs of the country. Or maybe the bread and cheese. The meat and potatoes? You get the point. |
| 26 | But slavery was the American cash machine. It provided free labor to produce resources that would help America grow, which provided money money money money for White Americans. And in order for White Americans to feel comfortable with continuing slavery, they had to break free of Britain once and for all |
| 28 | In 1776 America was doubling down on owning people, but didn't want to be owned by Great Britain. Talk about a contradiction. And, speaking of contradiction, no one was more whishy-washy than Thomas Jefferson. You've probably heard of Jefferson. He's the guy who wrote the Declaration of Independence, America's freedom document, which stated that "all men are created equal." But were enslaved people seen as men? And what about women?" |
| 29 | Eventually, after years of fighting against the British, America did break free of their control. It came out of the Revolutionary War needing a stronger government, so the Founders wrote a new constitution. And guess what was baked right into this constitution? Racist ideas. |
| 45 | But the honest truth is the fighting, the (Civil) war, the symbols, and the monuments are about White supremacy and racial terror. |
| 89 | Everyday words such as black sheep, blackmail, blacklist, and others connect Blackness with badness. They support the idea that black is negative. And other words help to suggest this. Such as minority, which suggests that Black people are minor, making White people major. And ghetto, a term used to describe an undesirable area of a city. In racist America, ghetto and minority became synonyms for Black. These words were used like knives, to inflict pain and suggest danger. They are still used this way today. |
| 106 | Years after desegregation became the law of the land (on paper if not in practice), racists found a new way to make public education a weapon: standardized testing. |

107 The idea that we should pretend NOT to see racism is connected to the idea that we should pretend NOT to see color. It's called color-blindness. Not the medical condition whereby it's hard for some people to tell the difference between red and green. But the kind where people think it's better to act like they don't see differences in skin color. Here's what's wrong with this.

It's ridiculous! Skin color is something we all absolutely see.

It's dark skin that people pretend not to see, which reinforces the idea that something is wrong with black skin.

If people do not see color, that means they do not see racism.

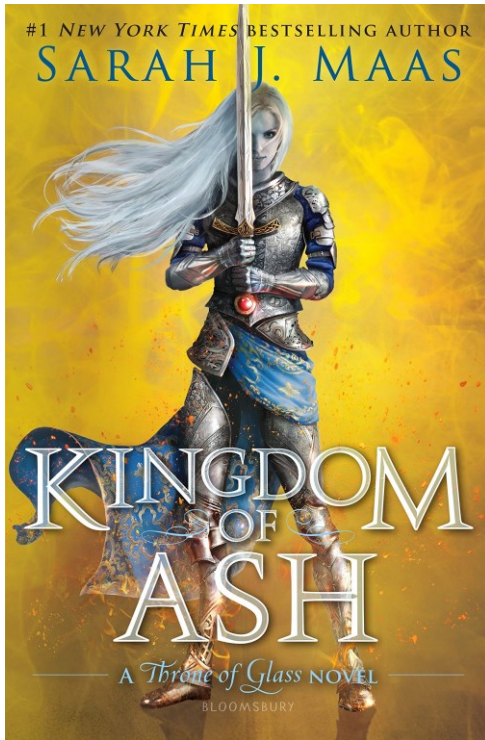
So to pretend not to see color is pretty convenient if you don't actually want to stamp out racism in the first place.

115 Black children's lives ended at the hands of police officers and those who placed no value on Black humanity. Black people's lives ended at the hands of police officers and White people who were rarely punished.

122 From the beginning, racist ideas have been stamped into the United States- into the Constitution, laws, policies, practices, and beliefs of segregationists and assimilationists.

124 And you dear reader? Do you want to be a segregationist (a hater), an assimilationist (a coward), or an antiracist (someone who truly loves)? The choice is yours.

KINGDOM OF ASH



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; mild profanity; and explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity.

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-611-8

978-1-61963-610-1

978-1-61963-612-5

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 472 | <p>With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.</p> <p>She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.</p> <p>But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.</p> <p>"You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.</p> <p>...Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours."</p> <p>Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck.</p> <p>She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her.</p> <p>Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.</p> <p>He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.</p> <p>"Together, Aelin," he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.</p> <p>Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.</p> <p>And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.</p> <p>His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.</p> <p>For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other.</p> |
| 586 | <p>He ran a hand down the back of her head, his fingers twining in her hair before he murmured in her ear, "Come to bed."</p> <p>Heat flared through her body.</p> <p>..."And a day of death has made me want to hold you," the prince said, giving her that disarming grin she had no defenses against. Especially as he added, "And do other things to you."</p> <p>Nesryn's toes curled in her boots.</p> |
| 717 | <p>He left her jacket open, the swells of her breasts just visible between the lapels.</p> |

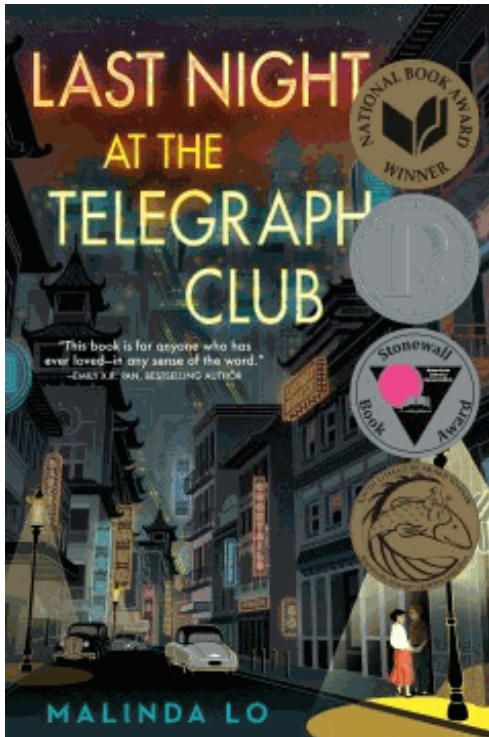
| Page | Content |
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| 719 | <p>He ran his fingers over the scar. Over it, and then up her stomach. Up and up, her skin pebbling beneath his touch, until he halted just over her heart. Until he laid his palm flat against it, the curve of her breast rising to meet his hand with each unsteady breath she took.</p> <p>...So Dorian brushed his mouth against hers. Manon let out a small sound. Dorian kissed her again, and her tongue met his, hungry and searching. Then her hands were plunging into his hair, both of them rising onto their knees to meet halfway.</p> <p>She moaned, her hands sliding from his hair down his chest, down to his pants. She stroked him through the material, and Dorian groaned into her mouth.</p> <p>...Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll.</p> <p>Manon drew her hands from him to remove the glittering crown atop her head, but he halted her with a phantom touch. "Don't," he said, voice near-guttural. "Leave it on."</p> <p>Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back.</p> <p>His mouth went dry at the beauty that threatened to undo him, the temptation that his every instinct roared to claim. Not the body, but what she had offered.</p> <p>...Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss.</p> <p>A shift of her hips, and he was buried, the heated silk of her enough to make him forget that they had a camp around them, or kingdoms to protect.</p> <p>He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin.</p> <p>Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own. Stay. The word echoed in each breath.</p> <p>Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster.</p> <p>Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.</p> <p>As if this might last forever.</p> <p>Manon's breathing was as ragged as Dorian's when they pulled apart at last.</p> |
| 744 | <p>This kiss lingered. Her mouth traced his, and at the slight pressure of her lips, the gentle request, he answered with his own.</p> <p>The taste of her threatened to undo him entirely, and the tentative brush of her tongue against his own drew another rolling purr from deep in his chest. But Lorcan let Elide explore him, slowly and sweetly, giving her whatever she asked. And when her mouth became more insistent, when her breathing turned ragged, he slipped a hand around her neck to cup her nape. She opened for him, and at her low moan, Lorcan thought he'd fly out of his skin.</p> <p>His hand slipped from her nape to run down her back, savoring the warm, unbreakable body beneath the layers of clothes. Elide arched into the touch, another of those small noises coming from her. As if she'd been just as starved for him.</p> |

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| 760 | <p>Rowan nipped at her nose. "I do keep a tally, Princess. Of all the horrible things that come out of your mouth."</p> <p>...Rowan smirked, as if sensing Gavriel's swift exit, too. Then his hand flattened on her abdomen, his mouth grazing the</p> |
| 762 | <p>Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers. No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly.</p> <p>They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.</p> |
| 968 | <p>Elide bit her lip, her breasts becoming heavy, tingling. "I might slip."</p> <p>His eyes drifted down her body, but he made no move. "A dangerous time, bath time."</p> <p>Elide found it in herself to walk toward the copper tub. He trailed a few feet behind, giving her space. Letting her steer this.</p> <p>Elide halted beside the tub, steam wafting past. She tugged the hem of her shirt from her pants.</p> <p>Lorcan watched every move. She wasn't entirely certain he was breathing. But—her hands stalled. Uncertain. Not of him, but this rite, this path.</p> <p>"Show me what to do," she breathed.</p> <p>"You're doing just fine," Lorcan ground out.</p> <p>But she gave him a helpless look, and he prowled closer. His fingers found the loose hem of her shirt. "May I?" he asked quietly. Elide whispered, "Yes."</p> <p>Lorcan still studied her eyes, as if reading the sincerity of that word. Deeming it true.</p> <p>Gently, he pulled the fabric from her. Cool air kissed her skin, pebbling it. The flexible band around her breasts remained, but Lorcan's gaze remained on her own. "Tell me what you want next," he said roughly.</p> <p>Hand shaking, Elide grazed a finger over the band.</p> <p>Lorcan's own hands shook as he unbound it. As he revealed her to the air, to him. His eyes seemed to go wholly black as he took in her breasts, her uneven breathing. "Beautiful," he murmured.</p> <p>Elide's mouth curled as the word settled within her. Gave her enough courage that she lifted her hands to his jacket and began unbuckling, unbuttoning. Until Lorcan's own chest was bare, and she ran her fingers over the smattering of dark hair across the sculpted planes. "Beautiful," she said.</p> <p>Lorcan trembled—with restraint, with emotion, she didn't know. That darling purr of his rumbled into her as she pressed her mouth against his pectoral.</p> <p>His hand drifted to her hair, each stroke unbinding her braid. "We only go as far and long as you want," he said. Yet she dared to glance down his body—to what strained under his pants.</p> <p>Her mouth went dry. "I—I don't know what I'm doing."</p> <p>"Anything you do will be enough," he said.</p> |

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| | <p>She lifted her head, scanning his face. "Enough for what?"</p> <p>Another half smile. "Enough to please me." She scoffed at the arrogance, but Lorcan brushed his mouth against her neck. His hands bracketed her waist, his thumbs grazing her ribs. But no higher.</p> <p>Elide arched into the touch, a small sound escaping her as his lips brushed just beneath her ear. And then his mouth found hers, gentle and thorough.</p> <p>Her hands twined around his neck, and Lorcan lifted her, carrying her not to the bath, but to the cot behind them, his lips never leaving hers.</p> <p>Home. This, with him. This was home, as she had never had. For however long they might share it.</p> <p>And when Lorcan laid her out on the cot, his breathing as uneven as her own, when he paused, letting her decide what to do, where to take this, Elide kissed him again and whispered, "Show me everything." So Lorcan did.</p> |
| 1095 | <p>He gripped her waist in one hand, the other plunging into her hair, and tipped her head back as his mouth met hers.</p> <p>The kiss seared her down to her everchanging bones, and she wrapped her arms around his neck as she held him tightly.</p> <p>Alone in the dark, quiet hall, death squatting on the battlefield nearby, Lysandra gave herself to that searing kiss, to Aedion, unable to stop her moan as his tongue flicked against hers.</p> <p>The sound was his unleashing, and Aedion twisted them, backing her against the wall. She arched, desperate to feel him against all of her. He growled into her mouth, and the hand at her hip slid to her thigh, hoisting it around his waist as he ground into her, exactly where she needed him.</p> <p>Aedion tore his mouth from hers and began to explore her neck, her jaw, her ear. She breathed his name, running her hands down his powerful back as it flexed under her touch.</p> <p>More. More. More.</p> <p>More of this life, this fire to burn away all shadows.</p> <p>More of him.</p> <p>Lysandra slid her hands to his chest, fingers digging into the breast of his jacket, seeking the warm skin beneath. Aedion only nipped at her ear, dragged his teeth along her jaw, and seized her mouth in another plundering kiss that had her moaning again.</p> <p>...Lysandra slid her hand against his stubble-coated cheek and pressed her mouth against his. Let herself taste him again. "It is because I am sick of all this death. And I needed you."</p> <p>Aedion made a low, pained sound, so Lysandra kissed him a final time. Went so far as to run her tongue along the seam of his lips. He opened for her, and then they were tangled in each other again, teeth and tongues and hands roaming, touching, tasting.</p> |
| 1102 | <p>Rowan had taken the time last night to reacquaint her with certain parts of that body. And his own. Had spent a long while doing so, too. Until that haunted look had vanished, until she was writhing beneath him, burning while he moved in her.</p> <p>...Yet this morning, when he'd nuzzled her awake with kisses to her jaw, her neck, that haunted look had returned. And lingered.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 5 |
| Bitch | 7 |
| Piss | 4 |
| Prick | 1 |
| Shit | 1 |

LAST NIGHT AT THE TELEGRAPH CLUB



Young Adult

By Malinda Lo

ISBN: 978-0-525-55525-4

CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual nudity and sexual activities.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
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| 57 | <p>Patrice whimpered as Maxine pressed her lips to her neck. "Max, what are you doing?" Patrice gasped. "This is shameful." Maxine whispered. She unbuttoned Patrice's blouse and slid the fabric over Patrice's shoulder, stroking her breasts. Patrice let out a sigh of pure pleasure. "Kiss me now," Patrice whispered. Maxine obeyed, and the sensation of Patrice's mouth against hers was a delight far beyond shame.</p> |
| 59 | <p>She went to bed imagining Maxine's hand on the buttons of Patrice's blouse, unbuttoning it. She slid her own hand beneath the placket of her nightgown; she felt her own warm skin beneath her fingertips. ...She imagined the blouse sliding off Patrice's shoulders, the pale swell of her breasts. Lily's whole body went hot. She felt the need to cross her legs against the hungry ache at the center of her body. ...And then their lips pressed together, and Lily tugged up the hem of her nightgown and pressed her fingers between her thighs, and pressed, and pressed.</p> |
| 118 | <p>"Nothing like a little affection between girls- always makes my day!" he said, laughing.</p> |
| 296 | <p>The woman's body was moving in an unusual way- her shoulders were bent forward, her head dipping- and all of a sudden Lily realized the woman wasn't alone. There was another woman with her beneath the stairs, the edges of her skirt visible around the other woman's legs. They were pressed together, their heads close. Lily couldn't see exactly what they were doing, but she had a good idea.</p> |
| 308 | <p>All of her senses rushed to that tender spot where Tommy's warm hand was touching her, her fingertips softly pressing against her neck, her thumb running lightly but deliberately over her mouth.</p> |
| 342 | <p>She wanted to touch Kath's skin. She tugged the hem of Kath's blouse out from her skirt and slid her hands beneath it, and finally she felt the warm skin of her back, and the quiver of Kath's body as she touched her. Kath drew back briefly and reached for the buttons of Lily's blouse, asking, "Can I?" Lily helped her unbutton it, and then Kath put her hand on the bare skin of Lily's waist, and Lily closed her eyes. Kath's hand slid up over her ribs and cupped the curve of her breast, and her thumb trailed electrically over the outline of Lily's nipple through her bra. And then she pushed her leg between Lily's thighs, and Lily gasped at how it felt- the pressure and the movement there- and it was exactly what she wanted. She was astonished by the way this worked between them so instinctively, as if they had been made to do this together. But Lily felt as if there were no time. She couldn't entirely forget that they only had an hour together. A desire for something more was rising inside her as Kath moved against her, their skirts riding up as their bodies rubbed together. It felt urgent, as if they were counting down the seconds till a bomb would explode. There was no time; they had to do this right now. And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath's hand and moved it to the cleft of her body.</p> |

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| | <p>Kath hesitated. "Are you sure?" she whispered.</p> <p>"Please," Lily said, overcome.</p> <p>So Kath put her hand between Lily's legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear. It was awkward, but when Kath's fingers touched her, they both gasped.</p> <p>"Am I in the right place?" Kath asked.</p> <p>"Yes," Lily whispered.</p> <p>It all felt like the right place. Kath's fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating- she'd never even really touched herself like this before- and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.</p> <p>"I'm sorry," she gasped, but she couldn't really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath's neck until it was over.</p> <p>There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily's thigh and whispered, "Can I- is this all right?"</p> <p>"Yes," Lily said, and she leaned into Kath, holding her as she moved, feeling Kath's wetness slide against her leg.</p> <p>It was extraordinary, Lily thought. There was nothing like this in the world. How different this was from when Lily was alone in her room. How different, and how much more: an overflowing amount of more. Kath kept rocking against her thigh, her breath ragged against Lily's cheek...</p> |

ME AND EARL AND THE DYING GIRL



Young Adult

By Jesse Andrews

ISBN: 978-1-4197-0176-4

OBJECTION RATING

3/5

Summary of Concerns:

This book has several excerpts containing pornographic connotations and excessive profanity.

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| 12 | These tended to be representatives of Benson's more dicked-upon groups. |
| 24 | ..."Fuck dick shit ass." |
| 31 | Fuck fuck fuck |
| 32 | GREG'S INEXPLICABLE BONER is in full retreat. |
| 35 | "Mitzvah" is Hebrew for "colossal pain in the ass." |
| 42 | Chapter 6 PHONE SEX |
| 49 | Greg: Fuck, let me try this again. |
| 49 | I'm just saying, you do not leave Isreal without getting laid. You could have and eight-inch-thick titanium diaper bolted to your pelvis, and you would still somehow get laid. It should be their official tourism slogan: Isreal. Where Virginity Goes to Die. |
| 54 | Holy shit. Please stop talking. |
| 59 | "Are you gonna eat her pussy?" |
| 60 | "Yeah, Earl, I'm going to eat her pussy." "Heh." "Yeah." "Do you even know how to eat pussy?" "Uh, not really." "Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you're going to have o eat the pussy." "No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole." ..."God bless that man." "Yup." "I would teach you some pussy-eating technique, but it's a little complicated." ..."Son, I don't have time for that. I got like twenty pussies over here that I need to eat." "Is that right." "I'm on pussy deadline." "You've got twenty vaginas, all lined up in a row." "Aw, what the hell. What the hell. No one's talkin bout vaginas. Greg, what the hell is wrong with you. Man, that's nasty." ..."I'm talkin bout pussy. I got a little honey mustard over here, a little Heinz 57, and a whole lotta pussy." |
| 63 | I don't want to sound like a "pussy-ass bitch"... |
| 68 | Chapter 10 I PUT THE "ASS" IN "CASANOVA" |
| 69 | My God, what if she wanted to have sex? Would I even be able to get a boner? I was pretty sure it would be impossible for me to get a boner in those circumstances. |
| 72 | "I mean, it's also their fault for getting sexy pillows." "We had this one pillow in the house, they had to burn it, because that thing just got me so aroused." "That was the sexiest pillow, I just, I just wanted to make love to it all night, until the dark break of dawn." "I used to call that pillow the dirtiest names. I used to say 'You slutty pillow, |

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| | you're such a dirty slut, stop toying with my emotions." ..."Then one day I came home from school and caught that pillow having oral sex with this table from across the street..." |
| 73 | 3. Suggest that you habitually masturbate all over pillows. |
| 74 | yo pa gains drove me to whole foods so if you need some funky Vlastic pickle relish for that pussy just hollerrr |
| 75 | ...She was constantly trying to fuck up your plans. |
| 75 | "All you need to know is that it's about the combination of food and sex. Like, oral sex." ..."Why is Earl combining food and oral sex?" |
| 79 | "Y'all both suck donkey dick," ... |
| 89 | Holy fuck. |
| 90 | Also, she kicked ass at listening. |
| 96 | ...like an asshole robot, and they don't know why. |
| 109 | I fuckin suck worse than you do. Greg Attempting to match the casualties with which eleven-year-old Earl can say words like "fuck" Uh, shit. Earl Fuck. |
| 111 | Yeah, uh, fuck. shit. Earl Werner Herzog can lick my ass-cheek. ...Earl Man, fuck Aguirre, the Wrath of God. Werner Herzog can stick his face all up in my butthole. |
| 113 | So probably some people thought we were boyfriend and girlfriend, and perhaps even having sex. And how can you fight that impression without seeming like a dick? |
| 119 | Occasionally it's because that person wrote something on Facebook live liv ryan is a btichhh!!! (sic) |
| 128 | It's the year 2007 on planet Earth, not the future, and although he has an awesome name, Luke Crazy Bad-Ass is the lamest guy... |
| 138 | I had no idea what the fuck was going on. "Greg, what's your problem, " said Liv again, and this time I was able to determine what she was saying, and also her boobs slowly materialized. |
| 145 | He had his face in his hands and said a word that I think was "Goddamn." |
| 149 | All apologetic and shit? |
| 150 | "Greg, I didn't know you were such a bad-ass," she said. |
| 151 | ...Holy Fuck Definitely Not. |
| 152 | C. Fuckfuckfuckfuck. Dicksmuggler. ...2. Goddammit Earl. |

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| | ...4. We're just fucking around in a lot of them! ...2. FUCK |
| 158 | Earl pointed out that in America we say "motherfucker" all the time... |
| 159 | "The fuck's that mean." ..."The fuck you talking about right now." ..."This title don't have to be all clever and shit..." ..."Lighter fluid and shit." ..."I'm gonna be that gay uncle. Draw a fake mustache and pretend to be all fat and shit. Be like, Boy, I'm gay as hell. I'ma fuck you." |
| 160 | How fucked up is that? |
| 161 | No one wants to see your weird-ass socks. |
| 162 | Brandon strides around aiming blows indiscriminately at people's testicles. |
| 163 | "Yeah, nigga" he piped, in his not-all-the-way-dropped-thirteen-year-old voice. "Yeah, clumsy bitch." |
| 163 | ..."Fuck outta here," ... |
| 166 | you gotta write an essay and shit. ...that shit is fucked up, no joke ...that shit is crazy as hell lesbians and shit ...she got a bald-ass head right now ...you need to be toning this shit down right about now. ...the fuck you think i'm gonna say no to this girl be dying out of cancer and shit damn ...goddamn ...you're being dumb as hell but I do feel you ...dumbass films,... ...so don't give me shit |
| 169 | goddamn derrick what the fuck TITTIES. You did not just draw a pair of bare-ass-naked titties on greg's fucking cast ...goddammit |
| 177 | ...the most dick sentences of your life. |
| 177 | Jesus Christ in a cockwagon. At the beginning of this sentence, my Feeling Like a Dick Quotient was at a solid 4.0... |
| 181 | ...an unbelievable pain in the ass. |
| 187 | ...and I haven't done anything outside of school except fuck around." |
| 188 | "...they lose their shit." |
| 190 | ...then fuck it. |
| 190 | ...it hit me that I was being a dick. Like, a colossal dick. ...That is just about the dickest move out here. Holy fuck. |
| 194 | "...But I knew I'd feel like a dickbag..." |
| 196 | ...I would probably talk a shitload... |
| 204 | "...Greg, you're a fucking great kid." |

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| 206 | <p>So you can be a heterosexual, or a homosexual, and I feel like I understand that, like you're a woman in a man's body or some shit, but I been thinking about it and how the fuck can somebody call theyself a bisexual.</p> <p>...Man, ain't nobody like, that fine-ass girl is making me hard right now. Oh wait, my mistake, that dude over there is the one that's making me hard. That don't make no goddamn sense.</p> <p>...Goddamn. If you're seriously like, "For real, I'm bisexual, any person can get me hard," man, you must get a hard-on from all kinds of freaky shit.</p> <p>Greg</p> <p>I think, uh...I mean, some scientists think that everyone's actually a little bit of both. Home and hetero.</p> <p>Earl</p> <p>Naw. That don't make any damn sense at all. You tellin me right now, you can look at some titties, get a hard-on, look at some dude's funky dick, get another hard-on. You gonna tell me that for real.</p> <p>...Dog taking a dum: hard-on. Wendy's double cheeseburger: hard-on. Computer virus that destroy all your shit: hard-on.</p> <p>...Big-ass hard-on for that shit.</p> <p>...You wanna get with that girl, with the big-ass titties?</p> <p>...You walk up to her, say, Girl, you might not a known this about me, but I'm a trisexual.</p> <p>...Girl's like, what the fuck?</p> <p>...You like, Yeah, trisexual.</p> <p>...Then you drop the bomb, you're like: trisexual, girl. Cuz I'ma try to have sex with you.</p> <p>...Try-sexual.</p> |
| 211 | ...lest I never get a boner ever again. |
| 215 | "Goddammit! I'm exploding again?" |
| 216 | "The fuck,"... |
| 217 | <p>"This smells like a donkey's hairy-ass dick."</p> <p>..."There ain't no salsa, I'ma eat this shit."</p> |
| 218 | <p>...hallucinating and shit.</p> <p>...You love freaky-ass lesbians getting they freak on. So here's a film about that shit. Nah. That don't make no sense. Now what the fuck is this."</p> |
| 218 | "It taste like dolphins and shit." |
| 219 | "This is a dumb-ass piece of food." |
| 221 | "Hey faggot! Lemme be in your gay movie." |
| 222 | Fuckbiscuit. |
| 223 | "Greg's a fag..." |
| 233 | <p>Greg</p> <p>Feeling like shit</p> |
| 234 | Was she going to kick leukemia's ass? |
| 239 | La la la. I am a jackass. |
| 246 | But I was pissed that he told Rachel. |

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| 247 | "Fuck you want,"... |
| 248 | <p>"The fuck's your problem," he spat.</p> <p>..."You know what? Just shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up."</p> <p>..."I'm just tired of this shit. I'm really fucking tired of it. You gotta quit with this shit, man. Because I'm about to lose my motherfucking shit with this."</p> |
| 249 | <p>"Naw, shut the fuck up. You care so fucking much bout what other people think, you gotta be secretive as shit, gotta go round sucking errybody's dick pretendin like you they friend cuz you care so much bout what they think, lemme fucking tell you: Nobody gives a shit about you. Nobody think shit about you. You ain't got no friends. You ain't got nobody who give a fucking shit about you."</p> <p>..."Fuckin nobody. Errybody at school could give a shit about you, man. Errybody you all friendly with and shit could give a shit. You all worried bout what they think about you, man, they don't give a fuck. They don't give a fuck if you live or die, you pussy-ass bitch. They don't give a fuck. Look at me. They don't. Give. A fuck.'</p> <p>..."Man, just shut the fuck up, because I can't be hearing no more of this. Yeah, I fucking told Rachel about the films, I fucking gave her some of them dumb-as films to watch, because she like the only person that do give a fuck. Yeah. She don't have big-ass titties, so you don't fucking care, but that other bitch don't give a shit about you and, and fucking Rachel do, and you don't fucking give a shit cuz you're a dumb little bitch."</p> <p>..."Stop your fucking crying, bitch-ass."</p> <p>..."Goddammit stop cryin."</p> |
| 250 | <p>"Now go on get the fuck outta here. I'm tired a lookin at your pussy ass. Crying and shit."</p> <p>..."God damn I'm sick and fucking tired a watchin you treat this girl like some kind of, some kinda burden, when she the closest thing you fucking have to a motherfucking friend and she about to die on top of that. You know that, right? You dumb motherfucker. She home now cuz she about to die. That girl lyin there on her goddamn deathbed and you come to my house all whining and cryin and shit about some irrelevant bullshit. I want...to kick your ass. You hear me? I want...to beat the fuck out of you right now."</p> <p>..."Motherfucker, you want me to?"</p> <p>...Yeah, Earl. I fucking want you to,"...</p> |
| 250 | <p>"BUST HIS CANDY ASS."</p> <p>..."Goddamn, you a pussy. Get hit once in the gut, act like you dyin. Goddamn."</p> <p>..."Unnnh shit."</p> |
| 256 | Your turn, jackass. |
| 264 | <p>Fuck, this is the diet kind.</p> <p>...Fuckburglar.</p> |
| 267 | He definitely sounded pissed at the pep rally. |
| 272 | "...Cock shit ass fuck." |
| 273 | The jocks started asking me when I was going to do a gay porn. |
| 277 | ...that's when you feel like shit. |

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| 279 | ...just a motherfucking loss, a loss loss loss fucking loss, there was no fucking meaning to it... |
| 287 | <p>“...Get a good job and shit.”</p> <p>...”Ain’t nobody giving my ass no scholarship,” said Earl, and finally he ate some noodles.</p> |
| 288 | <p>“You don’t know shit, man”, he said finally.</p> <p>...I used to think I had to shit for them.</p> |
| 289 | <p>“...They a couple of jackasses...”</p> <p>...”But I gotta take care of my own shit,” he said.</p> <p>...”They got shit to figure out before I can help em...”</p> <p>...”I love my brothers, but they need to figure they shit out before I can help em...”</p> |
| 290 | <p>“Look like somebody’s nutsack up in here.”</p> <p>...”That’s nuttsack? That’s not butthole?”</p> <p>“This wrinkly bullshit? Nutsack. I think. Check the menu.”</p> <p>...”That might be a butthole. Did you order the large? The large got butthole, nutsack, uh, sauteed donkey dick, and uh, you probably go some hairy-ass goat titties floating around in there.”</p> <p>...”Goat titties are rich in antioxidants.”</p> <p>“I’m looking for the donkey dick. I’m not seeing any donkey dick.”</p> <p>...”This is an outrage. There’s no donkey dick in my soup. I’m pissed about this.”</p> <p>“I most definitely had a couple generous chunks of finely sauteed donkey dick in mine.”</p> <p>...”Don’t be pissed, son” said Earl reassuringly.</p> |

A COURT OF SILVER FLAMES



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-63557-619-1

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual obscene sexual activities; profanity; and violence

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 20 | He took the invitation to survey her: long bare legs, an elegant sweep of hips, tapered waist- too damn thin- and full, inviting breasts that were at odds with the new, sharp angles of her body. On any other female, those magnificent breasts might have been enough cause for him to begin courting her the moment he met her. |
| 22 | ...recalling heated glances at the tavern, the wet hot meeting of their mouths, the sweat coating her as she rode him until pleasure and drink sent her into blessed oblivion... |
| 23 | She chucked the white shirt at him, "You can use he front door now." He slung the shirt over his head. "I- Is he still-" His gaze kept snagging on her breasts, peaked against the chill morning; her bare skin. The apex of her thighs. |
| 26 | Nothing beyond the music at those taverns, the card games with strangers, the endless bottles of wine, and the sex that made her feel nothing- but offered a moment of release amid the roaring inside her. Nesta finished washing away the sweat and other remnant of last night. The sex hadn't been bad- she'd had better, but also much worse. |
| 29 | "I'd hoped you at least changed the sheets between visitors, but apparently that doesn't bother you." ...He shrugged, though the tightness on his face didn't reflect such nonchalance. "If I can smell a few different males in here, then surely your companions can, too." |
| 35 | ..."when you're out until the darkest hours of the night, drinking yourself stupid and fucking anything that comes your way." |
| 90 | ...the nakedness of having her thighs and ass on display |
| 96 | ...without descending into thoughts of peeling those pants off her and worshipping every inch of that spectacular backside. ...But fuck- when had he last had a satisfying roll in the sheets? ...it had been the month before Amarantha had fallen, hadn't it? With that female he'd met at Rita's. In an alley outside the pleasure hall. Against a brick wall. Quick and dirty and over within minutes, neither he nor the female wanting anything more than the swift release. That had been more than two years ago. It had been his hand ever since. |
| 142 | He had no idea how it happened: how he'd gone from mocking Nesta to taunting her with his own bedroom habits. Then imagining her hand wrapped around him, pumping him, until he was a heartbeat away from exploding out of his chair and leaping into the skies. ...How his skin had become too tight at the way she said his name, his cock an insistent ache rubbing against the buttons of his pants. He could count on one hand the number of times she'd addressed him by name. The thought of that one hand led him back to her hand, squeezing him rough and hard, just the way he liked it- |
| 190 | No matter that Cassian without a shirt bordered on obscene, even with the collection of scars peppering his golden-brown skin. |

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| | <p>...Muscles on his damned ribs. She didn't know people could have them there. And those ones that flowed into his pants, like a golden arrow pointing to exactly what she wanted-</p> |
| 248 | <p>Cassian surveyed her. Gazed into her eyes and breathed, "Beautiful." He didn't halt the hand she laid on his muscled chest. Or when she pushed against that chest, backing him to the wall... ...Her backed arched slightly at the way he said her name, the way he bit out the second syllable. Like he was imagining clamping his teeth down on other parts of her. But only her hand bridged their bodies. On her hand, now bunching up his shirt, his thundering heartbeat pulsing beneath it. ...The urge to press her body into his, to feel his warmth and hardness grinding into her, nearly overrode every rational thought. ...Her knees nearly wobbled at the desire blazing in them. Liquid, unrelenting desire, all fixed upon her. She couldn't get a breath down as she drowned in that stare. As low, sensitive parts of her tightened and began throbbing, her breasts becoming heavy and aching. His nostrils flared, scenting that, too.</p> |
| 251 | <p>She could see it: Cassian in his own bed, sprawled out like a dark king, gripping himself, pumping hard- ...she traced her hand up her nightgown, the slide of silk against her skin nearly unbearable. She moaned into her pillow as her fingers slid between her legs, instantly slippery with the wetness pooled there... ...Her hips arched into the touch, and she gritted her teeth, letting out a long hiss as she dragged her fingers down her aching, throbbing center. ...She slid her fingers in deep, writhing at the intrusion, unable to stop seeing Cassian's face... ...She withdrew her fingers nearly to their tips, and she plunged them back in, it was Cassian's hand she pictured there, felt there. Cassian's other hand that rose to clasp her breast, squeezing hard, just the way she liked it, a sharp, slight edge of pain to heighten the pleasure. It was Cassian's hand she rode, biting her lip to keep her moaning contained. It was Cassian's hand that brought her over the edge and into a release so intense she nearly cried out. It was Cassian's hand that slid into her, over and over again, release after release, until Nesta lay wrung out and panting upon the bed...</p> |
| 253 | <p>It was hard to sleep well when he'd been so aroused he'd had to pleasure himself not once but three times just to calm the hell down enough to close his eyes. But he awoke before dawn aching for her, her scent still in his nose, and another release had barely taken the edge off.</p> |
| 254 | <p>And when he looked at them, she pulled her hand under the table. As if it were blazing with proof. His blood heated as he realized the blush, her embarrassment... ...Being at attention wasn't only unhelpful, but inappropriate in the training ring. It didn't make him stop picturing it: that hand between her legs, her body as aching for release as his had been. The way she'd probably bitten her lip, just as he had, to keep from crying out. His cock grew hard, pushing at his pants to the</p> |

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| | <p>point of pain. Cassian shifted in his seat, trying to free up any space for himself. It only succeeded in making the hard seam rub against his cock, the friction enough to make him grit his teeth.</p> |
| 255 | <p>And if she looked at the bulge in his pants with that heat she'd had in her eyes last night, the he'd come to just picturing her, he might very well make a fool of himself. It was a risk he was willing to take. Had to take, before he laid her flat on the table and removed her clothing piece by piece.</p> |
| 256 | <p>"We'll do the warm-up and then we're moving into some core work." She gasped. Her...core? "Abdominal," he clarified and pink washed across his face. He cleared his throat. "Filthy mind." He flicked her cheek. "Too much smut."</p> |
| 258 | <p>She tried not to wonder if that panting was how he'd sounded last night when he'd pleased himself.</p> |
| 277 | <p>..."I wasn't drinking myself into oblivion and - and doing thos other things." "Fucking strangers?"</p> |
| 293 | <p>For a heartbeat, there was only the warmth of Cassian's mouth, the press of his body, the stiffness in his every trembling muscle as Nesta slanted her lips over his, rising onto her toes. ...her surged forward to kiss her back. The force of that kiss knocked them toward the wall, the stone slamming into her shoulders as all of him lined up against all of her, a hand sliding into her hair while the other gripped her hip. ...She opened her mouth, and his tongue swept in, the kiss punishing and savage. ...She moaned, unable to help herself. It seemed that sound was his undoing, for the fingers in her hair dug into her scalp, angling her head so he could better taste her, claim her. Her hands roved over his muscled chest, desperate for any skin, anything to touch as their tongues met and parted, as he licked the roof of her mouth, as he slid his tongue over her teeth. She met him stroke for stroke, and all sense of self went flying from her. She plunged her fingers into his hair, and it was as soft as she'd imagined, the strands like silk against her skin. Every hateful thought eddied from her mind. She gave herself to the distraction, welcomed it with open arms, let the kiss burn through all of it. There was only his mouth and his tongue and his teeth, licking and tasting and biting; there was only the strength of his body, pressing against hers, but not nearly close enough- He slid his hands around her, grasping her ass and lifted her into the air. She wrapped her legs around the middle, and moaned again as he pressed himself between her thighs. ...Cassian ground into her, and groaned into her mouth at the first push of his hips. She arched her back at that deep-throated sound, baring her neck to him. He seized on it, dragging his mouth from hers. His tongue traced a line up the column of her neck, dragging heat in its wake, and reached that spot just below her ear that had her clenching, had her whimpering.</p> |

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| | <p>He let out a laugh against her skin. "Like that?" he murmured, and licked it again. Her breasts ached, and she moved against him, seeking any contact with his chest, any bit of friction. But Cassian buried his face against her neck, teeth clamping down lightly atop her fluttering pulse. The slight hurt set her panting; the scrape of his tongue over the spot had her eyes rolling back in her head. He pulled his head from her neck, though. And Nesta had never been laid so bare as she was while he ground his hips into her again and watched her writhe. A dark smile graced his mouth. "So responsive," he purred in a voice she'd never heard but knew she'd crawl to hear again. He drove his hips between hers, a lazy, thorough push of the hardness of him into the throbbing ache of her. ...to let him touch and touch and touch her, lick and suckle and fill her- Cassian growled, as if he read that in her stare, and kissed her again. Their tongues tangled, their bodies pressed so tightly she could feel his heartbeat against her chest. He tasted her thoroughly, withdrew, and tasted her again. Like he was learning every place in her mouth. She had to feel his skin. Had to feel the hardness pushing into her with her hands, her mouth, her body. She'd go mad if she didn't, go mad if she couldn't get these clothes off, go mad if he stopped kissing her- Nesta wedged her hand between their bodies, seeking him out. Cassian groaned again, long and low, as her hand cupped him through the leather of his pants. The breath stole out of her. The sheer size of him- Her mouth watered. She was aching, so wet that every stitch of the seam down the center of her pants was torture. His kissed turned deeper, wilder, and she grappled with the laces and buttons of his pants. There were so many she didn't know where to find the ones to undo them, her fingertips ripping at every loop, nearly clawing to get him free. Cassian's panting caressed her skin as he nipped at her bottom lip, her ear, her jaw. ...he captured her mouth again, moaning into her as she gave up on the laces and buttons and laid her hands flat against him. He bucked as she rubbed the heel of her palm down his length, marveling at every inch. He tore his mouth from hers. "If you keep doing that, I'll-" Nesta did it again, dragging the heel of her palm upward, toward the tip she knew pressed against his lower abdomen. His hips arced toward her, and he tilted back his head, exposing the strong column of his throat. She learned the shape of him through his pants, and pressed her hand harder, working him. He gritted his teeth, chest heaving like a bellows, and the sight of him coming undone and her leaning forward. Had her clamping her teeth onto his neck. Just as she rubbed him again, harder and rougher. He hissed. ...his hips thrust into her hand with a strength that made her core throb to the point of pain, imagining that force, that size and heat, buried deep in her. Another punishing rub of her palm, a scrape of teeth at his neck, and Cassian erupted. His wings tucked in tight as he came, and each spurt of his cock shuddered through his pants, echoing along her hand as she stroked and stroked him. When Cassian had stilled, when he was shaking- only then did Nesta remove her face from his neck.</p> |

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| | <p>...A blush stained his golden cheeks, so enticing that she nearly leaned forward to lick that, too.</p> |
| 298 | <p>He'd come in his pants after a few touches from Nesta, soaking himself like was no better than he'd been in his youth. But the moment she had kissed him in the hall, he'd lost all semblance of sanity. He'd turned into something just short of an animal, licking and biting at her neck, unable to think clearly beyond the base instinct to claim. The taste of her had been like fire and steel and a winter sunrise. That had just been her mouth, her neck. If he got his tongue between her legs...He shifted in his seat.</p> |
| 299 | <p>But he'd come hard enough to see stars, and only then realized she had not. That he'd embarrassed himself, that he'd left her unsatisfied, and if it was the only taste of her he'd ever get, he'd monumentally fucked it all to hell.</p> |
| 301 | <p>Every glance, every scent of him, every touch while he carried her down to the river house grated along her skin, threatening to bring her back to last night, when she'd been starved for any taste of him.</p> |
| 331 | <p>He said it with such intent that her breasts pebbled. His eyes dipped again, and when he saw her nipples hard against the silk of her nightgown... ...Her skin tightened becoming almost painful as she went molten and throbbing between her legs. ...She looked then. Below his waist. At what strained against his pants. ..."..."This is just sex." ...Cassian lunged for her, a beast freed of its cage, and she barely had time to twist toward the edge of the bed before his lips were on hers, devouring and claiming. Deep purring sounds vibrated from his chest through her fingers as she clawed off his jacket, his shirt, ripping through the fabric. He tore his lips from hers only long enough to pull his shirt away, the fabric snaring on his wings before falling to the floor. Then he was on her again, climbing onto the bed, and she spread her legs for him, letting his body fall into the cradle between her thighs. She couldn't stop her moan as he drove his hips into hers, the leather of his pants sliding against her. He plunged his tongue into her mouth, the kiss like a brand, one hand sliding up her bare thigh, tugging her nightgown with it. When he reached her hip and still had found no underwear, he hissed. Looked to where he pressed his hardness against her and realized that only the leather of his pants separated him from her wetness. She was shaking, and not from fear, as he took a trembling hand and slid her nightgown higher. Pulled it up to her navel and then stared at her, bare and gleaming, pressed against the bulge in his pants. His chest heaved, and she waited for that brutal, demanding touch, but he only leaned down and pressed a kiss to her throat. Tender, coaxing. Cassian pressed another to her shoulder, and she shivered. Shivered more as he dragged his tongue over the spot. He kissed the hollow of her throat. Licked it. He slipped the straps of her nightgown down her arms. Kissed her collarbones. With each kiss, he pulled down the neck of her nightgown further. Until his breath warmed her bare breasts.</p> |

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| | <p>Cassian let out a sound from the back of his throat, from his gut. Like some sort of starved, tormented creature. He stared at her breasts, and she couldn't breathe under that burning gaze. Couldn't breathe as his head dipped and he wrapped his lips around her nipple.</p> <p>Nesta arced off the bed, a breathless sound rupturing from her.</p> <p>Cassian only repeated the movement on her other breast.</p> <p>And then raked his teeth across the sensitive peak before clamping down lightly. She moaned then, tipping her head back, thrusting her chest up toward him in silent plea.</p> <p>Cassian let out that dark laugh and returned to her other breast, teeth grazing, teasing, biting.</p> <p>She strained her hands toward him, toward where he'd gone still between her legs. She needed him- now. In her hand or her body, she didn't care.</p> <p>But Cassian only pulled away. Pulled up, and knelt before her. Surveyed her spread beneath him, her nightgown a bunch of silk around her middle, everything else bared to him. His own feast to devour.</p> <p>"I owe you a debt," he said in that guttural voice that made her writhe. He watched her hips undulate, and braced his large, powerful hands on either thigh. He waited for her to signal that she understood what he intended. What she'd dreamed of for so long, in the darkest hours of the night.</p> <p>In a choked whisper, she said, "Yes."</p> <p>Cassian gave her a feral, purely male smile. And then his hands tightened on her bare thighs, spreading them wider. His head lowered, and all she could see was his dark hair...</p> <p>He didn't waste time with gentle touches and tastes.</p> <p>Parting her with one hand, he dragged his tongue clear up her center.</p> <p>...He cursed against her wetness, and he reached down with his other hand to adjust himself in his pants.</p> <p>He licked her again, lingering at the spot atop the apex of her legs. Sucking it into his mouth, teeth nipping, before he withdrew.</p> <p>She arched, unable to stop the moan breaking from her throat.</p> <p>Cassian's tongue ran downward in an unhurried sweep, and he pressed a hand to her abdomen, stilling her, as he slid his tongue straight into her core. It curled into her, driving deeper than she'd expected, and she couldn't think, couldn't do anything but luxuriate in it, in him-</p> <p>"You taste," he growled against her, making his way up again toward the bundle of nerves in short, teasing licks, "even more delicious than I dreamed."</p> <p>Nesta whimpered, and he flicked his tongue there. Her whimper turned to a cry, and he laughed against her and flicked his tongue again.</p> <p>Release became a shimmering veil, just beyond grasp but drifting closer.</p> <p>"So wet," he breathed, and licked at her entrance, as if determined to consume every drop of her. "Are you always this wet for me, Nesta?"</p> <p>She wouldn't allow him the satisfaction of the truth. But she couldn't think of a lie, not with his tongue pumping in and out of her, coaxing her toward but still denying her the pressure and relentless pounding she so badly needed.</p> <p>Cassian snickered, as if he knew the answer anyway. He licked her, his silken hair brushing over her belly, and looked up to meet her gaze.</p> |

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| | <p>As their eyes locked, he slid a finger into her. She cried out, and he trailed a hand from her thigh to hold her open again as he licked at that spot while his finger pumped in and out of her in a teasingly slow rhythm. More- she wanted more. She undulated her hips against him, hard enough to drive his finger deeper. "Greedy," he murmured onto her, and withdrew his finger nearly to its tip. Only to add a second finger as he plunged it back in. Nesta let go entirely then. Let go of sanity and any pride as he filled her with those two fingers. He sucked and nibbled and release gathered around her like an iridescent mist. Cassian growled again, given over to whatever need drove him, and the reverberations of the sound echoed into places of her that had never been touched. In and out his fingers slid, stretching and filling, all while he tasted and savored. Nesta rode his hand, his face, grinding into him with abandon. "Holy gods." Cassian's teeth grazed against her. "Nesta." The sound of her name on his lips against her most sensitive place sent her mind scattering into eternity. She bowed off the bed with the force of her climax, and he became ravenous, fingers pumping and pumping, tongue and lips moving against her, like he'd devour her pleasure whole. He didn't stop until she'd collapsed against the mattress, until she was limp and reeling... The slide of his fingers out of her left her empty and aching, the removal of his tongue and mouth from between her legs like a cold kiss. Cassian was panting, still hard as he rose up and stared at her. She couldn't move... No one had ever done that to her. ...It knocked the breath from her, the thoroughness of her pleasure. Like the world could be remade in the force of what had erupted from her. ...Nesta reached for the cock she was dying to feel, to taste, but he backed off the bed.</p> |
| 338 | <p>Watching Nesta climax had been as close to a religious experience as Cassian had ever had. ...and only pure will and pride had kept him from spilling in his pants again. Only pure will and pride had made him back off the bed when she'd reached for him. Only pure will and pride had made him leave the room, when all he'd wanted was to plunge his cock into that sweet, tight warmth and ride her until they were both screaming. He couldn't get her perfect taste out of his mouth. Not as he washed for bed. Not as he pumped himself dry, soaking his sheets. ...Couldn't stop feeling the clamp of her around his fingers, like a burning, silken fist. He'd washed his hands a dozen times by the time he faced Nesta in the training ring, and he could still smell her there, could still feel her, taste her. ...Nesta might have felt good on his fingers, on his tongue, but it would be nothing compared to how she'd feel on his cock. She been tight enough that he knew it'd</p> |

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| | be paradise and madness- his undoing. And she'd been so drenched for him that he knew he'd do deplorable things to be allowed to taste that wetness again. |
| 339 | And maybe it was the fact that it had been two years since he'd had any sort of sex, but he couldn't remember the last time he'd been so ridden by his own base need. |
| 342 | Nesta crossed her arms, face so neutral he wondered for moment if he'd dreamed some wild fantasy last night of his head between her legs. |
| 347 | ...filthy thoughts had poured in, leaving her half-distracted while she'd walked to the library. The thought of Cassian pumping into her mouth while Azriel pounded into her from behind, the two of them working her in tandem- |
| 377 | Nesta blocked out the memory of his head between her thighs, his tongue at her entrance, sliding into her. |
| 388 | <p>So Nesta braced her hands on the arms of his chair as she brushed a kiss to his neck.</p> <p>Cassian's breath caught. But she pressed another kiss to the soft, warm skin of his neck, just beneath his ear. Another, lower now, closer to the collar of his dark shirt.</p> <p>He trembled, and she kissed the hard knot in the center of his throat. Licked it. Cassian shifted in his chair, groaning softly. His hand rose to clasp her hip, as if he'd push her away, but she removed him. "Let me," she said against his neck. "Please."</p> <p>He swallowed, and that hard knot moved against her mouth. But he didn't stop her, and so Nesta kissed him again, moving to the other side of his neck. Reaching that spot just beneath his ear as she laid a hand on his chest and felt his heartbeat hammering in her palm.</p> <p>She didn't kiss his mouth. She didn't want that distraction. Not as she slid between him and the table and dropped to her knees.</p> <p>His eyes went wide. "Nesta."</p> <p>She reached for the top of his pants, the bulge already pressing through. "Please," she said again, and met his stare. From where she knelt between Cassian's legs, he towered over her, but the edge in his eyes softened almost imperceptibly before he nodded. He reached to help her with the buttons and stays, but she slightly laid a hand atop his.</p> <p>Her fingers were steady, sure, as she unfastened his pants. Her head wholly clear. The muscles in his thighs shifted against her as she pulled him free and nearly gasped.</p> <p>His cock was enormous. Beautiful, and hard, and absolutely enormous. Her mouth dried out, every plan she'd had requiring sudden reassessment. There was no way he'd fit entirely in her mouth. Perhaps no way he'd even fit in her body. But she sure as hell wanted to try.</p> <p>Her fingers shook a little as she stroked them down the thick, long shaft. The skin was so soft- softer than silk or velvet. And he was hard as steel beneath. He shuddered, and she lifted her eyes to find his gaze fixed on her hand.</p> <p>"How do you like it?" she asked, her voice breathy as hot need washed through her. She wrapped her hand around his cock- her fingers barely able to reach around him completely. "Gentle?" She made a feather-soft pass over him,</p> |

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| | <p>squeezing lightly.</p> <p>Cassian shook his head, as if beyond words.</p> <p>She stroked him again, slightly harder, "Like this?"</p> <p>His chest heaved, his teeth shining as he gritted them. But he shook his head.</p> <p>Nesta smiled, and when she pumped him a third time, she squeezed hard, letting her nails graze the sensitive underside of his shaft.</p> <p>His hips arced off the chair, and she pinned a hand to them. "I see," she murmured, and did it again. Harder still, twisting her fist as she reached the round head.</p> <p>He tried to arch into her hand, but she pinned him again with that other hand.</p> <p>"And this?" she purred, head lowering. "Do you like this?"</p> <p>Nesta licked across his broad head, tongue sliding into the small slit across its tip. She licked up the small bead of moisture already gathered there.</p> <p>Everything in her body turned molten; a surge of wetness slicked between her thighs as the taste of him filled her mouth, salt and something more, something vital.</p> <p>"Oh, gods," Cassian panted. And the words, the groan they were borne on, were so delicious that Nesta sucked his tip into her mouth and grazed her tongue along its underside.</p> <p>He leaned his head back against the chair, hissing.</p> <p>She licked up his shaft in one long motion. Rubbed her thighs together as she tasted him, felt all that hot, proud steel against her mouth. She licked down the other side, coating him, making it easier for herself as she put her mouth around him again and slid him between her lips. He filled her almost immediately, and she glanced down to discover there was enough of him still exposed that she needed to add her hand. "Nesta," he pleaded, and she made another pass at him, pulling him out nearly all the way before swallowing him again, letting her throat relax, desperate for as much of him in her mouth as could fit.</p> <p>Cassian's hand speared into her hair, gripping, and she realized he was holding himself back. Didn't want to ram himself into her, hurt her, displease her.</p> <p>And that wouldn't do. Not at all.</p> <p>She wanted him undone, wanted him grabbing her head and fucking her mouth as hard as he wished.</p> <p>So when Nesta took him into her mouth again, hand working in unison, she dragged her teeth. Lightly enough to hurt- just a bit.</p> <p>Cassian bucked, and she let him, swallowing him down greedily, squeezing him with her hand enough to tell him she wanted this, wanted him to let himself go.</p> <p>She withdrew her lips to the tip of him, rolling her tongue around him, and gazed at him from under her lashes.</p> <p>His eyes were on her, wide and glazed with lust.</p> <p>And when Cassian met her stare, beheld her looking up at him-</p> <p>He unleashed himself.</p> <p>He couldn't take it. It was torture, a special kind of torture, to have Nesta kneeling before him with his cock in her mouth and hand and not be able to roar with pleasure. But then she stared at him through her lashes, and the sight of her with his cock between her lips snapped something.</p> <p>...Cassian slid his other hand into her hair, fingers twining into her braided</p> |

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| | <p>coronet, and he thrust up into her mouth. She took him deep, and moaned so loudly it reverberated along his cock and straight into his balls. They tightened further, and release gathered in his spine, a scorching knot that had him arcing into her mouth again. He was utterly at her mercy.</p> <p>Nesta moaned once more, a soft encouragement, and Cassian needed nothing else. Gripping her hair, her scalp, holding her in place, he thrust his hips. She met him with each stroke, mouth and hand working in unison, until the slick heat of her, the teeth that sometimes grazed him, teased him, the tightness of her fist—they were unbearable, we all he cared about.</p> <p>Cassian fucked her mouth, and her moaning had him deciding he'd fuck the rest of her too. Strip those pants off her and drive into her so hard she's screaming his name to the ceiling.</p> <p>He made to pull out, but Nesta refused to move. He growled, his fingers clamping on her head to still her. "I want to be inside you," he managed to say, his voice like gravel.</p> <p>But Nesta looked up at him again from under her lashes, and he watched his length disappear into her mouth. His tip bumped against the back of her throat. Oh, gods. He clenched his teeth. "I want to finish inside you."</p> <p>Nesta only huffed a laugh, and sucked him down so deep that he couldn't stop it. Couldn't stop the release as he slid her other hand into his pants and cupped his balls, squeezing softly.</p> <p>Cassian came with a roar that shook the glasses on the table, arcing up into her as he spilled himself down her throat.</p> <p>She weathered it, weathered him, and when he'd stopped shuddering, she smoothly, gracefully, slid her mouth off him.</p> <p>Nesta held his stare while she swallowed. Swallowed down every ounce of what he'd spilled into her mouth.</p> <p>...Cassian panted, not caring that his cock was still out, slick and leaking, only that she was mere inches away and he was going to return this particular favor she'd given him.</p> <p>Nesta rose to her feet, eyes flicking to his cock. The heat in her gaze threatened to burn him...</p> <p>"Take off your pants," he growled.</p> <p>...He'd fuck her on this table. Right now. He didn't care about anything else...</p> <p>He needed to be inside her, to feel that hot tightness around him and claim her as she had claimed him.</p> <p>Nesta's fingers slid to the buttons and lace of her pants, and he shook as he watched them free the top button—</p> <p>Steps scuffed down the hall. A warning. From someone who knew how to remain silent.</p> <p>Cassian stiffened, then shoved his aching cock into his pants.</p> |
| 395 | Az took a bite. "You let her suck your cock in the middle of the dining room. At a table I'm currently using to eat my dinner..." |
| 398 | The taste of him lingered in her mouth, as if he'd branded himself onto her tongue. |

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| | <p>She'd lain awake in bed last night thinking of every stroke, every sound he'd made, still feeling the press of his fingers into her head as he'd thrust into her mouth. The memory alone had made her slide a hand between her legs, and she'd needed to find release twice before her body calmed enough to sleep.</p> |
| 402 | <p>And pity. Fuck, if she'd sucked him because she pitied him-</p> |
| 451 | <p>He nodded to the table between them, the floor where she'd knelt between his legs. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" ..."No, you didn't hurt me." She reached across the table, tracing a finger down his arm before meeting his eyes. "I loved it when you fucked my mouth, Cassian>" ..."Do you want to fuck me on this table?" she asked softly, running a hand over the smooth surface. ..."Yes," he said, voice guttural. "On this table, on this chair, on every surface in the House." "I don't think the House would appreciate such filthy behavior. Even it it's a romance reader as well." ...She leaned in to press a kiss against his torn mouth. ...Desire had fogged his eyes, and she knew if she looked down, she'd see the evidence of how affected he was. But she wouldn't giver herself that temptation. He'd be her reward... "When you're healed and looking pretty again, " she said, pulling away, "then I'll let you fuck me wherever you please in this House."</p> |
| 459 | <p>"Let go of the stones and bones, and then you and I can play," Cassian said, letting her sense his heat and need, forcing himself to remember that taunting kiss at dinner and her promise to let him fuck her wherever he wished in the House; what it had done to him, how much he'd ached. He let it all blaze in his eyes, let the scent of his arousal wrap around her. Everyone tensed as he leaned in, head dipping, and kissed her. ...Nipped at her bottom lip until he felt it drop a fraction. He slid his tongue into that opening, and found the inside of her mouth, usually so soft and warm, crusted with hoarfrost. ...So Cassian sent his heat into it, fusing their mouths together, his free hand bracing her hip as his Siphons nipped at her hand once more. Her mouth opened wider, and he slid his tongue over every inch- over her frozen teeth, over the roof of her mouth. Warming, softening, freezing. Her tongue lifted to meet his in a single stroke that cracked the ice in her mouth. He slanted his mouth over her, tugging her against his chest, and tasted her as he'd wanted to taste her the other night, deep and thorough and claiming. Her tongue again brushed against his, and then her body was warming, and Cassian pulled back enough to say against her lips, "Let go, Nesta." He drove his mouth into hers again, daring her to unleash that cold fire upon him.</p> |
| 512 | <p>Nesta stood, water sluicing off her, her hair plastering to her breasts and doing nothing to hide her peaked nipples beneath. ...With each uneven lift, she began to throb between her legs, as if her body answered his own. Yes, her body seemed to say. This- him. ...If he wouldn't climb into the bath, then she'd have to go to him.</p> |

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| | <p>...Another step upward had her sex bared to him.</p> <p>...Cassian lifted his focus to her face as she walked to him, water dripping off her body. "You want to do this?" he breathed.</p> <p>"Yes." She stopped a foot away, her wet hair draped along her torso, and stared up into his face.</p> <p>..."Just sex."</p> <p>..."Right. Just sex."</p> <p>..."Then I'll take whatever you offer me." He leaned in, his body still not touching hers, and said against her ear, "And I'll take you however you wish me to."</p> <p>Her toes curled on the stones, her hair dripping. "And if I wish to taky you?"</p> <p>He smiled against her ear. "Then I'll beg you to ride me into oblivion."</p> <p>She went molten...she knew he could scent the wetness building between her thighs.</p> <p>Cassian gently pulled her wet hair from her breasts. Her breathing came in sharp pants as he traced the tip of a finger around her nipple. Then did it again.</p> <p>...that one finger, circling her nipple, her entire body throbbing with need.</p> <p>Cassian flicked her nipple, a hard, sharp bite that made her whimper.</p> <p>..."Do what you want."</p> <p>He circled her nipple again, a predator playing with his dinner. "That doesn't sound very exciting, do what you want." He clamped her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, the demand in it enough that she looked up at his face.</p> <p>..."The way you sometimes look at me makes me think such filthy things, Nesta."</p> <p>"Do them. Do all of them."</p> <p>He pinched her nipple just short of drawing pain, and she arched into the touch, a silent plea for more, for him to unleash himself. "We don't have time in one night for all the things I want to do to you, with you. Every place I want to touch and fill you."</p> <p>She rubbed her thighs together, desperate for any friction. "Then do your best."</p> <p>Cassian laughed darkly, but his other hand came up to her untouched breast, circling as well. She watched his light brown fingers play against her pale skin, watched him touch her like he wanted to map every inch of her body and had all the time in the world to do it. Below his waist, she could just make out his hardness.</p> <p>"Do you want to suck me again?" he whispered against her ear. "Do you want me down your throat again?"</p> <p>Nesta let out a confirming whimper.</p> <p>"Did you still taste me days later?"</p> <p>...His fingers clamped on her nipples, drawing just enough pain that she went wholly wet. "Did you?"</p> <p>"Yes. I tasted you for days." The words tumbled out, and with them, clarity and hunger sharpened her focus. Ripped her from that needy daze. "I've thought about your cock in my mouth every night since, while I had my hand between my legs."</p> <p>He growled, and she skimmed a hand against his hardness, squeezing. She lifted her head and met his darkened stare, baring her teeth. "I thought about your head between my legs, too," she said..."and how your tongue slid into me." She squeezed him again.</p> |

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| | <p>Cassian groaned, and his thumbs caressed her too-sensitive nipples. Nesta put her other hand on his chest, backing him toward the bed, and he went willingly, letting her set the pace, the location. "I promised that you could fuck me wherever you wanted in the House," she said, her voice a deep, rolling purr that she barely recognized. The backs of his thighs hit the bed, and he halted her, one hand dropping to her waist to steady him. "But this isn't the House." His breathing rasped around them as she smiled up at his drawn taut feature. "So I think that means we'll fuck wherever I want."</p> <p>Cassian grinned, and the hand at her waist swept down to cup her bare ass. He squeezed one cheek. "As long as I still get to fuck you in the House."</p> <p>...His hand drifted further south, between her legs, feeling her from behind. His fingers brushed against the wetness pooled there, and he swore, drawing his hand back, holding it between them. Her wetness gleamed on his two fingers, and his eyes glittered with predatory intent as he lifted them to his mouth and licked them, one by one.</p> <p>Her body ached, clamping around emptiness, desperate for something to fill it. For him to fill it. She stroked her fingers down the length of his cock, still trapped within his pants. And as she made a second pass, he slanted his mouth over hers. ...She bit his lower lip. And then he was grabbing her to him, crushing their bodies together, both hands now gripping her ass as he pressed her against his length. Their open mouths clashed and met, and she tasted herself on his tongue, her fingers grappling in his silken hair, dragging against his scalp.</p> <p>Cassian twisted, flipping them, and then she was lying flat against the mattress as he stood before her.</p> <p>He tore his mouth away as he propped her legs on the bed, folding them at the knees. As he tugged her to the mattress's edge, so that her sex was on display for him.</p> <p>He knelt, wings rising above him, and dragged his tongue clean up her center. Nesta moaned at the same moment he did, and he let her writhe, as if he knew it'd torment her more to undulate, but to have nothing to fill her, not until he wished it. He gave her another savoring lick, lingering at the apex of her thighs, sucking the bundle of nerves into his mouth, nipping with his teeth, before he began again.</p> <p>Again. Again.</p> <p>He was devouring her, melting her body like a piece of chocolate on his tongue. She couldn't endure it, and she clasped her own breast, desperate for more touch, more sensation. He looked up from between her legs and marked her hand kneading her breast. Marked it and smiled...</p> <p>..."Do you like seeing me kneel before you?" he asked, the words rumbling into her very core. He dipped his tongue into her. "You taste like you do."</p> <p>Nesta arched, thrusting herself further onto his tongue, but Cassian only laughed against her and denied her what she wished. He gave her another slow, slow lick from base to top, and as she reached that bundle of nerves, he slid two fingers into her.</p> <p>Two, not one, because he seemed to know she was already waiting for him, that she wanted him unbound and rough and wild. She bowed off the bed, and he thrust his fingers in again..."How do you want it?"</p> |

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| | <p>He pumped his hand into her again, wringing out her reply. "Hard," she gasped. "Thank the Mother," he swore, and she heard metal clicking and leather whispering, and then his tongue caressed her again, past that bundle of nerves, up her stomach, to her breasts, until he was over her.</p> <p>Cassian moved her further onto the bed. She didn't care that her legs fell open for him, only cared that he was now naked, and all that rippling muscle and golden skin gleamed above her.</p> <p>He lowered himself to the cradle of her thighs...</p> <p>...She framed his face in her hands and kissed him savagely, her tongue scraping over his teeth as she ground their mouths together.</p> <p>The broad tip of his cock nudged at her entrance, slipping in the slickness there, and he reached down to guide himself in.</p> <p>At Cassian's first prod into her body, fire erupted within her. She panted into his mouth, nipping at his bottom lip as he eased himself in. Just an inch.</p> <p>He halted. He was large enough that the stretching was edged in sweetest pain-large enough that she wondered if she'd be able to fit all of him. He trembled, holding himself barely inside her, as if her were now wondering the same.</p> <p>His hesitation, his care, melted some ice-cold shard within her.</p> <p>...Nesta gripped his ass, muscles flexing beneath her fingertips, and hauled him into her.</p> <p>Only another inch. Only another inch, because Cassian braced his arms against the bed, hips pulling against her hold. "I'll hurt you."</p> <p>"I don't care." She ran her tongue over his jaw.</p> <p>"I do," he ground out, body straining as she attempted to pull him into her.</p> <p>"Nesta."</p> <p>Her fingers dug in again, her very blood and bones crying out for more of him, but he refused to move.</p> <p>"Nesta. Look at me."</p> <p>Fighting the roaring of her body, she obeyed. Heat blazed in his eyes, and something more than that.</p> <p>...His hips flexed, and he slid in another inch- then retreated nearly to her edge. Their breathing synced, and Nesta still beneath him, a feeling of utter calm, utter fullness spreading through her as his hips moved again, and he pushed back in, a little farther this time.</p> <p>Cassian held her gaze through each small thrust, each retreat. He stretched her, filling her inch by inch, and Nesta knew he'd been right to go slow for this first joining.</p> <p>Retreating and advancing, Cassian filled her.</p> <p>...He pulled outward again, the movement long enough this time that she knew he was nearly all the way in. He halted, his cock barely inside her...</p> <p>...Cassian leaned down to kiss her. And as his tongue slid into her mouth, he thrust home in a mighty, final push.</p> <p>Nesta moaned as he slammed to the hilt, and the full impace of him hit her, stretched her, and she couldn't breathe fast enough. Cassien withdrew again, and slammed back into her, propelling their bodies farther onto the bed.</p> <p>He groaned this time, and the sound was her undoing. She wrapped her legs around his back...and lifted her hips to meet his. He sank even deeper, and she</p> |

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| | <p>dug her nails into his shoulders.</p> <p>Gods- nothing had ever felt so good, so full, so burning with pleasure. Nothing had ever felt like this, nothing.</p> <p>Cassian set the pace, smooth and deep, and for a moment, it was all Nesta could do to match him stroke for stroke. For a moment, she looked between their bodies to where his cock plunged into her, so thick and long and gleaming with her that she tightened around him, her release already building.</p> <p>He felt her inner muscles squeeze him harder and growled, "Fuck, Nesta."</p> <p>And she liked seeing him undone enough that she did it again, clenching on him just as he seated himself fully. He arched into it, fingers digging into the bed.</p> <p>"Fuck," he repeated.</p> <p>..."I want you deeper."</p> <p>Cassian panted, eyes wild, as she crawled out of his arms. As she turned onto her stomach and lifted her backside for him, offering herself.</p> <p>He made a low sound of need. She arched her hips higher, inviting him to take, to feast.</p> <p>...He was on her in an instant, lifting her hip higher as he sheathed himself in a single thrust. Nesta screamed then, a sound of such pleasure she knew it echoed off the mountain, feeling him hit the deepest spot of her.</p> <p>Cassian pounded into her, a hand moving her hip to her hair, tugging her head back, baring her throat. She gave herself over to it, to him, and the lack of control was heady, so pleasurable that she could barely stand it. He thrust harder, so deep with this angle that she might have been screaming again, might have been sobbing.</p> <p>His other hand drifted between her legs, his cock pounding into her, her hair gripped like reins in one hand, her pleasure in his other. She was utterly at his mercy, and he knew it- he was snarling with desire, slamming home so hard his balls slapped against her.</p> <p>The silken touch had her erupting.</p> <p>Her climax crashed upon her, out of her, her inner muscles clenching him tight.</p> <p>Cassian roared, the sound echoing through the room, and he became utterly wild as release found him and he spilled into her with such force that his seed ran down her thighs.</p> <p>And then his weight fell upon her back, and only his arm that he threw out to brace them kept them from collapsing.</p> <p>...Cassian lay buried in her, and it felt so good, so right, that she wanted him always this deep in her, his seed spilling down her legs, forever.</p> <p>..."I've made a mess of you."</p> <p>She buried her face in the blanket. "I like it."</p> <p>Cassian went still, but he gently extracted himself from her in a long, long pull. He dragged his seed with him, and another rush of it trickled down her thighs, dripping on the blanket, as he pulled out fully.</p> <p>...She felt him kneeling behind her, staring at the ass she still held upward, the view it presented.</p> <p>"I shouldn't enjoy seeing that so much," he growled.</p> <p>Her breasts tightened. But she asked coyly, "Seeing what?"</p> <p>"You. Covered in me. That beautiful sex of your."</p> |

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| | <p>...Nesta twisted, her legs and core drenched in his essence and hers... ... "Just sex, right?" ... "Right." ... "Thanks for the ride, Nes." He winked and he was gone. She stared at the door, puzzling over his exit, so swift that his seed still leaked out of her. ...She had proof of his enjoyment between her legs, but males could find their pleasure and still not deem it good.</p> |
| 530 | <p>Something to do with her only wanting sex, something to do with the sex being the best damn sex he'd ever had, and how it had left him in veritable pieces.</p> |
| 532 | <p>Every thought of sex, of how good it had felt, eddied from her head as she lifted the blade before her.</p> |
| 537 | <p>He hadn't sought her out last night... ...The sex had been that good...</p> |
| 573 | <p>"How could I be so selfish- to demand more sex from you when you're so invested in training?" ... "I enjoyed myself too much. I've thought about it for days and days. " ...He loved this...seeing how he affected her. "Have you been touching yourself at night, thinking about it like I do?" ... "Have those sweet little fingers felt as good as mine?" ...He nipped at her earlobe, drawing a gasp from her. "Well?" "I don't know," she whispered. "I'd have to see again." "Hmm." Cassian lowered his mouth, pressing a kiss beneath her ear. His cock hardened, already aching against his pants, "Shall we do a little side-by-side comparison?" She whimpered, and he crawled onto the bed, straddling her legs. His blood pounded through every inch of him, in time to the pulse in his cock, and he pulled away from her neck to find her eyes bright with desire. ...Her nightgown was rucked up her thighs, and he ran a hand over one of them, thumb stroking the sleek muscles building there. "Why don't you show me how you touch yourself, Nesta? And then I'll remind you how I touch you." ... "You can tell me what feels better." Her chest heaved, her pebbled breasts peeked through the nightgown. His mouth watered, body trembling with the restraint needed to keep from putting his mouth over them. She seemed to read every line of his body, his desire. Her eyes glinted with molten fire. "While I...touch myself, you are forbidden to touch me." ... "And forbidden to touch yourself." His skin heated, stretching too tight over his bones. "All right." Cassian waiting for her to nestle into the pillows, but she grabbed the hem of her nightgown to pull over herself, bunching it into a ball before chucking it to the floor. Every thought eddied from his mind as she half-reclined there, utterly naked, those beautiful breasts peaked and waiting for him, her silken flesh near-glowing. And between her legs...She drew her knees up slightly, spreading them. Baring herself.</p> |

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| | <p>Her pink sex gleamed- its heady, seductive scent beckoning. He needed to taste it, to feel her on his tongue, on his cock-</p> <p>"No touching," Nesta purred, because his hand had been drifting toward his cock, desperate for any sort of relief from the sight of her open and bare, the faelights gilding her.</p> <p>His breath rasped in his throat- and then vanished entirely as Nesta slid two delicate fingers down her body. They stopped atop that bundle of nerves, circling slowly.</p> <p>...she watched him observe her as she made another circle, and then moved lower. A slow torturous slide down her center before her wrist curved, and she dipped her fingers into herself.</p> <p>Cassian groaned, hips bucking a bit where he knelt...</p> <p>...He stilled, unable to think about anything other than her two fingers as she slid them into herself again, and moaned. They emerged shining with her wetness, and he might have been panting as she plunged them into herself a third time, deep and slow.</p> <p>"This," she breathed, her fingers beginning to slow, steady pump, "is what I do when I think of you every night."</p> <p>If she so much as touched him, he'd come. But he growled, "Do it harder."</p> <p>She shivered as if his words were a physical touch, and obeyed. They both groaned this time, and he found himself saying, "Please."</p> <p>He didn't know what it meant- only that he needed to touch her.</p> <p>Nesta smiled at him with feline amusement. "Not yet."</p> <p>She drove her hand between her legs again. "I imagine you taking me, over and over again. Rough, like we did before."</p> <p>..."I imagine you less patient than you were the first time, just thrusting into me, all the way." She echoed her words with a swift plunge of her fingers.</p> <p>"I don't want to hurt you," he got out, praying to the Mother and the Cauldron to maintain his sanity.</p> <p>"You won't hurt me." Her other hand teased that bundle of nerves. "I want you unleashed."</p> <p>Cassian made a low noise of need.</p> <p>..."Do you want to watch me come? Or do you want to taste it?"</p> <p>"Taste." He'd beg on hot coals for one lick of her.</p> <p>She spread her legs wider. "Then have at me, Cassian."</p> <p>...He gripped her thighs and spread them wide, and then his mouth was on her, licking her from base to apex in a long, luxurious slide.</p> <p>She moaned, louder than the first time, and he only grabbed her legs again, hooking them over his shoulders as he buried his face against her.</p> <p>...He feasted with tongue and lips and teeth, and every taste of her made the roaring in his blood rise like a mighty wave within him. Nesta ground against him, toes tickling his wings so much he had to pause for a moment to keep from coming at that mere touch. He'd teach her wingplay later. Because he wanted her to touch his wings, to learn where to stroke while he fucked her so that he'd come hard enough to see stars, to learn what places to stroke even while he wasn't fucking her so he'd come in her hand, her mouth.</p> <p>He slid his tongue into her core, release already building under his skin, in his</p> |

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| | <p>spine.</p> <p>...The sight of her on the pillows, naked and open for him, nearly made him come. But he removed his shirt. His pants.</p> <p>Only when he was naked, kneeling between her legs, his cock jutting forward, did he say, "Do you want my fingers, my tongue, or my cock, Nesta?" He fisted the last item for her, pumping himself in a slow, nearly painful squeeze. She watched, eyes widening, as if remembering the size of him inside her.</p> <p>"What of a side-by-side comparison?" She managed to say...as he pumped himself again, savoring how it made her breath catch.</p> <p>"Whatever you want. Whatever you need from me."</p> <p>...But she only looked at his cock. "I want that. Now."</p> <p>He muttered a prayer of thanks to the Mother and lay over her, bracing himself on his arms. "Put me inside you."</p> <p>When Nesta's hand wrapped around him, he arched, gritting his teeth. She smiled at that, and pumped him as hard as he'd pumped himself, just this side of pain. Then she fitted him to her drenched entrance.</p> <p>He didn't wait this time. Didn't go tenderly, not when she told him she wanted it otherwise.</p> <p>Cassian plunged into her, driving to the hilt.</p> <p>Nesta let out a sound somewhere between a moan and a scream, and he found himself echoing it all as her silken, blazing heat gripped him. She was so perfectly, mind-meltingly tight. As if she'd been made for him, and he'd been made for her. Cassian drew out in a long slide, and thrust back, seating himself fully. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders, the pain of it secondary, the pain of it a pleasure as she marked him.</p> <p>He withdrew again, lowering his head to watch his cock slide out of her, gleaming with her wetness- and then enter her anew. Every inch into that tight, blazing core of her was paradise and torment, and he needed more, needed to be deeper, needed to crawl so far inside her that there would be no disentangling them.</p> <p>Her nails sliced through his skin, and the tang of his blood filled the air. He just leaned down to kiss her. She parted for him instantly, and he let her taste herself on his tongue, moving his own in time to his thrusts.</p> <p>Nesta wrapped her lips around his tongue and sucked on it as she had his cock, and any sane thought faded away. Gathering her to him, Cassian knelt, her legs locking around his waist as he thrust up and up and up into her. She tipped her head back, baring her throat, and he bit down on the center of it, hard enough to leave a mark.</p> <p>Nesta moved on his cock, and he drove deeper into her. Scraped his teeth over her neck.</p> <p>She let go of his shoulder to cup her breast, and he nearly climaxed as he found her lifting it up toward him in a silent command.</p> <p>Cassia licked her nipple, and she ground onto him, those delicate inner muscles clenching tight. "Fuck," he said around her breast. She laughed breathily and did it again.</p> <p>Then there was only his tongue and teeth at her breast, the near-savage pounding of his cock into her tight warmth, the rhythm of her hips as she met him for each</p> |

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| | <p>stroke, as if trying to work him even deeper. He dragged his mouth from her breast to bite her neck, her shoulder, sealing their bodies together, fusing them into one being as he thrust deeper still, harder still.</p> <p>And then her fingers around his wings.</p> <p>...Release barreled into him, and he rammed up into her in such a mighty thrust that she screamed, climaxing with him. She clamped around him, pulsing and milking, and he bucked, frenzied, reduced to this need to be in her, to spill into her, to spill as much of him as he could.</p> <p>Nesta rode him until he'd stopped spurting, until her pleasure had her draped over his chest, an arm still outstretched toward his wing.</p> <p>They clung to each other...to remember what the fuck his name was and where they were.</p> <p>...Wrapped around Cassian where he knelt in the center of the bed, his hands still digging into her ass to hold her in place, his cock buried deeply inside her, she didn't want to move.</p> <p>...He was trembling, his wing twitching as his cock at last finished spending itself.</p> <p>...feeling his seed inside her, leaking out of h. And the fact that she did had her climbing away at last, moaning softly as she slid off his cock.</p> <p>She knelt before him, nearly knee to knee. "I still need more."</p> <p>Cassian's head lifted..."I know."</p> <p>...She needed him back inside her, needed his weight, his mouth and teeth on her.</p> <p>...And then, to her shock and delight, Cassian hardened before her eyes. "Do you see what you do to me?" he asked. "Do you see what happens every time I look at you, all fucking day?"</p> <p>..."I vaguely recall you boasting weeks ago that I would be the one to crawl into your bed. It seems like you did the crawling."</p> <p>..."Get on your hands and knees," he ordered, his voice so low she could barely understand him. But her blood heated, and an ache that had nothing to do with how hard he'd just taken her began to build between her legs once more.</p> <p>So Nesta did as he bade, baring herself, still wet and gleaming with both of their releases.</p> <p>He snarled with satisfaction. "Beautiful." She whimpered a bit- because beneath the praise, pure lust simmered. He growled "Put your hands on the headboard."</p> <p>...Cassian rose behind her, gripping her hips. He knocked a knee against each of her own, spreading her legs wider. Callused fingertips brushed down the length of her spine...</p> <p>...He leaned to whisper in her ear, "Hold on tight."</p> |
| 584 | <p>Sleep had been elusive as he'd thought of what they'd done, what he'd done to her. The second time had been even rougher than the first, and she'd taken everything he'd thrown at her, met his demanding pace and depth, and had held that headboard until her body collapsed with pleasure. Gods, sex with Nesta was like...</p> |
| 613 | <p>Nesta endured all of a minute until she'd needed to touch him, and had pivoted, letting him continue devouring her while she'd stretched down his body and taken him into her mouth.</p> <p>She'd never done that- feasted and been feasted upon- and he'd come on her</p> |

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| | <p>tongue just before she'd come on his. They'd waited only a short time, panting in silence on her bed, before she climbed over him, stroking him with her hand, then her mouth, and when he was ready, she'd sunk onto him, taking in each marvelous, thick inch. With him stretching and filling her so deliciously, she'd climaxed swiftly. He'd chased her pleasure with his own, gripping her hips and bucking into her, hitting that perfect spot and sending her climaxing again. She'd been slightly, pleasantly sore this morning, and he'd winked at her across the breakfast table, as if aware of how tender certain areas were while sitting.</p> |
| 679 | <p>They only made it as far as his desk against the wall before she'd grabbed him-right as he'd pushed her down onto the wooden surface and stripped off her pants.</p> <p>Bent over the desk, her bottom half entirely exposed, Nesta ground her aching nipples into the wood surface, savoring the brutal crush. Her jacket, her shirt, her boots- all stayed on. In fact, her pants were only pushed down to her ankles, restricting her movement further. Leaving her utterly at his mercy.</p> <p>And his cock at last sank deep into her, the two of them groaned. He stood behind her, on hand braced on the desk, the other clenching her hip as he pulled out nearly to the tip, then pushed back in slowly. Nesta writhed.</p> <p>"I could fuck you for days," he said against her sweaty neck. She moaned into a pile of papers. "I'm fucking soaked with you," he growled, and the hand at her hip slid around to tease the apex of her thighs.</p> <p>At the first taunting stroke, she breathed, "Cassian."</p> <p>He pounded into her at a steady, deep pace. The liquid slide of his cock into her sounded obscenely through his otherwise silent bedroom. His balls brushed against her, tickling her with each powerful thrust. "Harder." She wanted him imprinted on her very bones. "Harder."</p> <p>"Fuck," he exploded on a breath, and pulled back from where he'd braced himself. "Hold on to the desk," he ordered, and Nesta stretched to grip the edges just as his hands landed on her hips. His thighs pushed into her own, spreading her further- as wide as she could go- and he gave no warning before his hands tightened and he unleashed himself.</p> <p>Exquisite, punishing thrusts slammed so deep he hit her innermost wall, and her eyes rolled back into her head at the sheer bliss of it. He became savage, unrelenting. She might have been sobbing at the pleasure, th sheer size of him, so large there would never be any getting used to it. Every unrelenting push had her inching against the desk, the wood and papers teasing her breasts, and she nearly wept at that, to.</p> <p>Cassian's fingers dug into her hips so hard Nesta knew she'd bruise, loved that she'd bruise. He shifted his stance, and his cock plunged even deeper, rubbing against that spot, and the sounds that came from her weren't human or Fae, but something far more primal.</p> <p>"Fuck, yes," he snarled at her abandon. "That's it, Nesta." He accentuated each word with a savage thrust. "Do I feel good to you?"</p> <p>She whimpered her confirmation, then managed to say, "I like it when you ride me hard. Every time I move and my body is sore..." She had to fight for words. For control. "I think of you. Of your cock."</p> <p>"Good. I want my cock to be the only thing you think about." His pace faltered as</p> |

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| | <p>he licked the column of her neck. She could hear the taunting smile in his words as he whispered, "Because your pretty little cunt is the only thing I think about." At the words, his foul language, her toes curled. But she wouldn't let him win this one, not when this had somehow become a competition for who could make the other come first, so she whispered, "I love being so covered in your seed that it leaks out of me for ages afterward. I love feeling it slide down my thighs and knowing you left your mark in me."</p> <p>"Fuck," he blew out, his pounding wild now, so unchecked only her hold on the desk kept her feet on the ground. "Fuck!"</p> <p>Cassian came with a roar, and at the first pulse of his cock spurting deep into her, she climaxed, screaming loud enough that he clamped a hand over her mouth. She bit down on his fingers, and he kept moving in her spilling himself over and over. Until his seed was again running down her thighs, until he slid his fingers through a stream of it and brought it up to that spot at the apex of her sex. "You have no idea what you just started," he whispered in her ear, smearing his wetness there, rubbing into her sensitive flesh with idle circles.</p> <p>Nesta didn't reply as his fingers flicked against her, and she came again.</p> |
| 682 | <p>She took Cassian to her bed every night and sometimes during the day, though they never slept in each other's rooms. Not once. They fucked, they savaged each other, and then they parted.</p> |
| 722 | <p>The vision shifted, and they writhed on a great black bed, the golden skin of Lanthy's back shining as he moved inside her. Such pleasure- she had never known such pleasure with anyone. Only he could fuck her like this, driving so deep, her body warm and supple and wet for him, and soon, soon his seed would take root in her womb and the child she would bear him would rule entire universes-</p> <p>...Her body was not his to touch, to fill with life. And she had known pleasure richer than what he'd shown her.</p> |
| 747 | <p>Even with Cassian fucking her on every surface of the House, sometimes until the early hours of the morning, the exhaustion, the purple bruises under her eyes, had vanished.</p> <p>She told herself it didn't matter that he never stayed in her bed afterward to hold her.</p> <p>...Even if he feasted on her each night as if he were starving. Gripped her thighs in his powerful hands and licked and suckled at her until she writhed. Sometimes she straddled his face, hands clenching the headboard, and rode his tongue until she came on it. Sometimes it was her tongue on him, around him, and she swallowed down every drop he spilled into her mouth. Sometimes he spilled on her chest, her stomach, her back, and she came at the first splash of him on her skin.</p> |
| 799 | <p>The kiss was punishing and exalting thorough and frenzied, a claiming and a yielding. She had no words for it. She flung her arms around him, pressing as close as she could get, meeting his tongue stroke for stroke.</p> <p>He growled and nudged her back toward the bed, his mouth devouring and tasting and saying everything she couldn't yet voice, but one day, maybe soon, she could. For him, she'd fight to find the courage to say it.</p> |

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| | <p>The backs of her legs hit the mattress, and he broke their kiss to attend to their clothes.</p> <p>She expected tearing and rending. But he gently removed her dress, fingers trembling as they unhooked each button down the back of her gown. Her own trembled as se removed his shirt.</p> <p>Then they were naked, and staring at each other again with those unspoken words in their eyes, and she let him lay her upon the bed. Let him climb atop her. There was nothing rough or wild about what followed.</p> <p>She didn't want his head between her legs. Didn't even want his fingers. When he slid one down the center of her, she let him feel that she was ready and then took his hand, interlacing their fingers as her other wrapped around his cock and guided him toward her.</p> <p>He nudged her entrance, and then halted.</p> <p>...And then Cassian kissed her deeply as he slid home.</p> <p>She gasped. Not at the fullness of having him inside her- but at the fullness of having him inside her- but at that thing in her chest. The thing that thundered and beat wildly as he looked at her again, slid out nearly to the tip, and thrust back in. On that second thrust, the thing in her chest- her heart...On that second thrust, it yielded entirely to him.</p> <p>On his third, he kissed her again.</p> <p>On the fourth, Nesta twined her arms around his head and neck and held him there as she kissed and kissed and kissed him.</p> <p>On the fifth...Cassian pulled away, as if sensing it, and his eyes flared as they met her own.</p> <p>But he kept moving in her, making lover to her thoroughly, unhurriedly. So Nesta let all that lay beyond those iron walls unspool toward him. Thread after thread of pure golden light flowed into him, and he met with his own. Where those threads wove together, life glowed like starfire, and she had never seen anything more beautiful, felt anything more beautiful.</p> <p>She was crying, and she didn't know why- only that she wanted it to end, this binding between them, the feeling of him moving so deep in her that wanted him imprinted beneath her skin. His tears dripped onto her face, and she reached up to brush them away. He leaned his head into her hand nuzzling her palm.</p> <p>"Say it," Cassian whispered against her skin.</p> <p>...Nesta waited until he thrust again, driving as deep into her he'd ever gone, and "You're mine."</p> <p>He groaned, thrusting hard.</p> <p>She whispered, "And I am yours."</p> <p>..."Nesta." She heard the plea in her name. He was close, and wanted her to go with him. Wanted to tumble into ecstasy together.</p> <p>Cassian lowered his head to her breast, teeth clamping around her nipple as his tongue flicked against it.</p> <p>It was all Nesta needed to spur her toward climax. She moaned, and he did it again, timing his tongue to the hard thrust of his cock. Again, again.</p> <p>...Release blasted through her...</p> <p>...Cassian roared as he came, and the sound was the summons of a hunt...</p> |

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| 803 | Nesta reached up to kiss him. One kiss led to another and another, and hunger rose like the tide within her, between them. And then Cassian was moving in her again, faster and harder, and time ceased to exit once more. ...Cassian pulled out of her and collapsed against the bed. |
| 806 | She'd become desperate enough for him that her hand now slid between her legs in the bath, in bed, even during lunch in her room. But release left her empty, as if her body knew it needed him in her, filling her. |
| 826 | Fucking usually happened at lunch or random times, against a wall or bent over a desk or straddling his lap, impaling herself on him again and again. Sometimes it started off as fucking and became the tender, intense thing she called lovemaking. Sometimes the lovemaking dissolved into frantic fucking. She could never tell what would happen, which was part of why she could never get enough. |

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|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 15 |
| Bitch | 2 |
| Cock | 34 |
| Fuck | 59 |
| Piss | 2 |
| Shit | 19 |

DEO GRATIAS

A TALE OF

RWANDA

J.P. STASSEN



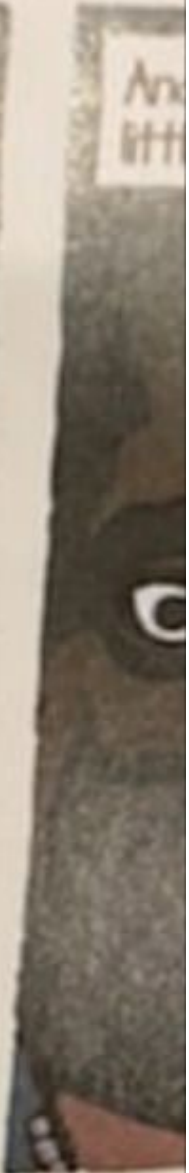




Deogratias!
Do you have
any news?



Aw, o'mon, Deogratias,
don't be modest. You
did good, that little
whore got nicely
fucked.



And
litt

maria?

... The black one, Deognatias had already fucked her: so he left her to us. But the mulatta, he kept her pussy for himself. That's the kinda guy Deognatias is: he likes refined stuff!

Julius, stop.

Ha! Ha! The whore was a virgin!



.... And it's such a shame, when you think about it. All those beauties who won't be sharing their soft little thighs with anyone anymore. All those sweet pieces of ass hacked to bits with machetes What a waste!

I still mono myself this bombshell to see her







at on
are you
about?



For the sergeant, he's white, so it was
easy... I just put the poison in the
beer bottle. He didn't
worry that it was
already opened.

Deogratias



poison
to go
of the



Deogratias,
in the name of
heaven...?

A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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This book contains sexual nudity; obscene explicit sexual activities; mild profanity; and violence.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 134 | <p>"You had put your hands all over her." I had done my job too much with every instance I'd found ways to get Lucien to touch me in her presence, in Tamlin's presence.</p> |
| 199 | <p>I braced my hands on his hips, fully ready to slide beneath his jacket, needing to touch bare skin, but Rhys straightened, pulling back. Still close enough that one of his hands remained on my waist, but the other-</p> |
| 204 | <p>...as surely as his body now held me. "I missed every moment," Rhys said, leaning down to kiss the corner of my mouth. "Your smile." His lips grazed over the shell of my ear and my back arched slightly. "Your laugh." He pressed a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear, and I tilted my head to give him access, biting down the urge to beg him to take more, to take faster as he murmured, "Your scent." My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to cup my rear, squeezing as he bent to kiss the center of my throat. "The sounds you make when I'm inside you." His tongue flicked over the spot where he'd kissed, and one of those sounds indeed escaped me. Rhys kissed the hollow of my collarbone, and my core went utterly molten. "My brave, bold, brilliant mate." He lifted his head, and it was an effort to open my eyes. ...his hands roved lazy lines down my back, over my rear, then up again. "I love you," he said. ...Tears burned my eyes again, slipping free before I could control myself. Rhys leaned in to lick them away. One ..."You have a choice," he murmured against my cheekbone. "Either I lick every inch of you clean..." His hand grazed the tip of my breast, circling lazily. ..."Or you can get into the bath..." ..."...I thought I'd be a good mate and offer you a bath before I ravish you wholly." ..."As much as I'd like to see you attempt to lick off a week's worth of dirt, sweat, and blood..." His eyes gleamed with the challenge... ...He leaned against the doorway, watching me peel off my torn and stained jacket. ...His voice roughened as he tracked each movement of my fingers while I unlaced my boots. ..."You're taking too long," he said, jerking his chin toward the bath. My breasts tightened at the slight growl lacing his words. He watched that, too. And I smiled to myself, arching my back a bit more than necessary as I removed my shirt and tossed it to the marble floor. ...Rhys made a low noise that sounded vaguely like a whimper as he took in my bare torso. As he took in my breasts, now heavy and aching, badly enough that I had to swallow my plea to forget this bath entirely. But I pretended not to notice as I unbuttoned my pants and let them fall to the floor. Along with my undergarments. Rhys's eyes simmered. I smirked, daring a look at his own pants. At the evidence of what, exactly, this was doing to him, pressing against the black material with impressive demand. I simply crooned, "Too bad there isn't room in the tub for two."</p> |

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| | <p>“A design flaw, and one I shall remedy tomorrow.” His voice was rough, quiet- and it slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs.</p> <p>...I somehow managed to walk, to climb into the tub. Somehow remembered how to bathe myself.</p> <p>Rhys remained leaning against the doorway the entire time, silently watching with that unrelenting focus.</p> <p>I might have taken longer washing certain areas. And might have made sure he saw it.</p> <p>...But Rhys made no move to pounce, even when I toweled off and brushed out my tangled hair. As if the restraint...it was part of the game, too.</p> <p>My bare toes curled on the marble floor as I set down my brush on the sink vanity, every inch of my body aware of where he stood in the doorway, aware of his eyes upon me in the mirror’s reflection.</p> <p>“All clean,” I declared, my voice hoarse as I met his stare in the mirror. I could have sworn only darkness and stars swirled beyond his shoulders.</p> <p>...But the predatory hunger on his face...</p> <p>I turned, my fingers trembling slightly as a I clutched my towel around me.</p> <p>Rhys only extended a hand, his own fingers shaking. Even the towel was abrasive against my too-sensitive skin as I laid my hand on his, his calluses scraping as they closed over my fingers. I wanted them scraping all over me.</p> <p>But he simply led me into the bedroom, step after step, the muscles of his broad back shifting beneath his jacket. And lower, the sleek, powerful cut of thighs, his ass-</p> <p>I was going to devour him. From head to toe. I was going to devour him-</p> <p>But Rhys paused before the bed, releasing my hand and facing me from the safety of a step away. And it was the expression on his face as he traced a still-tender spot on my cheekbone that checked the heat threatening to raze my senses.</p> <p>...I let my towel drop to the carpet.</p> <p>Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart racing beneath my palm.</p> <p>“Ready for ravishing.” My words didn’t come out with the swagger I’d intended. Not whin Rhys’s answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. “I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities.”</p> <p>He lifted a finger, and my breath came hard and fast as he idly circled one of my breasts, then the other. In ever-tightening rings. “I could start here,” he murmured.</p> <p>I clenched my thighs together. He noted the movement, that dark smile growing. And just before his finger reached the tip of my breast, just before he gave me what I was about to beg for, his finger slid upward- to my chest, my neck, my chin. Right to my mouth.</p> <p>He traced the shape of my lips, a whisper of touch. “Or I could start here,” he breathed, slipping the tip of his finger into my mouth.</p> <p>I couldn’t help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger.</p> <p>But Rhys withdrew his finger with a soft groan, making a downward path. Along my neck. Chest. Straight over a nipple. He paused there, flicking it once, then smoothed his thumb over the small hurt.</p> |

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| | <p>I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past my breast.</p> <p>He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, "Or.."</p> <p>I couldn't think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. "Or?" I managed to breathe.</p> <p>His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched- we both watched- his broad finger venture down. "Or I could start here," he said, the words guttural and raw.</p> <p>I didn't care- not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. "Here would be nice," he observed, his breathing uneven. "Or maybe even here," he finished, and plunged that finger inside me.</p> <p>I groaned, gripping his arm, nails digging into the muscles beneath- muscles that shifted as he pumped his finger once, twice. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising. "Well? Where shall I begin, Feyre darling?"</p> <p>I could barely form words, thoughts. But- I'd had enough of playing.</p> <p>...His clothes vanished- all of them- and his mouth angled over my own.</p> <p>It wasn't a gentle kiss. Wasn't soft or searching.</p> <p>It was a claiming, wild and unchecked- it was an unleashing. And the taste of him...the heat of him, the demanding stroke of his tongue against his own...</p> <p>...My hands shot into his hair, pulling him closer as I answered each of his searing kisses with my own, unable to get enough, unable to touch and feel enough of him.</p> <p>Skin to skin, Rhys nudged me toward the bed, his hands kneading my rear as I ran my own over the velvet softness of him, over every hard plane and ripple.</p> <p>...My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling. Giving me the time to reconsider, even now. My heart strained, but I pulled my mouth from his. Held his gaze as I lowered myself onto the white sheets and inched back.</p> <p>Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. "Rhys," I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue.</p> <p>His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes.</p> <p>...No playing, no delaying- I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him.</p> <p>...Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them.</p> <p>Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear...</p> <p>...At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth.</p> <p>I dragged my tongue over his teeth, swallowing his groan of pleasure as his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and he pushed in, and in, and in.</p> <p>...And when Rhys was seated to the hilt, when he paused to let me adjust to the fullness of him, I thought I might explode...</p> <p>...My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back, and Rhys withdrew slightly to study my face.</p> <p>..."Never again," he promised as he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness. He kissed my brow, my temple.</p> |

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| | <p>...I moved my hips, urging him deeper, harder. Rhys obliged me. With every movement, every shared breath, every whispered endearment and moan, that mating bond I'd hidden so far inside myself grew brighter. ...my release cascaded through me, leaving my skin glowing like a newborn star in its wake. At the sight of it, right as I dragged a finger down the sensitive inside of his wing, Rhys shouted my name and found his pleasure. I held him through every heaving breath, held him as he at last stilled, lingering inside me, and relished the feel of his skin on mine. For long minutes, we remained there, tangled together, listening to our breathing in and out...</p> |
| 297 | <p>I rolled my eyes, even as I tried to shut out the image of Rhysand laying me on my stomach, then kissing his way down my spine. Lower. Tried to shut out the feeling of his strong hands gripping my hips and lifting them up, up, until he lay beneath them and feasted on me, until I was quietly begging him and he rose behind me and I had to bite my pillow to keep from waking the whole house with my moaning.</p> |
| 298 | <p>"Two Illyrian males making me sweat in one morning. What's a female to do?"</p> |
| 326 | <p>My blood heated a bit. "Hmmm," was all I said, pulling a book toward me. "I'll take that hmmm as a challenge." His hand slid down my thigh, then cupped my knee, his thumb brushing along its side. Even through my leathers, the heat of him seeped to my very bones. "Maybe I'll haul you between the stacks and see how quiet you can be." ...His hand began a lethal, taunting exploration up my thigh, his fingers grazing along the sensitive inside. Higher, higher. He leaned in to drag a book toward himself, but whispered in my ear, "Or maybe I'll spread you out on this desk and lick you until you scream loud enough to wake whatever is at the bottom of the library." ..."I was fully committed in that plan," I said, even as his hand stopped very, very close to the apex of my thighs, "until you brought in that thing down below." A feline smile. He held my stare as his tongue brushed his bottom lip. My breasts tightened beneath my shirt and his gaze dropped- watching. "I would have thought," he mused, "that our bout this morning would be enough to tide you over until tonight." His hand slide between my legs, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me, and my cheeks heated in its wake. "Apparently, I didn't do a good enough job sating you, if you're so easily riled after a few hours." "Prick," I breathed, but the word was ragged. His thumb pressed down harder, circling roughly. Rhys leaned in again, kissing my neck- that place right under my ear- and said against my skin, "Let's see what names you call me when my head is between your legs. Feyre darling."</p> |
| 328 | <p>Two hours of work, he promised me... Then we can play.</p> |
| 343 | <p>Rhys silently pushed off the banister and kissed me. Once. Twice. Cassian stalked through the front door a heartbeat later and groaned that it was</p> |

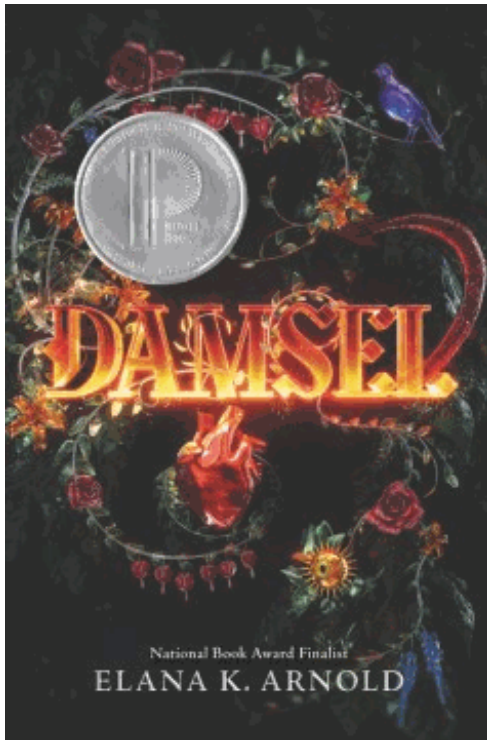
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| | <p>too early to stomach the sight of us kissing. ...Rhys leaned over and kissed me a third time, sweet and soft...</p> |
| 407 | <p>"But when you fucked that other bastard-..."</p> |
| 411 | <p>..."then I would not give a shit that she made me fuck her for all those years."</p> |
| 457 | <p>My core heated, turning molten, and I bit down on my lip as he lightly scraped a fingernail so, so close to that inner, sensitive spot. "Too bad you're so sore from training," Rhys mused, making idle, lazy circles. ...He chuckled and skimmed the edge of that sensitive spot, right as his other hand slid between my legs. Brazenly, I lifted my hips in silent demand. But he hut circled with a finger, as lazy as the strokes along my wing. He kissed my spine. "How shall I make love to you tonight, Feyre darling?" I writhed, rubbing against the folds of the blankets beneath me, desperate for any sort of friction as he dangled me over that edge. "So impatient," he purred, and that finger glided into me. I moaned, the sensation too much, too consuming, with his hand between my legs and the other stroking closer and closer to that spot on my wing, a predator circling prey. "Will it ever stop?" he mused, more to himself than me as another finger joined the one sliding in and out of me taunting, indolent strokes. "Wanting you- every hour, every breath. I don't think I can stand a thousand years of this." My hips moved with him, driving him deeper. "Think of how my productivity will plummet." I growled something at him that was likely not very romantic, and he chuckled, slipping out both fingers. I made a little whining noise of protest. Until his mouth replaced where his fingers had been, his hands gripping my hips to raise me up, to lend him better access as he feasted on me. I groaned, the sound muffled by the pillow, and he only delved deeper, taunting and teasing with every stroke. A low moan broke from me, my hips rolling. Rhys's grip on them tightened, holding me still for his ministrations. "I never got to take you in the library," he said, dragging his tongue right up my center. "We'll have to remedy that." ..."Hmmm," was all he said, a rumble of the sound against me...I panted, hands fisting in the sheets. His hands drifted from my hips at last, and I again breathed his name, in thanks and relief and anticipation of him at last giving me what I wanted- But his mouth closed around the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs while his hand...He went right to that damned spot at the inner edge of my left wing and stroked slightly. My climax tore through me with a hoarse cry, sending me soaring out of my body. ...I could feel him against my backside, hard and ready, but when I made to reach for him, Rhys's arms only tightened around me. "Sleep, Feyre," he told me.</p> |
| 555 | <p>Then I echoed the movement with my mouth. His growls of pleasure filled the tent, drowning out the distant cries of the injured and dying. ...But I tasted Rhys, worshipped him with my hands and mouth and then my body-</p> |

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| | and hoped that this shard of life we offered up, this undimming light between us, would drive death a bit further away. |
| 564 | <p>"I think I'm hungry for something else," he purred.</p> <p>My toes curled in my boots, but I lifted my brows and said coolly, "Oh?"</p> <p>Rhys nipped at my earlobe, then whispered in my ear as he winnowed us up to our bedroom, where two plates of food now waited on the desk. "I owe you for last night, mate."</p> <p>He gave me the courtesy, at least, of letting me pick what he consumed first: me or the food.</p> |
| 610 | "When you fuck her, have you ever noticed that little noise she makes right before she climaxes?" |
| 614 | "Who knew," Beron mused, "that a cock could be so persuasive?" |
| 616 | "Yet you witnessed all that he did Under the Mountain, and still spread your legs for him. Fitting, I suppose. He whored for Amarantha for decades. Why shouldn't you be his whore in return?" |
| 620 | ..."The moment you let him fuck you like an-" |
| 675 | "I don't think- I don't think I can have sex here. With him so close." |
| 750 | <p>He stroked a hand over my waist, down to my hip. "You must be exhausted."</p> <p>"And you should be sleeping," I chided, shifting closer, letting his warmth and scent wrap around me.</p> <p>"Can't," he admitted, his lips brushing over my temple.</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>His hand drifted to my back, and I arched into the long, trailing strokes along my spine. "It takes a while- to settle myself after battle."</p> <p>...Rhys's lips began a journey from my temple down my jaw.</p> <p>And even with the weight of exhaustion pressing on me, as his mouth grazed over my chin, as he nipped my bottom lip...I knew what he was asking.</p> <p>Rhys sucked in a breath as I traced the contours of his muscled stomach, as I marveled at the softness of his skin, the strength of the body beneath it.</p> <p>He pressed a featherlight kiss to my lips. "If you're too tired," he began, even as he went wholly still while my fingers continued their journey, past the sculpted muscles of his abdomen.</p> <p>I answered him with a kiss of my own. Another. Until his tongue slid over the seam of my lips and I opened for him.</p> <p>Our joining was fast, and hard, and I was clawing at his back before the end shattered through both of us, dragging my hands over his wings.</p> <p>For long minutes afterward, we remained there, my legs thrown over his shoulders...</p> <p>...Then he withdrew, gently lowering my legs from his shoulders. He kissed the inside of each of my knees as he did so, setting them on either side of him as he rose to kneel before me.</p> |
| 851 | <p>"I can't love him like that."</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>"Because I prefer females."</p> <p>..."But- you sleep with males. You slept with Helion..."</p> |

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| | ... "I do find pleasure in them. In both." ... I've known, since I was little more than a child, that I prefer females. |
| 1002 | Rhys traced circles on my bare skin, along my knee and lower thigh. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 3 |
| Cock | 3 |
| Fuck | 9 |
| Piss | 3 |
| Prick | 2 |
| Shit | 12 |

DAMSEL



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; and sexual nudity; and infrequent profanity.

Young Adult

By Elana Arnold

ISBN: 978-0-06-274232-2



4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

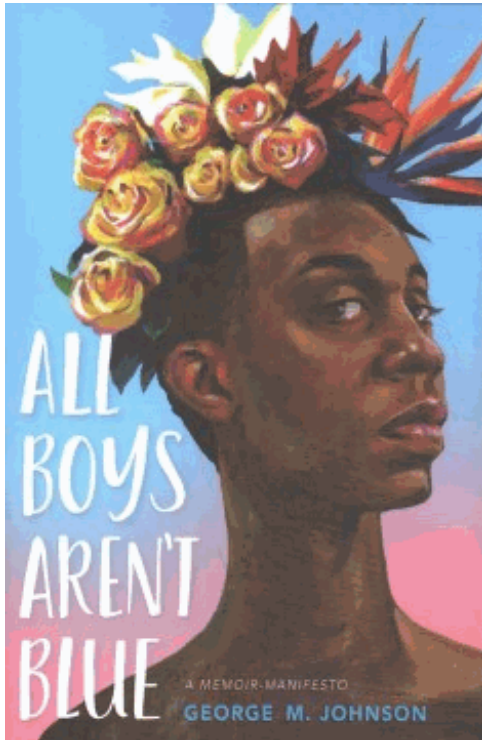
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| 17 | Then, knowing the dragon was watching, he unbuttoned the front of his trousers, freed his yard, and pissed a steaming stream right there, at the top of the cliff, marking it as his own. |
| 56 | Reynard watched with disinterested curiosity as Emory rubbed Ama dry with the coarse wool blanket; he started with her arms, rubbed her breasts, the hard pink nubs of her nipples, her stomach, her buttocks, the fire red hair between her legs, her legs themselves. |
| 60 | "Ridiculous, the size of babies when they slip from their mother's slits." |
| 107 | <p>She raised herself up onto her elbows, and would have sat fully erect but for Emory's insistent hand on her shoulder, pinning her there, and then his insistent mouth slashing down across her own.</p> <p>His mouth was hot and wet and open and tasted of the evening's wine and meat. Underneath the weight of him- his mouth, first, and then his chest across hers, pressing Ama back into the mattress- Ama felt breathless an trapped, as if she had been submerged underwater.</p> <p>...The rest of her became part of the landscape of the room- her lips, pressed into Emory's teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest, pulling apart the ribbons of her chemise, spreading open the cloth, and finding her bare skin beneath. His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled.</p> <p>But when Emory tugged up at the hem of Ama's shift, bunching the fabric at her waist and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened, Sorrow growled once more.</p> <p>...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.</p> <p>Emory cleared his throat, lifted himself from the bed, and arranged his yard, which stood in his trousers, hard and demanding.</p> |
| 161 | She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body. |
| 166 | "...It can be a soft lump of warm dough, a handful of wrinkles and weight. And then it becomes a great thick horn, like the well-cooked leg of a turkey. And then, down betwixt my legs, it feels like...well, a key, perhaps, or a poker to a fire. It stirs me up. It takes me apart. It makes me feel myself like a warm, moist dough." |
| 167 | <p>"But as you seem to take pleasure in that which I most likely just endure, I wanted to let you know that it would not be against my wishes if you continued to...take visits from the king."</p> <p>..."Lady," she said finally, "you are greatly mistaken if you think it matters one whit whether I find pleasure or no pain with my king's yard, or, for that matter,</p> |

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| | <p>whether or not you do. What matters, only, is my king's pleasure. You, and I, and whichever other girls take his fancy, we are all servants to that." ..."if you cannot find pleasure with my king, I suggest you at least find a way to appear to do so. Otherwise, you risk his wrath. And a man's wrath can be mightier by far than his yard."</p> |
| 222 | <p>If, she thought at the end of each night, as Emory walked her to the door of her chamber, as he kissed her face and her mouth and her throat, as he kneaded the mounds of her breasts through the velvet and satin of her gowns (not troubled, it seemed, by her waning figure), as he pushed her up against the door, grinding his yard into her stomach.</p> |
| 250 | <p>Ama, as ever, stood very still as Emory breathed, hot and moist, against her ear, his hands skimming her shoulders, down her arms, across her waist, and back up to her breasts, which he took in both his hands and squeezed. "Soon, I will be the one to warm you, and from the inside," he promised, before taking her bottom lip in his teeth and pulling it into his mouth, sucking it there hard enough to leave it swollen.</p> |
| 283 | <p>Emory's hands still trapped hers, and he held them in his lap, and she felt beneath the tangle of their hands the rising of the king's yard.</p> |
| 284 | <p>"We are but three days from our wedding, Ama," Emory murmured. "I am your secret-keeper, and soon to be your husband. Surely you would not deny me a taste of your sweetness, now, this day, after the favors I have given you?" He didn't wait for an answer, and still he did not free Ama's hands. Holding them both in one of his, he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama's fingers to the shaft of him. A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama's fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama's hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama's fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama's hands, still encased in Emory's. A moment passed, during which the only sounds were Emory's labored gasps and the intermittent squeaking of carriage wheels. When Emory's breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama's hands, which were still wrapped around the king's yard, now softening and shrinking. Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him.</p> |
| 305 | <p>"You stabbed me with your steel," Ama said. "I did. My second weapon. I found the unprotected flesh beneath your arm. I pierced you good, I did." Ama remembered the blade going in, the surprise of it. She saw herself biting at the wound, desperate to extract the metal from within her flesh. She felt her teeth connect with the sword's shaft, she remembered how it felt to pull it out, the rush and gush of blood that came with it. "And then," said Ama. "Yes," Emory said. "It takes three weapons to conquer a dragon and free a damsel. My brain. My steel. And my yard." "Your yard," Ama said.</p> |

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| | <p>“You should thank me,” Emory repeated. “You- the dragon- managed to extract the steel. The dragon lay and bled, but I knew it would not be long before it rose again, and my sword was gone, so the next time I attacked, I would be done for. There was nothing to lose by trying. And Mother had told me that it takes three weapons to slay a dragon. My yard, I have with me, always.</p> <p>“Of course,” Emory continued, “a dragon is not female in the same ways as a woman...They do not mate or birth. One a generation, that is all. One dragon, one damsel. You were my destiny, Ama. I had to take you. I went to the dragon’s lair to find a damsel. I would leave with one.”</p> <p>“You...improvised,” Ama said, remembering. She had lain bleeding on the stone floor of her lair...</p> <p>...And here came Emory, loosening the buckle of his belt, freeing the horn of him, and entering the bloody tear he had ripped beneath her arm.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Shit | 1 |

ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities including sexual assault; alternate gender ideologies; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and inflammatory racial commentary.

Young Adult

By George M. Johnson

ISBN:978-0-374-31271-8

CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| vii | <p>This book will touch on sexual assault (including molestation), loss of virginity, homophobia, racism, and anti-blackness. These discussions at times may be a bit graphic, but nonetheless they are experiences that many reading this book will encounter or have already encountered.</p> <p>Within these pages, the word nigger or nigga appears, sometimes in full and sometimes abbreviated as n****. The same is true for fag and faggot, and their abbreviations.</p> |
| 1 | <p>BLACK. QUEER. HERE.</p> |
| 2 | <p>The "It's a girl! No, it's a boy!" mix-up is funny on paper, but not quite so hilarious in real life, especially when the star of that story struggles with their identity. Gender is one of the biggest projections placed onto children at birth, despite families having no idea how the baby will truly turn out. In our society, a person's sex is based on their genitalia. That decision is then used to assume a person's gender as boy or girl, rather than a spectrum of identities that the child should be determining for themselves.</p> <p>...It's as if the more visible LGBTQIAP+ people become, the harder the heterosexual community attempts to apply new norms. I think the majority fear becoming the minority, and so they will do anything and everything to protect their power.</p> |
| 3 | <p>Look up intersex if you're confused about "other."</p> <p>...When our gender is assigned at birth, we are also assigned responsibilities to grow and maneuver through life based on the simple checking off of those boxes. Male. Female. Black. White. Straight. Gay. Kids who don't fit the perfect boxes are often left asking themselves what the truth is:</p> <p>Am I a girl? Am I a boy? Am I both? Am I neither?</p> |
| 4 | <p>Unfortunately, we are still struggling to move the conversation past an assumed identity at birth. And LGBTQIAP+ people are not just fighting for the right to self-identify and be accepted in a society that is predominantly composed of two genders...</p> <p>...I started writing this book with the intention that every chapter would end with solutions for all the uncomfortable or confusing life circumstances I experienced as a gay Black child in America. I quickly learned this book would be about so much more. About the overlap of my identities and the importance of sharing how those intersections create my privilege and my oppression.</p> |
| 5 | <p>We all go through stages of accepting or struggling with our various identities- gay, straight, or non-identifying.</p> <p>...In the white community, I am seen as a Black man first- but that doesn't negate the queer identity that will still face discrimination.</p> |
| 6 | <p>I believe that the dominant society establishes an idea of what "normal" is simply to suppress differences, which means that any of us who fall outside of their "normal" will eventually be oppressed.</p> |

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| 7 | <p>Surrounded by whiteness, I wasn't going to dare let my classmates get comfortable using that word with or around me. Anytime a white student even tried to utter it, I checked them. White kids love to test Black kids on things like that. Certain Black kids were fighting so hard to fit in, they would let white kids steal that part of our culture just so they could pretend they were accepted in white society.</p> <p>...The n-word was the last word heard by many of my ancestors when they were being beaten and shackled- forced into enslavement in a new land. It was the last word heard by my people when they were lynched as a spectacle for white people.</p> |
| 8 | <p>At that time, I was learning how to be "a respectable negro"- with the good grades and a college degree, attempting to fit into white society,...</p> |
| 9 | <p>But now I know that queerness is a part of Blackness, and that there is no Blackness without queer people.</p> <p>Then, early in 2012, Trayvon Martin was killed by George Zimmerman- and my entire perspective shifted on being a Black person in this society.</p> <p>...My eyes were opened by seeing the shooting of Black people at the hands of police. Seeing the killing of Black children like Tamir Rice at the hands of police. Seeing that it didn't matter whether you were an affluent Black, a poor Black, a child, or an adult. In the eyes of society, I was still a n****.</p> |
| 10 | <p>I understand now that there is no such thing as "a respectable negro" in the eyes of society, nor was I ever made to be one.</p> <p>BLACK.</p> <p>...That being different didn't mean something was wrong with me, but that something was wrong with my cultural environment, which forced me to live my life as something I wasn't. The fact that I couldn't see my full self in Black heroes or the history books was more about the changing of history to spare white guilt than it ever was about me knowing the whole truth.</p> |
| 11 | <p>...I had to deal with the intersection of Blackness and queerness- and the double oppression that generates-...</p> <p>...Fighting for Blackness in a white space came naturally to me...</p> |
| 13 | <p>I want to immortalize this...narrative of the Black queer experience that has been erased from the history books.</p> |
| 20 | <p>My brother and I grew up middle class, or at least what Black folk were supposed to think was middle class.</p> <p>...We were blessed to have parents who understood what it was like to have the bare minimum, and who ensured their kids never experienced that same plight. We are a rarity amongst most Black folks, who don't get to have intergenerational wealth like our white neighbors just one block over.</p> |
| 22 | <p>Unfortunately, my life story is proof that no amount of money, love, or support can protect you from a society intent on killing you for your Blackness. Any community that has been taught that anyone not "straight" is dangerous, is in itself a danger to LGBTQIAP+ people.</p> |
| 23 | <p>I used to daydream a lot as a little boy. But in my daydreams, I was always a girl.</p> |

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| 28 | I wish I knew what motivated the attack. Could it have been because I was effeminate? Could it have been a race thing, since the main assaulter was a white boy from a different part of the neighborhood? |
| 31 | <p>There can be both fear of your own community and a fear of dealing with bullying from other children who don't respect your identity.</p> <p>...As an adult, I have gone through the unlearning to understand that my community's treatment of Black queer children is in fact a by-product of a system of assimilation to whiteness and respectability that forces Black people to fit one mold in society, one where being a man means you must be straight and masculine.</p> |
| 47 | This is about identity. This is about culture and how it dictates what is a "good" and "bad" name, especially in the Black community. This is about the politics around sex and gender, and that when our parents choose a name that we as children are uncomfortable with, we have the right to change it. |
| 49 | When we see our children not conforming to the societal standards of heterosexuality or we see them gravitating to things of the "opposite gender," I would love for us to ask the deeper questions about who and what they are. |
| 50 | <p>As we continue to grow through sex and gender, many people will take back their power and change their names- choosing one that fits the person they are, not the one society pushed them to be.</p> <p>...Suffice it to say, respect people for their names, and for how they choose to identify. This also goes for respecting people and their choices of pronouns- he/him, she/her, they/them, go, goddess, or whatever. We are conditioned to think these things should be the expectations. People being allowed to be called by their chosen names and their gender pronouns is the rule.</p> <p>Let yourself unlearn everything you though you knew about yourself, and listen to what you need to know about those who navigate life outside the margins of heterosexual box. I bet most of you never thought to ever question if you even like your name. Or question if that was something you had the power to change if you didn't. I hope you will now...</p> |
| 57 | Boys were supposed to speak one way. And girls were supposed to speak another. So, I would do my best to not use girl lingo when I was around boys, and vice versa. I was "code-switching" long before I knew what code-switching was. |
| 58 | <p>I had created my first term in gay lingo, even though I didn't know what being gay was.</p> <p>...Lingo that children like me were ostracized for using. Lingo that queer children today still get ostracized for using. And yet straight people use it out of context safely.</p> <p>This lingo or slang was created by "Black femmes," which is an umbrella term that captures Black trans women, Black queer men, nonbinary folk, cishet Black women, and anyone else I may be missing. However, a lot of this history has been erased from those who identify as queer, which has allowed the notion that queer culture comes from emulating Black cishet women to spread. But it's not true. That erasure also allows the hetero community to get "a pass" for using language that would often get queer folk harmed.</p> |

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| 63 | ...I realized the only place that was truly safe for me would be in my imagination. My ability to be a kid came at the expense of my gender identity. |
| 71 | ...I would sit with the boys and talk about "boy" things, but then immediately go to recess and get with my girls. Code-switching like that, navigating disparate spaces like that, was pretty much normal. |
| 75 | <p>People who are straight that associate with me now, as an adult, still get questioned about their sexuality. Simply because they are friends with me. Adults who participate in homophobia create kids that do the same.</p> <p>Homophobia denies queer people happiness.</p> <p>...Homophobia is the reason that so many who currently play sports are closeted- as there is no way football, baseball, and basketball are 99.9 percent heterosexual.</p> <p>...Dominant culture's inability to integrate his queerness into a masculine-centered sport like football stole the opportunity of a lifetime from him.</p> |
| 83 | <p>Despite my school consisting of mostly Black students, there were only a few Black faces on the walls of our hallways....each alternating with white historical figures.</p> <p>...However much we focused on the older white faces in American history, there was always one time of the year that was dedicated to us Black students. I recall that the few white students we had always seemed a bit out of place on February 1. It was like the tables had turned for a change, and we got to be the center of attention.</p> |
| 84 | <p>My K-12 education mirrored my other systems that oppress the Black community- with Black children being taught by predominantly white staff. From the principal down to the guidance counselor, we were surrounded by white authority figures in my elementary school. We had a minimal number of Black teachers, but Black folks were always the janitors, lunch ladies, and secretaries, which wouldn't be a problem if they also held positions of power.</p> <p>...Our being the "center of attention" meant we got to learn about people that looked like us for a change.</p> |
| 85 | <p>But white teachers were all I knew. Every single teacher I had for my years in elementary school was white. The only Black teachers, Ms. Chiles and Mr. Robinson, had a reputation for having the "bad students." Funny how those classes had only Black students in them.</p> |
| 86 | <p>There are levels to the oppression.</p> <p>...White history didn't need a month; we were always learning about it. And because we had one teacher teaching various subjects, we learned history every day, but mainly centered about how much the white forefathers did to create the United States.</p> |
| 87 | <p>What it doesn't show is that the Pilgrims stole the American Indians' food when they first arrived on the Mayflower, because they weren't prepared for winter. And many American Indians died from the diseases brought by white settlers. "Peace" was often a survival tactic.</p> |
| 88 | <p>American History is truly the greatest fable ever written.</p> |

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| 90 | <p>I wrote all the lyrics to the rap and taught them how to flow. There were two white boys in our group and I remember them struggling, but me and another Black kid go them up to par.</p> <p>...Again, it was easy to pay homage back then to white historical figures because we learned about them through the lens that they were concerned about us all. The interesting thing about studying history is how much it starts to change based on the school setting and who is teaching it. And it's not always about how those teachers view history, but how they view you. And your place in history. The history I learned in elementary school began to unravel once I hit junior high. Here, all my teachers were Black, and the population of students was overwhelmingly Black. We began learning history that was inclusive to slavery, as well as those historical figures like Washington and Jefferson and how they had some not-so-great history to them. We had teachers who wanted to make sure we really knew what it meant to be Black in America.</p> |
| 91 | <p>It's important that I say this, because the white community has long prevented Black progress in every arena. Even today, institutions are still having "the first Black person to..."</p> |
| 95 | <p>A Black identity that was making me more radical in my thoughts as a teenager and more willing to push back against the whitewashing of Black history.</p> |
| 96 | <p>Leaving junior high, I had a whole new outlook on Black history and race in this country. Even though I was only fourteen, I was well aware of what it meant to be a Black "man" in the eyes of society. It wasn't lost on me how racist the Rodney King beating was. Or how divided the world was shown to be with the O.J. Simpson verdict- which many in the Black community saw as a win against a justice system that rarely, if ever, would let a Black man get off. Especially one accused of killing a white woman.</p> |
| 97 | <p>Though my dad was a cop, he knew that being his child wouldn't protect me from how police interacted with Black boys. So my parents taught me early about how you behave so that you don't end up a statistic. "The Talk" is what we call it in Black families.</p> <p>...about the dangers of interacting with non-Black people, because they will assume the worst of you as a Black boy.</p> <p>..."...You just can't be so trusting of white people with your history."</p> <p>...These sentiments were echoed by my father, who worked on a predominantly white police force.</p> |
| 98 | <p>I was one of the token Black kids at the Bishop George Ahr High School in Edison, New Jersey, a Catholic school that was primarily white and Filipino.</p> <p>...Racism was common at my high school, but mainly covert. I was never called a nigger, but I did deal with weird, racially charged questions...</p> |
| 99 | <p>Microaggression is the academic term for what I was experiencing. Simply put, it's when a person insults or diminishes you based solely on the marginalized group you are in. It's called "micro" because that person isn't outright calling you a n**** or a fa* or both. Instead, they're calling attention to your differences in a low-key way. At times it can seem almost innocent or naïve, but make no mistake, these small things become big over time. These little assumptions grow to create an entire stereotype. This kind of microaggressive behavior often leads to overt</p> |

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| | <p>racism or homophobia, eventually.</p> <p>Sometimes it's intentional, like non-Black kids asking questions with a negative, condescending type of vibe to rattle you. But other times, a person doesn't even know that they've insulted you or your culture.</p> <p>...If someone asks you a question and you have to squint your eyes and twist your face a little to make sure heard them correctly, you've probably just dealt with a microaggression.</p> |
| 100 | <p>You'll find that people often use the excuse "it was the norm" when discussing racism, homophobia, and anything else in our history they are trying to absolve themselves of. Saying that something was "a norm" of the past is a way not to have to deal with its ripple effects in the present. It removes the fact that hate doesn't just stop because a law or the time changed. Folks use this excuse because they are often unwilling to accept how full of phobias and -isms they are themselves- or at least how they benefit from social structures that privilege them.</p> |
| 101 | <p>Why didn't he see that white people, had made a choice to enslave another race? There were abolitionists who were able to see it was wrong, and Quakers who were able to see it was wrong, so why couldn't all white people see it was wrong?</p> |
| 103 | <p>No wonder so many kids of color and queer kids don't feel they have the opportunity to speak for themselves.</p> <p>...Black kids are given harsher penalties for the same offenses as white kids. Back then, it was business as usual. Suffice it to say, when white kids spoke up, it was taken as nonthreatening, but when Black kids spoke up, it was clearly different.</p> <p>...When we hear the media use the term alt-history, it is in direct correlation to what America has always been.</p> <p>All that I knew about white history as a child had been disproved by the time I became a young adult.</p> <p>...Honest Abe lied to you.</p> <p>I won't.</p> |
| 115 | <p>...in the Guardian on post-segregation public swimming pools, she explains how Black kids drown at roughly three times the same rate of white kids due to a lack of resources, both tangible and cultural, as well as racism. It's interesting how many things in this country white kids do as a given but Black kids continue to struggle with for generations. Black folks have always had a complicated connection to water, and even a fear of it dating back to our enslavement.</p> |
| 118 | <p>Too many watch in silence while others in the community suppress Black queer people.</p> |
| 125 | <p>You are living proof that it really isn't as hard as most think to get along with and enjoy the company of people from different sexual identities.</p> |
| 126 | <p>...to brothers playing ball together, *whispers* smoking weed together,...</p> <p>...Black babies are born into oppression despite any additional marginalizations.</p> |
| 127 | <p>My queer identity is a part of my Blackness...</p> |
| 132 | <p>Although division of people through intelligence isn't exclusive to the Black community, it has much different connotations when you know that white folks,</p> |

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| | regardless of where they fall in school, can achieve. ...There will always be a different set of standards for us. |
| 140 | ...around the world who fight for little Black boys and girls and gender nonconforming people who are considered different. |
| 148 | "...White people taught y'all to be afraid of ghosts. That's why they used to dress up in sheets like them..." |
| 158 | I watch Black men criticize Black queer boys every day. And that's not to say my community is more homophobic than others or that I don't see where Black straight men affirm me, but by and large, it's not enough. |
| 159 | My father taught me that as much as I feel that straight Black men are often my oppressors... ...That the social conditioning that told us to hate our own because of sex and gender... |
| 160 | I'm going to write this in the only language I knew at the time- in my adolescent years before I had a full understanding of transphobia and the actions that fed into it. Knowing what I know now, there would've never been the misgendering, or the switching between your birth name, Jermaine, and your chosen name Hope. |
| 164 | ...the world still isn't a safe and accepting place for trans people. Some days I fear it may never be. |
| 165 | I was unsure if I was a boy or a girl or a science project... |
| 168 | I was proud of how strong you were to make that decision to transition, knowing that society is no safe space to live in that existence. |
| 169 | I also knew by this point in my early teens that I wasn't going to be a transgender. ...As a young boy I was effeminate and figured that I was supposed to be a girl- because I liked girl things and had girl mannerisms. That was all I could process from the age of five until I was about twelve, because I didn't have a full vocabulary for gender and sexuality. My daydreams didn't feature me as a boy, but as a girl named Dominique-... |
| 170 | My belief that I was supposed to be a girl also correlated with my attraction to other boys. Girls liked boys. I didn't know that boys could like boys. At that time, the only representation I had of what happened when a boy liked a boy was watching my cousin transitioning. Which then led me to think that I might possibly be transgender. I thought that meant "a boy who wanted to be a girl" and you were the physical representation of what that looked like. For many of my younger years, I did have the mind-set that one day I would likely transition to a girl. |
| 172 | Growing up with transgender people in our family was a norm for us... |
| 175 | You taught me a lot about myself and that an LGBTQIAP+ community did exist. ...A Blackness that can't tolerate and protect queerness. A white society wanting to destroy us all. |
| 177 | I know it was likely even harder raising a Black queer kid in a society that already makes it difficult to raise a Black child without the additional marginalization. ...Making my godmother Aunt Audrey, who just happened to be a lesbian,... |

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| 182 | This is likely the hardest chapter I'll ever write. And frankly, I'm not even sure if it fits with the themes of Blackness or queerness or critical race theory in this book—nor do I really care. |
| 184 | We would sneak and drink liquor from the liquor cart and refill the bottle with water. |
| 201 | <p>"Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt."</p> <p>You giggled. "That's not my hand."</p> <p>"You're lying," I said. You then placed both hands on my hips, as we lay side by side. There was still something poking me.</p> <p>You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble."</p> <p>"You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?"</p> <p>I promised. You then grabbed my hand and made me touch it. It was the first time I had ever touched a penis that wasn't my own. I knew what was happening wasn't supposed to happen. Cousins weren't supposed to do these things with cousins. But my body didn't react that way. My body on the inside was doing something, too.</p> |
| 202 | By now we were both touching each other. I tried my best not to enjoy it, because you were my cousin. We were crossing a line that family should never cross. But it felt so right for a boy who always felt that he was wrong. To know someone else was having those same feelings validated everything going on inside of me. I knew it wasn't fake. But the fact that we were doing it in secret also told me this wasn't something anyone would accept. Especially your girlfriend. |
| 203 | <p>I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity.</p> <p>We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by a good foot. You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you.</p> <p>The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to earn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.</p> <p>After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me— back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background. Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The</p> |

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| | <p>irony of me lying on the basement floor.</p> <p>You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing. You turned on the light and closed the door. You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes.</p> <p>Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me. I was very unaware of what sex involved at the time— primarily because I stayed away from it. I knew I didn't like girls that way, and the first thing folks would ask you if you inquired about sex was whether "you were fucking or not." And I wasn't. We also had the bare minimum of sex education in school, so I was unaware of a lot of things.</p> <p>Watching you ejaculate was shocking. I remember you telling me, "It's semen. One day when nobody is around, you should do this until you get this feeling you never felt before and bust."</p> <p>I looked at you and said, "I can't do that, I'm not old enough yet."</p> <p>You laughed. "Matt, you are old enough. Go ahead and try it."</p> <p>By this point, fear had overcome me and so many lines had been crossed that I finally whether "you were fucking or not." And I wasn't. We also had the bare minimum of sex education in school, so I was unaware of a lot of things.</p> <p>Watching you ejaculate was shocking. I remember you telling me, "It's semen. One day when nobody is around, you should do this until you get this feeling you never felt before and bust."</p> <p>I looked at you and said, "I can't do that, I'm not old enough yet."</p> <p>You laughed. "Matt, you are old enough. Go ahead and try it."</p> <p>By this point, fear had overcome me and so many lines had been crossed that I finally said, "I don't want to do it."</p> <p>"That's cool. Come on, let's go to bed."</p> <p>We went back upstairs and both went to bed. You rolled Over to face the wall, and I sat there. For hours. I sat there until the sun came up, not knowing what to do or say or how I would face my parents. I finally fell asleep in the early morning. I woke up a while later, after you. You were still in bed behind me but watching TV. I rolled over and looked at you, and you said,</p> <p>"Remember our promise, Matt? "</p> |
| 207 | <p>Two weeks after that night, I masturbated for the first time, and you were right. I was old enough to experience that feeling of what I would later learn is called an orgasm. Despite knowing that what happened with you was wrong, I now knew that I was definitely attracted to boys.</p> <p>...I was soon a high school freshman, with sexually active teens all around me.</p> |
| 208 | <p>I unzipped my pants and began to pee in the stand-up urinal in the corner. I was there for about ten seconds before I felt someone come up behind me. At first, I froze because I didn't know what was happening. He put both his hands around me and then moved down to touch my genitals. I could feel every nerve in my body start to tingle. I didn't know who was behind me, but I knew that I was being violated.</p> |

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| | <p>I immediately stopped peeing, turned around, and pushed him off me. It was a boy I will refer to as Evan. Although we weren't friends, I knew who he was. We were in the Same grade and had taken classes together before.</p> <p>I zipped up my pants and yelled, "What the fuck are you doing? "</p> <p>"Yo, I'm just playing. Chill out," Evan yelled back.</p> <p>"I don't play like that," I said.</p> <p>"Don't tell anybody, okay?"</p> <p>"I won't. Just get out of here."</p> |
| 209 | Further more, I realized that there were more people like me hiding in plain sight. |
| 210 | "...Did anyone explore things with you sexually before you were ready? Who taught you about sex in a way that you weren't ready to understand- in a way that made you think I needed to get it firsthand from you, so I would know who not to trust?" |
| 225 | <p>It was the same microaggression, the same "I wanna be down" type of stuff we often saw from white kids who wanted to participate in our culture. Today, we call them "culture vultures."</p> <p>All the white students erupted in praise and excitement, while most of the Black students just sighed. It was the last moment of anti-Blackness I wanted to ever deal with at that school My culture was a joke to them the entire time I was in high school- something that they could play with while never suffering the oppression that those who created it did.</p> |
| 228 | It's one thing to deal with just Black kids and worry about sexual identity. It's entirely different to struggle with white kids because I was Black, and Black kids because I was gay. That double marginalization was a tiresome burden. |
| 233 | I had been in a sea of whiteness for four of the most important years of my life and my integration back into Blackness wasn't clicking for me. |
| 237 | Every new person you meet, you are likely having to explain your identity. |
| 244 | When I would get home, I would meet up with Baron and our friend Syd, and we would go smoke weed and play basketball. I was smoking up to three blunts a day, working, partying, drinking, and not going to class. I was what one would call "smoked out" and it showed. |
| 245 | I got back to school that next semester more motivated than ever to correct the wrongs of the one prior. The first was my weed habit, which had grown out of control. Purple haze, as it's called, was my favorite vice. The weed made everything less real. All the depression, the anger I was feeling. The weed also allowed me to be in the room with others who didn't care that I was hiding my sexuality. It was my masculinity coping mechanism. All the hood boys smoked, and so did I. |
| 247 | During campus parties in the Square, the brick walls would literally "sweat" as the liquor came out of our pores while we were dancing. |
| 257 | "I heard you were gay. We don't allow that f***** shit in our chapter." |
| 262 | I never daydreamed about sex with another boy. When I did think about sex, I was a girl having sex with a boy. I created an alter ego in my mind named Dominique that looked how I would look if I were a girl, and she would have sex with any of |

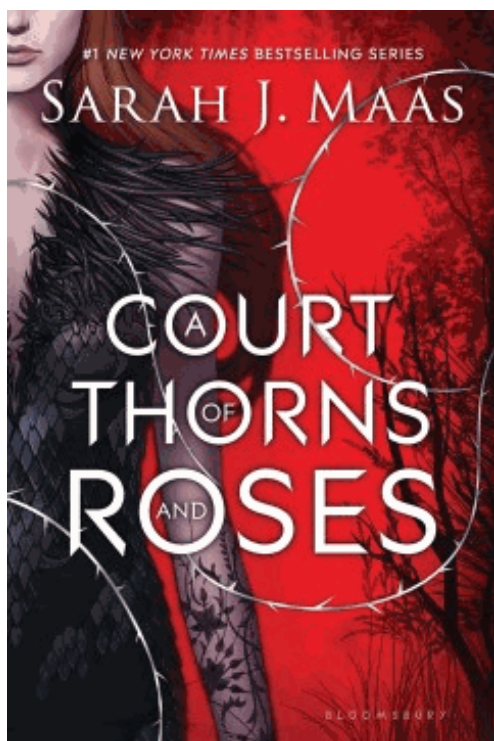
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| | <p>the boys I daydreamed about. That was the only thing that ever made sense to me, until I finally didn't. College opened my eyes to some things.</p> |
| 263 | <p>We learned the basics about sex. What an erection was, what sperm did and how it traveled to 'an egg to create a baby. We learned about STIs like chlamydia, gonorrhea, and HIV. But again, surface-level information. Nothing about how these infections harm one community more than the other—especially HIV in the Black community.</p> <p>We also didn't learn about sex between two men. I focused on masturbation instead of sex, primarily because I still could not imagine myself having sex with anyone else. The feelings I had were for boys, but 'the only encounters I'd had with boys—Thomas and Evan—weren't the same as what I had seen in love stories or pornography. Those were mostly between men and women, and they were excited and confident with each other. The porn stories were so romanticized, but the passion was there. Even the corny storylines were better than my lived experience—which consisted of no romantic love at all. So, sex with myself was going to have to suffice until I had the ability to trust myself with someone else.</p> <p>That moment for me didn't come until my junior year of college. I remained a virgin until I was almost twenty-one years old, something unheard of in my family. It had been a daunting task to lie about having sex (and with a girl) to all of my heterosexual cousins. I had never seen a vagina other than in the movies, and had no desire to.</p> |
| 266 | <p>As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this.</p> <p>He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth." I didn't want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie.</p> <p>There was so much excitement running through my body: This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that sex could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. His body felt great in my mouth.</p> <p>I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him. There was moonlight coming through the shades of the dark room. Two Black boys under the glow of blue moonlight. How poetic, dare I say ironic?</p> <p>Now, I was scared as hell. One, because I didn't know what I was doing and clearly, he did. Two, because it was still college, and my fear of word getting out that I was inexperienced or bad in bed would have been too big of a campus</p> |

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| | <p>rumor. Let alone that I was having sex with men and a friend of someone in my chapter.</p> <p>For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done.</p> <p>I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan.</p> <p>As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came. That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms.</p> |
| 269 | <p>For me, I was finally on my journey of sexual exploration and couldn't wait to do it again.</p> <p>He and I had sex a second time two weeks later, before school let out for summer. ...I had several sexual encounters that involved mutual masturbation and kissing and fooling around, but I just couldn't bring myself to have penetrative sex again. I was hesitant because I still had a lot of questions. As much as I enjoyed being on top, I wasn't sure if I always wanted to be the dominant person in the bedroom. I was still a novice at sex, and even more at gay culture and sexual positions. I wasn't sure if because I "topped" him, that meant I always had to be the top. I also wanted to try the bottom position, which I associated with being the more submissive person.</p> <p>...I just needed time to reflect, and figure out if sex for me was going to be the casual hookup thing or if I was ready to now seek something more.</p> |
| 270 | <p>By that time, I was using a dating app online called Black Gay Chat.</p> |
| 271 | <p>I got to his apartment and we both began drinking while watching TV. This lasted all of ten minutes before we started kissing and undressing each other.</p> <p>He then stood up and grabbed me by the hands and led me into his bedroom. We took each other's clothes off, fast but deliberate. After, he told me to lie down on the bed. He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself.</p> <p>My heart immediately started to race. Nervously, I asked him what he was doing, and he said, "You." I laughed at first but then told him that I had never been the bottom. He looked at me and said, "Well, that's about to change tonight."</p> <p>I was extremely nervous. There is a fear, as with most things that you are doing for the first time. But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone</p> |

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| | <p>inside me. And he was . . . large. But, I was gonna try.</p> <p>I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't. As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least played up as such on the cameras.</p> <p>Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.</p> <p>I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. But it was painful for sure. In those few minutes though, I can say that he was gentle. His aim wasn't to hurt me, and my aim was for him to be pleased, too. He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. I was in a state of shock. I just wanted to get back home.</p> |
| 272 | <p>I was in pain for nearly three weeks following that encounter and too afraid to go to the doctor for help because I would have had to tell them I had been having anal sex. So, like most other trauma in my life, I sucked it up and dealt with the pain until my body healed. I didn't have sex for several months following that encounter.</p> <p>But after a while, I got the courage to try it again, but this time I went into it much more prepared. With each time, I learned more about my body...</p> <p>...Sex should be pleasurable.</p> <p>...Like they say, Practice makes perfect, and I eventually got a lot of practice.</p> |
| 292 | <p>Time waits for no one, and for Black queer people, there are too many trying to steal the little bit of time we have.</p> |
| 296 | <p>When I say I'm not blue, I'm referring to the blue on the police uniform my father wore. How I've watched too many in that same blue harm Black and brown people. I know for myself that although I respect my father with all my heart, it is my duty to fight against how that institution has harmed us.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|--------------------|-------|
| Ass | 2 |
| Faggot/Fag | 13 |
| Fuck | 2 |
| Nigga/Nigger/Negro | 16 |
| Piss | 1 |
| Shit | 11 |

A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains graphic violence; explicit sexual nudity; obscene sexual activities; and mild profanity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

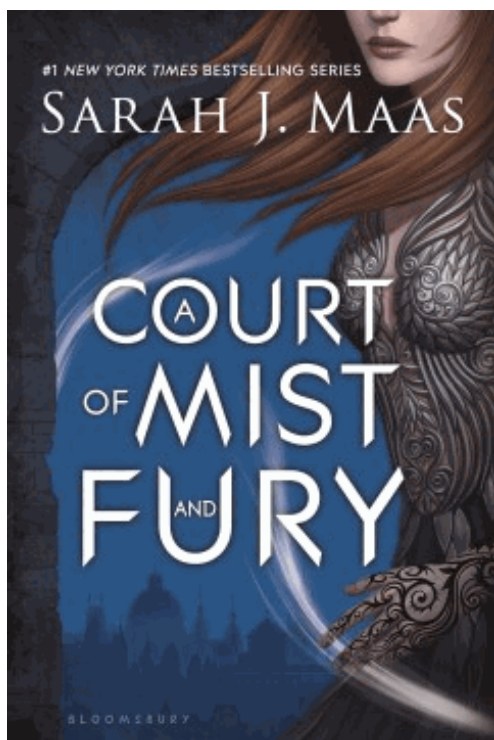
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| 172 | <p>His lips were smooth against my skin, his breath warm, and my knees buckled as he lifted my other hand to his mouth and kissed it, too. Kissed it carefully- in a way that made heat begin pounding in my core, between my legs.</p> |
| 197 | <p>His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot, a moan slipped past my lips.</p> <p>...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs. Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere.</p> |
| 229 | <p>His lips brushed mine- testing, soft and warm. He pulled back a little. He was still staring at me, and I stared right back as he kissed me again, harder, but nothing like the way he'd kissed my neck. He withdrew more fully this time and watched me.</p> <p>"That's it?" I demanded, and he laughed and kissed me fiercely.</p> <p>My hands went around his neck, pulling him closer, crushing myself against him. His hands roved my back, playing in my hair, grasping my waist, as if he couldn't touch enough of me at one.</p> |
| 232 | <p>He could have me right there, on top of that table. I wanted his broad hands running over my bare skin, wanted his teeth scraping against my neck, wanted his mouth all over me.</p> |
| 239 | <p>"She has the most delicious thoughts about you, Tamlin" he said. "She's wondered about the feeling of your fingers on her thighs- between them, too." He chuckled. Even as he said my most private thoughts, even as I burned with outrage and shame, I trembled at the grip still on my mind. Rhysand turned to the High Lord. "I'm curious: Why did she wonder if it would feel good to have you bite her breast the way you bit her neck?"</p> |
| 245 | <p>He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue entered my mouth.</p> <p>...I pushed Tamlin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely.</p> <p>His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the thin silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain. I couldn't kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need within me. He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck.</p> <p>...My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.</p> <p>He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.</p> <p>He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below.</p> <p>His kissing was slower this time- gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped</p> |

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| | <p>beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath. He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kisses deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin. He paused again- his fingers retracting- but I grabbed him, pulling him further on top of me. I wanted him now- I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. "Don't stop," I gasped out.</p> <p>"I-" he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. "If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all."</p> <p>I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare breasts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation. He let out a low growl- and slowly, with predatory intent, raised his gaze to mine again.</p> <p>The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord's power focused solely on me- and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in it's lessened state. But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him he wouldn't balk. "Give me everything," I breathed.</p> <p>He lunged, a beast freed of its tether.</p> <p>We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him.</p> <p>We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.</p> |
| 247 | <p>...and when I awoke a few hours later, we made love again, lazily and intently, a slow-burning smolder to the wildfire of earlier. Once we were both spent, panting and sweat-slicked, we lay in silence for a time...</p> |
| 346 | <p>...they stripped me naked, bathed me thoroughly, and then- to my horror- began to paint my body.</p> <p>...Things only worsened when they painted more intimate parts of me...</p> |
| 348 | <p>...my face burned as I silently bemoaned the too-sheer fabric of my dress. Beneath it, my breasts were visible to everyone, the paint hardly leaving anything to the imagination...</p> |
| 375 | <p>The music was Tamlin's fingers strumming my body...</p> |
| 378 | <p>I couldn't kiss him deeply enough, couldn't hold him tightly enough, couldn't touch enough of him.</p> |

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| | <p>...I tore at his shirt, needing to feel the skin beneath one last time, and I had to stifle the moan that rose up in me as he grasped my breast. I didn't want him to be gentle- because what I felt for him wasn't at all like that. What I felt was wild and hard and burning, and so he was with me.</p> <p>He tore his lips from mine and bit my neck-</p> <p>...I had to grind my teeth to keep myself from moaning and giving us away.</p> <p>...My fingers grappled with his belt buckle, and his mouth found mine again. Our tongues danced-...</p> <p>...I wanted him- here.</p> <p>I hooked a leg around his middle, needing to be closer, and he ground his hips harder against me, crushing me into the icy wall. I pried the belt buckle loose, whipping the leather free, and Tamlin growled his desire in my ear-...</p> <p>...I tossed away his belt and started fumbling for his pants.</p> <p>...But the air became a cold kiss upon my skin- upon my exposed breasts.</p> |
| 379 | <p>Rhysand chuckled. "If you're that desperate for release, you should have asked me."</p> |
| 380 | <p>...and then his lips were crushing mine. His tongue pried my mouth open, forcing himself into me, into the space where I could still taste Tamlin. I pushed and thrashed, but he held firm, his tongue sweeping over the roof of my mouth, against my teeth, claiming my mouth, claiming me-</p> |
| 411 | <p>His ragged breath was the only sound- and his hands soon began roaming across my back and sides, caressing and teasing and baring me to him. When my traveling fingers reached his mouth, he bit down on one, sucking it into his mouth. It didn't hurt, but the bite was hard enough for me to meet his eyes again. To realize that he was done waiting- and so was I.</p> <p>He eased me onto the bed, murmuring my name against my neck, the shell of my ear, the tips of my fingers. I urged him- faster, harder. His mouth explored the curve of my breast, the inside of my thigh.</p> <p>A kiss for each day we'd spent apart, a kiss for every wound and terror, a kiss for the ink etched into my flesh, and for all the days we would be together after this. Days, perhaps, that I no longer deserved. But I gave myself again to that fire, threw myself into it, into him, and let myself burn.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 1 |
| Bitch | 1 |
| Piss | 1 |
| Prick | 1 |
| Shit | 3 |

A COURT OF MIST AND FURY



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 45 | <p>He emerged from the bathing room, slinging off his tunic and shirt, and I propped myself on my elbows to watch as he paused at the edge of the bed. My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants. Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then ---</p> <p>Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed. His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him.</p> <p>He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach.</p> <p>His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me.</p> <p>I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup my rear, the other sliding between us.</p> <p>This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies. His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching. ' 'Feyre, he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any lanthe had offered up to the Cauldron on that dark solstice morning.</p> <p>His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger.</p> <p>I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered.</p> <p>My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly.</p> <p>He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them. This—I needed this.</p> <p>He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me.</p> <p>"Please," I gasped out.</p> <p>He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth.</p> <p>"Tamlin," I begged. He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple. I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke.</p> <p>For a moment, I was nothing, no one.</p> <p>Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as he pulled out a few inches, the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and then slammed back into me. Again and again.</p> <p>I broke and broke against him as he moved, as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head,</p> |

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| | <p>when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength.</p> <p>For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room.</p> <p>I frowned as he withdrew at last—but he didn't go far. He stretched out on his side, head propped on a fist, and traced idle circles on my stomach, along my breasts.</p> <p>I m sorry about earlier," he murmured.</p> <p>It's fine," I breathed. "I understand.</p> <p>Not a lie, but not quite true.</p> <p>His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "You are—you're everything to me," he said thickly. "I need ... I need you to be all right. To know they can't get to you—can't hurt you anymore."</p> <p>I know." Those fingers drifted lower. I swallowed hard and said again, "I know." I brushed his hair back from his face. "But what about you? Who gets to keep you safe?"</p> <p>His mouth tightened. With his powers returned, he didn't need anyone to protect him, shield him. I could almost see invisible hackles raising—not at me, but at the thought of what he 'd been mere months ago: prone to Amarantha's whims, his power barely a trickle compared to the cascade now coursing through him. He took a steadying breath, and leaned to kiss my heart, right between my breasts. It was answer enough.</p> <p>"Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command.</p> <p>"What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.</p> <p>Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.</p> <p>Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title?"</p> <p>He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?"</p> <p>Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers— I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.</p> <p>His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady.</p> <p>He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—</p> <p>What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?"</p> <p>The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.</p> <p>He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... He kissed the inside of my thigh. "High Lords only take wives. Consorts. There has never been a High Lady.</p> <p>But Lucien's mother ---</p> <p>She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the</p> |

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| | <p>spring court. They will address you as they address her. They will respect you as they respect her." He lowered his gaze back to what was inches away from his mouth.</p> <p>"So Lucien's ---</p> <p>I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, and lowered his mouth to me.</p> <p>At the first stroke of his tongue, I stopped arguing.</p> |
| 148 | <p>I rose onto my toes and kissed him. There was so much I wanted to ask him, but- later. "Let's go upstairs," I said onto his lips, and he slid his arms around me.</p> <p>"I missed you," he said between kisses. "I went out of my mind."</p> <p>That was all I needed to hear. Until-</p> <p>"I need to ask you some questions."</p> <p>I let out a low sound of affirmation, but angled my head further. "Later." His body was so warm, so hard against mine, his scent so familiar-</p> <p>Tamlin gripped my waist, pressing his brow to my own. "No- now," he said, but groaned softly as I slid my tongue against his teeth. "While..." He pulled back, ripping his mouth from mine. "While it's all fresh in your mind."</p> <p>I froze, one hand tangled in his hair, the other gripping the back of his tunic.</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>...But he held up a hand, his eyes locked on mine as he called for Lucien.</p> <p>In the moments that it took for his emissary to appear, I straightened my clothes- the top that had ridden up my torso- and finger-combed my hair.</p> |
| 157 | <p>I'd had all of one day with Tamlin- one day spent wandering the grounds, making love in the high grasses of a sunny field, and a quiet, private dinner- before he was called to the border.</p> |
| 159 | <p>She wore no clothes. Her long, dark hair hung limp over her high, firm breasts- ...Lucien's face tightened with disapproval, but he made no comment as the lesser faerie lowered her delicate, pointed face, and clasped her spindly, webbed fingers over her breasts.</p> <p>...her full, sensuous lips revealing teeth as sharp and jagged as a pike's.</p> |
| 173 | <p>He kissed my brow, the tip of my nose, my mouth. "So much paperwork," he grumbled onto my lips. I chuckled, but he pressed his mouth to the bare spot between my neck and shoulder. "I'm sorry," he murmured, and my spine tingled.</p> <p>He kissed my neck again. "I'm sorry."</p> <p>I ran a hand down his arm. "Tamlin," I started.</p> <p>"I shouldn't have said those things," he breathed onto my skin.</p> |
| 181 | <p>He made love to me, morning and night. He worshipped my body with his hands, his tongue, his teeth.</p> |
| 194 | <p>"...Rhysand is the best lover a female can ever dream of."</p> |
| 314 | <p>She pressed a kiss to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a a monster as me." She curved the knife over my breast, angling it toward my peaked nipple, as is she could see the heart beating beneath.</p> <p>...the sensitive flesh beneath my breast, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed-</p> |
| 323 | <p>"...They'll sell any bit of information for food, sex, maybe a breath of air."</p> |

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| 364 | ...thinking about sex, about anything but the Weaver of the Wood. |
| 390 | <p>...her full breasts peaked against the chill- ..."You see what you want to see," he- we- said. The door opened beside him. "Get out." A coy tilt of her lips. "I heard you like to play games." Her slender hand drifted low, trailing past her belly button. "I think you'll find me a diverting playmate." ..."My allegiance lied with the future of Prythian, with the true power in this land." Her fingers slid between her legs- and halted. Her gasp cleaved the room as he sent a tendril of power blasting for her, pinning that arm to the bed- away from herself. "Do you know what a union between us could do for Prythian, for the world?" she said, eyes devouring him still. "You mean yourself." "Our offspring could rule Prythian." Cruel amusement danced through him. "So you want my crown- and for me to play stud?" She tried to writhe her body, but his power held her. "I don't see anyone else worthy of the position." ...lanthe's eyes darkened, and she slithered to her feet, not bothering with her clothes, draped over his favorite chair. Each step toward him had her generous breasts bobbing. She stopped barely a foot away. "You have no idea what I can make you feel, High Lord." She reached a hand for him, right between his legs.</p> |
| 395 | The bath was indeed hot, as he'd promised. And I mulled over what he'd shown me, seeing that hand again and again reach between his legs, the ownership and arrogance in that gesture- |
| 465 | "Wraiths are nothing but shadow and mist, able to walk through walls, stone- you name it. I don't even want to know how those two were conceived. High Fae will stick their cocks anywhere." |
| 485 | <p>Let's hope my licking is better than yours. ...He'd licked away my tears when I'd been a moment away from shattering. ...I've been told I'm very, very good at licking. ...Try not to moan too loudly when you dream about me. I need my beauty rest.</p> |
| 520 | <p>His gaze drifted to my chest, the bare skin revealed by the sweeping vee of my gown, as if he could see where the spark of life, his power, had gone. Rhy followed that gaze. "Her breasts are rather spectacular, aren't they? Delicious as ripe apples."</p> |
| 534 | <p>"If I fucked him for it, what would you do?" ..."You are always free to do what you want, with whomever you want. So if you want to ride him, go ahead."</p> |
| 562 | "Is that why you wouldn't look at me? Because you think I fucked her for information?" |
| 664 | I'd felt flickers of these past few weeks in that hole inside my chest- flickers of images, nothing solid. Nothing roaring with life and demand. Not in the way it had that night, seeing him kneel on that bed, naked and tattooed and winged. |

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| 672 | <p>"If you want an Illyrian male's attention, you'd be better off grabbing him by the balls. We're trained to protect our wings at all costs. Some males attack first, ask questions later, if their wings are touched without invitation."</p> <p>"And during sex?" The question blurted out.</p> <p>..."During sex, an Illyrian male can find completion just by having someone touch his wings in the right spot."</p> <p>My blood thrummed. Dangerous territory; more lethal than the drop below.</p> <p>"Have you found that to be true?"</p> <p>His eyes stripped me bare. "I've never allowed anyone to see or touch my wings during sex. It makes you vulnerable in a way that I'm not...comfortable with."</p> <p>..."Why?" he asked warily.</p> <p>I shrugged, fighting the upward tugging of my lips, "Because I bet you could get into so interesting positions with those wings."</p> |
| 693 | <p>Rhys didn't dare break from his mask, but the light kiss he pressed beneath my ear told me enough.</p> <p>...I wondered, then, with his hands beneath my breasts and between my legs, what Rhys wouldn't give of himself.</p> <p>His hands tightened on me, and his eyes held mine as he leaned forward to brush his mouth against my cheek.</p> <p>...I leaned a bit more against him, my legs widening ever so slightly. Why'd you stop? I said into his mind, into him.</p> <p>A near-silent growl reverberated against me. He stroked my ribs again, in time to the beat of the music, his thumb rising nearly high enough to graze the underside of my breasts.</p> <p>I let my head drop back against his shoulder.</p> <p>I let go of the part of me that heard their words- whore, whore, whore-</p> <p>...I became the music, and the drums, and the wild, dark thing in the High Lord's arms.</p> |
| 696 | <p>The hand that had been on my waist slid across my abdomen, hooking to the low-slung belt there. I rested my head between his shoulder and neck, staring at the crowd as they stared at me, savoring every place where Rhys and I connected and wanting more more more.</p> <p>At last, when my blood had begun to boil, when Rhys skimmed the underside of my breast with his knuckle, I looked to where I knew Keir was standing, watching us, my wine forgotten in his hand.</p> <p>...I knew Rhys was still holding Keir's gaze as the tip of his tongue slid up my neck. I arched my back, eyes heavy-lidded, breathing uneven. I'd burn and burn and burn-</p> <p>I think he's so disgusted that he might have given me the orb just to get out of here, Rhys said in my mind, that other hand drifting dangerously south. But there was such a growing ache there, and I wore nothing beneath that would conceal the damning evidence if he slid his hand a fraction higher.</p> <p>You and I put on a good show, I said back. The person who said that, husky and sultry- I'd never heard that voice come out of me before.</p> <p>...His hand slid to my upper thigh, fingers curving in.</p> <p>I ground against him, trying to shift those hands away from what he'd learn-</p> |

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| | <p>To find him hard against my backside. ...So I turned around again, meeting Rhysand's now-blazing eyes, and then licked up the column of his throat. ...I faced forward, and Rhys dragged his mouth along the back of my neck, right over my spine, just as I shifted against the hardness pushing into me, insistent and dominating. Precisely as his hand slid a bit too high on my inner thigh. ...It means nothing. It's just your body reacting- Because you're so irresistible? ...We'd danced around and teased and taunted each other for months. And maybe it was my body's reaction, maybe it was his body's reaction, but the taste of him threatened to destroy me, consume me, and-</p> |
| 700 | <p>"You'll get what's coming to you, whore."</p> |
| 736 | <p>His eyes fell on my mouth. "I'm wishing I could take back that kiss Under the Mountain."</p> |
| 738 | <p>He leaned in, brushing his mouth against my heated cheek. I closed my eyes at the whisper of a kiss, at the hunger that ravaged me in its wake,...</p> |
| 740 | <p>...or thinking about the feeling of his body pressed to mine as we'd danced for hours, the brush of his mouth on my skin.</p> |
| 757 | <p>I didn't wait for him to stretch out his hand before I went to him. And looking up into his face I said, "I want to paint you." He gently lifted me into his arms. "Nude would be best," he said in my ear.</p> |
| 783 | <p>I ate in silence, listening to the rustle of his clothes being donned, trying to think of ice baths, of infected wounds, of toe fungus, - anything but his naked body, so close...and the bed I was sitting on.</p> |
| 788 | <p>"No expectations," he said. "Just body heat." I scowled at the laughter in his voice. But his broad hands slid under and over me: one flattening against my stomach and tugging me against the hard warmth of him, the other sliding under my ribs and arms to band around my chest, pressing his front into me. He tangled his legs with mine, and then a heavier, warmer darkness settled over us... ...I lifted a hand toward the darkness, and met with a soft, silky material- his wing, cocooning and warming me. I traced my finger along it, and he shuddered, his arms tightening around me. "Your finger...is very cold," he gritted out, the words hot on my neck. I tried not to smile, even as I tilted my neck a bit more, hoping the heat of his breath might caress it again. I dragged my finger along his wing, the nail scraping gently against the smooth surface. Rhys tensed, his hand splaying across my stomach. ...Something hard pushed against my behind. Heat flooded me, and I went taut and loose all at once. I stroked his wing again, two fingers now, and he twitched against my backside in time with the caress. The fingers he'd spread over my stomach began to make idle, lazy strokes. He swirled one around my navel, and I inched imperceptibly closer, grinding up against him, arching a bit more to give that other hand access to my breasts. "Greedy," he murmured, his lips hovering over my neck. "First you terrorize me</p> |

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| | <p>with your cold hands, now you want...what is it you want, Feyre?"</p> <p>More, more, more, I almost begged him as his fingers traveled down the slope of my breasts, while his other hand continued its idle stroking along my stomach, my abdomen, slowly- so slowly- heading toward the low band of my pants and the building ache beneath it.</p> <p>Rhysand's teeth scraped against my neck in a lazy caress. "What is it you want, Feyre?" He nipped at my earlobe.</p> <p>I cried out just a little, arching fully against him, as if I could get that hand to slip exactly to where I wanted it. I knew what he wanted me to say. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of it.</p> <p>Not yet.</p> <p>So I said, "I want a distraction." It was breathless. "I want- fun."</p> <p>His body again tensed behind mine.</p> <p>And I wondered if he somehow didn't see it for the lie it was; if he thought...if he thought that was all I indeed wanted.</p> <p>But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you.</p> <p>He slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving clean under my shirt. Skin to skin, the calluses of his hands made me groan as they scraped the top of my breast and circled around my peaked nipple. "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my other breast. "You have no idea how much I love these."</p> <p>I groaned as he caressed a knuckle against my nipple, and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. He was hard as granite behind me, and I ground against him, eliciting a soft, wicked hiss from him. "Stop that," he snarled onto my skin. "You'll ruin my fun."</p> <p>I would do no such thing. I began twisting, reaching for him, needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for my hand to even slide in.</p> <p>"I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it. "Just— let me touch you." He palmed my breast for emphasis.</p> <p>It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach.</p> <p>I can't breathe when I look at you.</p> <p>Let me touch you.</p> <p>Because I was jealous, and pissed off</p> <p>She's mine.</p> <p>I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he 'd given me.</p> <p>Rhys slid his finger along the band of my pants again, a cat playing with its dinner.</p> <p>Again.</p> <p>Again.</p> <p>Please," I managed to say.</p> <p>He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. His hand at last trailed beneath my pants. The first brush of him against me dragged a groan from deep in my throat.</p> <p>He snarled in satisfaction at the wetness he found waiting for him and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but</p> |

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| | <p>never quite—</p> <p>His other hand gently squeezed my breast at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I bucked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked—</p> <p>I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?"</p> <p>A moan was my only reply. More more more.</p> <p>His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his fingers poised there like he had all the time in the world.</p> <p>Bastard. "Please," I said again, and ground my ass against him for emphasis. He hissed at the contact and slid a finger inside me. He swore.</p> <p>Feyre-----</p> <p>But I'd already started to move on him, and he swore again in a long exhale. His lips pressed into my neck, kissing up, up toward my ear.</p> <p>I let out a moan so loud it drowned out the rain as he slid in a second finger, filling me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe. "That's it," he murmured, his lips tracing my ear.</p> <p>I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could, and found him staring at me, at the hand down the front of my pants, watching me move on him.</p> <p>He was still staring at me when I captured his mouth with my own, biting on his lower lip.</p> <p>Rhys groaned, plunging his fingers in deeper. Harder.</p> <p>I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd been as I yielded fully to him, opening my mouth. His tongue swept in, moving in a way that I knew exactly what he 'd do if he got between my legs.</p> <p>His fingers plunged in and out, slow and hard, and my very existence narrowed to the feel of them, to the tightness in me ratcheting up with every deep stroke, every echoing thrust of his tongue in my mouth.</p> <p>You have no idea how much 1—" He cut himself off, and groaned again. Feyre. The sound of my name on his lips was my undoing. Release barreled down my spine, and I cried out, only to have his lips cover mine, as if he could devour the sound. His tongue flicked the roof of my mouth while I shuddered around him, clenching tight. He swore again, breathing hard, fingers stroking me through the last throes of it, until I was limp and trembling in his arms.</p> <p>I couldn't breathe hard enough, fast enough, as Rhys withdrew his fingers, pulling back so I could meet his stare. He said, "I wanted to do that when I felt how drenched you were at the Court of Nightmares. I wanted to have you right there in the middle of everyone. But mostly I just wanted to do this." His eyes held mine as he brought those fingers to his mouth and sucked on them.</p> <p>On the taste of me.</p> <p>I was going to eat him alive. I slid a hand up to his chest to pin him down, but he gripped my wrist. "When you lick me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you lick me, Feyre," he said, pressing nipping kisses to my jaw, my neck, "I'm going to let myself roar loud enough to bring down a mountain.</p> <p>I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you,</p> |

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| | <p>he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, "I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast." I whimpered. I've had a long, long time to think about how and where I want you," Rhys said onto the skin of my neck, his fingers sliding under the band of my pants, but stopping just beneath. Their home for the evening. I have no intention of doing it all in one night. Or in a room where I can't even fuck you against the wall. I shuddered. He remained long and hard against me. I had to feel him, had to get that considerable length inside of me- "Sleep," he said. He might as well have commanded me to breathe underwater. But he began stroking my body again- not to arouse, but to soothe-</p> |
| 847 | <p>"...So the males of this family will know we're both watching them the next time they come up here to get drunk for a week straight."</p> |
| 866 | <p>And that night, when she kept turning her attention to me, I knew what she wanted. I knew it wasn't about fucking me so much as it was about getting revenge at my father's ghost. But if that was what she wanted, then that was what she would get. I made her beg, and scream, and used my lingering powers to make it so good for her that she wanted more. Craved more."</p> |
| 869 | <p>"...only that you were there, and I was touching you, and..." He loosed a shuddering breath.</p> |
| 883 | <p>He went still as I leaned in, kissing away one tear. Then the other. As he had once kissed away mine. When my lips were wet and salty with them, I pulled back far enough to see his eyes. "You're mine," I breathed. His body shuddered with what might have been a sob, but his lips found my own. It was gentle- soft. The kiss he might have given me if we'd been granted time and peace to meet across our separate worlds. To court each other. I slid my arms around his shoulders, opening my mouth to him, and his tongue slipped in, caressing my own. ...He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth. The sound snapped whatever leash he'd had on himself, and Rhysand scooped me up in a smooth movement before laying me flat on the table—amongst and on top of all the paints. He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped my legs around his back, hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion. Rhys pulled back to survey me, my body naked from the waist up. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple. I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.</p> |

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| | <p>I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him. There was paint all over my hands, my arms, but I didn't care as I grabbed at his clothes. He shifted enough to let me remove them, weapons and leather thudding to the ground, revealing that beautiful tattooed body, the powerful muscles and wings now peeking above them. My mate—my mate.</p> <p>His mouth crashed into mine, his bare skin so warm against my own, and I gripped his face, smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, until great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands found my waist, and I bucked my hips off the table to help him remove my socks, my leggings.</p> <p>Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into a gasp as he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, hooked my legs over his shoulders to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me.</p> <p>Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow for no one and nothing</p> <p>But his mate. His equal.</p> <p>The first lick of Rhysand 's tongue set me on fire.</p> <p>I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast.</p> <p>He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely.</p> <p>A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off.</p> <p>He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly---</p> <p>I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I moving.</p> <p>"Rhys," I rasped.</p> <p>Now. I wanted him now.</p> <p>But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor.</p> <p>He looked me over, naked, covered in paint, his own face and body smeared with it, and give me a slow, satisfied male smile. "You're mine, he snarled, and hefted me up into his arms.</p> <p>I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness.</p> <p>Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me, wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together.</p> <p>He didn't say anything as he came over me, wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield</p> |

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| | <p>only for me. And I wanted to touch him. I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch. Play later," he ground out. Indeed. His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my legs around his back, careful of the wings. Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. "Play later," I snarled into his mouth. Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in. And in. And in. I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured. I knew what he meant. You're mine," I breathed. Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow. "You're mine," I gasped out. Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimmable ray of light. With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. "You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings. My friend through many dangers. My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul. My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds. I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end. We were a song that had been sung from the very first ember of light in the world. Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt. Outside, the mountains trembled, the remaining snow rushing from them in a cascade of glittering white, only to be swallowed up by the waiting night below. Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths. I took his paint-smearred face between my own colorful hands and made him look at me.</p> |
| 891 | I huffed a laugh, sliding my paint-covered hand over his tattooed chest. Paint-right. |

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| | <p>We were both covered in it. So was the bed.</p> <p>Rhys followed my eyes and gave me a grin that was positively wicked. "How convenient that the bathtub is large enough for two."</p> <p>My blood heated, and I rose from the bed only to have him move faster- scooping me up in his arms.</p> <p>...He strode down the steps into the water, his hiss of pleasure a brush of air against my ear. And I might have moaned a little myself when the hot water hit me as he sat us both down in the tub.</p> <p>...My face heated, but my but gut tightened. Illyrian males and their wings- so sensitive.</p> <p>...The candlelight danced over his countless, faint scars- nearly invisible save for harder bits of membrane. He shuddered with each pass, hands braced the lip of the tub. I peeked over his shoulder to see the evidence of that sensitivity, and said, "At least the rumors about wingspan correlating with the size of other parts were right."</p> <p>His back muscle tensed as he choked out a laugh. "Such a dirty wicked mouth."</p> <p>I thought all the places I wanted to put that mouth and blushed a bit.</p> <p>...I kissed his bare neck, and he reached back to drag a finger down my cheek.</p> <p>I finished the wings and gripped his shoulder to turn him to face me. "What now?" Wordlessly, he took the soap from my hands and turned me, rubbing down my back, scrubbing lightly with the cloth.</p> <p>"It's up to you," Rhys said.</p> |
| 895 | <p>I scowled, and he laughed, hands sliding to grip my waist and tug me to him. He sat down on the built-in bench of the tub, and I straddled him, idly stroking his muscled arms.</p> <p>...He leaned in, kissing me softly, and I melted for him, wrapping my arms around his neck. He was rock-hard against me, pushing against where I sat poised right above him. All it would take would be one smooth motion and he'd be inside me- But Rhys stood from the water, both of us dripping wet, and I hooked my legs around him as he walked us back into the bedroom. The sheets had been changed by the domestic magic of the house, and they were warm and smooth against my naked body as he set me down and stared at me.</p> <p>...That hand splayed, the light leaking through the wafting shadows, and I hoisted myself up on my elbows to kiss him.</p> <p>...I moaned at the taste of him, and he opened his mouth for me, letting me brush my tongue against his, scrape it against his teeth. Everything he was had been laid before me- one final question.</p> <p>I wanted it all.</p> <p>I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the Hash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, "Illyrian baby," and ran my hands down his muscled abdomen—farther. He stopped objecting. He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again.</p> <p>He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him.</p> <p>Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting.</p> |

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| | <p>Cocky bastard.</p> <p>So I leaned down and put my mouth on him.</p> <p>He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.</p> <p>His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue Over him' grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood.</p> <p>Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me.</p> <p>Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did.</p> <p>One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading me as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke.</p> <p>I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets.</p> <p>Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, eternity exploding around me in that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him.</p> <p>Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and kissed the length of my spine. I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I climaxed with his name on my lips.</p> <p>Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again, his lips on my neck, on my ear.</p> <p>I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him.</p> <p>He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him.</p> <p>There was a glimmer in the darkness—a flash of lingering pain, a scar. And I understood why he wanted me like this, wanted to end it like this, with me astride him.</p> <p>It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly.</p> <p>As our mouths met, I slid onto him, the fit so much deeper, and he murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and again, and rode him gently. Later—there would be other times to go hard and fast. But right now ... I wouldn't think of why this position was one he wanted to end in, to have me banish the stained dark with the light.</p> <p>But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow.</p> <p>So I sat up, hands braced on his broad chest, and unleashed that light in me, letting it drive out the darkness of what had been done to him, my mate, my friend.</p> <p>Rhys barked my name, thrusting his hips up. Stars wheeled as he slammed deep. I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own vision fractured as release barreled into me again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he spilled himself in me.</p> <p>When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and</p> |

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| | <p>marveled at him. At us. He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light. I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough. Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're pissed. And since I have every intention of making you as happy as a person can be have a feeling we 'll need to learn to control that wondrous glow. Always thinking; always calculating. Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you. I remember mention of a wall." His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall." Hard enough to make the pictures fall off. Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth." I obliged him.</p> |
| 902 | <p>It was wrong to compare, because I knew probably every High Lord could keep a woman from sleeping all night, but Rhysand was . ravenous. I got perhaps an hour total of sleep that night, though I supposed I was to equally share the blame. I couldn't stop, couldn't get enough of the taste of him in my mouth, the feel of him inside of me. More, more, more—until I thought I might burst out of my skin from pleasure. "It's normal," Rhys said around a mouthful of bread as we sat at the table for breakfast. We'd barely made it into the kitchen. He'd taken one step out of bed, giving me a full view of his glorious wings, muscled back, and that beautiful backside, and I'd leaped on him. We'd tumbled to the floor and he'd shredded the pretty little area rug beneath his talons as I rode him. "What's normal?" I said. I could barely look at him without wanting to combust. "The . frenzy," he said carefully, as if fearful the wrong word might send us both hurtling for each other before we could get sustenance into our bodies. "When a couple accepts the mating bond, it's overwhelming. Again, harkening back to the beasts we once were. Probably something about ensuring the female was impregnated." My heart paused at that. "Some couples don't leave the house for a week. Males get so volatile that it can be dangerous for them to be in public, anyway. I've seen males of reason and education shatter a room because another male looked too long in their mate's direction, too soon after they'd been mated."</p> |
| 903 | <p>"I want to stay in that bedroom and fuck you until we're both hoarse."</p> |
| 904 | <p>I rose from the table on shaky knees and headed for the bedroom. I had to bathe— I was covered in him, my mouth tasted of him, despite breakfast.</p> |
| 953 | <p>He gently pressed a kissed to my mouth.</p> |
| 959 | <p>He kissed my neck.</p> |
| 960 | <p>Rhys shuddered against me. And when his lips found mine, I let him lay me down upon the roof tiles and make love to me under the stars.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|------------------|--------------|
| Ass | 10 |
| Cock | 2 |
| Fuck | 6 |
| Piss | 6 |
| Prick | 4 |
| Tit | 1 |
| Shit | 6 |

The Harms of Porn

“Just like addictive products such as tobacco, porn can create pathways within the brain that lead to cravings, and those cravings can push consumers to search longer and more diligently for the same level of “high.”¹¹ What’s worse is that the amount of dopamine that floods the brain only increases with repeated consumption. Each time a consumer turns to porn, they increase their cravings for more. But as the consumer’s brain is gaining this increased desire, it’s losing something else.”

<https://fightthenewdrug.org/how-porn-can-affect-the-brain-like-a-drug/>

Decades of studies from respected institutions have demonstrated significant impacts of porn consumption for individuals, relationships, and society.

<https://fightthenewdrug.org/>

15 research-packed articles illustrating porn’s harms to individuals, relationships, and society.

<https://fightthenewdrug.org/get-the-facts/>

Wisconsin Law

<https://docs.legis.wisconsin.gov/statutes/statutes/948/11>

948.11 Exposing a child to harmful material or harmful descriptions or narrations.

(1) Definitions. In this section:

(ag) "Harmful description or narrative account" means any explicit and detailed description or narrative account of sexual excitement, sexually explicit conduct, sadomasochistic abuse, physical torture or brutality that, taken as a whole, is harmful to children.

(ar) "Harmful material" means:

1. Any picture, photograph, drawing, sculpture, motion picture film or similar visual representation or image of a person or portion of the human body that depicts nudity, sexually explicit conduct, sadomasochistic abuse, physical torture or brutality and that is harmful to children; or
2. Any book, pamphlet, magazine, printed matter however reproduced or recording that contains any matter enumerated in subd. 1., or explicit and detailed verbal descriptions or narrative accounts of sexual excitement, sexually explicit conduct, sadomasochistic abuse, physical torture or brutality and that, taken as a whole, is harmful to children.

(b) "Harmful to children" means that quality of any description, narrative account or representation, in whatever form, of nudity, sexually explicit conduct, sexual excitement, sadomasochistic abuse, physical torture or brutality, when it:

1. Predominantly appeals to the prurient, shameful or morbid interest of children;
2. Is patently offensive to prevailing standards in the adult community as a whole with respect to what is suitable for children; and
3. Lacks serious literary, artistic, political, scientific or educational value for children, when taken as a whole.

(d) "Nudity" means the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area or buttocks with less than a full opaque covering, or the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque covering of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple, or the depiction of covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state.

(e) "Person" means any individual, partnership, firm, association, corporation or other legal entity.

(f) "Sexual excitement" means the condition of human male or female genitals when in a state of sexual stimulation or arousal.

(2) Criminal penalties.

(a) Whoever, with knowledge of the character and content of the material, sells, rents, exhibits, plays, distributes, or loans to a child any harmful material, with or without monetary consideration, is guilty of a Class I felony if any of the following applies:

1. The person knows or reasonably should know that the child has not attained the age of 18 years.
2. The person has face-to-face contact with the child before or during the sale, rental, exhibit, playing, distribution, or loan.

(am) Any person who has attained the age of 17 and who, with knowledge of the character and content of the description or narrative account, verbally communicates, by any means, a harmful description or

narrative account to a child, with or without monetary consideration, is guilty of a Class I felony if any of the following applies:

1. The person knows or reasonably should know that the child has not attained the age of 18 years.
 2. The person has face-to-face contact with the child before or during the communication.
- (b)** Whoever, with knowledge of the character and content of the material, possesses harmful material with the intent to sell, rent, exhibit, play, distribute, or loan the material to a child is guilty of a Class A misdemeanor if any of the following applies:
1. The person knows or reasonably should know that the child has not attained the age of 18 years.
 2. The person has face-to-face contact with the child.
- (c)** It is an affirmative defense to a prosecution for a violation of pars. (a) 2., (am) 2., and (b) 2. if the defendant had reasonable cause to believe that the child had attained the age of 18 years, and the child exhibited to the defendant a draft card, driver's license, birth certificate or other official or apparently official document purporting to establish that the child had attained the age of 18 years. A defendant who raises this affirmative defense has the burden of proving this defense by a preponderance of the evidence.
- (3)** Extradition. If any person is convicted under sub. (2) and cannot be found in this state, the governor or any person performing the functions of governor by authority of the law shall, unless the convicted person has appealed from the judgment of contempt or conviction and the appeal has not been finally determined, demand his or her extradition from the executive authority of the state in which the person is found.
- (4)** Libraries and educational institutions.
- (a)** The legislature finds that the libraries and educational institutions under par. (b) carry out the essential purpose of making available to all citizens a current, balanced collection of books, reference materials, periodicals, sound recordings and audiovisual materials that reflect the cultural diversity and pluralistic nature of American society. The legislature further finds that it is in the interest of the state to protect the financial resources of libraries and educational institutions from being expended in litigation and to permit these resources to be used to the greatest extent possible for fulfilling the essential purpose of libraries and educational institutions.
- (b)** No person who is an employee, a member of the board of directors or a trustee of any of the following is liable to prosecution for violation of this section for acts or omissions while in his or her capacity as an employee, a member of the board of directors or a trustee:
1. A public elementary or secondary school.
 2. A private school, as defined in s. 115.001 (3r), or a tribal school, as defined in s. 115.001 (15m).
 3. Any school offering vocational, technical or adult education that:
 - a. Is a technical college, is a school approved by the department of safety and professional services under s. 440.52, or is a school described in s. 440.52 (1) (e) 6., 7. or 8.; and
 - b. Is exempt from taxation under section 501 (c) (3) of the internal revenue code, as defined in s. 71.01 (6).
 4. Any institution of higher education that is accredited, as described in s. 39.30 (1) (d), and is exempt from taxation under section 501 (c) (3) of the internal revenue code, as defined in s. 71.01 (6).
 5. A library that receives funding from any unit of government.