

# Sex & the School Library

*You Won't Believe Your Eyes*

*Guide For Parents*



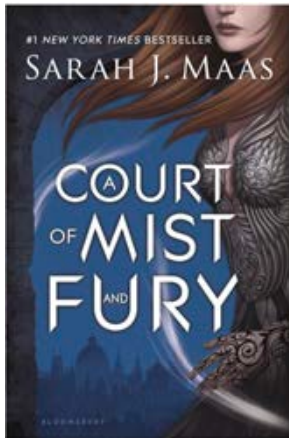


TAB: <<Libraries / Locations



# A COURT OF MIST AND FURY

Sarah J. Maas



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission North HS	600000057755	1	School Library Journal: "The sensuous romance that develops between Feyre and Rhysand will take readers on a whirlwind so fun and addicting they won't be able to put it down until the very end. Peppared with titillating scenes, the love story evolves in ways that may frustrate some readers, but remains true to real life. VERDICT A must-have where the author's previous works are popular."
BVSD	Blue Valley Southwest HS	F MAA	2	
	Blue Valley HS	F MAA	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	F MAA	1	
	Blue Valley Northwest HS	F MAA	1	
Olathe	Olathe East HS	F MAA	3	
	Olathe West HS	F MAA	6	
	Olathe South HS	F MAA	1	

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—

"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.

He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach.

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

a . . . title?"

He lifted his head long enough to look at me—

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."

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."

He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—

"What do you mean, there's no such thing as a High Lady?"

The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.

He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the . . . what he'd implied . . . He kissed the inside

Greene, et al., at n.55

Greene, Jay; Eden, Max; Marino, Madison, "The Book Ban Mirage," at n.54, *Education Freedom Institute*, July 20, 2023, <https://www.aei.org/research-products/report/the-book-ban-mirage/>

# ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE

George M. Johnson



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission Northwest HS	306.766 Joh	3	School Library Journal: "There are a few detailed depictions of sexual situations and an incident of sexual abuse by a family member. Johnson handles the painful, complicated feelings around this experience with an honesty and tone appropriate for the intended audience. VERDICT This young adult memoir is a contemporary hallmark of the blossoming genre. Johnson anchors the text with encouragement and realistic guidance for queer Black youth. Recommended for YA nonfiction collections where autobiographical and social justice titles are popular."
BVSD	Blue Valley Southwest HS	B JOH	1	
	Blue Valley HS	B JOH	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	B JOH	2	
	Blue Valley Northwest HS	B JOH	1	
Olathe	Olathe North HS	B JOH	1	
	Olathe South HS	B JOH	1	

go to sleep, and when he did fall asleep, he slept like a rock. You then asked me, "Do you feel that?"

"Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt."

You giggled. "That's not my hand."

"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.

You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble."

"You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?"

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.

It was that same feeling I had as a seven-year-old who knew he was different. The ten-year-old who wanted

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.

As we moved, I could tell he was excited—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.

# EMPIRE OF STORMS

Sarah J. Maas



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Trailridge MS	F MAA	1	Booklist Review: "...Recruiting her usual allies, along with Manon Blackbeak, Aelin sets out to imprison the dark forces that plague her kingdom. Though Maas' breathy narrative occasionally feels overwrought, and a few out-of-character pairings among series favorites seem more like an excuse to include lengthy, detailed sex scenes than meaningful plot contributions, fans devoted to the series (and there are many) will be eager for this installment's cinematic action, twisty schemes, and intense revelations of secrets and legacies."
	Shawnee Mission West HS	F Maa	1	
BVSD	Blue Valley Southwest HS	F MAA	2	
	Blue Valley North HS	F MAA	1	
	Blue Valley HS	F MAA	3	
OLATHE	Olathe North HS	F MAA Fantasy	2	
	Olathe Northwest HS	F MAA 5 Fantasy	1	
	Olathe South HS	F MAA	2	
	Olathe West HS	F MAA	7	
	Olathe East HS	F MAA	3	

"A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his hips nestling against hers. She gasped a bit at the touch, gasped a bit more as his knuckle grazed the heavy, aching underside of her breast. As he leaned down to kiss the other. His teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her. Oh, gods. Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really gods-damned did. [...]

The hardness of him pushed against her and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs. Rowan groaned, and she wondered if there was any other male in the world who would be so naked and prone with a woman on fire, who would not look at those flames with any ounce of fear. She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head-not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him.[...]

Aelin couldn't take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs. And as Rowan tasted her on that beach, as he laughed against her slick skin while her hoarse cries of his name shattered across palm trees and sand and water, Aelin let go of all pretense at reason. She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire- "Aelin," he growled, her name a plea. "Please," she moaned. "Please." The word was his undoing. Rowan rose over her again, and she let out a sound that might have been a whimper, might have been his name. Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her." [pp. 352-355]

# FLAMER



Mike Curato

DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Center for Acad. Ach. Resource	Project Lit	5	Booklist: "In his powerful debut graphic novel, Curato, best known for the Little Elliot picture books, tells the story of one transformative week of Boy Scout camp in 1995, in which chubby, awkward Filipino American Aiden wrestles with the growing realization that he's gay. . . .Curato gives Aiden a poignantly well-rounded character: for all the homophobia and racism inherent in institutions like the Boy Scouts and the Catholic church, Aiden still defiantly finds inspiration and strength there. Masterfully nuanced and stunningly told, this is visual storytelling at its finest."
	Shawnee Mission North HS	741.5 Cur	1	
	Shawnee Mission NW HS	741.5 Cur	1	
	Shawnee Mission East HS	741.5 Cur	1	
BVSD	Aubry Bend MS	741.5 CUR	1	
	Harmony MS	741.5 CUR	1	
	Overland Trail MS	741.5 CUR	1	
	Pleasant Ridge MS	741.5 CUR	1	
	Blue Valley HS	741.5 CUR	1	
	Blue Valley Southwest HS	741.5 CUR	2	
OLATHE	Indian Trail Middle School	741.5 CUR Graphic	2	
	Olathe East HS	F CUR	2	
	Olathe North HS	741.5 CUR	2	
	Olathe South HS	741.5 CUR	1	

Profanity/Derogatory	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	3
Cock	2
Dick	5
Faggot/Fag	14
Fuck	15
Piss	1
Prick	1
Queer	2
Shit	13

<http://booklooks.org/data/files/Book Looks Reports/F/Flamer.pdf>



# FUN HOME

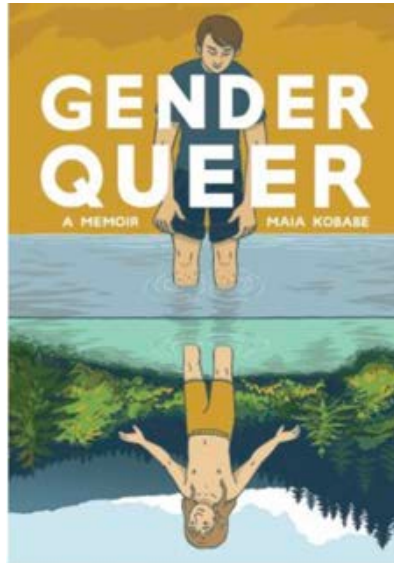
Alison Bechdel



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission East HS	741.5 Bec	1	<p>"Fun Home . . . is a graphic memoir that details Bechdel's life from childhood through college. During this time, she navigates the twists and turns of realizing she is a lesbian while being raised by her closeted gay father, who runs the town funeral home. This is a unique recipe for a story, especially a true one, and it is told through a graphic novel, which was turned into a Broadway show." Breitenbach, Kathleen, and Deskins, Liz (2023) <i>LGBTQIA+ Books for Children and Teens (2d ed.)</i>. Chicago: ALA Editions.</p>
	Shawnee Mission North HS	741.5 Bec	1	
	Shawnee Mission NW HS	92 Bec	1	
BVSD	Blue Valley HS	B BEC	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	741.5973	1	
	Blue Valley Southwest HS	741.5973	1	
OLATHE	Olathe Northwest HS	F MYR VERSE	1	
	Prairie Learning Center/Claire	F MYR	1	



# GENDER QUEER



Maia Kobabe

DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission Northwest HS	92 Kob	1	Gr 9 Up--Kobabe, who uses the pronouns e, em, and eir, was assigned female at birth but never felt that this designation fit. ... In this memoir, Kobabe chronicles eir life from the time e was very young through eir coming of age and adulthood. E describes common situations from the perspective of someone who is asexual and nonbinary: starting a new school, getting eir period, dating, attending college. The muted earth tones and calm blues match the hopeful tone and measured pacing. Matter-of-fact descriptions of gynecological exams and the use of sex toys will be enlightening for those who may not have access to this information elsewhere. VERDICT A book to be savored rather than devoured, this memoir will resonate with teens, especially fans of Alison Bechdel's Fun Home and Mason Deaver's I Wish You All the Best. It's also a great resource for those who identify as nonbinary or asexual as well as for those who know someone who identifies that way and wish to better understand.
	Shawnee Mission East HS	92 Kob	1	
BVSD	Blue Valley Southwest HS	B KOB	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	B KOB	1	
Olathe	Olathe North HS	B KOB	1	



Greene, Jay; Eden, Max; Marino, Madison, "The Book Ban Mirage," at n.13, Education Freedom Institute, July 20, 2023, <https://www.aei.org/research-products/report/the-book-ban-mirage/>

Greene, et al., at n. 14

# LET'S TALK ABOUT IT

Erika Moen



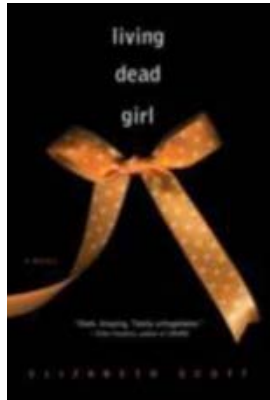
DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission NW HS	306.7 Moe	1	ALA 2022 Rainbow Book List: "This graphic novel covers a wide-range of topics from body image and relationships to safe sex and consent. Using diagrams along with a vignette style of storytelling, we see dialog between an inclusive cast of characters that are not only informative, but also give the reader examples of how to approach these topics in real life." <a href="https://drive.google.com/file/d/1h4s7hGbi2kXuREWzh0WmCxCy4b30jTV/view">https://drive.google.com/file/d/1h4s7hGbi2kXuREWzh0WmCxCy4b30jTV/view</a>
Olathe	Olathe South HS	306.7 MOE	1	
	Olathe East HS	306.7 MOE	1	



Book images from <http://booklooks.org/data/files/Book Looks Reports/L/Lets Talk About It.pdf>

# LIVING DEAD GIRL

Elizabeth Scott



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Shawnee Mission North HS	F Sco	1	School Library Journal Review "Gr 9 Up-The numb voice of a teen who has been devastated by five years of captivity and compliance, a girl who has been named "Alice" by her abductor, relates her grim story. . . . The trauma of multiple rapes on a child is portrayed, as is Ray's ongoing need to control her and his daily, multiple demands for sexual submission. . . .When Ray decides it is time for a new little girl, Alice complies by locating a likely next victim. In the process she meets a needy teen boy and a police officer, both of whom suspect she is in trouble and want to help her, but all does not end happily. This story lacks the vivid characters and psychological insights of Norma Fox Mazer's chilling The Missing Girl (HarperCollins, 2008). For an ultimately hopeful, but still realistic portrayal of a damaged survivor of abduction and sexual imprisonment, see Catherine Atkins's When Jeff Comes Home (Putnam, 1999)-"
	Shawnee Mission West HS	F Sco	1	
	Shawnee Mission South HS	F Sco	1	
BVSD	Blue Valley Southwest HS	F SCO	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	F SCO	1	
	Blue Valley Northwest HS	F SCO	1	

20 GET UP.

Those were the first words I ever heard.  
Open my eyes, see a girl, black and blue all over, dried blood along her thighs. Red brown stains smeared across the hairless juncture between.  
"Get up and take a bath, Alice," the man in the blue shirt said, and Alice did.  
I did.  
That's how I was born. Naked, hairless, covered in blood like all babies.  
Named, bathed, and then taken out into the world.

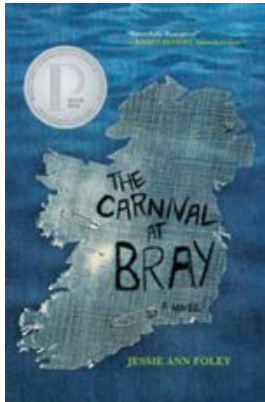
26 "I know, silly girl. My girl," he says, and stands up, unbuckles his belt. Opens his pants.  
"Come over here. Give me a kiss hello."  
I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder.  
"Alice, my baby," he says, kissing my cheek.  
Then he shoves me to my knees.  
When he's finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away.  
...He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap during the sitcom he hates.

33 There was another Alice before me. Ray let her go when she turned 15.  
He drove her all the way back to where she used to live, to where she was when she was another girl, back to her before.  
Her body was found in a river, floating downstream just a mile from the house she grew up in.  
Ray used to tell me this story a lot, pulling me close and saying, "But I'll make sure that doesn't happen to you. I'll keep you safe. All you have to do is be good. Be my little girl forever. You can do that, can't you?"  
I am 15, and I figure soon Ray will kill me.  
I could run, but he would find me.

35 You can't make yourself clean like that, and fresh-scrubbed skin only invites attention. Ray makes me shower once a week, and I hate coming out of the bathroom. I hate knowing he's waiting for me, that he will rub his hands and himself all over me and whisper things. His hands used to make me cry, but now I'm used to them.

# THE CARNIVAL AT BRAY

Jessie Ann Foley



DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Trailridge MS	F Fol	1	School Library Journal: "Gr 9 Up-. . . The themes of dysfunctional families, moving, first (and awful) sexual experiences, and rebellious music will resonate with teens. Give this to fans of This Song Will Save Your Life by Leila Sales (Farrar, 2013)."
	Shawnee Mission East HS	F FOL	1	
	Shawnee Mission NW HS	F Fol	1	
	Horizons HS	F Fol	1	
BVSD	Aubry Bend MS	F FOL	1	
	Blue Valley North HS	F FOL	1	
	Blue Valley Southwest HS	F FOL	1	
OLATHE	Olathe East HS	F FOL	2	

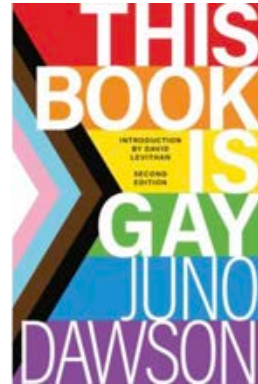
"He grabbed her waist and kissed her, his spit cold and wet on her lips. She kissed him back, her eyes drifting shut, her mouth lolling open. . . . She felt his cold fingers yank up her sweater and squeeze her breasts roughly. . . . He pulled her sweater off and then, after some fumbling, her bra and dropped both pieces of clothing on the wet ground. . . .She could feel her nipples pucker and tighten in the salted wind. He began to suck them, hard, and she grimaced, looking over his head. . . . It didn't occur to her to tell him to stop. With his free hand, he yanked at the button of her jeans, pulled down the zipper, and stuffed his hand down her underpants. He found her warm opening, and twisted two fingers inside. Her breath caught sharply on the tight tissue inside of her unknit and gave way. The strangest thing happened. The pain of what he was doing to her somehow made her feel better. A memory floated before her, of Samatha Steinle, a weird, quiet girl from her Chicago neighborhood who, in seventh grade, had taken Maggie into the bathroom stall during recess, unbuttoned the cuff of her school blouse, and showed Maggie the patterns of razor marks that she'd scored herself with from wrist to elbow. "Hurting myself is the only thing that makes me feel better," Samantha had said. Now, with Paul's fingers twisting inside of her, his teeth on the thin skin of her breasts, she finally understood what Samantha had meant. He pulled his hand from between her legs and she heard the dull clinking of his belt buckle, the sharp exhale of a zipper being undone. "Put your mouth on it," he whispered into her neck, his forearm a heavy pressure on her shoulders, and she crouched on the wet ground, her naked spine facing seaward, the puddles soaking into the knees of her jeans. He put his hands on the back of her head and pushed her closer to his thighs so she was nearly choking on it, and then his whole body stiffened and he moaned in just the way she'd heard her mother and Colm moaning through the thin walls of their bedroom. To stop herself from vomiting, she spit it out on the wet ground." p. 78.

# THIS BOOK IS GAY

Juno Dawson

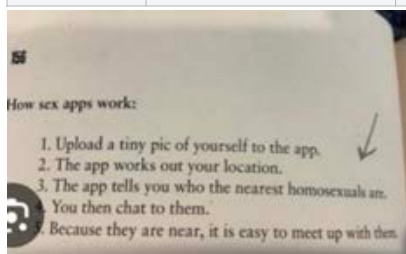


2015

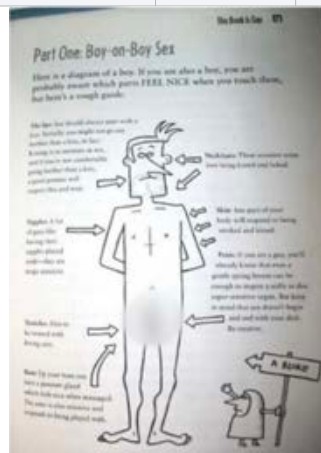


2021

DISTRICT	Location	Call #/Bar Code	Copies	Review(s)
SMSD	Westridge Middle School	306.766	1 (2015)	School Library Journal Review: "Gr 10 Up-This witty, no-holds-barred look at the LGBTQ experience provides information that parents or school friends often can't or won't give. The book covers dating, religious perceptions of LGBTQ people, bullying, coming out, and more. Employing occasionally snarky, informal language, Dawson provides very direct, frank guidance (among the subheadings are "Doing the Sex" and "Why Are Gay Men So Slutty?"), including sexual advice (complete with labeled anatomical cartoons). However, these are all topics about which teens are curious. Though the book has an intended audience, a variety of readers will appreciate it. VERDICT An insightful option for those with questions about what it's like to be LGBTQ."
	Shawnee Mission NW HS	306.766	1 (2015)/1 (2021)	
BVSD	Blue Valley Northwest HS	306.76 DAW	1	
	Blue Valley Southwest HS	306.76 DAW	1	



Greene, Jay; Eden, Max; Marino, Madison, "The Book Ban Mirage," at nn. 15 & 16, *Education Freedom Institute*, July 20, 2023, <https://www.aei.org/research-products/report/the-book-ban-mirage/>

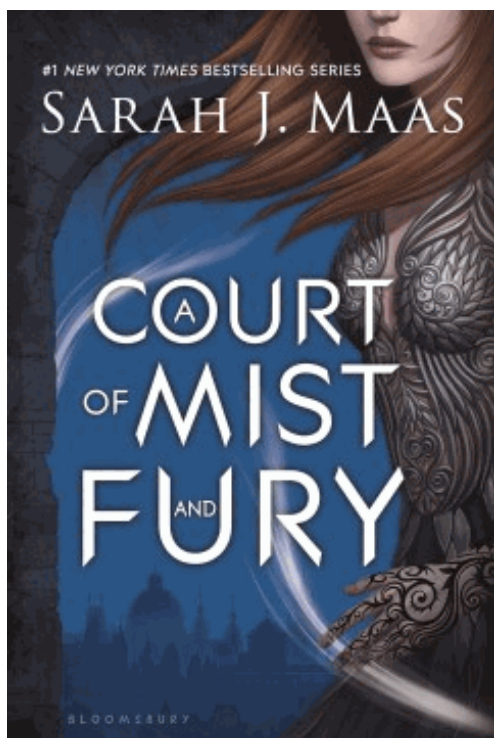


TAB: Excerpts & Images





# A COURT OF MIST AND FURY



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

ISBN: 978-1-61963-519-7



## Summary of Concerns:

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

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
21	<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.</p> <p>My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants.</p> <p>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 --- Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable.</p> <p>I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave,</p>

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	<p>savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength.  For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room.  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.  I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured.  It's fine," I breathed. "I understand.  Not a lie, but not quite true.  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."  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?"  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.  "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. "What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.  Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.  Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title?  He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?"  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.  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.  He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—  What do you mean, there's no such thing as a High Lady?"  The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.  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.  But Lucien's mother ---  She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the 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.  "So Lucien's ---  I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, and</p>

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	<p>lowered his mouth to me. At the first stroke of his tongue, I stopped arguing.</p>
83	<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. "I missed you," he said between kisses. "I went out of my mind." That was all I needed to hear. Until- "I need to ask you some questions." 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- 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." I froze, one hand tangled in his hair, the other gripping the back of his tunic. "What?" ...But he held up a hand, his eyes locked on mine as he called for Lucien. 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>
88	<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>
89	<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. ...her full, sensuous lips revealing teeth as sharp and jagged as a pike's.</p>
97	<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. He kissed my neck again. "I'm sorry." I ran a hand down his arm. "Tamlin," I started. "I shouldn't have said those things," he breathed onto my skin.</p>
103	<p>He made love to me, morning and night. He worshipped my body with his hands, his tongue, his teeth.</p>
111	<p>"...Rhysand is the best lover a female can ever dream of."</p>
185	<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. ...the sensitive flesh beneath my breast, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed-</p>
190	<p>"...They'll sell any bit of information for food, sex, maybe a breath of air."</p>
216	<p>...thinking about sex, about anything but the Weaver of the Wood.</p>
232	<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</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>"You mean yourself."</p> <p>"Our offspring could rule Prythian."</p> <p>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."</p> <p>...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>
235	<p>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-</p>
279	<p>"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."</p>
290	<p>Let's hope my licking is better than yours.</p> <p>...He'd licked away my tears when I'd been a moment away from shattering.</p> <p>...I've been told I'm very, very good at licking.</p> <p>...Try not to moan too loudly when you dream about me. I need my beauty rest.</p>
310	<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.</p> <p>Rhy followed that gaze. "Her breasts are rather spectacular, aren't they? Delicious as ripe apples."</p>
318	<p>"If I fucked him for it, what would you do?"</p> <p>..."You are always free to do what you want, with whomever you want. So if you want to ride him, go ahead."</p>
335	<p>"Is that why you wouldn't look at me? Because you think I fucked her for information?"</p>
401	<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. "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>

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413	<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>
414	<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.</p> <p>I arched my back, eyes heavy-lidded, breathing uneven. I'd burn and burn and burn- 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- To find him hard against my backside.</p> <p>...So I turned around again, meeting Rhysand's now-blazing eyes, and then licked up the column of his throat.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...It means nothing. It's just your body reacting- Because you're so irresistible?</p> <p>...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>
417	<p>"You'll get what's coming to you, whore."</p>
439	<p>His eyes fell on my mouth. "I'm wishing I could take back that kiss Under the Mountain."</p>
440	<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>

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442	...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.
451	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.
468	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.
471	<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...</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>"Your finger...is very cold," he gritted out, the words hot on my neck.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Greedy," he murmured, his lips hovering over my neck. "First you terrorize me 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. 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</p>

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	<p>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 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.</p> <p>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</p>



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	<p>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.</p> <p>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, 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."</p> <p>I whimpered.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>I shuddered. He remained long and hard against me. I had to feel him, had to get that considerable length inside of me-</p> <p>"Sleep," he said. He might as well have commanded me to breathe underwater.</p> <p>But he began stroking my body again- not to arouse, but to soothe-</p>
509	<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>
520	<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>
522	<p>"...only that you were there, and I was touching you, and..." He loosed a shuddering breath.</p>
530	<p>He went still as I leaned in, kissing away one tear. Then the other. As he had once kissed away mine.</p> <p>When my lips were wet and salty with them, I pulled back far enough to see his eyes.</p> <p>"You're mine," I breathed.</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.</p> <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.</p> <p>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. 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.</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>

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	<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. "Rhys," I rasped. Now. I wanted him now.</p> <p>But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table.</p> <p>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. 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 only for me. And I wanted to touch him.</p> <p>I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch.</p> <p>Play later," he ground out.</p> <p>Indeed.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Play later," I snarled into his mouth.</p> <p>Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in.</p> <p>And in. And in.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>I knew what he meant.</p> <p>You're mine," I breathed.</p> <p>Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow.</p> <p>"You're mine," I gasped out.</p> <p>Again, he pulled out, then thrust in.</p> <p>You're mine.</p> <p>Again—faster, deeper this time.</p> <p>I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimmable ray of light.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul.</p> <p>My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds.</p> <p>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."</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths.</p> <p>I took his paint-smearred face between my own colorful hands and made him look at me.</p>
534	<p>I huffed a laugh, sliding my paint-covered hand over his tattooed chest. Paint- right. 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?"</p> <p>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>
536	<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-</p> <p>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</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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> <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.</p> <p>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. 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.</p> <p>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</p>

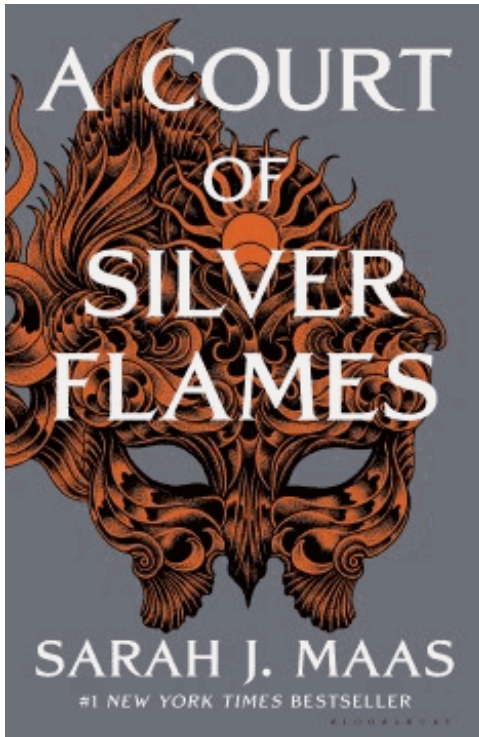
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	<p>and over as he spilled himself in me.</p> <p>When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us.</p> <p>He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light. I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough.</p> <p>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 having a feeling we'll need to learn to control that wondrous glow.</p> <p>Always thinking; always calculating.</p> <p>Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you.</p> <p>I remember mention of a wall."</p> <p>His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall."</p> <p>Hard enough to make the pictures fall off.</p> <p>Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth."</p> <p>I obliged him.</p>
540	<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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"It's normal," Rhys said around a mouthful of bread as we sat at the table for breakfast.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>We'd tumbled to the floor and he'd shredded the pretty little area rug beneath his talons as I rode him.</p> <p>"What's normal?" I said. I could barely look at him without wanting to combust.</p> <p>"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>
541	<p>"I want to stay in that bedroom and fuck you until we're both hoarse."</p>
542	<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>
571	<p>He gently pressed a kissed to my mouth.</p>
574	<p>He kissed my neck.</p>
575	<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	17
Bitch	2
Cock	3
Fuck	12
Piss	27
Prick	26
Shit	18
Tit	1





# A COURT OF SILVER FLAMES



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

ISBN: 978-1-63557-619-1

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; and graphic violence.

## CONTENT WARNING

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**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
10	<p>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.</p> <p>On any other female, those magnificent breasts might have been enough cause for him to begin courting her the moment he met her.</p>
12	<p>She ransacked her wine-soaked memory as she returned to the bedroom, dodging piles of books and lumps of clothing, 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, but not his name.</p>
13	<p>She chucked the white shirt at him. “You can use the front door now.”</p> <p>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.</p>
15	<p>Nothing could stop the awful power from beginning to rise, rise, rise in her. 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 remnants of last night. The sex hadn’t been bad—she’d had better, but also much worse. Even immortality wasn’t enough time for some males to master the art of the bedroom.</p> <p>So she’d taught herself what she liked. She’d obtained a monthly contraceptive tea from her local apothecary, and then she’d brought that first male here. He had no idea that her maidenhead had been intact until he’d spied the smeared blood on the sheets. His face had tightened with distaste—then a glimmer of fear that she might report an unsatisfactory first bedding to her sister.</p>
17	<p>“I’d hoped you at least changed the sheets between visitors, but apparently that doesn’t bother you.”</p> <p>Nesta tied the laces on the first shoe. “What business is it of yours?”</p> <p>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.”</p>
22	<p>“Though I bet it’s hard to look good,” Amren went on, “when you’re out until the darkest hours of the night, drinking yourself stupid and fucking anything that comes your way.”</p>
43	<p>He and his brothers had put a good deal of distance between the stupid youths they’d been—fucking any female who showed interest, often in the same room as each other—and the males they were now.</p>
63	<p>Nesta kept perfectly still in her chair, keenly aware of every movement in the fighting leathers she’d donned. She’d forgotten how it felt to wear pants—the nakedness of having her thighs and ass on display.</p>
68	<p>But fuck—when had he last had a satisfying roll in the sheets? Certainly not since the war. Maybe since before Feyre had freed them all from Amarantha’s grip. Cauldron boil him, 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 swift release.</p> <p>That had been more than two years ago. It had been his hand ever since.</p> <p>He should have scratched that particular itch before deciding that living in the House with</p>

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	Nesta was a good idea. She was hurting and adrift and the last thing she needed was him panting after her. Grabbing her arm like an animal, unable to stop himself from drawing near.
69	He made a point not to look beneath her neck. At the body left on display. She needed to gain back the weight she'd lost, and pack on some muscle, but ... those fucking leathers.
102	<p>He had no idea how it had 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.</p> <p>He knew Az had been well aware of the shift in his scent. 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.</p> <p>...The thought of that one hand led him back to her hand, squeezing him rough and hard, just the way he liked it—</p>
130	At twenty-one, he'd still been drinking and brawling and fucking, unconcerned with anything and anybody except his ambition to be the most skilled of Illyrian warriors since Enalius himself.
134	There was nowhere for her to plant that beautiful ass here.
137	<p>No matter that Cassian without a shirt bordered on obscene, even with the collection of scars peppering his golden-brown skin.</p> <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>
157	Considering the filthy things he'd done in his bedroom, his bathroom—fuck, in so many of the rooms here—the idea of the House watching him ... Cauldron boil him alive.
182	<p>Cassian surveyed her. Gazed into her eyes and breathed, "Beautiful."</p> <p>He didn't halt the hand she laid on his muscled chest. Or when she pushed against that chest, backing him to the wall, his wings splaying on impact.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...The urge to press her body into his, to feel his warmth and hardness grinding into her, nearly overrode every rational thought.</p> <p>...Her knees nearly wobbled at the desire blazing in them. Liquid, unrelenting desire, all fixed upon her.</p> <p>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>
184	<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> <p>He'd told her exactly what he planned to do last night, but meeting Nesta's stare over the breakfast table the next morning was more uncomfortable than he'd anticipated.</p> <p>...To break the silence, Cassian asked, "What are you reading?"</p> <p>Color stained Nesta's pale cheeks. And he could have sworn it took an effort of will for her to meet his eyes, too. "A romance."</p> <p>"I gathered that. What's this one about?"</p> <p>She dropped her gaze quickly. But the blush remained.</p>

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	<p>He knew it had nothing to do with the novel.            But she lifted her eyes to him again, spine stiffening. Like she was working hard as hell to make herself meet his stare. Her fingers clenched her fork. 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 ... He made himself take deep, steadying breaths. They had to train together for the next two hours. 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 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.            ...He had to get out of this room. Had to sort his shit out before he went upstairs. The heat between them didn't belong in the training ring. Where the fuck was Az when he needed him? Cassian had played buffer for Mor for years—where the fuck was she when he needed her? But he couldn't rise from his chair. If he did, Nesta would see precisely how she'd affected him. That is, if she hadn't already scented it—and understood the shift in his smell. And if she looked at the bulge in his pants with that heat she'd had in her eyes last night, the heat 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 their clothing piece by piece.</p>
185	<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>
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186	<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 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>
187	<p>Their eyes met, and there was only clear, determined calm—and a challenge. “We’ll do the warm-up, and then we’re moving into some core work.”            She gaped. Her ... core?            “Abdominals,” he clarified, and pink washed across his face. He cleared his throat. “Filthy mind.” He flicked her cheek. “Too much smut.”</p>
189	<p>She tried not to wonder if that panting was how he'd sounded last night when he'd pleased himself.</p>

Page	Content
202	Nesta knew she herself had looked like that at one point, even if Elain's breasts had always been smaller.
204	Elain, surprisingly, held her ground. "I wasn't drinking myself into oblivion and—and doing those other things." "Fucking strangers?"
216	<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. She'd kissed him with her eyes open, so she could see precisely how his own widened. Nesta pulled away a moment later and found his eyes still wide, his breathing harsh. She laughed softly, making to unhook her fingers from his jacket and strut down the hall. She only got as far as lowering her right hand before he 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. The moment Nesta hit that wall, the moment Cassian enveloped her, it destroyed any illusion of restraint. She opened her mouth, and his tongue swept in, the kiss punishing and savage. And the taste of him, like snow-kissed wind and crackling embers—</p> <p>She moaned, unable to help herself.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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—</p> <p>He slid his hands around her, grasping her ass, and lifted her into the air. She wrapped her legs around his middle, and moaned again as he pressed himself between her thighs.</p> <p>She needed this temporary reprieve from her mind, that thing burning deep inside her, the memories that hounded her. She needed this. Needed him.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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. He let out a laugh against her skin. "Like that?" he murmured, and licked it again.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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</p>

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	<p>hardness of him into the throbbing ache of her. She scrambled to regain any sense of control, of sanity—found herself wanting to hand it all over to him, to let him touch and touch and touch her, lick and suckle and fill her—</p> <p>Cassian growled, as if he read that in her stare, and kissed her again.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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—</p> <p>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—</p> <p>Her mouth watered. She was aching, so wet that every stitch of the seam down the center of her pants was torture.</p> <p>His kiss 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.</p> <p>Cassian's panting caressed her skin as he nipped at her bottom lip, her ear, her jaw. Her own staccato breathing echoed it, fire roaring in her blood, and he captured her mouth again, moaning into her as she gave up on the laces and buttons and laid her hand flat against him. He bucked as she rubbed the heel of her palm down his length, marveling at each inch. He tore his mouth from hers. "If you keep doing that, I'll—"</p> <p>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 had her leaning forward. Had her clamping her teeth onto his neck. Just as she rubbed him again, harder and rougher.</p> <p>He hissed. With her name on his lips, 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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>When Cassian had stilled, when he was shaking—only then did Nesta remove her face from his neck. His hazel eyes were wide enough that the whites shone around them. A blush stained his golden cheeks, so enticing that she nearly leaned forward to lick that, too.</p>
220	<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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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> <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>

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222	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.
232	"Then go off on adventures," Nesta said. "Go drink and fuck strangers. But stay away from the Cauldron."
243	<p>His scent drifted to her, darker, muskier than usual. She'd bet all the money she didn't have that it was the scent of his arousal.</p> <p>It set her pulse hammering, careening so far off the path of sanity that she scrambled after its vanishing leash. To let him affect her so easily, so greatly—unacceptable.</p> <p>She didn't dare look below his waist, not as she shaped her lips into a cool smile. "Here for more?"</p> <p>"I'm here to settle the debt between us."</p> <p>His words were guttural. Her toes curled beneath the blanket.</p> <p>But her voice remained surprisingly calm. "What debt?"</p> <p>"The one I owe you for last night."</p> <p>He spoke as if there was no room in him for teasing, for humor. His eyes drifted lower than her face, noting the hammering of her pulse. "We have unfinished business."</p> <p>She grappled for anything to guard against him. "Male pride is a thing of wonder." When he didn't respond, she threw another wall his way: "Why are you even here? You made it clear enough that last night was a mistake."</p> <p>He was having none of it. "I never said that." His attention remained fixed on her hammering pulse.</p> <p>"You didn't need to. I saw it in your eyes."</p> <p>His gaze snapped to hers. "The only mistake was that I came before I could taste you."</p> <p>Nesta knew he didn't mean her mouth. Or her skin.</p> <p>Cassian went on, "The only mistake was that you ran off before I could get on my knees."</p> <p>Breathing became difficult. "Won't your friends tell you this is a mistake?" She gestured to the air between them.</p> <p>"My friends have nothing to do with this. With what I want from you."</p> <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 ...</p> <p>His entire being seemed to focus on it. On her. All five hundred years of being a trained warrior, an apex predator. All of it, narrowing on her.</p> <p>His appraisal enveloped her like a rush of wind, of fire. "What about training?" she breathed.</p> <p>"This stays out of training." His eyes had turned wholly dark.</p> <p>Her skin tightened, becoming almost painful as she went molten and throbbing between her legs.</p> <p>"Nesta."</p> <p>A note of pleading had entered his voice. He was trembling—the door behind him rattling with the force of his deteriorating self-control.</p> <p>She looked then. Below his waist. At what strained against his pants.</p> <p>Her head emptied out, and there was only him and her and the space between them.</p> <p>Cassian let out a growl, the sound a plea as well.</p> <p>She made herself say, "This stays out of training—and everything else. This is just sex."</p> <p>Something shifted in his expression, but he said, "Just sex."</p> <p>This was sure to be a mistake, sure to be something she paid for, suffered for. But she couldn't</p>

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	<p>bring herself to deny him. Deny herself. Just for tonight, she'd allow it. So Nesta met his eyes again, took in every trembling, restrained inch, and said, "Yes." 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. 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. Nesta arced off the bed, a breathless sound rupturing from her. Cassian only repeated the movement on her other breast. 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. Cassian let out that dark laugh and returned to her other breast, teeth grazing, teasing, biting. 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. 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. "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. In a choked whisper, she said, "Yes." 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, gilded by the lamps, and his exquisite wings, rising above them both. He didn't waste time with gentle touches and tastes. Parting her with one hand, he dragged his tongue clear up her center. The world fractured, re-formed, and fractured again. He cursed against her wetness, and he reached down with his other hand to adjust himself in his pants.</p>



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	<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 her 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> <p>As their eyes locked, he slid a finger into her.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>More—she wanted more. She undulated her hips against him, hard enough to drive his finger deeper.</p> <p>"Greedy," he murmured onto her, and withdrew his finger nearly to its tip. Only to add a second finger as he plunged back in.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Nesta rode his hand, his face, grinding into him with abandon.</p> <p>"Holy gods." Cassian's teeth grazed against her. "Nesta."</p> <p>The sound of her name on his lips against her most sensitive place sent her mind scattering into eternity.</p> <p>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 and trying to piece her mind back together.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Cassian was panting, still hard as he rose up and stared at her.</p> <p>She couldn't move—couldn't remember how to move. No one had ever done that to her. Made her feel like that.</p> <p>It had 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.</p>

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248	Nesta reached for the cock she was dying to feel, to taste, but he backed off the bed. Cassian grabbed his shirt and aimed for the door. "We're even now."
249	<p>Watching Nesta climax had been as close to a religious experience as Cassian had ever had. It had rocked him to his very core, 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. Not as he ate breakfast. 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.</p> <p>Cassian banished the thought from his mind. Along with the knowledge that 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'd been tight enough that he knew it'd 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.</p>
250	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.
252	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.
256	Nesta had made herself focus during the lesson, but as soon as she'd left them in the training ring, 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-
279	Nesta blocked out the memory of his head between her thighs, his tongue at her entrance, sliding into her.
288	<p>So Nesta braced her hands on the arms of his chair as she brushed a kiss to his neck. 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. 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 into her palm. 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 lightly 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. His cock was enormous. Beautiful, and hard, and absolutely enormous. Her mouth dried out,</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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, 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.</p> <p>She licked up the small bead of moisture already gathered there. 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.</p> <p>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. 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</p>

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	<p>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>He didn't care that they were in the dining room, that a wall of windows and doors lined half the space and anyone flying by might see.</p> <p>Cassian slid his other hand into her hair, fingers twining into her braided coronet, and he thrust up into her mouth.</p> <p>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, were 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'd be screaming his name to the ceiling. 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." Nesta only huffed a laugh, and sucked him down so deep that he couldn't stop it. Couldn't stop the release as she slid her other hand into his pants and cupped his balls, squeezing softly. 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. And then her lips curved upward, a queen triumphant.</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, and the scent of her arousal wrapped itself around him and dug its claws in deep.</p> <p>"Take off your pants," he growled.</p> <p>Nesta's smile only grew, pure feline amusement.</p> <p>He'd fuck her on this table. Right now. He didn't care about anything else, about the common space they were in or Eris or Briallyn or Koschei or the Dread Trove. 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 laces 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. Nesta heard the sound and moved a few feet away, refastening that top button.</p>
293	<p>"You let her suck your cock in the middle of the dining room. At a table I'm currently using to eat my dinner. I'd say that entitles me to an opinion."</p>
295	<p>The taste of him lingered in her mouth, as if he'd branded himself onto her tongue. She'd lain awake in bed last night thinking of every stroke, every sound he'd made, still feeling</p>

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	<p>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>
298	<p>He'd refused to think of what she'd done to him in the dining room while they'd been training, especially with Gwyn there, but seeing Nesta's tentative smile as she'd shoved the tea and spices into a bag had him suppressing the urge to push her against the wall and kiss her. ...If she had, it implied some level of caring about his well-being, didn't it? And pity. Fuck, if she'd sucked him because she pitied him—No. It hadn't been that. He'd seen the desire in her eyes, felt the softness of her mouth on his neck in those initial touches. It had been comfort, given in the only way she knew how.</p>
306	<p>As Rhys soared above the House's wards, just before he winnowed to Windhaven, he said to Cassian, I don't know what the fuck the two of you have been doing in this House, but it reeks of sex.</p>
337	<p>"I'm taking my cues from you. You seemed to have no interest in me after ..." He nodded to the table between them, the floor where she'd knelt between his legs. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" Nesta let out a rough laugh. "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." His eyes darkened. She rose, and he went wholly still as she rounded the table and came to a stop beside his chair. "Do you want to fuck me on this table?" she asked softly, running a hand over the smooth surface. He shuddered, as if he imagined that touch on his skin. "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 if it's a romance reader as well." "I ... What?" His breath had turned uneven. She leaned in to press a kiss against his torn mouth. It wasn't a loving gesture. Wasn't even a sweet one. It was a challenge and a wicked taunt to forget their fear and pain and come tangle with her. "I have no interest in bedding a male who looks like he's been in a tavern brawl," she said onto his lips. "We can dim the lights." Nesta chuckled. 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 give herself that temptation. He'd be her reward—but only after she'd accomplished the scrying. Her lips curved. "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." Cassian's hands dug into the arms of his chair, as if restraining himself from leaping upon her. But his mouth parted in a savage grin. "Deal."</p>
343	<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</p>

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	<p>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>
365	<p>When he had disarmed her, her lungs were burning again, and she felt that thin male body pushing her into the bottom once more as he shoved his mouth to hers.            She gagged, but opened for him, letting him fill her mouth with another life-giving breath that had nothing to do with kindness. His tongue wriggled like a worm against hers, and his spindly, too-large hands ran down her breasts, her waist, and when she gagged again, fighting against her sob, his laugh puffed through her lips.            He pulled away, rows of teeth ripping at her mouth as he did, and she shook when he lingered, stroking at her hair.</p>
384	<p>When he had disarmed her, her lungs were burning again, and she felt that thin male body pushing her into the bottom once more as he shoved his mouth to hers.            She gagged, but opened for him, letting him fill her mouth with another life-giving breath that had nothing to do with kindness. His tongue wriggled like a worm against hers, and his spindly, too-large hands ran down her breasts, her waist, and when she gagged again, fighting against her sob, his laugh puffed through her lips.            He pulled away, rows of teeth ripping at her mouth as he did, and she shook when he lingered, stroking at her hair.</p>
385	<p>She smiled, watching his gaze drop with every piece of her revealed. Another step upward had her sex bared to him. "It did not make me happy." She reached the floor of the room.            Through what Nesta knew was five hundred years of will, Cassian lifted his focus to her face as she walked to him, water dripping off her body. "You want to do this?" he breathed.            "Yes." She stopped a foot away, her wet hair draped along her torso, and stared up into his face. His eyes burned like hazel stars. Nesta gave him a smile that was pure Fae. "Just sex."            The words seemed to spark something, because Cassian blinked. "Right. Just sex." He didn't say it as lightly as she did. And still didn't reach for her.            So she said, "There can be nothing more than sex, Cassian."            His jaw tightened, and he seemed to struggle with some internal battle before he said darkly, "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."            Her toes curled on the stones, her hair dripping. "And if I wish to take you?"            He smiled against her ear. "Then I'll beg you to ride me into oblivion."            She went molten, and from the way his wings tucked in, she knew he could scent the wetness building between her thighs.            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.            Words eluded her. She couldn't remember any of them, couldn't remember anything except that one finger, circling her nipple, her entire body throbbing with need.            Cassian flicked her nipple, a hard, sharp bite that made her whimper.            Desperate for more of him, for all of him, Nesta said, "Do what you want."            He circled her nipple again, a predator playing with its dinner. "That doesn't sound very</p>

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	<p>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. He was the portrait of male arrogance, a warrior poised to conquer, and she nearly climaxed at the sight of it. His eyes darkened. “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>She couldn’t answer, couldn’t reveal the truth.</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, heart thundering, “and how your tongue slid into me.” She squeezed him again.</p> <p>Cassian groaned, and his thumbs caressed her too-sensitive nipples.</p> <p>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 them. “But this isn’t the House.” His breathing rasped around them as she smiled up at his drawn, taut features. “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>She met his savage grin. “Good.”</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.</p> <p>It was a grazing, taunting kiss.</p> <p>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</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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, his teeth flashing white against the flushed gleam of her. "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 he 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, his breathing uneven as he said, "How do you want it?"</p> <p>He pumped his hand into her again, wringing out her reply. "Hard," she gasped.</p> <p>"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. He lowered himself to the cradle of her thighs, and his eyes were so wide she could see the whites around them. He opened his mouth, but she didn't want to hear the words, didn't want to know whatever he'd been about to say. 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 he were now wondering the same.</p> <p>His hesitation, his care, melted some ice-cold shard within her. And made her snap free of any restraint.</p> <p>Nesta gripped his ass, muscles flexing beneath her fingertips, and hauled him into her. 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. "Nesta."</p>



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	<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. “Look at me,” Cassian breathed.</p> <p>Gods spare her, but she did. She couldn’t take her gaze off him. Found herself free-falling into his darkened eyes, his beautiful face.</p> <p>His hips flexed, and he slid in another inch—then retreated nearly to her edge.</p> <p>Their breathing synced, and Nesta stilled 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. 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. They said nothing, only shared breath, their eyes wide as they gazed at each other.</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, and studied her face. A conquering warrior-god. He had called her Lady Death, and he was her sword.</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 impact of him hit her, stretched her, and she couldn’t breathe fast enough. Cassian 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, careful of his wings, and lifted her hips to meet his. He sank even deeper, and she 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. “Fuck,” he repeated.</p> <p>It wasn’t enough, though. Wasn’t close to enough. She wanted Cassian roaring, wanted him so lost that he couldn’t remember his own name.</p> <p>Nesta halted him with a hand on his chest. Just one hand, and he stopped, utterly at her command. If she wanted it to end here, it would.</p> <p>It softened her enough that she couldn’t quite keep the tremor out of her voice as she said, “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. His restraint shattered. He was on her in an instant, lifting her hips higher as he sheathed himself in a single thrust. Nesta screamed then, a sound of such pleasure she knew it echoed off the mountains, feeling him hit the deepest spot of her.</p> <p>Cassian pounded into her, a hand moving from her hip to her hair, tugging her head back,</p>

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	<p>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 an arm that he threw out to brace them kept them from collapsing.</p> <p>Reeling, Nesta could only breathe, breathe, breathe.</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>“Oh, gods,” he whispered against her spine, over the tattoo inked along it. “That was ...”</p> <p>“I know,” she panted. “I know.”</p> <p>It was as much as she’d confess. As much as she’d let herself admit.</p> <p>Too good. It had felt too good, and nothing and no one would ever compare to it.</p> <p>He said, voice shaking, “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 tickled down her thighs, dripping on the blanket, as he pulled out fully. She didn’t move. Couldn’t move. Didn’t want to move.</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 yours.”</p> <p>She blushed and lowered her body to the mattress. “No one has ever called it beautiful.”</p>
393	When he lifted his head, he threw her a wicked smile. “Just sex, right?”
399	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.
401	Every thought of sex, of how good it had felt, eddied from her head as she lifted the blade before her.
405	<p>He hadn't sought her out last night...</p> <p>...The sex had been that good...</p>
426	No longer did it hang off her. She’d packed on enough weight that the bodice was again formfitting, and those lush breasts swelled gracefully above the scooped neckline.
432	<p>As if the House had noted her dislike for fires and heated it another way.</p> <p>...She said before he’d reached the archway, “Was it not good for you?”</p> <p>Cassian turned slowly. “What?”</p> <p>A flush stained her cheeks as she lifted her chin. “Was the sex not good for you?”</p> <p>He swallowed. “Why would you ask that?”</p> <p>Nesta’s throat bobbed. She was ... Fuck, was she really that unsure of him? “You left quickly. And didn’t seek me out again.”</p> <p>...“How could I be so selfish—to demand more sex from you when you’re so invested in</p>

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	<p>training?"</p> <p>"It's not a demand if both sides want it," she said. "And I just worried you ... didn't enjoy it as much as I did."</p> <p>"You think I haven't sought you out because I didn't enjoy myself?" When she said nothing, he braced his hands on either side of her and leaned in to whisper in her ear, breathing in her scent, "I enjoyed myself too much. I've thought about it for days and days." She shivered, and he smiled against the soft shell of her ear. He loved this—seeing that icy exterior crumble, seeing how he affected her. "Have you been touching yourself at night, thinking about it like I do?"</p> <p>Nesta's chin dipped in the barest of nods, and from the corner of his eye, he spied a flash of her teeth as she bit her bottom lip. "Have those sweet little fingers felt as good as mine?" Her breathing hitched, but she wouldn't answer. He knew she didn't want to give him the satisfaction. He nipped at her earlobe, drawing a gasp from her. "Well?"</p> <p>"I don't know," she whispered. "I'd have to see again."</p> <p>"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?"</p> <p>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.</p> <p>The world quieted, and she stared and stared at him as he slowly pulled the blankets down to her waist. 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." He bared his teeth in a wicked grin. "You can tell me what feels better."</p> <p>Her chest heaved, her pebbled breasts peeking 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." A feral smile. "And forbidden to touch yourself."</p> <p>His skin heated, stretching too tight over his bones. "All right."</p> <p>Cassian waited for her to nestle into the pillows, but she grabbed the hem of her nightgown to pull it over herself, bunching it into a ball before chucking it to the floor.</p> <p>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> <p>Cassian made a low, pained sound. 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>Her breathing turned uneven, but 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, and she cut him a reprimanding look. 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</p>

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	<p>as she plunged them into herself a third time, deep and slow.</p> <p>“This,” she breathed, her fingers beginning a 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. 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.” He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t do anything but stare at her hand, her pleasure-hazed face. “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>She huffed a wicked laugh. “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>His name on her lips was his undoing. 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>There was nothing gentle in it, nothing teasing. 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 spine. Too soon—he didn’t want to go too soon.</p> <p>He made himself take a breath. Made himself pull back, pull away. The sight of her on the pillows, naked and open for him, nearly made him come.</p> <p>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, but the haughtiness wasn’t in her eyes, not as he pumped himself again, savoring how it made her breath catch.</p> <p>“Whatever you want. Whatever you need from me.” He knew those were a fool’s words, knew he offered up too much.</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.</p> <p>“Put me inside you.”</p> <p>When Nesta’s hand wrapped around him, he arched, gritting his teeth. She smiled at that, and</p>

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	<p>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'd told him she wanted it otherwise. Cassian plunged into her, driving right to the hilt.</p> <p>Nesta let out a sound somewhere between a moan and a scream, and he found himself echoing it as all 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.</p> <p>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 silent command.</p> <p>Cassian 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 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. And then her fingers found his wings. The touch wasn't slicing, but gentle—such a gentle, tentative, wondrous stroke that he roared.</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 himself 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, and he tried to piece himself back together, to remember what the fuck his name was and where they were.</p> <p>But there was only her. Only this female in his arms.</p> <p>And the only name he could remember was hers.</p> <p>Nesta couldn't move.</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. She'd never been this way with anyone, where one look from her lover brought her a heartbeat away from release; one look from him and she was taking off her clothes and pleasuring herself in front of him.</p>

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	<p>She didn't have it in herself to be embarrassed. Not when it had felt so good, so right. He was trembling, his wings twitching as his cock at last finished spending itself. She told herself she shouldn't enjoy it so much—seeing him undone, feeling his seed inside her, leaking out of her. 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, eyes flashing. "I know."</p> <p>She couldn't breathe under that stare, that beautiful face. "How can I need you again so soon?" It wasn't a coy, courtier's question—it was voiced out of sheer desperation. Because she did need more. She needed him back inside her, needed his weight, his mouth and teeth on her. She had no explanation for it, that rising, unquenchable thirst.</p> <p>His eyes flickered. "I've needed you from the moment I first met you. And now that I get to have you, I don't want to stop."</p> <p>"Yes," she breathed, about as much of the truth as she'd admit. "Yes."</p> <p>They stared at each other for a long minute, for eternity. 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>She smirked. "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>His lips twitched upward. "It would seem so." Her heart thundered as he held her stare. "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. He snarled in satisfaction. "Beautiful." She whimpered a bit—because beneath the praise, pure lust simmered. He growled, "Put your hands on the headboard."</p> <p>Her breath began sawing out of her again, but she obeyed, already thrumming with need. 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, over the tattoo there, the ink binding them.</p> <p>He leaned to whisper in her ear, "Hold on tight."</p>
441	<p>The understanding had been there, though: just sex, but they needn't wait so long again. 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 had collapsed with pleasure. Gods, sex with Nesta was like ...</p> <p>He didn't let himself dwell on comparisons as he sat in Rhys's office next to Amren and Azriel, facing their High Lord across his desk. Those thoughts had not done him any favors last night. Or this morning, when he woke hard and aching, and realized that the scent of her was all over him.</p> <p>He knew his friends smelled it.</p>
445	<p>"I'd be careful when you're fucking her," Amren added, lips curling in a sneer. "Who knows what she might transform you into when her emotions are high?"</p>
463	<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. She'd never done that- feasted and been feasted upon- and he'd come on her tongue just</p>

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	<p>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>
481	<p>Amren smiled, as if she knew that, too. "You can train as hard as you want, fuck Cassian as often as you want, but it isn't going to fix what's broken if you don't start reflecting."</p>
514	<p>Cassian, however, approached Gwyn's handiwork and ran the white silk between two fingers. Nesta couldn't stop her blush.</p> <p>He'd done that by the lake: after he'd fucked her with his fingers, he'd held her gaze while he rubbed them together, testing the slide of her wetness against his skin the same way he was touching that ribbon. From the way his hazel eyes darkened, she knew he was recalling the same.</p>
516	<p>Not as they finished training for the day, and certainly not when she dragged Cassian down the stairs, straight to his bedroom, need bellowing in her veins.</p> <p>Cassian apparently felt the same, as he'd scarcely spoken these last few minutes, his eyes blazing bright. 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 as his cock at last sank deep into her, the two of them groaned. He stood behind her, one 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, the 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, too.</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>

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	<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 he licked up 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.”</p> <p>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>
518	<p>SShe 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>
520	<p>I drank day and night and I ...” She didn’t want to say the word to Gwyn—fucked—so she said, “I took strangers to my bed. To punish myself, to drown myself.”</p>
548	<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>
568	<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. She wondered when he’d grow tired of it—of her. Surely he’d get bored and move on. 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. She couldn’t imagine tiring of him. Having him over and over only made her need grow.</p>
578	<p>A month of being in Nesta’s bed—or at least fucking her in it. The Cauldron knew she hadn’t ever asked him to stay after he pulled out of her.</p>
606	<p>“I am not with you,” she snapped. “I am fucking you.”</p>



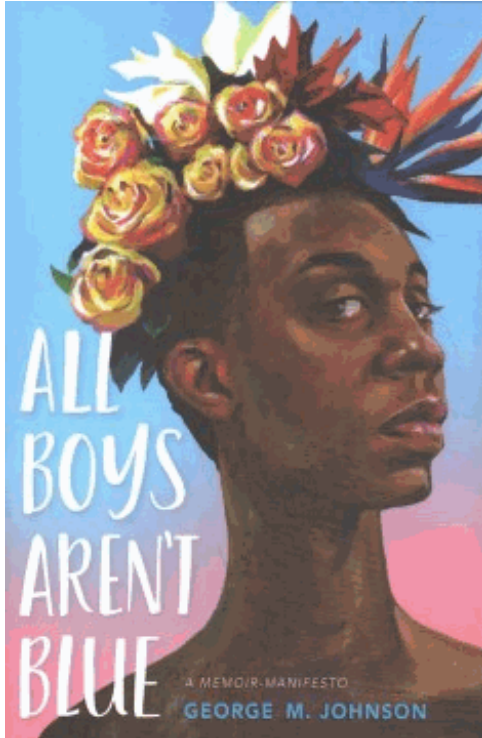
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607	<p>So he stopped trying to speak, and closed the distance between them. Slid a hand into her hair, the other going around her waist and tugging her against him. He said nothing as he dipped his head, mouth brushing the tears sliding along one of her cheeks. Then the other.</p> <p>She closed her eyes, letting herself savor his lips on her over-hot skin, the way his breath caressed her cheek. Each gentle kiss echoed those words she'd seen in his eyes.</p> <p>Cassian pulled back, and remained that way long enough that she opened her eyes again to find his face inches from her own. "You're not going to marry Eris," he said roughly.</p> <p>"No," she breathed.</p> <p>His eyes blazed. "There will be no one else. For either of us."</p> <p>"Yes," she whispered.</p> <p>"Ever," he promised.</p> <p>Nesta laid a hand on his muscled chest, letting the thunderous beating of the heart beneath echo into her palm. Let it travel down her arm, into her own chest, her own heart. "Ever," she swore.</p> <p>It was all he needed. All she needed.</p> <p>Cassian's mouth met hers, and the world ceased to exist.</p> <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> <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 she 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.</p> <p>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 at her entrance, and then halted. His eyes met hers.</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 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.</p> <p>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, the walls of that inner fortress of ancient iron came down. 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 love 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 it with his own. Where those threads wove together, life glowed like</p>

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	<p>starfire, and she had never seen anything more beautiful, felt anything more beautiful. She was crying, and she didn't know why—only that she never wanted it to end, this binding between them, the feeling of him moving so deep in her that she 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>She knew what he meant. Somehow, she knew what he meant.</p> <p>Nesta waited until he'd thrust again, driving as deep into her as he'd ever gone, and whispered, “You're mine.”</p> <p>He groaned, thrusting hard.</p> <p>She whispered, “And I am yours.” Those golden threads between their very souls shone with the words, as if they formed a harp strummed by a heavenly hand.</p> <p>For it was music between their souls. Always had been. And his voice was her favorite melody. “Nesta.” She heard the plea in her name. He was close, and wanted her to go with him. Wanted to tumble into ecstasy together. It was important to him, for some reason, that for this joining, this moment, they went as one.</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>The golden threads shimmered and sang, and she couldn't take it, the music between their souls, the feel of his body on her and in her, and—</p> <p>Release blasted through her, obliterating every last bit of that inner wall, razing mountains and forests, wiping the world clean with light and pleasure, stars crashing down from the heavens in a never-ending rain.</p> <p>Cassian roared as he came, and the sound was the summons of a hunt, a symphony, a single clear horn playing as dawn broke over the world.</p> <p>There was only this moment, this thing shared between them, and it lasted for an eternity. Time was of no consequence. Time had always stood still around him, around them.</p> <p>He spilled and spilled himself into her, longer than ever before, as if he'd been holding himself back all the times before now, as if he had let his own inner wall come crumbling down.</p> <p>Forever, forever, forever.</p> <p>The word was echoed in their every breath, every pounding of their hearts, so in sync that they seemed to beat as one.</p> <p>Then silence fell, exquisite and serene, and Cassian remained buried in her, staring down at her with wonder and joy in his face.</p> <p>Nesta reached up to kiss him.</p> <p>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 exist once more.</p> <p>Hours later, days and weeks and months and millennia later, when they were both finally spent, when their souls had cleaved together entirely, Cassian pulled out of her and collapsed against the bed.</p> <p>Nesta could hardly remember words. But she found them when she whispered into the darkness, “Stay with me.”</p> <p>A shudder rocked through him, but he only smiled as he tucked her into his side.</p> <p>And warm and safe and home at last in Cassian's arms, Nesta slept.</p>

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611	<p>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 exist once more.            ...Cassian pulled out of her and collapsed against the bed.</p>
612	<p>Caressing soon turned to more fervent touching, and as the dawn broke, they tangled again, their lovemaking thorough and unhurried.</p>
613	<p>Cassian reached the door, throwing her a wicked grin. "Did I mention we take a steam in the birchin attached to the cabin afterward?"            From that wicked grin, she knew he meant completely naked. Nesta sat up, hair sliding over her breasts. His eyes dipped lower, a muscle pounding in his neck. For a heartbeat she hoped he'd lunge for her again. Indeed, his nostrils flared, scenting the need that boiled in her just at the sight of his gaze roving freely over her body, the way every part of him tensed.            ...Without so much as a farewell kiss, he vanished.</p>
614	<p>Her entire body ached with need, setting her teeth on edge. Three days without him might as well have been three months. 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.</p>
628	<p>With Cassian.            They alternated bedrooms, sleeping wherever was closest to their lovemaking. Or fucking. There was a difference, she'd realized. Lovemaking usually happened late at night or first thing in the morning, when he was lazy and thorough and smiling. 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.</p>
641	<p>"It was because I woke up the next morning and all I wanted to do was fuck you for a week straight. And I knew what that meant, what had happened, even though you didn't, and I didn't want to scare you. You weren't ready for the truth—not yet."</p>
653	<p>Knew what it meant when his stare dipped to her nightgown, her breasts peaked against the frigid cold, her bare legs.</p>
697	<p>Finally Nesta said, "I was sent to the House of Wind because I had become such a wretch, drinking and fucking everything in sight. My ... family couldn't stand it. For more than a year, I abused their kindness and generosity, and I did it because ..."</p>
746	<p>"I didn't realize Illyrians were in the habit of fucking their sisters."</p>
748	<p>Even a glance at the sky revealed no sign of Cassian, who had been keeping Nesta up until dawn with his lovemaking and had become utterly obnoxious about calling her mate any chance he got, except at their continuing morning training with the priestesses.</p>

<b>Profanity</b>	<b>Count</b>
Ass	35
Bitch	5
Cock	50
Cunt	2
Fuck	127
Piss	12
Prick	4
Shit	46

# ALL BOYS AREN'T BLUE



*Young Adult*

**By George M. Johnson**

ISBN:978-0-374-31271-8

## Book Summary:

A gay black man remembers his turbulent childhood and adolescence.

## Summary of Concerns:

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

## 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

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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	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.
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	American History is truly the greatest fable ever written.

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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 learn 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>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> <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>

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	<p>"I don't play like that," I said.            "Don't tell anybody, okay?"            "I won't. Just get out of here."</p>
209	<p>Further more, I realized that there were more people like me hiding in plain sight.</p>
210	<p>"...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?"</p>
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."            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	<p>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.</p>
233	<p>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.</p>
237	<p>Every new person you meet, you are likely having to explain your identity.</p>
244	<p>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.</p>
245	<p>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.</p>
247	<p>During campus parties in the Square, the brick walls would literally "sweat" as the liquor came out of our pores while we were dancing.</p>
257	<p>"I heard you were gay. We don't allow that f***** shit in our chapter."</p>
262	<p>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 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</p>

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	<p>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 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</p>



Page	Content
	<p>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 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</p>

Page	Content
	<p>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. 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

# CRANK



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

ISBN: 978-1442471818



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; profanity; and drug abuse.

**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
67	<p>Been smokin' pot since I was 13, couldn't quit if I tried.            ...The white stuff was a different story. He'd stay up all night, eating zip, bowling and snorting line after line. Rent money, right up the nose.</p>
68	<p>We used to do coke, till "Just Say No" put the stuff out of reach. Now it's crank. Meth.            The Monster. It's a bitch on the body but damn do you fly.</p>
69	<p>You fly until you crash</p>
85	<p>So when he asked about getting high, I didn't think, I agreed. We smoked some good California green. Took three tries to put me in the place he said I should be.            ...I wanted to meet the monster.            Why go down if you can go up?            Sleepy. Not "high" at all, but real low. And real slow.</p>
86	<p>Some good green bud around.            You're gonna love it. You'll see            ...Like magic, a mirror and razor blade appeared.</p>
87	<p>I watched him pour powder, yellowish-white.            It will take you to heaven.            Used the blade to chop the chunks fine, draw two crooked lines.            Make you want to fly all night.            He held the mirror to my face, handed me a saw toothed straw.            Make you want to make love to me.</p>
88	<p>You start to climb            crank-crank-crank</p>
89	<p>...that's exactly how it feels when you shake hands with the monster.</p>
92	<p>...he says, Tell me how you feel.            So you can't stand it one more second, and you, your eyes, daring him to kiss you.            So he does, and it's electric, high voltage, stun-gun strength desire jolting sinew and bone.            And he asks,            How 'bout another line?</p>
94	<p>If a Little's Good more must be great right?</p>
95	<p>...everything off, nothing left to chance, all the wway in?</p>
96	<p>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.</p>

Page	Content
	It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind.
99	We were busted. I was busted. And I didn't give a damn
101	Wha' the fuck you up to, Buddy? ...You two been messing' around? ...Okay then. Fix me a line.
102	Like an idiot I took one too. ...there I was, snorting crank with my dad, boyfriend, and his other girlfriend.
104	Whoa, baby. Keep it in your pants, at least. Till I take it out of them.
113	Yo, I think this bitch has been crankin'. That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked Ever done a three-fer?
114	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.
129	Somewhere between the transvestite who slapped (her?) mother's boyfriend and the perky blond (transvestite?) evening weathergirl.
138	The monster rose up hard then, hard in her She looked like an animal, crazy mad, diseased Spit in every word, she swore she'd get back at you, at me. ...Crankin', they said, and she was. Oh, yes, she was.
161	He pulled a bindle from his pocket, tapped the sparkly powder inside. Cooked up fresh yesterday. ...That's my girl. Let's forget the bullshit and fly.
163	Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice Unhurried hands lifted my shirt Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch I was ready to do it oh, so ready. Right that very instant.
264	You really wanna piss her off, try a piercing. Want to see mine? I couldn't find studs in his ears, lips, or tongue, which pretty much left one place. "Didn't it hurt?" Like a mother. But it feels awesome now. He guided my hand south of his zipper. ...Bree was Bree, to Chase's great pleasure. ...So want to take a little ride? Got my truck outside.
265	I've got a little toot, if you're so inclined.
266	I mean I'd thought about the monster dreamed about the monster lusted for the monster

Page	Content
	<p>regretted knowing the monster but I hadn't touched the monster...in over a month.            Hadn't even seen it.            ...No mirrors, no blades, Chase reached deep inside a pocket, withdrew an amber bottle and a tiny spoon attached to the lid. He set it on his knee.</p>
268	<p>It was the monster desire that made me tremble. Chase noticed.</p>
269	<p>One spoon. I was cool. Two, I was too cool. Three, sub-Arctic. Four, my mouth hit monster mode. Chase could barely keep up.</p>
274	<p>Talk about your strange bedfellows. I was in line for that menage a trois.</p>
278	<p>Two guys in one day?            Almost too much to consider, although Bree found the prospect quite intriguing.</p>
305	<p>...pot made you buddy up with Satan...            ...Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back.</p>
308	<p>Pot smoke hung, a skunky green curtain, but I didn't want to fall low so I indulged in another big snort before inhaling a couple of tiny tokes mostly to satisfy the incredible urge to pollute my lungs. I topped that off with Marlboro, landing on just about the perfect plane, just about the place I wanted to be. Not too speedy, not even close to straight falling into the yo-yo rhythm of crank, pot, beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and emotion, up and down</p>
310	<p>As he pulled me onto his lap, I wondered if I should confess my double identity. Instead, I let him kiss me. Hard. Hot.            Oh, man. I'm hot.            He shed his shirt and the moon revealed perfect, tanned muscles. He started to unbutton mine, silencing my protest.            Shhh. Don't say no.            "I can't. I mean, I never...." Crank-enhanced goosebumps lifted as he moved his hands gently across my skin. "Stop."            You know you want to.            "I do, Brendan, I really do. But I can't. It's the wrong time of the month." I'd decked him. He slapped back.            Then, why did you call?            I let Bree answer. "Not to get laid, incredible as you are. Is that all you think I'm about? What if I told you I'm a virgin?"            I'd call you a liar.</p>
312	<p>Brendan softened immediately, offered to forgive me if only I promised to let him be the first.            ...I said okay, then proceeded to thank him as only Bree- and the monster- could.</p>
315	<p>High            For two days, too much crank, no sleep, liquid diet.</p>
337	<p>Called Brendan for a date and asked him to make a buy. "Can you get me an eighth ball? Figured an eighth of an ounce would last awhile. It cost me \$250, which I was saving to buy my first car.</p>
339	<p>...the voice of my virginity nagged, the lure of the monster was stronger.            Besides, I could always say "no."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Couldn't I?            ...As we drove up the mountains, his hand crept up my leg.            I let it do exactly that as I watched for a safe spot to pull over. We drove back off the highway, and into a grove of fresh-scented evergreens.</p>
340	<p>He pulled out a bindle, which looked a bit short, and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty minutes, we snorted and drank, climbing to a very tall buzz.</p>
341	<p>It started with a kiss crank-revved, 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.            Kissed 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.            What the hell is the matter, Bree?            I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shutting out the moon.</p>
344	<p>It was Bree who got me to my feet helped me to the car put me on the seat kept me semiupright on the long ride home            Bree, who staunched the blood            straightened up my clothes unsmeared my makeup brushed my hair smooth</p>

Page	Content
	<p>willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge.</p>
352	<p>I've got two boyfriends. One is too busy trying to keep me out of trouble. The other just raped in I think it was rape, anyway. Can you define the word for me? Oops I'm sounding bitter. Better close now. I need to cry. (Maybe you didn't want to hear that.)</p>
378	<p>Don't tell me your still snorting. Have you ever tried smoking it? She was the first to even suggest it. Robyn the Reno High cheerleader proceeded to show me a whole new way to get down with the monster.</p>
379	<p>Robyn produced a V of crusty foil, tapped in the crumbs of powder. This little bit will right to your brain and won't clog your sinuses.</p>
401	<p>Can't rape the willing. "That's what I've heard." I turned to his side. "How about you? Are you willing?"</p>
402	<p>I started crankin' to keep up with schoolwork around gymnastics, cheerleading, student body council, and other extracurricular crap.</p>
402	<p>When I told him to stop, he said, "It's a long way back even if you don't get lost. Anyway we both know what kind of a girl you are." That stung, but not much.</p>
403	<p>All I could do was more crank so maybe I could halfway enjoy it. I was dirty. ...after he started, he got mean. He did things to me- terrible things, I've still got the scars- things no sane person would ever do. Of course he wasn't exactly sane. Afterward, neither was I.</p>
404	<p>...coaxing myself mostly awake with a whiff of white.</p>
412	<p>How to get high and stay that way? (Coming down was a bitch and a half.) Finding crank wasn't difficult. Most of my new crowd knew someone who dealt (or knew someone who knew someone who did).</p>
437	<p>I Don't know whose blade it was, whose idea it was. I don't remember saying yes. I know I didn't say no. The knife was sharp. One nick at my wrist. It didn't even hurt. It didn't seem wrong. Rust in my mouth. Rich red salt. I drank it down, asked for more. Offered my own to those who would partake. Fever. Fire. I was on fire.</p>



Page	Content
439	"Make love to me. Please? I don't care who sees." He might have. But just then his watch beeped "two." No way. Come on, let's go!
485	Finally, I went to the pay phone and made two calls. One to Planned Parenthood. The other to Chase.
490	I Already knew my options I listened patiently as the saccharine Ms. Sweetwater outlined them again. She did confirm that should I choose abortion, my parents would not have to know. All I needed was \$500 and someone to drive me home.
502	The bitch queen? What would I tell her now? That I was pregnant? That I was pregnant because I was raped? That I was raped because I would have done anything for just one more taste of the monster?
503	Where would I find such nerve without crank to put in my mouth?

Profanity	Count
Bitch	8
Fuck	4
Piss	5
Shit	3



# FLAMER



*Young Adult Graphic Novel*

**By Mike Curato**

ISBN: 978-1-62779-641-5



## **Book Summary:**

A young teenage Boy Scout is bullied while coming to grips with his homosexuality and its religious implications.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains alternate sexualities; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory term; violence including self-harm; and controversial religious commentary.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
14	"Hey, Navarro, suck any good dicks lately? Hahahahaha"
22	<p>"What's wrong, Navarro? I thought you like a big sausage in your mouth! Haha!"</p> <p>The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a young teenage boy with a hotdog on a stick balanced between his legs. Three other boys are watching him, laughing.</p>
23	<p>The illustration on this page depicts the young teenager described above, standing behind another young teenage boy whom is bent over with a hot dog bun opened behind his buttocks.</p> <p>The teenage standing up with the hotdog on a stick is saying, "Okay, who wants my hot weiner?"</p> <p>The other boy is saying, "Oh, yeah, baby, slide it right into my buns."</p> <p><i>See Figure 1.</i></p>
26	<p>Usually his bark is worse than his bite, but one time he was so mad at my little brother, he went to hit him...</p> <p>...but mom stepped in between them.</p>
40	<p>We're canoeing out to Frying Pan Island, which supposedly looks like a frying pan, but we're all certain it looks like a cock and balls.</p>
45	<p>"Okay, Flaming Arrows, let's set up camp. Everyone pitch your tents."</p> <p>"You're making me pitch one right now, hot stuff."</p> <p>"Why, thank you, Jones. Just for that, your sweet ass is on K.P. tonight."</p>
69	<p>"Yes...uh...why are you dressed like a girl?"</p> <p>"I just think women's fashion is more interesting. And EXCUSE ME, but this is my fantasy, so don't worry about it..."</p> <p>The illustration on this page depicts the main character, whom is a male, dressed in a princess outfit with a tiara and ball gown, speaking to a knight in armor.</p>
74	<p>And what if someone thinks my penis is small? I mean, it's not microscopic, but there's the age-old shrinkage dilemma...</p> <p>Even worse than someone seeing me naked is me seeing others naked. It's so...scary.</p>
75	<p>The illustration on this page depicts several men showering along side one another. The main character is in the background with his underpants on, looking toward the other young men showering.</p>
76	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts the main character, a young man, standing in a frontal view in his boxer shorts. There is an older naked male walking in a profile view.</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. The male walking is shown in profile with his buttocks exposed.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts the main character standing behind a naked young man. The main character has his hands up near his face as the young man in front of him is bent over saying, "oooooops! I dropped the soap. Don't get any ideas, boys!"</p>

Page	Content
77	<p>"What, are you trying to get Jones pregnant?"            ..."Hey, Navaro, when are you gonna strut your stuff? You've been teasing us for weeks! Haha!"            "what is this, a peep show?"            ..."I don't want you homos lookin' at my ass."</p>
80	<p>The illustration on this page depicts the main character kneeling in a profile view with "x's" over his eyes and his hands clasped together. He is kneeling in front of another young man whom is naked in the shower.</p>
81	<p>oh no!!! I'm getting a...boner!?!?</p> <p>The illustration on the middle of the page depicts the main characts bent over holding his back with a mortified look on his face. He is walking away from another young man whom is depicted from the backside and is nude in the shower. Part of the young man's exposed buttocks is depicted.</p>
86	<p>Father Danilo said I should consider the priesthood, but I don't think I'm holy enough to be a priest.            Also...I want to have sex. Someday, when I'm married. I want to know what it feels like.            I wonder if priests jerk off.</p>
96	<p>The illustration on this page depicts a young man taking a shower in a three-quarters view.</p>
105	<p>"Enjoy eating your hot dog. You probably love eating dog. Hahaha!"</p>
106	<p>"Hey, FATASS, pack any fudge lately?"</p>
107	<p>"Sure, Doughboy. I'll leave you alone once you stop being such a gay fat fuck! HMMM-HMMM!"</p>
118	<p>"Oh, yeah? She have a nice ass?"            ..."Okay. How's her rack? Is she stacked?"</p>
119	<p>"Hmmm...no, not really. But...if I were a girl..."            "I would like Elias."</p>
120	<p>"Haha- that's not LOVE, that's called a BONER! Haha!"</p>
121	<p>"Hahaha- it's true. My dick gets so hard thinking about her sometimes that I think it's gonna rip right through my jeans..."</p>
122	<p>"Oh, sorry, I didn't know that you and mister Miyagi were an item. Have fun suckin' each other's dicks, ladies."</p>
125	<p>I know I'm not gay. Gay boys like other boys. I HATE boys. They're mean, and scary, and they're always destroying something or saying something dumb or both. We learned at school how bad homosexuality is. It's a sin. Gay people do bad things. And I'm not a bad person. I try to do good. All the time. So I couldn't be gay.</p>
131	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts the main character sitting on the floor of a tent. There are two pairs of legs hanging off the edge of beds on either side of him. The legs are bare and one pair of legs has a pair of pants pooled on the floor around their ankles.            The text on the image reads: Uh-Oh...I think I figured out what "takin' care of</p>

Page	Content
	<p>business" means.</p> <p>"We're each busting a load into this bottle. If you don't cum, you have to drink it! Hahahaha!"</p> <p>"Gimme that! I'll show you."</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the main character, wide-eyed, sitting on the floor with his knees to his chest and his arms crossed over them. In the foreground, there is part of an exposed buttock as the boy is pulling his pants down while facing the main character.</p> <p><i>See Figure 2.</i></p>
132	<p>I learned about masturbation two years ago. Kind of by accident. Nobody ever told me what it was. One day when everyone was out of the house, I came across a video tape hidden behind the TV. My dad had hidden movies before with dirty scenes, like fatal attraction. It was exciting to see boobs and butts. But this time, it was different. I could see...everything. People were doing things that I didn't even know were possible, or even...allowed?</p> <p>"Why is there so much hair?"</p> <p>"Those dicks are so...BIG."</p> <p>The illustration on this page depicts the main character facing a small TV set with a remote control in his hand.</p>
133	<p>I started watching my dad's porn...a lot...while I was naked. And eventually, I stumbled upon...</p> <p>...a surprise sensation.</p> <p>It felt good, but then I felt really guilty about it. I knew watching porn was against the rules, so this new feeling had to be a sin. And now here I am in this tent full of people jerking off, and I feel like I'm in moral danger.</p>
135	<p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a boy laying in bed in a zoomed in view of his waist. His left hand is lifting up the blanket covering his bottom-half. His right hand is under the covers near his groin.</p> <p>The text on the image reads: But I feel so...excited...</p> <p><i>See Figure 3.</i></p>
150	<p>"What are you looking at queerbo?"</p>
151	<p>Pecs. Shoulders. Calves. Biceps. Abs.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of a boys waist and thighs.</p> <p>The text on the image reads: And..."Lunch!!!"</p>
174	<p>"Why do you always have to be a GIRL?"</p> <p>..."I HAVE, TOO! Which is more than I can say for you, BALD-NUTS."</p>
207	<p>"YOU'RE THE FAGGOT!!! YOU'RE THE FUDGE-PACKING FAIRY COCKSUCKING QUEER PANSY FAGGOT!!!"</p>

Page	Content
252	The illustration on the middle-right-side of the page depicts a young man from the chest upward. His arms are bound with rope and he has blood and tears running down his face.
281	Too short. Too fat. Not MAN enough. Not WHITE enough. Not STRAIGHT enough. I'll never be safe ANYWHERE.
306	The illustration on this page depicts an arm and hand with the fist clenched with the bottom facing upward. There is another hand lightly pressing a knife to the wrist. <i>See Figure 4.</i>
364	However, there were experiences I had during my time in the Boy Scouts that were very hard as a closeted kid. Over the years, the Boy Scouts have become more inclusive of sexual orientation and gender thanks to people in and out of scouting who made their voices heard. But when I was a kid, it was not okay to be gay. ...Though scout bylaws have become more inclusive, homophobia still exists in many troops today, because homophobia is nationally and internationally a systemic issue. ...Also like Aiden, I once kneeled in a camp chapel with a knife against my wrist.

Profanity/Derogatory	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	3
Cock	2
Dick	5
Faggot/Fag	14
Fuck	15
Piss	1
Prick	1
Queer	2
Shit	13

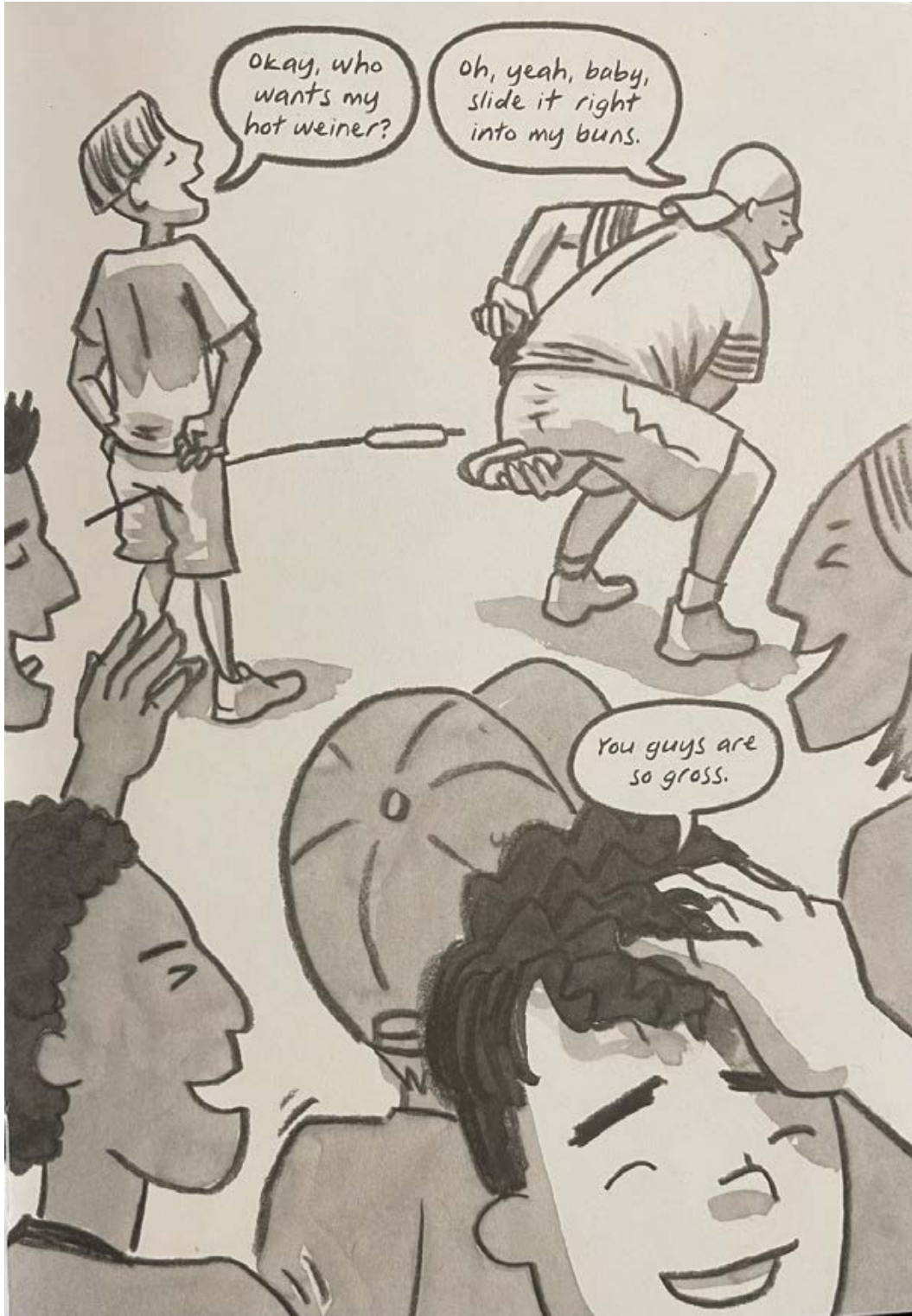


Figure 1





Figure 2



Figure 3

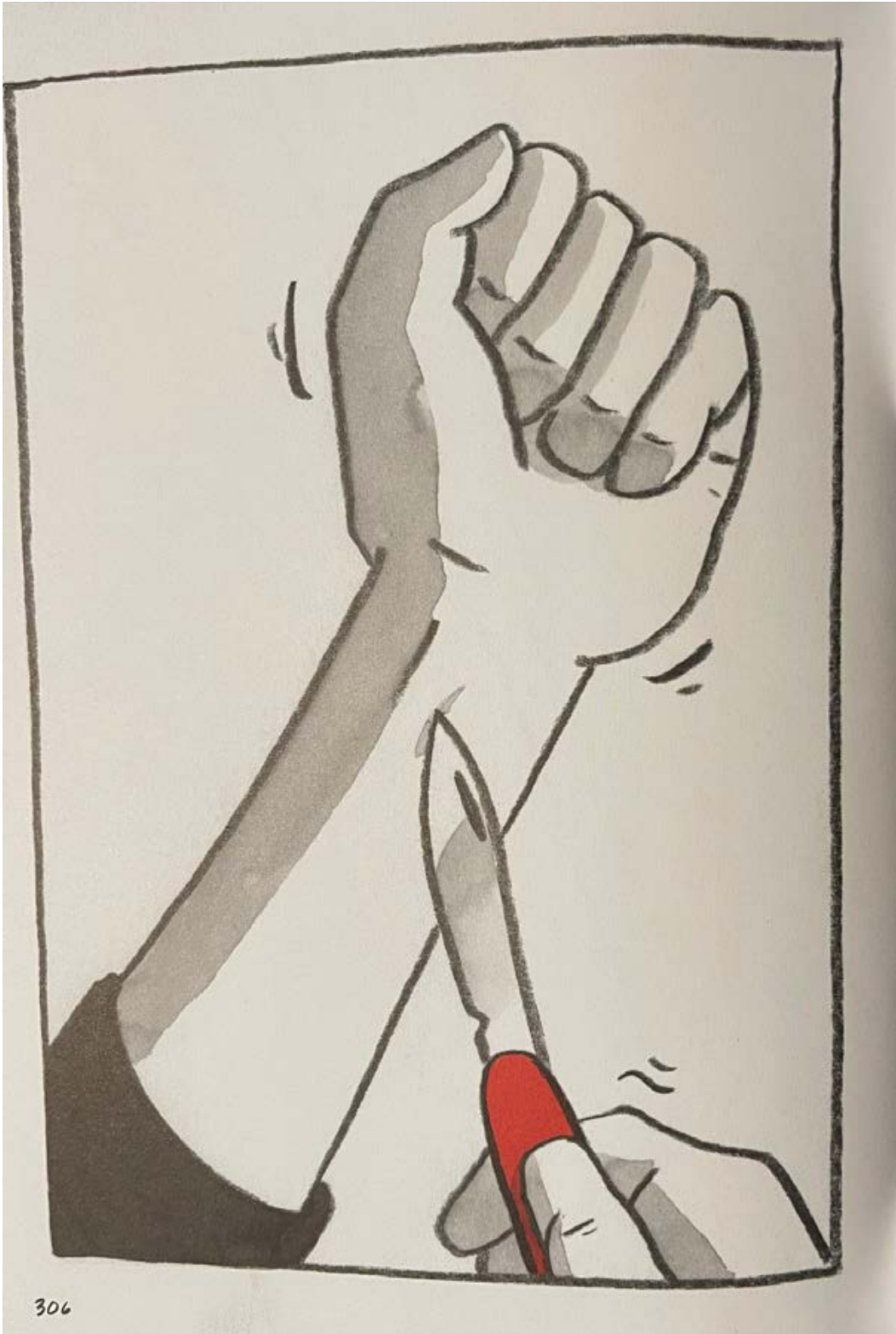
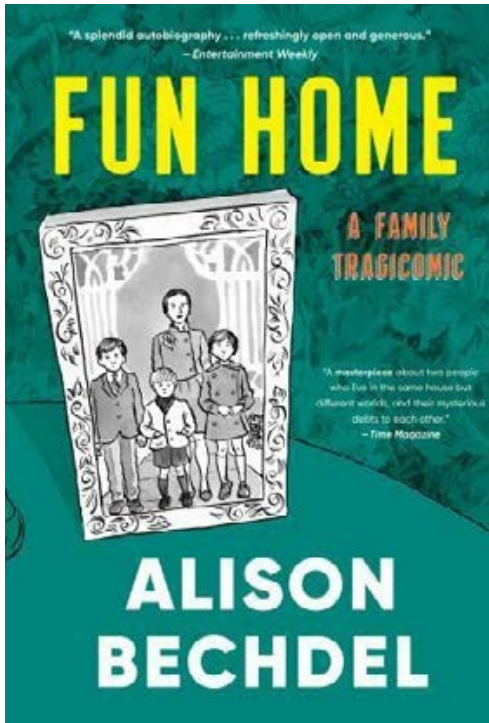


Figure 4



# FUN HOME



*Adult Graphic Novel*

**By Alison Bechdel**

ISBN: 978-0-618-87171-1



## Book Summary:

A young woman discovers her homosexuality while seeking a rationale for her father's sudden death deemed a suicide.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; profanity; alcohol use; suicide commentary; controversial religious commentary; sexual activities; and sexual nudity.

**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
17	But would an ideal husband and father have sex with teenage boys?
27	There's no proof, actually, that my father killed himself.
44	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a dead man, naked on a table with his chest cavity splayed open and his penis in full view.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same man described above in a zoomed in view of his torso and pubic region.</p> <p><i>See Figure 1.</i></p>
57	<p>My father's death was a queer business- queer in every sense of that multivalent word.</p> <p>...It left me feeling qualmish, faint, and on occasion, drunk.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left of the page depicts a young woman with two liquor bottles in her hands, reading a book.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individual described above, with a small glass in her hand, drinking it.</p>
58	<p>I am a lesbian.</p> <p>My homosexuality remained at that point purely theoretical, an untested hypothesis.</p> <p>..."Your father has had affairs. With other men."</p> <p>..."He...he was molested by a farm hand when he was young."</p>
59	Why had I told them? I hadn't even had sex with anyone yet. Conversely, my father had been having sex with men for years and not telling anyone.
71	Later, my mother would learn that Dad and his friend had been lovers.
74	<p>My realization at nineteen that I was a lesbian came about in a manner consistent with my bookish upbringing.</p> <p>...I'd been having qualms since I was thirteen...</p> <p>...when I first learned the word due to its alarming prominence in my dictionary.</p>
76	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a young woman laying on a bed on her stomach in a profile view. She is holding a book with her right hand, as her left hand is inside the waistband of her pants.</p> <p>The text on the image reads: My researches were stimulating but solitary.</p> <p>...I went to a meeting of something called the "Gay Union" which I observed in petrified silence.</p> <p>But my mere presence, I felt, had amounted to a public declaration. I left exhilarated.</p>
77	<p>My father called after receiving it. He seemed strangely pleased to think I was having some kind of orgy.</p> <p>"Everyone should experiment. It's healthy."</p>
80	<p>"Feminism is the theory. Lesbianism is the practice."</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts two nude women in a bed. They both have a blanket pulled up to their waist. One woman is sitting up on her elbow with her left breast exposed.</p> <p>The text above the image read: And by midterm I had been seduced completely.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>The illustration in the middle of the page depicts two sets of legs intertwined on a bed with books strewn about them. The text above the image reads: Joan was a poet and a "matriarchist." I spent very little of the remaining semester outside her bed.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts two nude women laying on their stomachs with one woman on top of the other. The woman on top has her tongue in the other woman's ear as she reads from a book. The text above the image reads: I lost my bearings. The dictionary had become erotic. The woman on the bottom reads, "Os-. Mouth. Oral, oscillate, osculate, orifice..."</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the book depicts the same individuals described above laying on their backs in bed. One of the women is reading. The text above the image reads: Some of our favorite childhood stories were revealed as propaganda. The woman reading the book says, "God. Christoph Robin's a total imperialist!" <i>See Figure 2.</i></p>
81	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women is laying on her back on the bed with her knees hitched over the other woman's shoulders laying on her stomach between the other woman's thighs. The text above the image reads: ...others as pornography. In the harsh light of my dawning of feminism, everything looked different. The woman lying between the other woman's thighs is reading, "...The walls were wet and sticky, and peach juice was dripping from the ceiling. James opened his mouth and caught some of it on his tongue."</p> <p>The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above from an elevated viewpoint. The text above the image reads: This entwined political and sexual awakening was a welcome distraction. The woman is reading, "...it tasted delicious." <i>See Figure 3.</i></p>
97	<p>Proust refers to his explicitly homosexual characters as "inverts." I've always been fond of this antiquated clinical term. ...It's imprecise and insufficient, defining the homosexual as a person whose gender expression is at odds with his or her sex.</p>
106	<p>"This is Chumley's. Dad and I used to come drink here." ...Years later, on an evening of bar-hopping, I entered this establishment with a gang of lesbian friends. ...We left, too naïve to realize we'd been eighty-sixed.</p>
107	<p>There were many such humiliations in store for me as a young lesbian. ...We used to hear lesbians fighting down on the street outside the bars. ...If her comment was an attempt to sway me from my course, it failed utterly. I</p>

Page	Content
	became fascinated with lesbian pulp fiction from the fifties- the bar raids and the illegal cross-dressing.
109	<p>And budding is the only possible word to describe the painful, itchy beginnings of my breasts, at twelve.</p> <p>...It's true I had not wanted to grow breasts, but it never occurred to me that they would hurt.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of pre-pubescent breasts. The image contains the labels: "Swollen" and "tender".</p> <p>...Nor had I expected them to be so oddly cartilaginous. Accidental impact was excruciating.</p>
112	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts a young man looking at a calendar with a nude woman on it. The nude woman's breasts are exposed.</p> <p>...Once we were at the bullpen, my brothers discovered the calendar.</p>
113	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts two children looking at a calendar with a nude woman on it. The nude woman is in a profile view with her left breast and buttocks exposed.</p> <p>The text above the image reads: Inside I was astonished by what struck me as a bizarre coincidence.</p> <p>...As the man showed us around, it seemed imperative that he not know I was a girl.</p>
120	He's wearing a women's bathing suit.
125	"There's no mystery! He killed himself because he was a manic-depressive, closeted fag and he couldn't face living in this small-minded town one more second.
131	"I have a right to live off you because I married you, and because I used to let you get on top of me and bump your uglies."
166	The convert references to homosexuality eluded me.
167	<p>"How about a gin and tonic?..."</p> <p>...Years later I learned that the Gryglewiczses once made a proposition, which my parents declined, that the four of them engage in group sex.</p>
171	<p>Nor did I know that there was a word for the inevitable result of this shifting about in my chair...</p> <p>...The impulsive spasm so staggeringly complete and perfect that for a few brief moments I could not question its inherent moral validity.</p> <p>When I accidentally ran across this word in the dictionary one day, it was instantly familiar, before I even got to the definition.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a dictionary page zoomed onto the word "Orgasm."</p> <p>The text on the image reads: I didn't need to know phonetics to recognize the approximant liquid of that "or," the plosive "ga," the fricative "z," or the labial, nasal, sigh of the final "um."</p>



Page	Content
173	"Dad has got to go to court in a few days, and he might lose his job. He bought a beer for a boy who wasn't old enough."
180	"Yeah, he offered me a beer once too, but I didn't take it." ...But a whiff of the sexual aroma of the true offense could be detected in the sentence.
191	"One day I looked at myself in the mirror and said, 'you're fourteen years old and you're a faggot...'" ..."It was probably the first time I realized I was homosexual and I got so depressed because I thought being gay meant being a bum all the rest of my life and I said..."
203	Remarkably, this interview with Mr. Avery occurred on the selfsame afternoon that I realized, in the campus bookstore, that I was a lesbian.
205	"Contemporary and historical perspectives on homosexuality" would have had quite a legitimate ring.
206	"Also, it took Ulysses ten years to get home, and it's been ten years since Bloom had sex with his wife."
207	Colette could write better than anyone about physical things; they include the feel of a peach in one's hand. A man could only write in this way about a woman's breast.  The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a woman lying on a bed in a profile view. She has her pants unbuttoned with her right hand inside her panties.
210	"I'm a lesbian." ...Dad called that evening. If he had mentioned his own homosexuality at this juncture, it might have explained his oddly procuress-like tone. "At least you're human. Everyone should experiment."
212	He thought that I thought that he was queer.
213	Lesbian singers? These people are weird. Maybe I'm not a homo after all.
214	The illustration on the top of the page depicts two nude women. One of the women is lying on her back on a bed, while the other woman is lying on her stomach with her head between the other woman's thighs. There is a shirt hanging on the wall behind them which reads "Lesbian Terrorist." There is also a sign which reads "Keep your God off my body."  The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in, profile view of the same individuals described above. The woman whose head is between the other woman's thighs, is looking at the pubic hair of the other woman.  The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women has her mouth on the other woman's vulva with her eyes closed. Her hands are gripping the woman's hips. <i>See Figure 4.</i>

Page	Content
215	<p>The illustration on the top left of the page depicts the same individuals described above in a zoomed in profile view from their torsos upward. The outline of one of the women's breasts is shown.</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women is lying, propped up by her elbow, beside the other woman. The outline of her breasts are depicted.</p>
221	<p>A dad and his daughter, whom is young woman, are talking while riding in a car. The dad says, "when I was little, I really wanted to be a girl. I'd dress up in girls' clothes."</p> <p>The daughter says, "I wanted to be a boy! I dressed in boys' clothes! Remember?"</p>
223	<p>After the movie, Dad took me to a notorious local nightspot. The front was a topless club. The back was a gay bar.</p> <p>"I.D.?"</p> <p>This might have been our circle chapter, like when Stephen and Bloom drunk at the brothel in nighttown.</p> <p>"I'm her father."</p> <p>"Twenty-one, bud."</p>
224	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts two women from a profile view. One of the women is standing in her underwear with her pants around her ankles. She is pushing down the other woman's pants.</p>
226	<p>Rudolph Bloom, Nee Virag, had not been as resilient as his son to the strain of life in anti-semitic Dublin.</p> <p>He'd taken an overdose of something. But at least he'd left a letter.</p>
229	<p>Perhaps it's just a coincidence that these women- along with sylvia's lover Adrienne Monnier, who published the French edition of Ulysses- were all lesbians. But I like to thin, they went to the mat for this book because they were lesbians, because they knew a thing or two about the erotic truth.</p>
230	<p>Perhaps my eagerness to claim him as "gay" in the way I am "gay," as opposed to bisexual or some other category, is just a way of keeping him to myself- an inverted Oedipal complex.</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	2
Fag/Faggot	2
Fuck	4
Homo	1
Piss	1
Shit	3



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3

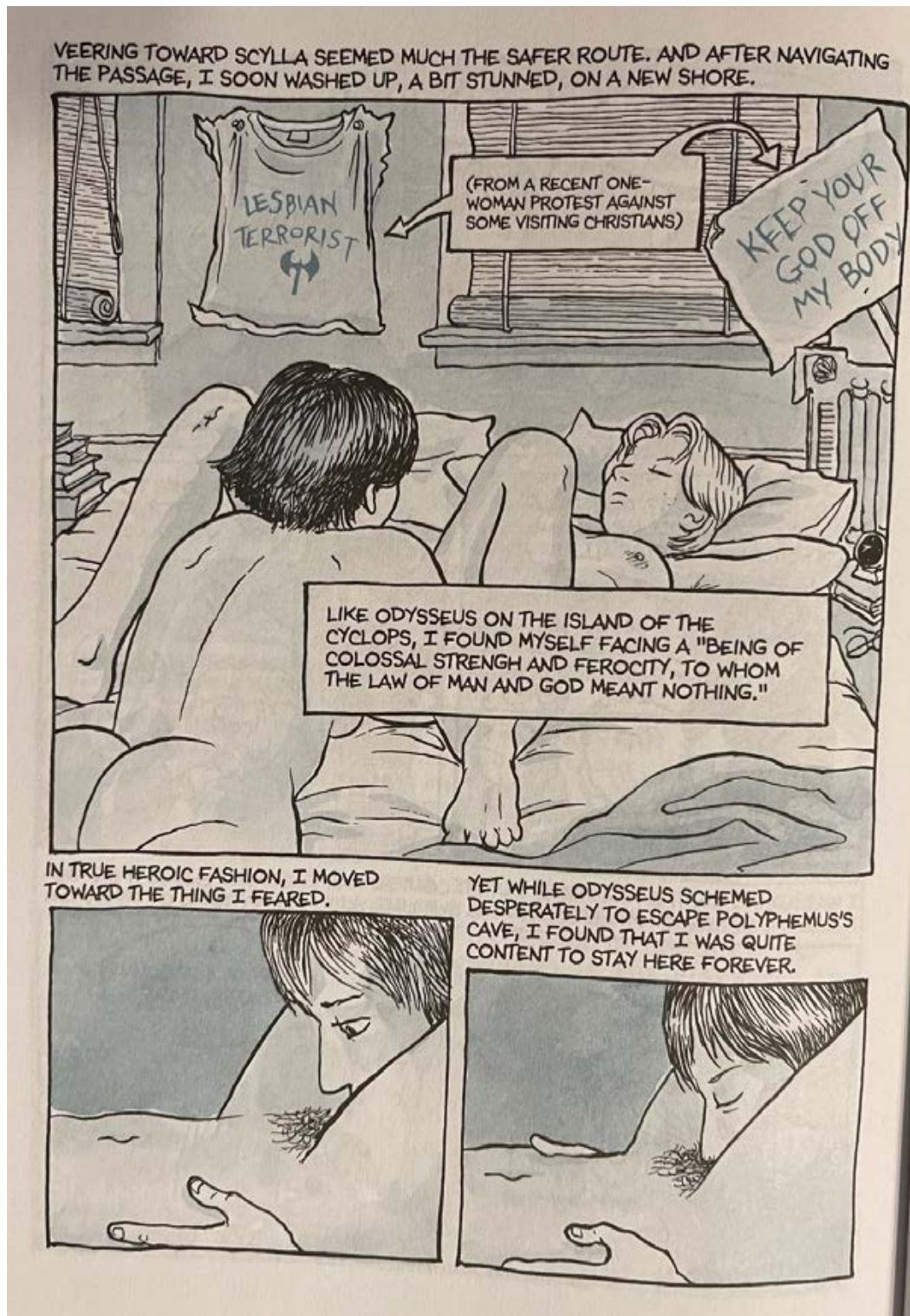
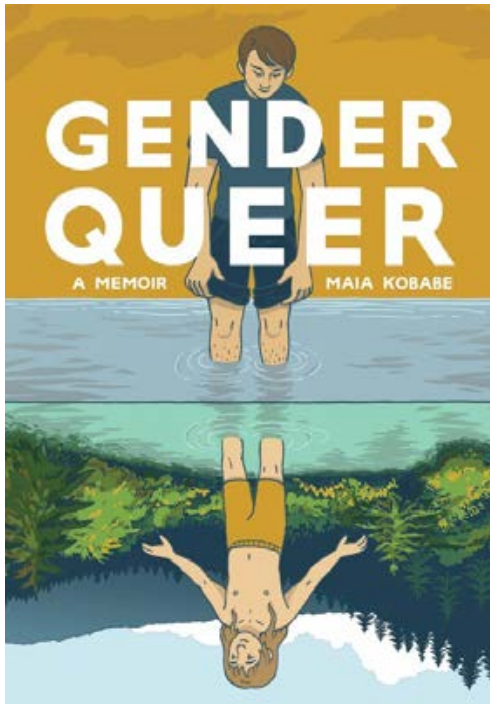


Figure 4

# GENDER QUEER



*Adult Graphic Novel*

**By Maia Kobabe**

ISBN: 978-1-713-70105-7

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; and profanity.



**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	<p>"Try writing down some of the things you consider your 'demons.'"</p> <p>"Um, ok..."</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>-Girly clothes</li> <li>-Getting my period</li> <li>-Swimming</li> <li>-Bathing suits</li> <li>-Boobs</li> </ul> <p>"All of these are about gender."</p>
13	<p>One of the illustrations on this page depicts a boy urinating with his pants around his legs and his buttocks exposed. There is also a girl squatting and urinating without pants on. Her buttocks exposed. The text next to this image reads: Galen and I often just peed in the yard.</p>
19	<p>"What even are you, a boy or a girl?"</p> <p>LATER</p> <p>"I'm glad he couldn't tell."</p>
20	<p>I took my shirt off too, and walked in the shallows just wearing my shorts.</p>
21	<p>SOME OF MY CLASSMATES NOTICED.</p> <p>"Look! Maia took her shirt off LIKE A BOY!"</p> <p>...MY TEACHER INTERVENED</p> <p>"Maia, dear, you should put your shirt back on."</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>"You just- you need to. Come put it back on now."</p>
22	<p>I walked back to put my shirt on again. But I didn't feel that I had done anything wrong.</p> <p>It was everyone else being silly, NOT ME.</p>
23	<p>NEITHER OF MY PARENTS WERE INTERESTED IN ENFORCING GENDER ROLES</p>
26	<p>I WAS GRUMPY AND EMBARRASSED TO ENCOUNTER YET ANOTHER THING I WAS APPARENTLY SUPPOSED TO KNOW BUT DIDN'T.</p> <p>EVERYONE AROUND ME- BUT ESPECIALLY GIRLS- SEEMED TO HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION I LACKED.</p>
29	<p>One of the illustrations on this page depicts a streak of red on the groin area inside of a pair of underwear that has been pulled down.</p>
30	<p>My favorite fictional character at this time was ALANNA THE LIONESSE- a short, stubborn girl who disguised herself as a boy to train as a knight. I listened to the audiobooks by TAMORA PIERCE and read by TRINI ALVARADO over and over throughout my childhood.</p> <p>"Alanna's first question on starting her period was "How long do I have to put up with this?"</p> <p>"I didn't ask to be born a girl. It's not fair."</p>
31	<p>BECAUSE OF THE ALANNA BOOKS I KNEW:</p> <p>periods involved bleeding every month, were related to the ability to become pregnant, and were a totally normal and natural thing to happen to young girls. But I NEVER thought it would happen TO ME.</p>



Page	Content
34	<p>One of the illustrations on this page depicts several boxes. The text on the boxes read: BLOOD MANAGEMENT WEEK -PMS -CRAMPS, Bad Sleep for a week NIGHTMARES, Acne and depression!, Stains on undies, sheets, and PJs...</p>
35	<p>The top illustration on this page depicts a maxi pad with red splotches on it. The text surrounding the image reads: I'd often wear the same pad for so long that the dried blood turned to dark crumbles resembling coffee grounds. TO THIS DAY A HUGE NUMBER OF MY NIGHTMARES INVOLVE MENSTRUAL BLOOD.</p> <p>The image at the bottom of the page depicts bare legs with red coloration on the top and inside of the thighs. The text at the top of the image reads: When I make it to the bathroom I'll find my legs smeared with blood from waist to knees.</p>
36	<p>The illustration at the top of the page depicts a person sitting on a toilet with their pants down and red on the inner thighs and knees. The image in the middle of the page depicts a toilet with blood inside the toilet, on the toilet seat, and on the floor around the toilet. The text next to the image reads: Or the only available toilet is overflowing with a soup of blood and shit.</p>
38	<p>IN SEVENTH GRADE MY MOM BOUGHT ME MY FIRST BRA. I liked that it flattened my tiny boobs into non-existence but I hated that I needed it at all. I STARTED DAYDREAMING ABOUT GETTING BREAST CANCER THINKING IT WOULD GIVE ME THE PERFECT EXCUSE TO HAVE MY BREASTS REMOVED. ...THE BOYS AROUND ME SEEMED AS YET UNRAVAGED BY PUBERTY. I WISHED I WERE ONE OF THEM.</p>
41	<p>I REMEMBER WHEN MY MOM TOLD ME "For a long time I planned on naming you Robin, whether you were a girl or boy." ..."I wish I had been named Robin!" "I wish I had ANY gender neutral name..." "Maybe I can change my name to Robin...or Sammy or Taylor or Skyler or Alex?"</p>
43	<p>My fourth crush, in 8th grade, was on a girl who had a Lord of the Rings nickname. It was around this time that I looked up "gay" and "lesbian" in the dictionary.</p>
44	<p>BUT I SOON DEVELOPED MY WORST CRUSH YET ON A GIRL IN MY NEW CLASS. BUTCH. PUNK. USED A BOY'S NAME. ...TWICE OVER THE NEXT YEAR THIS FRIEND ASKED ME: "Are you still FREAKING OUT about being a Lesbian?" "No."</p>
46	<p>"Hi! Some of you know me, I'm a senior here." "I'm also the only openly gay student on campus." "I want to start a Queer-Straight Alliance!"</p>
47	<p>The table where my friends and I at lunch every day was not more than 50 feet from the QSA meeting the next Friday afternoon. My friends chatted as usual while I vibrated with nervous energy. FINALLY I GOT UP THE COURAGE TO SAY: "I'm going to go check out the QSA meeting..."</p>
49	<p>The QSA meeting was full of familiar faces. Over half the members were girls from my own class.</p>

Page	Content
	...LATER I WOULD LEARN THAT THREE OF THEM CAME FROM FAMILIES WITH LEBIAN MOMS; THEY AND THEIR FRIENDS CAME AS ALLIES.
50	"And the Central Park Zoo gave an egg to a pair of gay penguins and they raised a chick together named Tango." "Aww!!! Gay penguins!"
51	One day my best friend gave me a note: DON'T READ ANY MORE GAY ROMANCES YOU GET ABSOLUTELY UNBEARABLE FOR DAYS AFTER. But by the end of the year she had started coming to QSA meetings with me. This group morphed into an LOTR fan club, with meetings devolving into hours of discussion about which of the Lord of the Rings actors were MOST LIKELY TO BE GAY.
60	I WAS 11 OR 12 YEARS OLD THE FIRST TIME I CAN REMEMBER FANTASIZING ABOUT HAVING A PENIS. I WAS LYING, FULLY CLOTHED, ON A HILLSIDE UNDER AN OPEN SKY. The illustration the bottom of the page depicts a pair of legs open. A hand is holding a handful of grass extending out over the groin. The text under the image reads: I HELD A FOLDED HANDFUL OF GRASS BETWEEN MY LEGS. The page goes on to read: Safe in the knowledge that if discovered, I could release my imaginary member and it would disintegrate back into scattered stalks.
61	The illustration at the top of this page depicts a hand grasping a bulge inside of jeans. The text next to the image reads: FOR YEARS MY STANDARD METHOD OF MASTURBATION WAS STUFFING A SOCK INTO THE FRONT OF MY PANTS AND MANIPULATING The Bulge. The image in the middle of the page depicts two young men, naked, kissing. One of the men is laying back on a bed with his legs spread while the other man is laying between his legs, his buttocks exposed. The text next to the image reads: THIS WOULD EVOLVE INTO HIP-THRUSTING WHILE THINKING OF MY LATEST GAY SHIP... The bottom illustration depicts a person from the shoulders downward, sitting in a car with a seatbelt on while driving. Their left hand is cupped over a bulge in the groin of their jeans. The text around this image reads: MEMORABLY, I GOT OFF ONCE WHILE DRIVING JUST BY RUBBING THE FRONT OF MY JEANS AND IMAGINING GETTING A Blow JOB. <i>See Figure 1.</i>
62	WHEN I FINALLY GOT OLD ENOUGH TO NOT BE EMBARRASSED TALKING ABOUT THIS STUFF WITH MY SISTER: "It really never occurred to you to put something into your vagina, not even a finger?" "It really didn't." "So you never tasted yourself?" "What? NO! Ew!" "WAIT- you have?" "HAHA, of course! You should try." AND SO: Vagina slime
64	The MAIN TRAIT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ATTRACTED TO IS ANDROGYNY DID THE GIRL WITH A BUZZ CUT CATCH MY EYE BECAUSE SHE WAS A GIRL OR

Page	Content
	BECAUSE SHE WAS DRESSED AS A BOY? WHICH MADE CATEGORIZING MY SEXUALITY DIFFICULT WAS IT HIS SEEMINGLY "FEMININE" OR "MASCULINE" QUALITIES THAT DREW ME TO THE LONG-HAIRED BOY IN CHOIR?
65	MY DEEPEST EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIPS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WITH WOMEN. DID THAT MEAN I WAS A LESBIAN? BUT MY SEXUAL FANTASIES INVOLVED TWO MALE PARTNERS. WAS I A GAY BOY TRAPPED IN A GIRL'S BODY? The knowledge of a third option slept like a seed under the soil.
66	THIS SEED PUT OUT MANY LEAVES BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE LANGUAGE TO IDENTIFY THE PLANT I wish I had a gender neutral name I wish I was a boy I never want to have sex I wish I had short hair I never want kids I hate my breasts I feel like something is wrong with me.
67	IN HIGH SCHOOL I BEGAN TO THEORIZE THAT I HAD BEEN BORN WITH TWO HALF SOULS- ONE FEMALE AND ONE MALE.
69	THE WORD "TRANSGENDER" ENTERED MY VOCABULARY IN THE SUMMER BEFORE HIGH SCHOOL. ...Including a profile of a lesbian whose partner was taking testosterone and had switched to male pronouns. Over the next year, I also found articles on transgender magic in my mom's pagan magazines and gender rants in a pile of feminist zines given to me by a friend. "But where do I fit into all of this?"
70	If I was trans, wouldn't I be saying, "I am a boy" not "I wish I was a boy?" Wouldn't I want to be SURE? And if I am trans... Am I a gay boy Or a straight boy Or a bisexual boy Except I'm not sure if I ever want to have sex... Does that mean I'm asexual? If I'm asexual does my gender even matter? So I can just be a girl But I don't FEEL like a girl What am I?
75	INCLUDING THE FAKE SERIES BY SANAMI MATOH AND THE LAST HERALD MAGE TRILOGY BY MERCEDES LACKEY BOTH OF WHICH INCLUDE VERY TAME GAY SEX SCENES.
76	THE MAIN KIND OF SEX DISCUSSED IN MY FOUR DIFFERENT SEX ED CLASSES WAS SEX INVOLVING A PENIS AND A VAGINA. The illustration at the top of the page depicts a girls holding a banana with a

Page	Content
	<p>condom over the top of it.            ...THAT KIND OF SEX SOUNDED RISKY AND UNAPPEALING.</p>
81	<p>"If only I could get rid of my breasts this quickly."            TWICE OVER THE SUMMER, I GOT ASKED:            "Are you Phoebe's older brother?"            AND AT RESTAURANTS:            "What can I get for you today young man?"            I LOVED IT.</p>
85	<p>"That's good because you never act like a boy or a girl. I think you're a genderless person."            ...SHE KNEW BEFORE I DID.</p>
93	<p>One of the illustrations at the top of this page depicts a boy's waist with a bulge in his shorts. The text reads: I then dreamed about having a massive painful boner that lasted all day long.</p>
94	<p>My High School Coming Out Journey            Began wondering if I was gay, age 13            Told one friend I had "liked a girl," age 14            Joined QSA!            Told a second friend I liked boys and girls            Saw The Laramie Project, age 15            Decided I was a lesbian            Immediately got a crush on a boy            Much confusion            Decided I was bisexual            Decided I was asexual            Started hanging out with the theater kids, age 16            Got asked directly "Are you gay?" and answered "I don't know"            Decided to never have a crush again because they are stupid            Came out to a handful of other friends as bi, age 17            Decided I wanted to come out to my parents            Clouds of background GENDER CONFUSION</p>
95	<p>"Uh, Mom, I'm pretty sure I'm bi."            "I always thought you were one of those kids who could go either way."</p>
96	<p>AT MY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION IN 2007, I WAS THE ONLY A.F.A.B. (ASSIGNED FEMALE AT BIRTH) GRADUATE WHO WORE PANTS.</p>
102	<p>I have spent so much time looking at boys in button-up shirts- JEALOUS of the flatness of their chests.            If I didn't have boobs I'd take my shirt off all the time.            And feel delicious sunshine on my back.            But I can't stand the feeling of air on my breasts.            My boobs are hold my back hostage.</p>
104	<p>"Have you ever kissed a girl?"            "Um...no, I haven't but...I am bisexual..."</p>
107	<p>My two favorite coworkers, AJ and Fish, both out gay men.</p>

Page	Content
116	INTEREST IN EROTIC GAY FICTION HAS BEEN SO PREVALENT IN MY FRIENDSHIPS, ONE COULD MISTAKE IT FOR A PREREQUISITE.
117	<p>"I thought gay porn was UNIVERSAL!"</p> <p>LATER SHE DESCRIBED HERSELF AS HETEROFLEXIBLE AND TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHY SHE LIKE LESBIAN PORN MORE THAN GAY PORN.</p> <p>"I think it's because- I just don't know how to assign a sensation to a body part that I don't have."</p> <p>I assign a sensation to a body part I don't have all the time. Sometimes I can almost feel where it would be...resting on my thigh.</p>
120	<p>THE CLEAREST METAPHOR I HAD FOR MY OWN GEDER IDENTITY IN COLLEGE WAS THE IMAGE OF A SCALE.</p> <p>A HUGE WEIGHT HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE SID, WITHOUT MY PERMISSION. I WAS CONSTANTLY TRYING TO WEIGH DOWN THE OTHER SIDE. "ASSIGNED FEMALE AT BIRTH"</p> <p>BUT THE END GOAL WASN'T MASCULINITY- THE GOAL WAS BALANCE. "SHORT HAIR," "BAGGY BOY CLOTHES," "NAME," "PRONOUNS," "HORMONES," "TOP SURGERY"</p>
121	<p>DRESSING UP AS A MALE CHARACTER LET ME PLAY WITH THE IDEA OF HOW I WOULD CHOOSE TO PRESENT MYSELF IF THE WEIGHT OF ASSIGNED SEX HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCALE</p> <p>"If I had been born a boy I would play with this stuff every day!" LONG HAIR, JEWELRY, MAKEUP, BRIGHT COLORS, FLORALS, SPARKLES, SKIRTS, DRESSES, NAIL POLISH, SCARVES, TASSELS, CUT SHOES</p>
124	<p>The illustrations on this page depict a female taking off her shirt. Then depicted standing topless in a full frontal view. The next illustration is a profile view of the woman fully nude partially bent down. The fourth illustration depicts a nude woman in full frontal view putting on a rob that is open in the front.</p>
126	<p>"Yeah, why don't I feel like a girl?"</p> <p>"Why do I get so turned on by gay sex?"</p> <p>"Is there a physical attribute o my body, like an overlarge clitoris or something, that makes me feel like I should have a penis?"</p>
128	<p>The illustration on this page depicts a naked woman bent over with a giant spike going through her abdomen. The text surrounding the image reads: I FELT AS IF I HAD BEEN STABBED THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY AND WITH THIS CAME A WAVE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL HORROR AT THE REALIZATION THAT THINGS CAN GO INSIDE MY BODY</p>
129	<p>The illustration on this page depicts a naked woman impaled on a spike from behind. The text surrounding the image reads: OF COURSE I ALREADY KNEW THIS FACT INTELLECTUALLY; embodied KNOWLEDGE IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.</p> <p>WHAT MY BODY TOLD ME WAS THAT THIS INTRUSION OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD INTO MY INTERNAL PHYSICAL BEING WAS WRONG ON A LEVERL TOO DEEP FOR WORDS.</p>

Page	Content
132	<p>"Are you gay?"            ..."Bi, actually."            "High five!"</p>
133	<p>"My gaydar is so bad. Before my little brother came out to me I had NO CLUE he was gay!"            ..."Can you imagine being bi? What if we were both just as crazy about girls as we are about boys?"</p>
134	<p>"I think I'm asexual."            "You can't be, I've seen you lust after people."</p>
135	<p>ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170).            I didn't know then that there was a word for the oddly gratifying motion of rocking back and forth in my chair as I drew at my desk.            I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMISHING RETURNS.            An elaborate fantasy based on Plato's Symposium.            The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts a naked man and boy with erect penises. The boy has his hand on the back of kneeling man's head as the man reaches for the other boy's penis. The text under this image reads: THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.  <i>See Figure 2.</i></p>
136	<p>"But around age 16 I felt like I'd run through literally every sexual fantasy. I'd used up all of my material."            "This led to the first time I gave up wanking."</p>
138	<p>IN 2013, I DISCOVERED ERIKA MOEN'S WEBCOMIC OH JOY SEX TOY. IN A COMIC FROM NOVEMBER OF THAT YEAR SHE TALKS ABOUT THE FIRST SEX TOY SHE EVER PURCHASED            A \$10 BULLET VIBRATOR. MOEN WRITES: "My first orgasm is still one of my most vivid, lovely experiences. It was the first time I ever loved my body."            "The way she talks about orgasms makes me wonder if actually I've...never...had one...?"            "I guess I should get one of these and try it!"</p>
139	<p>A FEW WEEKS LATER I BOUGHT ONE.            I remember leaning in my bedroom doorway, imagining how good this vibrator was going to make me feel.            I GOT OFF            by pressing the front of my jeans, the opened box in my hand.            THE TIME CAME TO ACTUALLY TURN IT ON...            "I'll try the lowest setting? That's what Erika used in the comic..."</p>
141	<p>"Heyyy- Phoebe..."            "What's up?"            "So I bought this vibrator-"</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"Ooo!"</p> <p>..."I only used it once for, like, a minute, then I washed it super well. I'm not going to use it again but I'd feel bad throwing it away..."</p> <p>"Do you want it?"</p> <p>"Haha, sure."</p>
142	<p>BACK WHEN FB FIRST ADDED MORE GENDER OPTIONS</p> <p>"Wow, there are so many!"</p> <p>CUSTOM</p> <p>AGENDER</p> <p>ANDROGYNE</p> <p>ANDROGYNOUS</p> <p>BIGENDER</p> <p>CISGENDER</p> <p>PANGENDER</p> <p>NON-BINARY</p> <p>TRANS</p> <p>"Should I choose one?"</p>
145	<p>...I HAD A CONVERSATION ABOUT THE WORD "CISGENDER" WITH A CIS, STRAIGHT, MALE FRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL.</p> <p>"And if you don't know what it means, people call you an asshole."</p> <p>"It's not hard to look up the meaning of the word. Google. It!"</p> <p>"Yeah, but like- well, do you identify as cisgender?"</p> <p>"Not- not really."</p>
146	<p>"Do you feel sad that you weren't born with a dick?"</p> <p>"Lol, sometimes."</p>
147	<p>I DECIDED TO TALK TO MY MOM ABOUT IT.</p> <p>"I know I told you ages ago that I am bi, but think now that I'm probably genderqueer too?"</p> <p>"What do you mean?"</p> <p>..."But- like I've never felt female, or identified with being female."</p> <p>"Specifically things like- having breasts or having a period..."</p>
148	<p>"But I feel it goes deeper than that for me? My whole life I've wished for a magical way to switch between genders."</p> <p>"So that you could be male sometimes?"</p>
150	<p>"Plus, the thought of growing a parasite being inside my own body makes me want to vomit."</p> <p>"PARASITE?!"</p>
155	<p>"I need to make out with someone...For research."</p> <p>"I have a very strict policy of never making out with my friends, so it will have to be a stranger."</p> <p>"Where do I find a stranger who will make out with me? Tinder?"</p>
156	<p>"Yay! Will you also help me set up a Tinder profile?"</p> <p>"I need to make out with someone soon, for the fanfiction."</p> <p>"OMG. Yes!"</p>

Page	Content
157	<p>I ALSO SCROLLED THROUGH MANY "YES/NO/MAYBE" LISTS ONLINE, TRYING TO DECIDE IF MY SHIPS WERE SEXUALLY COMPATIBLE (AS YOU DO). ONE DAY I FOUND THIS KINK DEFINED ON WIKIPEDIA:            AUTOANDROPHILIA:            Refers to a person assigned female at birth who is sexually aroused at the thought or image of having male genitalia or being a man.</p>
162	<p>"In the interest of transparency, you should know I'm 25 years old and I've never had sex. I haven't kissed anyone since elementary school. My main kink is autoandrophilia. Penetration is a HARD NO for me. And I'm weirdly grossed out by some bodily fluids, so, unfortunately, I probably wouldn't feel comfortable going down on you..."</p>
166	<p>...WE'VE MADE OUT, WE'VE HAD SEX, WE'VE MOVED ON TO SEXTING AT WORK.            "I got a new strap-on harness today."            "I can't wait to put it in you it will fit my favorite dildo perfectly."            "You are going to look SO HOT."            "I can't wait to have your cock in my mouth- I'm going to give you the blow job of your life...then I want you inside me."            "HOLY SHIT"            "This is the most turned on I've ever been in my life. I am DYING."</p>
167	<p>The illustration at the top of the page depicts a woman kneeling with a penis in her mouth from a top-view. The text next to the image reads: This is the visual I'd been picturing...            The illustration on the middle of the page is a woman standing with a shirt on. Her pants are unbuttoned and she is wearing a strap-on penis over her underwear. There is another woman, topless, kneeling with the strap-on penis in her mouth. The text in the image reads: But I can't feel anything. This was MUCH HOTTER when it was only in my imagination.  <i>See Figure 3.</i></p>
168	<p>Everything we did today was a good experience.            But now that I've had sex a few times, I'm not sure I really need any more? Trying to get off in front of someone is kind of weird.            I think when I do orgasm, it's not because of my body but in spite of it.</p>
169	<p>Sex just throws this into high relief because it involves contact with genitals.</p>
171	<p>I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST STARTED SEEING PRONOUNS LISTED ON PEOPLE'S PROFILES ON TUMBLR- 2015? EARLIER?            BUT THE FIRST PERSON I REMEMBER GETTING TO KNOW WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS WAS ONE OF MY CCA TEACHERS.</p>
173	<p>They teach our class. They are nonbinary.            ...Actually, Rob uses they/them pronouns now.</p>
174	<p>AT THANKSGIVING IN 2015, MY SISTER BROUGHT HER NEW BOYFRIEND TO STAY WITH ME AND MY PARENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME.            ...AMILA IS THE FIRST PERSON I'VE WATCHED TAKE TESTOSTERONE.            "So your period stopped- ?"            "Months ago."</p>



Page	Content
175	<p>"So why do you identify as nonbinary rather than as a trans man?"</p> <p>"Because really, I want people to be confused about my gender at all times."</p> <p>"I don't want a beard, and I don't want my voice to change."</p> <p>"I don't want MORE gendered traits, I want LESS."</p> <p>"If T makes you grow a dick though..."</p> <p>"I'll let you know!"</p>
177	<p>"Hey Ashley- would you please write all of the sex scenes for my fic? Obviously I'd credit you as a co-author on AO3 and owe you eternal gratitude."</p>
185	<p>How could I help support a young person who came to me with the same feelings I have about gender?</p> <p>Reading <i>The Gender Creative Child</i> by Diane Ehrensaft</p> <p>...Obviously I would listen and believe them. I'd ask if they wanted to some level of social transition.</p> <p>If the kid hadn't hit puberty yet, I'd say try hormone blockers, but it's too late for that for me, sadly.</p> <p>...I don't want to change my name, but I like the idea of changing pronouns.</p>
188	<p>"What have you been up to for the past decade?"</p> <p>"I've been ordained as a pagan priestx!"</p> <p>"And I identify as nonbinary now."</p> <p>"Wow, me too! Tell me more!"</p> <p>"...But for a lot of my life, I've felt like a drag queen in a female body."</p>
189	<p>"I use the Spivak pronouns e, em, eir, as in "Ask em what e want in eir tea."</p> <p>"E, em, eir?"</p> <p>"I love those pronouns! I just got the biggest tingle down my spine."</p>
190	<p>"I'd love to use these pronouns but I don't want to inconvenience people..."</p> <p>"So instead of asking people to do something to make you feel more comfortable, you'd rather just feel a little uncomfortable all the time?"</p> <p>"You'd rather internalize and carry that discomfort every time someone who loves you misgenders you?"</p>
191	<p>AS I PONDERED A PRONOUN CHANGE, I BEGAN TO THINK OF GENDER LESS AS A SCALE AND MORE AS A LANDSCAPE.</p> <p>Some people are born in the mountains, while others are born by the sea. Some people are happy to live in the place they were born, while others must make a journey to reach the climate in which they can flourish and grow.</p>
192	<p>My aunt Shari, who came out as a lesbian feminist before I was born.</p>
195	<p>"Your happiness is very important to me. But I have a hard time seeing this trend of FTM trans and genderqueer young people as something other than a kind of misogyny."</p> <p>"A deeply internalized hatred of women."</p>
197	<p>Our society's treatment of women is SO TOXIC.</p> <p>Have I just been brainwashed into hating parts of myself?</p>
198	<p>SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE MY SEXUALITY IS BROKEN AND MY GENDER IS BROKEN.</p>
204	<p>LATER, I FOUND SCOUT TRAN'S PRONOUN PATCHES AT THE DEGENDERETTE BOOTH</p>

Page	Content
213	At 28 I daydream not of tattoos but of top surgery.
219	"I identify as gender nonbinary and I use the pronouns e, em, eir." "I have a lot of gender dysphoria around me genitals and I've been actively avoiding this exam for years."
220	I think this would be easier if you took a pain medication and maybe an anti-anxiety pill first."
222	AT THE PHARMACY I RECEIVED 5MG OF OXYCODONE AND 1MG OF LORAZEPAM. THEN I WENT HOME.
225	...I ATTENDED A MARCH FOR TRANS RIGHTS IN MY MIDDLE-SIZED LIBERAL HOMETOWN.
226	"I don't want to spend this year looking straight." "But how do I look more queer, specifically more genderqueer?"
231	"I don't know a good gender-neutral term for 'aunt.'"
234	EVERY TIME I GET READY TO MEET A NEW GROUP OF STUDENTS, I WONDER: "Should I introduce myself to this batch using my pronouns?" "I wish I didn't fear that my identity is too political for a classroom."
235	"When I was a girl I had no role models who looked like me...There were no women doctors, no professors, no CEOs..."
236	THE KIDS I TEACH ARE PRIMARILY A.F.A.B. AND THEY REANGE IN AGE FROM 11 TO 14. Those were my first big years of gender confusion,...
237	"I wonder if any of these kids are trans or nonbinary, but don't have words for it yet?" "How many of them have never seen a nonbinary adult?" "Is my silence actually a disservice to all of them?"
238	"Having a nonbinary or trans teacher in junior high would have meant the world to me."

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Dick	1
Fuck	1
Shit	6



Figure 1

ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN FUN HOME ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170).



I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.



THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.

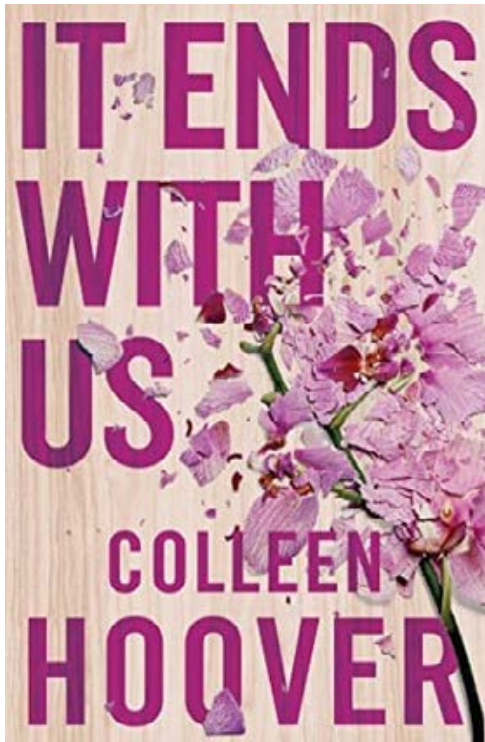
Figure 2



Figure 3



# IT ENDS WITH US



*Adult*

**By Colleen Hoover**

ISBN: 978-1-5011-1036-8



## Book Summary:

A young couple's relationship becomes turbulent when past relationships are discovered.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; alcohol and drug use; suicidal ideation; violence; and profanity

**4**  
/5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	As I sit here with one foot on either side of the ledge, looking down from twelve stories above the streets of Boston, I can't help but think about suicide.
6	<p>He begins fishing around in his pockets until he finds what he's looking for and- in what I'm sure is probably an effort to release even more of his aggression- he lights up a joint.</p> <p>I'm twenty-three, I've been through college and have done this very same recreational drug a time or two. I'm not going to judge this guy for feeling the need to toke up in private.</p> <p>... He takes in a long drag of his joint and starts to turn back toward the edge.</p>
7	When I don't answer him, he brings the joint back to his mouth and takes another hit.
12	<p>And smokes pot.</p> <p>... "Should doctors be smoking weed?"</p>
21	<p>"...If you were into one-night stands, I would take you downstairs to my bedroom and I would fuck you."</p> <p>... "Okay. Since we're on the subject...the first guy I ever had sex with was homeless."</p>
23	<p>"When I have time, there are girls who satisfy those needs. I don't lack for anything in that department, if that's what you're asking. But love has never appealed to me. It's always been more of a burden than anything."</p> <p>... "You should try my method," he says.</p> <p>"Which is?"</p> <p>"One-night stands."</p> <p>... "I could never sleep with someone if I didn't see it going anywhere."</p> <p>... "If you wouldn't sleep with someone you just met..." His eyes meet mine again.</p> <p>"Exactly how far would you go?"</p> <p>I don't have an answer for that. I roll onto my back because the way he's looking at me makes me want to rethink one-night stands. I'm not necessarily against them, I suppose. I've just never been propositioned for one by someone I would consider it with.</p>
24	<p>"How far would you go, Lily?" His voice is decadent. Smooth. It travels straight to my toes.</p> <p>"I don't know," I whisper.</p> <p>His fingers begin to crawl toward the hem of my shirt. He begins to slowly inch it upward until a slither of my stomach is showing. "Oh, Jesus," I whisper, feeling the warmth from his hand as he slides it up my stomach.</p> <p>Against my better judgement, I face him again and the look in his eyes completely captivates me. He looks hopeful and hungry and completely confident. He sinks his teeth into his bottom lip as his hand begins to tease its way up my shirt. I know</p>



Page	Content
	<p>he can feel my heart thrashing around in my chest. Hell, he can probably hear it. "Is this too far?" he asks.</p> <p>I don't know where this side of me is coming from, but I shake my head and say, "Not even close."</p> <p>With a grin, his fingers brush the underneath of my bra, lightly trickling over my skin that is now covered in chills.</p> <p>As soon as my eyelids fall shut, the piercing of a ring rips through the air. His hand stiffens when we both realize it's a phone. His phone.</p> <p>He drops his forehead to my shoulder. "Dammit."</p> <p>I frown when his hand slips out from beneath my shirt.</p>
48	<p>"Marshall, are you drunk?"</p> <p>..."You knew that when you dropped us off, Issa. Free beer until..."</p>
49	<p>The brother sounds like he may be a little drunk, too.</p>
50	<p>"There's a bar down the street that gives out free beer to anyone who shows up in a onesie during a Bruins game."</p>
51	<p>"I won't charge you for this, but only because I'm slightly inebriated," he says with a wink.</p> <p>I tilt my head. "The first time I met you, you were high. Now you're drunk. I'm beginning to worry you aren't going to make a very qualified neurosurgeon."</p> <p>..."But I promise you, I rarely ever get high and this is my first day off in over a month, so I really needed a beer. Or five."</p>
53	<p>"I still very much want to fuck you."</p> <p>..."Did you just tell my boss you want to fuck her?"</p> <p>..."He just told Lily he wants to fuck her!"</p> <p>..."He's drunk. They're both drunk. Please don't judge me because my brother is an asshole."</p> <p>I smile at her and wave it off. "It's fine, Allysa. Lots of people want to fuck me."</p>
56	<p>"...So if you still aren't going to agree to a one-night stand, then I think it's best if we do what we can to avoid each other..."</p>
70	<p>"Did you seriously just knock on twenty-nine doors so you could tell me that the thought of me is making your life hell and I should have sex with you so that you'll never have to think of me again? Are you kidding me right now?"</p>
71	<p>"Please have sex with me." He's looking up at me with puppy dog eyes and a pathetic, hopeful grin. "I want you so, so bad and I swear, once you have sex with me you'll never hear from me again. I promise."</p> <p>There's something about a neurosurgeon literally on his knees begging for sex that does me in.</p> <p>..."...If you give me a little while to shower first, I might feel sexy enough to have sex with you."</p>
72	<p>"You say this will make it stope, but I'm warning you right now, Ryle. I'm like a drug. If you have sex with me tonight, it's only going to make things worse for you. But once is all you're getting. I refuse to become one of the many girls you use to- how did you word it that night? Satisfy your needs?"</p> <p>...I wonder if there's a way he could leave them on during the sex?</p>

Page	Content
73	But now that my hair is dry and I'm cleaner than I've ever been, I think I might be able to do this. I can totally have a one-night stand. I'm twenty-three years old.
74	I can feel his fingers trailing up my arm before I even open my eyes. I force back a tired smile and pretend I'm still sleeping. His fingers trail over my shoulder and stop at my collarbone, just before they reach my neck. I have a small tattoo there that I got in college. It's a simple outline of a heart that's slightly open at the top. I can feel his fingers circle around the tattoo, and then he leans forward and presses his lips against it. I squeeze my eyes shut even tighter.
75	And it's good that he fell asleep and we never even kissed, because if I would have had sex with him while he was wearing scrubs, I would have been the one showing up at his door on my knees, begging for more.
81	<p>"Yes, you are. And if you pull that top up over your cleavage one more time, it'll defeat the whole purpose of your little black dress." He grabs my top and yanks it back down, and then proceeds to reach inside to adjust my bra.</p> <p>..."Relax, Lily. I've touched way better boobs than yours and I'm still gay."</p> <p>"Yeah, but I bet those boobs were attached to people you probably hang out with more than once every six months."</p>
82	<p>"Ryle. He's a neurosurgeon. And he wants to have sex with me really, really bad."</p> <p>"How do you know he wants to have sex with you?"</p> <p>"Because he literally got down on his knees and said, 'Please, Lily. Please have sex with me.'"</p>
83	"I'm Lily's sex partner!"
86	He makes the shot, but the glass shatters when it hits the bottom of the empty container.
87	If the guy wants to have sex with me so bad...he shouldn't have fallen asleep!
89	<p>"Oh, I want you, Lily. Make no mistake about that. I just don't want to want you."</p> <p>..."I like you, Ryle. And knowing that you only want me for one night makes me really, really sad. And maybe if this were a few months ago, we could have had sex and it would have been fine. You would have walked away and I could have easily moved on with my life.</p>
91	<p>His chest is pressing against mine, my back is pressed to the door. And then his mouth is on mine. Warm pressure against my lips.</p> <p>Despite the strength behind them, his lips are like silk. I'm shocked at the moan that rushes through me, and even more shocked when I part my lips and want more. His tongue slides against mine and he releases my wrists to grab my face. His kiss grows deeper and I grasp at his hair, pulling him closer, feeling the kiss in my entire body.</p> <p>Both of us become a medley of moans and gasps as the kiss brings us over the edge, our bodies wanting more than our mouths can deliver. I feel his hands as he reaches down and grabs my legs, lifting me up and hooking them around his waist.</p> <p>My God, this man can kiss. It's as if he takes kissing as seriously as he takes his profession. He begins to pull me away from the door when I'm hit with the realization that yes, his mouth is capable of a lot. But what his mouth had failed to do is respond to everything I told him upstairs.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>For all I know, I've just given in. I'm giving him what he wants: a one-night stand. And that's the last thing he deserves right now.</p> <p>I pull my mouth from his and push on his shoulders. "Put me down."</p> <p>He keeps walking toward his bed, so I say it again. "Ryle, put me down right now."</p> <p>He stops walking and lowers me to the floor. I have to back away and face the other direction to gather my thoughts. Looking at him while I still feel his lips on mine is more than I can deal with right now.</p>
94	<p>I know him enough to know that sex with him won't be enough for me, though. But how I know sex won't be the only thing he wants?</p> <p>My eyes instantly lock with his. "Don't have sex with me."</p> <p>..."Okay. I will not have sex with you, Lily Bloom."</p> <p>He walks around me to his bedroom door and he locks it. He flips off the light, leaving only a lamp on, and then takes off his shirt as he walks toward me.</p> <p>...He tosses his shirt on a chair and then slips off his shoes. "We're going to sleep."</p> <p>I glance at his bed. Then at him. "Right now?"</p> <p>He nods and walks over to me. In one swift movement, he lifts my dress up and over my head, until I'm standing in the middle of his bedroom floor in my bra and panties. I cover myself, but he doesn't even look twice. He pulls me toward the bed and lifts the covers for me to crawl in. As he's walking over to his side of the bed he says, "It's not like we haven't slept together before without having sex. Piece of cake."</p>
102	<p>What's even better, is when I do decide to have sex with Ryle, we can have it over here all the time and not have to worry about being quiet.</p> <p>...I'm not about to wait around to be beckoned by a guy I'm not even having sex with. But I don't know why I assume that reading about the first guy I had sex with will somehow get my mind off the guy I'm not having sex with.</p>
107	<p>When he was wiping that cow shit on me, it was quite possibly the most turned-on I have ever been.</p>
118	<p>That was three years ago and all this time I thought homeless people were homeless they were lazy or drug addicts or just didn't want to work like other people.</p>
120	<p>He bends down and kisses the heart tattoo on my collarbone.</p>
128	<p>He hangs up the phone and slides it into his pocket, then he kisses me. It's not a hello kiss. It's an I've-been-thinking-about-you-nonstop kiss. He wraps both arms around me and spins me until I'm backed up against my car, where he continues to kiss me until I start to feel dizzy again. When he pulls back, he's looking down at me appreciatively.</p> <p>"You know which part of you drives me the craziest?" He brings his fingers to my mouth and traces my smile. "These," he says. "Your lips. I love how they're as red as your hair and you don't even have to wear lipstick."</p> <p>I grin and kiss his fingers.</p>
135	<p>"I requested an Uber so you wouldn't have to go out of your way to take me home. We have approximately..." He looks down at his phone. "One and a half minutes to make out."</p> <p>I laugh. He wraps his arms around me and kisses my neck first, and then my</p>

Page	Content
	cheek. "I would invite myself over, but I have an early surgery tomorrow and I'm sure my patient would appreciate it if I didn't spend the majority of the night inside you."
140	A minutes later, he leaned over a little and pressed his lips against my collarbone, right between my shoulder and my neck.
145	But let me just say that if he's ever wondered what my boobs feel like... Now he knows. ...If it were up to me, we would kiss al day and all night and do nothing in between except maybe talk a little.
148	He set the bowl down beside me and then leaned in and kissed me. Cookie dough and Atlas's mouth mixed together is like heaven, in case you're wondering. I made a noise deep in my throat that let him know how much I liked the combination, and it made him laugh. But he didn't stop kissing me. He just laughed through the kiss and it completely melted my heart. A happy Atlas was near mind-blowing.
150	He set his briefcase down on the kitchen table and then walked to the refrigerator and pulled out a beer.
151	I closed my fist around the heart and then leaned over and kissed him so hard, he fell back onto the bed. I threw my leg over him and straddled him and he grabbed my waist and grinned against my mouth.
152	He brought his hand to the back of my head and rolled me until I was on my back and he was the one on top. "Then my plan is working," he said, right before kissing me again.
154	They were on the couch and he had his hand around her throat, but his other hand was pulling up her dress. She was trying to fight him off and I just stood there, frozen. She kept begging him to get off her and then he hit her right across the face and told her to shut up.
155	"He's drunk, Lily," she said.
156	"Mom, he was trying to rape you!"
158	And he held me and kissed me so much, I thought I might die if he let go.
162	"You're perfect," he says, kissing me.
164	He tells the waitress to bring me a beer, instead. Ryle tells her to bring me wine. Allysa wants water, and this upsets Marshall even more. He tells the waitress to bring four bottles of beer and then Ryle says, "Two beers, red wine, and a water." ...Marshall throws his arm around Allysa and kisses her. "How am I supposed to try and knock you up tonight if you aren't a little wasted?" ..."I can't have beer, Marshall." "Then drink wine, at least. You like me more when you're tipsy." ..."I can't have wine, either. I can't have any alcohol, actually."
166	"I walked into the kitchen and Marshall was standing there pressed up against some floozy." "She wasn't a floozy," he says. "She was a nice girl. Tasted like Cheetos, but..." ..."I started yelling at him to take his whores to his own house..." ..."Cock blocker," Marshall says. ..."Anyway. After I cock blocked him, I ran to my room, embarrassed that I did

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	<p>that. It was out of pure jealousy, and I didn't even realize I liked him that way until I saw his hands on some other girl's ass."            ..."Oh yeah. So Marshall walked over to me, pulled me off the bed, kissed me with the same mouth he was just kissing the floozy with, and we made out for half an hour. Ryle walked in on us and started screaming at Marshall. Then Marshall pushed Ryle out of my bedroom, locked the door, and made out with me for another hour."</p>
167	Ryle straightens up and takes a sip of beer.
168	He laughs and says, "Free beer, Lily. It's free beer."
169	<p>He steps over to me and takes my glass of wine from my hands. He sets both of our glasses on the countertop, and then leans in and gives me a deep, passionate, drunken kiss. I can taste the tart fruitiness of the wine on his tongue and I like it. His hands go to the zipper on my onesie. "Let's get you out of these clothes."            He pulls me toward the bedroom, kissing me while we both struggle out of our clothes. By the time we make it to my bedroom, I'm down to my bra and panties. He shoves me against the door, and I gasp at the unexpectedness of it.            "Don't move," he says. He presses his lips to my chest, then begins to kiss me slowly as he makes his way down my body.            Oh, Lord. Can this day get any better?            I run my hands through his hair, but he grabs my wrists and presses them against the door. He climbs back up my body, squeezing my wrists tightly. He raises an eyebrow in warning. "I said...don't move."            I try not to smile, but it's hard to disguise. He drags his mouth back down my body. He slowly lowers my panties to my ankles, but he told me not to move, so I don't kick them off.            His mouth slides up my thigh until...            Yeah.            Best.            Day.            Ever.</p>
173	<p>"That's because you make it easy," he says, sliding a hand inside the back of my shirt.            ...Now both of his hands are beneath my shirt, pressed against my back. He pulls me toward him and kisses me. I grin against his mouth and whisper, "Is it the best cake you've ever tasted?"            One of his hands moves to the back of my bra and he unfastens it with ease. "I'm pretty sure, but maybe I need another taste of it to be positive." He pulls my shirt and bra over my head. I begin to push myself off of him so I can pull off my jeans, but he pulls me back onto his lap. He grabs his stethoscope and puts it in his ears, then presses the diaphragm against my chest, right over my heart.            "What's got your heart so worked up, Lily?"            I shrug innocently. "It might have a little to do with you, Dr. Kincaid."            He drops the end of the stethoscope and then lifts me off of him, pushing me back onto the couch. He spreads my legs and kneels down on the couch between them, placing the stethoscope against my chest again. He uses his other hand to hold himself up as he continues listening to my heart.</p>

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	<p>"I'd say you're at about ninety beats per minute," he says.</p> <p>"Is that good or bad?"</p> <p>He grins and lowers himself on top of me. "I'll be satisfied when it reaches one forty."</p> <p>Yeah. If it reaches 140, I'm thinking I'll be satisfied, too.</p> <p>He lowers his mouth to my chest and my eyes fall shut when I feel his tongue slide across my breast. He takes me in his mouth, keeping the stethoscope pressed against my chest the entire time. "You're at about one hundred now," he says. He wraps the stethoscope around his neck again and then pulls back, unbuttoning my jeans. Once he slides them off of me, he turns me over until I'm on my stomach, my arms draped over the arm of the couch.</p> <p>"Get on your knees," he says.</p> <p>I do what he says and before I'm even adjusted, I feel the cold metal of the stethoscope meet my chest again, this time with his arm snaked around me from behind. I remain still as he listens to my heartbeat. His other hand slowly begins to find its way between my legs and then inside my panties and then inside of me. I grip the couch but try to keep the noises to a minimum while he listens to my heart.</p> <p>"One hundred and ten," he says, still unsatisfied.</p> <p>He pulls my hips back to meet him and then I can feel him freeing himself from his scrubs. He grips my hip with one hand while shoving my panties aside with the other. Then he pushes forward until he's all the way inside of me.</p> <p>I'm grasping the couch with two desperate fists when he pauses to listen to my heart again. "Lily," he says with mock disappointment. "One twenty. Not quite where I want you."</p> <p>The stethoscope disappears again and his arm curls around my waist. His hand slides down my stomach and settles between my legs. I can no longer keep up with his rhythm. I can barely even stay on my knees. He's somehow holding me up with one hand and destroying me in the best possible way with his other hand. Right when I start to tremble, he pulls me upright until my back meets his chest. He's still inside me, but now he's focused on my heart again as he moves his stethoscope around to the front of my chest.</p> <p>I let out a moan and he presses his lips to my ear. "Shh. No noises."</p> <p>I have no idea how I make it through the next thirty seconds without making another sound. One of his arms is wrapped around me with the stethoscope pressed to my chest. His other arm is tight against my stomach as his hand continues its magic between my legs. He's still somehow deep inside me and I'm trying to move against him, but he's rock solid as the tremors begin to rush through me. My legs are shaking and my hands are at my sides, gripping the tops of his thighs as it takes every ounce of my strength not to scream out his name. I'm still shaking when he lifts my hand and places the diaphragm against my wrist. After several seconds, he pulls the stethoscope away and tosses it to the floor.</p> <p>"One fifty," he says with satisfaction. He pulls out of me and flips me onto my back and then his mouth is on mine and he's inside me again.</p> <p>My body is too weak to move and I can't even open my eyes and watch him. He thrusts against me several times and then holds still, groaning into my mouth. He drops on top of me, tense, yet shaking.</p>

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	<p>He kisses my neck and then his lips meet the tattoo of the heart on my collarbone. He finally settles against my neck and sighs.</p> <p>"Have I already mentioned tonight how much I like you?" he asks.</p> <p>I laugh. "Once or twice."</p> <p>"Consider this the third time," he says. "I like you. Everything about you, Lily. Being inside of you. Being outside of you. Being near you. I like it all."</p> <p>I smile, loving how his words feel against my skin. Inside my heart. I open my mouth to tell him I like him, too, but my voice is cut off by the sound of his phone. He groans against my neck and then pulls out of me and reaches for his phone. He pulls his scrubs back into place and laughs as he looks at his caller ID.</p> <p>"It's my mother," he says, leaning over and kissing the top of my knee that's resting against the back of the couch. He tosses the phone aside and then stands and walks over to my desk, grabbing a box of tissues.</p> <p>This is always awkward, having to clean up after sex.</p>
179	<p>Instead of pressing further, I lift my head and scoot forward, pressing my mouth to his.</p> <p>I should know better. Kisses can't seem to stop at just kisses when it comes to me and Ryle. In a matter of minutes, he's inside of me again, but this time it's everything the other time wasn't.</p> <p>This time we make love.</p>
180	<p>"...I'm on my way to your apartment with bottles of wine. You want to have a sleepover with your boyfriend and have drunken sex all night and sleep until noon?"</p>
181	<p>When I said I was just wearing an apron, I meant it. I'm not even wearing panties. I can hear him I can hear him suck in a rush of air when I reach over to the oven and stick the casserole inside. I might reach a little too far for show when I do it. When I close the oven, I don't face him. I grab a rag and start wiping down the oven, making sure to sway my hips as much as possible. I squeal when I feel a piercing sting on my right butt cheek. I spin around and Ryle is grinning, holding two bottles of wine.</p> <p>"Did you just bite me?"</p> <p>He gives me an innocent look. "Don't tempt the scorpion if you don't want to get stung." He eyes me up and down while he opens one of the bottles.</p>
182	<p>I walk over to him and press my lips to his palm. "I'm a little fond of this hand, too."</p> <p>He slides the hand down to my neck and then spins me so that I'm flush against the counter. I gasp, because I wasn't expecting that.</p> <p>He pushes himself against me from behind and slowly slides his hand down the side of my body. I press my palms into the granite and close my eyes, already feeling the rush of the wine.</p> <p>"This hand," he whispers, "is the steadiest hand in all of Boston."</p> <p>He pushes on the back of my neck, bending me further over the counter. His hand meets the inside of my knee and he glides it upward. Slowly. Jesus.</p> <p>He pushes my legs apart, and then his fingers are inside me. I moan and try to find something to hold on to. I grip the faucet, just as he begins to work magic.</p> <p>And then, just like a magician, his hand disappears.</p>

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183	I'm on my third glass of wine when he walks out of my bedroom.
185	Must be the wine. This is some seriously strong wine.
188	His mouth is on mine again, hot and wet, and I don't even know what's happening to me. I'm hurting so much on the inside, yet my body craves his apology in the form of his mouth and hands on me.
189	I spread my legs for him and his sorrow comes in another form. Slow, apologetic thrusts inside of me. Every time he enters me, he whispers another apology. And by some miracle, every time he pulls out of me, my anger leaves with him. He's kissing my shoulder. My cheek. My eye. He's still on top of me, touching me gently.
191	He leans forward and presses his lips against mine.
198	"This is Atlas? The homeless boy you pity-fucked?"
207	"Believe me, Lily. I know that wasn't a pity fuck. I was there."
212	He said the first time he went to that old house, he wasn't there because he needed a place to stay. He went there to kill himself. My hands went up to my mouth because I had no idea things had gotten that bad for him. So bad that he didn't even want to live anymore. ...He went to tell me that the first night he was at that house, he was sitting in the living room floor with a razor blade to his wrist. ...And he put down the razor blade because he said it'd been a month since life had given him any sort of feeling at all, and looking at me gave him a little bit of feeling. ...He leaned forward and kissed that spot between my shoulder and my neck that he always kisses. I liked that he did it again. I don't like much about my body, but that spot on my collarbone has become my favorite part of me.
214	Ellen, I know you're an adult and know all about what comes next, but I still don't feel comfortable telling you what happened over those next couple of hours. Let's just say we both kissed a lot. We both laughed a lot. We both loved a lot. We both breathed a lot. A lot. And we both had to cover our mouths and be as quiet and still as we could so we wouldn't get caught.
216	My father became revered for his heroic act- saving his little girl from the homeless boy who manipulated her into having sex with him. ...She just rolled her eyes and said, "Jesus, Lily. Did he brainwash you? He was a dirty, thieving homeless kid who was probably on drugs. He used you for food and sex and now you're defending him?"
222	"Mother," Ryle says. "Meet Lily. My blasphemous whore." ..."No, definitely not a blasphemous whore," he says. "Not like Marshall here, who sank his teeth into my little girl when she was only seventeen."
227	Then I prop my leg over the back of it, letting my skirt slide down my thighs and pool at my waist. Ryle drags his eyes up my body, grinning as he makes his way over to me. He drops to his knees on the couch and slowly crawls up my body. "How's my wife?" he whispers, planting kisses all around my mouth. He presses himself between my legs and I let my head fall back as he kisses down my neck.



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	<p>This is the life.</p> <p>We both work almost every day. He works twice as many hours as I do and he only gets home before I'm in bed two or three nights a week. But the nights we actually do get to spend together, I tend to want him to spend those nights buried deep inside me.</p> <p>He doesn't complain.</p> <p>He finds a spot on my neck and he claims it, kissing it so hard it hurts. "Ouch."</p> <p>He lowers himself on top of me and mutters into my neck. "I'm giving you a hickey. Don't move."</p> <p>I laugh, but I let him. My hair is long enough that I can cover it, and I've never had a hickey before.</p> <p>His lips remain in the same spot, sucking and kissing until I can no longer feel the sting. He's pressed against me, bulging against his scrubs. I move my hands and shove his scrubs down far enough so that he can slide inside of me. He continues kissing my neck as he takes me right there on the couch.</p> <p>He took a shower first, and as soon as he got out, I jumped in. I told him we needed to wash the smell of sex off of us before we had dinner with Allysa and Marshall.</p>
239	<p>He said marriage repulsed him. He was only interested in one-night stands.</p>
259	<p>My eyes fall to the counter to his left and I see an empty glass that probably recently held scotch. He drink it on occasion to help him fall asleep.</p>
260	<p>I back myself against the counter and my breath catches. His hands meet my waist and he slides them between my ass and my jeans and pulls me against him. His mouth claims mine and he kisses me while he begins to lower my jeans.</p> <p>Okay. So we're doing this right now.</p> <p>His lips drag down my neck as I kick off my shoes and then he pulls my jeans off the rest of the way.</p> <p>I guess I can eat later. Christening the kitchen just became my priority.</p> <p>When his mouth is back on mine, he lifts me and sets me down on the countertop, standing between my knees. I can smell the scotch on his breath, and I kind of like it. I'm already breathing heavily as his warm lips slide across mine. He takes a fistful of my hair and he tugs gently so that I'm looking up at him.</p> <p>"Naked truth?" he whispers, looking at my mouth like he's about to devour me.</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>His other hand begins to slide slowly up my thigh until there's nowhere left for his hand to go. He slips two warm fingers inside of me, keeping my gaze locked with his. I suck in a rush of air as my legs tighten around his waist. I begin to slowly move against his hand, moaning softly as he stares heatedly at me.</p> <p>"Where did you get that magnet, Lily?"</p> <p>What?</p> <p>My heart feels like it begins beating in reverse.</p> <p>Why does he keep asking me this?</p> <p>His fingers are still moving inside of me, his eyes still look like they want me. But his hand. The hand that's wrapped in my hair begins to tug harder and I wince.</p> <p>"Ryle," I whisper, keeping my voice calm, even though I'm beginning to shake.</p>

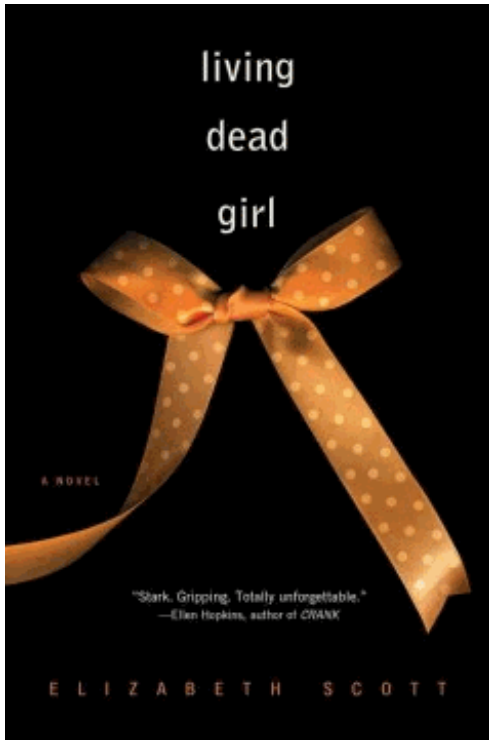
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	<p>"That hurts."</p> <p>His fingers stop moving, but his gaze never leaves mine. He slowly pulls his fingers out of me and then brings his hand up around my throat, squeezing gently. His lips meet mine and his tongue dives inside my mouth. I take it, because I have no idea what's going through his head right now and I pray I'm overreacting.</p> <p>I can feel him hard against his jeans as he presses into me. But then he pulls back. His hands leave me entirely as he flattens his back against the refrigerator, scraping his eyes over my body like he wants to take me right here in the kitchen. My heart begins to calm down. I'm overreacting.</p> <p>He reaches beside him, next to the stove, and he picks up a newspaper. It's the same newspaper he showed me earlier, with the awards article printed in it. He holds it up, then tosses it toward me. "Did you get a chance to read that yet?"</p> <p>I blow out a breath of relief. "Not yet," I say, my eyes falling to the article.</p> <p>"Read it out loud."</p> <p>I glance up at him. I smile, but my stomach is anxious. There's something about him right now. The way he's acting. I can't put my finger on it.</p> <p>"You want me to read the article?"</p> <p>I ask. "Right now?"</p> <p>I feel odd, sitting on my kitchen counter half naked, holding a newspaper. He nods. "I'd like you to take off your shirt first. Then read it out loud."</p> <p>I stare at him, trying to gauge his behavior. Maybe the scotch has made him extra frisky. A lot of times when we make love, it's as simple as making love. But occasionally, our sex is wild. A little dangerous, like the look in his eyes right now.</p>
263	<p>I look down, even more confused this time. But whatever will get us past this and into the bed...</p> <p>...I stop reading and look up at Ryle. He has poured himself more scotch and he's swallowing a sip of it.</p>
264	<p>His arm comes around my waist from behind. He slides a hand up my stomach and takes a firm hold of one of my breasts. His other hand feathers my shoulder as he moves the hair away from my neck.</p> <p>I squeeze my eyes shut, just as his fingers begin to trace across my skin, up to my shoulder. He slowly runs his finger over the heart and a shudder runs over my whole body. His lips meet my skin, right over the tattoo, and then he sinks his teeth into me so hard, I scream.</p> <p>I try to pull away from him, but he has such a tight grip on me he doesn't even budge. The pain from his teeth piercing my collarbone rips through my shoulder and down my arm. I immediately start crying. Sobbing.</p> <p>"Ryle, let me go," I say, my voice pleading. "Please. Walk away." His arms are cutting into mine as he holds me tightly from behind.</p> <p>He spins me, but my eyes are still closed. I'm too scared to look at him. His hands are digging into my shoulders as he pushes me toward the bed. I start trying to fight him off of me, but it's useless. He's too strong for me. He's angry. He's hurt. And he's not Ryle.</p> <p>My back meets the bed and I frantically scoot back toward the headboard, trying to get away from him. "Why is he still here, Lily?" His voice isn't as composed as it was in the kitchen. He's really angry now. "He's in everything. The magnet on the</p>

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	<p>fridge. The journal in the box I found in our closet. The fucking tattoo on your body that used to be my favorite goddamn part of you!</p> <p>He's on the bed now.</p> <p>"Ryle," I beg. "I can explain." Tears streak down my temples and into my hair.</p> <p>"You're angry. Please don't hurt me, please. Walk away, and when you come back, I'll explain."</p> <p>His hand grips my ankle and he yanks me until I'm beneath him. "I'm not angry, Lily," he says, his voice disturbingly calm now. "I just think I haven't proved to you how much I love you." His body comes down against mine and he takes my wrists with one hand above my head, pressing them against the mattress.</p> <p>"Ryle, please." I'm sobbing, trying to push him off of me with any part of my body.</p> <p>"Get off me. Please."</p>
266	<p>His hand is still pressing mine into the mattress and he's still on top of me. He's no longer trying to force himself on me.</p> <p>...He's kissing me, his lips gentle against my cheek and mouth.</p>
275	I want to wash the taste of scotch out of my mouth.
308	I'm married. I'm pregnant with another man's baby.
323	"...Even if you would have walked into my bedroom and caught us in bed together, you still would not have the right to lay a hand on me, you goddamn son of a bitch!"
325	When his lips meet mine the fifth time, they don't leave.
329	"I get to have sex tonight. It's been four months."
330	She smiles and then says, "Now go get my baby and take her away from here so I can have some sex with my filthy rich husband."
359	"What if she came to you and said, 'My husband tried to rape me, Daddy. He held me down while I begged him to stop. But he swears he'll never do it again. What should I do, Daddy?'"

Profanity	Count
Ass	12
Bitch	3
Dick	1
Fuck	35
Goddamn	5
Piss	4
Shit	45



# LIVING DEAD GIRL



*Young Adult*

**By Elizabeth Scott**

ISBN: 978-1-416-99668-2



## Book Summary:

A teenage girl held captive by a child molester, describes life in captivity and her longing to gain freedom.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault and battery; sexual nudity; violence including child abuse; suicidal ideation; drug use; and mild/infrequent profanity.

**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>You've pulled your skirt up to your waist, arms resting by your sides, palms up and open. Waiting. "Good," he says, and lies on top of you. Heavy and pushing, always pushing. "Good girl, Alice." Afterward, he will give you the water and a container of yogurt. He will sit with one hand curled around your knee. You will watch TV together. He will tell you how lucky you are.</p>
10	<p>"Skipping," I say, stripping off my clothes, down to one of Ray's old T-shirts. Smell of him all around me, always.          ... "Ready," I say, lying down, and the woman motions for me to spread my legs.          "You want it all gone?"          I nod.          She is supposed to ask how old I am, and maybe other things. Something. There is a sign out front that says minors must have a parent or guardian present to sign off on all services, and this isn't a desperate, dying store that needs customers.          ...She starts to wax. My eyes burn and then water as she rips hair away, stripping my flesh. It is good for women to look like little girls now, to have no hair between their legs.</p>
20	<p>GET UP.          Those were the first words I ever heard.          Open my eyes, see a girl, black and blue all over, dried blood along her thighs. Red brown stains smeared across the hairless juncture between.          "Get up and take a bath, Alice," the man in the blue shirt said, and Alice did.          I did.          That's how I was born. Naked, hairless, covered in blood like all babies.          Named, bathed, and then taken out into the world.</p>
26	<p>"I know, silly girl. My girl," he says, and stands up, unbuckles his belt. Opens his pants.          "Come over here. Give me a kiss hello."          I get up and walk over to him. He frowns and I hunch over so I barely come up to his shoulder.          "Alice, my baby," he says, kissing my cheek.          Then he shoves me to my knees.          When he's finished, he throws the rest of my yogurt away.          ...He drinks beer and orders a pizza and puts me on his lap during the sitcom he hates.</p>
27	<p>Ray likes how smooth I am, how raw my skin is. It burns by the time he's done touching it.          "No breakfast tomorrow," he says afterward. "I think you might be over 100 pounds. That's not acceptable."          At bedtime, he rumples his sheets—we have a two-bedroom apartment, because we are father and daughter and he wants to take care of me, wants me to have my own room like other little girls—and then crawls into my tiny bed with me.          ...I am so hungry my head hurts with it, making me slow, and he pinches my thigh, hard.          "Love you too," I say, but it is too late and he holds me down, breathing hard and fast.          "Show me," he says. "Show me."          So I do.</p>
28	<p>"No breakfast, remember?" he says, sitting down next to me on the bed, one paternal hand on my forehead while the other gropes below. He keeps it up until he starts to sweat, little beads of moisture gathering at his temples, and then gets up.</p>
29	<p>Ray believes in God, and in looking at all the little girls in their Sunday best, ribbons and bows and tiny socks with lace on them.</p>

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	<p>The day I got too tall to wear the white dress with short, puffy sleeves and little tucks along the chest, he filled the kitchen sink with water and shoved my head into it.</p> <p>I was thirteen then, and when I tried to stay down after he'd held me there, lungs burning, inside of my head going dark, he hauled me out and slapped me so hard the right side of my face grew a hand-shaped bruise, jaw to forehead. I couldn't go outside for a week.</p>
31	<p>We don't have a tub, just a shower, but I ignore it and brush my teeth, swallowing the toothpaste instead of spitting it out. I hear it can be poisonous, but I guess it's only if you're really young.</p> <p>...I am 15 and stretched out, no more than 100 pounds. I can never weigh more than that. It keeps my breasts tiny, my hips narrow, my thighs the size Ray likes.</p>
33	<p>There was another Alice before me. Ray let her go when she turned 15.</p> <p>He drove her all the way back to where she used to live, to where she was when she was another girl, back to her before.</p> <p>Her body was found in a river, floating downstream just a mile from the house she grew up in.</p> <p>Ray used to tell me this story a lot, pulling me close and saying, "But I'll make sure that doesn't happen to you. I'll keep you safe. All you have to do is be good. Be my little girl forever. You can do that, can't you?"</p> <p>I am 15, and I figure soon Ray will kill me.</p> <p>I could run, but he would find me.</p>
35	<p>You can't make yourself clean like that, and fresh-scrubbed skin only invites attention. Ray makes me shower once a week, and I hate coming out of the bathroom. I hate knowing he's waiting for me, that he will rub his hands and himself all over me and whisper things. His hands used to make me cry, but now I'm used to them.</p>
36	<p>Ray doesn't want me getting pimples or my period, and so he makes me take a pill for both every day. The one for pimples dries out my skin, and makes the sun blotch me angry red. The one to prevent my period does just that, 'and although the ads on TV say it just makes your period less painful, I never get mine.</p> <p>I don't ask Ray why.</p> <p>I only got my period once, late last year, and Ray got so angry he took out a knife and made me sit on a chair in the corner of the living room. He looked at me for a long, long time, and then tied me to the chair and left me there until the bleeding stopped. He wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't look at me. Food and water once a day, a trip to the bathroom each morning and night. One time, I stood up and blood dripped down my leg and onto the carpet and he threw up.</p> <p>And then he rubbed my face in it.</p>
46	<p>"You're-too tall, though," he says, frowning, and pushes my hands off his feet, dragging me up toward him. Hands on my throat. "Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish."</p> <p>"I don't want to leave," I tell him, cracking out the words as the world goes fuzzy around the edges. "I want to stay with you."</p>
47	<p>"You're-too tall, though," he says, frowning, and pushes my hands off his feet, dragging me up toward him. Hands on my throat. "Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish." "I don't want to leave," I tell him, cracking out the words as the world</p>

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	<p>goes fuzzy around the edges. "I want to stay with you.            ... I can't breathe, but that's not why he lets the pressure up. He lets go a little so I can nod. Because he knows I will. I am not strong; I cannot stop him or even slow him down. I can only wait until he gets so tired of me that he lets me die and moves on. "She would punish me," he says. "Hold me down and show me how all we think of is sin. How We are-all sin."            He spits the last word out, like he can taste it, and then touches my hair, slides his fists under my shirt and twists the sullen rise of my right breast, the little lump that's there.            "Would you be that kind of mother?"            "No."            Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn't want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is.</p>
48	<p>"You know you're supposed to listen when I talk." He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants.            I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my lungs until he grabs my hair and says, "I know what I'm going to do. What's going to change."            He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his hand.            ...Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food), and feel my heart cramp.            It will be over soon, finally, but the thing about hearts is that they always want to keep beating.            They want to keep beating, and when Ray's finished he says, "I like that. A family. You'd be a good mother, wouldn't you? Let me watch out for a little girl of our own? Let me take care of her? Help me teach her everything she needs to know?"</p>
61	<p>He sleeps with one arm thrown across me after, and I lie stinging sharp all over, a wet sticky puddle under me. Soon there will be a little girl here, a real one with tiny arms and legs for Ray to push into.            I want him to take her tomorrow. I want that little girl here now, where I am. I want her to be Ray's love, to bear it.</p>
67	<p>The whistling boy came up to me by the bathroom and asked if I wanted company. He had bright red pimples, angry oozing sores, all over his face, and when I said yes he blinked and turned like he was going to run away until I dropped to my knees in front of him.            I did it because he was so surprised-looking and because his skin was so angry-looking and because I saw he saw my eyes and thought about running. I did it because he was nothing. I did it because I wished Ray had used the knife instead of tying me to a chair.            Ray saw my mouth when I came back and knew. I couldn't sit down for a week afterward, and my back, from my shoulders to about my knees, was purple black, then yellow green, for ages. Both my little fingers have crooked knuckles now, and ache before it rains.            ...I do not take the pills Jake offers, I know nothing can take away the world. I just push him down into his seat and open his zipper.            "The backseat's wider," he says, but I shake my head and when he tries to threaten, his hands grabbing my hair, I dig my fingers into them, right into his skin, until he moves them away.            When I'm done, I sit up and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand.</p>

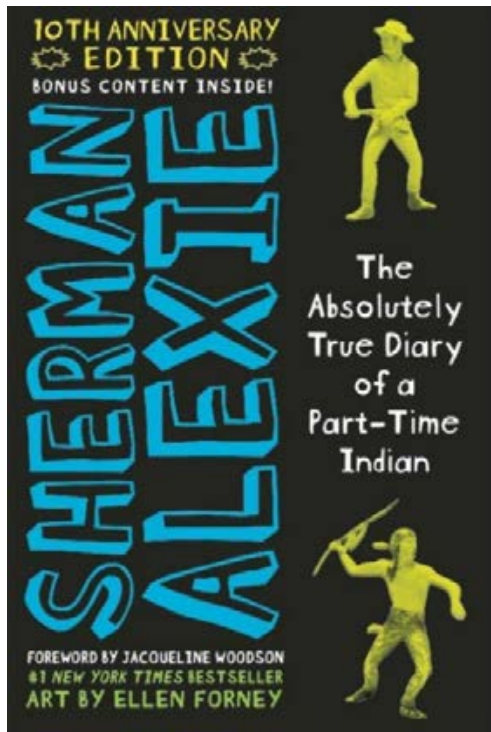


Page	Content
71	<p>I dream of a knife in my chest but will never plunge it in. Will beg and plead to keep it away when Ray pushes it into me.</p> <p>I strangle out my plan in broken words as Ray puts ice on my throat and rubs my ribs and carries me to the sofa, careful tender as he opens my clothes and marks me all over.</p>
73	<p>He is breathing faster now and pulls me toward him, a yank on my ankles drawing my rag-doll body in, lower half pushed against him.</p> <p>"You'll hold her," he says, and everything own is easily pushed down, away, clothes falling off me like water.</p> <p>"You'll hold her and I'll love her."</p> <p>He grins at me. "You'll like that, won't you?"</p> <p>I nod because he wants me to. I nod because I will. She will get his love and I will hold her down to take it all because then there will be none for me.</p> <p>I cannot save myself, and I do not want to save her.</p>
75	<p>IN THE MORNING, RAY MAKES ME GET up when he does, puts me in the shower and hums as he lathers soap and rubs his hands across me.</p>
83	<p>I try not to flinch but no one other than Ray and the waxer who rips off flesh and sees my parted legs as money touches me, and I don't like it, I don't like hands on me. I have Ray's and they are so heavy I feel them all the time.</p>
95	<p>He didn't need them, he said, wasn't like those sweaty-eyed perverts lurking around, hoping to glimpse a flash of child flesh, bend of an elbow, piece of thigh.</p>
97	<p>I would give anything to go back and take that food, slap that stupid once upon a time girl and shove what she was too dumb to want down my throat, eat and eat until I grew thick, fleshy everywhere with rolls protecting me from everyone's eyes.</p> <p>From Ray's eyes. "So, uh, do you want to ... ?" He rubs his leg, and then tries to take my hand again. I let him this time, hold still while he rubs it across the front of his jeans. He is so tentative, so unsure.</p>
98	<p>Just my hand moving back and forth, not even on his skin. So easy.</p> <p>He tries to touch me afterward, hands on my chest, mouth looming toward mine. He does not push my breasts down, flattening them, but cups his hands around them. I don't mind that, but I do not like his mouth on mine, him trying to breathe into me, the darting slick surface of his tongue. Ray kisses my forehead or my knees or the insides of my thighs, but his mother made him kiss her good night every night and so he told me he'd protect me and never kiss me.</p>
99	<p>He laughs. "A fucking manual? Get it? Shit, these pills kick ass. Sure you don't want one?"</p>
101	<p>I lean over, put my mouth on his. Bite his lip, feel the flesh, soft and tender, caught between my teeth. Hear his startled, slow yelp.</p>
102	<p>He pinches the stub of my left breast hard, then grabs the right and hauls me in, face changing, smile shifting into his real one, all gums and teeth. Ready to tear.</p>
104	<p>Soft kisses on my tender skin and I look at the ceiling so my flesh won't creep away from him.</p> <p>He says, Kissing it better, you see? Making you all better. Aren't you better?</p>
106	<p>He does not want me shaving the hair on my legs or under my arms, other Alice tried something, I think. Ray once talked about red water and Alice's hurt wrists in his sleep, anger waking him up and sending him crush-crashing into me.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...He hands me a cream to use and I stare at its bright label as I smear it on me; strange, strong odor, flowers and something that makes the inside of my nose burn. He would wax me all over but it costs a lot, and Ray believes in saving. Plus my stinging legs and armpits, when smooth, will still never equal the tenderness of the stripped skin between my legs, so what would there be for him to savor?</p> <p>He does not like to see me with the cream on, does not like the smell or the reminder that my pink nightgown used to drag along the floor, leaving a trail behind me. Now its end rests almost at my knees, and the lace trim that once ran around the collar is worn down, rubbed away by washing and Ray's hands tracing over it. Tracing over me.</p>
127	<p>"I'll protect you," he says again in the car, and I see him wondering what it's like. What I do with Ray. What he does with me. "How'd you hook up with the old guy, anyway? You don't think you love him or some shit like that, do you? But me, maybe you could. Right?"</p> <p>"Yes," I say, and try not to think of Ray and how furious he is, how furious he will be, how he will be waiting, waiting.</p> <p>"Yes, me?" he asks, swallowing down another two pills as he fumbles with my clothes, with his, with a condom.</p>
142	<p>We drive to a shopping mall that was built but died, empty stores everywhere with only one sad supermarket at the far end.</p> <p>"Start making it up to me now," he says, and pushes my face into his lap. Digs his fingers into my shoulder hard.</p>
148	<p>We are close to the park. Ray has finished his chicken and cleaned his hands and pressed my face down into his lap again, then changed his mind and moved me around, folding me into what he wanted, my head pushing into the door as he pushes into me, grunt (him) thunk (me).</p> <p>"You. Remember. Who. You. Belong. To," he says. "You. Remember. Whose. Girl. You. Are."</p> <p>I nod and he pushes my hair out from where it has gotten trapped under me, caught by him and how he's moved me.</p> <p>"There," he says. "That must feel better."</p> <p>It does, of course it does, not feeling bits of my hair strain, snap. My head goes thunk again, once, twice, and then he sighs. Flexes his fingers on my shoulder, red pain silent scream inside me.</p> <p>Tears on my face, I cannot help it, and he licks them off one by one, sucking every last thing he can from me.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	2
Fuck	5
Shit	5

# THE ABSOLUTELY TRUE DIARY OF A PART-TIME INDIAN



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual nudity; inflammatory racial commentary; references to racism; and profanity.

*Young Adult*

**By Sherman Alexie**

ISBN: 978-0-316-21930-3

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**2**/5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
12	And what's more, our white dentist believed that Indians only felt half as much pain as white people did, so he only gave us half the Novocain.
37	<p>I like girls and their curves. And I really like women and their curvier curves. I spend hours in the bathroom with a magazine that has one thousand pictures of naked movie stars:</p> <p>Naked woman + right hand = happy happy joy joy  yep, that's right, I admit that I masturbate,  I'm proud of it.  I'm good at it.  I'm ambidextrous.</p> <p>If there were a Professional Masturbators League, I'd get drafted number one and make millions of dollars.</p> <p>Ad maybe you're thinking, "Well, you really shouldn't be talking about masturbation in public."</p> <p>Well, tough, I'm going to talk about it because EVERYBODY does it. And EVERYBODY likes it.</p> <p>And if God hadn't wanted us to masturbate, then God wouldn't have given us thumbs.</p> <p>So I thank God for my thumbs.</p>
62	During one week when I was little, Dad got stopped three times for DWI: Driving While Indian.
64	"Did you know that Indians are living proof that niggers fuck buffalo?" I felt like Roger had kicked me in the face. That was the most racist thing I'd ever heard in my life.
73	The illustration on this page depicts a diagram of a young man split with "White" written on one side and "Indian" written on the other side. On the "White" side are the labels: "A BRIGHT FUTURE," "POSITIVE ROLE MODELS," "HOPE," "Ralph Lauren Shirt," "Ergonomic backpack (with cell phone)," "Timex wristwatch," "The latest Air Jordans,". On the "Indian" side there are labels: "A VANISHING PAST," "A FAMILY HISTORY OF DIABETES AND CANCER," "BONE-CRUSHING REALITY," "Kmart T-shirt," "Sears blue jeans 2 pairs for \$19.99!," "no watch (It's skin-thrifty!)," "Glad garbage book bag," "canvas tennis shoes (purchased in aisle 7 of Safeway supermarket)"
118	<p>"...And, yea, you need to take that seriously, but you should also read and draw because really good books and cartoons give you a boner."</p> <p>"You should get a boner! You have to get a boner!"</p>
119	<p>The illustration on this page depicts to young men talking to each other. "Did you just say books should give me a boner?"</p> <p>"Yes, I did."</p> <p>"Are you serious?"</p> <p>"Yeah...Don't you get excited about books?"</p> <p>"I don't think you're supposed to get that excited about books."</p>
120	<p>"Now doesn't that give you a boner?"</p> <p>"I am rock hard," I said.</p> <p>Gordy blushed.</p>

Page	Content
	"Well, I don't mean a boner in the sexual sense," Gordy said. "I don't think you should run through life with a real erect penis...."
131	<p>"What are you looking at?" she asks me.</p> <p>"I'm looking at an anorexic," I say.</p> <p>A really HOT anorexic, I want to add, but I don't.</p> <p>"I'm not anorexic," she says. "I'm bulimic."</p> <p>...They have their own fucking Web sites where they give advice on the best laxatives and stuff.</p> <p>"What's the difference between bulimics and anorexics?" I ask.</p> <p>"Anorexics are anorexics all the time," she says. "I'm only bulimic when I'm throwing up."</p>
135	"...In the meantime, you just keep your trouser snake in your trousers and I won't have to punch you in the stomach."
135	"Kid, if you get my daughter pregnant, if you make some charcoal babies, I'm going to disown her..."
141	<p>She was wearing a white shirt and white shorts, and I could see the outlines of her white bra and white panties.</p> <p>Her skin was pale white. Milky white. Cloud white.</p> <p>So she was all white on white on white, like the most perfect kind of vanilla dessert cake you've ever seen.</p> <p>I wanted to be her chocolate topping.</p>
143	<p>"Well, this article said that over two hundred Mexican girls have disappeared in the last three years in that same part of the country. And nobody says much about that. And that's racist. They guy who wrote the article says people care more about beautiful white girls than they do about everybody else on the planet. White girls are privileged. They're damsels in distress."</p> <p>..."I think it means you're just a racist asshole like everybody else."</p>
153	I imagined that Earl said his daughter could go only if Roger got his hands into her panties instead of me.
154	"Yeah, have you done her yet?"
160	A few minutes later, he e-mailed me a digital photo of his bare ass.
167	That's one more thing people don't know about Indians: we love to talk dirty.
201	<p>She hugged me hard. And I have to admit that it felt pretty dang good. Miss Warren was, like, fifty years old, but she was still pretty hot. She was all skinny and muscular because she jogged all the time. So I sort of, er, physically reacted to her hug.</p> <p>And the thing is, Miss Warren was hugging me so tight that I was pretty sure she could feel my, er, physical reaction.</p> <p>I was kinda proud, you know?</p> <p>...No, I was mostly ashamed of my, er, physical reaction to the hug. Yep, I had a big erection when I heard of my sister's death.</p> <p>How perverted is that? How inappropriately hormonal can one boy be?</p>
259	A tribe of chronic masturbators.

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Bitch	1
Faggot	4
Piss	3
Pussy	2
Shit	5

# 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

Page	Content
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>



Page	Content
	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>

Page	Content
	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>

Page	Content
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"> <li>1. Upload a tiny pic of yourself to the app.</li> <li>2. The app works out your location.</li> <li>3. The app tells you who the nearest homosexuals are.</li> <li>4. You then chat to them.</li> <li>5. Because they are near, it is easy to meet up with them.</li> </ol> <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>

Page	Content
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><b>Doing the Sex</b> 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</p> <p>..."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.

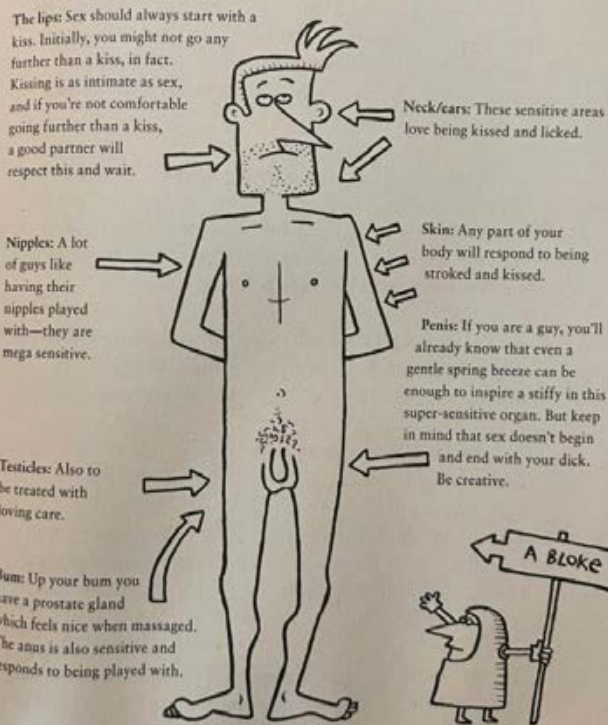


Figure 1



# 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.

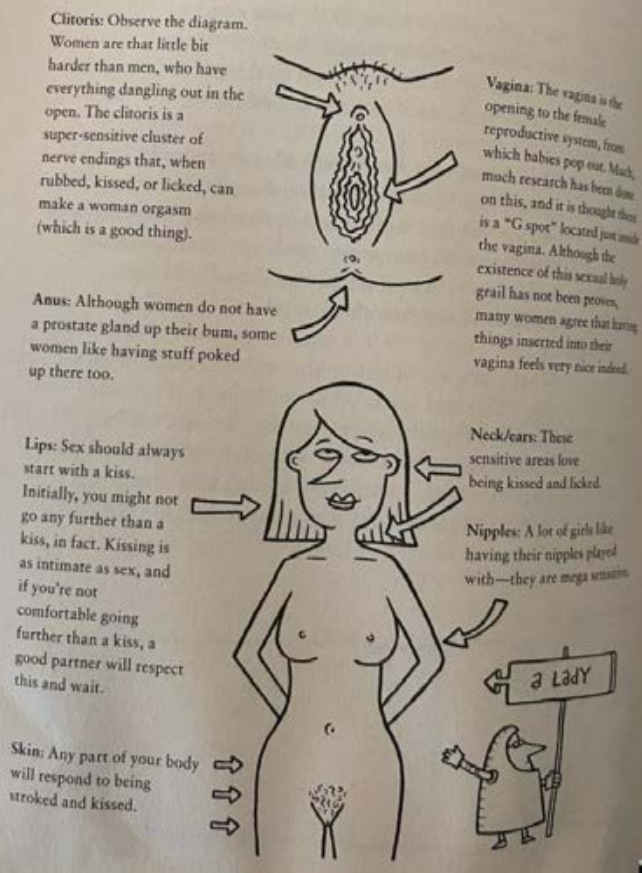
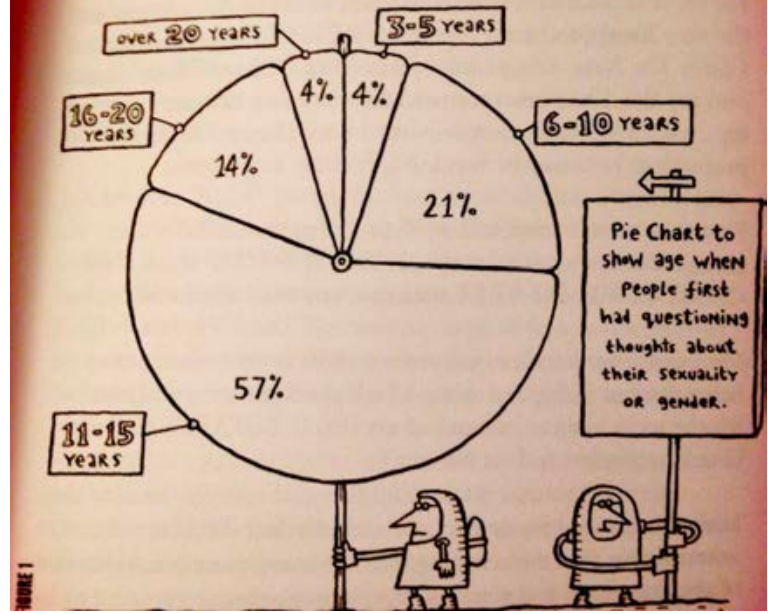


Figure 2

# THE INS AND OUTS OF GAY SEX

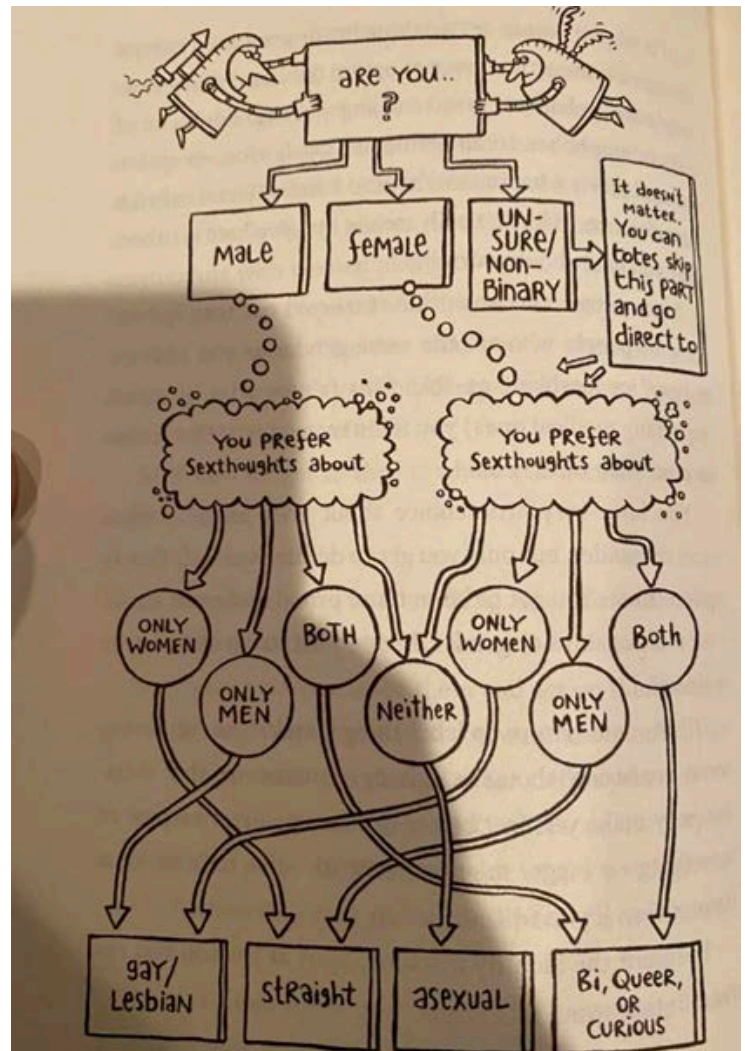


## THIS IS THAT INSTRUCTION MANUAL.

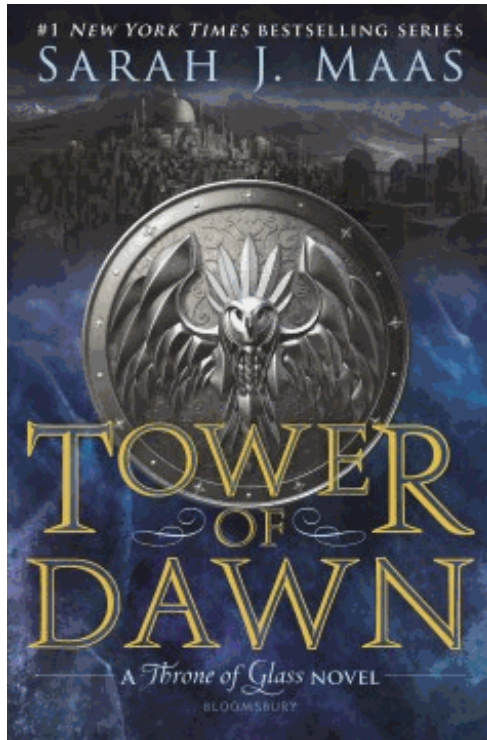
You're welcome. But this is a manual for everyone – no matter your gender or sexual preference.

School probably hasn't taught you very much about what it's like to be lesbian, gay, bisexual, trans or questioning. You might have heard about famous gay people or seen same-sex couples on TV. You almost certainly know an LGBT\* person, even if you aren't aware of it. Like an 'alien invasion', we are already amongst you. We serve you in the post office; we teach you maths; we fry your fish and chips.

So why don't we teach you about same-sex couples when we teach sex ed? Or that a lot of people choose their gender? Well, I was a PSHCE (Personal, Social, Health and Citizenship) teacher for a long time, and I always taught my students about these things, but not all schools do, and not all teachers know how –



# TOWER OF DAWN



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

ISBN: 978-1-68119-580-3

## Summary of Concerns:

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



**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
35	EThen she guided him down another and another, until he was sitting up to his shoulders. Eye-level with her full, peaked breasts.
61	<p>“The lack of feeling and movement begins at my hips.”</p> <p>Yrene’s eyes shot right to them, dancing over him. “Are you capable of using your manhood?”</p> <p>He tried not to flinch. Even Nesryn blinked at the frank question.</p> <p>“Yes,” he said tightly, fighting the heat rising in his cheeks.</p> <p>She looked between them, assessing. “Have you used it to completion?”</p>
63	Her hands pushed and pressed on his thighs, and he watched with no small amount of growing horror as she slid them higher and higher. He was about to demand if she planned to ascertain for herself about the life in his manhood, but Yrene lifted her head and met his stare.
148	<p>Kadara was beautiful.</p> <p>Each of the ruk’s golden feathers shone like burnished metal, the white of her breast bright as fresh snow. And her gold eyes had sized Nesryn up immediately. Before Sartaq even turned from where he’d been buckling on the saddle across her broad back.</p>
185	“For patients completely immobilized, this may not be an option, but Lord Westfall retains the ability to move above his waist and can steer the horse with the reins. Balance and safety, of course, remain concerns, but another is that he retains use and sensation of his manhood—which also presents a few hiccups regarding the comfort of the brace itself.”
192	She hadn’t even kissed a man until last autumn. Certainly had never giggled over one.
218	Too thin, she’d told Yrene by way of greeting. She needed a fatter ass for her lover to grip at night.
225	<p>He kissed her when she’d walked by to dress for dinner.</p> <p>He’d grabbed her by the wrist and tugged her down, and kissed her once. Brief—but thorough.</p>
255	<p>A young woman and man had positioned themselves on either side of Arghun, one nibbling at his neck while the other traced circles along the prince’s thighs. All the while, the prince continued conversation with a vizier seated in a chair to his left, unfazed.</p> <p>“I thought he had a wife,” Chaol said.</p> <p>Yrene followed his gaze. “He does. She stays at his country estate. And servants are not considered affairs. The needs they see to ... It might as well be giving a bath.” Her eyes danced as she said, “I’m sure you discovered that your first day.”</p>
259	<p>Yrene’s eyes dropped to his mouth, and every instinct, every bit of focus, narrowed on that movement. Every part of him came to aching attention. And the sensation of it, as he casually adjusted his jacket over his lap, was better than an ice bath.</p> <p>The smoke—the opiates. It was some sort of aphrodisiac, some lulling of common sense.</p> <p>Yrene was still watching his mouth as if it were a piece of fruit, her uneven breath lifting those lush, high breasts within the confines of her gown.</p>

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450	<p>“I had her in my bed, so I think that says enough about my feelings.”</p> <p>He hated the words, even as the temper, the sharpness ... it was a relief, too.</p> <p>Yrene sucked in a breath, but didn’t back down. “Yes, you had her in your bed, but I think she was likely a distraction, and was sick of it. Perhaps sick of being a consolation prize.”</p>
455	<p>And it was only when Yrene settled her hand on his chest, not to push him away but to feel the raging, thunderous heartbeat beneath, that Chaol lowered his head and kissed her.</p> <p>He was standing. He was walking.</p> <p>And he was kissing her.</p> <p>Yrene could barely breathe, barely keep inside her skin, as Chaol’s mouth settled over hers.</p> <p>It was like waking up or being born or falling out of the sky. It was an answer and a song, and she could not think or feel fast enough.</p> <p>Her hands curled into his shirt, fingers wrapping around fistfuls of fabric, tugging him closer.</p> <p>His lips caressed hers in patient, unhurried movements, as if tracing the feel of her. And when his teeth grazed her lower lip ... She opened her mouth to him.</p> <p>He swept in, pressing her farther into the wall. She barely felt the molding digging into her spine, the sleekness of the wallpaper against her back as his tongue slid into her mouth. Yrene moaned, not caring who heard, who might be listening.</p> <p>They could all go to hell for all she cared. She was burning, glowing—</p> <p>Chaol laid a hand against her jaw, angling her face to better claim her mouth. She arched, silently begging him to take—</p> <p>She knew he hadn’t meant what he said, knew it had been himself he’d been raging at. She’d goaded him into that fight, and even if it had hurt ... She’d known the moment he stood, when her heart had stopped dead, that he hadn’t meant it. That he would have crawled.</p> <p>This man, this noble and selfless and remarkable man ...</p> <p>Yrene dragged her hands around his shoulders, fingers slipping into his silken brown hair. More, more, more—</p> <p>But his kiss was thorough. As if he wanted to learn every taste, every angle of her. She brushed her tongue against his, and his growl had her toes curling in her slippers—</p> <p>She felt the tremor go through him before she registered what it was.</p> <p>The strain.</p> <p>Still he kissed her, seemed intent to do so, even if it brought him crashing to the floor.</p> <p>Small steps. Small measures.</p> <p>Yrene broke away, putting a hand on his chest when he made to claim her mouth again.</p>
457	<p>Yrene caught him, steadied him.</p> <p>“I thought you never stepped in to help me,” he said drily, raising a brow.</p> <p>“In the chair, yes. You have much farther to fall now.”</p> <p>Chaol huffed a laugh, then leaned in to whisper in her ear, “Will it be the bed or the couch now, Yrene?”</p>

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	<p>She swallowed, daring a sidelong look up at him. His eyes were still dark, his face flushed and lips swollen. From her.</p> <p>Yrene's blood heated, her core near-molten. How the hell would she have him nearly naked before her now?</p> <p>"You are still my patient," she managed to say primly, and guided him into his chair. Nearly shoved him onto it—and nearly leaped atop him, too.</p> <p>...Chaol's answering smile was anything but. So was the way he growled, "Come here."</p> <p>Yrene's heartbeat pounded through every inch of her as she closed the foot of space between them. As she held his burning gaze and settled into his lap.</p> <p>His hand slid beneath her hair to cup the back of her neck, drawing her face to his as he brushed a kiss over the corner of her mouth. Then the other. She gripped his shoulder, fingers digging into the hard muscle beneath, her breathing turning jagged as he nipped at her bottom lip, as his other hand began to explore up her torso—</p>
461	<p>The color on her face, he realized with no small amount of male satisfaction, was from far more than the heat. And when they'd eventually left, walking slowly into the cool shadows of the halls, Yrene had tugged him into a curtained-off alcove and kissed him.</p> <p>Leaning against a supply shelf for support, his hands had roved all over her, the generous curves and small waist, tangling into her long, heavy hair. She'd kissed and kissed him, breathless and panting, and then licked—actually licked the sweat from his neck.</p> <p>Chaol had groaned so loudly that it was no surprise a servant appeared a heartbeat later, ripping the curtain away, as if to chide two workers for shirking their duties.</p>
482	<p>While Chaol was in his usual teal jacket and brown pants, Yrene had forgone a dress.</p> <p>They'd swathed her in white and gold against the sun, her long tunic flowing to her knees to reveal loose, gauzy pants tucked into high brown boots. A belt cinched her slim waist, and a glinting bandolier of gold and silver beading sliced between her breasts. Her hair, she'd left in her usual half-up fashion, but someone had woven bits of gold thread through it.</p> <p>Beautiful. As lovely as a sunrise.</p>
491	<p>But it was the relief in his face as he asked, "Your tent or mine?" that made her worry—just a tad.</p> <p>"Mine," she said, aware of the servants and nobility who likely had no idea she was even the cause of this excursion, but who would happily report her comings and goings. He nodded, and she monitored each rise and placement of his legs, the shifting of his torso, the way he leaned on that cane.</p> <p>As Chaol edged past her and into the tent, he murmured in her ear, "I won, by the way."</p> <p>Yrene glanced toward the sun now making its descent and felt her core tighten in answer.</p>
500	<p>Yrene blushed as his gaze slid along her neckline, to the swaths of skin the flowing folds of the dress revealed along her waist. Her thighs. Silver and clear beads had</p>

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	<p>been sewn onto the entire thing, making the gown shimmer like the stars now flickering to life in the night sky above them.</p>
513	<p>She slid the locket's fine silver chain over her head, the links catching in the stray, luscious curls. He watched her lift the mass of her hair over the chain, setting it dangling down to the edge of her breasts. Against the honey-brown of her skin, the locket was like quicksilver. She traced her slim fingers over the engraved surface.</p> <p>...His heart thundered through every inch of him.</p> <p>Yrene rose onto her toes and pressed a kiss, light as a caress, to his mouth. Never breaking his stare.</p> <p>He read the unspoken words there. He wondered if she read the ones not voiced by him, either.</p> <p>"I will cherish it always," Yrene said, and he knew she wasn't talking about the locket. Not as she lowered a hand from his face to his chest. Atop his raging heart. "No matter what may befall the world." Another featherlight kiss. "No matter the oceans, or mountains, or forests in the way."</p> <p>Any leash on himself snapped. Letting his cane thump to the floor, Chaol drifted a hand around her waist, his thumb stroking along the sliver of bare skin the dress revealed. The other he plunged into that luxurious, heavy hair, cupping the back of her head as he tilted her face upward. As he studied those brown-gold eyes, the emotion simmering in them.</p> <p>"I am glad that I do not love them, either, Yrene Towers," he whispered onto her lips.</p> <p>Then his mouth was on hers, and she opened for him, the heat and silk of her driving a groan from deep in his throat.</p> <p>Her hands speared into his hair, onto his shoulders, across his chest and up his neck. As if she could not touch enough of him.</p> <p>Chaol reveled in the fingers she dug into his clothes, as if they were claws seeking purchase. He slid his tongue against hers, and her moan as she pushed herself against him—</p> <p>Chaol backed them toward the bed, its white sheets near-glowing in the lantern light, not caring that his steps were uneven, staggering. Not with that dress little more than cobwebs and mist, not when he never took his mouth from hers, remained unable to take his mouth from hers.</p> <p>Yrene's knees hit the mattress behind them, and she drew her lips away enough to protest, "Your back—"</p> <p>"I'll manage." He slanted his mouth over hers again, her kiss searing him to his very soul.</p> <p>His. She was his, and he had never had anything he could call such. Wanted to call such.</p> <p>Chaol couldn't bring himself to rip his mouth away from Yrene's long enough to ask if she considered him hers. To explain that he already knew his own answer. Had perhaps known from the moment she'd walked into that sitting room and did not look at him with an ounce of pity or sadness.</p> <p>He nudged her with a press of his hips, and she let him lay her upon the bed gently—reverently.</p> <p>Her reach for him, hauling him atop her, was anything but.</p>

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	<p>Chaol huffed a laugh against her warm neck, the skin softer than silk, as she scrabbled with his buttons, his buckles. She writhed against him, and as he settled his weight over her, every hard part of him lining up with so many soft parts of her ...</p> <p>He was going to fly out of his skin.</p> <p>Yrene’s breath was sharp and ragged against his ear, her hands tugging desperately at his shirt, trying to slide to his back beneath.</p> <p>“I’d think you were sick of touching my back.”</p> <p>She shut him up with a plundering kiss that made him forget language for a while. Forget about his name and his title and everything but her.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>She moaned when he slid a hand up her thigh, baring her skin beneath the folds of that gown. When he did it to the other leg. When he nipped at her mouth and traced idle circles with his fingers over those beautiful thighs, starting along their outer edge and arcing over—</p> <p>Yrene did not appreciate being toyed with. Not as she wrapped a hand around him, and his entire body bowed into the touch, the sensation of it. Not just a hand stroking over him, but Yrene doing it—</p> <p>He couldn’t think, couldn’t do anything but taste and touch and yield.</p> <p>And yet—</p> <p>He found words. Found language again. Long enough to ask, “Have you ever—”</p> <p>“Yes.” The word was a rough pant. “Once.”</p> <p>Chaol shoved against the ripple of darkness, the line on that throat. He only kissed it instead. Licked it. Then asked against her skin, his mouth skirting up her jaw, “Do you want to—”</p> <p>“Keep going.”</p> <p>But he made himself pause. Made himself rise to look at her face, his hands on her sleek thighs and her hand still gripping him, stroking him. “Yes, then?”</p> <p>Yrene’s eyes were gold flame. “Yes,” she breathed. She leaned up, kissed him gently. Not lightly, but sweetly. Openly. “Yes.”</p> <p>A shudder wracked through him at the words, and he gripped her thigh right where it met her hip. Yrene released him to lift her hips, dragging herself over him. Feeling him, with only the thin gossamer panel of her gown between them. Nothing beneath.</p> <p>Chaol slid it to the side, bunching the material at her waist. He dipped his head, eager to look his fill, then to touch and taste and learn what made Yrene Towers lose control entirely—</p> <p>“Later,” Yrene begged hoarsely. “Later.”</p> <p>He couldn’t bring himself to deny her anything. This woman who held everything he was, all he had left, in her beautiful hands.</p> <p>So Chaol removed his shirt, his pants following with a few, trickier maneuvers. Then he removed that dress of hers, leaving it in scraps on the floor beside the bed.</p> <p>Until Yrene only wore that locket. Until Chaol surveyed every inch of her and found himself unable to breathe.</p>

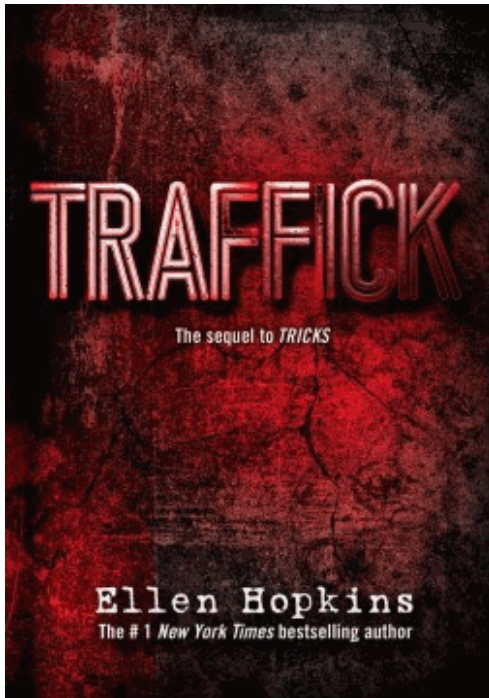


Page	Content
	<p>“I will cherish it always,” Chaol whispered as he slid into her, slow and deep. Pleasure rippled down his spine. “No matter what may befall the world.” Yrene kissed his neck, his shoulder, his jaw. “No matter the oceans, or mountains, or forests in the way.”</p> <p>Chaol held Yrene’s stare as he stilled, letting her adjust. Letting himself adjust to the sensation that the entire axis of the world had shifted. Looking into those eyes of hers, swimming with brightness, he wondered if she felt it, too.</p> <p>But Yrene kissed him again, in answer and silent demand. And as Chaol began to move in her, he realized that here, amongst the dunes and stars...</p>
518	<p>Her quick, unimpressive, and only brush with sex had been just last autumn, and had left her in no hurry to seek it out again. But this ...</p> <p>He’d made sure she found her pleasure. Repeatedly. Before he ever found his own.</p> <p>And beyond that, the things he made her feel—</p> <p>Not just as a result of his body, but who he was ...</p> <p>Yrene pressed an idle kiss to the sculpted muscle of his chest, savoring the fingers he still trained down her spine, over and over.</p>
519	<p>Between bouts of lovemaking, when she’d gone to move his cane within easy reach of the bed, she’d slid the small note inside. The fit had been perfect.</p>
576	<p>He went still at the smokiness in her eyes. Slowly, Yrene undid the laces down the front of that pale purple gown. Let it ripple to the floor, along with her undergarments.</p> <p>His mouth turned dry as she kept her eyes upon him, hips swishing with every step she took to the pool. To the stairs.</p> <p>Yrene stepped into the water, and his blood roared in his ears.</p> <p>Chaol was upon her before she’d hit the last step.</p> <p>They missed dinner. And dessert.</p> <p>And midnight kahve.</p> <p>Kadja snuck in during the bath to change the sheets. Yrene couldn’t bring herself to be mortified at what the servant had likely heard. They certainly hadn’t been quiet in the water.</p> <p>And certainly weren’t quiet during the hours following.</p> <p>Yrene was limp with exhaustion when they peeled apart, sweaty enough that another trip to the bath was imminent. Chaol’s chest rose and fell in mighty gulps. In the desert, he’d been unbelievable. But now, healed—beyond the spine, the legs; healed in that dark, rotting place within his soul ...</p> <p>He pressed a kiss to her sweat-sticky brow, his lips catching in the stray curls that had appeared thanks to the bath. His other hand drew circles on her lower back.</p>
578	<p>She kissed his chest, right over his heart. “How could I resist these muscles?”</p> <p>His laugh rumbled into her mouth, her bones. “The consummate professional.”</p> <p>...She let out a dainty hum and traced a circle around his nipple. “What sort of place?”</p> <p>...A corner of Chaol’s mouth kicked up, and he hauled her over him. “I think I know of just the position.”</p>
647	<p>Then you and I will fly back here. Together.” He kissed her again—a bare caress of his mouth. “And so we shall remain for the rest of our days.”</p>

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	<p>...So she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was tentative, and soft, and full of wonder, that kiss. He tasted like the wind, like a mountain spring. He tasted like home.</p>
652	<p>But Chaol pushed that from his mind as he slid his arms around Yrene’s waist and pressed a kiss to the crook of her neck. She didn’t so much as freeze at the touch from behind. As if she’d learned the cadence of his steps. As if she took none of them for granted, either. Yrene leaned back into him, her body loosening with a sigh as she laid her hands atop where his rested over her stomach.</p>
654	<p>“You’re suited to it,” he said, kissing her neck again. ...Where they had remained, to the annoyance of the fish, kissing until a servant had pointedly coughed on their way past.</p>
657	<p>Yrene was watching him warily. He kissed her once—twice.</p>
658	<p>“Will I ever hear an explanation for this dramatic reaction,” Yrene said at last, clicking her tongue, “or are you just going to kiss me for the rest of the day?” ...Yrene rose onto her toes to kiss him before he led them toward their spacious stateroom.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	8
Bitch	3
Piss	8
Shit	16

# TRAFFICK



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

ISBN: 978-1-4424-8287-6

**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.

## Book Summary:

Five teenagers struggle to find their way out of prostitution.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including child prostitution and molestation; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use by minors; alternate gender ideologies; and alternate sexualities.

**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	<p>I dated Ronnie.            It wasn't a date, it was a three-way meet. Oh shit, no. Misty...            ...Misty is dead. Before that, what? Misty in bed with some squeaky guy with a teeny dick telling me to hurry. Time is money.            Time.            Tick.            Bam.</p>
18	<p>For a time, Alex and I were a fantasy duet, working for Have Ur Cake Escort Service, despite being a couple of years underage. "Eighteen" isn't necessary to participate in a business that props up the underbelly of Vegas. It was not what I had in mind when I ran away, but then again, I had no plan, and sometimes it comes down to survival. We survived, stripping for pay in hotel rooms, mostly working bachelor parties, two for the price of one. I insisted on that, refused to do more than take off my clothes and dance. But Alex couldn't care less about spreading her legs and accepting foreign objects, as long as dudes were willing to pay the going rate. Then she got greedy, started working the streets so she wouldn't have to kick back Lydia's commission. I found her out there soliciting some guy wearing ugly purple Bermuda shorts. That pissed me off, but in hindsight, looking for revenge by offering to let him buy all he could eat, double-decker, wasn't the smartest move.</p>
20	<p>No one tied us up at the end of the day (although a few of our customers offered). And we weren't trafficked, as far as I knew then.            ...Now, thanks to my recent interaction with law enforcement, the courts, and social workers, I understand that three things define trafficking: coercing someone to turn tricks, transporting them for that purpose, or in any way threatening or encouraging an underage person to sell their body.            Oh, and how good 'ol Iris collected money for allowing men to force themselves on me? Uh, yeah. That, too. Then, there's Have Ur Cake.            Since Alex and I haven't reached the age of eighteen- that magic birthday that supposedly makes you an adult- Lydia was definitely guilty of pandering minors for sex. She arranged our "dates," and collected a hefty fee for her trouble, so technically she was our pimp, though we asked for the work.</p>
22	<p>I GUESS I WAS LUCKY I don't really know what all Alex faced when she did outcalls solo. She refused to talk to me about it. I only did a few gigs alone, and I never exactly felt threatened. Together, there were a few times when I thought a client might hurt us, and on guy forced Alex to jerk him off.            ...She had a way of doing that, although she never could talk me into stuffing condoms into my bag and earning a hell of a lot more money. I'm a dancer. A stripper. But I'll never be a whore.</p>
23	<p>Now My Stripping Days Are over, at least that's what Judge Kerry said.            ...The law says I can only be released to a "custodial adult."            Hey, at least I have one of those, unlike Alex, who ended up in a different group home- one that accepts pregnant teens. Pregnant.            If she got that way, it means she wasn't using protection, and God forbid she picked up anything else besides sperm. The father?</p>

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	Some anonymous trick, and who knows what color the baby will be, or what defects it might inherit from its paternal side?
28	My brother Ricardo runs dope for Los Surenos. He uses also, and too much on credit.
30	<p>How he touched me. She said I was a liar. A puta.</p> <p>...I don't add the part about my own mother pimping me out.</p> <p>Miranda nods. It happens to many of us. Men are coyotes. I was eleven the first time. Twelve when Ricardo traded me for his debt. I found that out later. But that day, I believed it was Mama's punishment. "But when can I go home?" I asked. Papacito tell me never, I'm his now. "Do exactly as I say," he said, "and Belinda, too, or I will hurt you so bad you'll wish were dead. But if you are a very good girl, I will be your boyfriend..."</p> <p>...But not so scared then as later that night, when Papacito come to my bedroom. "Such a pretty little girl," he said. "Now I will make you my woman." I knew what he meant and tried to say no. He slapped my face so hard I thought my head would snap off! Then he grabbed my neck and squeezed.</p> <p>I couldn't breathe. I begged him to stop but he choked me until I almost blacked out. I wore the marks from his fingers for many days. I had no fight left then, and he threw me on the bed, made me his wife for real. When he finished, he sent five friends to break me in better. After that, what did it matter?</p> <p>What came next, she says, is he pimped her online or sent her out to work truck stops, demanding a minimum \$800 per night. He kept every penny.</p>
35	Even the sex with Carl (and sometimes an added friend of his) didn't add much spice to our relationship.
38	<p>That house swarmed with men. Women. Undetermined. Gay. Straight.</p> <p>Unspecified.</p> <p>Everyone drinking. Everyone eating. Everyone smoking. Snorting. Popping pills.</p>
40	First, I took a big swig of my mint julep, loving the burn of exceptional bourbon.
41	<p>A few people offered cocaine. At first I refused, but David indulged and finally convinced me to try it. Oh, but you should. It makes every bad thing better, and everything good the experience of a lifetime. Especially sex.</p> <p>...One snort of what David said was damn fine coke, I shed worry like rainwater.</p> <p>Two, conversing came easier. Three, and the world righted itself.</p> <p>...I can't say exactly when because I was way too buys mellowing the coke buzz with bourbon and, conversely, fighting the alcohol sluggishness with yet another line.</p> <p>It's a great combination, once I've since enjoyed fairly regularly, though David doesn't keep a stash here at the house. Most of it comes with his guests.</p> <p>...I knew he was angling for sex, of course. David doesn't try to hide his attraction to pretty young men.</p> <p>When he discovered I was still a teen, though technically legal, he was intrigued immediately.</p> <p>...Without the cocaine stoking my mouth, I would never have told him as much as I did.</p>

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45	<p>I Wanted The Sex To Convince Him To let me move in, so I offered anything he wanted. Compared to Carl, who was all about the kink, David's requests weren't extraordinary. The thing is, he can have whatever he wants with any of the cute dancers in his stable who might be looking to advance his career. But David doesn't want easy sex, he wants affection.</p> <p>...I doubt it's possible for someone my age to fall in love with a man old enough to be his grandfather, no matter how good that person is to him. I want to experience real love again, wrapped around sex and infusing lust with meaning.</p>
46	<p>So I'm bartering my body on the side, via Have Ur Cake Escorts. People travel to Vegas specifically to create memories to leave here, and I'll stay in Vegas with them. When Lydia interviewed me, I was clear about the parameters- only clients willing to pay premium rates for a top-of-the-line barely adult. I won't risk losing life with David for anything less than a grand-five hundred in exchange for my company, another five for invading it, condoms required.</p> <p>Sometimes couples want three-ways, and that costs a third more. For fifteen hundred, I'll get it up for a woman, too. With limited hours available plus a relatively high price tag, I've had five dates, plenty to open a bank account.</p>
47	<p>I'm on My Way To an outcall now, meeting the guy at Picasso, one of the Bellagio's finest restaurants.</p> <p>...I expect my client to be older, but when the maitre d' brings me over to the table, the decent-looking man who stands is in his early thirties.</p> <p>...Would you like a drink? He asks, knowing I'm underage, not that it matters. Carding is rare in these situations, and should a waiter get too nosy, I have a forged ID. I request my favored mint julep, and Joe springs for the prix fixe dinner.</p>
48	<p>You must be wondering why a married man would arrange to meet someone like you.</p> <p>I shrug. "Everyone has fantasies or fetishes, but few are brave enough to act on them."</p> <p>When I was a kid at summer camp, there was this teenage counselor, Rob. He wasn't exceptional, really. Still, I used to daydream about him holding me. Touching me. Using me. The first time I masturbated, I pretended it was Rob jerking me off. It's strange, because I'm really not gay. I love my wife, and having sex with her. But once in a while, this need rises up, and I want Rob to jerk me off. After dessert, we go upstairs- Joe and Rob, who does a whole lot more than jerk Joe off.</p>
50	<p>I barely remember that last fix, Mexican black tar instead of my usual China white. The Lady, she took me on one hell of a ride before we dove over the cliff, falling, falling, falling. Falling in slow motion.</p>
53	<p>She couldn't finish, could not bring herself to put into words the things the cops must've told her, the awful things their evidence showed- that I'd been turning tricks in a stinking apartment in a disgusting neighborhood in America's filthiest city.</p>
57	<p>"I didn't use before I went to Vegas. Well, a little weed and alcohol, but everyone I knew got high once in a while. No big deal. It was just having fun."</p> <p>But it became a big deal, and when it did, it almost killed you.</p>

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58	<p>"Look. I wasn't hooked on weed or booze. I don't even have an addictive personality or whatever. You can't not get hooked on heroin, you know?"</p> <p>Some people can use it once or maybe even a couple of times without developing an addiction, but it's rare.</p>
59	<p>According the police report, you were likely prostituting yourself. Is that accurate? At my nod, she asks, But why?</p> <p>"For love, at least at first." I rewarded her with a shortened version of how I met my former pimp outside the Gap. How he rescued me from a party where my so-called boyfriend was groping another girl. How he promised to put me to work modeling, convinced me to run away to Vegas with him, set us up in an apartment. How modeling segued into sex in front of a webcam, then...</p>
60	<p>I think I've heard this story. He needed you to earn some money so you could have a nicer place. "Just once, for me. Oh, and try a little taste of heroin. That will make everything easier." Before you knew it, you were hooked, and doing whatever you had to do to keep supplied.</p>
64	<p>Part of me would genuinely enjoy seeing him locked up in a cell with some beefy guy, looking for a little action. I'd probably pay to watch.</p> <p>...I'll never forget hours and hours, curled up in a corner, stomach knotting, body shaking beneath beads of salt sweat, waiting for him to bring powdered relief, cursing the day I met him, weeping at my need for him, screaming into the silence, "Please come, Bryn. Please come and make love to me!"</p>
66	<p>I'd been sleeping on the streets, crashing behind Dumpsters, offering myself up to passersby for meager money, barely enough to eat.</p>
67	<p>Teen Prostitute How can I ever reconcile that title in front of my name?</p> <p>...With love as my sin, it was only proper that my redemption would come at the hands of a devil, my savior Jerome, a Tears of Zion apostle with a sick appetite for sex with young girls like me, who he wanted to own. I did what he required in trade for an escape route across the desert- my path to prostitution when I fled from him.</p>
71	<p>Because when I ask, "You mean your mother knew you were turning tricks?" she has no compunction about sharing her entire story with me. Oh, yeah. My mom's the one who put me on the track. Well, she did it for Daddy. See, she was one of his "wifeys," too. And know what? Daddy was maybe my real daddy, ain't that a hoot? Mom was fourteen when she started tricking, and he was her man, so she didn't use no protection with him. She was fifteen when she had me.</p> <p>"Wait. Your mom wanted you to prostitute? How old were you?"</p> <p>My mother insisted I had to get married before I even allowed a boy to kiss me, let alone...</p> <p>We needed the money for rent and stuff. I was thirteen, but no big deal. One of Daddy's friends broke me in when I was nine. As Daddy says, tight pussy costs a pretty penny.</p>
73	<p>Daddy makes his girls give him five hundred every day. Mom was short too many times. He got mad, beat her down. I got home right as he put the gun to her head.</p>
74	<p>The Sex Trade Is a violent business. Pimps competing. Pimps keeping their girls in line.</p>

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	...Plenty of Daddy's DNA in that place. Then my counselor here made me fess up about my pimp, so now they've got him for murder and for trafficking children.
86	"Look, dude. I'm lying here with a tube hanging out of my dick, leaking piss into a bag. That dick, by the way, is totally useless for anything worth getting excited about. Yeah, yeah, Dr. Harrison told me ninety percent of men with incomplete injuries, T12 and lower, get it up, and some higher than that, too. But that's not the real problem, is? Not like I want to go above and beyond, just to whack off. How many girls go looking for cripples?"
89	"...You've never seen..." I skid to a halt before I mention her glorious tits. ...And then I went and fucked it all up with drugs and gambling and financing those by offering myself up for sale.
108	And from my roomie, Miranda: Fear feels like a snake, wrapping around and around your throat and squeezing tighter and tighter until the light goes all the way out. And after that comes a gang rape.
114	Maybe it's just passion for creation, or maybe it's got everything to do with white lines snorted in dressing rooms. Probably both. I'm glad he refuses to maintain a stash here, or I might be tempted to indulge far more often than I do. I like the cool, numbing escape; love the delicious rush of goose bumps and shivers. But not enough to lose the "me" I've worked hard to find and encourage in a more positive direction. Coke is more addictive than alcohol, and that's saying a lot. I'm trying desperately to keep a handle on both.
115	Even without actually witnessing him use, it's not much of a stretch to conclude famed choreographer David Burroughs has a tidy drug habit himself.
121	"How about me, what? Do you mean, am I liberal? Or morally bankrupt?" Her answer is a massive shrug. Okay, then. I have to think about how to respond. Let's see. Gay? Makes me a liberal, at least in Indiana, where leaning left is not exactly celebrated. Gun rights? Used to go hunting with my dad, and target shooting with a black powder rifle kind of turns me on. Probably conservative. Enjoy a good buzz? Could go either way. "Politically, I suppose I'm a white line kind of guy..." Oops. Freudian slip.
122	You are eighteen, yes? Because, left, right or "middle of the road," you have a voice, and damn it, we need more queer voices shouting that we won't be ignored, and while we might be underrepresented, we're no less consequential than all those straight, white evangelical voters who somehow believe they matter more than anyone who doesn't look or think or dissect biblical scriptures exactly the way they do.
134	He lied to me, and not only that, but he lied about loving me, and that is unforgiveable. He used me, almost all the way up. Pimped me out for his own selfish purposes. Hurt me by allowing me to be abused by a long parade of johns. He hooked me on the vicious Lady, to keep me at his mercy completely, and within that addiction, he made me suffer.



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138	<p>What do you want, and what can you give in exchange for it?  I shrug. "Powder or pills, doesn't really matter. What I've got is a talent for great sex." Still, she makes me wait.  How old are you, anyway? And are you really sure you want to fuck up your rehab?  "I'm sixteen, Age of Consent in California, so whoever is safe that way. And yes, I'm sure, or I wouldn't be asking. Will you help me, or point me to someone else who will? I'll be generous."  My delivery arrives on Sunday. She reaches her hand across under the table, rests on my knee.  So have you ever been with a girl?  The Unexpected Question Gives me pause. I figured she'd hook me up with a male staff member who'd cut lose with a finder's fee.  The truth is, though I've been with more men than I want to consider, I haven't ever had sex with a girl. But how hard could it be? "Of course." The lie slips past my lips like custard.  You're pretty. I can spare a couple of pills. No powder. Too risky. Sunday night, my room, after lights-out. I promise you'll sleep like a baby, no dreams, good or bad. Until then...she flicks her tongue, serpent like. You can dream about me.</p>
143	<p>I wait almost an hour after lights-out before venturing down the hall and slipping inside. She waits for me in bed, two little tablets in hand. "What are they?" I ask, hoping for the exact answer she gives. Oxycodone. You into opiates?  Oh, darling, if you only knew.  "I'll try anything once." I pop one, put the other in my pocket to save for right before out next drug test. Tonight I'm going to sink down, down, down. It's a slow, lovely drop, and oh, how I've longed for this feeling! Denial is pointless.  Okay, baby. Payment required. Take off your clothes. Sex is better naked. She watches me strip, pulls back her covers, and I shimmy in beside her already nude body. There's a pretty girl. Kiss me.  The one thing I never did with a john was kiss them, or let them kiss me. But, even as a form of payment, kissing Dana isn't so bad. In fact, it's nice.  Maybe it's the oxy, or maybe it's because she's a girl, not in spite of that fact, or maybe it's just because I've missed being intimate with anyone, but the heat of her skin, which is satin soft, and the rich perfume of her femaleness turns me on completely.  No. I've never been with a woman before, but everything feels familiar, from the curves of her heavy breasts to the invitation between her slim thighs, and my mouth and tongue and fingers know exactly what to do to pay my debt in full. She signals the end with a shudder and quiet moan, then draws me into her arms, laying my head against her chest, where I can hear the stutter of her heart. That was outstanding. I'll expect you back tomorrow night. When I start to question her, she shushes me. Those are eighty-milligram oxys, and go for thirty a pop. How much do you think you're worth?</p>
149	<p>Little evidence of God in the backseat of a john's car, or some seedy motel room, and even less in the eyes of your pimp when he's beating you while ranting about your failures as a good little prostitute. Almost every little girl here tells a similar</p>

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	<p>story of being scooped up by some predatory man when it was obvious they had nowhere else to go.</p>
159	<p>I escorted her for a little over three years. I can't say it was an awful experience because, like I said, the men who pay upwards of a thousand dollars an hour for your company tend to be looking for exactly that, with fringe benefits, of course. For the most part, they're respectful, even kind, if a little kinky. What got me out was two things. The first was my boyfriend, who found out what I was doing and issued an ultimatum. ...The second was watching younger and younger girls being moved into the business, and really coming to understand just what was at stake.</p>
160	<p>"But why did you get involved with Walk Straight? You were already an adult when you started escorting." Yes, and there was some rather ugly lobbying being done by adult sex workers who don't like the term "sexual exploitation" because they say there's no coercion involved.</p>
166	<p>With zero regard for my mom's presence, Ronnie leans into me, covers my mouth with hers. Her lips are sticky with cherry-flavored gloss. The kiss is a slow ride to heaven, and transports me back to the post-funeral afternoon we spent in bed, sponging comfort from the heat of our intertwined bodies. If Mom wasn't watching, I'd try to assess the boner I must be wearing. Muscles have memories, right? Hey. What happens to a catheter when your dick gets hard?</p>
174	<p>Yeah, My Eyes Work Fine But other things don't work at all, and the truth is, sex with Ronnie was an important part of who "we" were. ..."My favorite memories are lying in bed with you, holding you close, touching you, and you teasing me, making me hard, but making me wait so it would last a very long time. And then, being inside you, God! You are just so incredible, all I want is to make you feel half as good as I feel, remembering. What if I can't?"</p>
182	<p>I Only Hope She never auctioned off my sisters. ...It was totally selfish, and what if it only opened the door to one of the kids being traded for cigarette money? I could probably forgive the fact that Iris was a sex worker, but making one out of me, and profiting from the rapes that ground my childhood into oblivion?</p>
193	<p>Seems Rick had quite a thing for teenage girls. When he got too friendly, Brielle told him she was a lesbian. One night he decided to "fix her little problem," and to help convince her he brought a gun into her room, forced it into her mouth and gave her the choice. Suck the thirty-eight, or suck him. Then he proceeded to do his best to "turn her." Acutely aware that the pistol was nearby, Brielle didn't fight, but she ran away later that night and was on the street for a couple of days when a proactive cop picker her up before one of Vegas's numerous pimps could.</p>
197	<p>Hell, even Have Ur Cake expects a slow evening. Guess L-tryptophan and pumpkin pie bloat aren't especially conducive to the desire for paid sex. Tomorrow, Black Friday, johns will probably be looking for deals.</p>

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202	Born Philip That explains a lot. But transitioning, or just cross-dressing? Only one way to find out, at least if she feels like sharing the information with me. ...Her gentle voice is more male than female, but it belongs to a boy, not a man.
204	They stopped worrying about me years ago, when I wouldn't quite insisting God put me in the wrong body. My mother says God doesn't make mistakes, but I identified at three. All I wanted was to play with my sister's Barbies. All my father wanted was to beat the girl out of me. Couldn't do it.
205	"My dad didn't beat me when I came out, but he completely disowned me. I can't imagine what he might have done if I'd told him I was a girl in a boy's body. Gender dysphoria is not in his vocabulary. Are you transitioning?" Pippa nods. Started hormones, and I've done a few rounds of electrolysis, but that's so expensive. I want to go all the way at some point, though. A girl doesn't need a penis. In fact, it's counterintuitive to who I'm becoming. ...Let alone affording estrogen supplements and facial hair removal. ...As for how I pay my bills, you can probably guess. No back alley blowjobs, not anymore. I'm not proud of it, but I've no other way to make that kind of money, and I'm saving up for procedures. ...I'll quit someday, once I've become the woman I was meant to be.
207	"Believe it or not, I might have an in for you. And not pole dancing, either." She smiles. I'd do that, too, except...Yet another reason I don't want a dick. But I'd give my left nut for a chance to dance. Nah. I'd give both of them.
212	My Arms Are Tattooed With long silver scars- damage from shooting up over and over in the same general location, once I forgot to care about hiding it. ...Not like drug programs teach you how not to inject, when they're warning you about using at all. Not like I thought I'd ignore that advice and go walking with the Lady. She calls to me, and I'm terrified. I'm weak. I didn't take that second oxy back in rehab, not because I tried to be strong, but because I lost it somewhere, and figured it must have been a sign. ...And I reclaim my body, abused and broken as it might be, I can take ownership of it. Dana thought it was hers for the price of two pills- pharms that would slide me back into the arms of the Lady.
217	"Mom," I try, but it's a weak attempt, and she can't hear it above the clamor. "Mom!" It's Dad who falls back, takes a long look at me. What's the matter? Now he grabs my hand, and his skin is hot and I can't stand the touch of a man- any man, really, but especially not this Vegas wolf, who rushes me and I feel his grasp at my throat, and he's telling me that he doesn't pay for sex and now he's cursing. Fight, you goddamn whore! Fight or I'll kill you.
221	Would he want to know that I met Bryn, the phony "fashion photographer" who convinced me to run away so he could pimp me out, right here in this very mall?
224	Rough? My hair has grown out. My skin's mostly clear. And I'm wearing a cut long-sleeved sweater, which covers the tracks.
228	For many, the best thing about the day is their pimps understand that men usually spend it with their families, rather than trolling for sex. Fewer customers, less money, not the girls' fault, they get a pass.

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229	I tell him, yeah, but I gotta feed my kid brother, hoping maybe he let me go, maybe for a blowjob or whatever.
251	You've thought about suicide, yeah? He looks at me intently. "Strangely, no. I mean, I did ask the Great Squash to please haul my ass home to the pumpkin patch in the sky, but he ignored me, and I'm way too much of a coward to do the deed myself."
269	Shaylee Reynold just turned seventeen. She should have been struggling with chemistry and reading Jane Austen novels. Instead, the former child prostitute was found beaten, raped, and left to die in a remote stretch of desert north of Las Vegas. In a highly publicized trial last week, Ms. Reynold testified against Lawrence Reynolds, her pimp and alleged biological father (court-ordered DNA testing has yet to return results) for murdering her mother, another prostitute. ...It is believed her death was retaliation for her testimony, which resulted in Lawrence Reynold's conviction for first-degree murder and pandering a child under the age of fourteen, which in itself carries a life sentence in the state of Nevada. The case highlights the growing problem of trafficking children for sex in Las Vegas and across the US.
275	But I'm even more uncomfortable there. The parties have grown old. It takes ever larger quantities of drugs to get high. Ditto alcohol to dull the buzz.
276	Sex with David has become worse than routine.
277	That makes me want to try is Micha. Our relationship has grown beyond infatuation all the way to serious love, and it's killing me because I just want to be with him. If his show was dark tonight and circumstances were different- yeah, right- I could spend the entire evening with him. Nice dinner. Take in a movie. Go home and straight to bed, where sex would be anything but boring. ...But he's dancing and David's entertaining, and as for me, the sex I'll have, but not enjoy, will be paid for by Peter from Kansas or Oklahoma or New Mexico, who's here for a roll on the wild side. We're connecting at Liaison, a relatively mainstream gay nightclub housed inside a major casino right on the strip. One thing I've learned is to meet these guys somewhere very public first, to gauge demeanor and hopefully avoid problems once we go upstairs or next door or down the street to wherever they're staying. A couple of times I hooked up with creeps who wanted rough play and figured since they were paying premium rates I'd be happy to accommodate. I will, to a point. But I do have limits, and stuff like fisting or asphyxiation are high on my no-can-do list. ...Luckily those two men weren't interested in getting that rough. We compromised instead. And while I didn't get the hefty tip they promised, I still got paid for my time. There's a learning curve to the escorting business.
279	Becomes your best friend, and mine tells me Peter from Wherever is safe enough. The slender fortyish man is sitting at a table for two, looking a bit unnerved by the hunky guys dancing onstage. ...He stands and offers a weak handshake. Please. Sit down. Drink? At my request for bourbon, he goes to the bar, returns with two whiskey sours. It's well liquor, which suggests that the bundle he'll drop to spend time with me is beyond his budget.

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	<p>...Not disappointed. In fact, I'm please. I kind of thought you might be more...effeminate, I guess. I mean, I did request a...He lowers his voice. A top. But you're exactly right.</p> <p>...See, when I was a kid, there was this guy who lived around the corner. He looked a lot like you, except older. I used to ride my bike by his house and one day I got a flat out in front. He was working in his yard and offered to fix it. I followed him around back to his shed. There were lots of pictures on the wall- not naked ladies, like most men have, but guys in the buff, doing unmentionable things. While he fixed my tire, I kept staring at them. I didn't even know penises were meant to do anything but pee. Finally, he says, "You know, it feels really good to have someone touch your wiener. I'll show you if you want."</p> <p>He showed me, and it did feel really good. I kind of knew it was wrong, but that made it even better. I went back a few times. At first it was just hand jobs. Then he taught me oral. One day, he wanted to demonstrate "the very best way." I was only ten, and penetration hurt like hell. Plus, it made me bleed. My mother noticed my underwear, and that was that.</p>
282	<p>What Peter Wants Is for me to play dirty old neighbor. Hey, it's his cash, and I do ask for it up front before we head to his room, which happens to be at the Mandarin Oriental, a short walk from the club. We go up to the twelfth floor, to superb accommodations. Apparently Peter is flush after all. Maybe he just likes cheap booze. He pours two deep glasses of Jack Daniel's before going to the bathroom to get ready. I return most of mine to the bottle, turn on the TV and find a country music channel. I'm betting Peter is a country kind of guy. If not, I am, and I get to be in charge. I take off my shirt, leave the jeans on so I can order him to unzip them. I also take a quick whiff of powdered encouragement from a little bottle hidden in my sock.</p> <p>By the time he wobbles back, I'm ready to go. Ready to play dirty neighbor who has gay porn hanging on the walls of his shed. "Come here, kid. Get down on your knees." And, we're off, Toby Keith warbling in the background. Peter has come prepared with a number of toys, including his favorite vibrator. If I wasn't buzzed and expecting a very good tip, I'd have a hard time stomaching the coming play. Instead, I jump into the game and an hour passes before I know it. Little boy Peter finishes, completely satisfied. "If it's okay, I'd like to clean up before I go." He nods mutely, and doesn't even put on his underwear again before shuffling over to say hi to Jack Daniel's again.</p>
284	<p>I've read that a lot of men who don't identify as queer enjoy a good male-to-male romp once in a while. Apparently, some of them don't believe it's cheating on their partners if they have sex with a man instead of another woman.</p>
285	<p>I'm almost there when I hear a couple of male voices yelling and, just underneath them, soft pleading. Shit. Last thing I need is to get involved in a row, but someone is getting pummeled.</p> <p>I move closer, and sure enough, back up against a building, a female form is on the sidewalk with two large men standing over her, and I can see her arms raised to protect her face. Fucking fag! Screams one of the dudes.</p> <p>I don't let no queer touch my dick. I'm gonna kill you, fucking whore.</p>

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286	"Hey, assholes! You like beating up girls?" They straighten, turn toward me. This ain't no girl, dickwad, says one. Besides, what business is it of yours?
290	I mean, wouldn't celebrate having sex with any number of slaves, then trading them in for newer models as soon as boredom sets in? ...Think of the opportunities, no cares in the world except having an exceptional time just being alive and getting laid by pretty young girls like Whitney.
296	Skylar says you were probably doing porn. You weren't, were you?
297	As daylight fails and the lights glitter on, I start to feel pretty good. Like maybe I don't really need a romp with the Lady after all. ...After a while I kind of want to tell them I was doing porn, if only to see the shock in their eyes and determine the velocity of rumors.
300	I already had a candy cane, and if I eat I'll have to go puke it up. I need to lose five pounds before winter break. We're going to Hawaii and I want to look good in my new bikini.
303	His sister got scorched. She OD'd.
321	That scene fades into another, out on his ranch, inhaling alfalfa green while we made love for the first- and only- time.
350	"You do realize that paying for sex with an underage girl is not only illegal, but also feeds child sex trafficking operations?" He Looks Confused Eighteen is okay by me. ..."Yeah, and you're a fucking pervert. Why don't you go whack off and call your first Sweet Little Miss, you disgusting piece of crap."
359	Thank you for teaching me that independence is more valuable than a cocaine-and-caviar lifestyle. Thank you for allowing me the time to understand that sex is undervalued as barter, and that I am worthy of love.
374	Wonder if he's ever raped someone. Wonder if he's ever hired a whore. Wonder if I'll ever quit thinking like a whore.
375	I don't freak out when the lights go down, so that's good. I like sitting next to sweet James, who totally acts the gentleman role quite naturally. I'm surprised he doesn't come on to me- don't all guys use a dark theater as an excuse to run a hand along your thigh?
380	I want to fly, and I find my magic carpet inside a bottle in Dad's medicine cabinet. Ambien As if someone taking it needs to know, the label says to take one tablet immediately before bed, but only if you have a firm seven or eight hours to sleep, and to expect dizziness in the morning. It comes with a stiff warning: Do not exceed recommended dose. I've never been real good at following directions. Let's see. I have nowhere to be tomorrow but here. It will be eight o'clock before it kicks in, and I can sleep till noon if I want to. That gives me sixteen hours. So yeah, I'll take two. I do, then replace the bottle exactly where I found it before going to my room. Screw it. What good is staying clean? Your brain has too much time to work. ...About the time I slip beneath the covers, plug headphone into my phone and

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	turn on my music, the Ambien kicks in, and hard. My head spins, hopefully quickly toward sleep because I'm also feeling a bit nauseous. Don't want to throw them back up.
413	Tomorrow is Christmas And that is the best gift I can imagine- the knowledge that I might actually be able to give Ronnie pleasure, and not just with my hands and mouth, but the way an intact man does, and maybe even come myself.
417	...to Walt, the first of my so-called mother's men who paid to have a little fun with her daughter or, as Iris puts it, "to make me a real girl" by ripping me apart. I don't try to remember all the others I've invested so much effort into trying to forget. I just tell Gram Walt wasn't the only one, finishing the bulk of my confession with the man who forced my hand that day, convinced me running away was my only option. "Also, so you know, not that it matters I guess, Alex and I did strip for money in Vegas, but I never let a man touch me, and I probably never will in the future." I keep the part about sleeping with girls to myself for the time being.
437	My faith, stolen by one who claimed to stand fast representing it. One deviated priest, and my God was taken from me. And Dad, who deserted this world in favor of the next where, he believed, the love of his life awaits him in eternity.
442	It Would Be So Easy To go back into the other room for that little plastic bag of powdered courage. Snort myself brave. Chase the dragon, and smoke myself fearless. Send Bryn into a drugstore for clean needles. Shoot myself heroic. How many heroes require such encouragement to face their enemies, conquer them- or not? Dope or no, you'll never be a hero, says Girl-in-the-Mirror, and your past is the enemy.
447	The first thing I'm going to do is fuck you dirty. I actually hate clean. He pushes me facedown on the bed, ignoring my weak plea to leave me alone. Just as he starts to rip at my clothes, there's pounding on the door.
448	Bryn was arrested, charged with rape and kidnapping with the intent of trafficking a child under the age of seventeen. With all the crazy commotion, I managed to sneak the heroin out of my purse and toss it under a car in the parking lot without being spotted.
489	I'm scared I can't escape the legacy of turning tricks, that too much filth and too little affection will forever define my relationships.
507	I first became interested in the subject of Domestic Minor Sex Trafficking (DMST) when I came across the statistic that the average age of young women introduced into prostitution is twelve.

<b>Profanity</b>	<b>Count</b>
Ass	14
Bitch	5
Dick	8
Fag/Faggot	1
Fuck	28
Goddamn	5
Piss	14
Pussy	1
Shit	15



# TRICKS



## Summary of Concerns:

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

*Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

ISBN: 978-1-4814-9824-1



**5**  
/5

**Aberrant Content**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	...Why would God need a pecker, anyway?
29	<p>Swollen with desire. Demanding. Lips still locked to mine, she murmured, What if I give you this...?</p> <p>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.</p> <p>...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...</p>
48	<p>...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.</p>
50	<p>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,...</p>
53	<p>Too much booze. Too many smokes. Way too many pills. Speed. Downers. Everything in between.</p>
58	<p>"...then all they're after is free booze and an easy lay."</p>
74	<p>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.</p> <p>...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the mounds I can't quit staring at.</p> <p>...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again.</p>
75	<p>Ronnie dips even lower, giving me a quick nipple shot before drawing back and straightening.</p> <p>...Thinking with my dick. That's for sure. So what is Ronnie thinking with? That makes the dick in question think even harder.</p>
76	<p>We can keep the refreshments in my car. And as for dessert...Stop that!</p>
77	<p>I have to admit I have thought about boinking her more than once, while taking solo care of a hard-on.</p> <p>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!</p>
83	<p>By the Time we reach Frozen75, we've def gotten high together. This guy I work with scores really good bud, and he's not above dealing a little to me. "So what do you think about the smoke?"</p> <p>...It's awesome. Then she reaches over, touches my leg. Tonight will be fun. Thanks for taking me. Her hand strokes my thigh gently.</p>
93	<p>"And I want to make love with you soon." My body aches with wanting that very thing.</p>
97	<p>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</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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</p>
108	<p>Sex that is more than mutual masturbation.</p> <p>...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.</p>
110	<p>Who's on top and who's not means nothing when you aren't completely positive that you belong in either position. But that night, one kiss and need struck with enough force to erase all doubt, all hesitation. I didn't wait for Loren to say it was okay, didn't ask him to show me what to do. Pure animal instinct led me just where I wanted to go. It wasn't tender.</p> <p>..."But I want to do it again." It was a long few minutes before I could.</p> <p>Wasn't pretty. It was a raw, naked joining, energized from years of dreaming about what it could be like, or should be like. I gave, he took, and when it was over, like Adam, I shook at the forbidden taste of new awareness.</p>
139	<p>Wonder how hot his monkey is.</p>
128	<p>Guess he has fuck buddies, though.</p>
137	<p>Besides, maybe Iris would stop tricking for the right guy.</p>
150	<p>...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones...</p>
150	<p>...I thought she'd shit on the spot. We were sitting together (okay, like glued together, front to front, Ronnie in my lap) on the grass at school.</p> <p>...I'm not sure if she was talking to Ronnie or me, but Ronnie jumped right down her throat. What does it look like we're doing, Alyssa? Having tea?</p>
151	<p>We Had Sex The very first night we went out together... Pissed off a bunch of people...</p>
153	<p>But he is a partier. Drinks like no serious athlete should...</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...Suppose it could be because I'm usually the one supplying the weed.</p> <p>...Booze isn't his only bad habit, though. Pot. Pills. Crack. Probably other stuf...</p>
155	<p>Fucking meds.</p> <p>...Talk about jumpy. Freakin crack is famous for that.</p>
156	<p>I have to be careful not to let my own toking get so out of hand. 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 frigging yah! Whatever I want.</p>

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159	Except this time he smells like cheap brew. Thirteen! How did he even get hold of the stuff? Ripped it off, no doubt.
161	The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table.
161	You brought some of that good green, didn't you? As I suspected, the key to my invite. ...Six of us belly up to the table, and I light a big fat one.
163	My head is Tilt-A-Whirling with substance abuse, but more because of finishing off the evening as a winner. I won at poker. And I'm about to win at something even better. Ronnie comes to the glass, opens it, lets me inside. Her room smells of roses, and she has nothing on but a thigh-length shirt. She puts a finger to her lips, but there's no need for words once we fall together into her bed. Night slips away.
178	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 that I would have picked as his without analyzing. It has a big feather bed, with massive quilts and pillows I have to fall into. With Andrew. ...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, and sheer exhilaration-- like standing on the very edge of a cliff, with the wind in your face--replaces it. He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pai, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right. Wave after wave of love.
186	Hetero couples wander the sidewalks. Looking for a threesome?
187	Then it all became about sex. More sex. Better sex. Unusual sex. Like most couples, I guess.
196	The price tag is regular sex.
206	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.
206	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

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	<p>his fingers move over my body. Everything is hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No, warm. I've never felt so alive. Never felt so in love. I glance at the clock. Not even one. We have plenty of time. 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, like a groom clutching his bride. The thought makes me blush, and I have no clue why. I rest my head against his chest for the entire ten-second journey. 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. And then, it's just over. Still Buzzed And yet also drained, we lie</p> <p>together for a while. I don't know if it was good for Lucas or not. I want to ask, but I don't want to ask because if I do and he says no, it will leave a scar. I don't even know if it was good for me, because I'm not sure what "good sex" is. Your first time probably isn't so good, right?</p>
212	<p>And you might want to wash your sheets. You're not on your period, are you? "No, not for..." Now I notice how the front of him is splashed red, and the crimson stain flowering on my bed. My face burns. "It's not my period." How could he not know that the first time can make a girl bleed? Or did he maybe not believe...?</p>
216	<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 o keep it hidden. I was almost ten, and we lived in Pahrump, the butthole of Nevada. 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, then he followed her home. She let him move in for a while. I remember his sour sweat, coming in after working backhoe. 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. You stay and start dinner, she said. We won't be gone very long. I didn't mind. I was too old for swings, and I've always liked spending time by myself. 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</p>

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	<p>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. I dug one from the fridge. But 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. Still, I took him the beer, holding my breath against his stench. He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him. Let me show you something. 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. Not that I'd dare tell anyone Not when he followed me, stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too. He knew that was a bigger threat than saying he'd hurt Iris or some other TV kind of shit. Because 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. I'll probably always link sex with pain.</p>
222	Not Sure If Harry is tuned in to how Iris earns her booze and pill money.
224	"Yeah, well, least I'm not a whore! Wait. 'Whore' is too good a word for you and what you do. 'Hooker' works much better."
227	There is no more, no "let's have sex," which leaves me both content and confused. I think you need a drink, she says.
230	Only booze goes down and stays.
231	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.
232	<p>Like staying alive just one more fucking day. So Cory Drinks Way too much. Pickling his brain, and much too young to end up relish. 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>
246	<p>We have learned a lot about each other. How to touch. Where to kiss. I have taught him as much as he has taught me, all through mutual experimentation. Mad sex scientists, that's us. There have been clumsy moments, yes. But they are rare. Few. The worst was when it suddenly came to us that, swept downstream by a flood of desire we hadn't used protection the first time. But either I'm sterile or the timing was right, because three days later I started my period. ...we don't have to have sex every time we see each other, do we?</p>
255	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

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	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
257	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.
268	What's calling is a stiff shot of good old' Kentucky bourbon. Maybe Loren left a little behind.
273	The first drink is on me. What's your pleasure?
275	A gulp of bourbon clears it, raises a nice, warm buzz.
277	Four courses of French cuisine and two bottles of wine later, my stomach is churning with rich food, my head buzzing with alcohol.
287	"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.
290	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.
291	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!"
303	They'll be home soon. Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than rape. Fuck!
310	... Alex and me in back, sipping rum from a water bottle...
314	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. I love you, too, she exhales softly. We lie, tangled together, unmoving, unspeaking. And we both know this is what sex should be.
316	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.
319	The three of us get drunk together...
321	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.
324	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.

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332	<p>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."</p> <p>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. I bet it smells like rain.</p> <p>Here now. What did I say? Don't cry.  ...Pain throbs. No, not pain, not even agony. Something there is no word for. Something I can't fight. Can't fight. Can't. All I can think to do is say, "S-sorry."  My head spins. My legs go numb. Jerome catches me as I collapse, and my tears soak into his bleached white shirt. Okay, baby, he soothes. Go ahead and cry.  I should jerk away, out of his arms, but his gentle rock cradles my loneliness.  There is nurturing here, and it comes to me, with a whoosh like sudden wind, that there just might be a way out after all. And that way</p> <p>could very well begin and end with Jerome.</p> <p>So When He Kisses The top of my head, I stay perfectly still against him. And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my body, I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain. Forgive me, Andrew. Please understand. It's my only way back to you. But I won't give him everything.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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. Fair enough. Father would probably miss me now anyway. Just one question...He helps himself to a final taste. 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. Dirtied, I drop to the floor, tuck my back into a corner, as if walls could protect me. Lord, please forgive this sin. What I've done. What I may do, though I'm not exactly sure what that might be. All I know is I have to escape this place, run far, far away. From here.  ...Hungry. I glance at the bowl on the table, oatmeal grown granite cold inside it. I want pancakes. An omelet with sausage. I want the key to this unbarred cell. Jerome has perhaps offered it, if I will only reach for it. I close my eyes. Think of Mary Magdalene. What was her prison? And how far did she go to get the key?  ...Sorry, Mama. Making love with Andrew didn't make me a whore. But sending me here might very well do exactly that. I have nothing to lose. You've already stolen everything</p>



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	<p>important. Made me an outcast. Tossed me into this wilderness prison. And now the question becomes: How far will I go to get the key?</p> <p>To Know That I need to find out what Father has in store for me. We meet every afternoon except on Sunday (no work on the Sabbath), for "prayerful counseling." So far, it's the only time I'm allowed out of my room, into the sunlight, the sage-tainted air. There are two long, low buildings, with rows of doors just like mine. I'm not the only one here. Once in a while, I see other kids, working alone in the garden or shoveling manure from the chicken coops. Punishment? My guess is reward.</p> <p>...A large house looms in the distance. Father's, no doubt.</p>
347	<p>Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor.</p> <p>...there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine.</p>
348	<p>...now it's Miller time! I reach into the fridge, find a frosty can, pop the top, take a long swallow.</p>
357	<p>...I've decided if being a real man means smashing someone in the face or turning your back on a person because of their sexuality, I'll just stay a girl.</p>
370	<p>Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me.</p> <p>...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.</p>
371	<p>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.</p> <p>Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after He makes me feel like a real model--beautiful, every man's desire. When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket. You are exceptionally lovely, he says, brushing sand from my hair. He settles</p> <p>beside me, props himself on one elbow. Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you?</p> <p>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. So this is making love! Well, not quite. I want to know the rest. "Make love to me."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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?"</p> <p>Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was</p>

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	extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.
379	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 he girls (and guys) whose "dates" she sets up. I still strip for fun once in a while. All on my own terms.
381	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.
382	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.
383	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.
384	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.
385	And when there's a crowd in the room, the dicks mostly stay hidden.
386	We decline and he escorts us inside, where a half dozen guys are ogling cable porn.
387	How much for head? ...We don't do head, except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred.
389	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!
391	Later, After Several Shots Of whiskey (Lydia buys it for us, as long as we drink it post-business only),

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393	<p>She's a total bitch, not to mention a tease.            ...Lately she hasn't even half-ass grinned at me.            ...The Belmont fucked me good.</p>
402	<p>I need Ronnie to ding my dong.</p>
409	<p>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.</p>
411	<p>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. Downright disgusting things. Your period? I like the taste of blood. How I wish I could say no. But even if I thought he'd leave me alone, saying yes is how I have convinced him to make Father believe I am fit for small freedoms. Like working in the yard, pulling weeds and picking vegetables.</p>
414	<p>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. When he finishes, I lay my head on his knobby chest.</p>
416	<p>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. Confusion seeps into his eyes, and like it or not, his muscles relax. All but one. 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.</p>
421	<p>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. Afterward, he takes me in his arms, like in some awful romantic movie.</p>
433	<p>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.</p>
443	<p>He photographs me, too. Lately, the pics have all been naked.</p>
445	<p>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.</p>

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	<p>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. I've seen people at parties do meth the same way. 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 checks out my eyes. Looking for pupil dilation, no doubt. It takes a while. If you shoot up, you feel the effects instantaneously. Smoking it might take ten or fifteen minutes. Patience. Meanwhile, I have another surprise.</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>
450	<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, and hey, anything's better than wasting way in Santa Cruz.</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. Do this for me, Whitney. Do this for us. He kisses me. But it is the kiss of a stranger.</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. You should use a needle. Smoking the Lady is a waste of good dope. Fear-queasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no move when 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 my arms like a vise and now my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to he morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.</p>
458	<p>It's not such a big deal, as long as they use condoms. The thing is, Lydia wouldn't have to know. I could do it on the side, and not give her a cut We could save up enough money to blow this city. Go somewhere pretty, like Portland or San Francisco.</p>
460	<p>Maybe that bastard who raped me made me pregnant and God was gracious enough to let me miscarry.</p>
466	<p>My guess is no way, or if he does happen to be her father, it's a definite case of incest. ...Is Every Girl In this nasty, stinking city turning tricks? Young, old, at least as old as you can get without dying of some incurable sex disease?</p>
468	<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. ...You're not turning tricks like some hooker, are you?" ...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 Shit, girl, that's attorney "Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping.</p>
475	<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. ...I mean, if you're going to have sex anyway, why not earn a little extra cash, you know? She took a big drag. ...You interested in a little paid action? I can introduce you to Lydia if you want. ...Sex for money. I still hadn't considered the possibility of it meaning having sex with men</p>
479	<p>Sometimes Misty and I Do have "two-fers" with confused guys. ...I hang up, pop a Valium, "borrowed" from a bottle in Ronnie's medicine cabinet. Fuck. Stealing pills. I suck. ...Twenty bucks for a backseat blowjob? ...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>

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483	<p>You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will 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. he 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 His lips brush the back of my neck 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>I Bite Down On a strange metal taste--a metal taste of emotions. 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>
502	Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: Oral sex or a very long walk to Vegas.
508	He grins. What? Did I flash you or something? Hope it wasn't offensive. Most guys seem to like it well enough.
516	<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</p>

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	<p>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. t'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>
521	<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>
524	<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>

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	...That's it, he soothes. No need to waste a perfectly good boner In. Out. In. Out. I close my eyes.
528	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.
532	<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. I'm calling the cops right now, so you'd better run.</p>
546	<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 'm doing?</p>
550	Bastard screwed me, then robbed me.
551	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.
565	<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</p>



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	<p>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. And the room goes silent, except for strained breathing, right above me. And 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. Where? Can't... No, please. Ronnie? Sorry. So sorry. Ron...</p>
570	<p>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.</p>
572	<p>"...I mean except to tell me to suck harder, or..."</p>
587	<p>"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."</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...You wanna pay for one and fuck for one, or what? We start to walk.</p> <p>...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.</p> <p>...Never tried it, but guess I'm gonna. Ol' Lorenzo gets a ride around the world. Doesn't take as long as I thought.</p>
599	<p>How much to do the two of you?</p> <p>..."Three hundred for all you can eat." Right on. Bermuda reaches into his back pocket.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	6
Dick	1
Fuck	16
Shit	5





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