

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL* By Julie Anne Peters

### PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT AVAILABLE AT TEXAS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICTS



The tiny hoop in her left earlobe and three studs up the rim of her ear are the most feminine things about her. Besides her lips. Her lips are wide, puffy, unnaturally large, overly ripe lips. And — get this — she wears red lipstick.

Not cherry red or ruby red. More like brutal, nasty red. Not glossy. Matte. Guys make smooching sounds behind her back. Girls go, *Slut*.

She's not a slut, or jock, or stoner. People don't know what

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

My packer was a strap-on. Guys sometimes named their penises, like Willie or Jack or **Dick**. Real creative. Me, I had more respect for mine. It wasn't an object; it wasn't detached or separate from me. My packer was a part of me. It made me. The shaft was big in size, six inches. Four bucks an inch. \$23.99. You could get soft packers online, cock socks and compression vests. But I didn't have a credit card. You had to be twenty-one to buy at Fascinations and you had to show ID. I asked, begged, pleaded with Kevin to buy me a packer. Please, Kevin? Please? He refused to set foot in a place like that, a sex shop. I told him I'd clean his apartment for a year. I told him I'd scoop his cat box. I'd iron his boxers. I'd scour his john. Please, Kevin. PLEASE.

On a whim, I get up and slide into the seat across and behind her. Becca calls, "Tam," and I wave her off, like maybe I want to sit alone for once? Better view. The lips. God, they're huge. Like a slow-mo close-up, they part and her tongue extends and circles the outlined oval of her mouth, moistening every millimeter of lip skin. Her head slowly turns and her eyes raise to meet mine. She fixes on me, suggesting something lewd with her tongue.

and Rachael. We were a couple. Her arm around my shoulders, my waist, her holding my hand, holding me. Kissing me, steering me into a restroom for a couple of minutes alone together before class. Her hand sliding up the front of my shirt. Not caring about getting caught, or being known.

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

The first time we made love was on a Friday afternoon. I had a test in biology, but Alex said I could make it up. The way she looked at me, touched my face.

We did it on the living room sofa wrapped in Mom's afghan. Mom took up crocheting after Dad left. Crocheting

only sensory stimuli. Sensuous feeling. Alex kissing me. On my lips, my neck, my breasts.

No. She couldn't expect me to take her back. After she dumped me — "Rach, do this for me. Don't make it hard" — I cut. Alone, in the bathroom. It hardly bled. No surprise. I couldn't even cut right.

It took practice.

I finally broke it off with Reina; I told her I was doing someone else. Someone better, who could make me come a hundred times faster. That hurt her. It hurt her bad enough she'd never want me back.

Mission accomplished. Then there was this girl at the homecoming dance, the party afterward at someone's house. I was so wasted, she got as far as taking off my bra. I remember watching her as if I was sitting in a dark theater, mesmerized by a movie. A movie starring me. The way her tongue played with my **nipple**, sucking me into her mouth. I watched from the front row, scene after smoldering scene, flickering

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

"Whoa," one said. "Nice rack."

Another went, "Why would you want to cover up these pretty things?"

Rough hands. Squeezing me.

A car door shut. Nevaeh? Where are you?

Someone pinched my nipple. I cried out. No, I thought. It isn't me. They're not my breasts. They're coming off. I can't feel this. I'm cool.

Cut-face tried to kiss me, but I twisted away. Animal. Moby said, "Gross, dude. You know you're kissing a guy."

"Oh yeah?" He grabbed my boobs and squeezed hard. He suctioned his lips onto mine.

A wave of nausea swam up from my stomach and I gagged. I almost hurled in Cut-face's mouth.

A hand slid between my legs. "Whoa, ho. What have we here?"

I kicked out hard, but both my wrists were clenched in vise grips. Whoever had me was strong. He bent my arms around my back. My shoulder cracked and I bit my lip to suppress a scream.

"Check. It. Out." Cut-face unzipped my pants.

"What?" Moby's voice. "We're just having a little fun here. You're the one who said you're bored with female shit. You're the one who wanted to go cruising and find us a cheap ho. Man, you got your wish."

## BOOK REVIEW:

***GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters***

I needed to be more butch. That was all. I needed the power.

I tried a couple of times to melt the magma. With Reina, my first girlfriend. It was good in the beginning. As long as I did her. But when she wanted to reciprocate, I couldn't. I could not go there. She started getting this need, this mission to bring me. To share in her ecstasy. She wanted it so bad, to love me, that I learned to fake it to make her happy. And it did for a while. It satisfied her. But the deceiving made me feel like shit. Lying together afterward, her telling me how happy it made her that I felt good. Me saying, "I'm glad."

I finally broke it off with Reina; I told her I was doing someone else. Someone better, who could make me come a hundred times faster. That hurt her. It hurt her bad enough she'd never want me back.

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

I go, because I have to. He's my Lord and Master.  
He's my Father.

"Hey, baby." He coos it. From behind the greasy recliner, I see His hand reach out to me. I clench my teeth. His fingers spread. I place my hand inside His. He squeezes, holds on, leads me around to the front of Him. "Hey." His lips curl up at both ends. It's not a smile. More a leer. "Take down your hair," He says. "You know I like it down."

The bile rises in my throat, but I choke it back. I'm starting to shake. He lets go of my hand and I remove the elastic band from my ponytail. He waggles His index finger for me to lean over. Cupping His hand around the back of my head, He kisses me. On the lips.

The pressure on my head increases. It shifts. Pushing me down. To His lap; to my knees.



## BOOK REVIEW:

***GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters***

Last night. Last week. Last year. As long as I can remember, back when I was six, eight, before Mom skipped. He never said, "Don't tell." Or if He did I don't remember. No, it was "This is what daddies and their little girls do." It was "Baby, I love you so much. You please me so much."

I wanted to please Him. I had to. He was my father. I knew if I told He'd be mad. They'd take Him away, or me. With Mom gone, I'd have no one at all.

It went on for years. Every night. At first I cried and He'd say, "Shut up. That didn't hurt. If you want me to hurt you, I will. Get on your knees."

Too long, too late. No one could save me now. This is what it is. This is who I am.

I tried a couple of times to melt the magma. With Reina, my first girlfriend. It was good in the beginning. As long as I did her. But when she wanted to reciprocate, I couldn't. I could not go there. She started getting this need, this mission to bring me. To share in her ecstasy. She wanted it so bad, to love me, that I learned to fake it to make her happy. And it did for a while. It satisfied her. But the deceiving made me feel like shit. Lying together afterward, her telling me how happy it made her that I felt good. Me saying, "I'm glad."

I finally broke it off with Reina; I told her I was doing someone else. Someone better, who could make me come a hundred times faster. That hurt her. It hurt her bad enough she'd never want me back.

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

Mission accomplished. Then there was this girl at the homecoming dance, the party afterward at someone's house. I was so wasted, she got as far as taking off my bra. I remember watching her as if I was sitting in a dark theater, mesmerized by a movie. A movie starring me. The way her tongue played with my nipple, sucking me into her mouth. I watched from the front row, scene after smoldering scene, flickering across my stone face, my glassy eyes. I felt nothing. Direct

She let out a little huff. Then grinned. "Yeah, pretty much." Peyton gripped the corner of the ledge and rocked forward. "I'm just saying it's normal and natural for us to do it. To want to. We're programmed for sex. It's instinct, and hormones, and drive."

"We're fucking sex machines," I deadpanned.

I was four when my cousin, Kevin, said, "You want to see my penis?" and I said, "Yeah," and he let me touch it. It felt squishy at first, then hard in my hand. I wanted one. Every day after that, I wanted one. My own penis. Mine.

The day I got it was the happiest day of my life. I could stop stuffing socks in my briefs. With my penis I could pack. Bind and pack. Thank you, cousin Kevin. Best bud in the world. Like a bro to me. Thank you for performing a degrading act of humiliation to buy me a penis.



## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

My packer was a strap-on. Guys sometimes named their penises, like Willie or Jack or Dick. Real creative. Me, I had more respect for mine. It wasn't an object; it wasn't detached or separate from me. My packer was a part of me. It made me. The shaft was big in size, six inches. Four bucks an inch. \$23.99. You could get soft packers online, cock socks and compression vests. But I didn't have a credit card. You had to be twenty-one to buy at Fascinations and you had to show ID. I asked, begged, pleaded with Kevin to buy me a packer. Please, Kevin? Please? He refused to set foot in a place like that, a sex shop. I told him I'd clean his apartment for a year. I told him I'd scoop his cat box. I'd iron his boxers. I'd scour his john. Please, Kevin. PLEASE.

The day he agreed I came as close to crying as I ever had.

I could either tuck it into the harness that wound around my hips and joined at the pubic bone, or I could tape the shaft behind, between my legs. The harness straps were white elastic. Not black leather, like porn or anything. It was built for utility.

From behind, Cut-face jerked my suit coat roughly over my shoulders and down my arms. Eric got my shirt unbuttoned and the other, Moby, tore it off. Cut-face found the end of the bandage and spun me around and around as he unwrapped it. I tried to plant my feet, slap them off, kick, el-

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

His hand scraped down the front of my wrap and yanked forward. The Ace Bandage budged maybe an inch. It held firm. His forehead touched my breastbone and he said, "There's something down there." His hands pressed against both my breasts. "Oh yeah. I see cleavage." He inserted an index finger between me.

"Cut it out." I pushed him off. I kicked him and missed. "Pervert."

He laughed. The other two howled with laughter.

From behind, Cut-face jerked my suit coat roughly over my shoulders and down my arms. Eric got my shirt unbuttoned and the other, Moby, tore it off. Cut-face found the end of the bandage and spun me around and around as he unwrapped it. I tried to plant my feet, slap them off, kick, elbow, resist, whatever I could do, but they just kept spinning and spinning me. The wrap came free.

"Whoa," one said. "Nice rack."

Another went, "Why would you want to cover up these pretty things?"

Rough hands. Squeezing me.

A car door shut. Nevaeh? Where are you?

Someone pinched my nipple. I cried out. No, I thought. It

## BOOK REVIEW:

*GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters*

Cut-face tried to kiss me, but I twisted away. Animal. Moby said, "Gross, dude. You know you're kissing a guy."

"Oh yeah?" He grabbed my boobs and squeezed hard. He suctioned his lips onto mine.

A wave of nausea swam up from my stomach and I gagged. I almost hurled in Cut-face's mouth.

A hand slid between my legs. "Whoa, ho. What have we here?"

I kicked out hard, but both my wrists were clenched in vise grips. Whoever had me was strong. He bent my arms around my back. My shoulder cracked and I bit my lip to suppress a scream.

"Check. It. Out." Cut-face unzipped my pants.

Please, I prayed. Please. Nevaeh. Anyone. Someone come to Fazoli's to eat. Somebody come to the drive-up. One person, one person in this whole wide world, get hungry and want Italian.

Cold. Biting cold on my legs. Teeth?

Nevaeh's voice, "What are you doing to her?"

Eric shouting, "Nevaeh, stay out of this."

Don't, Nevaeh. Don't listen.

Cut-face said, "Careful what you wish for." Nasty laugh.

I tried to move, run, but my pants were around my ankles.

Moby gasped. "What in the world . . . ? Hey, ho. Rubber dickie."

## BOOK REVIEW:

***GRL2GRL By Julie Anne Peters***

The duct tape ripped and a hunk of pubic hair came with it. I cried out. I couldn't help it. "She's bigger than you, Moby." Cut-face laughed.

Someone screamed. Was that me? Roaring, humming in my ears.

Pressure, pulling on it. Yanking. Then the elastic snapping off my hips.

A horn honked and the sticker bush scraped my legs. My face met concrete. A shoe on my head.

### **PROFANITY COUNT (and other sensitive words)**

Hooked up, hook up 4	Pervert 2	F*ck 5
Dyke 4	Queer 1	Crosser 1
Gender fluid 1	Gay 14	Transvestite 2
Slut 2	Lesbian 4	B*stard 2
Ho 3	Coming out 9	Butch 8
D*ck 1	Gaydar (like radar) 1	P*nis 4
D*amn 8 Dammit 3	Prostitute 1	Boi 8
Chickensh*t 1	F*cked up 2	

### **RED FLAGS**

Sexual Content (Child Sexual Abuse, Rape, Masturbation)

Violence

Language

Drugs, Drinking, Smoking

### **CONCLUSION**

Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools