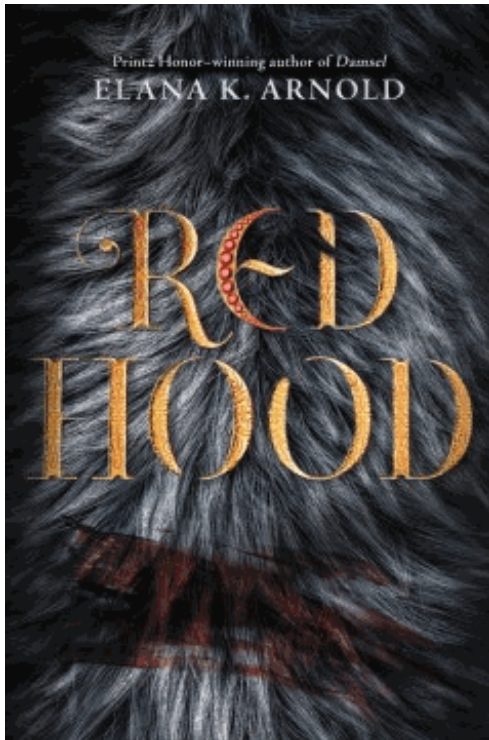


# RED HOOD



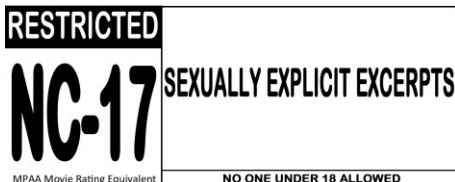
*Young Adult*

**By Elana Arnold**

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## OBJECTION RATING

4/5



## Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors and profanity.

## CONTENT WARNING

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

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

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

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

Profanity	Count
Fuck	4
Shit	6