

CONCERNS

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors; sexual assault; underage drinking and illegal drug use.



TILT

BY ELLEN HOPKINS

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His spare hand lands on my exposed thigh, starts to creep. I leave it there, but say, "Not here. I think the neighbors are spies." ...Okay. Let's go someplace private. ...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." ...He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do.

Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes.

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Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next. ...I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC. ...I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. ...I look at the photo I sent him. ...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. ...Suddenly, my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING. ...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone— the source of the building throb. ...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. ...Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash— and a bolt of understanding. ...If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.