

Delta High School

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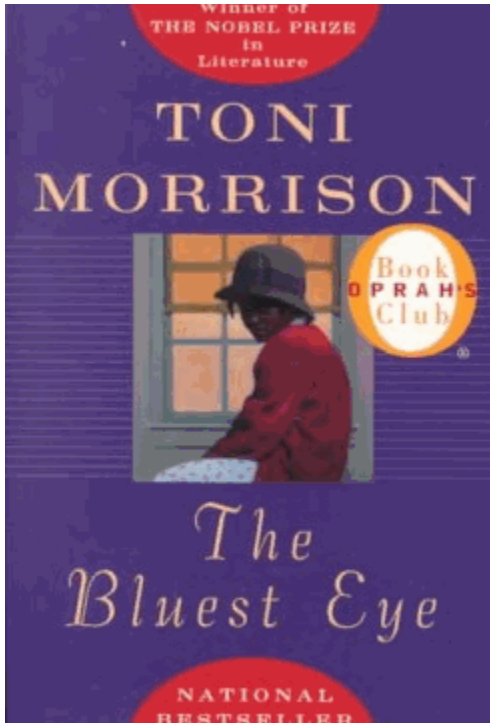
The infinite moment of us by Myracle (4)

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THE BLUEST EYE



[Add a caption for your photo here.]

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity and derogatory terms; sexual activities including sexual assault and molestation; alcohol use; inflammatory racial and religious commentary and references.

By Toni Morrison

ISBN: 9780307386588



4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 18 | When she comes out of the car we will beat her up, make red marks on her white skin, and she will cry and ask us do we want to pull her pants down. |
| 29 | I destroyed white baby dolls. But the dismembering of dolls was not the true horror. The truly horrifying thing was the transference of the same impulses to little white girls. |
| 32 | "You want to go up to Mr. Henry's room and look at girlie magazines?" Frieda made an ugly face. She didn't like to look at dirty pictures. |
| 36 | "Mrs. MacTeer! Mrs. MacTeer!" Rosemary hollered. "Frieda and Claudia are out here playing nasty! Mrs. MacTeer!" Mama opened the window and looked down at us. "What?" "They're playing nasty, Mrs. MacTeer. Look. And Claudia hit me 'cause I seen them!" Mama slammed the window shut and came running out the back door. "What you all doing? Oh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Playing nasty, huh?" |
| 41 | Pleading eyes and tightened testicles. |
| 44 | Even from where Pecola lay, she could smell Cholly's whiskey. ...Cholly had come home drunk. |
| 48 | She ran into the bedroom with a dishpan full of cold water and threw it in Cholly's face. He sat up, choking and spitting. Naked and ashen, he leaped from the bed, and with a flying tackle, grabbed his wife around the waist, and they hit the floor. Cholly picked her up and knocked her down with the back of his hand. She fell in a sitting position, her back supported by Sammy's bed frame. She had not let go of the dishpan, and began to hit at Cholly's thighs and groin with it. He put his foot in her chest, and she dropped the pan. Dropping to his knee, he struck her several times in the face, and she might have succumbed early had he not hit his hand against the metal bed frame when his wife ducked. ...Sammy, who had watched in silence their struggling at his bedside, suddenly began to hit his father about the head with both fists, shouting "You naked fuck!" over and over and over. Mrs. Breedlove, having snatched up the round, flat stove lid, ran tippy-toe to Cholly as he was pulling himself up from his knees, and struck him two blows, knocking him right back into the senselessness out of which she had provoked him. Panting, she threw a quilt over him and let him lie. |
| 59 | Neither were they the sloppy, inadequate whores who, unable to make a living at it alone, turn to drug consumption and traffic or pimps to help complete their scheme of self-destruction, avoiding suicide only to punish the memory of some absent father or to sustain the misery of some silent mother. ...On one occasion the town well knew, they lured a Jew up the stairs, pounced on him, all three, held him up by the heels, shook everything out of his pants pockets, and threw him out of the window. |
| 60 | Into her eyes came the picture of Cholly and Mrs. Breedlove in bed. He making sounds as though he were in pain, as though something had him by the throat and wouldn't let go. |
| 77 | Instead we saw Mr. Henry and two women. In a playful manner, the way grandmothers do with babies, he was sucking the fingers of the women, whose |

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| | <p>laughter filled a tiny place over his head. ...The sight of him licking her fingers brought to mind the girlie magazines in his room.</p> |
| 82 | <p>They do not drink, smoke , or swear, and they still call sex "nooky."</p> |
| 83 | <p>He must rest his weight on his elbows when they make love, ostensibly to avoid hurting her breasts but actually to keep her from having to touch or feel too much of him. While he moves inside her, she will wonder why they didn't put the necessary but private parts of the body in some more convenient place- like the armpit, for example, or the palm of the hand. Someplace one could get to easily, and quickly, without undressing. She stiffens when she feels one of her paper curlers coming undone from the activity of love; imprints in her mind which one it is that is coming loose so she can quickly secure it once he is through. She hopes he will not sweat the damp may get into her hair; and that she will remain dry between her legs—she hates the glucking sound they make when she is moist. When she senses some spasm about to grip him, she will make rapid movements with her hips, press her fingernails into his back, suck in her breath, and pretend she is having an orgasm. She might wonder again, for the six hundredth time, what it would be like to have that feeling while her husband's penis is inside her. The closest thing to it was the time she was walking down the street and her napkin slipped free of her sanitary belt. It moved gently between her legs as she walked. Gently, ever so gently. And then a slight and distinctly delicious sensation collected in her crotch. As the delight grew, she had to stop in the street, hold her thighs together to contain it. That must be what it is like, she thinks, but it never happens while he is inside her. When he withdraws, she pulls her nightgown down, slips out of the bed and into the bathroom with relief.</p> |
| 85 | <p>White kids; his mother did not like him to play with niggers. She had to explain to him the difference between colored people and niggers. They were easily identifiable. Colored people were neat and quiet; niggers were dirty and loud.</p> |
| 89 | <p>"Gimme my cat!" His voice broke. With a movement both awkward and sure he snatched the cat by one of its hind legs and began to swing it around his head in a circle. "Stop that!" Pecola was screaming. The cat's free paws were stiffened, ready to grab anything to restore balance, its mouth wide, its eyes blue streaks of horror. Junior tried to push her away, but she grabbed the arm which was swinging the cat. They both fell, and in falling, Junior let go the cat, which, having been released in mid-motion, was thrown full force against the window. It slithered down and fell on the radiator behind the sofa. Except for a few shudders, it was still. There was only the slightest smell of singed fur. Geraldine opened the door. "What is this?" Her voice was mild, as though asking a perfectly reasonable question. "Who is this girl?" "She killed our cat," said Junior. "Look." He pointed to the radiator, where the cat lay, its blue eyes closed, leaving only an empty, black, and helpless face.</p> |
| 93 | <p>"Mr. Henry." "What'd he do?"</p> |

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| | <p>"Daddy beat him up." ... "He...picked at me." "Picked at you? You mean like Soaphead Church?" "Sort of." "He showed his privates at you?" "Noooo. He touched me." "Where?" "Here and there." She pointed to the tiny breasts that, like two fallen acorns, scattered a few faded rose leaves on her dress. "Really? How did it feel?" ... "It didn't feel like anything." "But it wasn't supposed to? Feel good, I mean?" Frieda sucked her teeth. "What'd he do? Just walk up and pinch them?" She sighed. "First he said how pretty is was. Then he grabbed my arm and touched me."</p> |
| 96 | <p>"You could drink whiskey." "Where would I get whiskey?" ... "Pecola," I said. "Her father's always drunk. She can get us some." "You think so?" "Sure. Cholly's always drunk..."</p> |
| 100 | <p>Black people were not allowed in the park, and so it filled our dreams.</p> |
| 111 | <p>No better than whites for meanness.</p> |
| 113 | <p>Nasty white folks is about the nastiest things they is.</p> |
| 117 | <p>I hurt just like them white women. Just 'cause I wasn't hooping and hollering before didn't mean I wasn't feeling pain. What'd they think? That just 'cause I knowed how to have a baby with no fuss that my behind wasn't pulling and aching like theirs?</p> |
| 120 | <p>Then he lift his head, turn over, and put his hand on my waist. If I don't move, he'll move his hand over to pull and knead my stomach. Soft and slow-like. I still don't move, because I don't want him to stop. I want to pretend sleep and have him keep on rubbing my stomach. Then he will lean his head down and bite my tit. Then I don't want him to rub my stomach anymore. I want him to put his hand between my legs. I pretend to wake up, and turn to him, but not opening my legs. I want him to open them for me. He does, and I be soft and wet where his fingers are strong and hard. I be softer than I ever been before. All my strength in his hand. My brain curls up like wilted leaves. A funny, empty feeling is in my hands. I want to grab holt of something, so I hold his head. His mouth is under my chin. Then I don't want his hand between my legs no more, because I think I am softening away. I stretch my legs open, and he is on top of me. Too heavy to hold, and too light not to. He puts his thing in me. In me. In me. I wrap my feet around his back so he can't get away. His face is next to mine. The bed springs sounds like them crickets used to back home. He puts his fingers in mine, and we stretches our arms outwise like Jesus on the cross. I hold on tight. My fingers and my feet hold on tight, because everything else is going, going. I know he wants me to come first. But I can't. Not until he does. Not until I feel him loving me. Just me. Sinking into me. Not until I know that my flesh is all that be on his mind. That</p> |

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| | <p>he couldn't stop if he had to. That he would die rather than take his thing out of me. Of me. Not until he has let go of all he has, and give it to me. To me. To me. When he does, I feel a power I be strong, I be pretty, I be young. And then I wait. He shivers and tosses his head. Now I be strong enough, pretty enough, and young enough to let him make me come. I take my fingers out of his and put my hands on his behind. My legs drop back onto the bed. I don't make no noise, because the chil 'ren might hear. I begin to feel those little bits of color floating up into me—deep in me. That streak of green from the june-bug light, the purple from the berries trickling along my thighs, Mama Is lemonade yellow runs sweet in me. Then I feel like I'm laughing between my legs, and the laughing gets all mixed up with the colors, and I'm afraid I'll come, and afraid I won't. But I know I will. And I do. And it be rainbow all inside. And it lasts and lasts and lasts. I want to thank him, but don't know how, so I pat him like you do a baby. ..."But it ain't like that anymore. Most times he's thrashing away inside me before I'm woke, and through when I am..."</p> |
| 123 | <p>When Cholly was four days old, his mother wrapped him in two blankets and one newspaper and placed him on a junk heap by the railroad.</p> |
| 127 | <p>To Aunt Jimmy she said, "You done caught cold in your womb. Drink pot liquor and nothing else."</p> |
| 129 | <p>He was aware, in his sleep, of being curled up in a chair, his hands tucked between his thighs. In a dream his penis changed into a long hickory stick, and the hands caressing it were the hands of M'Dear.</p> |
| 135 | <p>Cholly could see her bloomers and the muscles of her young thighs.</p> |
| 136 | <p>He rose to his knees facing her and tried to tie her ribbon. Darlene put her hands under his open shirt and rubbed the damp tight skin. When he looked at her in surprise, she stopped and laughed. He smiled and continued knotting the bow. She put her hands back under his shirt. ...She tickled his ribs with her fingertips. He giggled and grabbed his rib cage. They were on top of each other in a moment. She corkscrewing her hands into his clothes. He returning the play, digging into the neck of her dress, and then under her dress. When he got his hand in her bloomers, she suddenly stopped laughing and looked serious. Cholly, frightened, was about to take his hand away, but she held his wrist so he couldn't move it. He examined her then with his fingers, and she kissed his face and mouth. Cholly found her muscadine-lipped mouth distracting. Darlene released his head, shifted her body, and pulled down her pants. After some trouble with the buttons, Cholly dropped his pants down to his knees. Their bodies began to make sense to him, and it was not as difficult as he had thought it would be. She moaned a little, but the excitement collecting inside him made him close his eyes and regard her moans as no more than pine sighs over his head. Just as he felt an explosion threaten, Darlene froze and cried out. He thought he had hurt her, but when he looked at her face, she was staring wildly at something over his shoulder. He jerked around. There stood two white men. One with a spirit lamp, the other with a flashlight. There was no mistake about their being white; he could smell it. Cholly jumped, trying to kneel, stand, and get his pants up all in one motion. The men had long guns.</p> |

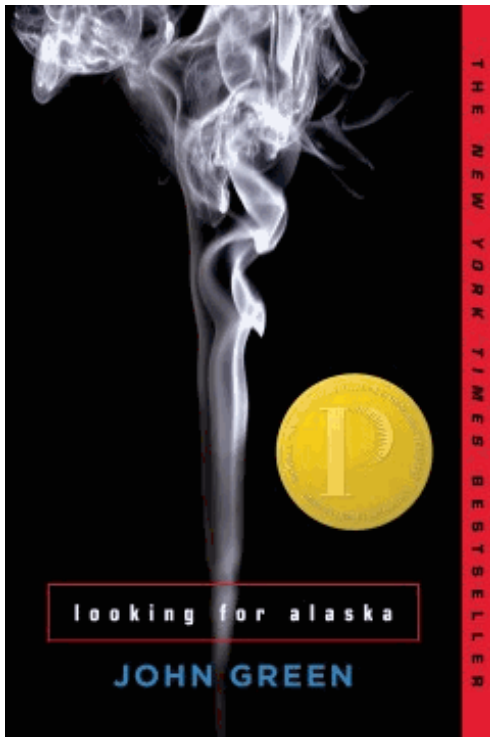
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| | <p>..."I said, get on wid it. An' make it good, nigger, make it good." ...The flashlight man lifted his gun down from his shoulder, and Cholly heard the clop of metal. He dropped back to his knees. Darlene had her head averted, her eyes staring out of the lamplight into the surrounding darkness and looking almost unconcerned, as though they had no part in the drama taking place around them. With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear. "Hee hee hee hee heeeeee." Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind. "Hee hee hee hee heeee." "Come on, coon. Faster. You ain't doing nothing for her.' "Hee hee hee hee heeee." Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws. "Hee hee hee hee heeee." ..."Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet." "Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby." ...Cholly raised himself and in silence buttoned his trousers. Darlene did not move. Cholly wanted to strangle her, but instead he touched her leg with his foot. "We got to get, girl. Come on!" She reached for her underwear with her eyes closed, and could not find them. The two of them patted about in the moonlight for the panties. When she found them, she put them on with the movements of an old woman.</p> |
| 140 | It had occurred to him that Darlene might be pregnant. |
| 149 | <p>Pecola lost her balance and was about to careen to the floor. Cholly raised his other hand to her hips to save her from falling. He put his head down and nibbled at the back of her leg. His mouth trembled at the firm sweetness of the flesh. He closed his eyes, letting his fingers dig into her waist. The rigidness of her shocked body, the silence of her stunned throat, was better than Pauline's easy laughter had been. The confused mixture of his memories of Pauline and the doing of a wild and forbidden thing excited him, and a bolt of desire ran down his genitals, giving it length, and softening the lips of his anus. Surrounding all of this lust was a border of politeness. He wanted to fuck her tenderly. But the tenderness would not hold. The tightness of her vagina was more than he could bear. His soul seemed to slip down to his guts and fly out into her, and the gigantic thrust he made into her then provoked the only sound she made—a hollow suck of air in the back of her throat. Like the rapid loss of air from a circus balloon. Following the disintegration—the falling away—of sexual desire, he was conscious of her wet, soapy hands on his wrists, the fingers clenching, but whether her grip was from a hopeless but stubborn struggle to be free, or from some other emotion, he could not tell.</p> |

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| | <p>Removing himself from her was so painful to him he cut it short and snatched his genitals out of the dry harbor of her vagina. She appeared to have fainted. Cholly stood up and could see only her grayish panties, so sad and limp around her ankles. Again the hatred mixed with tenderness. The hatred would not let him pick her up, the tenderness forced him to cover her.</p> <p>So when the child regained consciousness, she was lying on the kitchen floor under a heavy quilt, trying to connect the pain between her legs with the face of her mother looming over her.</p> |
| 152 | <p>The careful design was marred occasionally by rare but keen sexual cravings. He could have been an active homosexual but lacked the courage. Bestiality did not occur to him, and sodomy was quite out of the question, for he did not experience sustained erections and could not endure the thought of somebody else's. And besides, the one thing that disgusted him more than entering and caressing a woman was caressing and being caressed by a man. In any case, his cravings, although intense, never relished physical contact. He abhorred flesh on flesh.</p> <p>...all the natural excretions and protections the body was capable of- disquieted him. His attentions therefore gradually settled on those humans whose bodies were least offensive- children. And since he was too diffident to confront homosexuality, and since little boys were insulting, scary, and stubborn, he further limited his interests to little girls. They were usually manageable and frequently seductive. His sexuality was anything but lewd; his patronage of little girls smacked of innocence and was associated in his mind with cleanliness.</p> |
| 154 | <p>They were industrious, orderly, and energetic, hoping to prove beyond a doubt De Gobineau's hypothesis that "all civilizations derived from the white race, that none can exist without its help, and that a society is great and brilliant only so far as it preserves the blood of the noble group that created it."</p> |
| 165 | <p>The little girls are the only things I'll miss. Do you know that when I touched their sturdy little tits and bit them—just a little—I felt I was being friendly? I didn't want to kiss their mouths or sleep in the bed with them or take a child bride for my own. Playful, I felt, and friendly.</p> <p>...Two of them, Doreen and Sugar Babe, they'd come together. I gave them mints, money, and they'd eat ice cream with their legs open while I played with them. It was like a party. And there wasn't nastiness, and there wasn't any filth, and there wasn't any odor, and there wasn't any groaning—just the light white laughter of little girls and me. And there wasn't any look—any long funny look—any long funny Velma look afterward. No look that makes you feel dirty afterward. That makes you want to die. With little girls it is all clean and good and friendly.</p> <p>...I did what You did not, could not, would not do: I looked at that ugly little black girl, and I loved her. I played You. And it was a very good show!</p> |
| 168 | <p>A slim young girl in a pink crepe dress. One hand is on her hip; the other lolls about her thigh- waiting.</p> |
| 169 | <p>"Did you hear about that girl?" "What? Pregnant?" "Yas. But guess who?" "Who? I don't know all these little old boys."</p> |

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| | "That's just it. Ain't no little old boy. They say it's Cholly." "Cholly? Her daddy?" "Uh-huh." "Lord. Have mercy. That dirty nigger." ..."Oh, come on. She ain't but twelve or so." |
| 178 | Oh. She's all right. For a half-white girl, that is. |
| 180 | All he did was get drunk and beat her up. ...Anyway, if she didn't love him, she sure let him do it to her a lot. ...I saw them all the time. She didn't like it. Then why'd she let him do it to her? Because he made her. |
| 182 | You said he tried to do it to you when you were sleeping on the couch. See there! You don't even know what you're talking about. It was when I was washing dishes. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 1 |
| Bitch | 1 |
| Coon | 2 |
| Fuck | 3 |
| Nigger | 8 |

LOOKING FOR ALASKA



Young Adult

By John Green

ISBN: 0-525-47506-0

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities; moderate profanity use; alcohol use; and gender ideologies.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 30 | <p>"...I'm in the middle of a sentence about analogies or something and like a hawk he reaches down and he honks my boob. HONK. A much-too-firm, two- to three-second HONK. And the first thing I thought was Okay, how do I extricate this claw from my boob before it leaves permanent marks?..."</p> <p>"...She got her boob honked over the summer." She walked over to me with her hand extended, then made a quick move downward at the last moment and pulled down my shorts.</p> |
| 32 | <p>"Don't grab my boob." The Colonel gave an obligatory laugh, then asked, "Want a smoke?" I never smoked a cigarette, but when in Rome...</p> |
| 38 | <p>"...But there is so much to do: cigarettes to smoke, sex to have, swings to swing on..."</p> |
| 44 | <p>Lying naked in bed together ("genital contact" being offense #1), already drunk (#2), they were smoking a joint (#3) when the Eagle burst in on them.</p> |
| 45 | <p>...I spent the night surfing the Web (no porn, I swear)...</p> |
| 81 | <p>"He loves weed like Alaska loves sex," the Colonel said. "This is a man who once constructed a bong using only the barrel of an air rifle, a ripe pear, and an eight-by-ten glossy photograph of Anna Kournikova. Not the brightest gem in the jewelry shop, but you've got to admire is single-minded dedication to drug abuse."</p> |
| 90 | <p>Since we only have four layers of clothes from doing it, I took the opportunity to introduce myself.</p> |
| 92 | <p>"Studies show that marijuana is better for your health than those cigarettes," Hank said.</p> |
| 103 | <p>"...You thought she was quietly discussing precalc, when she was clearly talking about having hot sex with you..."</p> |
| 104 | <p>"She has great breasts," ...</p> <p>"...DO NOT OBJECTIFY WOMEN'S BODIES!" Alaska shouted.</p> <p>Now he looked up, "Sorry. Perky breasts."</p> <p>"That's not any better!"</p> <p>"Sure it is," he said. "Great is a judgement on a woman's body. Perky is merely an observation. They are perky. I mean, Christ.'</p> |
| 105 | <p>She jumped onto him and wrapped her legs around him (God forbid anyone ever does that to me, I thought. I'll fall over). I'd heard Alaska talk about kissing, but I'd never seen her kiss until then: As he held her by her waist, she leaned forward, her pouty lips parted, her head just slightly tilted, and enveloped his mouth with such passion that I felt I should look away but couldn't.</p> |
| 107 | <p>"Did I tell you that Jake is hung like a horse and a beautiful, sensual lover?"</p> |
| 108 | <p>"I don't know if this is the best time to tell you this," the Colonel shouted at the Beast, "but Takumi here hooked up with your girlfriend just before the game."</p> |
| 113 | <p>"...How will stabbing one another in the back help women to rise above patriarchal oppression?!"</p> |
| 128 | <p>I woke up half an hour later, when she sat down on my bed, her butt against my hip. Her underwear, her jeans, the comforter, my corduroys, and my boxers</p> |

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| | <p>between us, I thought. Five layers, and yet I felt it, the nervous warmth of touching- a pale reflection of the fireworks of one mouth on another, but a reflection nonetheless.</p> |
| 130 | <p>...and scooted up to put her head in my lap. My corduroys. My boxers. Two layers. I could feel the warmth of her cheek on my thigh. There are times when it is appropriate, even preferable, to get an erection when someone's face is in close proximity to your penis. This was not one of those times. So I stopped thinking about the layers and the warmth, muted the TV, and focused on Decapitation.</p> |
| 137 | <p>"He's just happy most everyone's gone. He's probably masturbating for the first time in a month."</p> |
| 139 | <p>Her hand above my knee, the palm flat and soft against my jeans and her index finger making slow, lazy circles that crept toward the inside of my thigh, and with one layer between us, God I wanted her. ...And I steeled myself to say them as I stared up at the starriest night, convinced myself that she felt it, too, that her hand so alive and vivid against my leg was more than playful, and fuck Lara and fuck Jake because I do,...</p> |
| 143 | <p>"Don't look at my ass," she said, and so I looked at her ass, spreading out wide from her thin waist.</p> |
| 145 | <p>"...Sex is pretty fun...." ..."You're hopeless. Wanna go porn hunting?" "Huh?" "We can't love our neighbors till we know how crooked their hearts are. Don't you like porn?" she asked, smiling. "Um," I answered. The truth was that I hadn't seen much porn, but the idea of looking at porn with Alaska had a certain appeal.</p> |
| 146 | <p>I was stunned by how many people had booze. Even the Weekday Warriors, who got to go home every weekend, had beer and liquor stashed everywhere from toilet tanks to the bottoms of dirty-clothes hampers. "God, I could have ratted out anyone," Alaska said softly as she unearthed a forty-ounce bottle of Magnum malt liquor from Longwell Chase's closet. ...She stared at it, then pulled out the King James Bible, and there- a purple bottle of Maui Wowie wine cooler.</p> |
| 146 | <p>And we found plenty of porn magazines haphazardly stuffed in between mattresses and box springs. It turns out that Hank Walsten did like something other than basketball and pot: he liked Juggs. But we didn't find a movie until Room 32,...</p> <p>..."The Bitches of Madison County. Well. Ain't that just delightful." We ran with it to the TV room, closed the blinds, locked the door, and watched the movie. It opened with a woman standing on a bridge with her legs spread while a guy knelt in front of her, giving her oral sex. ...A woman crouched on her hands and knees while a guy knelt behind her. She kept saying "Give it to me" and moaning, and though her eyes, brown and blank, betrayed her lack of interest, I couldn't help but take mental notes.</p> |

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| | <p>Hands on her shoulders, I noted. Fast, but not too fast or it's going to be over, fast. Keep your grunting to a minimum.</p> <p>As if reading my mind, she said, "God, Pudge. Never do it that hard. That would hurt. That looks like torture. And all she can do is just sit there and take it? This is not a man and a woman. It's a penis and a vagina. What's erotic about that? Where's the kissing?"</p> <p>"Given their position, I don't think they can kiss right now," I noted.</p> <p>"That's my point. Just by virtue of how they're doing it, it's objectification. He can't even see her face! This is what can happen to women, Pudge..."</p> <p>"...Look me in the eye and tell me this doesn't turn you one, Pudge."</p> <p>I couldn't. She laughed. It was fine, she said. Healthy.</p> |
| 151 | <p>"...All I remember is that she had a lot of sex."</p> <p>"I know. She's my hero," Alaska said without a trace of irony.</p> |
| 155 | <p>She said that it was sexist to leave the cooking to women, but better to have good sexist food than crappy boy-prepared food.</p> |
| 158 | <p>"COOSA LIQUORS' entire business model is built around selling cigarettes to minor alcohol to adults."</p> <p>...headed to the aforementioned Coosa Liquors.</p> <p>"...Which is great, if all you need is cigarettes. But we need booze. And they card for booze. And my ID blows. But I'll flirt my way through."</p> <p>...Alaska went in alone and walked out the door five minutes later weighed down by two paper bags filled with contraband: three cartons of cigarettes, five bottles of wine, and a fifth of vodka for the Colonel.</p> |
| 162 | <p>"Don't you know who you love, Pudge? You love the girl who makes you laugh and shows you porn and drinks wine with you. You don't love the crazy, sullen bitch."</p> |
| 167 | <p>"French, Feel, Finger, Fuck. It's like you skipped third grade," Alaska said.</p> |
| 186 | <p>I wanted to like booze more than I actually did (which is more or less the precise opposite of how I felt about Alaska). But that night, the booze felt great, as the warmth of the wine in my stomach spread through my body. I didn't like feeling stupid or out of control, but I liked the way it made everything (laughing, crying, peeing in front of your friends) easier. Why did we drink? For me, it was just fun, particularly since we were risking expulsion.</p> |
| 188 | <p>"...and neither are the countless bitches that call me lover."</p> <p>"...Oh shit did you just diss the feminine gender/I'll pummel your ass and stick you in a blender..."</p> <p>"...objectify women and it's fuckin' on..."</p> |
| 191 | <p>"We are all going to puke if we just drink. So we'll slow it down with a drinking game. Best Day/Worst Day."</p> <p>"...The best storyteller doesn't have to drink. Then everybody tells the story of their worst day, and the best storyteller doesn't have to drink..."</p> |
| 204 | <p>Soon we were entirely out of our sleeping bags, making out quietly. She lay on top of me, and I held her small waist in my hands. I could feel her breasts against my chest, and she moved slowly on top of me, her legs straddling me. "You feel nice," she said.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 210 | <p>"Have you ever gotten a blow job?"</p> <p>..."I've just never given one," she answered, her little voice dripping with seductiveness. It was so brazen. I thought I would explode. I never thought. I mean, from Alaska, hearing that stuff was one thing. But to hear her sweet little Romanian voice go so sexy all of the sudden... "No," I said. "I never have." "Think it would be fun?" DO !!?!?!?!?!?! "Um. Yeah. I mean, you don't have to." "I think I want to," she said, and we kissed a little, and then. And then with me sitting watching The Brady Bunch, watching Marcia Marcia Marcia up to her Brady antics, Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis. "Wow," she said. "What?" She looked up at me, but didn't move, her face nanometers away from my penis. "It's weird."</p> <p>"What do you mean weird?" "Just big, I guess." I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth. And waited. We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn't quite sure what. She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes . . . she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting. And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically. "Should I do something?" "Um. I don't know," I said. Everything I'd learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn't that choke her? So I just stayed quiet. "Should I, like, bite?" "Don't bite! I mean, I don't think. I think---I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don't know if there's something else." "I mean, you didn't---" "Um. Maybe we should ask Alaska." So we went to her room and asked Alaska. She laughed and laughed. Sitting on her bed, she laughed until she cried. She walked into the bathroom, returned with a tube of toothpaste, and showed us. In detail. Never have I so wanted to be Crest Complete.</p> <p>Lara and I went back to her room, where she did exactly what Alaska told her to do, and I did exactly what Alaska said I would do, which was die a hundred little ecstatic deaths, my fists clenched, my body shaking. It was my first orgasm with a girl, and afterward, I was embarrassed and nervous, and so, clearly, was Lara, who finally broke the silence by asking, "So, want to do some homework?"</p> |
| 217 | <p>"Can't make out. Too drunk."</p> <p>..."Hook up with me."</p> <p>So I did.</p> <p>It was that quick. I laughed, looked nervous, and she leaned in and tilted her head to the side, and were kissing. Zero layers between us. Our tongues dancing back and forth in each other's mouth until there was no her mouth and my mouth but only our mouths intertwined. She tasted like cigarettes and Mountain Dew and wine and Chapstick. Her hand came to my face and I felt her soft fingers tracing the line of my jaw. We lay down as we kissed, she on top of me, and I began to move beneath her. I pulled away for a moment, to say, "What is going on here?" and she put one finger to her lips and we kissed again. A hand grabbed one of mine and she placed it on her stomach. I moved slowly on top of her and felt her arching her back fluidly beneath me.</p> <p>I pulled away again. "What about Lara? Jake?" Again, she sshed me. "Less tongue, more lips," she said, and I tried my best. I thought the tongue was the whole</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | <p>point, but she was the expert.</p> <p>...She moved my hand from her waist to her breast, and I felt cautiously, my fingers moving slowly under her shirt but over her bra, tracing the outline of her breasts and cupping one in my hand, squeezing softly. "You're good at that," she whispered. Her lips never left mine as she spoke. We moved together, my body between her legs.</p> <p>"This is so fun," she whispered, "but I'm so sleepy. To be continued?" She kissed me for another moment, my mouth straining to stay near hers, and then she moved from beneath me, placed her head on my chest, and fell asleep instantly. We didn't have sex. We never got naked. I never touched her bare breast, and her hands never got lower than my waist.</p> |
| 233 | She was warm and soft against my skin, my tongue in her mouth, and she was laughing, trying to teach me, make me better... |
| 236 | An hour after the Colonel left, resident stoner Hank Walsten dropped by to offer me some weed, which I graciously turned down. |
| 238 | <p>I am sleeping, and Alaska flies into the room. She is naked, and intact. Her breasts, which I felt only very briefly and in the dark, are luminously full as they hung down from her body. She hovers inches above me, her breath warm and sweet against my face like a breeze passing through tall grass.</p> <p>..."I'm so naked," she says, and laughs. "How did I get so naked?"</p> |
| 290 | "Is this what you told Lara in the TV room? Because, see, Pudge, they only call it a blow job." |
| 335 | <p>"The way young people speak about on another's bodies says a great deal about our society. In today's world, boys are much more likely to objectify girl's bodies than the other way around. Boys will say amongst themselves that so-and-so has a nice rack, while girls will more likely say that a boy is cute, a term that describes both physical and emotional characteristics. This has the effect of turning girls into mere objects, while boys are seen by girls as whole people-</p> <p>..."You're so hot! I wesh you'd shut up and take off your clothes."</p> <p>..."what we have here is a very interesting case study- a female objectifying me, a male. It's so unusual that I can only assume you're making an attempt at humor."</p> <p>..."I'm not keeding! Take off your clothes."</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 13 |
| Bitch | 10 |
| Fuck | 24 |
| Piss | 19 |
| Shit | 29 |

THE HATE U GIVE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inflammatory racial commentary; frequent profanity; and inexplicit sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Angie Thomas

ISBN: 978-0-06-287135-0

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 31 | Daddy believes in Black Jesus but follows the Black Panthers' Ten-Point Program more than the Ten Commandments. He agrees with the Nation of Islam on some stuff, but he can't get over the fact that they may have killed Malcolm X. "Pig in my house," Daddy grumbles and sits next to me. |
| 51 | "You mean y'all wanna justify what that pig did," Daddy says. "Investigate my ass." ... "A sixteen-year-old black boy is dead because a white cop killed him. What else could it be?" |
| 81 | Fooling around isn't new for us, and when Chris slipped his hand into my shorts, I didn't think anything of it. Then he got me going, and I really wasn't thinking. At all. For real, my thought process went out the door. And right as I was at that moment, he stopped, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a condom. He raised his eyebrows at me, silently asking for an invitation to go all the way. All I could think about was those girls I see walking around Garden Heights, babies propped on their hips. Condom or no condom, shit happens. ...I left his house pissed and horny, the absolute worst way to leave. |
| 88 | Last time he played with some neighborhood kids, they called him "white boy" 'cause he goes to Williamson. |
| 110 | Let my clarify- my butt against his crotch, my back against his chest. I'm bumping up against him, trying to figure out how to get the ball back in the hole. It sounds way dirtier than it actually is, especially in this position. |
| 131 | "...Coming in the Lord's house, looking like he prostitute you are!" |
| 131 | "I still can't believe you slept with that nasty ho." |
| 3 | A haze lingers over the room, smelling like weed, and music rattles the floor. |
| 5 | Plus, if I pull it over my nose, I can't smell the weed. |
| 7 | "...You're so lucky you go to that white-people school and don't have to deal with hoes like that." |
| 9 | "Point made. And before you say it, li'l lame white-kid suburb parties don't count." ..."I bet they be doing Molly and shit, don't they?" Chance asks me. "White kids love popping pills." |
| 10 | "Damn. For real?" Chance asks. "Shiiiiit. Bitch, next time invite me. I'll party with them white kids." |
| 186 | She pats my hair and says, "White people do stupid shit sometimes." |
| 220 | "It's really something that you're alive," I say. Snitches get stitches doesn't apply to King Lords. More like snitches get graves. Momma tilts Mr. Lewis's head to look at the cut on his cheek. "She's right. You're real lucky, Mr. Lewis. Don't even need stitches." ..."He ain't come in till them other ones got me down. Ol' punk ass, looking like a black Michelin Man." |
| 224 | "A cop though? If the homies find out, the gon' think I'm snitching." "They're not your homies if you gotta hide from them," I say. "Plus Uncle Carlos wouldn't ask you to snitch." |

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| 230 | <p>DeVante sizes Chris up. “Boyfriend,” he says with a slight laugh, and looks at me. “I should’ve know you’d have a white boy.”</p> <p>...“Get over it, Maverick. He’s white!” Momma shouts on the patio. “White, white, white!”</p> <p>...“That’s why DeVante was looking at you that way. You’re white.”</p> <p>“Okay?” he asks more than says. “Is this one of those black things I don’t understand?”</p> <p>“Okay, babe, real talk? If you were somebody else I’d side-eye the shit out of you for calling it that.”</p> <p>“Calling it what? A black thing?”</p> <p>...“I wouldn’t call it a problem,” Chris says, “but we did talk about it.”</p> <p>“So it’s not just a black thing then, huh?”</p> <p>“Point made.”</p> |
| 231 | <p>“I think they feel guilty about yesterday. Especially Hailey. White guilt.” He winks. I crack up. My white boyfriend talking about white guilt.</p> |
| 234 | <p>She raises her eyebrows at me. “Are you taking your birth control pills?”</p> <p>“Mommy!”</p> <p>“Answer my question. Are you?”</p> <p>“Yeeees,” I groan, putting my face on the countertop.</p> |
| 235 | <p>“A wigga at that.”</p> <p>“Excuse you?” I say with a mouth full o f peanut butter. “He is not a wigga.”</p> |
| 258 | <p>Momma, Sekani, and I spent the night at Uncle Carlos’s house, and I know it was more because Momma’s mad at Daddy than it was about the riots. In fact, the news said last night was the first semipeaceful night in the Garden. Just protests, no riots. Cops were still throwing tear gas though.</p> |
| 292 | <p>...“Fuck the Police” type shit.</p> |
| 320 | <p>“We want freedom,” I say. “We want the power to determine the destiny of our black and oppressed communities.”</p> <p>“Say it again.”</p> <p>“We want freedom. We want the power to determine the destiny of our black and oppressed communities.”</p> <p>“Point seven.”</p> <p>“We want an immediate end to police brutality,” I say, “and the murder of black people, other people of color, and oppressed people.”</p> <p>“Again.”</p> <p>“We want an immediate end to police brutality and the murder of black people, other people of color, and oppressed people.”</p> <p>“And what did Brother Malcolm say is our objective?”</p> <p>Seven and I recite Malcom X quotes by the time we were thirteen. Sekani hasn’t gotten there yet.</p> <p>“Complete freedom, justice, and equality,” I say, “by any means necessary.”</p> <p>“Again.”</p> <p>“Complete freedom, justice, and equality, by any means necessary.”</p> <p>“So why you gon’ be quiet?” Daddy asks.</p> |

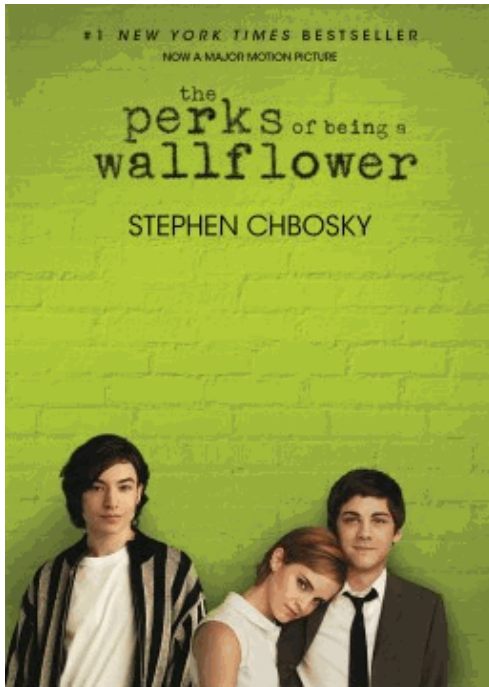
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| 338 | He's been more protective lately, ever since we got word that King's still pissed I dry snitched. |
| 340 | "Whatever. So because I didn't want to see that disgusting shit, I'm racist?" |
| 357 | I have to watch what I say and how I say it, but I can't sound "white." |
| 376 | "Who gives a fuck?" ..."Not Hailey. But you know. Blond. Rich. White." |
| 377 | I slip my hand in his pants, heading for the bulge. |
| 383 | "I bet he yours, ain't he? That's what happens when you go to them white folks' schools." ..."I would've paid to see Maverick's face the day you brought this one home. Shit, I'm surprised Seven got a black girl." |
| 384 | "That goes for dry snitches too." ..."Y'all better get DeVante's sorry ass out of my bedroom. Bleeding on my carpet and shit. And got the nerve to use one of my damn towels? Matter of fact, get him and that snitch out my house." |
| 389 | "This some bullshit." "Fuck!" Seven croaks. He covers his eyes and rocks back and forth. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" ..."Fuck this. Starr, whatever you wanna do, I'm down. You wanna burn some shit up, we'll burn some shit up. Give the word." "Dude, are you crazy?" Chris says. "You don't get it, so shut up. Starr, what do you wanna do?" Anything. Everything. Scream. Cry. Puke. Hit somebody. Burn something. Throw something. They gave me this hate, and now I wanna fuck everybody, even if I'm not sure how. "I wanna do something," I say. "Protest, riot, I don't care-" "Riot?" Chris echoes. "Hell yeal!" DeVante gives me dap. "That's what I'm talking 'bout!" "Starr, think about this," Chris says. "That won't solve anything." "And neither did talking!" I snap. "I did everything right and it didn't make a fucking difference. I've gotten death threats, cops harassed my family, somebody shot into my house, all kinds of shit. And for what? Justice Khalil won't get? They don't give a fuck about us, so fine. I no longer give a fuck." |
| 392 | "You crazy-ass white boy if you that's gon' happen." |
| 393 | The crowds are too thick. We climb on top of a bus stop bench to get a better view of everything going on. King Lords in gray bandanas and Garden Disciples in green bandanas stand on a police care in the middle of the street, chanting, "Justice for Khalil!" People gathered around the car record the scene with their phones and throw rocks at the windows. "Fuck that cop, bruh," a guy says, gripping a baseball bat. "Killed him over nothing!" He slams the bat into the driver's side window, shattering the glass. It's on. The King Lords and GDs stomp out the front window. Then somebody yells, "Flip |

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| | <p>that mothafucka!”</p> <p>The gangbangers jump off. People line up on one side of the car. I stare at the lights on top, remembering the ones that flashed behind me and Khalil, and watch them disappear as they flip the care onto its back.</p> <p>Someone shouts, “Watch out!”</p> <p>A molotov cocktail sails toward the car. Then-whoompf! It bursts into flames. The crowd cheers.</p> <p>People say misery loves company, but I think it’s like that with anger too. I’m not the only one pissed- everyone around me is. They didn’t have to be sitting in the passenger’s seat when it happened. My anger is theirs, and theirs is mine.</p> <p>A car stereo loudly plays a record-scratching sound, then Ice Cube says, “Fuck the police, coming straight form the underground. A young nigga got it bad ‘cause I’m brown.”</p> <p>You’d think it was a concert the way people react, rapping along and jumping in the beat. DeVante and Seven yell out the lyrics. Chris nods along and mumbles the words. He goes silent every time Cube says “nigga.” As he should.</p> <p>When that hook hits, a collective “Fuck the police” thunders off Magnolia Avenue, probably loud enough to reach the heavens.</p> <p>...Fuck them.</p> <p>Glass shatters. I stop rapping.</p> <p>A block away, people throw rocks and garbage cans at the windows of the McDonald’s and the drugstore next to it.</p> <p>“Holy shit,” Chris says.</p> <p>...“Hell yeah!” says DeVante. “Burn that bitch down!”</p> <p>...I’m just as pissed as anybody, but this...this isn’t it. Not for me.</p> <p>...The original battle cry starts up again: “Fuck the police! Fuck the police!”</p> <p>People hurl rocks and glass bottles at the cops.</p> <p>“Yo,” Seven says.</p> <p>“Stop throwing objects at law enforcement,” the officer says.</p> <p>...“Fuck the police! Fuck the police!” DeVante continues to shout.</p> <p>“Vante, man, c’mon!” Says Seven.</p> <p>“I ain’t scared of them! Fuck the police!”</p> <p>There’s a loud pop. An object sails into the air, lands in the middle of the street, and explodes in a ball of fire.</p> <p>“Oh shit!” DeVante says.</p> <p>...It’s a damn near stampede...</p> |
| 397 | <p>“Niggas tired of taking shit,” DeVante says, between heavy breaths. “Like Starr said, they don’t give a fuck about us, so we don’t give a fuck. Burn this bitch down.”</p> <p>“But they don’t live here!” Seven says. “They don’t give a damn what happens to this neighborhood.”</p> <p>“What we supposed to do then?” DeVante snaps. “All that Kumbaya peaceful shit clearly don’t work. They don’t listen till we tear something up.”</p> <p>“Those businesses though,” I say.</p> <p>“...Nah, I don’t give a fuck about neither one of them bitches.”</p> |

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|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 398 | <p>“People are pissed, DeVante. They’re not thinking shit out. They’re doing shit.”</p> <p>“...He was mad as hell that Chris is white. But ay? You spit that NWA shit like you did back there, maybe he’ll think you’re a’ight.”</p> <p>“What? Surprised a white boy knows NWA?” Chris teases.</p> <p>“Man, you ain’t white. You light-skinned.”</p> |
| 400 | <p>“I swear, I don’t understand white people...”</p> |
| 401 | <p>“...If my pops were here, he’d say you’ve fallen into the trap of the white standard.”</p> |
| 408 | <p>Ahead of the crowd a lady twists stands on top of a police car, holding a bullhorn. She turns toward us, her fist raised for black power. Khalil smiles on the front of her T-shirt.</p> <p>...She eyes beat-up DeVante. “Oh my God, did you get caught in the riots?”</p> <p>DeVante touches his face. “Damn, I look that bad?”</p> <p>...“You can destroy wood and brick, but you can’t destroy a movement...”</p> |
| 410 | <p>“You want to fight the system tonight?”</p> <p>...“Good. As of now I’m not your attorney. So if your parents find out about this, I didn’t do it as your attorney but as an activist. You saw that bus near the intersection?”</p> <p>...“If the police react, run straight to it. Got it?”</p> <p>...She takes me to the patrol car and motions at her colleague. The lady climbs off and hands Ms. Ofrah the bullhorn. Ms. Offrah passes it over to me.</p> <p>“Use your weapon,” she says.</p> <p>Another one of her coworkers lifts me and sets me on top of the cop car.</p> <p>...Shit, I have no idea what to say.</p> <p>...You know what? Fuck it.</p> <p>“My name is Starr. I’m the one who saw what happened to Khalil, “ I say into the bullhorn. “And it wasn’t right.”</p> <p>...“We weren’t doing anything wrong. Not only did Officer Cruise assume we were up to no good, he assumed we were criminals. Well, Officer Cruise is the criminal.”</p> <p>The crowd cheers and claps. Ms. Ofrah says, “Speak!”</p> <p>That amps me up.</p> <p>I turn to the cops. “I’m sick of this! Just like y’all think all of us are bad because of some people, we think the same about y’all. Until you give us a reason to think otherwise, we’ll keep protesting.”</p> |
| 430 | <p>DeVante shrugs. “I already need the stitches. Might as well snitch.”</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 37 |
| Bitch | 14 |
| Fuck | 70 |
| Nigga | 2 |
| Piss | 10 |
| Shit | 103 |

THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including assault and battery; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol and drug use.

Young Adult

By Stephen Chbosky

ISBN: 978-1-4516-9620-2

978-1-4391-2243-3

CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 | <p>I just need to know that someone out there listens and understands and doesn't try to sleep with people even if they could have. I need to know that these people exist.</p> |
| 4 | <p>That's maybe why he felt all alone and killed himself.</p> |
| 6 | <p>But over the summer she had her braces taken off, and she got a little taller and prettier and grew new breasts.</p> |
| 12 | <p>And I opened the door to the basement, and my sister and this boy were naked. He was on top of her, and her legs were draped over either side of the couch. And she screamed at me in a whisper. "Get out. You pervert."</p> |
| 21 | <p>I had a weird dream. I was with Sam. And we were both naked. And her legs were spread over the sides of the couch. And I woke up. And I had never felt that good in my life. But I also felt bad because I saw her naked without her permission. ...Do you know what "masturbation" is? I think you probably do because you are older than me. But just in case, I will tell you. Masturbation is when you rub your genitals until you have an orgasm. Wow! I thought that in those movies and television shows when they talk about having a coffee break that they should have a masturbation break. ...I told Sam that I dreamt that she and I were naked on the sofa, and I started crying because I felt bad, and do you what she did? She laughed.</p> |
| 30 | <p>This one couple, whom I was told later were very popular and in love, stumbled into my room and asked if I minded them using it. I told them that my brother and sister said I had to stay here, and they asked if they could use the room anyway with me still in it. I said I didn't see why not, so they closed the door and started kissing. Kissing very hard. After a few minutes, the boy's hand went up the girl's shirt, and she started protesting. "C'mon, Dave." "What?" "The kid's in here." "It's okay." And the boy kept working up the girl's shirt, and as much as she sat no, he kept working it. After a few minutes, she stopped protesting, and he pulled her shirt off, and she had a white bra on with lace. I honestly didn't know what to do by this point. Pretty soon, he took off her bra and started to kiss her breasts. And then he put his hand down her pants, and she started moaning. I think they were both very drunk. He reached to take off her pants, but she started crying really hard, so he reached for his own. He pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. "Please. Dave. No." But the boy just talked soft to her about how good she looked and things like that, and she grabbed his penis with her hands and started moving it. I wish I could describe this a little more nicely without using words like penis, but that was the way it was. After a few minutes, the boy pushed the girl's head down, and she started to kiss his penis. She was still crying. Finally, she stopped crying because he put his penis</p> |

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| | <p>in her mouth, and I don't think you can cry in that position. I had to stop watching at that point because I started to feel sick, but it kept going on, and they kept doing other things, and she kept saying "no." Even when I covered my ears, I could still hear her say that.</p> <p>..."Did they know you were in there?"</p> <p>"Yes. They asked if they could use the room."</p> <p>"Why didn't you stop them?"</p> <p>"I didn't know what they were doing."</p> <p>"You pervert,"...</p> |
| 33 | <p>Sam told me as we were hanging up our coats that Bob was "baked like a fucking cake."</p> |
| 44 | <p>When most people left, Brad and Patrick went into Patrick's room. They had sex for the first time that night. I don't want to go into detail about it because it's pretty private stuff, but I will say that Brad assumed the role of the girl in terms of where you put things. I think that's pretty important to tell you. When they were finished, Brad started to cry really hard. He had been drinking a lot. And getting really really stoned.</p> |
| 45 | <p>He was also crying pretty bad, and he decided if anyone asked him, he would say his eyes were red from smoking pot.</p> |
| 49 | <p>According to my sister, Sam used to be a "blow queen." I hope you know what that means because I really can't think about Sam and describe it to you.</p> |
| 56 | <p>They usually start when my mom's dad (my grandfather) finishes his third drink. It is around this time that he starts to talk a lot. My grandfather usually just complains about black people moving into the old neighborhood, and then my sister gets upset at him, and then my grandfather tells her that she doesn't know what she's talking about because she lives in the suburbs.</p> |
| 66 | <p>And I wasn't shy because we were trying to act like grown-ups, and we drank brandy. And I was warm. I'm still a little warm, but I have to tell you this. ...That's when Patrick put on the second side of the tape I made for him and poured everyone another glass of brandy. I guess we all looked a little silly drinking it, but we didn't feel silly.</p> |
| 70 | <p>She told me about the first time she was kissed. She told me that it was with one of her dad's friends. She was seven.</p> |
| 72 | <p>And he caught his sister making out on the back porch ...That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that was the thing to do And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" because that's what it was really all about And he gave himself an A and a slash on each damned wrist And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he could reach the kitchen.</p> |
| 81 | <p>I agreed, but then my brother started saying how my sister was just a "bitchy dyke." ...I am probably the only one in the family with a friend who is gay.</p> |
| 94 | <p>Everyone else is either asleep or having sex.</p> |

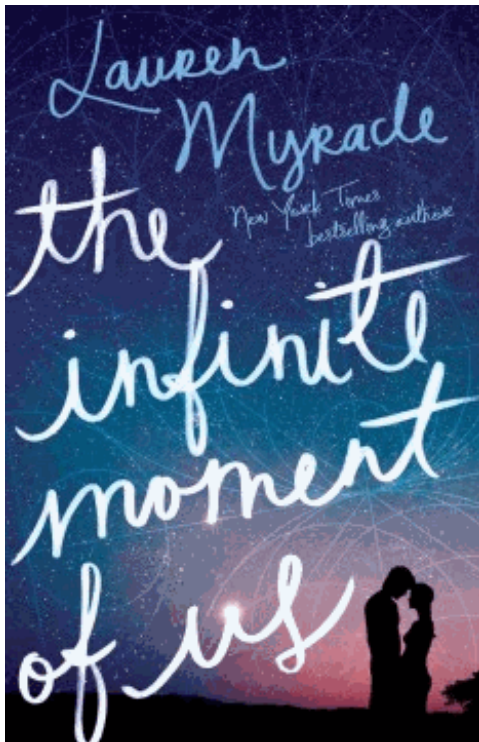
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| 95 | That's what Bob said before he went to his bedroom with Jill, a girl that I don't know. |
| 96 | But the thing is that I can hear Sam and Craig having sex, and for the first time in my life, I understand the end of that poem. And I never wanted to. |
| 100 | Regardless, I decided to never take LSD again. |
| 101 | The book said that sometimes people take LSD, and they don't really get out of it. |
| 110 | Patrick kept making jokes that I would get an "erection." I really hoped this wouldn't happen. Once, I got an erection in class and had to go to the blackboard. |
| 113 | Sam did say that sex things were tricky with Mary Elizabeth since she's had boyfriends before and is a lot more experienced than I am. She said that the best thing to do when you don't know what to do during anything sexual is pay attention to how that person is kissing you and kiss them back the same way. |
| 116 | That's when she told me she was pregnant. |
| 119 | "Charlie, are you smoking?!" ..."I can't believe you're smoking!" |
| 123 | So, I told him a little about Mary Elizabeth, leaving out the part about the tattoo and belly button ring. ...He lit a cigarette and started telling me about sex. |
| 124 | ..."wear protection,"... ...Things like sex don't embarrass him. ...I think he was especially happy because I used to kiss this boy in the neighborhood a lot when I was very little, and even though the psychiatrist said it was very natural for little boys and girls to explore things like that, I think my father was afraid anyway. |
| 126 | And then she leaned down and started kissing my neck and ears. Then my cheeks. Then my lips. And everything kind of melted away. She took my hand and slid it up her sweater, and I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Or what breasts felt like. Or later, what they looked like. Or how difficult bras are. After we had done everything you can do from the stomach up, I lay on the floor, and Mary Elizabeth put her head on my chest. |
| 130 | Sex things are so weird, too. It's like after that first night, we have this pattern where we basically do what we did that first time, but there is no fire or Billie Holiday record because we are in a car, and everything is rushed. Maybe this is the way things are supposed to be, but it doesn't feel right. ...So, I asked her about Mary Elizabeth (leaving out the sex part) because I knew she could be neutral about it, especially since she "stayed clear" of dinner. |
| 144 | They were all laughing and making sex jokes, and Susan was doing her best to laugh along with them. |
| 158 | "So, they've been going out for a long time, and I think they've even had sex before, but this was going to be a special night..." ..."They start to make out. The stereo's playing, and they're just about to 'do it' when Parker realizes he forgot the condoms. They're both naked on this putting green. They both want each other. There's no condom. So, what do you think |

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| | <p>happened?" "I don't know." "They did it doggie-style with one of the sandwich bags!"</p> |
| 160 | <p>We hugged good night, and when I was just about to let go, he held me a little tighter. And he moved his face to mine. And he kissed me. A real kiss. Then, he pulled away real slow. ...So, he said "thanks" and hugged me again. And moved in to kiss me again. And I just let him. ...We didn't do anything other than kiss.</p> |
| 161 | <p>We drink a lot. Actually, it's more like Patrick drinks, and I sip. ...He said that eye contact is how you agree to fool around anonymously.</p> |
| 171 | <p>It was fun watching my sister dance the Time Warp on stage, but I don't think I could have handled her pretending to have sex with a large stuffed Gumby.</p> |
| 178 | <p>"Don't blame me that you fucked around on her since the beginning!..."</p> |
| 186 | <p>"This is good champagne." I don't think he knew the difference because he's a beer drinker. Sometimes, whiskey. ...I went with all my Ohio cousins, who promptly pulled out a "joint" and passed it around.</p> |
| 187 | <p>"Jesus. Look at these bleachers. How many colored people-"</p> |
| 188 | <p>Then, Mr. Small and the vice principal, whom Patrick swears is gay...</p> |
| 190 | <p>On the way home for the party, my Ohio cousins lit up another joint.</p> |
| 192 | <p>After about half an hour looking around the dance club, I finally saw Mary Elizabeth with Peter. They were both drinking scotch and sodas, which Peter bought since he is older and had his hand stamped. ...She told me that Alice was getting high in the ladies' room and Sam and Patrick were on the floor dancing. ...Then, he took Mary Elizabeth's drink out of her hand and drank it. "Hey, asshole" was her response. I think he was drunk, even though he hasn't been drinking lately, but Patrick does stuff sober, so it's hard to tell.</p> |
| 193 | <p>Her whisper smelled like cranberry juice and vodka.</p> |
| 196 | <p>After I ate my Ho-Ho, I lit up a cigarette,...</p> |
| 197 | <p>She was scared, and it wasn't until she had a sip of whatever we were drinking or a hit off of whatever we were smoking that she would calm down and be the same Sam.</p> |
| 202 | <p>So, I kissed her. And she kissed me back. And we lay down on the floor and kept kissing. And it was soft. And we made quiet noises. And kept silent. And still. We went over to the bed and lay down on all the things that weren't put in suitcases. And we touched each other from the waist up over our clothes. And then under out clothes. And then without clothes. And it was so beautiful. She was so beautiful. She took my hand and slid it under her pants. And I touched her. And I just couldn't believe it. ...Until she moved her hand under my pants, and she touched me.</p> |

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| 205 | I just keep seeing him, and he keeps hitting my sister, and he won't stop, and I want him to stop because he doesn't mean it, but he just doesn't listen, and I don't know what to do. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Faggot | 2 |
| Fuck | 6 |
| Prick | 2 |
| Pussy | 2 |
| Shit | 2 |

THE INFINITE MOMENT OF US



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexually explicit excerpts and profanity.

Young Adult

By Lauren Myracle

ISBN: 978-1-4197-0793-3



4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 28 | When she shifted, the hem of her skirt rode up, revealing a finger's width of her skin. He wanted very much to look down her shirt... |
| 60 | "It'd take a crowbar to pry that girl's legs apart,"... |
| 62 | <p>It brought up memories of his mother, his biological mother. She was young when she'd had him. Young and scared and desperate. Two jobs but never enough money, and certainly none for child care.</p> <p>"I expect you to be quiet and behave," Charlie heard her telling him, and he pictured a skinny little kid- him- being pried off the faceless woman's leg and pushed firmly into a cramped garage. Maybe she said it once more before yanking down the garage door, staring hard at her three-year-old son. "Stay here and be quiet for Mommy."</p> <p>Garage doors are heavy, and they could be closed with some amount of speed, but surely Charlie could have ducked beneath it and tried to get to her. He hadn't. "Stay," his mother had said, and like a good dog- or if not a good dog, a dog who'd learned about cause and effect- he'd obeyed.</p> <p>He was in there for a long time, day after day. August, in Atlanta, was brutal. He must have cried out eventually, or hit his small fist against the door, because they found him, didn't they? A neighbor discovered that it was a "who" and not a "what" making such a racket in the garage behind the apartment units...</p> |
| 65 | She seemed so angry, and yet she reached over, grabbed his hand, and shoved it under her shirt. |
| 65 | "Sure, Pamela, only, after she gave you your coffee, she gave me a blow job behind the workshop..." |
| 123 | Once, he ran his finger over the swell of her lower lip, and she surprised him by parting her lips and capturing his finger between her top and bottom teeth. She sucked on him, circling the tip of his finger with her tongue, and he got hard. |
| 124 | He wanted to have sex with Wren. God, he wanted to, and he hoped she eventually would, too. |
| 130 | <p>"Mmm," she said, and she arched her back. In some ways they'd moved fast physically, which Charlie was 100 percent fine with, although there were certain things they hadn't done that he wished they would.</p> <p>...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example.</p> <p>...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips.</p> <p>..."God, you drive me crazy," he said. He kissed her neck. Ran his hand over the curve of her breast, and then down along her side. Down farther, pulling her close. She was wearing a skirt today, and he found the hem and slipped his hand underneath. Her thigh, her ass. Silk panties with soft lace around the edges.</p> <p>He ran his finger below the lace, and Wren made a small sound. Wren tried to be quiet when they were together like this.</p> <p>...His cock strained against his jeans. He pulled back slightly and used his forearm to push her legs apart. He slid his hand beneath her panties again and found the spot he was looking for- heat and wetness and skin softer than any silk or lace- and slipped two fingers inside her.</p> |

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| | <p>"Oh," Wren said. She was breathing hard. Charlie drew away from her kiss, but kept on with his fingers, watching her. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were parted. She lifted her hips...</p> |
| 132 | <p>..."When he was a baby, his father punched him in the gut." ...A baby. Who punched a baby?</p> |
| 135 | <p>Did Wren want to have sex with Charlie? Definitely. ...Tessa had had sex for the first time when she was sixteen, and sinc then she'd had sex with two other boyfriends before P.G. And, yes, Tessa and P.G. were now having sex ("And it is sooooo good," Tessa raved), which brought Tessa's count up to four. That was a lot of sex, Wren thought. "Have you at least touched his dick yet?" ..."Oh my God, Wren. That poor guy must have the worst case of blue balls ever."</p> |
| 136 | <p>"Yes, I want to have sex with Charlie..."</p> |
| 141 | <p>"Want to jump his bones?" Wren smiled. Yes, that. Yes, yes, yes.</p> |
| 146 | <p>She let her fingers trail up and down her body. Tessa was still in the shower- Wren would hear the water turn off when Tessa was done- and Wren was a little tipsy. She closed her eyes and touched her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt and gazed at the swell of them. She touched herself beneath her bra. Her nipples hardened. She thought of Charlie, and she crossed her feet at the ankles and rolled onto her side. God, she wanted him. She groaned, embarrassed and aroused...</p> |
| 149 | <p>"Yes, I want to...have sex. With you. Or make love to you. With you. Whatever." ...I want to have sex with you. ..."Do you...want me to send you a picture?" She heard Charlie inhale. He stumbled over his words. "You mean of...of you?" "Yeah," she whispered. She unbuttoned her light summer blouse. Blue, like periwinkles. "Can your ghetto phone receive pictures?" "Yes," he said without hesitation. She glanced at the door that led to the bathroom. It was closed, and the shower was still on. ...She let her blouse fall open. Her bra was one of her prettier ones... The fabric was sheer, and her nipples- still hard- were clearly visible. ...She pulled down the cup of her bra on one side. She cupped her breast with her hand, lifting it higher, and- quick, do it now, or you never will- used her other hand to tap the shutter button on her phone.</p> |
| 153 | <p>"Did you have table sex, or is she too afraid to get dirty?" Ah, shit. ...Charlie and Starrla had had table sex- or a table fuck; with Starrla it was always "fucking"- in Chris's shop one Saturday afternoon long, long ago. Starrla had been on top. ...They'd had sex on this sofa, too. More than once. ..."Banged her yet. Your pretty, perfect girlfriend."</p> |

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| 158 | <p>And then...her unbuttoned blouse. Her bra, pushed to the side. All breasts were not equal, Charlie thought. He didn't think about Starrla's breast, or his hand on it, because Starrla wasn't Wren.</p> <p>Looking at the picture Wren sent, and knowing she had sent it to please him, made him crazy with love and longing.</p> <p>...I want to make love to you.</p> |
| 179 | <p>...shitty day.</p> <p>As for sex. Well. They were fourteen the first time they "fucked," and afterward, Charlie tried to tell her how pretty she was.</p> |
| 181 | <p>But things happened, and he did have sex with her, or she had sex with him. Ten sweaty minutes later, it was over.</p> |
| 202 | <p>...she paused to admire herself in her full-length mirror, wearing nothing but her new lingerie. She turned to one side and then the other. She tried to see herself the way Charlie would see her, and it excited her.</p> <p>...Heat spread up her body. Her nipples hardened, and her breathing changed, and when she imagined not just his eyes on her, but his hands, his mouth, she grew suddenly and undeniably wet.</p> |
| 205 | <p>A drop of water landed on Wren's thigh, below the hem of her soft, clingy sundress, and Charlie ducked and licked the coldness off. Something wonderful and private fluttered inside her.</p> <p>..."...you should take off your dress."</p> <p>Wren's pulse quickened. "You want me to take off my dress?"</p> <p>"I do."</p> <p>She breathed, or tried to. Her body tingled. She rose to her knees, took the bottom of her sundress in her hands, and pulled it over her head.</p> <p>The night air made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. The night air also made her nipples hard, or maybe it was the way Charlie was looking at her.</p> <p>"You are beautiful," he said. He brought her champagne glass to her mouth, and she took a sip. Then he moved the glass down her body, charting a course between her breasts and over her tummy.</p> <p>"Is it cold?" he asked.</p> <p>She nodded.</p> <p>He lifted the glass back to her breast, pressing the coldest part to her nipple. He watched her face.</p> <p>...Charlie fanned his hands over the back of her panties. "God, I love your ass," he murmured.</p> <p>She was both thrilled and mortified. She was on her knees, and he was behind her, and when she shifted to move back beside him, he didn't let her. Instead, he ran his hand over and under her panties.</p> <p>...Charlie pulled her back to him, and she turned toward him. They were both on their knees, and he put one hand at the base of her neck and kissed her while his other hand skimmed the side of her body and the curve of her hip.</p> <p>...He leaned back, and she helped pull his shirt over his head.</p> <p>...He trailed his fingers down the strap of her new French bra. He reached the lace and lightly skimmed it. With both hands, he scooped up her breasts, running his thumbs over the swell of them and making her nipples even harder. They poked</p> |

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| | <p>visibly through the sheer fabric- Wren glanced down and saw- and Charlie said, "Leaves?"</p> <p>Wren's mind was foggy. Then she said, "Leaves. Yes. On my bra. Do you like?" He dipped his fingers under the lace, sliding the fabric of the bra off her breast and anchoring it beneath, so that it pushed her flesh higher. He did the same to the other breast. "I like this better," he murmured, bowing his head and sucking first one nipple and then the other.</p> <p>Wren couldn't think. It was all sense and touch and heat and shivers. Oh my God, she thought, and she moved beneath his touch, following his hands with her body.</p> <p>He fiddled with her bra. It took him a moment to work the clasp, and she smiled as she kissed him.</p> <p>She was wet.</p> <p>She was scared, but she wanted him inside her.</p> <p>Her fingers found his jeans. She undid the button and pulled down the zipper, drawing away to check his expression.</p> <p>"Baby," he murmured.</p> <p>"Can we...?" She pushed down on the waist of his jeans, not sure how to get them off him. Why had she never gotten his pants off him before? She'd wanted to, but she'd been shy, but now- aggh. Why wasn't there a guidebook for this stuff?</p> <p>He helped, and in the moonlight, she drew in her breath. Boxer briefs. Black and tight. Muscular thighs, so different from her softness.</p> <p>And in the front. Erect and long beneath his boxers. His dick. Tessa had taught her to call it that, dick and not penis, because penis was a silly word. And this, the solid length of Charlie's dick, of Charlie...</p> <p>She'd wanted to touch him there many times, but she'd been scared. She was still scared. Her heart pounded, and she hooked her thumbs beneath the band at the top of his boxers- but no. They wouldn't...they were stuck, caught by the tip of his dick. She bit her lip and used her fingers to pull the waistband up and over him. She tugged them to his knees and didn't know what to do next.</p> <p>But okay. Wow. She bent and took him in her mouth before she realized what she was doing. And then...</p> <p>Really wow, and really strange. Not bad, but really, really strange.</p> <p>He moaned, and Wren moved up and down. Her hair swung. She was doing this, and part of her couldn't believe it, but part of her could, especially since he clearly liked it.</p> <p>"God, baby," Charlie told her, his breath hitching. "But...hold on..."</p> <p>He gently pushed her shoulders. When her mouth left his dick, he made a sound. He fumbled with his boxers, less graceful and more urgent than he'd been with his jeans. He got them all the way off, and Wren's eyes widened at the sight of this beautiful boy- her boy, her Charlie- naked and hard in front of her.</p> <p>He lay her down. He slipped her panties off, and he kissed her toes. He kissed her shins, her knees, her thighs, and when she lifted her hips, he stretched his body over hers and eased his finger, maybe two, inside her. With his thumb, he rubbed other places.</p> <p>Wren lifted her hips higher. She pressed against him and found his mouth with hers. His dick was hard against her but not yet in her.</p> |

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| | <p>...With his knee, he spread her legs. She gasped. She clung to his shoulders... ...Warmth between her legs. Pressure. Slippery, hard, soft- but it didn't go in, or it didn't feel as if it did. "Charlie? I don't-" He pushed harder, and she widened her legs. She didn't know what she was doing, but she was willing to try. Charlie did something with his fingers- she wasn't sure what- and her body acted on its own. She arched her spine and pressed the back of her head into the blanket. She smelled the earth, and she smelled Charlie, who thrust into her. She cried out at a sudden sharp pain, and Charlie stilled. "Are you okay?" he asked, bearing his weight on his forearms. "I'm fine," she said, wanting to be. But ow. ...She took him by his hips and pulled him back inside her. Okay, better. Yes. It no longer hurt. She nudged him out a little with a rock of her own hips. In, out. In, out. It worked, it made sense, it felt really, really- They're rhythm fell off, and their hips kind of bumped, and again, Wren couldn't get it back. ...He positioned himself on one hip and slipped almost all the way out of her. She missed him. ...She grasped his hips, and he thrust harder. Faster. She moved with him, and oh my God, yes. So silky. Salt from his neck. She nibbled and licked and kissed, and small sounds came from her, and she found that if she twined her legs around his, she could raise her hips even higher. Charlie groaned. In and out, together, and she loved this boy. She was doing it. She was having sex with Charlie, making love to Charlie, and everything inside her expanded and connected. ...Charlie called out her name, and he stopped thrusting, but he stayed inside her, his muscles taut. "Oh, baby," he said, panting. ...Only, no. Not yet. She moved beneath him, needing more- and more and more. Desire welled inside her. Desire and pleasure, until she felt crazy with it. She grabbed his hips and pulled, and he thrust again and kissed her roughly. ...He circled her nipple with his tongue before sucking and tugging. "Charlie. God, Charlie..." He switched to her other breast, and everything- Her muscles tightened, and she turned her head to the side as she rose one last time to meet him. The she let go. ...Charlie pulled out of her, slowly, and lay beside her.</p> |
| 214 | <p>They had sex every chance they got. ...They'd done it on an enormous pool float shaped like a dolphin, which Wren was still lying on. She laughed. "Can I be your bunny, honey?" "Absolutely," Charlie said, tossing Wren her bikini top and scanning the floor for his swim trunks. ..."But I think you're more like that dolphin: slippery when wet."</p> |

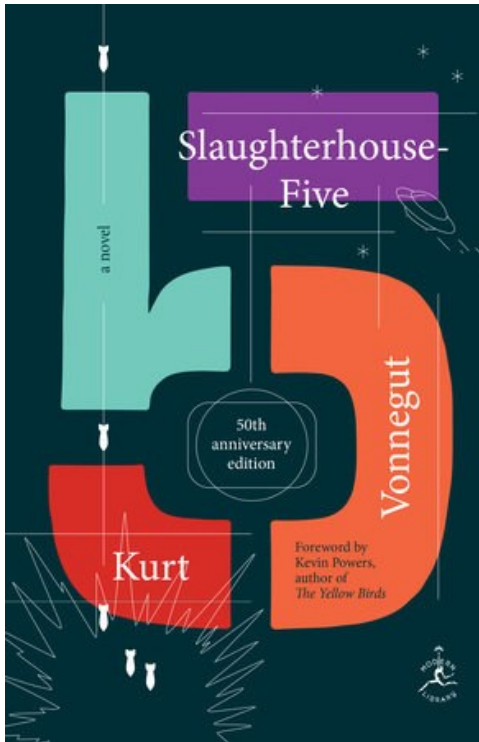
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| 217 | "Jesus, Charlie. I'm going to fuck you anyway,"... |
| 218 | Last week as Wren lay snuggled against Charlie's chest, she had asked him if sex, with her was better than sex with Starla. |
| 231 | <p>And there was a particular spot on the innermost part of her leg- soft and pale-for Charlie only. He stroked that spot with a downward motion, and the pleasure drew heat to the most private parts of her. When her breathing quickened, he noticed, because he always noticed.</p> <p>"I love it when you squirm," he would murmur, perhaps putting his mouth to her breast. Sucking. Nibbling. Tugging.</p> <p>There had been times, afterward, when she felt embarrassed by how she twisted and turned, how she arched her spine, imploring him wordlessly to have his way with her because there was nothing she wanted more.</p> |
| 237 | <p>He touched her lower lip, then lowered his hand and cupped her breast. She gasped, and Charlie ran his thumb over her nipple. She pressed against him, and when she closed her eyes, he kissed her long and hard.</p> <p>"God, Charlie," she murmured. Her cheeks were flushed, and she put her hands on his chest.</p> |
| 238 | <p>Charlie found Wren's knee under the table. He ran his hand under her dress and up her leg, making her press her lips together, as well as her thighs. She shot him a look. He shrugged and grinned, too.</p> <p>...As Tessa loaded up everyone's plates, Charlie's hand traveled higher between Wren's thighs. Tessa sat down, and everyone dug in, chatting and laughing. Charlie stayed in the conversation, but his real interest lay elsewhere. With his hand that was under the table, he reached the lace bordering Wren's panties. Wren dropped her piece of bread. She tried to act as if nothing unusual was going on, but her hand joined his under the table. She clutched his forearm. Her fingernails dug into his skin.</p> <p>"I'm sorry, what?" she said to P.G. and P. G. repeated a plot detail of the story he was telling.</p> <p>Charlie's fingers wen to the strip of silk stretched over Wren's crotch. Wren's grip on him tightened. He looped his thumb under the top edge of Wren's panties and tugged the fabric upward and finally Wren couldn't take it anymore. She gripped Charlie's wrist and moved his hand forcibly away, relocating it to his own thigh and pressing down on it for several seconds to ensure that he'd stay put.</p> <p>"Jesus," she said under her breath, but the look she gave him thrilled him.</p> <p>"I want you," he mouthed.</p> <p>...She moved her other hand higher on Charlie's leg, and heat spread through him. She smelled sweet, and her body was soft, and she had no idea what she did to him.</p> <p>...He had a dead-on view of her breasts, which threatened to spill from her see-through bra. Damn, it was hard not to touch her.</p> |
| 241 | <p>He slid his hands to her lower back and then to her perfect ass, pulling her closer.</p> <p>...She looked slightly shocked, and then pleased. She winked and swished off, and his dick, which had begun to soften, grew stiff again. It was mind-blowing how easily, and often, she aroused him.</p> |

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| 244 | "I knew she was stacked, but whoa. Get that dress off her, and we's talking porno." |
| 248 | "You like her tits better than mine? Okay. Do you suck them like you sucked mine? Okay, that's super. That's great. Have fun..." |

| Alternate ISBN |
|----------------|
| 1-41970793-0 |
| 1-41971358-2 |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 21 |
| Bitch | 3 |
| Dick | 11 |
| Fuck | 12 |
| Piss | 3 |
| Shit | 12 |

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence including animal cruelty; inexplicit sexual activities including bestiality; sexual nudity; profanity; and inflammatory religious commentary.

Adult

By Kurt Vonnegut

ISBN: 9780440339069

9780385312080

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 15 | We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education. |
| 52 | "Ge out of the road, you dumb motherfucker." The last word was still a novelty in the speech of white people in 1944. It was fresh and astonishing to Billy, who had never fucked anybody- and it did its job. |
| 55 | Weary to Billy about neat tortures he'd read about or seen in the movies or heard on the radio- about other neat tortures he himself had invented. One of the inventions was sticking a dentist's drill into a guy's ear. ...The correct answer turned out to be this: "You stake a guy out on an anthill in the desert- see? He's facing upward, and you put honey all over his balls and pecker, and you cut off his eyelids so he has to stare at the sun till he dies." |
| 59 | He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times. The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedleeballs. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history. |
| 111 | Their penises were shriveled, and their balls were retracted. |
| 125 | the British had no way of knowing it, but the candles and the soap were made from the fat of rendered Jews and Gypsies and fairies and communists, and other enemies of the State. |
| 139 | The visitor from outer space made a serious study of Christianity, to learn, if he could, why Christians found it so easy to be cruel. He concluded that at least part of the trouble was slipshod storytelling in the New Testament. He supposed that the intent of the Gospels was to teach people, among other things, to be merciful, even to the lowest of the low. But the Gospels actually taught this: Before you kill somebody, make absolutely sure he isn't well connected. So it goes. The flaw in the Christ stories, said the visitor from outer space, was that Christ, who didn't look like much, was actually the Son of the Most Powerful Being in the Universe. Readers understood that, so, when they came to the crucifixion, they naturally thought, and Rosewater read out loud again: Oh, boy—they sure picked the wrong guy to lynch that time! And that thought had a brother: "There are right people to lynch." Who? People not well connected. So it goes. The visitor from outer space made a gift to Earth of a new Gospel. In it, Jesus really was a nobody, and a pain in the neck to a lot of people with better connections than he had. He still got to say all the lovely and puzzling things he said in the other Gospels. So the people amused themselves one day by nailing him to a cross and planting the cross in the ground. There couldn't possibly be any repercussions, the lynchers thought. The reader would have to think that, too, since the new Gospel |

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| | <p>hammered home again and again what a nobody Jesus was. And then, just before the nobody died, the heavens opened up, and there was thunder and lightning. The voice of God came crashing down. He told the people that he was adopting the bum as his son, giving him the full powers and privileges of The Son of the Creator of the Universe throughout all eternity. God said this: From this moment on, He will punish horribly anyone who torments a bum who has no connections!</p> |
| 144 | <p>One of the biggest moral bombshells handed to Billy by the Tralfamadorians, incidentally had to do with sex on Earth. They said their flying-saucer crews had identified no fewer than seven sexes on Earth, each essential to reproduction. Again: Billy couldn't possibly imagine what five of those seven sexes had to do with the making of a baby, since they were sexually active only in the fourth dimension. ...They told him there could be no Earthling babies without male homosexuals. There could be no babies without female homosexuals.</p> |
| 150 | <p>Billy was on top of Valenica, making love to her. ...While Billy was making love to her,...</p> |
| 151 | <p>Billy made a noise like a small, rusty hinge. He had just emptied his seminal vesicles into Valencia, had contributed his share of the Green Beret.</p> |
| 153 | <p>It was a simple-minded thing for a female Earthling to do, to associate sex and glamour with war.</p> |
| 154 | <p>"I heard you tell Father one time about a German firing squad." She was referring to the execution of poor old Edgar Derby. "Um." "You had to bury him?" "Yes." "Did he see you with your shovels before he was shot?" "Yes." "Did he say anything?" "No." "Was he scared?" "They had him doped up. He was sort of glassy-eyed." "And they pinned a target to him?" "A piece of paper," ...</p> |
| 156 | <p>Billy took his pecker out, there in the prison night, and peed and peed on the ground.</p> |
| 159 | <p>"Man," said the porter, "you sure had a hard-on."</p> |
| 163 | <p>Their most destructive untruth is that it is very easy for any American to make money. They will not acknowledge how in fact hard money is to come by, and, therefore, those who have no money blame and blame themselves. This inward blame has been a treasure for the rich and powerful, who have had to do less for their poor, publicly and privately, than any other ruling class since, say, Napoleonic times. Many novelties have come from America. The most startling of these, a thing without precedent, is a mass of undignified poor.</p> |

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| 166 | Montana was naked, and so was Billy, of course. He had a tremendous wan, incidentally. |
| 168 | After she had been on Tralfamadore for what would have been an Earthling week, she asked him shyly if he wouldn't sleep with her. Which he did. It was heavenly. ...Billy sniffed. His hot bed smelled like a mushroom cellar. He had had a wet dream about Montana Wildhack. |
| 173 | <p>You should have seen what I did to a dog one time." "A dog?" said Billy.</p> <p>"Son of a bitch bit me. So I got me some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock. I cut that spring up in little pieces. I put points on the ends of the pieces. They were sharp as razor blades. I stuck 'em into the steak—way inside. And I went past where they had the dog tied up. He wanted to bite me again. I said to him, 'Come on, doggie—let's be friends. Let's not be enemies any more. I'm not mad.' He believed me."</p> <p>"He did?"</p> <p>"I threw him the steak. He swallowed it down in one big gulp. I waited around for ten minutes." Now Lazzaro's eyes twinkled. "Blood started coming out of his mouth. He started crying, and he rolled on the ground, as though the knives were on the outside of him instead of on the inside of him. Then he tried to bite out his own insides. I laughed, and I said to him, 'You got the right idea now. Tear your own guts out, boy. That's me in there with all those knives.'"</p> |
| 175 | "...And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll let him think a couple of seconds about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker. |
| 179 | Lazzaro was talking to himself about people he was going to have killed after the war, and rackets he was going to work, and women he was going to make fuck him, whether they wanted to or not. |
| 191 | Billy Pilgrim accidentally saw a Pole hanged in public, about three days after Billy got to Dresden. Billy just happened to be walking to work with some others shortly after sunrise, and they came to a gallows and a small crowd in front of a soccer stadium. The Pole was a farm laborer who was being hanged for having had sexual intercourse with a German woman. |
| 191 | <p>In my prison cell I sit, With my britches full of shit, And my ball are bouncing gently on the floor. And I see the bloody snag When she bit me in the bag. Oh, I'll never fuck a Polack any more.</p> |
| 210 | She was a dull person, but a sensational invitation to make babies. Men looked at her and wanted to fill her up with babies right away. She hadn't had even one baby yet. She used birth control. |
| 244 | A sign in there said that adults only were allowed in the back. There were peep shows in the back that showed movies of young women and men with no clothes on. It cost a quarter to into a machine for one minute. There were still photographs of naked young people for sale back there, too. You could take those home. The stills were a lot more Tralfamadorian than the movies, since you could |

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| | look at them whenever you wanted to, and they wouldn't change. Twenty years in the future, those girls would still be young, would still be smiling or smoldering or simply looking stupid, with their legs wide open. Some of them were eating lollipops or bananas. They would still be eating those. And the peckers of the young men would still be semierect, and their muscles would be bulging like cannonballs. |
| 249 | The magazine, which was published for lonesome men to jerk off to,... |
| 250 | The clerk leered and showed him. It was a photograph of a woman and a Shetland pony. They were attempting to have sexual intercourse between two Doric columns, in front of velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls. |
| 251 | "To provide touches of color in rooms with all-white wall." Another one said, "To describe blow-jobs artistically." |
| 254 | The illustration on this page depicts two naked breasts in frontal view with a heart necklace hanging between them. |

| Profanity | Count |
|------------|-------|
| Bitch | 1 |
| Cocksucker | 2 |
| Fuck | 10 |
| Piss | 1 |
| Shit | 7 |

RED, WHITE AND ROYAL BLUE



Book Summary:

The president's son tries to keep his romance with the prince of England a secret.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity; obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and alternate sexualities.

Young Adult

By Casey McQuiston

ISBN: 9781250316783



4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 9 | "Ooh, and they're saying you got your asshole bleached." |
| 10 | ...twenty-one-year-old heartthrob Alex was snapped sneaking into the W Hotel to meet a mystery brunette in the presidential suite and leaving around four a.m. Sources inside the hotel reported hearing amorous noises from the room all night, and rumors are swirling the brunette was none other than...Nora Holleran, the twenty-two-year-old granddaughter of Vice President Mike Holleran and third member of the White House Trio. Could it be the two are rekindling their romance?" |
| 11 | Alex thinks back to the week before, showing up at Nora's room with a bottle of champagne. |
| 18 | "I wish I were a viscount," June says. "I could have my sex waifs deal with my emails." "Are sex waifs good with professional correspondence?" Alex asks. |
| 37 | "...And they're not khakis, they're chinos. Khakis are for white people." |
| 62 | Her response comes within seconds: 94% probability of your dick becoming a recurring personality on face the nation. |
| 109 | "I'm already two whiskeys in. You've got some catching up to do." |
| 110 | Wow, Alex is drunk. |
| 111 | "...Henry has never watched a bunch of teenagers dry hump to this song!" ..."Please tell me nobody is going to dry hump me," Henry says. ..."Did that man just say 'sweat drop down my balls'?" |
| 113 | Alex loses track of things after that, because he's very, very drunk... |
| 117 | He test leaning into the kiss and is rewarded by Henry's mouth sliding and opening against his, Henry's tongue brushing against his, which is, wow. |
| 121 | That was just how horny teenage best friends were sometimes, like when they would get off at the same time watching porn in Liams's bedroom....or that one time Liam reached over, and Alex didn't stop him. ...On their fifth lap, he thinks back over his hormonal teens and remembers thinking about girls in the shower, but he also remembers fantasizing about a boy's hands on him, about hard jawlines and broad shoulders. |
| 124 | He drags his finger down to the LGBTQ+ tab and turns to the page he's looking for, titled with mother's typical flair: THE B ISN'T SILENT: A CRASH COURSE ON BISEXUAL AMERICANS. |
| 127 | But she's his best friend, and she's sort of vaguely bisexual. |
| 130 | "Yes, he was a good kisser, and there was tongue." |
| 131 | You're constantly making big cow eyes at your phone, and if somebody asks you who's who of hot people who want to fuck America's most eligible bachelor to literally watch Henry stand next to the croquembouche. And he kissed you- with tongue!- and you liked it. |
| 132 | Nora's eyes snap back up to him. "Oh, like, I though we were already there with you being bi and everything," she says. "Sorry, are we not? Did I skip ahead again? My bad. Hello, would you like to come out to me? I'm listening. Hi." |

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| | <p>"I don't know!" he half yells, miserably. "Am I? Do you think I'm bi?" ...I was in my junior year of high school, and I touched a boob.</p> |
| 136 | <p>He considers calling Rafael Luna and meeting him for beers and asking to hear all about his first gay sexual exploits as an REI-wearing teenage antifascist.</p> |
| 142 | <p>He reaches the nearest wall, shoves Henry against it, and crushes their mouths together.</p> |
| 143 | <p>In one frantic motion, Alex knocks the candelabra off the table next to them and pushes Henry onto it so he's sitting with his back against Alex looks up and almost breaks into deranged laughter—a portrait of Alexander Hamilton. Henry's legs fall open readily and Alex crowds up between them, wrenching Henry's head back into another searing kiss.</p> <p>They're really moving now, wrecking each other's suits, Henry's lip caught between Alex's teeth, the portrait's frame rattling against the wall when Henry's head drops back and bangs into it.</p> <p>...Henry gives as good as he gets, hooking one knee around the back of Alex's thigh for leverage, delicate royal sensibilities nowhere in the cut of his teeth.</p> <p>...He drops a hand onto Henry's thigh, feeling the electrical pulse there, the smooth fabric over hard muscle. He pushes up, up, and Henry's hand slams down over his, digging his nails in.</p> <p>"Time's up!" comes Amy's voice through a crack in the doors.</p> <p>They freeze, Alex falling back onto his heels. They can both hear it now, the sounds of bodies moving too close for comfort, wrapping up the night. Henry's hips give one tiny push up into him, involuntary, surprised, and Alex swears.</p> <p>"I'm going to die," Henry says helplessly.</p> <p>"I'm going to kill you," Alex tells him.</p> <p>"Yes, you are," Henry agrees.</p> <p>...What are you doing?"</p> <p>"Christ, I'm trying to make it"—he gestures inelegantly at the front of his pants "go away. "</p> |
| 145 | <p>"And then you are going to come to the East Bedroom on the second floor at eleven o' clock tonight, and I am going to do very bad things to you,..."</p> <p>...He's unsure of the dress code for inviting your sworn-enemy-turned-fake-best-friend to your room to have sex with you, especially when that room is in the White House, and especially when that person is a guy, and especially when that guy is a prince of England.</p> |
| 147 | <p>He settles for pulling Henry in by the sway of his waist, pressing their bodies flush. He kisses back, but lets himself be kissed however Henry wants to kiss him, which right now is exactly how he would have expected Prince Charming to kiss in the first place: sweet and deep and like they're standing at sunrise in the fucking moors. He can practically feel the wind in his hair. It's ridiculous.</p> <p>Henry breaks off and says, "How do you want to do this?"</p> <p>And Alex remembers, suddenly, this is not a sunrise-in-the-moors type of situation. He grabs Henry by his loosened collar, pushes a little, and says, "Get on the couch."</p> <p>..."Then why'd you do it?" Alex asks him. He leans into Henry's neck, dragging his lips over the sensitive skin just behind his ear.</p> |

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| | <p>...He hisses a little when Alex bites down lightly on the side of his neck.</p> <p>..."Yes, you preening arse, I've wanted you long enough that I won't have you tease me for another fucking second."</p> <p>Turns out being on the receiving end of Henry's royal authority is an extreme fucking turn-on.</p> <p>...Henry gets a grip on Alex's hips and pulls him close, so Alex is properly straddling his lap, and he kisses hard now, more like he had in the Red Room, with teeth. It shouldn't work so perfectly it makes absolutely no sense—but it does. There's something about the two of them, the way they ignite at different temperatures, Alex's frenetic energy and Henry's aching sureness.</p> <p>He grinds down into Henry's lap, grunting as he's met with Henry already half-hard under him, and Henry's curse in response is buried in Alex's mouth. The kisses turn messy, then, urgent and graceless, and Alex gets lost in the drag and slide and press of Henry's lips, the sweet liquor of it. He pushes his hands into Henry's hair,...</p> <p>...Henry melts at the touch, wraps his arms around Alex's waist and holds him there. Alex isn't going anywhere.</p> <p>...He manages to get the next two buttons on his shirt undone before Henry grabs it by the tails and pulls it off over his head and makes quick work of his own.</p> <p>..."Hang on," Henry says, and Alex is already groaning in protest, but Henry pulls back and rests his fingertips on Alex's lips to shush him. "I want—" His voice starts and stops, and he's looking like he's resolving not to cringe at himself again. He gathers himself, stroking a finger up to Alex's cheek before jutting his chin out defiantly. "I want you on the bed."</p> <p>..."Well, come on, Your Highness," Alex says, shifting his weight to give Henry a last tease before he stands.</p> <p>"You're a dick," Henry says, but he follows, smiling.</p> <p>Alex climbs onto the bed, sliding back to prop himself up on his elbows by the pillows, watching as Henry kicks off his shoes and regains his bearings.</p> <p>...The spot right at the dip of his waist below his ribs looks impossibly soft, and Alex might die if he can't fit his hand into that little curve in the next five seconds.</p> <p>..."Quit stalling," Alex says, pointedly interrupting the moment.</p> <p>"Bossy," Henry says, and he complies.</p> <p>Henry's body settles over him with a warm, steady weight, one of his thighs sliding between Alex's legs and his hands bracing on the pillows, and Alex feels the points of contact like a static shock at his shoulders, his hips, the center of his chest. One of Henry's hands slides up his stomach and stops, having encountered the old silver key on the chain resting over his sternum.</p> <p>...Henry looks up into his eyes, speechless, and Alex tugs him down into another all-consuming kiss, and Henry bears down on him fully, pressing him into the bed. Alex's other hand finds that dip of Henry's waist, and he swallows a sound at how devastating it feels under his palm. He's never been kissed like this, as if the feeling could swallow him up whole, Henry's body grinding down and covering every inch of his. He moves his mouth from Henry's to the side of his neck, the spot below his ear, kisses and kisses it, and bares his teeth.</p> <p>...He feels Henry find the waistband of his pants, the button, the zipper, the elastic of his underwear, and then everything goes very hazy, very quickly.</p> |

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| | <p>He opens his eyes to see Henry bringing his hand demurely up to his elegant royal mouth to spit on it.</p> <p>"Oh my fucking God," Alex says, and Henry grins crookedly as he gets back to work. "Fuck." His body is moving, his mouth spilling words. "I can't believe—God, you are the most insufferable goddamn bastard on the face of the planet, do you know that—fuck—you're infuriating, you're the worst—you're—"</p> <p>"Do you ever stop talking?" Henry says. "Such a mouth on you." And when Alex looks again, he finds Henry watching him raptly, eyes bright and smiling. He keeps eye contact and his rhythm at the same time, and Alex was wrong before, Henry's going to be the one to kill him, not the other way around.</p> <p>"Wait," Alex says, clenching his fist in the bedspread, and Henry immediately stills. "I mean, yes, obviously, oh my God, but, like, if you keep doing that I'm gonna"—Alex's breath catches—"it's, that's just—that's not allowed before I get to see you naked."</p> <p>Henry tilts his head and smirks. "All right."</p> <p>Alex flips them over, kicking off his pants until only his underwear is left slung low on his hips, and he climbs up the length of Henry's body, watching his face grow anxious, eager.</p> <p>..."I'm gonna take your pants off now," Alex tells him.</p> <p>"Yes, good, carry on."</p> <p>Alex does, and one of Henry's hands slides down, leveraging one of Alex's thighs up so their bodies meet again right at the hard crux between them, and they both groan. Alex thinks, dizzily, that it's been nearly five years of foreplay, and enough is enough.</p> <p>He moves his lips down to Henry's chest, and he feels under his mouth the beat Henry's heart skips at the realization of what Alex intends.</p> <p>...He kisses Henry's solar plexus, his stomach, the stretch of skin above his waistband.</p> <p>"I've, uh," Alex begins. "I've never actually done this before."</p> <p>"Alex," Henry says, reaching down to stroke at Alex's hair, "you don't have to, I'm—"</p> <p>"No, I want to," Alex says, tugging at Henry's waistband. "I just need you to tell me if it's awful. "</p> <p>...If he's going by the way Henry's body responds, by the way Henry's hand sweeps up into his hair and clutches a fistful of curls, he guesses he does okay for a first try. He looks up the length of Henry's body and is met with burning eye contact, a red lip caught between white teeth. Henry drops his head back on the pillow and groans something that sounds like "fucking eyelashes." He's maybe a little bit in awe of how Henry arches up off the mattress, at hearing his sweet, posh voice reciting a litany of profanities to the ceiling. Alex is living for it, watching Henry come undone, letting him be whatever he needs to be while alone with Alex behind a locked door.</p> <p>He's surprised to find himself hauled up to Henry's mouth and kissed hungrily.</p> <p>..."Not awful?" Alex says between kisses, resting his head on the pillow next to Henry's to catch his breath.</p> <p>"Definitely adequate," Henry answers, grinning, and he scoops Alex up against his chest greedily as if he's trying to touch all of him at once. Henry's hands are huge</p> |

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| | <p>on his back, his jaw sharp and rough with a long day's stubble, his shoulders broad enough to eclipse Alex when he rolls them over and pins Alex to the mattress. ...Henry is one talented bastard, a man of many hidden gifts, Alex muses half-hysterically. A true prodigy.</p> <p>...When he's done, he presses a sticky kiss in the crease of Alex's leg where he'd slung it over his shoulder, managing to come off polite, and Alex wants to drag Henry up by the hair, but his body is boneless and wrecked.</p> |
| 156 | <p>"...We're still...whatever we were before, just, you know. With blowjobs."</p> <p>"...So," Alex says, changing tracks by stretching languidly, "I guess I should tell you, I'm bisexual."</p> <p>"Good to know," Henry says. His eyes flicker down to Alex's hip, where it's bared above the sheet, and he says as much of himself as to Alex, "I am very, very gay."</p> |
| 157 | <p>Alex rolls his eyes. "For fuck's sake, man, you just had my dick in your mouth, you can kiss me good-night."</p> <p>...It's sooner than either of them expected- only two weeks since the state dinner, two weeks of wanting Henry back under him as soon as possible and saying everything short of that in their texts.</p> |
| 160 | <p>It's too easy to look at Henry's boots digging into the stirrups for leverage and conjure up a memory of bare calves underneath, bare feet planted just as firmly on the mattress. Henry's thighs open the same way, but with Alex between them. Sweat dripping down Henry's brow onto his throat.</p> <p>...He wants- God, after all this time ignoring it, he wants it again, now, right now.</p> |
| 162 | <p>"I don't actually care," he says, and grabs Henry by the stupid collar of his stupid polo and kisses his stupid mouth.</p> <p>It's a good kiss, solid and hot, and Alex can't decide where to put his hands because he wants to put them everywhere at once.</p> <p>"Ugh," he groans in exasperation, shoving Henry backward by the shoulders and making a disgusted show of looking him up and down. "You look ridiculous."</p> |
| 163 | <p>Without any further ceremony, he drops to his knees and starts undoing Henry's belt, tugging at the fastenings of his pants.</p> <p>"Oh, God," Henry repeats, this time with feeling.</p> <p>...It's fast and dirty and Henry is swearing up a storm, which is still disarmingly sexy, but this time it's punctuated by the occasional word of praise, and somehow that's even hotter. Alex isn't prepared for the way "that's good" sounds in Henry's rounded Buckingham vowels, or for how luxury leather feels when it strokes approvingly down his cheek, a gloved thumb brushing the corner of his mouth. As soon as Henry's finished, he's got Alex on the bench and is putting his kneepads to use.</p> <p>"I'm still fucking mad at you," Alex says, destroyed, slumped forward with his forehead resting on Henry's shoulder.</p> |
| 166 | <p>I seem to remember you really enjoy being "accosted."</p> |
| 167 | <p>It's recently come to my attention you're not quite as boring as I thought. Sometimes. Namely when you're doing the thing with your tongue.</p> <p>...His Royal Horniness,</p> <p>If I were trying to get fresh with you, you would know it.</p> |

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| | For example: I've been thinking about your mouth on me all week, and I was hoping I'd see you in Paris so I could put it to use. ...First Son of Cheese Shopping and Blowjob. |
| 169 | He's so drunk, and Henry's mouth is so soft, and it's all so fucking French that he forgets to send Henry back to his own hotel. ...Leaving your clandestine hookup directions to a Parisian cheese shop. |
| 171 | There's a lot of champagne and kissing and buttercream from birthday cupcake Henry's inexplicably procured smeared around Alex's mouth, Henry's chest, Alex's throat, between Henry's hips. Henry pins his wrists to the mattress and swallows him down, and Alex is drunk and fucking transported, feeling every moment of twenty-two years and not a single day older, some kind of hedonistic youth of history. Birthday head from another country's prince will do that. |
| 174 | When he sees Henry next at a gala in Berlin, and he feels that gravitational pull, chases it down in the back of a limo, and binds Henry's wrists to a hotel bedpost with his own necktie, he knows himself better. |
| 175 | "...I will staple your dick to the inside of your leg if that keeps it in your fucking pants." |
| 176 | "I'm sorry- who or what is a Tricky Dick?" |
| 180 | "...I was starting uni when she finished, and Philip was deployed halfway round the globe, and she was out every single night with all the posh London hipsters, sneaking out to play guitar and secret shows and doing mountains of cocaine..." |
| 184 | About Liam, about those nights, but also how he'd sneak pills out of Liam's Adderall bottle when his grades were slipping and stay awake for two, three days at a time. |
| 190 | She flings one arm out emphatically enough to upset an entire potted cactus on her dresser and says, "Because until now you weren't fucking the Prince of England!" |
| 204 | Henry says, peering down into his empty shot glass. "What's in these? Vodka?" ..."Oh, I haven't had vodka since uni," Henry says. ...He's something else- half-drunk and grinning in a \$2,000 suit and a kimono, and Alex can't tear his eyes away. He waves over a beer. |
| 205 | Three rounds of shots appear- one from a drunk bachelorette party, one from a herd of surly butch chicks at a bar, ad one from a table of drag queens. |
| 206 | "Yeah, yeah, " Alex says, double-checking the coast is clear before grabbing Henry by the belt and backing into the stall. "Tell me again later." "You- you know this is still not convincing me to sing, don't you?" Henry chokes out as Alex mouths along his throat. |
| 210 | It's a clumsy, sideways tumble into bed, both of them grabbing greedy handfuls of the other, Henry's pants still dangling from one ankle, but it doesn't matter because Henry's eyes are fluttered shut and Alex is finally kissing him again. His hands start traveling south on instinct, sweet muscle memory of Henry's body against his, until Henry reaches down to stop him. "Hold on, hold on," Henry says. "I'm just realizing. All that earlier, and you haven't gotten off yet tonight, have you?" He drops his head back on the pillow, regards |

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| | <p>him with narrowed eyes. "Well. That just shall not do."</p> <p>"Hmm, yeah?" Alex says. He takes advantage of the moment to kiss the column of Henry's throat, the hollow at his collarbone, the knot of his Adam's apple. "What are you gonna do about it?" Henry pushes a hand into his hair and gives it a little pull. "I shall just have to make it the best orgasm of your life. What can I do to make it good for you? Talk about American tax reform during the act? Have you got talking points?"</p> <p>..."You're literally the worst," Alex says, and undercuts it by leaning up to kiss him once more, gently, then deeply, long and slow and heated. He feels Henry's body shifting beneath his, opening up.</p> <p>..."I do actually. Er. Have an idea."</p> <p>He slides a hand up Henry's chest to the side of his jaw, ghosting over his cheek with one finger. "Hey," he says, serious now. "I'm listening. For real."</p> <p>..."C 'mere," he says, surging up to kiss Alex, and he's putting his whole body into it now, sliding his hands down to palm at Alex's ass as he kisses him. Alex feels a sound tear itself from his throat, and he's following Henry's lead blindly now, kissing him deep into the mattress, riding a continuous wave of Henry's body. He feels Henry's thighs—those goddamn horseback-riding, polo-playing thighs—moving around him, soft, warm skin wrapping around his waist, heels pressing into his back. When Alex breaks off to look at him, the intention on Henry's face is as plain as anything he's ever read there.</p> <p>"You sure?"</p> <p>"I know we haven't," Henry says quietly. "But, er. I have, before, so, I can show you."</p> <p>"I mean, I'm familiar with the mechanics," Alex says, smirking a little, and he sees a corner of Henry's mouth quirk up to mirror him. "But you want me to?"</p> <p>"Yeah," he says. He pushes his hips up, and they both make some unflattering, involuntary noises. "Yes. Absolutely."</p> <p>Henry's shaving kit is on the nightstand, and he reaches over and fumbles blindly through it before finding what he's looking for—a condom and a tiny bottle of lube.</p> <p>Alex almost laughs at the sight. Travel-size lube. He's had some experimental sex in his lifetime, but it never occurred to him to consider if such a thing existed, much less if Henry was jetting around with it alongside his dental floss.</p> <p>"This is new."</p> <p>"Yes, well," Henry says, and he takes one of Alex's hands in his and brings it to his own mouth, kissing his fingertips. "We all must learn and grow, mustn't we?"</p> <p>Alex rolls his eyes, ready to snark, except Henry sucks two fingers into his mouth, very effectively shutting him the hell up.</p> <p>...They're not as drunk as they were, but there's enough alcohol in their systems, and it doesn't feel as daunting as it would otherwise, the first time, even as his fingers start to find their way. Henry's head falls back onto the pillows, and he closes his eyes and lets Alex take over.</p> <p>The thing about sex with Henry is, it's never the same twice. Sometimes he moves easily, caught up in the rush, and other times he's tense and taut and wants Alex to work him loose and take him apart. Sometimes nothing gets him off faster than being talked back to, but other times they both want him to use every inch of</p> |

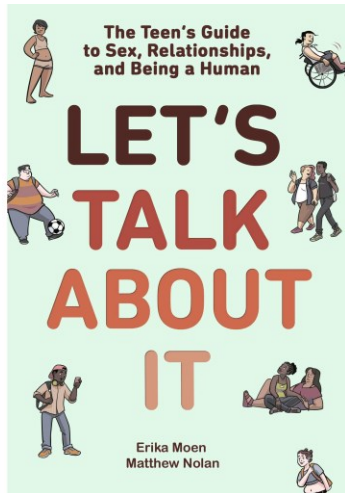
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| | <p>authority in his blood, not to let Alex get there until he's told, until he begs. ...Alex leans down to kiss him, and Henry murmurs into the corner of his mouth, "Ready when you are, love." Alex takes a breath, holds it. He's ready. He thinks he's ready. Henry's hand comes up to stroke along his jaw, his sweaty hairline, and Alex settles himself between his legs, lets Henry lace the fingers of his right hand with Alex's left. He's watching Henry's face—he can't imagine looking at anything other than Henry's face right now—and his expression goes so soft and his mouth so happy and astonished that Alex's voice speaks without his permission, a hoarse "baby." Henry nods, so small that someone who didn't know all his tics might miss it, but Alex knows exactly what it means, so he leans down and sucks Henry's earlobe between his lips and calls him baby again, and Henry says, "Yes," and, "Please," and tugs his hair at the root. Alex nips at Henry's throat and palms at his hips and sinks into the white-out bliss of being that impossibly close to him, of getting to share his body. Somehow it still amazes him that all this seems to be as unbelievably, singularly good for Henry as it is for him. Henry's face should be illegal, the way it's turned up toward him, flushed and undone. Alex feels his own lips spreading into a pleased smile, awed and proud. Afterward, he comes back into his own body in increments—his knees, still dug into the mattress and shaking; his stomach, slick and sticky; his hands, twisted up in Henry's hair, stroking it gently. He feels like he's stepped outside of himself and returned to find everything slightly rearranged. When he pulls his face back to look at Henry, the feeling comes back into his chest: an ache in answer to the curve of Henry's top lip over white teeth.</p> |
| 215 | <p>Through his throbbing hangover, he's got a suspicion all these feelings are why he held off on fucking Henry for so long.</p> |
| 222 | <p>"Why don't we talk about how there's a chapter of the Klan in every state? You think there aren't racists and homophobes growing up in Vermont?..."</p> |
| 233 | <p>...ghosting featherlight fingertips over his collarbone, his ankles, the insides of his knees, the small bones of the backs of his hands, the dip of the lower lip. He touches and touches until he brings Henry to another brink with only his fingertips, only his breath on the inside of his thighs, the promise of Alex's mouth where he'd pressed his fingers before. ...When they come back down, Henry practically passes out on his chest without another word, fucked-out and boneless,...</p> |
| 239 | <p>"Because I slept with him last year, Alex, how do you think? You're not the only one who makes stupid sexual decisions when you're stressed out."</p> |
| 240 | <p>God, whiskey makes him maudlin. He orders another. ..."I'll have a gin and tonic, thanks,"Alex wonders for an insane second if his brain has conjured up some kind of stressed-induced sex mirage,...</p> |
| 243 | <p>He lets Henry push him backward on the bed and kiss him until his mind is blissfully blank, lets Henry undress him carefully. He pushes into Henry and feels</p> |

| Page | Content |
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| | <p>the tight cords of his shoulders start to release, like how Henry describes unfurling a sail.</p> <p>Henry kisses his mouth over and over again and says quietly, "You are good."</p> |
| 247 | <p>"You're literally putting your dick in the leader of a foreign state, who is a man, at the biggest political event before the election, in a hotel full of reporters, in a city full of cameras, in a race close enough to fucking hinge on some bullshit like this, like a manifestation of my fucking stress dreams, and you're asking me not to tell the president about it?"</p> <p>..."We don't have time to deal with this, and your mother has enough to manage without having to process her son's fucking quarter-life NATO sexual crisis, so- I won't tell her. But once the conversation is over, you have to."</p> |
| 251 | <p>The one after is: FEDERAL FUNDING, TRAVEL EXPENSES, BOOTY CALLS, AND YOU.</p> |
| 260 | <p>"I'll let you look at one boob," Nora tells him. "The good one."</p> <p>"They're both good," June says, suddenly distracted.</p> |
| 268 | <p>"...I want to get drunk and eat barbecue in peace."</p> |
| 273 | <p>Alex lies awake that night, drunk on Shiner and way too many campfire marshmallows,...</p> |
| 289 | <p>He feels before he registers being shoved backward into a wall, and Henry's mouth is on his, desperate and wild. The faint taste of blood blooms on his tongue, and he smiles as he opens up to it, pushes it into Henry's mouth, tugs at his hair with both hands. Henry groans, and Alex feels it in his spine.</p> <p>They grapple along the wall until Henry physically picks him up off the floor and staggers backward, toward the bed. Alex bounces when his back hits the mattress, and Henry stands over him for several breaths, staring. Alex would give anything to know what's going through that fucking head of his.</p> <p>...But he doesn't want to go home without having this.</p> <p>"C'mere."</p> <p>He fucks Henry slow and deep, and if it's the last time, they go down shivering and gasping and epic, all wet mouths and wet eyelashes, and Alex is a cliché on an ivory bedspread, and he hates himself but he's so in love.</p> |
| 295 | <p>Henry rolls his eyes and seals it with a smiling kiss, and they fall back into the pillows together, Henry's wet hair and sweatpants and Alex's naked limbs all tangled up in the lavish bedclothes.</p> |
| 298 | <p>"Shut your mouth," Alex says, grinning like an idiot, and he stops fighting Henry for the pillow and instead straddles him and kisses him into the mattress. He pulls the blankets up and they disappear into the pile, a laughing mess of mouths and hands, until Henry rolls onto his phone and his ass presses the button on the voicemail.</p> |
| 311 | <p>I could be in your bed, languishing away until I perish, fat and sexually conquered, snuffed out in the spring of my youth. Here lies Prince Henry of Wales. He died as he lived: avoiding plans and sucking cock.</p> |
| 316 | <p>17. Your equally huge dick.</p> |
| 319 | <p>"Oh, fuck my ass."</p> |

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| 326 | He pulls Henry in by the nape of his neck and kisses him hard, Henry's knee knocking against the center console as his hands move up to Alex's face. Even though the windows are tinted black, it's the closest they've ever come to kissing in public, and Alex knows it's reckless, but all he can think is a supercut of other people's letters they've quietly sent to each other. |
| 330 | "...And we drank that nice bottle of scotch from the mayor of Boulder?..." |
| 332 | I have had whiskey. ...but I've kissed your mouth, that corner, that place it goes, so many times now, I've memorized it. |
| 343 | "You told Rafael Luna that you're bisexual?" |
| 393 | Even if he was too old for Richards to want to fuck, he could play him. |
| 395 | "...Even if you expose him now, straight people always want the homophobic bastards to be closet cases so they can wash their hands of it. As if ninety-nine out of a hundred aren't just regular old hateful bigots." |
| 396 | "I am a changed man, unburdened by the demons of my past," Luna says solemnly, with a jerk-off gesture. ...It's his dad, in a T-shirt and jeans, a six-pack of beer in one hand. |
| 398 | They've woken up half-naked and warm, tucked in tight while the first autumn chill creeps in under the lacy curtains. Humming low in his chest, Alex presses the length of his body against Henry's under the blankets, his back to Henry's chest, the swell of his ass against- ..."Morning," Alex says. He gives his ass a little wiggle. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 41 |
| Bitch | 7 |
| Dick | 28 |
| Dyke | 1 |
| Fuck | 158 |
| Piss | 8 |
| Prick | 1 |
| Shit | 82 |

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual illustrations and commentary; obscene sexual nudity; profanity; and alternate gender ideologies.

Young Adult Graphic Novel

By Erika Moen and Matthew Nolan

ISBN: 9781984893147



4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
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| 5 | <p>"They're always telling us to just avoid sex. But maybe we should be getting help for the sex we might already be having."</p> <p>"And how about the stuff that isn't like, SEX-sex? Gender and sexuality. Relationships, sexting, jealousy, rejection..."</p> |
| 16 | <p>"It sounds dumb, I know. And I mean, like, obviously I know it's sex when a penis goes inside a vagina. But what about all the other stuff? Like, oral sex? Or hand jobs and fingering? Do things count as SEX or are they, I dunno, their own subcategory? What if you're rubbing someone's junk through their pants and they get off, but you never actually touched their skin. Is that sex or not? And what about kinky people who do these things that are TOTALLY sexual, but it's not, like, SEX-sex- like, uh, like spanking or being tied up with ropes and dangled from the ceiling?"</p> |
| 18 | <p>"Ha! I don't know what sort of sexy stuff you might have done, but yeah, chances are you're not the 'perfect virgin.' See, 'virginity is the silly label people came up with to describe a person who hasn't done a specific sexual act, traditionally, a cisgender man or woman who hasn't yet had penis-in-vagina intercourse." ..."...you can be a virgin in one kind of sex act and totally NOT a virgin in others. 'Virginity' doesn't work anymore in today's world."</p> <p>The illustration on top right of this page depicts an erect penis in monochrome from a three-quarters side view. There is an illustration of a vagina in three-quarters view facing the penis. There is an addition sign in between the penis and the vagina.</p> <p>The illustration in the middle left of the page depicts a hand in the center with an erect penis in the upper right hand corner, a vagina below that; a mouth to the lower left corner and an anus in the upper left corner.</p> |
| 22 | <p>The top illustration on this page depicts a woman laying on top of another woman on a bed. The text above the image reads: Handy Check-In Words. The text bubbles surrounding the women read: "Say our code word if you want to slow down." "Want me to go slower or faster?" "How does this feel?" "Lubey enough?" "Do you like that?"</p> <p>The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts the same two women as described above. One of the women are laying on the bed in an upright position, while the other woman is bending over between the woman's thighs.</p> <p>The text above the illustration reads: Handy Words to Change What's Happening. The text bubbles surrounding the women, read: "Haha, MORE LUBE, please!" "Oof, pause for a sec!" "Be gentler." "I want to change positions." "Slow down a little." "Let's try something else." "Stop for a mo' and lemme catch my breath!"</p> |
| 23 | <p>"While you practiced at track, I was doing A LOT of "research."</p> |
| 34 | <p>Open Relationships Open, Monogamish, Swinging Folks in committed open relationships may still have sexual or intimate experiences with others, while staying focused on each other. Casual Relationships</p> |

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| | <p>Friends with Benefits, Hookup, Fling</p> <p>People in casual relationships have fewer expectations and commitments to one another, often focusing on the more sexual side of things.</p> |
| 35 | <p>"Honestly, you had me at 'casual' and 'friends with benefits.' That sort of sounds like what I'm ready for? At least for now?"</p> <p>"Ha, you horndog. FWBD can be fun!"</p> |
| 36 | <p>"All right, friends with benefits? Let's do it!"</p> <p>"No strings attached, amigo!"</p> <p>...Sex without the messy relationship stuff, finally! Whoo!</p> |
| 37 | <p>"Being friends with benefits can be great, but it's really common for women and feminine people to be judged for hooking up or fooling around."</p> <p>"Ugh, yeah. That isn't fair, and I got no good answers for that."</p> <p>"Our society has all these crazy hang-ups about sex. It's in all our media- but yeesh, a girl thinks about doing it more than once with more than one person and somehow they're a slut, while a dude acts the same way is considered a stud!"</p> <p>..."For reals. It's a problem. I just try to surround myself with the kind of people who don't buy into that toxic garbage and then, like, challenge it when I can."</p> |
| 38 | <p>"Man, fuck the patriarchy."</p> <p>..."Right, okay. Systemic inequality notwithstanding, here's how I'm gonna do this..."</p> |
| 46 | <p>Gender is defined by the society and the culture you live in. It's the expectations and assumptions our community has for how we are "supposed" to behave according to our perceived sex.</p> |
| 47 | <p>The male/female gender binary works for some folks but leaves a ton of others out.</p> <p>It's an obsolete viewpoint based on a lack of understanding of just how diverse and nuanced people can be.</p> <p>...Gender is so much bigger than male and female, and thankfully our vocabulary on gender has begun to reflect that.</p> |
| 48 | <p>Cisgender (cis)...</p> <p>...Agender or Genderless is when you don't really identify with any gender.</p> <p>Bigender I when you embody BOTH masculine and feminine characteristics.</p> <p>Gender-Fluid is when your gender shifts and changes.</p> <p>Gender Nonconforming is when you land outside the current vocab of gender identity.</p> <p>Genderqueer is when your gender is both, neither, or a mix of male and female.</p> <p>Transgender (trans)</p> <p>...Many trans individuals transition by using clothes, makeup, binders, and/or medical treatments to change their body to match their gender identity.</p> |
| 50 | <p>"They/Them, Ze/Zir, Xe/Xem- there are a bunch of pronouns to choose from."</p> |
| 64 | <p>The illustrations on this page depict four individuals nude in several poses. The woman at the top left corner of the page is in a three-quarters view standing with her arms out to the side and one leg lifted behind her. The man depicted in the upper left corner is in an upright seated position. The man illustrated in the middle left of the page is laying back with his penis and scrotum in full view. The woman</p> |

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| | at the bottom right of the page is laying back with her arm behind her head and her legs spread out. |
| 65 | <p>This illustrations on this page depict four nude individuals. There is a man kneeling down with his penis erect and angled toward a woman he is holding hands with, at his side. The woman next to him is looking at him with her legs slightly spread open. The illustration in the top right corner depicts a woman with a leg out in front of her and a leg behind her in a three-quarter view with her pubic region and breasts exposed.</p> <p>The individual in the lower left corner of the page is laying back with breasts, penis and scrotum partially exposed.</p> |
| 66 | <p>My friends just don't know a great ass when they see one! My friends think I have a fat ass. ...My cock is fine, and I'm glad that it can make me feel good! It is what it is and serves me well. My cock isn't big enough.</p> |
| 73 | The illustrations in the middle right side of the page depicts a close-up view of a vagina. |
| 74 | <p>The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts a woman laying in a bed with her legs parted. She is holding a phone by her pubic region. The text bubble reads: "Whoa. Hello there! Look at YOU."</p> <p>The illustration in the middle of the page is of an arm stretched across the page with the hand holding a phone. The image on the phone's screen is indicative of a vagina in close-up view.</p> |
| 77 | <p>The left uppermost illustration on this page depicts a close up of a vagina. There are labels for the Clitoris Head, Clitoral hood, A and B Labia.</p> <p>The illustration on the upper right of the page depicts a penis and scrotum viewed from the underside of the penis. The illustration is labeled: Penis head, Scrotum A and B, and Foreskin.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle right of the page depicts a flaccid penis becoming erect. The word "Engorge!" is written along the shaft of the penis and two drops of liquid are depicted coming out of the end of the penis.</p> <p>The illustration on the right middle of the page depicts a close up of a vulva. The clitoris and labia are depicted with two curved lines next them indicating movement. There are two long drops of liquid coming out of the vagina with the word "Splurt!" written next to them. The text over the labia reads: "Engorge!"</p> |
| 78 | <p>Lots of people also medically change their bodies to have the traits that are right for them; this includes cisgender, transgender, and nonbinary people.</p> <p>The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts four nude individuals standing. The woman on the far left of the page is standing in a three-quarters frontal view with a hand on her hip and another hand by her face with a finger on her cheek. Her mouth is indicative of being in a thoughtful state. Her breasts and pubic region are exposed.</p> <p>The individual standing next to her in a full-frontal view. They have their hands on their head and a smile on their face. They have a full beard. Their breasts and pubic region are exposed and they are depicted with body hair all on their arms, underarms, chest, abdomen, pubic region, and legs.</p> |

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| | <p>The next individual is standing in a three-quarters frontal view. They have long hair and their breasts are exposed. The individual has a penis and scrotum and hair depicted on their legs and pubic regions.</p> <p>The fourth individual is a man standing in a three-quarters side view with his hands on his hips. His flaccid penis and scrotum are illustrated.</p> |
| 79 | <p>Depending on WHICH hormones you're exposed to as you grow, your body develops differently. Generally this starts to show up in your teenage years, as your body decides it's time to fill you to the brim with hormones!</p> <p>The illustration on this page depicts a male and a female standing in various poses. The male is standing with his left arm up and curved. There are three lines radiating out from his bicep area. His flaccid penis and scrotum are depicted. The female is in a lunge position. She has short hair that is shaved on the side and a shadow of a beard. She has chest, arm, abdominal, pubic, and leg hair. She has small breasts and her pubic region is depicted along with her vulva, labia, and clitoris which are illustrated has hanging slightly downward.</p> <p>The text above the illustration reads: Generally Testosterone-Rich Body</p> |
| 80 | <p>The illustrations on this page depict two nude individuals in different poses. The individual on the left side of the page is jumping in the air with their arms outstretched. Their breasts are exposed and they have an exposed penis and scrotum.</p> <p>The illustration on the right side of the page depicts a woman with her right arm curled upright in a show of strength. Her breasts and pubic region are exposed.</p> <p>The text above the illustration reads: Generally Estrogen-Rich Body</p> |
| 82 | <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts exposed breasts of different sizes exposed in full-frontal view.</p> <p>Text above the illustration reads: Chests, Breasts, and Nipples ...Some people love to have theirs touched; others hate it!</p> <p>The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts a man bent over with his anus exposed in a three-quarters frontal view, and his penis and scrotum are shown from a rear-view. The structures are labeled.</p> <p>Text beside the illustration reads: Anus Both practical and pleasurable, this tight flexible hole serves two purposes! This is the entrance to your bowels,...</p> <p>The opening is also chock-full of sensitive nerves, making it a primo erogenous zone for touching and penetrating.</p> |
| 83 | <p>The illustration on this page depicts a close-up view of a vulva with the labels: Mons, Vulva, and Anus.</p> |
| 84 | <p>The illustration at the top right corner of the page, depicts a vulva in a close-up view. The following parts are labeled: Clitoris, Labia minora, Labia majora.</p> <p>The text beside the image reads: Labia These are the cushions and outside protection a happy vulva needs!</p> |
| 85 | <p>The illustration at the top right corner of this page depicts a close-up view of a vulva with the labia pulled apart. Text beside the illustration reads: Vagina This is the self-cleaning and regulating tunnel that leads to the cervix and uterus!</p> |

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| | <p>It can take IN fingers, penises, sperm, sex toys, and period products,...</p> <p>G-spot A sensitive area that can trigger an ejaculation of fluid when pressed.</p> |
| 86 | <p>The illustration on the middle left of the page, depicts a close-up of a vulva with the labia spread. There are 2 dots depicted inside the vagina with droplets radiating out from the each of the dots. "Squirt! Squirt!" is written next to the droplets.</p> |
| 89 | <p>The illustration on this page depicts a close-up view of a penis in differing states of arousal.</p> |
| 90 | <p>Before the urethra meets up with the bladder, it runs into a junction of tubes that are surrounded by a walnut-shaped organ: the prostate! This hunk of muscle is here to add protective juices to the sperm and to help push out ejaculate during an orgasm. Some people like it stimulated by putting a finger in the bum and doing a come-hither motion toward the belly.</p> |
| 91 | <p>The illustration on the upper right of the page, depicts a nude man standing behind a nude woman with his arm along her back, grabbing her hair. The woman is standing, bent over. The man's penis is illustration as being inside the woman. There are two curved lines illustrating a back and forth movement. Text beside the curved lines reads: Shloop!</p> <p>There is a woman depicted looking toward the couple described above, with her right hand by her right eye with her fingers spread in a "V" around her eye. The text in the speech bubble reads: WHOA, that's not safe for work! The text under the illustrations read: Reproduction aside, your genitals exist to let you feel pleasure with yourself or others (no matter which genitals they may have). Sexual intimacy is a powerful way to feel good and bond with another person whether it's for a night or a lifetime.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a woman leaning back pulling covers over her body. The text in the quote bubbles around her read: ...Makes me wanna have some alone time with my bits. Get outta here, Suri. Shoo! <i>See Figure 1.</i></p> |
| 101 | <p>Whether you're having a one-night fling or you're in a long-term relationship...</p> |
| 107 | <p>What is...masturbation? ...How do you do it? How do you get good at it?</p> |
| 111 | <p>Two female friends are talking to each other. "Ooh, I know! Masturbated in front of him!" "WHAT." "Yeah, hear me out! It's not just a super hot and sex thing, but you'll be literally SHOWING him how you like to be touched! Win-win!"</p> |
| 112 | <p>Two female friends are talking to each other. "Whoa, wait. You've...never masturbated?! Jeez, forget about fooling around with someone else. We gotta have a chat about getting in touch with your sexual self.</p> |

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| | <p>You can't expect sex with another person to feel good if you don't even know what that feels like for yourself!"</p> |
| 113 | <p>Two female friends are talking to each other. "Start wherever it feels right for you! It's super normal for some to have played with themselves before! There's a lot of negative messages out here telling us that it's no good. It's ridiculous how society has made rubbing one out seem so shameful!"</p> <p>Masturbation is the safest sex a person can have!</p> |
| 114 | <p>For a lot of us, feeling sexual starts around our teens when our hormones kick into high gear. You end up getting crushes, fantasizing, masturbating, orgasming, and experimenting with others. All of it's SUPER normal.</p> <p>Two girls are talking to each other. One of the girls looks up and to the left with a dreamy gaze. The quote bubble above her head reads: "...I've had crushes- but masturbating...orgasms..."</p> |
| 115 | <p>...one of the best first steps you can take is connecting with your body by learning to masturbate. When you're safe and alone, give yourself permission to touch and explore your bod. ...Does your butt like to being squeezed? What happens when you gently pat yourself? Does your nipple like to be pinched?</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a cartoon person laying back with reddened cheeks. Their left hand is pinches a spot on their chest. There are lines radiating out from the pinched fingers and red, concentric rings are surrounding a large red circle under the spot being pinched. The right hand is down by the right thigh. There are two curved lines above the hand, illustrating movement. There is a large red circle on the spot under the right hand, with concentric red rings surrounding the red circle.</p> |
| 117 | <p>The illustration on the top right of the page depicts a close-up view of a vulva with a finger touching the top of the vulva. There are two arrows by the finger, indicating a circular motion. There are two connected arrows in a slightly curved, vertical line beside the labia, indicating an up and down movement. The text around the image reads: Things to Try! Trail your fingers around and over your vulva. Flutter your fingers lightly from place to place. Tug, pull, and rub your labia. Circle your fingers around and over your clit. Give it a couple quick pats! Press and pull on the skin around your vulva to make it taut. Try slipping a finger or two inside your vagina. Later on, try adding a sex toy to your masturbation!</p> <p>The illustration on the middle left of the page depicts close-up view of a vulva with a hand pinching the labia. There is an arrow pointing upward indicating a "pull up" movement. The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a close-up of a vulva with</p> |

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| | <p>a finger inside the vagina. There is a red arrow along the finger inside the vagina, pointing toward the vagina. <i>See Figure 2.</i></p> |
| 118 | <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts an erect penis and scrotum from a side-view. A hand is holding the penis with four fingers. There are two curved red lines above the thumb which is on the top of the penis. There are two curved arrows by the fingers on the underside of the penis indicating a half-circular movement. There is an arrow along the shaft of the penis indicating an up and down motion.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle left of the page depicts an erect penis with two hands around it. The hand at the head of the penis has the thumb away from the head of the penis while the other fingers grip the penis. There are two very large curved lines indicating a large up and down motion. "FWAP!" is written next to the lines. The other hand is lightly gripping the shaft of the penis toward the base of it.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle right of the page depicts an erect penis and scrotum. Foreskin is covering the penis. There is a hand, palm-up, gripping the penis at the base of the shaft. There is a red arrow over the thumb, pointing downward.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle bottom of the page depicts a close-up of a head of a penis covered with foreskin. There is a finger from a hand coming out of the edge of the page. The finger is inside the foreskin touching the head of the penis. There are two curved red lines above and below the finger, indicating a rubbing motion.</p> <p>The text around the images read: Things to Try! Stroke the shaft of your penis with different pressures and speeds. Try mixing up your grip or switch hands. Whack it against your palm or give it some gentle bending pressure. Tug or squeeze on your balls. If you have foreskin, play with it! Slip a wet finger in between it and the glans. Switch things up and avoid constantly masturbating with a tight hard grip, as it can make it harder to climax in the future. Try a sex toy for bonus fun. Vibes and strokers are awesome! <i>See Figure 3.</i></p> |
| 119 | <p>The illustration on the top half of the page depicts a male bent over with his anus in the air. His left hand is on his buttocks. There are two red arrows forming a circle around the anus indicating a circular motion.</p> <p>The text around and over the illustration reads: After the train has left the station (so to speak) and you've had a chance to wash up or douche back there, you can have an assload of fun with a healthy heaping of lube. Apply broad pressure to the outside of the entrance. Circle your butthole with your finger, pausing any time a spot feels extra good. Dip just the tip of your finger inside. Let your anus pull it in when it's ready, instead of forcing it. Dive deeper with your finger or a butt plug! Just make sure any objects you put up there have a flared base; otherwise, your hungry heinie can gobble it up...</p> |
| 120 | <p>The illustration on this page depicts a woman laying on the bed with an arm behind her head and the other between her legs. Her left foot is placed under her</p> |

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| | right calf with her left knee bent. She is covered by a transparent sheet. There are two curved red lines by her right thigh indicating movement. |
| 121 | "...Pleasuring yourself should be pleasurable..." |
| 122 | Two girls are talking. "...to have good sex, you gotta study up and put in the practice. 'Cept there's no test at the end, and it's more like a constant self-improvement course- that just might reward you with an occasional earth-shattering orgasm." |
| 123 | Two girls are talking. "Something I figured out a while ago is that it can be pretty hard for us folks with vulvas to "come" without some serious clit action. So look into vibrators when you get a chance." |
| 128 | So don't wait until the last minute to talk with your partner about the protection you'll use. Have an open and frank chat early on, before you get hot and horny! |
| 132 | A male and a female are talking. The male says, "So, like, with one of those, we could, ah...ditch the condoms, right?" The female is looking at her cellphone and says, "Cool your jets, Romeo. We haven't dated that long! Buuuut you're right. With some good birth control, we could ramp up to ditching the condoms. We'd both need to get fresh STI tests, though." |
| 134 | The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a cartoon buttock to the left and a vulva to the right. They are connected by an arrow and there is a large "X" over the arrow. |
| 135 | A male and a female are talking. The says, "Dang, you are just a FOUNTAIN of knowledge, you sexy nerd, you." The female says, "You know, I was thinking. Maybe all this research requires a... hands-on lesson...or two." "Come on! Let's go to my house! I'm pretty sure it'll be empty all day!!!" |
| 137 | What is...climax? |
| 139 | The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts two shirtless men inside a tent. They are depicted from the waist upward. One man is laying behind the other man. The men are talking to each other. "So, ah. I don't think I'm gonna be able come." "Ha, meeee neither." |
| 140 | The illustrations on this page depict two shirtless men. They are depicted from the waist upward. One man is laying beside the other man inside of a tent. The men are talking to each other. "Sorry. I guess I'm just...bad at sex?" "What?! No, dude, I can definitely say that's NOT the case. This was great! Why would you say that?" "Well, I mean...neither of us came? I couldn't get you there? So it was...bad?" "No way! Good sex isn't just about having an orgasm!" "Uh..." "Here, lie down with me. I wanna snuggle while we chat." "I know it's easy to get hung up on coming. But an orgasm is like getting a fancy dessert at the end of dinner. While it's fun, it doesn't MAKE the meal." |

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| 141 | <p>Whether or not you and your partner climax isn't the most important detail. ...Climaxing, coming, or orgasming is the sudden release of all the sexual tension and excitement built up during whatever sexy times you're having. ...Some people ejaculate fluid (whether they have a penis or a vulva), tremble, shout out, or moan.</p> |
| 142 | <p>The illustration in the middle of the page depicts a young, nude, dark-skinned man lying on top of an older, nude, light-skinned woman on a bed. The woman's legs are spread with the man lying in between her legs. The text on the page reads: Different people climax at different points and because of different things. Some NEVER come, and others can come without even being touched. You could be having the best sex of your life and your body just won't feel like coming! Or, on the other hand, you might come super fast before you feel ready of it. You can even come while you're having really unenjoyable sex. ...Orgasms can be tons of fun,...</p> |
| 143 | <p>Instead of chasing the orgasm, focus on the moment and your partner.</p> |
| 144 | <p>The illustrations on this page depict two nude men talking inside of a tent. "You know, for ME, it's the...the stress of doing a Good Sex Job that throws me."</p> |
| 145 | <p>The illustration in the upper left corner of the page depicts two nude men talking to each other inside of a tent. "Brr, it's cooled down. I'm chilly." "I know a way to warm it back up." The illustration on the remainder of the page, depicts a tent in a wooded area with a closed up tent. There are hearts floating up from the tent.</p> |
| 147 | <p>What is...Sexting? Do you just...send someone a photo? Do you ask first? How do you ask? What sort of ground rules do you establish?</p> |
| 149 | <p>"I've been so mad horny for you, I think I'm gonna explode!!!" "Want me to send you a little somethin' to help the time go by...?" Sending or getting a wanted saucy something from a partner can be the highlight of your day. It's thrilling, sexy, and fun- a way of saying "you turn me on, hot stuff" or "let's get turned on together."</p> |
| 151 | <p>If you're lucky enough to be on the receiving end of a requested dirty picture,...</p> |
| 152 | <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a female with her right arm held out and her left arm covering her exposed breasts. She has a black rectangle covering her eyes and nose. The text beside and under the image read: Before you start sending your naughty masterpieces around the world, take some time to get friendly with photo-editing software or apps. Digital photos are permanent and impossible to retract once they're out there. So keep your recognizable features out of 'em before you share 'em!</p> |
| 153 | <p>...use protection when you sext! Crop out your face, hide your birthmarks and scars, and edit out your piercings and tattoos.</p> |

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| | <p>And don't forget to tell your sweetie how hot they look. Let 'em know you appreciate the little gift they've sent you, you lucky devil, you.</p> |
| 154 | <p>The illustration on this page depicts a nude man and woman sitting up in a bed with the sheets covering their lower bodies. The man has his arm around the woman, leaving her left breast exposed.</p> |
| 155 | <p>What are...kinks, fantasies, and porn?</p> |
| 157 | <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude male and female on a bed under the covers with their upper bodies exposed. The woman is laying on top of the man. Her arms are extended and her hands are pressing into the bed, elevating her above him. They are talking to each other. The man says, "Oh, WOW!"</p> <p>The woman says, "Yeah, that was SUPER fun. Thank youuu."</p> <p>The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts the same man and woman from the above description. The man and woman are lying on their sides underneath the sheets facing each other. The man says, "Hah, so you got REALLY into it at the end there. It was really hot."</p> |
| 158 | <p>The illustration on the top left of the page depicts a nude man sitting on the edge of a bed, tying a knot in a condom. He says, "Mind if I ask what you were thinking about?"</p> <p>The illustration on the top right of the page depicts the same man throwing the tied condom into a trash can located across the room. He says, "I've got a feelin' your mind went someplace fun, and I'd loooove to hear it."</p> |
| 159 | <p>"Aw, don't worry. I think about some pretty freaky stuff too! How about I tell you some of the wild things I think up when I'm getting off if you tell me yours?"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom left of the page depicts a nude woman sitting on a bed. Her right breast is exposed. She says, "I don't know why it got me off!"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting on a bed. Their upper bodies are exposed. The man is hugging the woman from her right side, leaving her left breast exposed.</p> <p>"Aw, don't worry. I think about some pretty freaky stuff too! How about I tell you some of the wild things I think up when I'm getting off if you tell me yours?"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom left of the page depicts a woman sitting on a bed, nude. Her right breast is exposed. She says, "I don't know why it got me off!"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting in bed with their upper bodies exposed. The man is hugging the woman from her right side, leaving her left breast exposed.</p> |
| 160 | <p>The illustration on the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting on a bed talking. The woman's breasts are exposed.</p> |

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| 162 | <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude man laying on his back against a nude woman whom is sitting on a bed. Her left breast is exposed. The illustration at the bottom of the page depicts a nude woman laying on her back with her arms behind her head. Her left breast is exposed.</p> |
| 163 | <p>The illustration on the top left of this page depicts a nude man and woman laying in bed. The woman is propped up on her elbow in a full-frontal view with her breasts exposed.</p> |
| 164 | <p>The illustration on this page depicts a young woman sitting in front of a computer. The quotations depicted as coming out of the computer screen read: "HELL-O NURSE!" and "Ooh yeah, that's the good stuff." The text beside the computer reads: A great place to research fantasies and kinks safely is on the internet! There are tons of people and communities out there who share your interests and have all kinds of advice.</p> <p>The illustration on the left middle of the page depicts a female in a bra and panties. The image below her, is a close-up view of a flaccid cartoon penis and scrotum.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts two nude people bent over. One of the people is pressed against the other's buttocks with their left arm extended out toward the other person's left shoulder. There are two icons and slide bar depicted inferring a video is being played. Text surrounding the images reads: When consumed right, porn can help you discover new aspects of your sexuality, and help you safely explore kinks and fantasies. ...Do your research! Look up interviews with your fave porn performers, go to the sites they recommend, and pay for your porn. See Figure 4.</p> |
| 165 | <p>The illustration on the top left of this page depicts two nude individuals. One of the individuals is laying on their back on the ground with the other persons pubic region in their mouth. There is a spotlight directed at the individuals. The text surrounding the image reads: But here's a heads-up: pornography is a performance. ..."Ha, sometimes I worry I watch too much porn, you know?" "Yeah, I know that worry! But there's nothing wrong with enjoying some porn; it's a fun sugary treat!..." See Figure 5.</p> |
| 166 | <p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a nude man and woman laying in bed. The woman is propped up on a pillow looking at the man and poking him in the chest. She says, "Hey, so. I remember someone promised to share a few fantasies with me if I shared mine. Time to pay up!"</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts the same individuals described above from a frontal-view. The woman's breasts are exposed.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 168 | The illustration on this page depicts a nude man and woman on a bed. The man is elevated above the woman whom is laying on her side with her left breast exposed. |
| 171 | The illustration on this page depicts a nude man and woman on a bed. The man is elevated above the woman whom is laying on her side with her left breast exposed. The woman is saying, "...I got the bug!" The man says, "Ha, sure! Go on then, hot stuff. What's next on the agenda?" The illustration on the bottom right of the page depicts the same couple as described above, but the woman is sitting on her feet looking into her phone. Her right breast is exposed. |
| 172 | The illustration on the top of this page depicts a nude man and woman sitting. They are depicted from the waist upward. The woman's breasts are exposed. |
| 174 | The illustration on the top left of the page depicts a nude man and woman sitting in bed. The woman's breasts are exposed. The illustration on the top right of the page depicts the same individuals described above, laying in bed. The woman's right nipple is partially exposed and her left nipple is fully exposed. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 1 |
| Clit | 1 |
| Dick | 1 |
| Fuck | 10 |
| Shit | 4 |



Figure 1

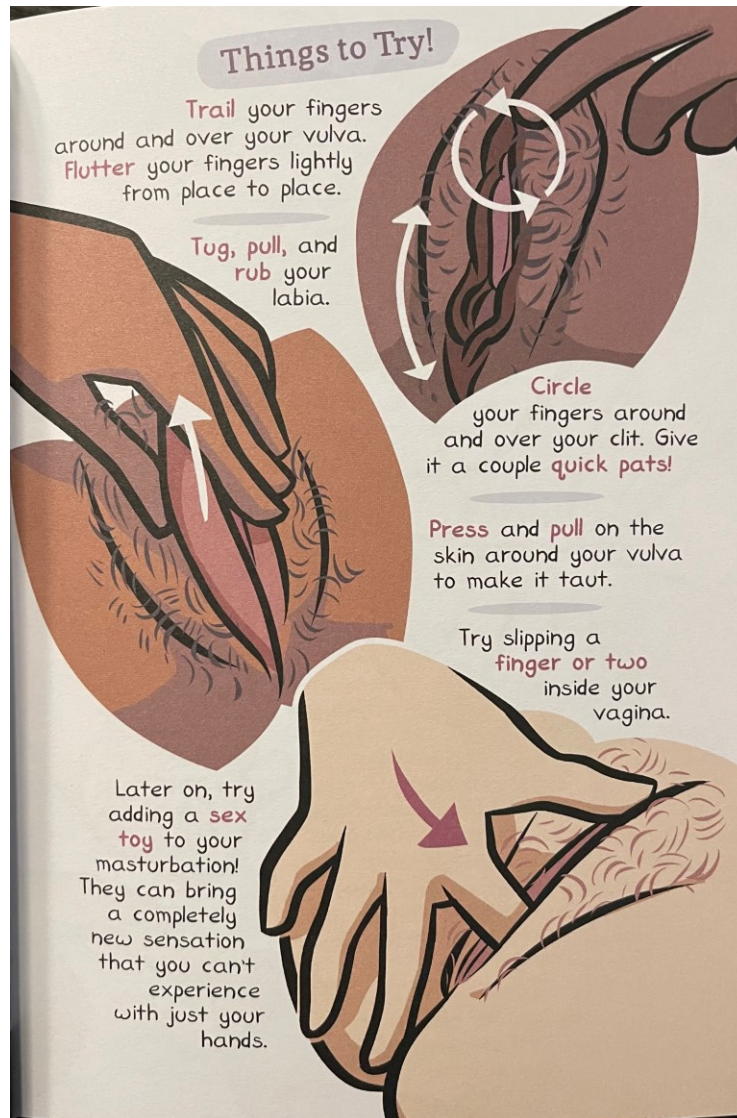


Figure 2

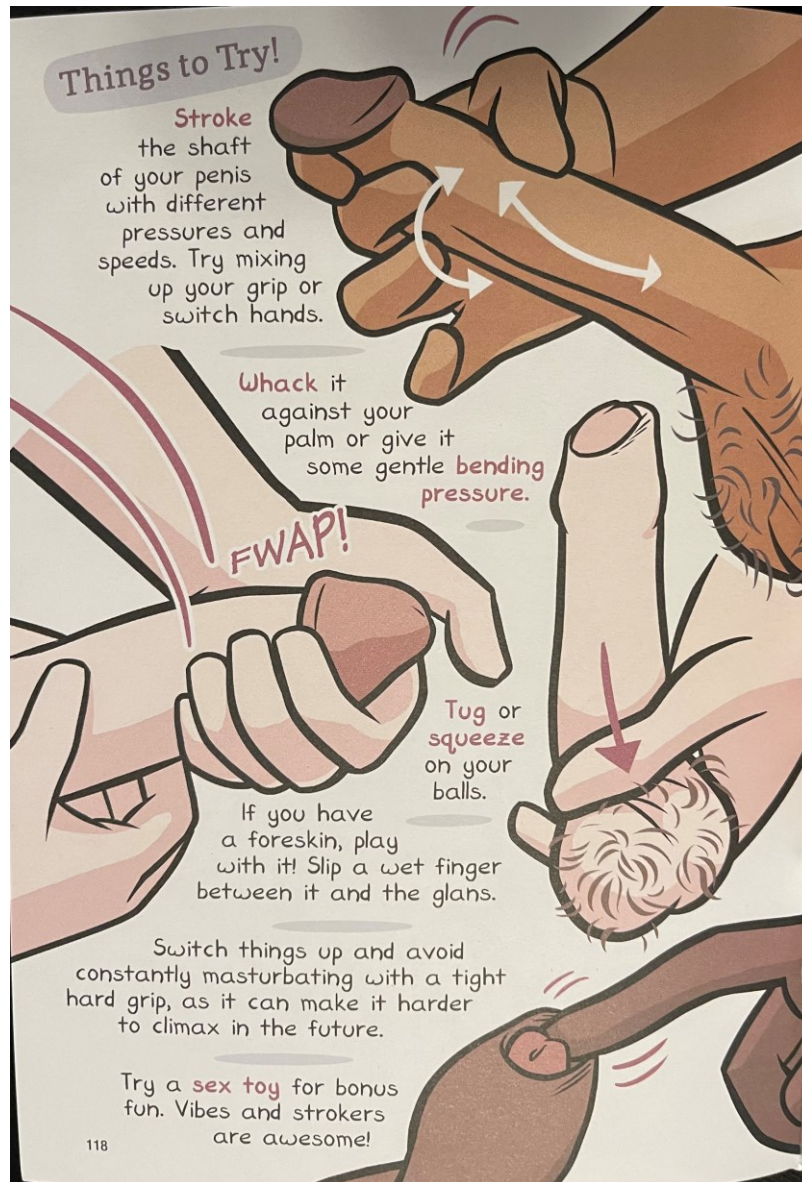


Figure 3

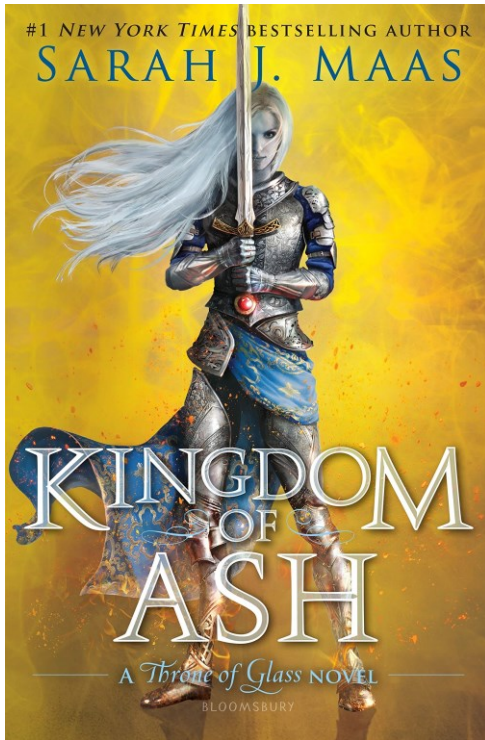


Figure 4



Figure 5

KINGDOM OF ASH



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; mild profanity; and explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity.

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-611-8

978-1-61963-610-1

978-1-61963-612-5

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 472 | <p>With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.</p> <p>She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.</p> <p>But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.</p> <p>"You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.</p> <p>...Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours."</p> <p>Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck.</p> <p>She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her.</p> <p>Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.</p> <p>He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.</p> <p>"Together, Aelin," he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.</p> <p>Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.</p> <p>And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.</p> <p>His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.</p> <p>For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other.</p> |
| 586 | <p>He ran a hand down the back of her head, his fingers twining in her hair before he murmured in her ear, "Come to bed."</p> <p>Heat flared through her body.</p> <p>..."And a day of death has made me want to hold you," the prince said, giving her that disarming grin she had no defenses against. Especially as he added, "And do other things to you."</p> <p>Nesryn's toes curled in her boots.</p> |
| 717 | <p>He left her jacket open, the swells of her breasts just visible between the lapels.</p> |

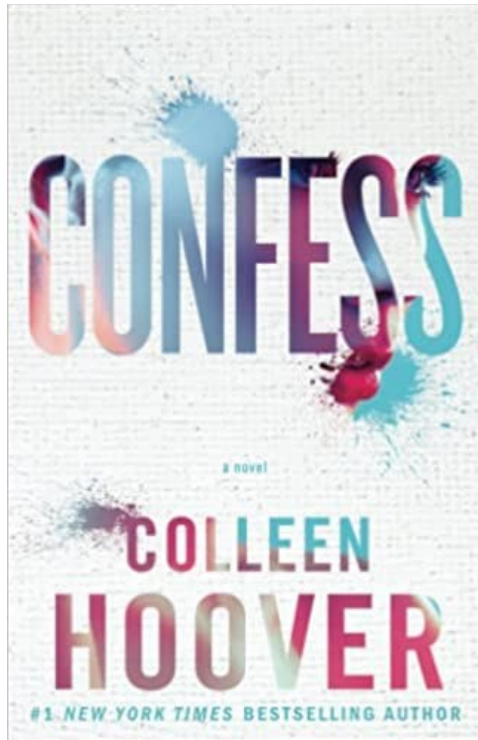
| Page | Content |
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| 719 | <p>He ran his fingers over the scar. Over it, and then up her stomach. Up and up, her skin pebbling beneath his touch, until he halted just over her heart. Until he laid his palm flat against it, the curve of her breast rising to meet his hand with each unsteady breath she took.</p> <p>...So Dorian brushed his mouth against hers. Manon let out a small sound. Dorian kissed her again, and her tongue met his, hungry and searching. Then her hands were plunging into his hair, both of them rising onto their knees to meet halfway.</p> <p>She moaned, her hands sliding from his hair down his chest, down to his pants. She stroked him through the material, and Dorian groaned into her mouth.</p> <p>...Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll.</p> <p>Manon drew her hands from him to remove the glittering crown atop her head, but he halted her with a phantom touch. "Don't," he said, voice near-guttural. "Leave it on."</p> <p>Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back.</p> <p>His mouth went dry at the beauty that threatened to undo him, the temptation that his every instinct roared to claim. Not the body, but what she had offered.</p> <p>...Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss.</p> <p>A shift of her hips, and he was buried, the heated silk of her enough to make him forget that they had a camp around them, or kingdoms to protect.</p> <p>He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin.</p> <p>Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own. Stay. The word echoed in each breath.</p> <p>Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster.</p> <p>Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.</p> <p>As if this might last forever.</p> <p>Manon's breathing was as ragged as Dorian's when they pulled apart at last.</p> |
| 744 | <p>This kiss lingered. Her mouth traced his, and at the slight pressure of her lips, the gentle request, he answered with his own.</p> <p>The taste of her threatened to undo him entirely, and the tentative brush of her tongue against his own drew another rolling purr from deep in his chest. But Lorcan let Elide explore him, slowly and sweetly, giving her whatever she asked. And when her mouth became more insistent, when her breathing turned ragged, he slipped a hand around her neck to cup her nape. She opened for him, and at her low moan, Lorcan thought he'd fly out of his skin.</p> <p>His hand slipped from her nape to run down her back, savoring the warm, unbreakable body beneath the layers of clothes. Elide arched into the touch, another of those small noises coming from her. As if she'd been just as starved for him.</p> |

| Page | Content |
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| 760 | <p>Rowan nipped at her nose. "I do keep a tally, Princess. Of all the horrible things that come out of your mouth."</p> <p>...Rowan smirked, as if sensing Gavriel's swift exit, too. Then his hand flattened on her abdomen, his mouth grazing the</p> |
| 762 | <p>Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers. No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly.</p> <p>They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.</p> |
| 968 | <p>Elide bit her lip, her breasts becoming heavy, tingling. "I might slip."</p> <p>His eyes drifted down her body, but he made no move. "A dangerous time, bath time."</p> <p>Elide found it in herself to walk toward the copper tub. He trailed a few feet behind, giving her space. Letting her steer this.</p> <p>Elide halted beside the tub, steam wafting past. She tugged the hem of her shirt from her pants.</p> <p>Lorcan watched every move. She wasn't entirely certain he was breathing. But—her hands stalled. Uncertain. Not of him, but this rite, this path.</p> <p>"Show me what to do," she breathed.</p> <p>"You're doing just fine," Lorcan ground out.</p> <p>But she gave him a helpless look, and he prowled closer. His fingers found the loose hem of her shirt. "May I?" he asked quietly. Elide whispered, "Yes."</p> <p>Lorcan still studied her eyes, as if reading the sincerity of that word. Deeming it true.</p> <p>Gently, he pulled the fabric from her. Cool air kissed her skin, pebbling it. The flexible band around her breasts remained, but Lorcan's gaze remained on her own. "Tell me what you want next," he said roughly.</p> <p>Hand shaking, Elide grazed a finger over the band.</p> <p>Lorcan's own hands shook as he unbound it. As he revealed her to the air, to him. His eyes seemed to go wholly black as he took in her breasts, her uneven breathing. "Beautiful," he murmured.</p> <p>Elide's mouth curled as the word settled within her. Gave her enough courage that she lifted her hands to his jacket and began unbuckling, unbuttoning. Until Lorcan's own chest was bare, and she ran her fingers over the smattering of dark hair across the sculpted planes. "Beautiful," she said.</p> <p>Lorcan trembled—with restraint, with emotion, she didn't know. That darling purr of his rumbled into her as she pressed her mouth against his pectoral.</p> <p>His hand drifted to her hair, each stroke unbinding her braid. "We only go as far and long as you want," he said. Yet she dared to glance down his body—to what strained under his pants.</p> <p>Her mouth went dry. "I—I don't know what I'm doing."</p> <p>"Anything you do will be enough," he said.</p> |

| Page | Content |
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| | <p>She lifted her head, scanning his face. "Enough for what?"</p> <p>Another half smile. "Enough to please me." She scoffed at the arrogance, but Lorcan brushed his mouth against her neck. His hands bracketed her waist, his thumbs grazing her ribs. But no higher.</p> <p>Elide arched into the touch, a small sound escaping her as his lips brushed just beneath her ear. And then his mouth found hers, gentle and thorough.</p> <p>Her hands twined around his neck, and Lorcan lifted her, carrying her not to the bath, but to the cot behind them, his lips never leaving hers.</p> <p>Home. This, with him. This was home, as she had never had. For however long they might share it.</p> <p>And when Lorcan laid her out on the cot, his breathing as uneven as her own, when he paused, letting her decide what to do, where to take this, Elide kissed him again and whispered, "Show me everything." So Lorcan did.</p> |
| 1095 | <p>He gripped her waist in one hand, the other plunging into her hair, and tipped her head back as his mouth met hers.</p> <p>The kiss seared her down to her everchanging bones, and she wrapped her arms around his neck as she held him tightly.</p> <p>Alone in the dark, quiet hall, death squatting on the battlefield nearby, Lysandra gave herself to that searing kiss, to Aedion, unable to stop her moan as his tongue flicked against hers.</p> <p>The sound was his unleashing, and Aedion twisted them, backing her against the wall. She arched, desperate to feel him against all of her. He growled into her mouth, and the hand at her hip slid to her thigh, hoisting it around his waist as he ground into her, exactly where she needed him.</p> <p>Aedion tore his mouth from hers and began to explore her neck, her jaw, her ear. She breathed his name, running her hands down his powerful back as it flexed under her touch.</p> <p>More. More. More.</p> <p>More of this life, this fire to burn away all shadows.</p> <p>More of him.</p> <p>Lysandra slid her hands to his chest, fingers digging into the breast of his jacket, seeking the warm skin beneath. Aedion only nipped at her ear, dragged his teeth along her jaw, and seized her mouth in another plundering kiss that had her moaning again.</p> <p>...Lysandra slid her hand against his stubble-coated cheek and pressed her mouth against his. Let herself taste him again. "It is because I am sick of all this death. And I needed you."</p> <p>Aedion made a low, pained sound, so Lysandra kissed him a final time. Went so far as to run her tongue along the seam of his lips. He opened for her, and then they were tangled in each other again, teeth and tongues and hands roaming, touching, tasting.</p> |
| 1102 | <p>Rowan had taken the time last night to reacquaint her with certain parts of that body. And his own. Had spent a long while doing so, too. Until that haunted look had vanished, until she was writhing beneath him, burning while he moved in her.</p> <p>...Yet this morning, when he'd nuzzled her awake with kisses to her jaw, her neck, that haunted look had returned. And lingered.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 5 |
| Bitch | 7 |
| Piss | 4 |
| Prick | 1 |
| Shit | 1 |

CONFESS



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

ISBN: 978-1-4767-9145-6

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Book Summary:

A young woman, trying to turn her life around, falls in love with a troubled artist.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; profanity; alternate sexualities; violence including attempted sexual assault; molestation; alcohol use; drug abuse; and controversial religious commentary.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7 | His smile briefly transforms him from a sixteen-year-old boy on his deathbed into a handsome, vibrant, full-of-life teenage boy who is thinking about the first time he had sex. |
| 8 | <p>Traveling, marriage, kids (including what we would have named them), all the places we would have lived, and of course, sex.</p> <p>We predicted that we would have had a phenomenal sex life, if given the chance. Our sex life would have been the envy of all our friends. We would have made love every morning before we left for work and every night before we went to bed and sometimes in between.</p> <p>...As soon as he looked at me and I saw my own thoughts mirrored in his eyes, we began kissing and we didn't stop. We kissed while we undressed, we kissed while we touched, we kissed while we cried. We kissed until we were finished, and even then, we continued to kiss in celebration of the fact that we had won this one small battle against life and death and time. And we were still kissing when he held me afterward and told me he loved me.</p> <p>Just like he's holding and kissing me now.</p> <p>His hand is touching my neck and his lips are parting mine in what feels like the somber opening of a good-bye letter.</p> |
| 22 | When I exit the bathroom, Owen is in the kitchen, pouring two glasses of wine. I contemplate whether or not I should tell him I'm a few weeks shy of being old enough to drink, but my nerves are screaming for a glass of wine right now. |
| 32 | When I make it back downstairs, she's standing statue-still, staring up at the painting I call You Don't Exist, God. And If You Do, You Should Be Ashamed. |
| 43 | Her eyes briefly meet the painting You Don't Exist, God..., |
| 53 | I've never ordered a drink before, considering I'm not yet old enough to do so. He understands my expression and immediately turns back to Harrison. "Bring us two Jack and Cokes," he says. |
| 56 | It's a lot like sex, actually. I have about as much experience with sex as I do with dancing, but I definitely remember every moment I spent with Adam. |
| 67 | "My father has been having sex with me since I was eight years old. I'm thirty-three now and married with children of my own, but I'm still too scared to say no to him." |
| 72 | Texas is turning me into a whore. |
| 82 | I have to stop myself from unlocking the door so I can pull him inside and beg him to do to the rest of me what he's doing to my hand. |
| 98 | I can't believe I'm about to do this, but I need a drink. An alcoholic drink. |
| 103 | "...And for your information, I happen to like drinking. I just didn't like your drink." |
| 104 | <p>"You got stood up by a girl?"</p> <p>I have nothing against lesbians, but please don't be one. That's not how I envision this ending between us.</p> <p>"Not by a girl, either," she says. "I got stood up by a bitch. A big, mean, selfish bitch."</p> |
| 106 | "And for the record, you had three drinks. All with alcohol." |

| Page | Content |
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| 159 | <p>His hands graze my thighs all the way up until they come to rest on my hips. When I look into his eyes, I get completely lost in them. He's staring at me with a level of need that I didn't know I was capable of producing in someone. He wraps his hand around my lower back and pulls me against him. I place my hands on his forearms and grip tightly, not sure what's about to happen next but completely prepared to allow it.</p> <p>The faint smile on his face disappears the closer his lips come to mine. My eyelids flutter and then close completely, just as his mouth feathers mine.</p> <p>...His mouth connects with mine, and at first his kiss is like the one I gave him in the tent. Soft, sweet, and innocent. But then the innocence is stripped away the second he runs one of his hands through the back of my hair and slides his tongue against my lips.</p> <p>I don't know how I can feel so light and so heavy all at once, but his kiss makes me feel weighted to a cloud. I slide my hands up his neck and do my best to kiss him the way he's been kissing me, but I'm afraid my mouth doesn't even compare to his. There's no way I could make him feel like he's making me feel right now. He pulls my legs until they're wrapped around his waist, and then he lifts me off the bar and directs us toward the living room without stopping our kiss. I try to ignore the smell of pizza being overcooked in the oven, because I don't want him to stop. But I'm also really, really hungry and don't want the pizza to burn.</p> <p>"I think the pizza is burning," I whisper just as we hit the couch. He gently lowers me onto my back as he shakes his head.</p> <p>"I'll make you another one." His mouth reconnects with mine, and I suddenly couldn't care less about the pizza.</p> <p>He lowers himself onto the couch but not completely on top of me. He keeps his arms locked on either side of my head and doesn't do anything to show that he expects more than just this kiss.</p> <p>So that's what I give him. I kiss him and he kisses me and we don't stop until a smoke alarm begins to sound.</p> |
| 168 | I down the second glass of wine. "I don't need rehab." I place the glass in the sink. |
| 170 | He wraps his arm around me, sliding one hand up my neck and into my hair. He cradles my head and it feels as if he's attempting to memorize every aspect of the way it feels when we kiss, because he knows after we stop, that's all he'll have. |
| 190 | It used to not be so bad when it was just the pain pills, but now that he's mixing them with alcohol, it's harder for him to hide it from everyone else. |
| 194 | <p>He sets one, two, three bottles of pills on the car. He proceeds to open each one to inspect the contents.</p> <p>"Looks like Oxy," Trey says, rolling a pill between his thumb and forefinger. He looks at me and then at my father. "Either of you have a prescription for these?"</p> <p>I look at my father, hoping beyond all hope that he does, in fact have a prescription. I know it's wishful thinking, though.</p> |
| 204 | I'm also uneasy about the fact that his brother is the only person I've ever had sex with. |
| 225 | "He's been inside your apartment. He's been in your bedroom. He was in that stupid fucking tent with you. Now I need you to tell me if he's ever been inside you." |

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| 235 | <p>His hands drop to my back and pulls me against him. I'm not sure where my hands are at this point. I think I'm holding on to him for dear life, but every part of me other than my mouth has just gone completely numb. The only thing I'm fully aware of is his mouth on mine. His kiss is all I know in this moment.</p> <p>...Our mouths separate, but my hands remain pressed against him. I can feel the deep rise and fall of his chest, and knowing he feels what I feel is almost enough for me to pull him back to my mouth.</p> |
| 237 | <p>When his mouth meets mine again, it's a completely different kind of kiss than the one we were just sharing. He cradles my head between both of his hands and he kisses me slowly. Soft and deep and full of highs and lows and depth. He kisses me like I'm his canvas.</p> |
| 238 | <p>His hands grip the nape of my neck, and he moves his mouth to my ear. "You may not think he deserves you less than I do, but that's exactly what I'm saying, Auburn." His hands lower until he grips my thighs, and then he lifts me. He carries me across the room and lowers me down onto the bed. He slides on top of me, cradling my head between his forearms.</p> <p>...His hands meet the button on my jeans, and he unbuttons them. His lips rest against my neck as he continues to convince me with his words that this is exactly where we need to be. "No one sees you like I do."</p> <p>I close my eyes and listen to the sound of his voice. I wait as he removes my jeans, anticipating the touch of his hand against my skin. His palms slide up the sides of my legs and then his mouth is against mine again.</p> <p>"No one understands you the way I do."</p> <p>He presses himself against me at the same time his tongue slips inside my mouth. I moan, and the room begins to spin, and the combination of his words and his touch and his body on mine are like gasoline on a fire. He begins to pull my shirt and bra over my head and I do nothing to help him or stop him. I'm useless against his touch.</p> <p>"No one makes your heart beat like I do."</p> <p>He kisses me, pausing only to remove his shirt. I somehow regain control of my senses when I realize my hands are pulling at his jeans, attempting to remove them so I can feel him skin to skin.</p> <p>He presses his palm against my heart. "And no one else deserves to be inside you if they can't get there through here first."</p> <p>His words trickle against my mouth like raindrops. He kisses me softly and then lifts himself off the bed. My eyes remain closed, but I hear his jeans meet the floor and I hear the tear of a wrapper. I feel his hands on my hips as he hooks his fingers beneath my panties and pulls them down. And it isn't until he's on top of me again that I find the strength to open my eyes.</p> <p>"Say it," he whispers, looking down at me. "I want to hear you tell me I deserve you."</p> <p>I slide my hands up his arms, along the curves of his shoulders, up the sides of his neck, and into his hair. I look him directly in the eyes. "You deserve me, Owen."</p> <p>He drops his forehead to the side of my head and grabs my leg, lifting it, locking it around his waist. "And you deserve me, Auburn."</p> <p>He pushes into me, and I'm not sure which is louder- his groan or my sudden</p> |

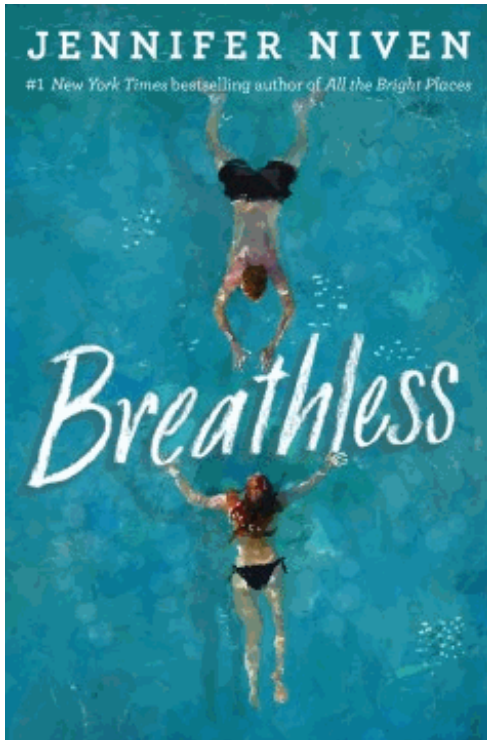
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| | <p>outburst of "Oh my God."</p> <p>He buries himself deep inside me and holds still. He looks down at me breathlessly and smiles. "I can't tell if you said that because this feels incredibly good to you or if you're making fun of my initials again."</p> <p>I smile between gasps. "Both."</p> <p>Our smiles fade when he begins moving again. He keeps his mouth close to mine but far enough away that he can look down into my eyes. He moves in and out of me, slowly, as his lips begin to feather soft kisses across mine. I moan and need more than anything to close my eyes, but the way he's looking at me is something I want to remember every time I take a breath.</p> <p>He pulls back again and pushes against me at the same time his lips meet my cheek. He begins to find a rhythm between each kiss, and he keeps his eyes focused on mine with every thrust.</p> <p>"This is what I want you to remember, Auburn," he says softly. "I don't want you to remember what it feels like when I'm inside you. I want you to remember how it feels when I look at you."</p> <p>His lips brush against mine so delicately, I almost don't feel them. "I want you to remember how your heart reacts every time I kiss you." His lips meet mine, and I attempt to ingrain every feeling I get from his kiss and his words into my memory. His hand slides through my hair and he lifts my head slightly off the bed, filling me with a deep kiss.</p> <p>He pulls away so we can catch our breath. Looking into my eyes again, he says, "I want you to remember my hands, and how they can't stop touching you."</p> <p>He works his mouth slowly up my jaw, until he reaches my ear. "And I need you to remember that anyone can make love. But I'm the only one who deserves to make love to you."</p> <p>My arms lock around his neck with those words, and his mouth crashes against mine. He pushes into me, hard, and I want to scream. I want to cry. I want to beg him to never stop, but what I want even more is this kiss. I want to remember every part of it. I want to engrave the taste of him onto my tongue.</p> <p>The next several minutes are a blur of moans, kisses, sweat, hands, and mouths. He's on top of me, and then I'm on top of him, and then he's on top of me again. When I feel the warmth of his mouth meet my breast, I completely lose myself. I let my head fall back and my eyes fall shut and my heart falls straight into the palms of his hands.</p> <p>I'm so worked up, so dizzy, so grateful that I made the decision to stay, that I can't even tell when it's over. I'm still breathing so heavily, and my heart is pounding against my chest. I'm not sure that simply reaching a climax with Owen signifies the end of this experience. Because coming down from being with him feels just as incredible as it felt when it was occurring.</p> <p>I'm lying against his chest and his arms are wrapped around me, and I never thought I'd be in this position again. A position where I know I'm right where I belong, but there's nothing I can do that can keep me there.</p> |
| 252 | <p>He shifts until he's on top of me, and then he leans forward and kisses me. We've been dating for over two months now and I've never let him do anything but kiss me. I'm still not ready to go further than this, but I know he is. And I know his patience has been wearing thin.</p> |

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| | <p>He groans and his tongue dives deeper into my mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut and hate that I'm forcing myself to pretend I'm okay with this.</p> <p>...Trey's hands become needier as they grope and pull at me. His mouth moves roughly from mine, and he begins to kiss me all over as one of his hands works the buttons on my shirt.</p> <p>I want to tell him to stop, but it's all happening so fast, I can't find a point at which to push him away. His hand is unbuttoning my jeans, and he's working his fingers inside my underwear when I can't take a second more of this. I dig my heels into my mattress and push him away as I attempt to scoot up on the bed.</p> <p>He pulls away for a few seconds and looks at me, but words fail to come out of my mouth. When I say nothing, his mouth is immediately on mine again with even more force. He didn't get a verbal no, so I guess that means yes to him.</p> <p>I press against his chest. "Trey, stop."</p> <p>He immediately stops kissing me and presses his face into the pillow. He groans, frustrated, and I don't know what to say next. I just made him angry.</p> <p>His hand is still in my jeans, and even though I'm not kissing him, he continues to slide his hand further until I have to physically push his hand away.</p> <p>..."You can fuck my little brother when you're fifteen, but you can't fuck me as an adult?"</p> <p>..."I made love to Adam."</p> <p>He lowers his face until his mouth is directly over my ear. The heat from his breath makes my skin crawl. "What was it when Owen was fucking you in his bed? Was that love?"</p> <p>...I've never been more scared.</p> <p>He remains on top of me, his mouth poised next to me ear. He doesn't speak again, but he doesn't have to. His hand is making his intentions clear as he works his way inside my jeans again.</p> <p>For a split second, I wonder if I should let him do this. If I just shut up and allow him to take what he wants, maybe it'll be enough for him to forgive what happened with Owen. I can't let this come between me and my son.</p> <p>But those thoughts only last for a split second, because there is no way in hell I'll allow AJ to grow up with a spineless mother.</p> <p>"Get off me."</p> <p>He doesn't. Instead, he lifts his head and looks down at me with a grin so cold, it sends a rush of chills over me. I don't know who he is right now. I've never seen this side of him before. "Trey, please."</p> <p>His hand is rough, and I'm squeezing my legs together, but it doesn't stop him from forcing my thighs apart. I'm pushing him, but my weakness is laughable compared to his strength. His mouth is back on mine and when I try to turn away from him, he bites my lip, forcing his kiss on me.</p> <p>I can taste the blood.</p> <p>I begin to sob as soon as he begins unbuttoning his own jeans.</p> <p>This isn't happening.</p> <p>"She said stop."</p> |
| 271 | <p>"I want you to know something," he says, kissing his way down my neck. "And I'm not saying this just to make you feel better." One of his hands slides up my waist until it meets my breast, and he holds it there. "I'm saying this because I want you</p> |

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| | <p>to believe it." He pulls away from my neck to look at me directly. "You are so, so beautiful, Auburn. Everywhere. Every part of you. On the outside, on the inside, when you're beneath me, on top of me, painted on a canvas." His eyes are boring into mine and I close them, because there is way too much truth in his. "So beautiful," he whispers.</p> <p>He begins to kiss his way down my throat until the warmth of his breath teases my breast. He takes me in his mouth, and I moan softly. I bring my hands to the back of his head and keep my eyes closed, hoping we end up in a bed before I collapse from dizziness.</p> <p>His hands slide down my waist, down my thighs, until his mouth begins to follow their direction. When his tongue meets my navel, I gasp. Partly because of the sensation, and partly because I want him to stop heading in the direction he's headed. I don't want him near the parts of me I'm most self-conscious about. He repositions himself until he's on his knees in front of me. He's no longer kissing me, and his hands are wrapped around the backs of my thighs. I can feel his breath against my stomach, and the fact that he's not doing anything makes me curious enough to open my eyes and look down at him.</p> <p>...His lips meet my stomach, and he presses a gentle kiss against my scar. He begins to work his way back up my body until he's standing straight, looking down at me again.</p> <p>...He catches my gasp with his mouth, and he picks me up, carrying me out of the shower and straight to the bed.</p> <p>And this time, I don't get lost in his touch. I don't get lost in how it feels when he pushes himself inside me.</p> |
| 275 | <p>Trey presses his cheek to mine, and I watch as Owen's eyes follow the path of Trey's hand. He trails it down my throat, between my breasts, and over my stomach. By the time his hand settles between my legs, I can taste the bile in my throat. I squeeze my eyes shut, because the look in Owen's eyes proves there's no way he's going to stand here and allow Trey to do this.</p> |
| 276 | <p>"Call the police?" Trey says, continuing with the laughter. "And who will they believe? The addict and the whore who got pregnant at fifteen? Or the cop?"</p> |
| 292 | <p>Her arms are locked around my neck and she's kissing, kissing, kissing me like I've never been kissed before. I can taste her tears and laughter, and it's an incredible combination.</p> <p>I'm not sure how long we stand in the hallway kissing, because seconds aren't long enough when they're spent with her.</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 4 |
| Bitch | 13 |
| Dick | 2 |
| Fuck | 24 |
| Goddamn | 3 |
| Piss | 8 |
| Shit | 23 |

BREATHLESS



Young Adult

By Jennifer Niven

ISBN: 978-1-52470197-0

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity.

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 18 | <p>Shane’s hands are snaking their way down... ...Suddenly there’s something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can’t slide it in. “Claude...” His voice is blurred...I feel momentarily bad because I was never going to have sex with him. It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg.</p> |
| 24 | <p>And then I can feel him. All of him...all at once I breathe, Yes! as my entire body lifts off the bed. It just rockets right off and hovers there in midair, shooting off fireworks of every color. ...And then my mind drifts to Shane and the barn and my wet, wet thigh, and what if some of it got in me and I get pregnant and have to have a baby...</p> |
| 147 | <p>What if I just found his house tonight and slipped into his bed and surprised him? I imagine it. His skin. My skin. Naked. Hot. Him. Him. Him...I touch my arm and it’s on fire at the thought of him.</p> |
| 153 | <p>He’s getting a condom. When he rolls back toward me, condom in hand, I go, “Wow. You’re confident.” “Not confident. Hopeful...” ...He waves at his body and gives me this cheesy grin. And then his face shifts into a genuine smile, and I can’t help it, I kiss the dimples on either side of his mouth, and then he’s kissing my throat, and just when I think my body might explode like a firework, it happens. ...Now he’s opening the condom packet. Now he’s putting the condom on...Now you can feel him. Now he’s putting the condom in. There’s the surprise of him inside me, even though I’m expecting it. ...He goes, “Are you okay, Captain?” “Yeah. Of course.” ...Now you can feel him—all of him. And there’s the surprise again. Not pain, necessarily, but the surprise of my body registering something entirely new. I actually suck in air. A loud, gasping, hiccupping sound that makes him stop what he’s doing and look at me funny. Before he can ask what the hell that was or change his mind about ever wanting to have sex with me, I kiss him. I wonder if I’m bleeding all over his couch, if my mythical hymen has actually broken. Even if it hasn’t, and even if it’s the most awkward, terrible sex that has ever been had on this planet, I know that technically this counts. This counts. Even though virginity is a heteronormative, patriarchal construct... Now he’s moving on top of you. And you are moving with him even though you don’t know how...It’s as if it knows something I don’t, as if my body and his know each other and understand each other, as if they’re meant to move together like this. But then, suddenly, we’re done. Which means he’s done.</p> |
| 199 | <p>But first he leans down and kisses me, and I kiss him harder and more urgently to let him know it’s okay...My body is wanting his. And I am burning up, head to toe, little fires everywhere. Then I can feel him. All of him. And it hurts a little, but that’s more the surprise again of having another body in your body, the getting used to something new...And he’s literally in it, as in my vagina...And he pulls back and looks at me and goes, “Uh. Captain?” ...he kisses my forehead and mumbles something into my neck... There’s only music and the sound of our breathing. It takes us a moment, but then we hit this rhythm...I know he feels it too because of the way he’s looking at me, and then the way he’s kissing me, and then the way he stops worrying about hurting me</p> |

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| | and is just moving with me and not holding back, and I tell myself not to hold back either. |
| 234 | ...like 'How to Give Your Woman Pleasure' and 'How to Make Sure You're Taking Care of Your Lady.' I figure you can never learn enough when it comes to satisfying your girlfriend." ...There are eighty thousand nerve endings in the clitoris." "Okay. I did not know that." |

CRANK



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1442471818



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual battery; profanity; and drug abuse.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 67 | Been smokin' pot since I was 13, couldn't quit if I tried. ...The white stuff was a different story. He'd stay up all night, eating zip, bowling and snorting line after line. Rent money, right up the nose. |
| 68 | We used to do coke, till "Just Say No" put the stuff out of reach. Now it's crank. Meth. The Monster. It's a bitch on the body but damn do you fly. |
| 69 | You fly until you crash |
| 85 | So when he asked about getting high, I didn't think, I agreed. We smoked some good California green. Took three tries to put me in the place he said I should be. ...I wanted to meet the monster. Why go down if you can go up? Sleepy. Not "high" at all, but real low. And real slow. |
| 86 | Some good green bud around. You're gonna love it. You'll see ...Like magic, a mirror and razor blade appeared. |
| 87 | I watched him pour powder, yellowish-white. It will take you to heaven. Used the blade to chop the chunks fine, draw two crooked lines. Make you want to fly all night. He held the mirror to my face, handed me a saw toothed straw. Make you want to make love to me. |
| 88 | You start to climb crank-crank-crank |
| 89 | ...that's exactly how it feels when you shake hands with the monster. |
| 92 | ...he says, Tell me how you feel. So you can't stand it one more second, and you, your eyes, daring him to kiss you. So he does, and it's electric, high voltage, stun-gun strength desire jolting sinew and bone. And he asks, How 'bout another line? |
| 94 | If a Little's Good more must be great right? |
| 95 | ...everything off, nothing left to chance, all the wway in? |
| 96 | Because it wasn't that it was gentle persuasion. I can't get enough of you. Sweetest coercion. Let me eat you up. Skin to skin, belly to shoulder. Sweet as puddin'. It was body rush after body rush, intensity building. Touch me there. Hot flush, raging blush, quick-start ignition. See how much I need you? Ice flash, instant crash, voices outside the door. No! Don't stop now! ...I've got to have all of you. |

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| | It was hands, exploring taboo places. Oh, God! You're perfect! Lips and tongue, not far behind. |
| 99 | We were busted. I was busted. And I didn't give a damn |
| 101 | Wha' the fuck you up to, Buddy? ...You two been messing' around? ...Okay then. Fix me a line. |
| 102 | Like an idiot I took one too. ...there I was, snorting crank with my dad, boyfriend, and his other girlfriend. |
| 104 | Whoa, baby. Keep it in your pants, at least. Till I take it out of them. |
| 113 | Yo, I think this bitch has been crankin'. That was license enough. Bodies bumped, pushed me into a doorway, blocked Ever done a three-fer? |
| 114 | Hands covered my mouth, rough, held my arms, strong tore my clothes, vicious. Fear danced up my spine, jolted my brain, dripped onto the ground. No! I screamed into dirty flesh. Not this way! Buttons burst, zippers opened, I closed my eyes, braced for pain. |
| 129 | Somewhere between the transvestite who slapped (her?) mother's boyfriend and the perky blond (transvestite?) evening weathergirl. |
| 138 | The monster rose up hard then, hard in her She looked like an animal, crazy mad, diseased Spit in every word, she swore she'd get back at you, at me. ...Crankin', they said, and she was. Oh, yes, she was. |
| 161 | He pulled a bindle from his pocket, tapped the sparkly powder inside. Cooked up fresh yesterday. ...That's my girl. Let's forget the bullshit and fly. |
| 163 | Adam took me in his arms kisses melting hurt, forgotten ice Unhurried hands lifted my shirt Pump. Pump. Pump. Passion rose up in my heart and a bit farther south The monster-fueled inferno built thigh to belly button Adam's mouth moved lower, inch by trembling inch I was ready to do it oh, so ready. Right that very instant. |
| 264 | You really wanna piss her off, try a piercing. Want to see mine? I couldn't find studs in his ears, lips, or tongue, which pretty much left one place. "Didn't it hurt?" Like a mother. But it feels awesome now. He guided my hand south of his zipper. ...Bree was Bree, to Chase's great pleasure. ...So want to take a little ride? Got my truck outside. |
| 265 | I've got a little toot, if you're so inclined. |
| 266 | I mean I'd thought about the monster dreamed about the monster lusted for the monster |

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| | <p>regretted knowing the monster but I hadn't touched the monster...in over a month. Hadn't even seen it. ...No mirrors, no blades, Chase reached deep inside a pocket, withdrew an amber bottle and a tiny spoon attached to the lid. He set it on his knee.</p> |
| 268 | It was the monster desire that made me tremble. Chase noticed. |
| 269 | One spoon. I was cool. Two, I was too cool. Three, sub-Arctic. Four, my mouth hit monster mode. Chase could barely keep up. |
| 274 | Talk about your strange bedfellows. I was in line for that menage a trois. |
| 278 | <p>Two guys in one day? Almost too much to consider, although Bree found the prospect quite intriguing.</p> |
| 305 | <p>...pot made you buddy up with Satan... ...Far fuckin' out! Beer's in back.</p> |
| 308 | <p>Pot smoke hung, a skunky green curtain, but I didn't want to fall low so I indulged in another big snort before inhaling a couple of tiny tokes mostly to satisfy the incredible urge to pollute my lungs. I topped that off with Marlboro, landing on just about the perfect plane, just about the place I wanted to be. Not too speedy, not even close to straight falling into the yo-yo rhythm of crank, pot, beer, tobacco, the sensational motion and emotion, up and down</p> |
| 310 | <p>As he pulled me onto his lap, I wondered if I should confess my double identity. Instead, I let him kiss me. Hard. Hot. Oh, man. I'm hot. He shed his shirt and the moon revealed perfect, tanned muscles. He started to unbutton mine, silencing my protest. Shhh. Don't say no. "I can't. I mean, I never...." Crank-enhanced goosebumps lifted as he moved his hands gently across my skin. "Stop." You know you want to. "I do, Brendan, I really do. But I can't. It's the wrong time of the month." I'd decked him. He slapped back. Then, why did you call? I let Bree answer. "Not to get laid, incredible as you are. Is that all you think I'm about? What if I told you I'm a virgin?" I'd call you a liar.</p> |
| 312 | <p>Brendan softened immediately, offered to forgive me if only I promised to let him be the first. ...I said okay, then proceeded to thank him as only Bree- and the monster- could.</p> |
| 315 | <p>High For two days, too much crank, no sleep, liquid diet.</p> |
| 337 | Called Brendan for a date and asked him to make a buy. "Can you get me an eighth ball? Figured an eighth of an ounce would last awhile. It cost me \$250, which I was saving to buy my first car. |
| 339 | <p>...the voice of my virginity nagged, the lure of the monster was stronger. Besides, I could always say "no."</p> |

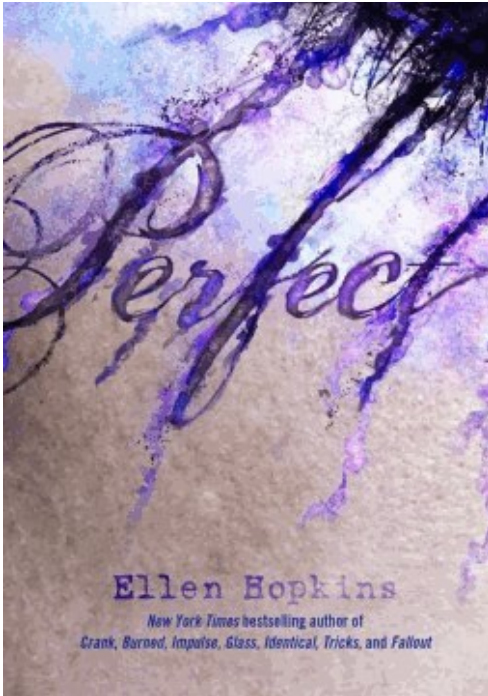
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| | <p>Couldn't I? ...As we drove up the mountains, his hand crept up my leg. I let it do exactly that as I watched for a safe spot to pull over. We drove back off the highway, and into a grove of fresh-scented evergreens.</p> |
| 340 | <p>He pulled out a bindle, which looked a bit short, and a six-pack of beer. For the next twenty minutes, we snorted and drank, climbing to a very tall buzz.</p> |
| 341 | <p>It started with a kiss crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecracked in tiny bursts from thigh to belly button. Oh, baby. I want you so bad! "B-b-bad to the bone?" We laughed, but it wasn't alright. Not for long. My shirt tore open. "Wait." I've waited for weeks. Put up and shut up. Kissed segued to bites. Bruises. Pain rippled through my body. "Brendan, please stop." No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream." Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes. Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff. You weren't lying, you bitch! I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish. Give me a line, I'll give you an encore. He pulled away sticky and bloody. Throbbing inside and out, I didn't move, didn't dare look him in the eye. What the hell is the matter, Bree? I stared up at the clouds, gathering into gloom, shutting out the moon.</p> |
| 344 | <p>It was Bree who got me to my feet helped me to the car put me on the seat kept me semiupright on the long ride home Bree, who staunched the blood straightened up my clothes unsmeared my makeup brushed my hair smooth</p> |

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| | <p>willed strength against the aching claiming body and soul Bree, who understood that, wasted on crank, there was nothing I could do but plot future revenge.</p> |
| 352 | <p>I've got two boyfriends. One is too busy trying to keep me out of trouble. The other just raped in I think it was rape, anyway. Can you define the word for me? Oops I'm sounding bitter. Better close now. I need to cry. (Maybe you didn't want to hear that.)</p> |
| 378 | <p>Don't tell me your still snorting. Have you ever tried smoking it? She was the first to even suggest it. Robyn the Reno High cheerleader proceeded to show me a whole new way to get down with the monster.</p> |
| 379 | <p>Robyn produced a V of crusty foil, tapped in the crumbs of powder. This little bit will right to your brain and won't clog your sinuses.</p> |
| 401 | <p>Can't rape the willing. "That's what I've heard." I turned to his side. "How about you? Are you willing?"</p> |
| 402 | <p>I started crankin' to keep up with schoolwork around gymnastics, cheerleading, student body council, and other extracurricular crap.</p> |
| 402 | <p>When I told him to stop, he said, "It's a long way back even if you don't get lost. Anyway we both know what kind of a girl you are." That stung, but not much.</p> |
| 403 | <p>All I could do was more crank so maybe I could halfway enjoy it. I was dirty. ...after he started, he got mean. He did things to me- terrible things, I've still got the scars- things no sane person would ever do. Of course he wasn't exactly sane. Afterward, neither was I.</p> |
| 404 | <p>...coaxing myself mostly awake with a whiff of white.</p> |
| 412 | <p>How to get high and stay that way? (Coming down was a bitch and a half.) Finding crank wasn't difficult. Most of my new crowd knew someone who dealt (or knew someone who knew someone who did).</p> |
| 437 | <p>I Don't know whose blade it was, whose idea it was. I don't remember saying yes. I know I didn't say no. The knife was sharp. One nick at my wrist. It didn't even hurt. It didn't seem wrong. Rust in my mouth. Rich red salt. I drank it down, asked for more. Offered my own to those who would partake. Fever. Fire. I was on fire.</p> |

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| 439 | "Make love to me. Please? I don't care who sees." He might have. But just then his watch beeped "two." No way. Come on, let's go! |
| 485 | Finally, I went to the pay phone and made two calls. One to Planned Parenthood. The other to Chase. |
| 490 | I Already knew my options I listened patiently as the saccharine Ms. Sweetwater outlined them again. She did confirm that should I choose abortion, my parents would not have to know. All I needed was \$500 and someone to drive me home. |
| 502 | The bitch queen? What would I tell her now? That I was pregnant? That I was pregnant because I was raped? That I was raped because I would have done anything for just one more taste of the monster? |
| 503 | Where would I find such nerve without crank to put in my mouth? |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Bitch | 8 |
| Fuck | 4 |
| Piss | 5 |
| Shit | 3 |

PERFECT



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 978-1-4169-8324-8

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; drug and alcohol abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; inflammatory racial commentary; self-harm including anorexia and suicide

CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 3 | I never would have expected Conner to attempt the coward's way out, though. Some consider suicide an act of honor. |
| 6 | I mean, by putting a gun to his chest, he made an overt, if obscene, statement- I will no longer force myself inside your prefab boxes. I'd much rather check out of here than let you decide the rest of my life. "Your," meaning Mom and Dad. |
| 20 | Once I hit eighteen, my pageant winnings will be all mine to spend, and I will have the D cups I need to kick ass in the cutthroat world of fashion. |
| 35 |Guess you're right about the piss test. But after that, I still want the good shit. I know you've got a line on them. Get me some, I'll make it worth your trouble. |
| 45 | What are you? A homosexual? |
| 65 | You know. The gun. The hospital... Okay, she's the one who's dense. "Why would Conner shooting himself have anything to do with 'us'? Accidents hap- Wait. Are you saying it wasn't an accident?" ...It was not an accident, Kendra. Conner tried to kill himself. |
| 72 | Rumor had it her stepdad liked her a little too much. She coped with his "bad, bad touch" by binge-and-puking. Bulimia is nasty. Hanging your head in the toilet after every meal? Sticking your fingers down your throat? ...Real control is not putting in more than you can work off. Knowing the exact count and keeping track. Shaving off every extra caloric unit you can without passing out. And the most important thing of all- keeping everyone else in the dark. |
| 77 | ...if you're really thinking forever, you'd better take a test-drive. What if she sucks in bed? I've test-driven four or five. And the thing is, there wasn't a helluva lot of difference in the way they handled. |
| 78 | Kendra and I had a short, sweet, ten thousand RPM fling before she and Conner hooked up. Kind of incestuous, I guess. |
| 135 | There are a few, and yeah, I've had some casual sex with one or two. (Okay, maybe three.) |
| 138 | You really should date black girls. Are you ashamed of your race? |
| 146 | Twin number one: a warped sex addict, filled with enough self-hate to try and end it all. Twin number two: unclear about her sexuality. In love (?) with a guy. In lust (!) with a girl. I have zero doubt about the lust. |
| 147 | Not once has he ever tried to force me to give him more than hot make-out sessions. |
| 154 | I run my hand along the meaty muscle of his thigh. |
| 155 | "Beautiful." I lift up on my knees, turn to face him, kiss him as if this might be our last kiss- intention clear in the race of my heart and the way my tongue tangos over his. He pulls back. Wait. Are you sure? In answer, I squirm free of my sweater. Now, that's beautiful. His lips move over me, wet and rough and punctuated by sharp nips of teeth. He lays me back across the seat and his thumb runs along the waistband of my jeans. |

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| | <p>Danger scent envelopes me. You are ready, aren't you? He fumbles at my waistband and I hurry the unbuttoning, desire a steady thrumming, like rain upon tin. Strangely, I'm not afraid. Sean is a hot salt rub, friction against my skin, and it all feels good. Right. I reach for his belt, want to touch what's below his belly button. Except...it isn't how it should be. Sean rolls away. Goddamn it. No!</p> |
| 160 | <p>Conner Sykes. Sex. Sex. Sex. Goddamn him.</p> |
| 165 | <p>But here in the medicine chest, between the ibuprofen and the Benadryl, is a little amber bottle, with Jenna's name on the prescription label. Percocet.</p> |
| 166 | <p>I don't know what it is exactly but I do remember that Jenna got it after oral surgery. Some kind of painkiller. And I also remember it made her really giggly. I could use a good laugh. I read the label.</p> <p>...But I'm only going to take one. I wash it down with a huge glass of water. And by the time I finish my makeup-...</p> <p>I feel better.</p> <p>By the time I get in my car and drive halfway to the studio, I'm feeling great. No worry, no pain at all. And, in fact, my empty stomach doesn't bother me either. This stuff rocks, except it does make my eyelids heavy.</p> |
| 170 | <p>And not the hottest internet porn. Okay, probably not the best thing for me to be looking at in my spare time, but I figured anything could encourage this piece of dead wood attached to my groin, that would be it. So far, no good. No giant boobs, not girl-on-girl action, not even the vilest three-way romp I've ever been not-quite-disgusted to view. The damn thing just lays there, like a bored housewife.</p> |
| 177 | <p>Chad, steroid expert is also my supplier.</p> <p>...Still, "So I can't have sex until I quit, or what?" What about all those pro athletes and their hot women?</p> <p>Well I wouldn't say that exactly. Haven't you heard of Viagra? He's got to be kidding, Viagra is definitely for eighty-year-old dicks, right?</p> <p>I leave Chad's with a pretty good beer buzz, one more round of muscle enhancers, plus a penis fixer.</p> |
| 179 | <p>I have to admit I'm curious to see if the "little blue pill" can fix me. If it can make me some kind of sex superstar. None of the times I've had sex before were what you might call memorable. Easy. Fast. Not much in the way of intensive foreplay. Nothing like what you see in movies.</p> |
| 180 | <p>I'm pretty much a lightweight drinker, so the four beers I downed at Chad's have blunted my motivation.</p> |
| 182 | <p>We have gotten naked a time or two, and Lord help me, that girl has shown me things most grown women would blush at.</p> |
| 187 | <p>She pulls a flask out of her purse, offers it to me. Cinnamon schnapps.</p> <p>...Alcohol and backward bungee jumping?</p> <p>...Come one, she purrs, taking a sip herself before urging the flask into my hand. It will take the edge off. Slow burn the edges off is more like it. Cinnamon Schnapps is like cinnamon cough syrup.</p> |
| 203 | <p>My mom left us for heroin when I was six. She OD'd a couple of years ago. In between, she was turning tricks, and got pregnant with my little brother. She</p> |

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| | <p>came crawling back. Dad was great. He took her in, and when she left us for smack again, he raised Caleb like his own. ...Anyway, he fried his brain on ecstasy.</p> |
| 204 | <p>She nods, parts her lips, and when our mouths meet, it is with urgency. Need. Lust. ...We feed on each other. ...Her tongue, butter melting on mine. She smells of ginger. Tastes of mint and strawberry. She is angle. I am curve. Together, we are geometric sculpture, and we make perfect sense. But just how far am I willing to go?</p> |
| 205 | <p>Who knew so many answers might be found inside little amber bottles? Sad? Pop a pill. Fat? Run screaming for the medicine chest. Calorie counting becomes obsolete when all you want to swallow is water and Mommy's Little Helper makes that happen for you.</p> |
| 206 | <p>I don't know why it took me so long to find my way to Pharmaceutivalville. I guess I thought pill popping was for losers.</p> |
| 207 | <p>I was only going to take one Percocet. I needed it the day I found out about Conner and his skank. ...But even if did, all I would have to do is down another Percocet. Sheesh, if I did two, I'd probably ask her to prom. Except, now the pills are gone. There were only four to start. After the first one, I waited a couple of days. Then Dad decided to show up drunk at our spring honor choir performance.</p> |
| 211 | <p>I headed straight for my room, and the little bottle of dysfunction stashed in a sock in my dresser. And down went one more Percocet. Two left.</p> |
| 212 | <p>I popped the last Percocet three days ago, when I was passed over for a Teen Vogue fashion shoot.</p> |
| 213 | <p>He said all the right things. You've got the look, that's for sure. His eyes crawled all up and down my body. If you want to do runway, you could maybe lose a couple of pounds, but I can help you with that. Then his creeping gaze stopped unapologetically right beneath my clavicle. And...have you considered implants?</p> |
| 214 | <p>I went to tell him about my upcoming rhinoplasty, and even asked what he thought about Botox.</p> |
| 216 | <p>He slips a small bottle into my hand. The label say Meridia.</p> |
| 218 | <p>I've been tempted to test the Viagra solo, just to see if things will still work. But it seems like a waste roaring boner if those pills do what they promise. So I've been saving them up for a little (lot!) Cara action. I'm tired of saving up. I really want to see her, want to know what it's like to make love to a girl who I really love.</p> |
| 242 | <p>And maybe, just maybe, not belong to the right gender club. I'm also afraid of that possible truth. Can a girl fall in love with a girl and not be gay? Can she dream of silken skin, perfumed with female musk, yet joyfully submit to a man's callused touch?</p> |
| 249 | <p>Cold? I can fix that. Sean pulls me into overbuilt arms. God, I've missed you. His mouth covers mine. I should wilt. Instead, I feel stiff as cardboard. Sean doesn't</p> |

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| | <p>seem to notice, or attributes it to the cold. I've got a little surprise for you. His voice odd. Quivery.</p> |
| 250 | <p>Chad is out of town. He said we could hang at his place. It's probably a mess. He winks. But as long as the bed is clean...</p> |
| 251 | <p>Make yourself at home. I'll get us something to drink. Strike one. I think he means alcohol. I'm not big on liquor. Still, when he returns with two brimming glasses, I go ahead and take a swig. Maybe liquid fire will incinerate the moths fluttering in my belly. Sea turns on the TV. Chad has every movie channel. He stops flipping at Good Girls Gone Bad. Sean gulps down half his drink. This one should be good. Have you ever watched one of these? Cable porn? Hardly. Strike two. "Sean..." But before I can say anything else, my eyes stray to the screen. Two women are kissing. Once, a pretty blonde, unbuttons her blue silk blouse, spilling flesh like fruit from a bowl. The other, dark-haired like Dani, is quick to sample the offering. I can't stop watching. Now this is what I call a chick flick, says Sean, and when he opens my blouse, moves his hand over my skin, I let him. And when he kisses down the front of me, I like back on the couch, invite more. Next thing I know, we're both out of our jeans. Sean surprises me, hesitating long enough to say, Christ, you're beautiful. He means it, and I know it, and I know he loves me. His lips, sultry and full, feel right, in all the right places. Sean lifts over me. I close my eyes. And now we are skin against skin... Skin. That's what everyone wants to see. Skin. Flawless, stretched over perfectly sculpted flesh. Men are easy, in their hunt for skin. Flash just enough, they'll go sniffing for more, and when they're on the sniff, nothing is too much to ask. They'll give up careers, sacrifice families. Buy a new car, hand over the key to the one who wears skin they want to lose themselves in. And the funny thing is, they don't seem to care who knows it. Not friends. Not colleagues. Not even the people they treasure. Skin two skin that's want I'm currently wearing. Fifteen-milligram Meridia is one magic little pill. You don't even want to look at food.</p> |
| 256 | <p>He says once the plastic surgeon does her thing, high-fashion shoots are a sure bet. The nose job is only a couple of weeks away. The day after Easter. Once you heal up nice and pretty, I'll talk your mom into the implants, Xavier promised. Everyone will want you then. Everyone will want me. And I want that. If the price tag is going hungry, or making a few alterations, it's all good.</p> |
| 266 | <p>I have never insisted on Cara having sex with me. She didn't seem ready for the longest time, and being in love with her meant more than getting off with her.</p> |
| 268 | <p>She tastes of soap and salt. A knockout combination. It makes me high. Makes me thirsty. Makes me hungry for even more. This could easily become addiction. ...I prove it with my mouth. My fingers. My tongue. This is her first time, so I want her to be ready, and I think she has to be. "I don't want to hurt you," I tell her. "Ever." She is flushed, her skin hot as summer sand. I'm crazy again, this time with the need to make this all real. I lift myself over her, working forearms. Biceps. She closes her eyes, moans as I move into place right up against her sweet spot. Pause at the resistance. "I need you," I say, before kissing her. Before going all the way with her. One push and we will be joined in the most amazing way. Connected by</p> |

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| | <p>love. Now. I have to have her now. But just as I test the barrier, everything screaming yes, go, she opens her eyes. And out of her mouth comes a single word: No.</p> <p>I heard her wrong I know I did, and even if I didn't, I know she means now, not no, so I go ahead and push. Hard. Oh. Oh. And her eyes pop wide and she screams, Stop. I said no. Stop, goddamn it. And her little fists try to pound against my chest, which only feels good and I can't stop, even if I wanted to, and I so don't, so I won't. And she starts to cry and I don't understand so I tell her, over and over again, "I love you. I love you. I love you." Rhythmic. In perfect time with my body's rhythmic beat. "I love you. I love you..."</p> <p>There's a strange buzzing in my ears. With a final thrust, there's a brilliant flash and the emptying is syncopated. My head clears as the mist slowly lifts. And I see what I have done. Cara lies, stiff as old toast, tear-glossed eyes staring up at me. I told you no, she whispers. Why...?</p> <p>Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the hell just happened? "You wanted this! You told me so. In fact, you practically raped me..."</p> <p>She sobs, and her entire body shakes with the force of it. No. You raped me. He voice slices, tempered steel. I told you to stop.</p> <p>DNA evidence soaked into Chad's lumpy sofa in sticky, red ropes. But I didn't rape her. "Cara. We both wanted this. I love you so much. Please don't say I raped you. I've waited for this for months and months, until I was sure you were ready. And I was more than sure tonight." Cable TV moans and groans remind us both of how this little episode went down. I nod toward the noise. "You even liked..."</p> <p>She strong-arms me aside, jumps up, stalks over to turn off the tube, blood trickling down her legs. Bastard. You set me up.</p> <p>I have no idea what she means. Sudden anger is a tornado, hurtling through my veins. "Look. I'm not sure exactly what happened here, but are everything to me. Even if you weren't, you have to realize you can't get a guy all worked up, then tell him to stop. It's not fair."</p> <p>Cara snatches her clothes from the floor, stomps off to find the bathroom. Rule one of the Rapist's handbook. Blame the victim.</p> <p>I run to catch her, grab her shoulders, swing her around, pinch her cheeks. "You shut the fuck up, hear me? I. Did. Not. Rape. You."</p> <p>When I let go of her face, crimson finger-shaped marks remain.</p> <p>...Her lips curl in a feral snarl. May I go now? I'd like to get rid of the...residue.</p> |
| 276 | <p>"I really need to pee. And it would probably be good not to have any residue on my, either. I run the water hot, wash traces of blood from me. Chase them all the way down the drain. I want to puke.</p> |
| 288 | <p>"I mean, it's not like he just woke up one day and decide to hate black people. It's programmed."</p> |
| 290 | <p>Three days since the night Sean had sex with me.</p> |
| 296 | <p>Because we finally had sex? ..."Not just because we finally had sex."</p> |
| 314 | <p>Best of all, after waiting for a year, after finding a way to make sure performance would not be an issue, being right there with Cara, both of us naked and hot and</p> |

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| | ready to go, finally having sex with the girl I love more than life, only to be accused of rape? Check. And check!! |
| 319 | And she's saying yes, touch me there, all wet...Strike two. |
| 327 | I have heard that in Deep South states like Alabama- hotbeds of racial unrest in the sixties- even today, they have segregated schools. |
| 339 | "A Queer Spring Break Bash" is how it's been billed. Booze. Beer. Drugs (?). And gay people. Going with Dani means it will be my "coming out" party, so to speak. |
| 342 | Come on. You look totally edible. ...Can I have a little taste before we go? |
| 344 | Laughter spills out, along with a quite inebriated girl. Careful of those Jell-O shots, she warns. They might get you all fucked up. And she definitely knows from experience. |
| 347 | Yet I can't stop. I want this. Want her. Don't care who knows. I thread myself into her arms, invite her tongue into my mouth. Oh God, it all feels so right, I don't want to stop. I want to go further. Set no limits. Dive deeper. Explore unknown territory. Find secret places. Climb steeper cliffs. Higher and higher. |
| 355 | Have you been in our medicine cabinet? Your mother is missing some of her prescription pills. I could get snotty, but what good would that do? I won't even mention that I know they're Xanax, and that he was the one who did the prescribing. |
| 379 | She pulls a familiar flask from her pocket. Takes a long drink. I love peppermint schnapps. He voice is husky, slow. Want some? I decline, and she takes a drink for me. |
| 380 | Considering she's sitting here, sucking down alcohol, maybe he's got a point. "Did you take your mom's Xanax?" Maybe a couple, she admits. Just to get me through the wedding stuff. Who knew Mom'd actually keep track? |
| 381 | But the bigger question is, did you take one tonight? Xanax and schnapps don't mix well." |
| 384 | But, not quite forty minutes into the program, I look over to find Jenna asleep. Xanax and alcohol. A knockout combination. |
| 387 | Gay. Lesbian. Words. That did not apply to me until recently. |
| 389 | Hard enough coming to terms with the label "lesbian," without somehow proving that you are "lesbian enough." ...We drove to a far corner of the Rancho San Rafael parking lot, and as dime-size flakes turned to quarter-size, curtaining the glass, Dani showed me what it takes to make love to a girl. |
| 396 | Wonder who she'll be more disappointed in- her suicidal, no-longer-perfect son. Or his twin, the not-quite-out lesbian. |
| 422 | When it comes to sex I was kind of a late bloomer. Not that I didn't know what it was, or think about maybe it one day. At eleven or twelve, I started having all the |

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| | <p>problems young guys do, waking up sticky and sometimes turning into walking wood, wrong place, wrong time.</p> <p>...My first actual encounter was with an Oakland girl- one of Gramps's neighbors. She was a couple of years older than me. Every guy should have an older woman for his first. She taught me every move in the Big Book of Sex. Guess she liked playing teacher.</p> <p>I was fifteen. After that, I kind of got a taste for it, and let me just say, private school girls aren't exactly all prudes. But none of them can come close to Jenna when it comes to doing the dirty.</p> |
| 435 | Never, ever before did having sex mean anything to me. |
| 437 | I want to know when you went all gay. Not only a whore, but a lezbo whore? Just when the fuck did that happen? No wonder you didn't want dick. Then again, some lezs like dildos. Do you and your little butch girl use those? Because I'd pay to watch. In fact, I bet I could round up a few friends. What do you think? |
| 453 | <p>"You're saying I should have sex with him?"</p> <p>Xavier grins. Only if he asks you to. Look, it's not unheard-of in this business.</p> |
| 454 | <p>Sex in exchange for cash makes you a whore. What does sex in exchange for a shortcut to your dreams make you? Is there any difference?</p> <p>...My little sister, as Xavier noticed, uses her body to get what she wants.</p> |
| 455 | Wonder if Xavier would give the guy head if it meant landing the gig. |
| 456 | <p>His hand makes a statement, starting a slow crawl up my leg. Teens who are innocent, yet bold. It reaches my inner thigh. Girls who want to look exactly like you...</p> <p>I could protest. Should protest. Xavier should protest. But when I glance at him, he is smiling. Fingers play at the thin strip of fabric between my legs. And I let them.</p> |
| 462 | Remember that night with Cara. It was a girl-on-girl scene that got her all turned on. |
| 463 | Are they naked right now? Playing naked lez games? |
| 465 | <p>Yeah, listen to that. Lord, what are those two doing to each other?</p> <p>From behind the first window come the sounds of nasty girls.</p> |
| 466 | <p>Blue Hair is on top (of course), which has Cara's feet pointed toward me. But even if she wanted to look at the window, she couldn't.</p> <p>Her sweater is pulled up over her face. The rest of her beautiful body is bared, and opened to Blue Hair's mouth. Tongue. Fingers.</p> <p>No fair? That should be me! Watching is torture. But I can't turn away. Cara moans, and I want her to moan for me.</p> <p>Me! And then she screams.</p> <p>I love you that's what she screams, only not for me.</p> <p>...And, Viagra or no, I am hard.</p> <p>Quick! Your cell. Come on! I don't get it until he says, The camera. A picture is worth a thousand words, remember? And two thousand screams.</p> |
| 468 | In my pocket, the camera bumps against my groin. The boner is gone, a sticky glaze left as a reminder inside my boxers. |

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| 491 | The rest of me is stripped to skin. My mouth is a perfect O, as I give myself to Dani's lips, below my belly button and in between my opened legs. And tiny spot of glare or no, the camera caught everything. As if that isn't enough, another text. Another photo, this is when she has pulled my sweater all the way off, ducked to kiss the inside of my knee, leaving my most intimate places, plus my face, for the camera to see- and capture. |
| 523 | As usual, she has already been drinking. Tequila, tonight. "Where do you come up with all your alcohol? You can't just keep taking it from your parents." She laughs. No, I only take a few sips from theirs. ...It's not that hard to get guys to buy it for me, though. I wait outside a grocery store and ask. |
| 524 | She unscrews the Cuervo, takes a long pull off the bottle, and I'm tempted to tell her too much. "How much do you drink every day?" ...I don't know. Enough to relax me, help me sleep. |
| 525 | Obviously it's under control enough that she has finished a pint before we even get to the party. |
| 526 | I haven't smelled weed since we moved here. |
| 529 | Kiss meets kiss, a mist of eloquence, a gathering of storm clouds. The rain begins to fall. A lift of hips, upwelling in the belly. A torrent in the V of opened thighs. |
| 533 | "I know this is not on your Top Ten Qualities In A Daughter list. But I am a lesbian." ...Lots of adolescents experiment with same-sex play. |
| 534 | This is who I am- Straight-A, top of my class, Stanford-bound lesbian. |
| 542 | She drinks every day. Not just a little. |
| 552 | Your sister was raped. ...And all because she asked the wrong guy to buy her booze. |
| 564 | I kind of like crazy guys. They're hot. Come here. She kisses me, and it's totally hot, and if that makes her crazy, I kind of like that too. |
| 568 | "...You can skip the boob job, though. Yours are perfect, as it." |
| 584 | How could he want to die so badly. |
| 585 | She drew in two long raspy breaths. Conner died yesterday. He, um...committed. |
| 585 | bullshit |
| 588 | "Did you ever want to die enough to think about suicide?" I think everyone considers it at some point. |
| 603 | fuck |
| 608 | A suit is not Conner. I'd rather remember him naked. Next to me. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 6 |
| Bitch | 13 |
| Dick | 2 |
| Dyke | 1 |
| Fuck | 30 |
| Piss | 9 |
| Prick | 1 |
| Shit | 10 |