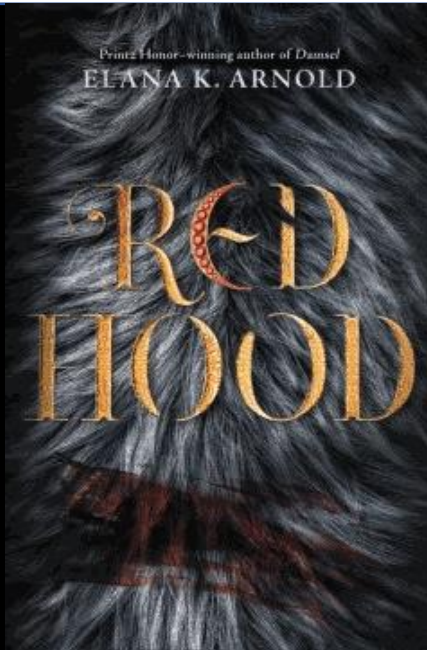


# Red Hood

March 2022

This book has sexually explicit excerpts with minors.



“ ...he’s found his way there, a hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them...

...as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart

...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.

You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive... and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails...

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

what to make of the redness on his chin.”

## By Elana K. Arnold

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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 you’ve touched yourself like this- though you have rubbed your clitoris and touched the outside, you’ve never put your fingers inside...

It’s warm in there, almost hot. It feels like what it is- a muscular tube, made of flesh

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...the tight black curls of his pubic hair surrounding his erection. It’s wet-tipped and urgent, and you stroke it with your fingers.

...find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina.

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.

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.

You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften.