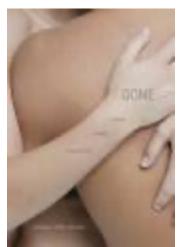
## PARENTAL ADVISTORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

## SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT AVAILABLE AT TEXAS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICTS



On display in Granbury, Texas High School Library, March 2022



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wet, insistent, tange ess, of beer. Somei is abbed against hin, in his tongue in her not ing, clutching, his phi under his shirt, pain led with hers, stathin i, her shirt gonee, in his ear, don his dy pushing, pondue gasp, a deep shall of silence, a mane eaving him throbies cand it, he had toHer hand slid down his shorts, climbing beneath his underwear, pushing both down, and then, Jesus! He was in her mouth, hard, slippery, wet, he was there, right there—oh! exploding, his body banging against the wall, his legs shaking, his hands tangled in her hair—

Then she was holding him up, both of them pressed to the wall, sweaty, trembling—

Naked.

The dusty, slightly mildewed scent of the aging garage slowly asserted itself. Connor, opening his eyes, saw that the overhead light had turned the shadowed corners of the room into black, forbidding caverns.

But he wasn't afraid.

Standing slowly upright, he separated himself from the cracked-paint surface of the wall, from a shredded, ancient cobweb, from an old rake. His hands traveled down Corinna's arms, then back up, as he stared into her sleepy, satiated eyes. Disbelieving, he touched her full breast, touched both.

She kissed his neck then, smiling; she leaned her head against his once more, her eyes shut.

Connor pulled her close, inhaling deeply, her taste and snell invading every pore of his body, marking him.

When had love been his? Not somebody else's leftovers, not a crumb thrown to him out of pity or grief or loneliness, but his?

Never.

Until now.



it, reaching inside to flick on the

They stood blinking.

light.

"Over there," said Connor, suddenly shy, seeing his seed naked table in the dim light, still raw, still bereft of stain of finish, standing like a pale, bleak monument to the angles and squares and rectangles that were so precious to him, that sprang like a nascent mathematics out of nature, that divided chaos from order, that calmed his heart, that-

She stepped farther inside, and he followed. Pushing the door shut, she grabbed him, whirling him against the wall, into the shadows, out of sight of anyone else's eyes.

"Damn, I missed you," she whispered.

Her mouth was on his, hungry, wet, insistent, tasting of crabs, of Old Bay spice, of sweetness, of beer. Stunned, he froze, not able to move-then she rubbed against him, there, and he exploded in a frenzy, pushing his tongue in her mouth as far as he could, his hands grabbing, clutching, his pelvis grinding into hers. As her hands dove under his shirt, pushing it up, pulling it off, his hands scrambled with hers, stumbling stupidly with her bra, yanking it down, her shirt gone-

Then her tongue was everywhere, in his ear, down his throat, her pelvis rubbing against his, tiny gasps and bleats coming from her mouth, her entire body pushing, pounding, smashing his-then a high, elongated gasp, a deep shudder. followed by a hot, sticky thundercloud of silence, a moment extended impossibly into the distance, leaving him throbbing, aching, it was unbearable, he couldn't stand it, he had to-

had toget and had the him up, both and be had bonger al more membling As hand we can be a seen to f the a and red. Connor, opening his eyes, soligit had tomed the shadowed come iss, inhiding caverns. Sunding slowly upright, he separat But he wasn't afraid. adadpaint surface of the wall, from aborth from an old rake. His hands tra ms, then back up, as he stared into h Dibelieving, he touched her full brea She kissed his neck then, smilir apinst his once more, her eyes shut. Connor pulled her close, inhal mell invading every pore of his bo When had love been his? Not not a crumb thrown to him out o but his? Never.

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the top of here is a to	<ul> <li>adent. That makes me "She stopped, a catch in her voice. "Seventeen," he murmured, rubbing his face across her beast.</li> <li>"What"</li> <li>He listed his face to kiss her, but she pulled back. "What ad you say." Panic rose in her voice.</li> <li>"I dah't say anything." What was she so freaked about? You're how old?" Tension pulled her voice taut.</li> <li>"Seventeen. What's the big deal." He heard a sharp intake of air.</li> <li>"Cap."</li> <li>Connor felt her slide away from him on the seat. "What." be asked.</li> <li>"Connor, I thought you were eighteen." Her voice rose in fea "Why did I think you were eighteen." Seventeen.' Holy in. I could end up in jail".</li> <li>"Jail" Astonishment bucked him like a horse. "That's tau, III be eighteen in the seat. "What's the set of the seat."</li> </ul>	
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"Change your plans." He tried to steady his voice. "Charge she whispered. "Dammit, Connor. This is hard. I den't want to lose you."

"Then stay." Please.

They sat braced against one another in the darkness. "Even if I wasn't going away," she stated quietly, "we couldn't exactly advertise our relationship, could we? I'm . . .\* She hesitated. "I'm thirty-one years old, Connor. And you're

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"Connor, I thought you were eighteen." Her voice rose in he asked. fear. "Why did I think you were eighteen? Seventeen! Holy

"Jail?" Astonishment bucked him like a horse. "That's shit. I could end up in jail!" crazy. I'll be eighteen in two weeks!" He had to calm her,

steady her, bring her back in. "What's so magic about eighteen? I'm of age." Wasn't he?

"That would be me," she laughed feebly, trying to pull herself upright. It was pitch-black where they had parked, on a gravel drive leading to a house never built, just a few minutes from his aunt's place. Still, she'd flicked off the inside light before they'd opened the doors, before they'd climbed into the back. Just to be safe. He grinned to himself. He was safe. The safest he'd ever been.

He heard, rather than saw, the rustle of material as Corinna fastened her bra, pulled on her shirt.

He reached for the top of her jeans, hooking his finger over the button, tugging, but she gently pushed his hand away. "Not yet," she said.

"When?"

She laughed again, leaning over to kiss him. "When we're ready."

He sighed, deeply. "I'm ready." God, was he ready!

She giggled. "So am I. But . . ." She sat back. "It's a big deal, Connor. I'm not rushing into it."

"I'll rush for both of us."

She bopped him lightly on the head. "You would, too!" He listened to her laugh fade, heard her grow silent, and felt a lick of dread.

"Look." She sighed. "I'm leaving the area soon. You know that. I don't want to start something we can't end, that we can't let go of."

"Don't say that," he whispered, reaching for her, burying his face in her chest. "Don't leave."

She held him, stroking his hair. "I have to. It's all planned."

"Change your plans." "Change your plans." "I can't," she whisper "I can't," she whisper "I can't," she whisper "I can't," she whisper "Then stay." Please. "Then stay." Please. "Even if I wasn't "Even if I wasn't couldn't exactly adver She hesitated. "I'm th just eighteen. That makes "Seventeen," he

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PROFANITY COUNT approximate (and other sensitive words) Did not count words

**RED FLAGS** 

Sexual Content (teacher and underage student)

#### CONCLUSION

Not appropriate literary content for K-12 schools