

# TRICKS

By Ellen Hopkins



## Concerns

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

"Get the fuck away from me."

...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength.

**You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge.**

The words burn into my ear. "What? What the fuck did you say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge. Already paid two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well make it very good.

He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor.

**As promised, he is rough. Biting.**

**Pounding. Shredding. Ripping.**

"Please?" The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me. And then, despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud. Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you.

I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother  
And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting...

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You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS  
"Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His waist is narrow, his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. **I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull.** "Holy crap, dude, I don't know..." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant,

**trying not to choke on his thrusts against my throat.**

...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out.

**The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is.**

No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach.

...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me.

...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do.

...An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers.

through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear?

**Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain... Pressure. Pressure, deep.**

Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me.

...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.

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