

UPDATE: FALL 2023

- **48 more sexually explicit, pervasively vulgar, educationally unsuitable and/or age-inappropriate books have been found in FISD libraries.**
- **Each book has one page of excerpts listed as an example, but these are not all of the concerning portions of these books.**
- **Most parents do not want their children reading vulgar, sexually graphic books featuring child sex, pedophilia, incest and/or rape.**
- **Tax payers do not want their tax dollars paying for these inappropriate instructional and educational materials.**
- **These materials are harmful to minors and may trigger negative reactions for the depressed and/or sexual violence victims. Books glamorizing child sex, drugs, alcohol and suicide can be harmful to minor children and do not bring educational value.**

Book	Author	FHS	FMS
A Stolen Life	Dugard, Jaycee	YES	no
All the Things We Do in the Dark	Mitchell, Sandra	YES	YES
America	Frank, E. R.	no	YES
Ask the Passengers	King, A.S. (Amy Sarig)	YES	no
Beloved	Morrison, Toni	YES	no
Black Flamingo, The	Atta, Dean	YES	no
Boy Girl Boy	Koertge, Ronald	YES	no
Boy Toy	Lyga, Barry	YES	no
Chosen	Cast, P.C.	YES	no
Clash of Kings	Martin, George R. R.	YES	no
Clockwork Princess	Clare, Cassandra	YES	no
Court of Frost and Starlight, A	Maas, Sarah J.	YES	no
Court of Wings and Ruin, A	Maas, Sarah J.	YES	no
Damsel	Arnold, Elana K.	YES	no
Dime	Frank, E.R.	YES	no
Empire of Storms	Maas, Sarah J.	YES	no
Forever	Blume, Judy	YES	no
Freedom Writers Diary, The	Freedom Writers	YES	no
Gabi, a Girl in Pieces	Quintero, Isabel	YES	no
Game of Thrones	Martin, George R. R.	YES	no
Go Ask Alice	Anonymous	YES	no
Hate U Give, The	Thomas, Angie	YES	YES
Heroine	McGinnis, Mindy	YES	no
Infamous	Arnold, Elana	YES	no
Like a Love Story	Nazemian, Abdi	YES	no
Lovely Bones, The	Sebold, Alice	YES	YES
More Happy Than Not	Silvera, Adam	YES	no
Native Son	Wright, Richard	YES	no
Nineteen Minutes	Picoult, Jodi	YES	no
Not My Problem	Smyth, Ciara	YES	YES
Opposite of Innocent, The	Sones, Sonya	YES	no
Queen of Shadows	Maas, Sarah J.	YES	no
Ramona Blue	Murphy, Julie	YES	no
Red Hood	Arnold, Elana K.	YES	no
Shine	Myracle, Lauren	YES	no
Shiver	Stiefvater, Maggie	YES	YES
Shout	Anderson, Laurie	YES	no
Slaughterhouse-Five	Vonnegut, Kurt	YES	YES
Spinning	Walden, Tillie	YES	no
Stained	Jacobson, Jennifer	YES	YES
Tower of Dawn	Maas, Sarah J.	YES	no
Truth About Alice, The	Mathieu, Jennifer	YES	no
Upside of Unrequited, The (series)	Albertalli, Becky	YES	no
Where I End & You Begin	Norton, Preston	YES	no
Where the Crawdads Sing	Owens, Delia	YES	no
Wintergirls	Anderson, Laurie	YES	YES
Yolk	Choi, Mary	YES	no
You: A Novel	Kepnes, Caroline	YES	no

A STOLEN LIFE

By Jaycee Lee Dugard

He says to take off my towel and lay back on the pallet. ...I start to cry. He takes my handcuffed hands and holds them over my head.

...He lies on top of me. He is so heavy. I can't stop crying. He said he'd be quick and it would be better if I didn't struggle because then he wouldn't have to get aggressive. ...He forces my legs open and inserts the hard thing between his legs in me. It feels like I am being stretched apart. I feel like it's going to come out of my belly. I am so small and he is so big. ...I try to scoot away. I try to close my legs. He just takes hold of my legs and shoves them further apart. He is too heavy and strong for me. He keeps my hands above my head. I try to think of anything but what is happening to me. Look anywhere except his face. I can feel the tears on my cheeks. He is making strange noises and grunting and sweating all over me. I can't breathe he is so heavy. All of a sudden he makes a giant grunt and puts even more of his weight on me as he collapses. I cannot do anything. I cannot move. ...He said it was all over now and he gets up and says he's going to go get something to clean me up. I am bleeding "down there." ...He says it's okay—he just "popped my cherry."
-Page 38-39

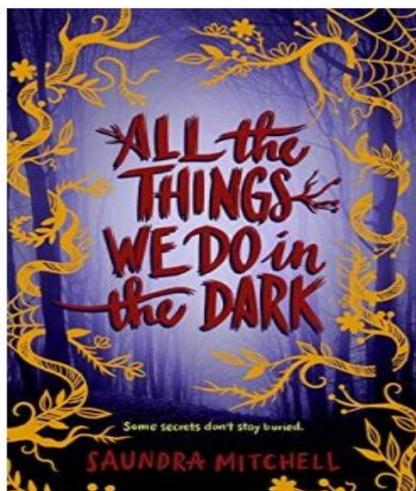
He says the crank allows him to focus on one thing for a long time. He says first he's going to get me dressed the way he wants and then depending on his mood, the rest will consist of me masturbating him, sucking his penis, me in whatever position he desires, and dancing over him while he masturbates. He says for me to start by getting cleaned up with the bucket of water in the corner. He wants me to shave my vagina because he doesn't like hair because it gives him a rash. ...The night seems endless and I am very tired. He has the lights on. All of them. It makes the room so hot. I have to touch his penis and stroke it up and down; he calls this "jacking off." Sometimes he wants me to suck on it, too. I hate it so much; it tastes disgusting. I am afraid the white stuff which he said is called cum will get in my mouth. I think this is really gross. He says the speed helps him to prolong the sex so he won't cum for a while. ...This goes on and on for a while with him looking at these books he has. They look like photo albums, but they have kids from magazines cut out in different positions with penises taped on from other magazines. He looks at them and talks dirty to them, using words that are bad, ... He says he's

looking for anything with a little girl with shorts on. ...He looks at the time and he says it's time to have sex. He tells me to lie down on my back. Part of me is relieved to get it over with. I was dreading it but want to go to sleep. I'm so tired. He gets on top of me and tells me he's going to talk really dirty to me and for me not to be scared. ...He just needs to release the "monkey on his back." I can't help but cry, but they are silent tears. He fucks me as hard as he can it seems like. He uses that word a lot. My head is being pushed in between the couch and the pullout bed. I feel like I can't breathe. He is calling me a fucking whore and a cunt and other things. ...It hurts more when I try to struggle, so I try not to get away from him, but it's hard not to want to push away from his sweaty disgusting body. ...I feel his release in me and finally it is over.

-Pages 56-58

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Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating



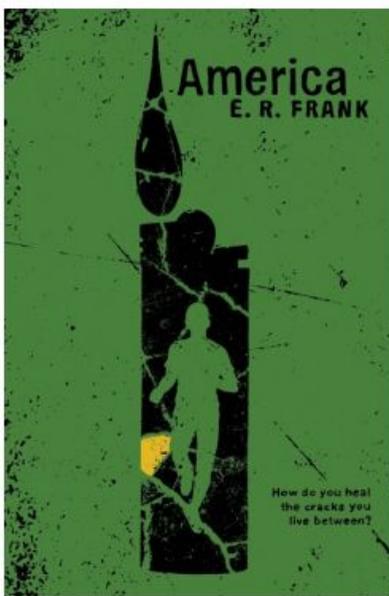
Book Summary:

A teenage girl attempts to have a normal life after having been raped as a child.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild/infrequent profanity; sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and suicide references.

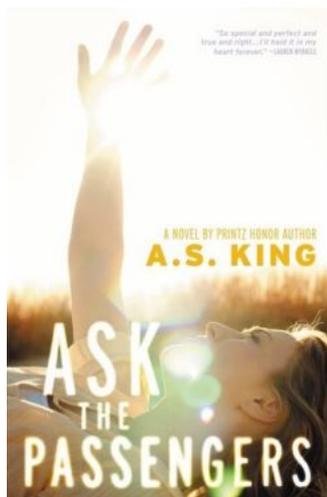
Page	Content
i	This novel discusses sexual assault and sexual violence, and contains depictions of non-sexual violence and PTSD that may be triggering to survivors.
2	He had a razor blade finger. He just traced it down my cheek and told me to go home.
4	Also, I'm saying it because I think I have a responsibility: I had a "good" rape. The kind where I was young enough that it was definitely not my fault. I was not sexy enough for people to think I might have secretly wanted it.
5	There's no world, no planet, on which a nine-year-old should learn about sex and syphilis in an emergency room while an intern glues her face back together.
7	My friend Syd, short for Sydney, thinks virginity is stages: mouth virginity, hand virginity- even boyginity and girlginity.
48	(...Did you hear about the girl with the scar? Yeah, she offed herself. I guess she never got over it. Should we do something? Let's do candles and a GoFundMe for suicide stuff or...the other thing. You know, the other thing.)
96	Rivers spill down my spine and split across my breasts. ...My hands drift on soap currents, shaping the weight of my breasts, straying between my soft thighs. The little ache there throbs, but I pass by.
97	The right water is hard to find. I gave up a while ago. I don't like my fingers because I concentrate too hard and rub too hard to get nowhere. But the magic of an allowance, the existence of Visa gift cards, and the open road of the internet mean I don't have to use my hands. Turning out my light, I slide into bed, still wrapped in the towel. Then I dig between the mattress and box spring until I find my familiar friend. Mine is boring compared to some of the crazy things that come up on Amazon when you type vibrator into the search engine. There are no beads or pearls or colors or natural replications here: it's just a slim white tube with a twist base on it. It's quiet, like prayer; even quieter beneath my covers and towel. Only on the outside, the shaft pressed against flesh and bone, its tip infiltrates dark curls and parts lips to find my clitoris. When I find the spot, my feet twist and curve. One heel digs into the mattress like an anchor.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; molestation; sexual nudity; excessive profanity.

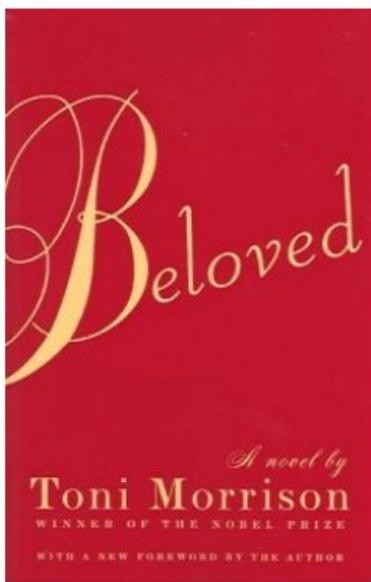
Page	Content
110	We don't read stories too much anymore. Sometimes it starts out like that, but mostly Browning just begins by touching. At first, I believe him that it's cool, because it feels real nice. He talks to me soft, and his voice gets low, and he pats me all light, the way a father would take care of his baby, and it feels good. He tells me how what we're doing is a special secret, and how he wouldn't get with just anybody this way, and how I'm such a good learner. The nice part used to make me forget that it's dirty but lately Browning's stopped talking to me. Lately, he gets quiet and goes far away while it's happening, and even though he looks at my face, he doesn't see me. Then it still feels good in my body, but it feels bad everywhere else, especially when after it's over, he starts snoring without getting into his own bed, and he's real heavy and makes my arm or my leg fall asleep, and he doesn't even say good night.
113	Now he makes me touch him. And other stuff. I tell him I don't want to, but he says you can't start a secret like we have and then stop it. He thinks it's important I learn about it with someone who cares. He's all how I'm ungrateful and selfish to tell him to stop. He tells me he knows I like it, so I may as well stop pretending.
181	"She's probably sucking him off," Marshall says. Something about that and the fire makes me swear. It makes my dick move around in my pants. I want to touch it, but my hands are full.
183	"He's unbelievable," Wick says to Marshall and me." "" Un-fucking-believable. ..."I'm just saying," Ernie says. ..."How were her tits?" Marshall says. ..."How do you think?" Wick says. ..."Man," Marshall says... ..."That's right," Wick says. "I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about them." ..."Are you listening to this, shoelace?" Marshall asks me. "Are you getting this, man?" ...My dick is hard, only I'm not just seeing Shiri's tits, I'm seeing Wick's dick too, and I hate myself.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alcohol and drug use; profanity and derogatory terms; sexual activities; alternate sexualities.

65	In my case, I thought happiness was a lot of stupid shit. Drugs. Guys. Telling my parents off. More drugs. More telling my parents off. More guys. More drugs.
69	They say: All normal teenagers are doing it. As long as they don't come home with a disease or a baby, what's the big deal?
75	She kisses my neck and my cheek and my head, and I instantly get giggly, and then she turns my head and kisses me and time stands still. ... When she moves to put her hand between my legs, I stop her.
76	I grab her approaching hand. "If all you want is sex, then why don't you find a girl who just gives out?..."
114	I hop into Dee's car and jump on here like a lonely dog after a day at home alone. This is probably the most forward I've ever been with her, and while I'm doing it I try to figure out why. ... She slips her hands into the waistband of my jeans, onto my hips. I kiss her as if we are not in a parking lot surrounded by a bunch of other people.
116	It's as if someone has taken the real Astrid Jones and replaced her with one who is okay with intimacy in public places. ... Dee is right here, rubbing up against me. We are two parts of the same animal. People are hooting. We're on fire. Every time Dee gets her face near mine, we kiss.
153	She chuckles and slips her hands into my jeans and down the sides of my legs. Under my panties, and then aims them around my ass and holds it like someone would hold a water balloon. Carefully. Skillfully.
	... She removes her hands from my jeans and lifts my shirt a little. She kisses my lips. My chin. My neck. My collarbone. My belly. My ribs. "I'm sorry. I wasn't paying attention. Were you trying to say something?" She begins to unbutton my fly.
155	...and Dee and I start to kiss again in the corner while our hips are pressing into each other and our hands are touching places that should not be touched in a public place.



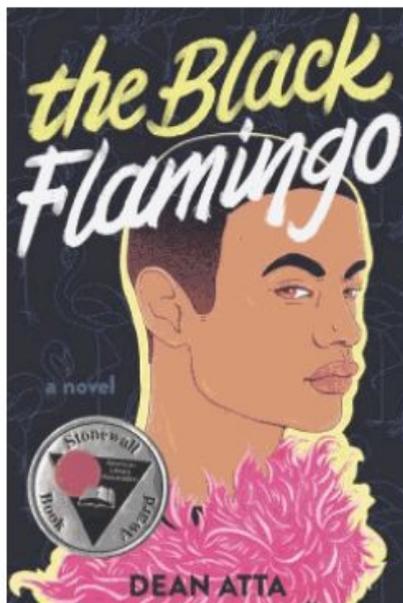
Book Summary:

A former slave woman recalls her life in slavery.

Summary of concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; bestiality commentary; violence; racial commentary; profanity; and derogatory terms.

20	As she raised up from the heat she felt Paul D behind her and his hands under her breasts.
	...Behind her, bending down, his body an arc of kindness, he held her breasts in the palms of his hands.
24	Overwhelmed as much by the down-right luck of finding her house and her in it as by the certainty of giving her his sex, Paul D dropped twenty-five years from his recent memory. A stair step before him was Baby Suggs' replacement, the new girl they dreamed of at night and fucked cows for at dawn while waiting for her to choose. ...It was over before they could get their clothes off. Half-dressed and short of breath, they lay side by side resentful of one another and the skylight above them.
25	Sethe lay on her back, her head turned from him. Out of the corner of his eye, Paul D saw the float of her breasts and disliked it, the spread-away, flat roundness of them that he could definitely live without, never mind that downstairs he had held them as though they were the most expensive part of himself.
30	Nothing could be as good as the sex with her Paul D had been imagining off and on for twenty-five years.
83	I am full God damn it of two boys with mossy teeth, one sucking on my breast the other holding me down, their book-reading teacher watching and writing it up. I am still full of that, God damn it, I can't go back and add more. Add my husband to it, watching, above me in the loft—hiding close by—the one place he thought no one would look for him, looking down on what I couldn't look at at all. And not stopping them—looking and letting it happen. But my greedy brain says, Oh thanks, I'd love more—so I add more.
154	White cotton sheets had never crossed his mind. He fell in with a groan and the woman helped him pretend he was making love to her and not her bed linen.
155	Tucked into the well of his arm, Sethe recalled Paul D's face in the street when he asked her to have a baby for him. Although she laughed and took his hand, it had frightened her. She thought quickly of how good the sex would be if that is what he wanted, but mostly she was frightened by the thought of having a baby once more.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; inexplicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; drug and alcohol use; alternate gender ideologies; controversy racial commentary; and references to racism.

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| 113 | I'm bisexual. Are you? |
| 124 | "Batty bwoy!" Meaning less-than-man who is penetrated by or penetrates another less-than-man. I realize this phrase is sexual. This phrase is about sex. It's like shouting out, "You have bum sex!" I've heard it in music, in songs from Jamaica that call for gay men to be killed. |
| 129 | I'm nervous taking the condoms in case someone sees them. I download an app that allows me to talk to gay guys in the area. I arrange to meet a guy called Alex after school. |

130	I'm high on weed, about to lose my virginity in a graveyard. He hands me a small glass bottle full of liquid. I unscrew the top. "Do I drink it?" "No, you hold it under your nose, like this and inhale; it helps you to relax." I follow his instructions. A chemical explosion in my brain, streamers burst forth into a tangled rainbow, then all fades to black.
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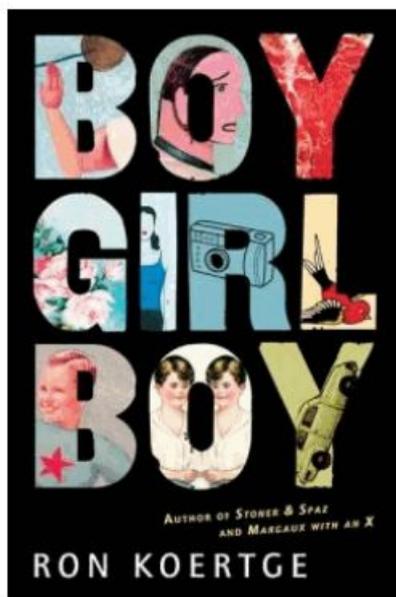
207	I don't tell him I'm excited and nervous about meeting guys, having sex, maybe a relationship. I tell him I'm excited to have my freedom.
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209	"...This isn't what I wanted for your moving day but this is what it's like to be black in this country or anywhere in the world. They interrupt our joy. Our history. Our progress. They know they can't kill us all, so you're living your life and suddenly interrupted by white fear or suspicion. They fear sharing anything. Our success is a threat."
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222	I go to the LGBT Society. We sit in a circle and go round saying our names and pronouns: he/him, she/her, they/them. How do you want other people to refer to you? A trans man called Seth, with the pronouns he/him, wishes his trans identity wasn't questioned with regard to his body. "I wish people would understand, some men have vagina."
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298	"You both need to understand the black woman, black man, black trans person is always last to be thought of as attractive in this white supremacist society..."
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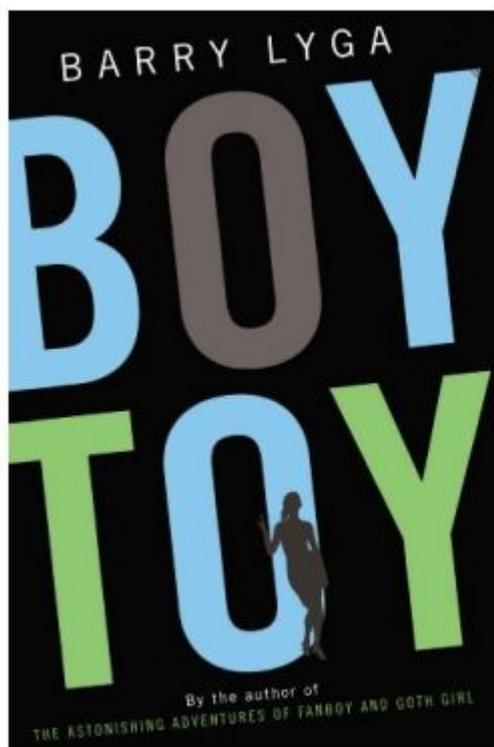
380	Next comes my burlesque routine. I perform a strip tease with my lip sync to "Back to Black" sung by Beyonce. I suggestively open and close the pink faux fur coat before I let it drop to the floor. I snatch off the pink wig and throw it into the audience. I shimmy with the feather boa, then wrap it around a smiling stranger in the front row. I slip out of the tutu and kick it away. The crowd goes wild for it. For me! I stand triumphant in a leotard and heels, a full face of makeup and a beard, and say my final piece.
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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; references to sexuality; profanity and derogatory terms.

Page	Content
45	Where's your faggot friend, faggot?" asks Billy. . . . Fuck you.
50	So did that mean he was gay, or were we just sort of low voltage? You know, this could be all my fault." He shook his head. "It's not your fault. You didn't get a boner from Teen Titans. Look, Mary Ann told me stuff that girls can do. You go home; I'll take a shower, and then I'll come over. He eyed me suspiciously. "Doesn't it just make you sick to your stomach? It just makes me sick to my stomach. What does?" "Being queer."
73	He nods, eyes down like a Chinese bride's. Then waits for me to at least acknowledge Boys' Town, an entire block dedicated to what he thinks is a gay lifestyle: half-naked men on a loading dock, shirtless men with poodles out for a stroll, bare-chested men at an outdoor café. He started Boys' Town a few years ago. He meant well, I suppose. It's hard to be sure. If it's authenticity he values, why doesn't he have skinheads with baseball bats prowling the backstreets, and fervid Christians with GOD HATES FAGS placards? By now everybody in Wendleville knows I'm gay.
134	Then he's kissing me, and I'm kissing him back. I'm completely into finally making out with Elliot. But I'm thinking about that sandwich (juicy slab of meat between slices of bread white as an angel's socks), and I want it, too. I'm hungry for everything. Elliot pushes me back on the bed and lies on me. This is nothing like him in the Volvo with Mary Ann or some other hootchie where it seemed like he had a kind of checklist (kiss, nibble, caress, whisper) and was cool as sherbet. No way. He's completely out of control. We start out with him on top of me, but pretty soon I'm on top of him. I can't believe it. I'm with him at last: bony, flat chested me. While Elliot kisses me and keeps kissing me and fumbling with my robe, I think of a word he doesn't know—besotted. I feel besotted with him, and I finally understand what everybody sees in this.
155	I should find the punk station: "Another Heart.' Fucked-Up Night" and "Watch Out! That's My Boner."



Book Summary:

A young man recalls the molestation he endured by his teacher when he was twelve years old.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities including a minor with an adult; sexual nudity; and excessive/frequent profanity.

"I think I've been torturing you. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to."

"What?" My head was spinning as her tongue found its way into the shell of my ear, flicking lightly, sending sparks down into my brain.

"It's so selfish of me," she whispered, and her hand moved farther south. When she touched my belt, I hitched up a breath and jerked involuntarily. "Shh! Shh!" she said. "It's OK."

"I'm sorr—" I started to say, but then her hand went lower, touching me through my jeans. Oh, God! She knew! She knew I had an erection! I wanted to melt away from embarrassment then and there.

"Don't be sorry. What are you sorry for?" It had to be a rhetorical question, because she shoved her tongue into my mouth just then and I was helpless as she found my zipper and pulled it down.

If I'd thought that the feel of her tongue on my ear or her nails on my naked chest were phenomenal, then I had absolutely no idea what to expect and no way to be prepared when her hand slipped into my fly. There was nothing tentative about it—her fingers didn't brush against me gently, they sought me out and grabbed. I groaned into Eve's mouth, was greeted with a groan in return.

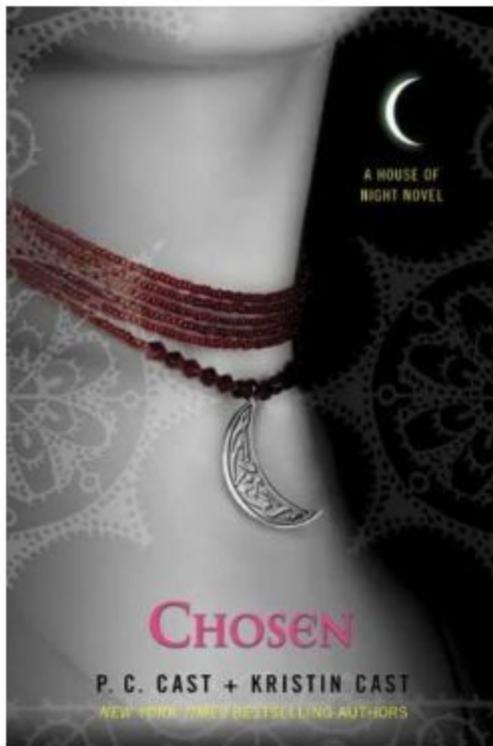
It only took a few seconds for her to navigate the fly of my boxers and then her fingers were on me directly. I saw explosions of light against my eyelids as my eyes squeezed tightly shut. Before I knew it, she had me out in the open and broke our kiss.

I looked at her as she looked down into my lap. "Well," she said. "Well."

And started to do to me what I had been doing to myself two, sometimes three, times a day. Only it was so much better.

191 | I went to Eve's every day after school, as usual, and for the first few days, we had our usual make-out session, now bolstered by the mind-blowing hand jobs that I replayed each night at home.

...The next day, on her sofa, she did something different. She fished me out of my fly and then, to my astonishment and complete disbelief, leaned down and took me into her mouth. I thought my eyes would melt out of their sockets.



..."So do you," I whispered back. Pressing myself against him I deepened the kiss. And then on impulse (ho-ish impulse at that) I took his hand from the small of my back and moved it up so that it was cupping the side of my breast. He moaned again and his kiss got harder and hotter. He slid his hand down and under my sweater, and then back up so that he had my breast in his hand, bare except for my lacy black bra.

...Okay, I'll admit it. I liked him touching my boob. It felt good. It especially felt good that I was proving to Erik that I hadn't rejected him. I moved so that he could get a better feel and somehow that little, innocent (well, semi-innocent) movement caused our mouths to slip and my front tooth nicked his bottom lip.

..." I know." I said, but that didn't stop me from staring boldly at him. I was still clutching the stupid healing rituals and spells book with one hand, but my other hand was resting on his chest. Slowly I spread my fingers so that they slid within the open neck of his button-up shirt to touch his naked skin. He shivered and I felt that shiver somewhere deep inside me.

....Loren took the hand he was fisting in my hair and pulled at his shirt so that the buttons popped, exposing his chest. Then he drew his thumbnail slowly over his left breasts, leaving behind a line of perfect scarlet. The scent of his blood wrapped around me.

..."Drink," he said.

I couldn't stop myself. I lowered my face to his chest and tasted him. His blood surged through me. It was different than Heath's-not as hot, not as rich. But it was more powerful. It pounded through me, along with a desire that was red and urgent. I moved against his body, wanting more and more."

"" Now it's my turn, I have to taste you!" Loren said.

...Before I realized what he was doing he'd wrenched off my dress. I didn't have a chance to freak about the fact that he was seeing me in nothing but my bra and panties because he took his thumb and this time sliced it across my breasts. I gasped at the sharp pain, and then his lips were on me and he was drinking my blood and the pain was replaced by waves of amazing pleasure so intense that all I could do was moan. Loren tore at his clothes while he drank me, and I helped him. All I knew was that I had to have him. Everything was all heat and sensation and desire. His hands and mouth were everywhere and still I couldn't get enough of him.

253 I wanted to remind him that Stevie Rae really didn't have much time, but his lips were on mine again and all I could think about was how good he felt against my body...that I could feel his pulse speeding up...that my heart was beating in time with his. Our kisses deepened and his hands moved down my body. I rocked against him, thinking about heat and blood and nothing but Loren...Loren...Loren...A weird choking noise broke through the haze of heat that was engulfing me. Dreamily, I turned my head as Loren trailed kisses down my naked throat, and a jolt of horror shocked through my body.

262 "She's easy to lead around. A shiny present here, a pretty compliment there, and you have true love and a popped cherry sacrificed to the god of deception and hormones." Loren laughed again. "Young girls are so ridiculous-so predictably easy."

A CLASH OF KINGS

By George R.R. martin

Shae had kicked off her blankets and sheets as she slept. She lay nude atop the featherbed, the soft curves of her young body limned in the faint glow from the hearth. Tyrion stood in the door and drank in the sight of her. Younger than Marei, sweeter than Dancy, more beautiful than Alayaya, she's all I need and more. How could a whore look so clean and sweet and innocent, he wondered? He had not intended to disturb her, but the sight of her was enough to make him hard. He let his garments fall to the floor, then crawled onto the bed and gently pushed her legs apart and kissed her between the thighs. Shae murmured in her sleep. He kissed her again, and licked at her secret sweetness, on and on until his beard and her cunt were both soaked. When she gave a soft moan and shuddered, he climbed up and thrust himself inside her and exploded almost at once. Her eyes were open. She smiled and stroked his head and whispered, "I just had the sweetest dream, m'lord." Tyrion nipped at her small hard nipple and nestled his head on her shoulder. He did not pull out of her; would that he

never had to pull out of her. "This is no dream," he promised her.

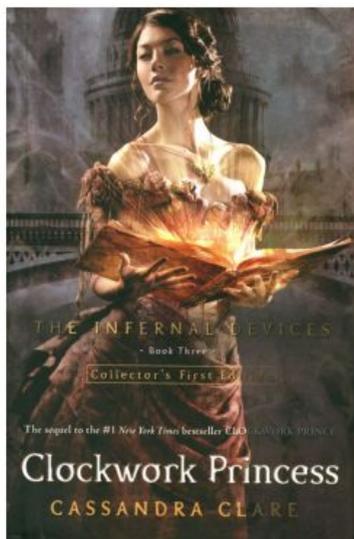
-Page 453

In one room, a beautiful woman sprawled naked on the floor while four little men crawled over her. They had rattish pointed faces and tiny pink hands, like the servitor who had brought her the glass of shade. One was pumping between her thighs. Another savaged her breasts, worrying at the nipples with his wet red mouth, tearing and chewing.

-Page 700

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities.

190 She felt the hot press of his mouth again at the hollow of her throat, then lower. His kissed ended where her dress began. She felt her heart beating beneath his mouth, as if trying to reach him, trying to beat for him. She felt his shy hand slip around her body, to where the lacings fastened her dress closed...

415 Her words were cut off, for he had caught hold of her and pulled her against him, and crushed his lips down against hers. For a split second it was almost painful, sharp with desperation and thinly controlled hunger, and she tasted salt and heat in her mouth and the grasp of his breath. And then he gentled, with a force of restraint she could feel all through her body, and the slide of lips against lips, the interplay of tongue and teeth, altered from the pain to pleasure in the sliver of the moment.

...but he was not being careful now. His hands slid roughly down her back, tangling her hair, fisting in the loose fabric at the back of her dress. Half-lifting her so their bodies collided; he was against her, the long slim length of his body, hard and fragile at the same time. Her head slanted to the side as he parted her lips with his and they were not so much kissing as devouring each other. Her fingers gripped his hair tightly, hard enough that it must have hurt, and her teeth grazed his bottom lip. He groaned and pulled her tighter, making her grasp for air.

...She held tight to his back and shoulders as he carried her over to the bed and laid her down on it.

...He sucked in his breath and closed his eyes, his body going very still. She ran her fingers along the waistband of his trousers, her heart pounding, hardly knowing what she was doing...Her hand curved about his waist, thumb flicking against his hipbone, drawing him down.

He slid down over her, slowly, elbows resting on either side of her shoulders.

...He lowered himself slowly, slowly, until their lips just brushed. She arched upward, wanting to meet his mouth with hers, but he drew back, nuzzling her cheek, now his lips pressing the corner of her mouth- and then along her jaw and down her throat, sending little shocks of astonished pleasure throughout her body.

...Her hands pulled at his shirt, and it came away, the buttons tearing, his head shaking free of the fabric...His hands were less sure on her dress, but it came away as well, off over her head, and was cast aside, leaving Tessa in her chemise and corset.

...she guided his hands around her until his fingers were on the strings of the corset....Will pulled her against him, gentle now, and kissed the line of her throat again, and her shoulder where the chemise bared it, his breath soft and hot against her skin until she was breathing just as hard, her hands smoothing up and over his shoulders, his arms, his sides. She kissed the white scars the Marks had left on his skin, winding herself around him until they were a heated tangle of limbs and she was swallowing down gasps he made against her mouth.

...And he moved to cover her body with his own.

A COURT OF Frost and Starlight

BY SARAH J. MAAS

Another kiss, this one to the hollow of my throat as his hands slipped around my back and began to undo the hidden buttons of my dress...I arched my neck to given him better access, and he obliged, his tongue flicking over the spot he'd just kissed. "My plan," he went on, the dress sliding from me to pool on the rug, "involved this cabin, and a wall."...My stomach tightened in anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy...Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was. "Do you want to begin at the wall, or finish there?" His words were guttural, barely recognizable, and the gleam in his eyes turned into something predatory..."Or shall it be the wall the entire time?"...Rhys didn't wait for my answer before kneeling before me, his wings draping over the rug. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. The pressed a kiss lower. Lower. My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder. Just as I found myself somehow leaning against the wall near the doorway, as if he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me. He took his time. **Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered**, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height. Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?"..."Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless. He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then."...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle. But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me. So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me. "Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite." I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him. And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped. I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin.

"About the way you taste." Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me. Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard. A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left. I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more. "But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue."...Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me. Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand. He lowered his mouth to my breast and nipped- nipped, and then licked away the hurt that sent pleasure zinging through my blood. "How you let me do such naughty, terrible things to you." His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster. Rhys only chuckled softly, cruelly, as he withheld that all-out, unhinged joining I craved. I opened my eyes long enough to peer down, to where I could see him joined with me, moving so achingly slowly in and out of me. "Do you like watching?" he breathed. "Watching me move in you?"...and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust. He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre. ...Look at how perfectly we fit. My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him...Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power...Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist...He gave me everything I wanted: the unleashed pounding of him inside my body- the unrelenting thrust and filling and slap of skin on skin, the slam of our bodies against wood. ...his body still moving in my own...Rhys spilled into me with a roar...

-Page 201



Summary of Concerns:

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

My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to cup my rear, squeezing as he bent to kiss the center of my throat. “The sounds you make when I’m inside you.” His tongue flicked over the spot where he’d kissed, and one of those sounds indeed escaped me. Rhys kissed the hollow of my collarbone, and my core went utterly molten.

But I pretended not to notice as I unbuttoned my pants and let them fall to the floor. Along with my undergarments.

Rhys’s eyes simmered.

I smirked, daring a look at his own pants. At the evidence of what, exactly, this was doing to him, pressing against the black material with impressive demand. I simply crooned, “Too bad there isn’t room in the tub for two.”

“A design flaw, and one I shall remedy tomorrow.” His voice was rough, quiet—and it slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs.

Skin to skin, Rhys nudged me toward the bed, his hands kneading my rear as I ran my own over the velvet softness of him, over every hard plane and ripple. His beautiful, mighty wings tore from his back, splaying wide before neatly tucking in.

My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling. Giving me time to reconsider, even now. My heart strained, but I pulled my mouth from his. Held his gaze as I lowered myself onto the white sheets and inched back.

Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. “Rhys,” I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue.

His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes. And it was the longing there—beneath the desire, beneath the need—it was the longing in those beautiful eyes that made me glance to the mountains tattooed on his knees.

...No playing, no delaying—I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him. He heard the edge of desperation, felt it through the mating bond flowing between us.

His eyes did not leave mine as he prowled over me, every movement graceful as a stalking plains-cat. Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them.

Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear, “You’re mine, too.”

My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back, and Rhys withdrew slightly to study my face. To read what was there. “Never again,” he promised as he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness. He kissed my brow, my temple.

Damsel

by Elana K. Arnold

She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body. - page 161

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

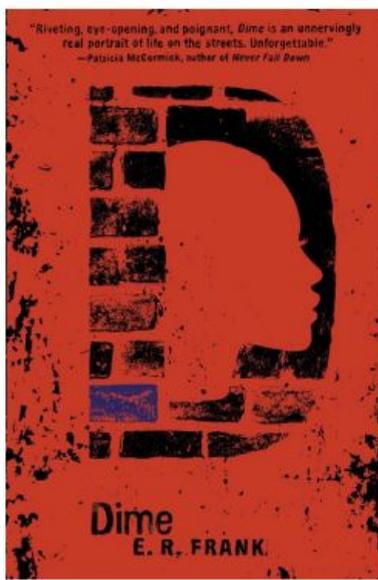
...and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened... ...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.

- page 107

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

- page 284





Summary of Concerns:

This book contains prostitution of minors; sexual activities involving minors; and profanity.

But he picked me up, just the way he had picked up Brandy that time she had her nightmare. He carried me to his room. I was so small compared to him, I felt like a newborn baby. He shut the door with his foot and lay me down in the bed with slippery, smooth sheets.

He stroked my arms with his big palm and kissed my cheeks and my mouth. "One more Minute," he whispered. "One more and then you got to go."

"Let me stay." I whispered it so quietly because it was hard to talk with how good my body felt beneath his strong hands and soft lips and because it was hard for me to talk anyway.

He sat up suddenly, frowning and bunching up his eyebrow scar as if he was mad, but I could tell he wasn't mad. "You best go, Beautiful," he told me. "Before we do something that ain't right."

"No," I said. "Please." I reached out for his hand and put it on my cheek. "Please." "Dime, you killing me," he said, and I loved how much he loved me.

"Please."

And then he was stroking me again and kissing me. "You sure, Beautiful?" He asked.

"Yes."

"You don't want to stay a virgin?"

"No," I was almost crying with wanting so badly for him to hold me close.

He kissed my lips again, and opened my mouth with his for much more than a second. I pulled back, scared. He pulled back too, kissing my forehead instead, stroking my arms and stroking my legs and stroking my whole body over my clothes, and by the time he bent to kiss my mouth with his tongue again, I wanted him to, and he knew just how to kiss and stroke until nothing felt surprising or scary but just good, and he took a long, long time peeling off my jeans and T-Shirt and pink bra and panties and a longer time stroking and kissing me even more, quietly, and over everywhere, everywhere, making me feel so good, so so so good that when his body finally eased into mine, it felt like we were flying.

73 I couldn't believe I wasn't a virgin anymore. I couldn't believe how lucky I was that my first time had been with Daddy, who loved me and knew how to make me feel so good. How could I leave him now? How could I go back to Janelle's? But he had

...The man didn't bother with any feeling good but just opened my legs, and I was surprised it was like watching it happen on TV to someone else. When he turned me around and pulled my bottom to him and did the next thing, it hurt so badly that I wanted to scream, but when he finally stopped that and turned me around

again and pushed me to my knees, making me open my mouth, I choked on him and then I think I suffocated and when I came back to life I was showing money to L.A., who was yelling at me because it wasn't enough, and there hadn't been any tunnel or light or angels singing, but I know that I had died.

EMPIRE OF STORMS

BY SARAH J. MAAS

She didn't give him the chance to explain as she traced her tongue over the seam of his lips, as her fingers unlatched the buckle of his worn sword belt... And just to see what he'd do, she palmed him through his pants. Rowan barked a curse... A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his lips 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... His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder. Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up.... She might have panicked, might have been mortified, had he not lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. "You're magnificent," he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth. 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... 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....But Rowan gripped her wrist, drawing her hand away. She opened her mouth in protest, wanting to touch more, to taste more. "Let me," Rowan growled onto the sea-slick skin between her breasts....

"Do your worst, Prince." Rowan's smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him....Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip. 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.... 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-... Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and kingdom and a world to look after. When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them...

...He leaned in, claiming her mouth as he began to move, and they let go entirely... And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him. Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan's as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass. Rowan's own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water... On and on, he spilled himself in her...

Forever...

BY JUDY BLUME

I straddled him, helping Ralph find the right angle, and when he was inside me I moved slowly- up, down and around- up, down and around- until I couldn't control myself anymore. "Oh God...oh, Michael...now...now" And then I came. I came before he did. But I kept moving until he groaned and as he finished I came again, not caring about anything- anything but how good it felt -Page 174

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

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

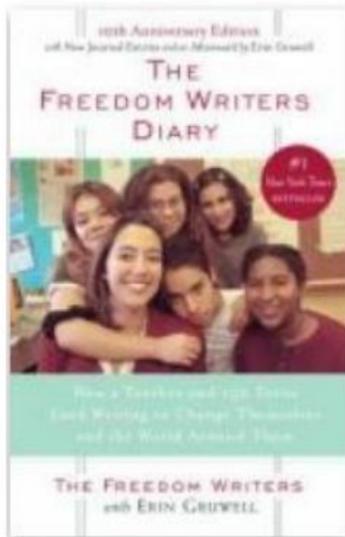
-Page 139

He rolled over on top of me and we moved together again and again and it felt so good I didn't ever want to stop- until I came. ...He led my hand to his penis. "Katherine...I'd like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She's a very good friend of mine." ... When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn't let go of Ralph.

-Page 77

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; profanity and derogatory terms; violence including child abuse and molestation; hate including racist commentary; alcohol and drug abuse.

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/5

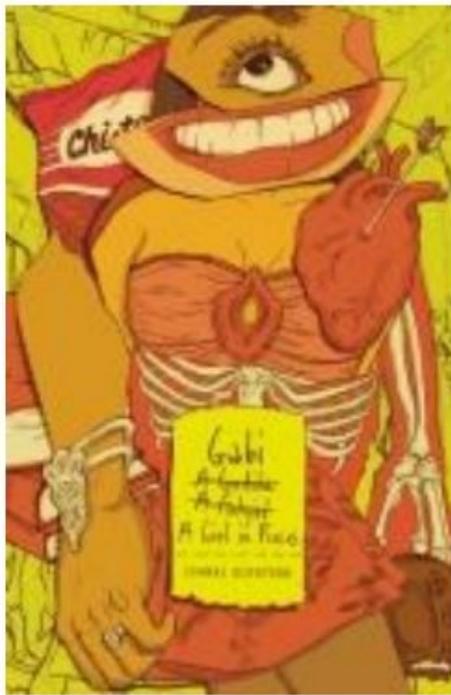
Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

13 | I opened my backpack, took the gun out, and put it in my waist, then I slowly walked to the back and waited for the door to open.
... "Fuck them niggas..."
... Usually, I would have run, but this time I had a gun. I knew they were getting closer, so I turned around, reached for my gun, took it out, and pointed the gun at his head.
... I put the gun back in my waist, and went home. No big deal, just another day in the 'hood.

100 | I was put in rehab after our toast for change for possession of marijuana, but now that I'm in rehab, I'm addicted to speed.
... When I think of an addict I think of someone walking the streets, begging people for change, sucking dick for a score, leaving their babies in the trash still alive.
... For me, a quick line has turned into a fast hit from the glass pipe. The higher the intensity, the better the high. That's my preferred party favor, the glass pipe.

127 | "Hmm? What is that? Who's touching me?" Whatever it was. I didn't like it... it was Uncle Joe. What was he doing to me? Whatever it was, I wanted him to stop. I opened my mouth to tell him to stop, but the words wouldn't come. It was as if a ton of bricks had fallen on me, knocking the air from my lungs, making me unable to speak.
I felt his body right next to mine and his breathing got stronger and stronger. He was touching me in places I didn't know could make me feel so dirty. I didn't move a muscle. I made my body as hard as a rock, as he slowly slid his hand up my shirt caressing my back and the side of my breasts. He kept on trying to make me lie on my back, but he was unsuccessful.
He got closer and closer. I could actually feel his skin touching mine. The feel of his sweat and his lips on my skin made me want to cry. A gigantic lump formed in my throat and to this day, nothing makes it go away. Uncle Joe wasn't being rough with me, which made it hard for me to decide whether or not what he was doing to me was wrong. It tore me up inside to think he would actually do me any harm. I was only a little girl, but I knew what he was doing was wrong. But why? Uncle Joe is the most righteous person I've ever met... After Uncle Joe invaded me, he got up for a drink of water.

150 | "As his penis twirled in my mouth, thoughts of the popcorn he promised me ran through my mind..."



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; profanity; drug and alcohol abuse; alternate gender ideologies; references to self-harm; controversial racial and social commentary; and racist and homophobic references.

- | | |
|----|--|
| 56 | He revealed that Pedro is really a good kisser, has a big "package" (though Sebastian used another word which I feel uncomfortable even writing)... |
| 59 | ...his hands on my waist, my back on the wall, my insides on fire, ALL my skin vibrating, lips set- I could almost taste peppermint...suddenly we heard, "What are you two doing?" ... |

74	Maybe she hoped we'd show him our mighty vaginas and fuck the gay out of him. Maybe she figures Cindy is a good candidate for sleeping around. ...That being straight is not a choice, or that being gay is not a choice.
----	---

82	For the first time in my life, on my hip, a man's manhood. It was touching me. ...I did the first thing that came to mind to save me from further exposure to the male anatomy which seemed to be where this guy was headed-... ...No, it didn't feel good at all. For me at least. I mean, it hurt and wasn't what I
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	expected it would be like. I thought it would feel good, but it was mostly uncomfortable, after the pain was gone. There was a little blood on my underwear when I got home. It was just...it was so...I don't know. It was definitely not how I imagined I would give it up. I mean we did it in the back of German's mom's car. And you know how dirty she is. There was a mess in there. I think there was a Cheerio in my butt at one point.
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	...I have no problem talking about sex with Cindy and Sebastian. Like Sebastian told us about how he practically had sex with Pedro. Well, I guess he did because going down on someone probably counts as sex. Although I think that's pretty gross. I mean guys pee from there!
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232	I definitely wanted to kiss him back. Maybe I did. Just a little bit, to see how he tasted. My body wanted it. Needed it. Really bad. I could feel it everywhere, my elbows, my chest, between my legs, my toes.
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	German raped Cindy. She told us tonight when we were over at her place just hanging out and talking about prom and joking about people having sex in their parent's back seat, and I made some dumb comment about her and German, and she started crying.
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	...She said she was a little drunk when German and her started making out in the car, and he started pulling up her dress, and she was all for it at first, but then she changed her mind, and he said that she had already said yes, and she couldn't say no and that was that. She said he didn't hit her or treat her badly, but he held her down, and she cried the whole time.
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#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

GEORGE R. R.
MARTIN



A GAME OF
THRONES

Book Summary:

A series of events, including the murder of a king, set the stage for war among regions within a fantasy world.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; explicit sexual activities; sexual assault; nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and suicidal ideations.

29 "Let them see that you have a woman's shape now." His fingers brushed lightly over her budding breasts and tightened on a nipple. "You will not fail me tonight. If you do, it will go hard for you. You don't want to wake the dragon, do you?" His fingers twisted her, the pinch cruelly hard through the rough fabric of her tunic.

59 Her loins still ached from the urgency of his lovemaking. It was a good ache. She could feel his seed within her.

84 Inside the room, a man and a woman were wrestling. They were both naked. Bran could not tell who they were. The man's back was to him, and his body screened the woman from view as he pushed her up against a wall.
There were soft, wet sounds. Bran realized they were kissing. He watched, wide-eyed and frightened, his breath tight in his throat. The man had a hand down between her legs, and he must have been hurting her there, because the woman started to moan, low in her throat. "Stop it," she said, "stop it, stop it. Oh, please..." But her voice was low and weak, and she did not push him away. Her hands buried themselves in his hair, his tangled golden hair, and pulled his face down to her breast.
Bran saw her face. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open, moaning. Her golden hair swung from side to side as her head moved back and forth, but still he recognized the queen.

108 He began to undress her.

His fingers were deft and strangely tender. He removed her silks one by one, carefully, while Dany sat unmoving, silent, looking at his eyes. When he bared her small breasts, she could not help herself. She averted her eyes and covered herself with her hands.

"No," Drogo said. He pulled her hands away from her breasts, gently but firmly, then lifted her face again to make her look at him. "No," he repeated.

"No," She echoed back at him.

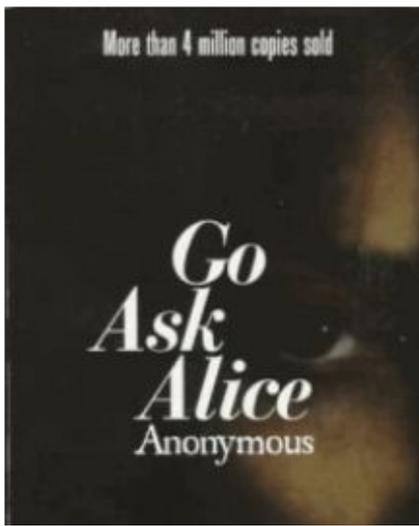
He stood her up then and pulled her close to remove the last of her silks. The night air was chilly on her bare skin. She shivered, and gooseflesh covered her arms and legs. She was afraid of what would come next, but for a while nothing happened. Khal Drogo sat with his legs crossed, looking at her, drinking in her body with his eyes.

After a while he began to touch her. Lightly at first, then harder. She could sense the fierce strength in his hands, but he never hurt her. He held her hands in his own and brushed her fingers, one by one. He ran a hand gently down her leg. He stroked her face, tracing the curve of her ears, running a finger gently around her mouth. He put both hands in her hair and combed it with his fingers. He turned her around, massaged her shoulders, slid a knuckle down the path of her spine.

It seemed as if hours passed before his hands finally went to her breasts. He stroked the soft skin underneath until it tingled. He circled her nipples with his thumbs, pinched them between thumb and forefinger, then began to pull at her, very lightly at first, then began to pull at her, very lightly at first, then more insistently, until her nipples stiffened and began to ache.

He stopped then, and drew her down onto his lap. Dany was flushed and breathless, her heart fluttering in her chest. He cupped her face in his huge hands and she looked into his eyes. "No?" he said, and she knew it was a question.

She took his hand and moved it down to the wetness between her thighs. "Yes," she whispered as she put his finger inside her.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities including sexual assault and prostitution involving minor; drug abuse; alcohol use; profanity and derogatory terms; and suicidal commentary.

- 41 Well, last night it happened. I am no longer a virgin!
...I wonder if sex without acid could be so exciting, so wonderful, so indescribable. I always thought it just took a minute, or that it would be like dogs mating, but it wasn't like that at all. Actually, last night it took me a long time to get started on the trip. I just sat in the corner feeling left out sort of antagonistic, then suddenly it happened and I wanted to dance wildly and make love.
...suddenly I didn't have any inhibitions about trying to seduce him, not that he needed much pressure.

Rich is good, good, good to me and sex with him is like lightning and rainbows and springtime.

- 61 He teases me and says I'm oversexed because I've been bugging him to let me try sex without being stoned first.
...I really wish we could be together stoned every night, but he only lets me come over when he restocks my acid supply and gives me enough grass and barbs to last me until I see him again.
...Maybe I am oversexed, at least I seem to be a lot more interested in it than he is.

- 108 Oh, I need a fix so bad!
...And when Doris had just turned eleven her current stepfather started having sex with her but good, and the poor little stupid bastard didn't even know what to do about it because he threatened to kill her if she ever told her mother or anyone else. So she put up with the sonofabitch balling her till she was twelve. Then one day when he had hurt her pretty bad she told her gym teacher why she couldn't

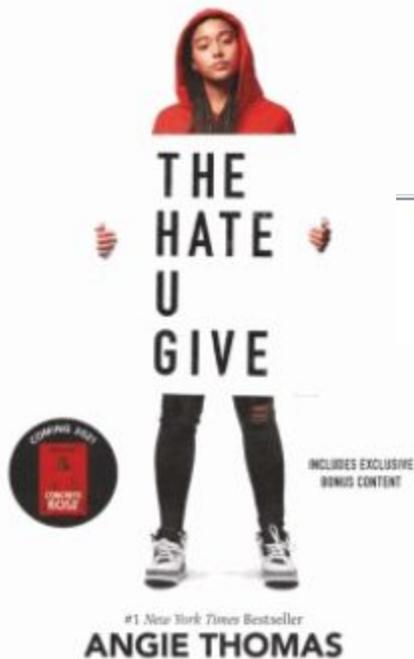
- 112 If I don't give Big Ass a blow he'll cut off my supply.
...What a bastard world without drugs! The dirty ofay who wants me to lay it on him knows my ass is dragging, but he's doling out the only supply I know about. I'm almost ready to take on the Fat Cats, the Rich Philistines, or even the whole public for one good shot. Goddamn Big Ass makes me do it before he gives me the load. Everybody is just lying around here like they're dead and Little Jacon is yelling, "Mama, Daddy can't come now. He's humping Carla."

- 126 Naked girls were dancing around, making love to statues. I remember one girl ran her tongue along a statue and he came along and took her off into the high, blue grass. I couldn't really see what was happening, but he was obviously putting it to her. I felt so sexy I wanted to break wide open and run after them.
..."Mighty kind y'all. I hope you have a nice orgasm with your dog tonight."

- 197 It might be great because I'm practically a virgin in the sense that I've never had sex except when I've been stoned and I'm sure without drugs I'll be scared out of my mind.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial commentary; excessive/frequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.



51 "You mean y'all wanna justify what that pig did," Daddy says. "Investigate my ass."
 ... "A sixteen-year-old black boy is dead because a white cop killed him. What else could it be?"

81 Fooling around isn't new for us, and when Chris slipped his hand into my shorts, I didn't think anything of it. Then he got me going, and I really wasn't thinking. At all. For real, my thought process went out the door. And right as I was at that moment, he stopped, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a condom. He raised his eyebrows at me, silently asking for an invitation to go all the way. All I could think about was those girls I see walking around Garden Heights, babies propped on their hips. Condom or no condom, shit happens.
 ...I left his house pissed and horny, the absolute worst way to leave.

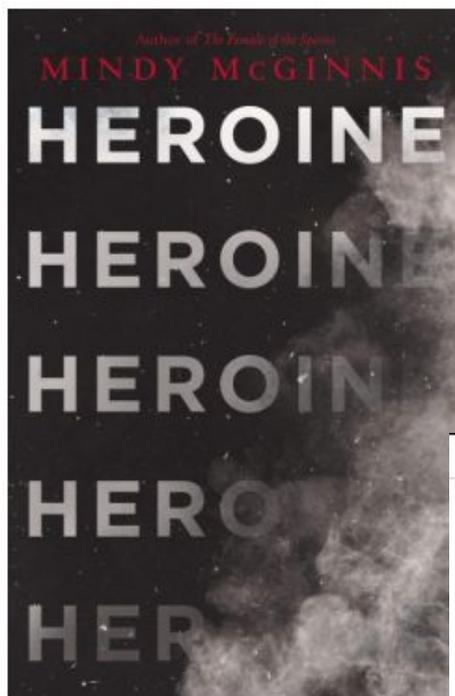
131 "I still can't believe you slept with that nasty ho."

3 A haze lingers over the room, smelling like weed, and music rattles the floor.

5 Plus, if I pull it over my nose, I can't smell the weed.

377 I slip my hand in his pants, heading for the bulge.

Profanity	Count
Ass	101
Bitch	14
Fuck	97
Goddamn/Goddammit	15
Nigga	9
Piss	24
Shit	228



Book Summary:

A teenage girl becomes addicted to oxycontin and heroine after sustaining a sports injury.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains drug abuse; alcohol use; profanity; and sexual commentary.

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Bitch	2
Dick	5
Fuck	46
Piss	15
Pussy	2
Shit	61

29 "...Can I rub your back? How about your vagina?"

30 "Damn," Bella Right says, spotting the lineup of orange bottles on my dresser. "That's some serious pills, girl." She picks up one, reading the label. "Oxy." She whistles. "Nice."

"For real?" Bella Left asks, reaching over my stomach for the bottle. She takes it from Bella Right, shaking the little white tabs inside. I keep the leftover smile on my face pasted on.

I pop one of those twenty minutes before I need to get up, relying on the warm fuzzies it provides to push me through the pain and get me on my feet. I couldn't even get a shower if it wasn't for the Oxy, and my teammates tossing the bottle around like a scuffed-up softball sets me a little on the edge.

"You could get some serious cash for these," Bella Left says, eyeing my dresser. "Like, maybe even a new car."

127 "I'm even better at scanner codes than I am at blow jobs," she says, sucking on her fork.

"Look, kids, all the needle does is take out the middleman. The Oxy goes Straight into your bloodstream; you don't have to wait for it to get absorbed."

It's pure logic, not taking into account the wicked edge of the needle, the slant of the tip and the drop of Oxy-infused water glimmering there. Jadine doesn't mention the tearing of our skin when it goes in, or the hole left behind from where we crossed that line. Jadine glances at her phone. "I got to go, guys. Either help you out or you fumble around poking each other after I leave."

That does it for me, as I imagine Josie's shaky hands or Edith's soft, unfamiliar ones having a go at the inside of my elbow. At least Jadine knows what she's doing. I roll up my sleeve and do as she says, making a fist, then watching as she finds a vein. She shows us how to pull back on the syringe So we see the blood flowing into the water, proof we've hit a vein.

I'm used to waiting for my Oxy, and I almost enjoy those ten minutes or so of anticipation, knowing that relief is on the way and all I have to do is relax and enjoy it. But then Jadine pushes the plunger and I get everything, all at once, pure bliss in a rush that almost lifts me right up off the ground.

Fuck waiting.

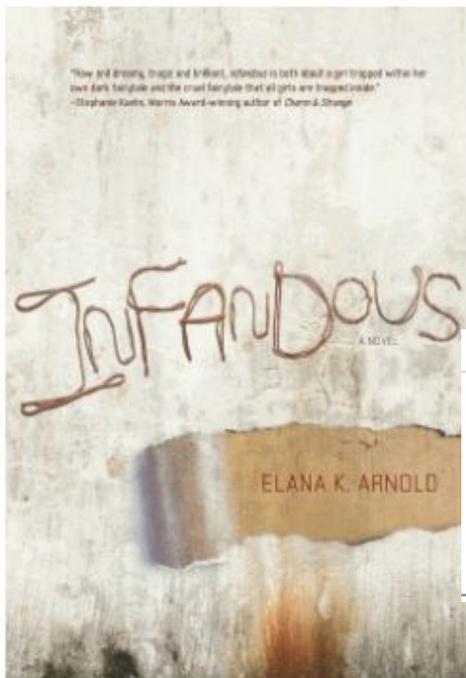
"But what do I do?" I ask again.

"Shit, I don't know, Mickey. You're shooting heroin. people die. That's it."

"That's not it," I argue, useless words that only make his more powerful.

"Look, do you want anything or not? I missed three calls talking about this."

"FUCK YOU!" I shout so loudly my spine vibrates. "My friends are fucking dead!"



Summary of Concerns:

This book has profanity, explicit sexual activities involving minors with adults; and alcohol use.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

51 Eugene's penis was way bigger than a teen-sized tampon.

52 Too old for me.

But I decided I wanted him anyway, and so I shifted myself on the board so that the fading light was behind me and I used both hands to wind my hair at the base of my neck, knowing perfectly well that this gesture thrust my breasts out in front of me, pushing them against the sealskin of my black wetsuit, knowing from his gaze that he liked what he saw.

54 ...I did go back with him to his hotel, and not just to reclaim my surfboard. I did allow him to kiss me, across my neck and down my shoulder. I did stand still as he slid my jeans down around my feet, as he pulled the strings that held on my bikini. "I've been wanting to do this all day," he murmured as the bows came undone, first the one across my back and then the other, behind my neck. ...And when he laid me on the bed, the soft white duvet pluming up around me like a cloud, I wanted to be there. ...I was a flower and I opened, I softened, and I ripened and warmed. I felt, I thought, like a woman rather than a girl, and as he found his way inside me, I wondered- fleetingly- if this was what sex was like for my mother.

75 Fuck it.

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

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

75 In case you didn't know, Quarters basically goes like this: everyone sits around a table with a cup in the middle. The cup is half full of beer, if you've got it, or if it's a shot glass, then something harder. Vodka works fine, as Marissa and the others were admirably demonstrating.

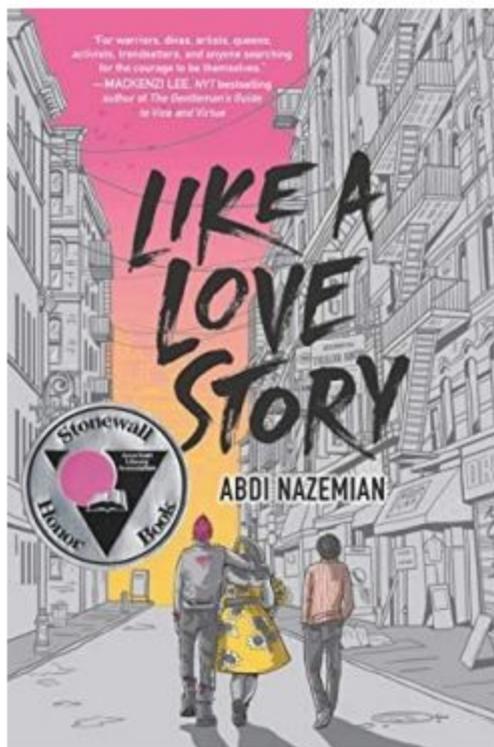
...Like, drink and then take off a piece of clothing.

148 ...and with both of them naked- my mom's age is more apparent than it's ever been. Her breasts are softer than mine and heavier, and the tips of her nipples are stretched a little.

I did that.

The triangle of her pubic hair is a shade darker than the tendrils that drape across her shoulders...

...I still have no idea what the fuck is happening...



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and profanity.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

293 "This is the only butt that matters in our relationship. No other butts, okay?"
...I laugh. I grab his ass stiffly, trying to be as coolly seductive as he is, feeling awkward and foolish instead. "Except for this butt," I say.
...I melt into his arms. I want him so bad. I want him to ravish me, I let him put a hand down my pants, feeling the smoothness of my skin in his palms.

...He smiles. I smile. We have a layer of protection between us now. He squeezes some lube onto him, then onto me. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me, or deeper into me, because he's in me now. We thrust and grunt and sweat until we almost fall off the bed.

319 I grab Saadi by the collar of this blue Lacoste polo and I pull him close to me, and I make out with him, It's furious. Our tongues explore each other. Then his hands are all over me, up the shiny fabric of the purple dress I designed for this party, on my thighs. His breath is heavy, and his hips are thrusting urgently. I feel what I never felt when Reza and I kissed, an erection, Saadi is so hard. He sits up and takes his polo off. His body is thick and his chest has black hair on it. I put my hands on his chest. My fingernails are painted purple too, and they look kind of great against his skin. He puts his hands on my face with a tenderness that surprises me.
...He pulls me into a kiss. I explore his mouth with my tongue, feel every crevice of his body with my hands. The coarseness of his skin, the fuzz of his hair.
..."Take my dress off," I say, shocked by the commanding tone of my voice. He yanks at the back of my dress.
..."Carefully," I warn.
..."It's beautiful," he says as he carefully peels it off me. "So are you."
...He looks at me, taking my body in. I guide him on top of me, feel his hardness. He wants to have sex, but I tell him I'm not ready.
..."Maybe next time."
..."Next time?" I ask.
...He thrusts against me until he's done, and then he collapses, his head on my breast.

338 Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else, He thrusts faster and faster, until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me.



Book Summary:

A fourteen-year-old girl watches her family and friends from Heaven after she is brutally raped and murdered.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild profanity; alternate sexualities; sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; violence; alcohol use; and suicide commentary.

"Mr. Harvey, I really have to get home."

"Take off your clothes."

"What?"

"Take your clothes off," Mr. Harvey said. "I want to check that you're still a virgin."

"I am, Mr. Harvey," I said.

"I want to make sure. Your parents will thank me."

"My parents?"

"They only want good girls," he said.

"Mr. Harvey," I said, "please let me leave."

"You aren't leaving, Susie. You're mine now."

...I fought hard. I fought as hard as I could not to let Mr. Harvey hurt me, but my hard-as-I-could was not hard enough, not even close, and I was soon lying down on the ground, in the ground, with him on top of me panting and sweating, having lost his glasses in the struggle.

...I thought it was the worst thing in the world to be lying flat on my back with a sweating man on top of me. To be trapped inside the earth and have no one know where I was.

...Mr. Harvey started to press his lips against mine. They were blubbery and wet and I wanted to scream but I was too afraid and too exhausted from the fight. I had been kissed once by someone I liked. His name was Ray and he was Indian.

...He kissed me by my locker the day before we turned in our photos for the yearbook.

..."Don't, Mr. Harvey," I managed, and I kept saying that one word a lot. Don't. And I said please a lot too. Franny told me that almost everyone begged "please" before dying.

"I want you, Susie," he said.

"Please," I said. "Don't," I said. Sometimes I combined them. "Please don't" or "Don't please." It was like insisting that a key works when it doesn't or yelling "I've got it, I've got it, I've got it" as a softball goes sailing over you into the stands.

"Please don't."

But he grew tired of hearing me plead. He reached into the pocket of my parka and balled up the hat my mother had made me, smashing it into my mouth. The only sound I made after that was the weak tinkling of bells.

As he kissed his wet lips down my face and neck and then began to shove his hands up under my shirt, I wept. I began to leave my body; I began to inhabit the

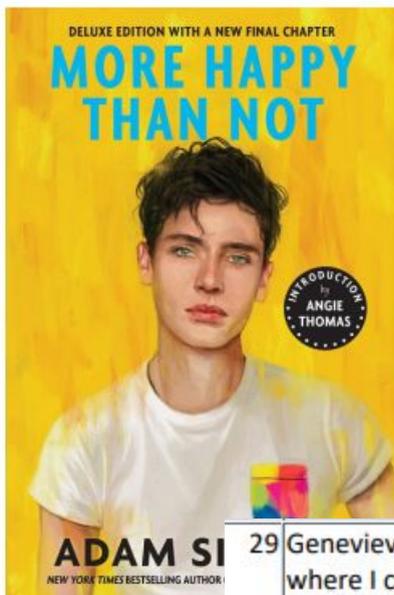
air and the silence. I wept and struggled so I would not feel. He ripped open my pants, not having found the invisible zipper my mother had artfully sewn into their side.

"Big white panties," he said.

I felt huge and bloated. I felt like a sea in which he stood and pissed and shat. I felt the corners of my body were turning in on themselves and out, like in cat's cradle, which I played with Lindsey just to make her happy. He started working himself over me.

"Susie! Susie!" I heard my mother calling. "Dinner is ready."

He was inside me. He was grunting.



Book Summary:

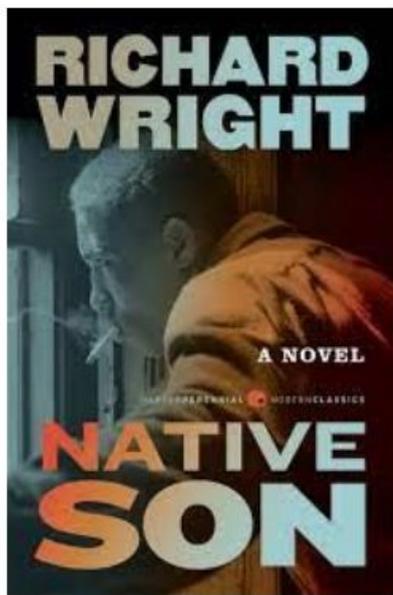
A teenage boy recalls his memories after attempting to change his sexuality and his hurtful past, by having a memory-erasing procedure.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; sexual activities; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and self-harm including suicide.

Profanity/Derogatory	Count
Ass	25
Bitch	25
Dick	14
Fag/Faggot	8
Fuck	116
Piss	20
Pussy	1
Shit	71
Spic	1

- 29 Genevieve finally loses her balance and I catch her, but not in that heroic way where I could carry her away into the sunset, or even in a funny way where she lands perfectly horizontal on top of me and we kiss. It's more like her body twists and I catch her under her arms but her legs drop and skid back, and now her face is facing my dick, and it's awkward because she's never seen it.
- 31 Only then do I see where this is going. A sexy lightbulb moment flashes, and when it does, I get up and jump so high I think I might've left an Aaron-shaped hole in the clouds. But when I come back down, I remember something very crucial: Fuck, I have no idea how to have sex.
- 33 I was hoping I could watch an unhealthy amount of porn to memorize techniques, but it's almost impossible in a one-bedroom apartment.
 ...I've even considered maybe watching porn in the morning while he's knocked out, but even naked bodies can't wake me up.
 ...He got his first blow job at thirteen from this girl Charlene, and he would go on and on about it whenever we played video games.
 ..."I'll be fast. I need to know how to have sex."
 ...He shakes his pungent weed in my face. "I gotta make some bank, A."
 "And I gotta make my girlfriend happy, B." I pull out the two condoms I bought from work yesterday and shake them in his face. "Look, just give me some tips or tell me girls don't really care about their first times or something.
- 5 "Fuck all that. I boned a bunch of girls just so I could get off and feel better."
- 39 "I'm done holding you back. If you don't go, make sure it's because you want to have sex all summer."
 ..."I should probably make sure it's worth staying for first, right?"
- 40 The last time we tried having sex I got sick from movie popcorn.
 ...I imagine myself tearing my shirt off and charging toward her for awesome sex, but I'm more likely to get tangled in my shirt, tripping over my feet, and making this everything but awesome.
- 41 I break free from her not-quite-tight grip, slide up on her, and kiss her lips and neck, and everything else I instinctively feel is right. She pulls my shirt off and it sails over my shoulder.
 "Remember that time you were half naked in my bed?" Genevieve asks, looking up at me.
 She unzips my jeans and I kick them off with much awkward difficulty while she laughs. If I thought there was any chance Genevieve would've laughed seeing me in my boxers, I would've faked a reason to get out of this.



Book Summary:

Set in Chicago in the 1930's, a young black man's fear and perceived oppression, cause him to make life-altering decisions.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; inflammatory racial commentary; controversial social commentary; sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity/derogatory terms; and alcohol use.

Mitigating Factor:

Illustrates the destructive nature of racism, oppression and inequality on oneself and society.

29 They bought tickets and walked into the darkened movie and took seats. The picture had not yet started and they sat listening to the pipe organ playing low and soft. Bigger moved restlessly and his breath quickened; he looked round in the shadows to see if any attendant was near, then slouched far down in his seat. He glanced at Jack and saw that Jack was watching him out of the corners of his eyes. They both laughed.
 "You at it again?" Jack asked.
 "I'm polishing my nightstick," Bigger said.
 They giggled.
 "I'll beat you," Jack said.
 "Go to hell."
 The organ played for a long moment on a single note, then died away.
 "I'll bet you ain't even hard yet," Jack whispered.
 "I'm getting hard."
 "Mine's like a rod," Jack said with intense pride.

80 Mary slumped down in the seat and sighed. Her legs sprawled wide apart. The car rolled along. Bigger's head was spinning.
 ...She was very drunk.

81 She's drunk, really drunk, Bigger thought.

82 "I sure am drunk. . ."

...But she was beautiful, slender, with an air that made him feel that she did not hate him with the hate of other white people. But, for all of that, she was white and he hated her.

... "I didn't know I was sho drunk," she mumbled.

He led her slowly up the narrow stairs to the kitchen door, his hand circling her waist and the tips of his fingers feeling the soft swelling of her breasts.

84 He stared at her dim face, the forehead capped with curly black hair. He eased his hand, the fingers spread wide, up the center of her back and her face came toward him and her lips touched his, like something he had imagined. He stood her on her feet and she swayed against him. He tightened his arms as his lips pressed tightly against hers and he felt her body moving strongly. The thought and conviction that Jan had had her a lot flashed through his mind. He kissed her again and felt the sharp bones of her hips move in a hard and veritable grind. Her mouth was open and her breath came slow and deep.

He lifted her and laid her on the bed. Something urged him to leave at once, but he leaned over her, excited, looking at her face in the dim light, not wanting to take his hands from her breasts. She tossed and mumbled sleepily. He tightened his fingers on her breasts, kissing her again, feeling her move toward him. He was aware only of her body now; his lips trembled.



Book Summary:

The events leading up and the aftermath of a school shooting are uncovered.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; violence; controversial social and political commentary; controversial religious commentary; alternate sexualities; hate; abortion; and suicide commentary.

- 223 She felt Matt's lips move from her cheek to her neck to the spot behind her ear that always made her feel like she was dissolving. She was a novice at fooling around, but Matt had coaxed her further and further each time they were alone. It's your fault, he'd say, and give her that smile. If you weren't this hot, I'd be able to keep my hands off you. That alone was an aphrodisiac to Josie. Her? Hot? And—just as Matt had promised every time—it did feel good to let him touch her everywhere, to let him taste her. Every incremental intimacy with Matt felt as if she were falling off a cliff—that loss of breath, those butterflies in her stomach. ...Now she felt his hands moving under her T-shirt, slipping beneath the lace of her bra. Her legs tangled with his; he rubbed up against her. When Matt tugged up her shirt, so that the cool air feathered over her skin, she snapped back to reality. "We can't do this," she whispered.

I want you.

...She heard the rip of a foil condom packet—How long had he been carrying that around? Then he tore at his jeans and hiked up her skirt, as if he still expected her to change her mind. Josie felt Matt pulling aside the elastic of her underwear, the burn of his finger pushing inside her. This was nothing like the times before, when his touch had left a track like a comet over her skin; when she found herself aching after she told him she wanted to stop. Matt shifted his weight and came down on top of her again, only this time there was more burning, more pressure. "Ow," she whimpered, and Matt hesitated.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said.

She turned her head away. "Just do it," Josie said, and Matt pushed his hips flush against hers. It was the kind of pain that—even though she was expecting it—made her cry out.

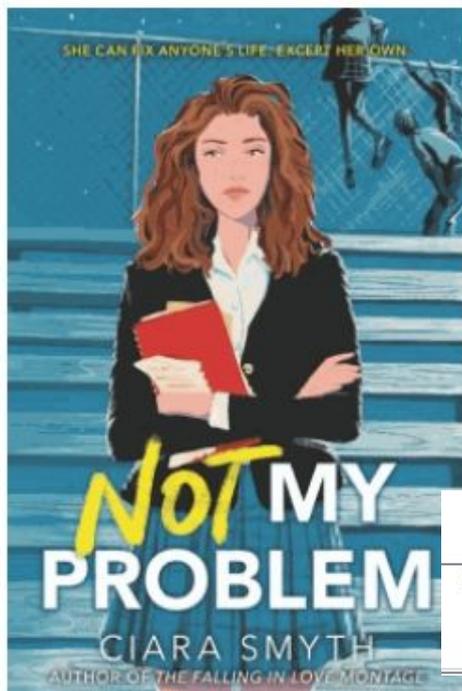
Matt mistook that for passion. "I know, baby," he groaned. She could feel his heartbeat, but from the inside, and then he started to move faster, bucking against her like a fish released from a hook onto a dock.

Josie wanted to ask Matt whether it had hurt the first time he had done it, too. She wondered if it always would hurt. Maybe pain was the price everyone paid for love. She turned her face into Matt's shoulder and tried to understand why, even with him still inside of her, she felt empty.

noise. Matt had already peeled off her clothes, and now he was leaning over her like a tidal wave, pulling down his boxers. He sprang free and settled between Josie's legs.

"Hey," she said, as he tried to push into her. "Aren't you forgetting something?" "Aw, Jo. Just once, I don't want there to be anything between us."

His words could melt her just as surely as his kiss or his touch; she already knew that by now. She hated that rubbery smell that permeated the air the moment he ripped open the Trojan packet and stayed on his hands until they were finished. And God, did anything feel better than having Matt inside her? Josie shifted just a little, felt her body adjust to him, and her legs trembled.



Book Summary:

By helping a classmate solve her problems, a high school girl begins to understand how to fix her own.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; alternate sexualities; alcohol abuse; and controversial social commentary.

- | | |
|----|--|
| 6 | "There's an idea," I agreed. "Instead of flyers and badges, she could hand out test paper answers and bags of weed." |
| 13 | Everyone would think I was class and then I'd be like, Have you met my wife, Kristen Stewart? We're flying on a private jet to Maui tonight to have lots of sex and lip biting. Fuckity bye, assholes. |

102	"I don't know anyone else who would help me do something like this, especially if I'd told them what I told you. Most people would say it was my own fault for sending sexts in the first place and to accept the punishment. My friends said it was my fault for lying and I should be honest about it. They don't get it."
-----	--

103	"I didn't think it was fair for you to get in trouble when you didn't really do anything wrong. Whomst among us hasn't sent a dirty message?" I waved my arms grandly like the priest does in Mass when he gets going. "Let he who is without sext cast the first stone." I hadn't sent any sexts. But only because no one wanted to see them.
-----	---

126	"How good you'd have to be at sex for it to be considered a public service to bag as many people as possible?" ...Ronan shuddered. "Miss, you cannot be telling us you've had sex." ...I heard him mutter, "Devlin has the clap," to the boy next to him.
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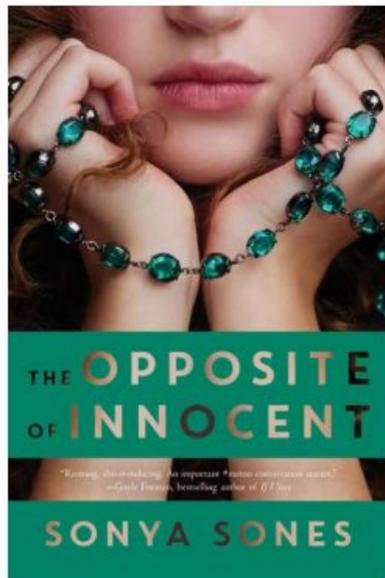
149	"Have you had unprotected sex in the last seventy-two hours?" "Yep. With a boy. And his bare penis. My bad." But that was fine.
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250	"OH RIGHT, RONAN, BECAUSE AT A PARTY YOUR TONGUE IS NO LONGER REAL AND HER MOUTH IS NO LONGER REAL AND I SUPPOSE IF YOU HAD SEX YOUR DICK WOULDN'T BE REAL EITHER."
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...A montage of images flooded my head. Even though I knew that Meabh would never consider letting me kiss her neck, loosen her school tie, unbutton her shirt, and slide my hands up her thighs on school property. It would be sacrilegious to her.

A honk of the horn brought us back to reality, just as I was feeling the urge to throw her down on her own stairs and kick this thing up a notch. We were both breathless and caught by surprise. I'd expected something soft, quick, gentle. But I got heat. Of course I

352	I wanted to leave Meabh off last and sneak up to her bedroom and have her give me a lecture about how to correctly get her off, but tonight was not the night.
-----	--



140 I try to pull away but Luke just tightens his grip on my wrist and starts murmuring about how long he's waited, how long he's waited for me to touch him like this, and about how the kissing's been lovely, the kissing's been brilliant, but a man needs more, more than just kissing, and he'll go mad, stark raving mad if we don't take things to the next level. Then suddenly-he reaches down with his free hand and

with one smooth motion, he unzips his fly. But just as he's about to press my hand down onto his boxers, I hear myself saying, "Stop!" in this weird strangled voice. And that's when I finally manage to wrench my wrist free. Luck lets out this awful groan. I shrink away from him, pulling my knees up to my chest. He rakes his fingers through his hair. "I don't get it," he says. "I thought you wanted to make me feel good. I thought you were a woman. But maybe you're still just a kid." His words burn like a slap across the face. "I'm not a kid, Luck. I'm not." "Then please, Lily. Touch me. Touch me like a woman touches a man." I look into his dark eyes and realize there's tears in them. Tears. I can't stand it. I can't stand making Luke this unhappy. I squeeze my eyes closed, so I can't see my parents watching, (the parents' pictures were hanging on the wall). Then I grit my teeth and let him ease my hand onto him, fighting back tears of my own. He moans and whispers the words I've waited to all my life to hear him say: "I love you, Lily, I love you...I love you..."

144 He sighs like he's never felt anything so good in his life. Then suddenly he gasps, and scrunches up his face, almost like he's in agony or something. A second later, his head drops back against the couch, and I realize he's finished. As he sits there with his eyes closed, catching his breath, I get this weird feeling-like he's forgotten I'm even here. And a couple pf minutes after that, his mouth falls open and he starts snoring. I turn away from him and curl up into a ball on the cushion beside him.

148 He ushers me into the backseat with him, kisses me for a while, then unzips his pants and asks me to do the same thing I did last time. When I reach for him he moans, then locks his hands behind his head and starts telling me he loves me.

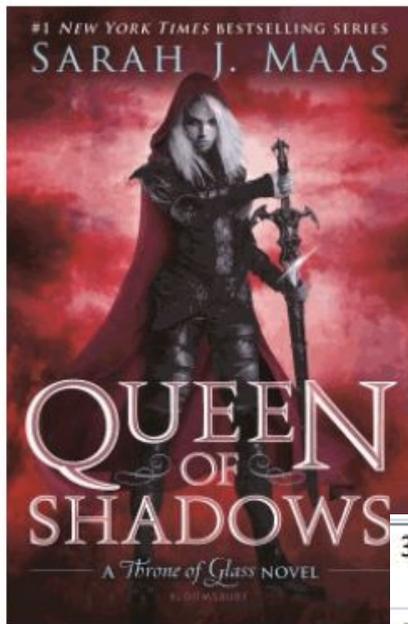
150 When we got there, he tugged me into the backseat, unzipped his fly, and asked me to do the same thing as the last two times. But even though he said he loved me, being with him didn't seem as romantic as it used to be-back when all we were doing was kissing. And his kisses felt...different today. He pressed so hard it was like he was trying to pulverize my lips with his. So hard I wanted to pull away and say, "you're hurting me!" but he might have thought I was acting like a kid if I did that.

drifting over my shoulders...I feel Luke's hands gliding along my thighs...I feel Luke's hands sliding up under my skirt!

...My eyes pop open. The champagne lurches in my stomach. I try to push his hands away, but suddenly my panties are around my ankles and I'm struggling to sit up, but he's easing down onto me, pinning me under the crushing dead weight of his body.

...He starts fumbling wit his fly. Tugging at his jeans and everything's happening so fast as now his cold hands are on my knees and he's trying to spread my legs apart but I'm clamping them together, clawing at his fingers, trying to pry them off me, and all the while he's kissing my neck, murmuring, "come on, Lily. You want this. You know you do. I've waited so long for you. I can't wait a minute more. I love you...I love you so much."

...And that's when I hear three voices-the voices of my heart and my mind and my body. And all of them are screaming just one word. Nooooo! It's so earsplitting it shocks Luke into pulling back. And the second he does I'm slam both fists into his chest and shove him off me. Then I leap up from the bed but he grabs my wrist and yanks me back down and now his arms are closing around ne and every muscle in my body is tensing, bracing for what's coming next.



258	He wasn't like other men—not even close. There was so little she could do to jar him, taunt him. A naked body was a naked body. Especially hers. ...She rolled over. "You mean to tell me the females in Doranelle don't have scandalous nightclothes? Or anywhere else in the world?" ..."My encounters with other females usually didn't involve parading around in nightclothes." "And what clothes did they involve?" "Usually, none at all."
277	Kaltain had been shoved up against the wall, the neck of that too-flimsy gown tugged to the side, her breast nearly out. There was such emptiness on her face—as if she weren't even there at all.
338	It was what Arobynn wanted—for her to think of him as she rubbed the oil into every inch of her skin. For her breasts, her thighs, her neck to smell like almond—his chosen scent. His scent, because he knew that a Fae male had come to stay with her, and all signs pointed to their being close enough for scent to matter to Rowan.

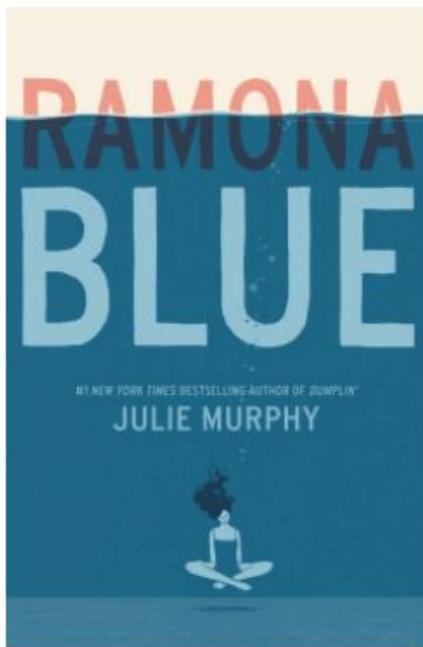
379	Blood stained Lysandra's skin and matted her hair, and patches had soaked through the thin silk robe that did little to hide her nakedness.
399	The pink silk clung to her waist and slid over her hips as she approached the bed, revealing the glorious length of her bare legs, still lean and tan from all the time they'd spent outdoors this spring. A strip of pale yellow lace graced the plunging neckline, and he tried—gods damn him, he honestly tried—not to look at the smooth curve of her breasts as she bent to climb into bed.

503	Asterin unbuttoned her jacket and shrugged it off into the flowers. She removed her shirt, and the one beneath, until her golden skin glowed in the sunlight, her breasts full and heavy. Asterin turned, and Manon fell to her knees in the grass. There, branded on Asterin's abdomen in vicious, crude letters was one word: UNCLEAN
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She shut her eyes, every sense narrowing on that sensation, on the teeth and mouth at her throat, on the powerful body trembling with restraint above hers. His tongue flicked against her skin. She made a small noise that might have been a moan, or a word, or his name. He shuddered and pulled back, the cool air kissing her neck. Wildness—pure wildness sparked in those eyes. Then he thoroughly, brazenly surveyed her body, his nostrils flaring delicately as he scented exactly what she wanted.
Her breathing turned ragged as he dragged his stare to hers—hungry, feral, unyielding. "Not yet," he said roughly, his own breathing uneven. "Not now."

614	She'd lost track of how long they'd kissed for, how long she'd lost herself in him. But then she'd taken his hand and laid it on her breast, and he'd growled in a way that made her toes curl and her back arch ... and then wince at the remnant of pain flickering in her body. He had pulled back at that wince, and when she'd tried to convince him to keep going, he'd told her that he had no interest in bedding an invalid, and since they'd already waited this long, she could cool her heels and wait some more. Until she was able to keep up with him, he'd added with a wicked grin.
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653	She would never forget how those guards had leered at her naked body, why her uncle had sold her to Duke Perrington.
657	She was delicately built, small enough that he might have thought her barely past her first bleed were it not for the full breasts beneath her close-fitting leathers.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; inexplicit sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; alternate sexualities; and inflammatory racial commentary.

18	"...We're young. We're supposed to have sex with stupid people and get high at public parks or something."
19	That, combined with his cutoff jorts and his Budweiser tank top, give him this dirty seventies porn-star look that would make anyone else seem like a pedophile, but not Saul. ...Saul pours me a glass of Diet Coke and, after checking to make sure no one is around, adds a splash of whiskey.
25	Nineties heroin chic, Grace called it.
34	They'll tell him that I'm the white trash lesbian from the trailer park and that I'm so far down the social food chain that even the bottom-feeders are above me, which is why, unlike Ruth and Saul, no one really made a fuss when I came out. No one's really concerned with the sexual identity of a girl from a local trailer park. ..."Just that panty-dropping charm," I call.
36	Then there are the handful of times we've bought morning-after pills...

66	"Ooh, FaceTime sex?" I joke.
78	She yawns, and then adds, "All that's on is soft-core porn and infomercials." ..."And what do you know about soft-core porn?"
79	Grace wasn't the first girl I had sex with.
83	"What? I know you've been getting up early to stroke it."
85	I'm not this sex-crazed maniac or anything, but I'm a human being. I think about sex. Girls think about sex. Sometimes a lot. I hate this idea that boys are thinking about sex nonstop and girls are thinking about- what?
91	We weave in and out of rooms, searching for a corner to claim. Everyone in the living room is grinding their baby-makers together, while the dining room is reserved for drinking games, and all the people on the patio are either passing around blunts or gathering around tall bongos.
92	She responds, parting my lips with hers and not being at all shy with her tongue. With Freddie, it's not a matter of if we will have sex. It's a matter of when. ...Freddie wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me back to him. I press my hand against his chest, and he runs a finger over the evil-eye bracelet. "I've only been with Viv," he says. "But you know that." "Do you are you ready to be with someone else?" I ask. "Are you?" he asks. "I think I've found the right person." His fingers begin to roam again, and it's not long before my skirt is rucked up around my waist and his hand is discovering places it's never been.

I pull him up by his biceps and he's on top of me. "I'm ready," I tell him. And so is he. Or at least his body tells me that he is.
I slip my hands under the elastic waist of his sweatpants and run my fingers down along his thighs. He sits up a little and takes off his tank top, revealing the acne scars on his shoulders. We both look down to the point where our bodies meet, and I place his hands on the button of my jeans and nod. Carefully, he undresses my lower half. I slide backward toward the head of the bed to help him pull my jeans off, and soon we're both sitting there on his bed, completely naked.

RED HOOD

By Elana K. Arnold

...his kisses, tracing a path down your neck, his hands pulling low the sweetheart neckline of your dress, his nose brushing your right nipple, and then, a moment later, his lips capturing it, his tongue circling, circling, his teeth skimming and biting, not hard...enough to make your legs begin to quiver.

And then he pushes up the tulle and satin of your skirt, rustling like wrapping paper coming undone, and his hands reach and find the lace panties you bought just especially for this occasion, and slowly, so slowly, he pulls them down your thighs, and you lift your hips to help him slide them free...high heels abandoned in the front seat, so there is nothing to stop your panties from coming all the way off.

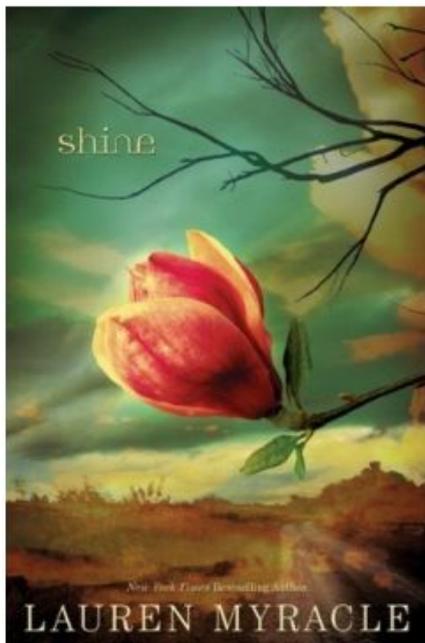
...How much you want him to put his mouth on you, there, right there, at the crux of you. Your head rolls with desire, frustration, as he moves his kisses from your right thigh to your left as his fingers run up and down your legs, all the way down to your toes but never up all the way to your aching center. At last, at last, he's found his way there, a

hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them, and he's not teasing you, not now, not anymore, he's earnest in his desire to bring you desire, and yes, you think, as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart, as you come undone beneath his hands, it is important to be earnest if this is what earnestness brings...the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure...You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive, and it bursts like a shaken-up can of soda, it tickles and it burns and it ripples from your center outward, in pulses of sensation so intense you are pinned by them, and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails, hitting the damp cold glass and streaking away the steam, and your eyes open as the pleasure ebbs,... James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he's crouched between your thighs, and he smiles,...

-PAGE 9

...the tight black curls of his pubic hair surrounding his erection. It's wet-tipped and urgent, and you stroke it with your fingers...find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina. It feels thick there, sort of scary, and there is a moment when you wonder how on earth it will fit inside, but James_ doesn't rush you, and you lower yourself onto him, his hands gentle on your hips, not trying to tell you what to do. His eyes are closed, his head is back, and you look at him through the soft curtain of your hair as you sink all the way down, as you feel a tear deep inside you, painful but not terrible, as you feel yourself full of him, of James. And then you move, careful and slow, your hands on his chest, his on your hips, your thighs, and it's not long before his face tightens up, he makes a low groan, and he shivers beneath you. You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften.

-PAGE 105



Book Summary:

A thirteen-year-old girl discovers hidden secrets about drugs, alcohol, and sexuality in her small town while seeking to uncover whom assaulted her homosexual friend.

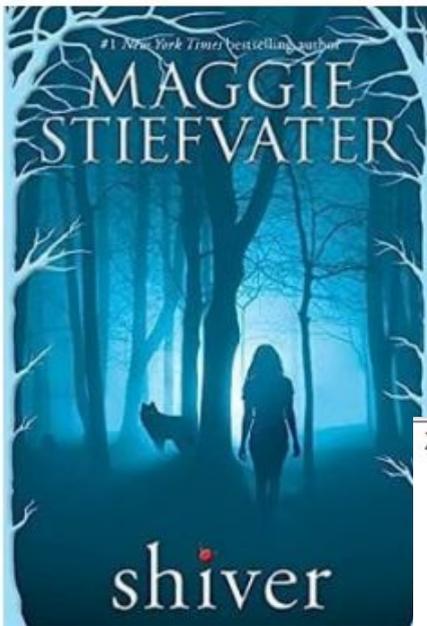
4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity and derogatory terms; alternate sexualities; pedophilia; sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use and abuse; and violence.

- 148 | Destiny sux cock.
- 149 | I said, my brain going straight to meth-crank-ice-crystal.
- 154 | His stoner act was just that, regardless of how much dope he actually smoked.
- 156 | He liked girls, and the younger the better. Every winter he came into town for the Christmas pageant, because seeing little kids in angel robes gave him a boner. In the summer, he'd show up at the lake where younger kids went swimming- not Suicide Rock,...
- ...His thing made a teepee out of his swim trunks, right there in front of God and every living soul.
- Once he asked Gwennie if she wanted him to teach her to float on her back. I was ten. She was nine. We'd both known how to float on our backs for years.
- 277 | His breath smelled like my daddy's corn liquor. He fumbled at the elastic of my panties, but my cutoffs were too tight, and he couldn't work his fingers to where he wanted. "C'mon now, Cat. Lemme feel how wet you are."
- I didn't know what he meant. I pressed my spine into the sofa to get away from him, but moving like that raised my hips and loosened the hug of my shorts. His fingers slithered under my panties.
- "Oh yeah," he said, moving his fingers the best he could. "See now?"
- I was lost. Tommy was touching a part of me that no one was supposed to. I was pushing against him, but he was so much bigger than me. And my throat, it was like someone had wrapped a band around it and cinched it so tight, I could hardly breathe. The sounds I made- because I tried, I did- they came from some other girl. They were please and stop, but so trembly that they simply shuddered up into the air.
- 279 | By that point, Tommy had unbuttoned my shorts and yanked them down around my thighs, along with my panties. I was gripping them, trying to get them back up, but he was stronger. He no longer had his hand down my tank top, but instead his right arm stretched along the back of the sofa, bearing his weight while his left arm rode the length of my belly, straight as a rod until the sharp flex of his wrist. With Aunt Tildy standing frozen behind him in the doorway, he got one finger up inside me. I whimpered. He kept at it, the heel of his palm driving into my pelvic bone, until he got in two more.
- Then he moaned. That sick bastard moaned, and Aunt Tildy snapped out of her trance.
- ..."I gotta go," I said through my tears and snot. I squirmed, but that just made it worse. It hurt. I could feel his fingernails, which I knew to be grimy with oil, and I squeezed shut my eyes, wanting to make everything disappear.
- There was a bang outside, explosively loud, and Tommy jerked away. He jumped to his feet and said, "Fuck," as panicked as I'd ever heard him. He straightened his jeans as best he could over the bulge of his crotch, but already he was striding for the door and out of the house.



Book Summary:

A teenage girl falls in love with a young man who spends much of his time as a wolf.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; violence; and mild/infrequent profanity.

292 All of me wanted to kiss her hard enough to make me disappear. I braced my arms on either side of her head, the door giving out a creak as I leaned against it, and I pressed my mouth against hers. She kissed me back, lips hot, tongue flicking against my teeth, hands still behind her, body still pressed against the door. Everything in me buzzed, electric, wanting to close the few inches of space between us. She kissed me harder, breath huffing into my mouth, and bit my lower lip. Oh, hell, that was amazing. I growled before I could stop myself, but before I could even think to feel embarrassed, Grace had pulled her hands out from behind her and looped them around

my neck, pulling me to her.

"That was so sexy," she said, voice uneven. "I didn't think you could get any sexier."

I kissed her again before she could say anything else, backing into the room with her, a tangle of arms in the moonlight. Her fingers hooked into the back of my jeans, thumbs brushing my hip bones, pulling me even closer to her.

"Oh, God, Grace," I gasped. "You—you greatly overestimate my self-control."

"I'm not looking for self-control."

My hands were inside her shirt, palms pressed on her back, fingers spread on her sides; I didn't even remember how they got there. "I—I don't want to do anything you'll regret." Grace's back curved against my fingers as if my touch brought her to life. "Then don't stop."

I'd imagined her saying this in so many different ways, but none of my fantasies had come close to the breathless reality.

Clumsily, we backed onto her bed, part of me thinking we should be quiet in case her parents came home. But she helped me tug my shirt over my head and ran a hand down my chest, and I groaned, forgetting everything but her fingers on my skin. My mind searched for lyrics, words to string together to describe the moment, but nothing came. I couldn't think of anything but her palm grazing my skin.

"You smell so good," Grace whispered. "Every time I touch you, it comes off you even stronger." Her nostrils flared, all wolf, smelling how much I wanted her. Knowing what I was, and wanting me, anyway.

She let me push her gently down onto the pillows and I braced my arms on either side of her, straddling her in my jeans.

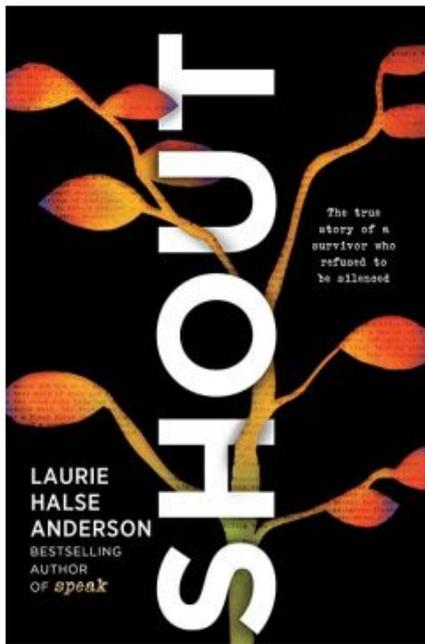
"Are you sure?" I asked.

Her eyes were bright, excited. She nodded.

I slid down to kiss her belly; it felt so right, so natural, like I'd done it a thousand times before and would do it a thousand times again.

I saw the shiny, ugly scars the pack had left on her neck and collarbone, and I kissed them, too.

Grace pulled the blankets up over us and we kicked off our clothes beneath them. As we pressed our bodies against each other, I shrugged off my skin with a growl, giving in, neither wolf nor man, just Sam.



Book Summary:

A book of poems involving sexual assault, feminist ideologies and activism.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use by minors; inflammatory gender references; and controversial social commentary.

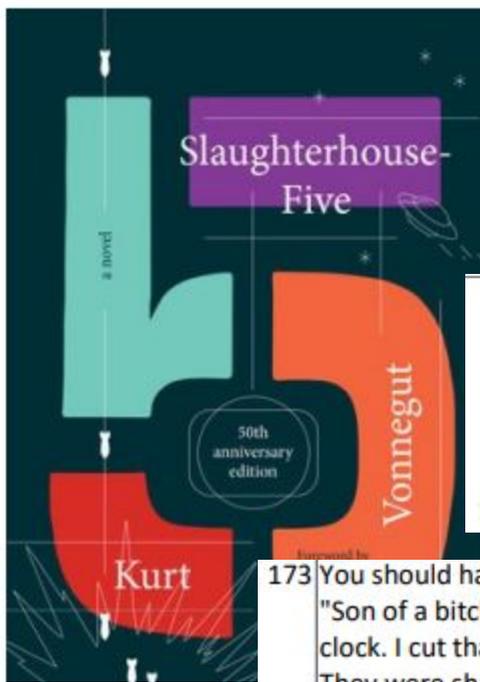
- | | |
|----|--|
| 51 | <p>He grabbed me once.
Pushed me against a brick wall, hands greased with experience arms metal cables looping around and encasing me.
I fought, tried to kick and failed, his mouth dove for my neck and I bit him until I tasted blood.</p> |
| 53 | <p>We walked down the hill to the creek, far awy from the heat, the trees our shade companions, the babble of water overrunning any need to speak we tossed pebbles in the water everything was so calm that's what I remember the calm cuz I was safe and happy tossing pebbles in the water next to tobacco-smelling boy friend, so when he turned to kiss me my mouth met his with delight, I was new to this kind of kiss and happy to play by the creek with this boy whose hands then wandered fast, too fast, too far like a flash flood overwhelming the startled banks of a creek that never once thought of defense, of damming or the need for a bridge to escape
his hands, arms shoulders back muscle sinew bone an avalanche of force the course predetermined one hand on my mouth his body covering smothering mine I took my eyes off the rage in his face and looked up to the green peace of leaves fluttering above, trees witnessing pain shame I crawled into the farthest corner of my mind bidding time hiding surviving by outsidng
and when he was done using my body he stood and zipped his jeans lit a cigarette and walked away.</p> |

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| 144 | <p>One: at community college, my health professor invited me to celebrate the A+ average he gave me for a paper I wrote about LSD he said we could drink wine at a motel, his treat he said we would have awesome sex at the motel he said his wife was totally cool with him fucking students at motels when I declined the offer and tried to leave, he chased me around the desk he blocked the exit bullying me to at least make out with him I didn't
Two: At Georgetown University, my department head invited me into his office to discuss my need for a special scholarship to study in Peru. To be able to translate Spanish, I'd need to live in a country where it was spoken I brought notes to the meeting, all my pla- he lifted his hand to interrupt me the department head said that we had been lovers centuries earlier we'd been Aztecs, had sex in the jungle he said that we were cosmic soul mates and needed to have sex again, unite our bodies- I walked out before the ritual chase around the desk</p> |
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| 191 | <p>Censorship is the child of fear the father of ignorance and the desperate weapon of fascists everywhere.</p> |
|-----|---|

roommates! I didn't get herpes from, because you are so awesome you didn't hit me, then shove your dick in my mouth! You rock!

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| 237 | <p>Dear Boss,
Just a heads-up to let you know I'm sending flowers to your mother to tell her how wonderful you are because you've never pulled out your dick and masturbated in front of me.</p> |
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Summary of Concerns:

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

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

59 He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times. The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedleeballs. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history.

111 Their penises were shriveled, and their balls were retracted.

173 You should have seen what I did to a dog one time." "A dog?" said Billy. "Son of a bitch bit me. So I got me some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock. I cut that spring up in little pieces. I put points on the ends of the pieces. They were sharp as razor blades. I stuck 'em into the steak—way inside. And I went past where they had the dog tied up. He wanted to bite me again. I said to him, 'Come on, doggie—let's be friends. Let's not be enemies any more. I'm not mad.' He believed me."

"He did?"

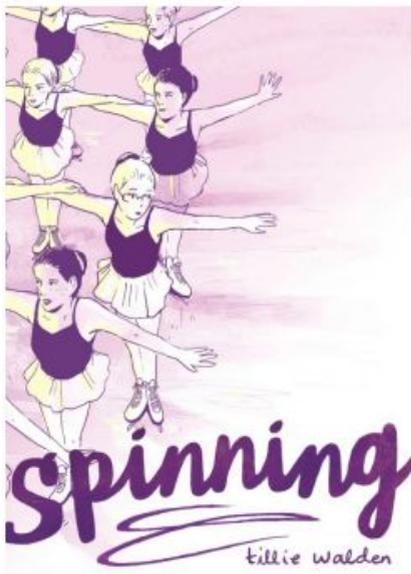
"I threw him the steak. He swallowed it down in one big gulp. I waited around for ten minutes." Now Lazzaro's eyes twinkled. "Blood started coming out of his mouth. He started crying, and he rolled on the ground, as though the knives were on the outside of him instead of on the inside of him. Then he tried to bite out his own insides. I laughed, and I said to him, 'You got the right idea now. Tear your own guts out, boy. That's me in there with all those knives.'"

175 "...And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll let him think a couple of seconds about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker.

244 A sign in there said that adults only were allowed in the back. There were peep shows in the back that showed movies of young women and men with no clothes on. It cost a quarter to into a machine for one minute. There were still photographs of naked young people for sale back there, too. You could take those home. The stills were a lot more Tralfamadorian than the movies, since you could look at them whenever you wanted to, and they wouldn't change. Twenty years in the future, those girls would still be young, would still be smiling or smoldering or simply looking stupid, with their legs wide open. Some of them were eating lollipops or bananas. They would still be eating those. And the peckers of the young men would still be semierect, and their muscles would be bulging like cannonballs.

249 The magazine, which was published for lonesome men to jerk off to,...

250 The clerk leered and showed him. It was a photograph of a woman and a Shetland pony. They were attempting to have sexual intercourse between two Doric columns, in front of velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls.



Book Summary:

A short biography of a young female competitive figure skater.

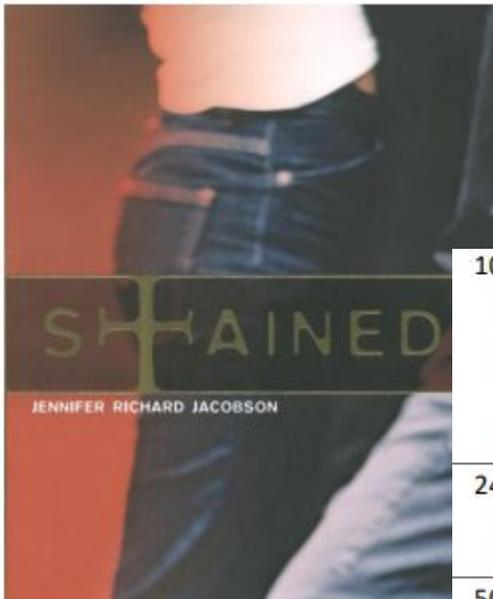
Profanity	Count
Dick	1
Fuck	12
Goddammit	1
Shit	3

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains nudity; alternate sexualities; hate commentary involving homophobia; violence involving attempting sexual assault; and profanity.

- 10 | I had known I was gay since I was 5.
 ...A teacher's aide had shown me how to hold your sleeve when you put your jack on. I still remember her hands on my shoulders. I didn't have a word to describe it yet, but in that moment I knew.
- 117 | I started getting invited to sleepovers and birthday parties.
 Make-out sessions were common at these sleepovers, though they were considered "experimentation" and homophobia still managed to be rampant. And, of course, the girl I actually wanted to kiss never came to these gatherings.

- 202 | The two young women described above are walking in a grassy area. "We were all in the alley behind her house."
 "What?"
 "Grace made us...Do stuff."
 "Like what?"
 "Like take our clothes off and kiss and stuff while she watched. She had a notebook with all the stuff she was gonna make us do."
 "That's really messed up."
- 288 | Tillie is sitting across a table from a young man looking at a laptop.
 The illustrations on the middle of the page depict the young man turning his laptop around to show Tillie the nude woman kneeling with her left arm behind her head. *See Figure 1.*
- 294 | The illustration on the top of this page depicts the same young man described above sitting in a chair. His left hand is holding Tillie's pencil near his groin. He is saying, "Get your pencil."
 The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts Tillie leaning backwards in her chair sweating profusely.
- 295 | Tillie is talking to the young man described above, "Give it back."
 The illustration on the middle-left side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of young man's groin as his hands holds the pencil. He is saying, "You gotta get it."
- 298 | The illustration on the top of the page depicts Tillie and the young man above. He is grabbing her right wrist and left upper arm as she is fighting him back.
 The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts Tillie lying on her side on the ground while the young man is standing up with his back to her. The laptop with the nude woman is shown on the table.
- 371 | The illustrations on the page depict Tillie ice skating with a leotard and skirt on.
 The judges can see my crotch. So can the audience.



Summary of Concerns:

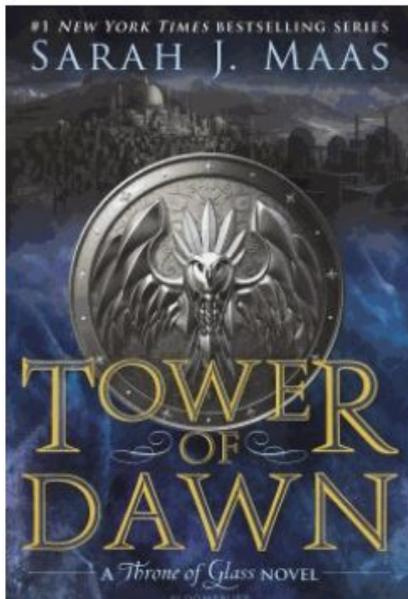
This book contains violence; sexual activities including sexual assault; and profanity and derogatory terms.

- 10 "You know what will happen if we go down to the river." I know. I know that if I draw lines on Benny's fingers or pictures on his strong forearms, he'll sigh. And he'll pull me close, and he'll listen, or at least pretend to listen to my reasoning about love while his fingers find the softer parts of my body. I will tell him that wanting to touch each other is instinctive, that we are only expressing our God-given feelings
- 24 "But you know where I think he is?" She doesn't wait for me to answer. "I think Bernadette's pregnant. I bet Gabe drove her down to Boston last night. Maybe she scheduled an abortion for today.
- 50 I turn to look up at him. Please kiss me, Benny, I think. And he does. He pulls a straggly strand of hair off my face and kisses me--gently at first and then as long and as hard as we've ever kissed before. I bend away to drop the saw and then crawl under his shirt. He crawls under mine. His hands are cold, but only for a moment. We sink to the forest floor and roll in the taste of each other. We are on the log and under the log. Last fall's pine needles are in my hair and in my sneakers and in every gap of my painter pants. Benny and I push against each other so hard--we try to make our bodies one body. We succeed, I think.
- 101 Without words, Gabe and Jay are racing towards me. I run, but I don't stand a chance. Gabe throws me down. I land face down in the dirt and pine needles. My legs are scratched by low brush. Gabe rolls me over and sits on my stomach the way he has a hundred times before, only this time he pulls up my shirt. I try to pull it down, but he pins my hands. Jay pulls at my shirt. Then he pulls my pants down around my ankles. I hear words and laughing. Gabe slides off my stomach but his knees still hold me down. I feel fingers, at first only poking, then pinching and probing. They rub against me, but I am no longer on the bank of Kiddy Brook. I am far away. Finally, they stop. Gabe says, "Hey, get up. Get up, Jocelyn!" "Leave her," says Jay. "She's a whore."

136 "Do you know that I spend nights with Father Warren at the parish house? Do you feel my breath inside of you when the two of us are getting it on?" Gabe's aim is perfect. I feel the weight of what he tells me in the center of my gut. He tries to hold back his emotions, but he can't. Tears roll down his face. "He's why you disappeared." No shit, Sherlock." Gabe says, words mixing with an eerie laugh. "The last time I was with him, I just freaked. I couldn't handle it anymore. He would make me do things I didn't expect. It was totally out of my control."

141 "Sure. After a week of hiding out in the woods--so that everyone in this county is looking for me, wondering what has happened--I come sauntering back to say, what? That I got freaked out because I've been screwing my priest?"

141 "Let me set you straight, Joss. This is my fault. I wanted to be with Father Warren. He was always so damn happy to see me. He would talk with me for hours, and he really cared about what was going on in my head. I wanted him to invent reasons for me to come to the parish house. Don't you get it, Jocelyn? It's my fault that he got turned on. I made it happen."



Summary of Concerns:

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

- 255 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.
"I thought he had a wife," Chaol said.
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."
- 259 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.
The smoke—the opiates. It was some sort of aphrodisiac, some lulling of common sense.
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.

She swallowed, daring a sidelong look up at him. His eyes were still dark, his face flushed and lips swollen. From her.

Yrene's blood heated, her core near-molten. How the hell would she have him nearly naked before her now?

"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.

...Chaol's answering smile was anything but. So was the way he growled, "Come here."

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.

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—

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.

Until Yrene only wore that locket. Until Chaol surveyed every inch of her and found himself unable to breathe.

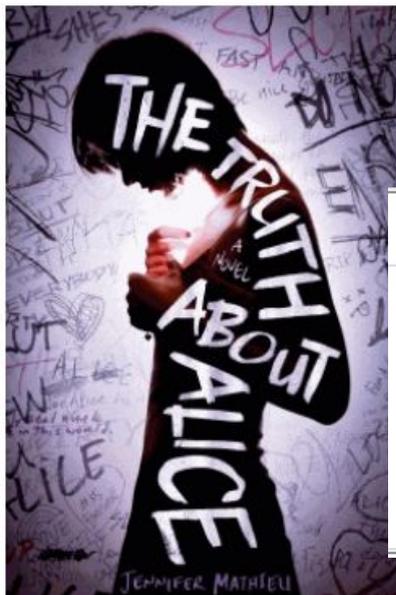
"I will cherish it always," Chaol whispered as he slid into her, slow and deep. Pleasure rippled down his spine. "No matter what may befall the world." Yrene kissed his neck, his shoulder, his jaw. "No matter the oceans, or mountains, or forests in the way."

518 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 ...

He'd made sure she found her pleasure. Repeatedly. Before he ever found his own.

And beyond that, the things he made her feel—

Not just as a result of his body, but who he was ...



Summary of Concerns:

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

- | | |
|----|---|
| 27 | “Mark my words, man,” Brandon said, “that dude is never going to get any pussy. Ever.” “Not like you, King of All Pussy,” I said, wishing we had more beer. |
| 27 | Old people knew him, little kids in grade school knew him, fucking Mexicans who moved here five seconds ago and didn’t even know English knew him. Everybody knew Brandon Fitzsimmons.
Brandon got more action than any other guy I knew. He’d even slept with Ms. Sanchez, this chick who teaches Spanish part-time at Healy High. She’s like twenty-four with a pretty great body, and Brandon said he needed help with Spanish and he just showed up at her house, and according to Brandon they did it on the kitchen table while her husband was at work. |

29	It was like Brandon was reading my mind the afternoon of Elaine’s party, because after we talked about Kurt Morelli, he said, “Speaking of pussy, you should try to get some action tonight with Maggie Daniels. Her panties get wet every single time you walk by her locker.”
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31	Brandon was saying something else about Alice Franklin’s tits.
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48	“I gave him a blow job,” she said.
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49	I wasn’t sure how Alice felt, but there was a part of me that thought giving a blow job seemed like an even bigger deal than having sex.
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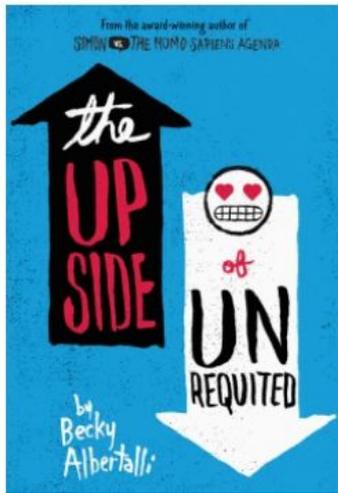
74	ATTENTION! ALICE FRANKLIN IS A HO SLUT WHORE WO DOES IT WITH EVERYBODY! We all laughed, all of us, and then I said, “My turn.” ALICE FRANKLIN HAS GIVEN 423 BLOW JOBS!!!! NOW THAT’S A LOT OF DICK!
----	---

78	“Yeah, we really did it, man,” he answered me. “Fuckin’ awesome too. Alice is hot. Even with that short hair and shit.” He started laughing again as he rambled on. “Tommy didn’t mind sloppy seconds?” I asked, kind of not wanting to ask but asking anyway. “No he didn’t,” Brandon said. “She couldn’t get enough. Me twice and Tommy once. I’m gonna have to hit that again soon.”
----	---

80	Alice likes it fast and hard. Alice did it with my grandpa. And she liked it!
----	--

160	the hair on his magnificent calves. The way his lips tasted like Sonic and vanilla Carmex. The way he put his hands on me wherever he wanted to, and I let him. I’m doing it. I’m actually doing it. Right now at this moment I’m doing it. It hurt. Like hell. And it was over in three minutes. Afterward, all I wanted to do was put my clothes on. It had happened so fast that my bathing suit was still damp from swimming in the pool that afternoon. I yanked my cover-up over me and sat up on the bed, not sure what to say. Tommy reached over and grabbed
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160	“Okay. So you told the entire school I had an abortion because one time- over a year ago- I lied to you about giving Mark Lopez a blow job because I felt stupid about it? That’s why you told everyone I had an abortion?”
-----	---



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; references to sexuality; alcohol use; and frequent/excessive profanity.

Fuck



CANCEL

OK

(77)

Page	Content
30	Maybe this is why they hired me: for my smallish hands and my blunt-rolling abilities.
36	"...Watching you pee and have sex and masturbate..."
40	"Mina's pansexual."
60	Not that there's a big hairless vagina in my face.
76	"You think a person can lose their virginity from oral sex?"
137	...Will's man-purse is full of fifty million miniature bottles of booze. No more schnapps, but he dumps an entire tiny bottle of rum into my Coke.
171	...with Patty being bisexual.
204	So I'm sitting here with Douglas outside of Medieval Madness And this place is an orgy. ...I lean back in to the cushions and giggle quietly. That is hilarious, I write, because I'm at an orgy, too. He responds right away. Oh, really? But it's a classy orgy. Mostly kissing/groping.
278	And there's this sudden, soft pressure against my jeans. I think he's hard.

"You think a person can lose their virginity from oral sex?"

"Yes," Cassie says.

"Max, seriously." Mina glares down at him.

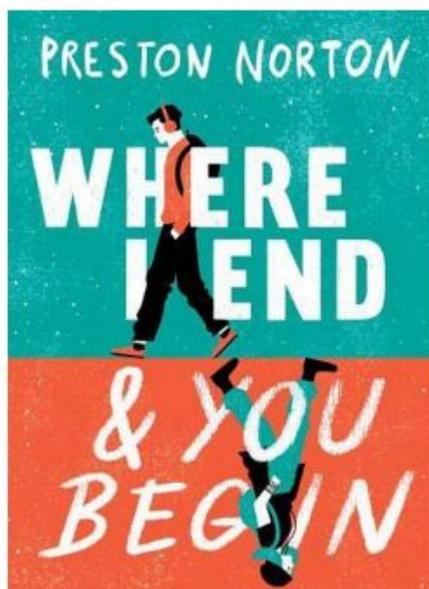
"Okay, but don't you think it depends on the couple?" Will chimes in. "It's like a case-by-case thing. Like, if oral is the endgame for a particular couple, then yeah. But if it's like a hetero guy and girl, I think there would have to be penetration."

"But why?" Cassie leans forward. "Why would that be considered more intimate than oral? Like, why do you get to decide what makes something intimate?"

And the weird thing is, I get this tense, almost nauseated feeling. I can't figure out why. I don't have a crush on Abby's boyfriend—I've never even met him. And it's not like I'm in any kind of suspense here. I know what she's about to tell me.

She's about to tell me she had sex with Nick.

"I had sex with Nick," she says, her voice hushed.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; profanity; and drug use.

- 50 "Or the thing that happened is Dad boned her," said Willow. ...What we discovered instead were two boxes of condoms. ...He sounded more like a plumber in a cheap homemade porno. Once we had eliminated any shadow of a doubt about Dad's faithfulness, we moved on to Mom's phone. We had to find out if she knew. What we found instead were dick pics. Sooooo many dick pics. It was dicks as far as the eye could see. Most of them belonged to Derek- tattooed; shaved-and-trimmed, endowed-to-a-fault Derek- but those were occasionally interspersed with the dicks of Sean, or Milo, or Terrance. Most of those only went as far as sexting. But occasionally they ended with a hotel address.
- 55 "What an excellent question!" said Wynezra. "One of us is clearly not okay because I'm currently rocking a GIANT. RAGING. BONER!"
oh.
"Why?" said Wynona. "Why do I have a boner? Is this some pervy Viagra thing?"
- 132 Wynonna's body was weird. And I don't mean that as "unattractive." More like unexpected. Her tits had a bizarre shape (not as round as I expected), and her nipples had a strange color (brown, very brown), and then there was the so-called va-jim-jam. Except it was kind of hard to get a good look at it because it was covered in hair.
- 147 "Uh-huh," I said, nodding, and racking my brain over every sinister thing I could think of that started with the letter B.
"And ends with 'lowjob.'"
..."But yeah, your sister gave Dick Tracy the ol' mouth-to-south. I saw them when I snuck downstairs to forage for food."
- 151 "I had a boner," she blurted out.
"What?"
"Multiple boners. Like, every single time he tried to talk to me- boing! There it was, pitching like a tent in my pants. I had no choice. I had to run."

152 When Wynezra looked confused, I proceeded to slide my hand up and down an imaginary cock in front of me.
"Oh my god," said Wynezra. She shook her head. "No way. I am not choking your chicken."

224 Her hands ran down my neck, my bare shoulders, sliding down the curves of my chest. And then she grabbed my breasts, firmly, and squeezed them like she meant it.

"Remember that blowjob I told you she gave Thad? Well, apparently he made a home movie. And since I know you're wondering- no, she didn't know she was being filmed. I don't think she even knows this film exists."

263 Something grabbed me by the hair and jerked my head back.
"I'll cut your fucking tits off, you fucking whore!" Jayden screamed. I glanced



Book Summary:

The story of a young woman's life of loss and love is told.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; sexual assault; explicit violence including domestic violence and child abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and hate including

131 Sometimes boating forty minutes for a ten-minute beach walk, holding hands. Kissing a lot. Not wasting a minute. Boating back. He wanted to touch her breasts; would kill just to look at them. Lying awake at night, he thought of her thighs, how soft, yet firm, they must be. To think beyond her thighs sent him roiling in the sheets. But she was so young and timid.

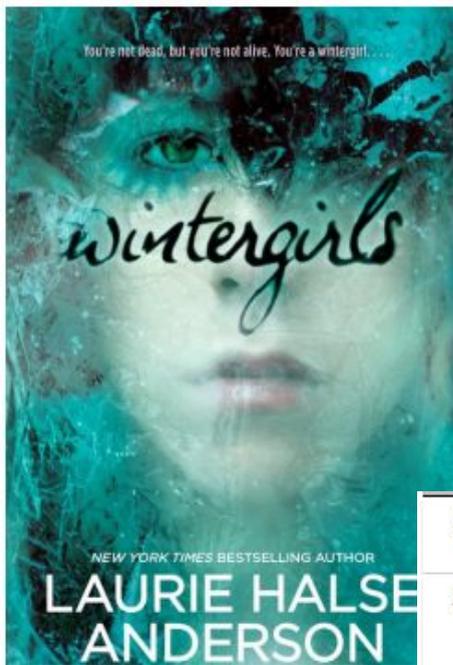
133 "I'll help you." And he came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. She leaned her head back against his chest, eyes closed. Slowly his fingers moved under her sweater, across her sleek stomach, toward her breasts. As usual, she wore no bra, and his fingers circled her nipples. His touch lingered there, but a sensation spread down her body as though his hands had moved between her legs. A hollowness that urgently needed filling pulsed through her. But she didn't know what to do, what to say, so pushed back. "It's okay," he said. And just held her there. Both of them breathing deep.

134 He stepped toward her purposely. His expression stopped her in front of a broad oak. He took her shoulders and pushed her firmly against the tree. Holding her arms along her sides, he kissed her, his groin pushing against hers. Since Christmas they had kissed and explored slowly; not like this. He had always taken the lead but had watched her

He pulled away, the deep golden-brown layers of his eyes boring into hers. Slowly he unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it off, exposing her breasts. He took his time to examine them with his eyes and fingers, circling her nipples. Then he unzipped her shorts and pulled them down, until they dropped to the ground. Almost naked for the first time in front of him, she panted and moved her hands to cover herself. Gently he moved her hands away and took his time looking at her body. Her groin throbbed as if all her blood had surged there. He stepped out of his shorts and, still staring at her, pushed his erection against her. When she turned away in shyness, he lifted her chin and said, "Look at me. Look me in the eyes, Kya."

"Tate, Tate." She reached out, trying to kiss him, but he held her back, forcing only her eyes to take him in. She didn't know raw nakedness could bring such want. He whispered his hands against her inner thighs, and instinctively she stepped each foot to the side slightly. His fingers moved between her legs and slowly massaged parts of her she never knew existed. She threw her head back and whimpered.

161 When she looked at him, he lifted her chin with his hand and kissed her. He touched her neck lightly, then feathered his fingers over her blouse toward her breast. Kissing and holding her, more firmly now, he leaned back until they were lying on the blanket. Slowly he moved until he was on top of her, pushed his groin between her legs, and in one movement pulled up her blouse. She jerked her head away and squirmed out from under him, her blacker-than-night eyes blazing. Tugged her top down.



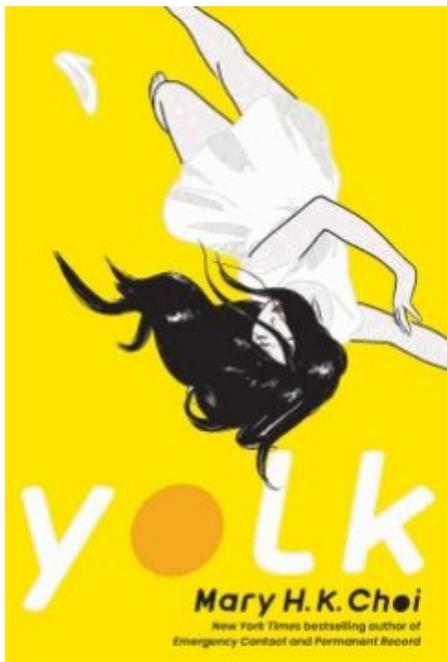
Book Summary:

A teenage girl remembers her bulimic friend who died, as she nearly dies during her battles with anorexia, bulimia, and cutting.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains self-harm including anorexia, bulimia, cutting and suicidal ideations; alcohol use; drug use; and profanity and derogatory terms.

11	I was the reason she didn't eat a bottle of sleeping pills when her boyfriend cheated on her.
22	The halls fill with a river of bodies and voices whispering that Cassie was murdered/no, she hung herself/no, she smoked or snorted her way to the Final Exit. She'd try anything once, did you hear about the time under the bleachers/at the mall/at summer camp? She drove herself into a speeding train/jumped without a parachute/strapped on a weight belt and dove into the ocean.
32	I sit on the edge of my bed and dig into it, past the never-ending scarf/blanket project, past mateless needles and woolly balls of orange and brown and red, to the magic bottle of blush-colored Emergency Only pills. Cassie got them for me, but she wouldn't say where they came from. I take one, only one.
60	I take the razor blades out of the bag. ::Stupid/ugly/stupid/bitch/sutpid/fat/stupid/baby/stupid/loser/stupid/lost:: ...The box opens and the razors slide out, whisper sweet. Used to be that my whole body was my canvas- hot cuts licking my ribs, ladder rungs climbing my arms, thick milkweed stalks shooting up my thighs. When I
129	I try to keep calorie intake under 500. anything more is unacceptable. Mucho Love! Stay strong <333 I am so disgustingly, horribly fat. Today I went for a 2 hour run and starved myself till dinner where I ate like a pig. Sometimes I feel so fucking helpless.
157	"Was she high?" "No, nothing illegal, but she was on two antidepressants, a mood stabilizer, and ulcer medicine. And vodka. Lots of vodka."
223	I stare at the ghost-girl on the other side, her corset bones waiting to be laced even tighter so she can fold in on herself over and over until she disappears past zero. I cut. The first incision runs from neck to just below my heart, deep enough so that I can finally feel something, not deep enough to flay me open. The pain flows like lava and takes my breath away. The knife carves a path in the flesh between two ribs, then, between the two ribs below that. Fat drops of blood splash on the counter, ripe red seeds. I am so very, very strong, so iron-boned and magic that the knife draws a third line between two ribs, straight and true. Blood pools in the bowls of my hips and drips to the tile floor.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains racist commentary; sexual nudity; sexual activities; and excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms.

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 295 | I get it: Don't take your Johnson out and start whacking off in front of the ladies- pardon the vulgarity- but why wouldn't she take a position with a dear friend who can help her out? |
| 300 | "You're talking about my organs," she corrects. "I'm trying to tell you about things I want to accomplish."
"Like sex."
"Exactly."
"How is that not talking about your organs?"
"Fuck you," she says laughing. |
| 301 | "So I have to get D'd before then."
"Yuck, June, God."
I haven't had sex in months and I'm fucking relieved. Jeremy had one unvarying move. This numbing pneumatic thrusting that made me feel as though I was being drilled for oil. He also had the mortifying habit of talking dirty. |

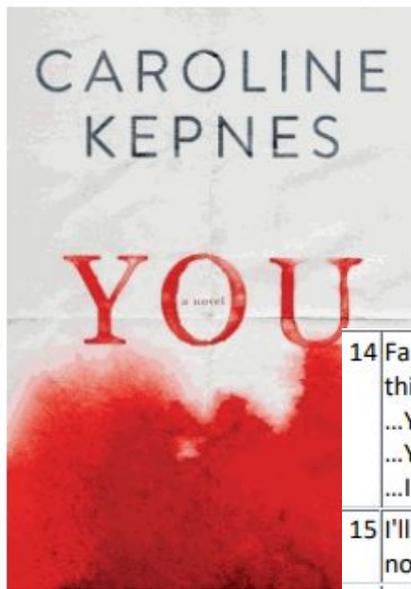
305 "I want to get pregnant," she tells me once we're out of earshot. "Tonight?"
"While I can." An odd squeak escapes my throat. "What- and those guys back there are your donors?" I glance at the table. "Essentially." "June." "I'm serious," she says, clutching my forearm with her talons. "Just to know what it feels like at least for a second." "If you were pregnant for a few days, it's just a few cells. It's like you at a corn nut. It's barely a shadow." "I haven't even taken the fucking morning-after pill." "It's no picnic," I retort, and looks at me for a beat. "Gross," she says, and then laughs. I sit sidesaddle on a stool watching her lean onto the gleaming wood bar, boobs hoisted, foot hitched to the brass railing underneath.

322 "I started hooking up with this grifter who moved into my apartment, and he fucked a whole bunch of other people right in my bedroom while I slept on the couch. So..." I feel him shift beside me. "Jesus. Guess you'd know a fuckboy when you see one," he says. "I'm like a truffle pig for fuckboys."

10 "How is it privilege if it's a lottery? Nobody asks to be white. Especially nowadays." It genuinely pains me to rejoin this conversation. "It's a class issue, not a race issue. That's the scam. Why is it practically illegal for cis, her, white men to have any cultural relevance anymore?"

72 "Not to be a dick, but I've been meaning to ask. Did you smoke all the weed?..."

269 All I could think while his hands groped my breasts was that I hoped he wouldn't go for my pants. I'd heard that you could contract tetanus in your cervix if you got fingered by a guy with dirty fingernails. I tried to check his nails, but it was dark, and when he switched from sucking on my neck to kissing my mouth again, I moaned in that way that every girl knows how even if they don't want to. It was surreal when he took my hand and guided it to his fly. I was shocked by how suddenly I was touching Holland Hint's penis. And how hot his penis felt. It was not unlike petting an unseeing hairless cat. When the spurt of feverish ooze landed on my hand, it glistened as it cooled. I couldn't tell if I was sick from giddiness or loathing. I knew that this part I wouldn't tell anybody about. I checked my own nails. They were clean.



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and excessive/frequent profanity.

4

/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

14 Faulkner meant only to convince one-night stands that you mean it when you swear you never do this kind of things.

...You sneeze, loudly, and I imagine how loud you are when you climax.

...You giggle and holler back, you horny girl, "You too, buddy."

...I bag the Dan Brown first like it's kiddie porn...

15 I'll lean over and say, "Excuse me, miss but we're closed" and you'll look up and smile. "Well, I'm not closed." A breath. "I'm wide open. Buddy."

16 "I'll tell you why. The Internet put porn in your home—"

I just said porn, what a dummy, but you're still listening, what a doll.

"And you didn't have to go out and get it. You didn't have to make eye contact with the guy at the store who now knows you like watching girls get spanked.

..."And the Kindle, the Kindle takes all the integrity out of reading, which is exactly what the Internet did to porn..."

17 "...even though all those nerds went home and jerked it to Taylor Swift."

22 You put your tiny hands to work on yourself when the mood strikes, which it does, often, which reminds me of another joke in Hannah, where Mia Farrow teases Woody Allen that he ruined himself with excessive masturbation.

...The trouble with society is that if the average person knew about us—you, alone, orgasming three times a night, and me, across the street, watching you orgasm, alone—most people would say I'm the fuckup. Well it's no secret that most people are fucking idiots. Most people like cheap

29 You're just not called a nut because your pussy is a thing that all these people want to know about, whereas my whole being is abhorrent to your neighbors.

...These people don't want to touch my dick with a ten-foot pole. Your pussy, on the other hand, is gold.

30 ...you grab that lime-green pillow, the same pillow you prop your head against when you nap, and you mount that thing like an animal. Release.

64 You'd drop your panties to get in here, to live in here, forever. I drop my own drawers and cum so hard that I go deaf.

69 You want me. You want me here. You know that if we stay in these stacks I'm gonna press you against the F-K placard and give you a present...

..."No," I say and imagine if we fucked in here.

...I watch you smile and think about you naked...

... I walk around the table and sit right next to your head. You giggle and keep your eyes closed and you're not murmuring anymore and you're throbbing with want. I slouch and kick my feet up on a chair. My cock is inches from your head and your mouth and you can smell it and your nostrils flare and you swallow, nervous...

152 And I didn't ask her to suck my dick, Joe.

..."She did the same thing to me, rode my dick all night..."

...You didn't ride my dick all night...