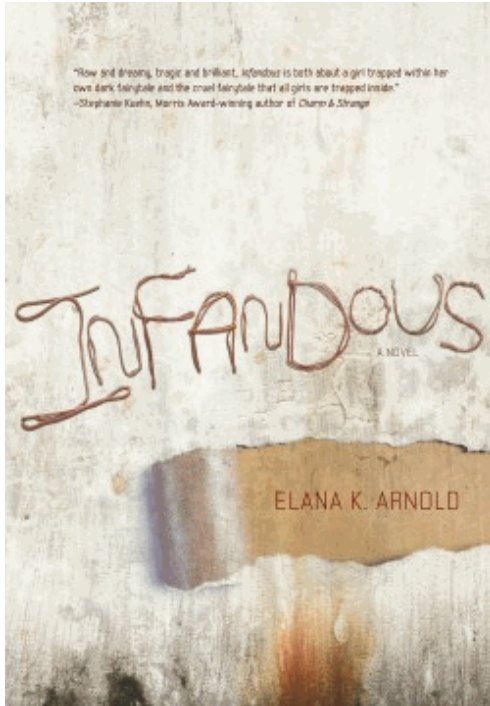


INFANDOUS



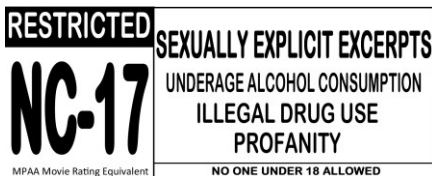
Young Adult

By Elana K. Arnold

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OBJECTION RATING

4/5



Summary of Concerns:

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

CONTENT WARNING

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

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51	Eugene's penis was way bigger than a teen-sized tampon.
52	<p>Too old for me.</p> <p>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.</p>
54	He bought a bottle of wine, and even though I might be able to pass for nineteen, I'm pretty sure I don't look twenty-one, but the waitress brought two glasses anyway.
54	<p>...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.</p> <p>...And when he laid me on the bed, the soft white duvet pluming up around me like a cloud, I wanted to be there.</p> <p>...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.</p>
73	<p>This is something Marissa likes to do: kiss me in front of an audience.</p> <p>...Marissa wants this from me, for whatever reason, and she is my friend, my sister, so I give it to her.</p> <p>...I feast on Marissa's mouth, feeling her lips soften and spread as my teeth press against them, and I fill her with my tongue. I sense them- the others- the audience- but it's not for them that I perform.</p> <p>...My hands go up and down the sides of her body. My leg finds its way between her thighs. I press up against her, and in a motion that doesn't feel intentional, she pushes back, grinding into my leg.</p>
75	<p>Fuck it.</p> <p>I drink the vodka, and I pour us each another.</p> <p>...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...</p>
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

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	<p>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.</p>
76	<p>...after I've polished off the second vodka, it's starting to look like fun. I shove my way in between Marissa and Darrin.</p>
76	<p>...I see him in my mind, pressing into my mother, his knee wedged between her legs. I see him winding himself around and between and inside of her.</p>
81	<p>Sal smiles at me and rubs his hand up Marissa's thigh, and he says, "You don't gotta leave, do you, Seph?" and I don't think I'm imagining the intention in his eyes. ...If I stand very still and listen, I can hear them downstairs. The rhythm of their bodies, the rocking of their hips, the cleaving of her tail into legs and sea-deep wetness and warmth.</p>
83	<p>The problem with mermaids- one of them, anyway- is that they can't have sex...I imagine what a mermaid would have to go through to have sex- ripping her tail in two to create a space between, the act more violent than any hymen tearing.</p>
114	<p>Bobby pats her ass.</p>
115	<p>It's webbed talon feet clutch her thighs, and Leda reaches down between her legs- to stop it from entering her? To help it find its way inside?</p>
128	<p>I remember reaching up to him, smiling, and laughing. I remember the way he pulled my panties down, rough in a way I discovered I liked. I remember the taste of him.</p>
145	<p>...and everyone knows that as soon as the credits run he's going to bang the shit out of her.</p>
147	<p>There's my mother on the futon, her copper hair spilled forehead over her shoulders, long enough to cover her breasts but splitting around her right nipple. Jordan is on his feet in front of her, holding a brown throw pillow in front of his crotch, and there's someone else- another woman, someone I've never met before.</p>
147	<p>....they're fucking blasphemous. "Cradle-robbing whore," she says. ...Jordan looks dumbstruck and ridiculous clutching that little limp pillow in front of his dick...</p>
148	<p>...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...</p>
149	<p>I see the whole situation again, from Jordan's mom's point of view: ...when she pushes open the door she finds her baby son between the legs of this female, this woman, her coppery hair shimmering like flames engulfing them both, the scent of her in the humid air.</p>

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

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