BOOK REVIEW: *Gone A Teacher A Student Crossing the Line* by Kathleen Jones

PARENTAL ADVISORY 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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Her 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 smell 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.
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They stood blinking.

"Over there," said Connor, suddenly shy, seeing his small, naked table in the dim light, still raw, still bereft of strain or 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, then, 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—

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“Change your plans.” He tried to steady his voice.
“I can’t,” she whispered. “Dammit, Connor. This is hard. I don’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 just eighteen. That makes me a cradle robber. Plus you were my student. That makes me . . .” She stopped, a catch in her voice.
“Seventeen,” he murmured, rubbing his face across her breast.
“What?”
He listed his face to kiss her, but she pulled back. “What did you say?” Panic rose in her voice.
“I didn’t say anything.” What was she so freaked about?
“You’re how old?” Tension pulled her voice taut.
“Seventeen. What’s the big deal?”
He heard a sharp intake of air.
“Crap.”
Connor felt her slide away from him on the seat. “What?” he asked.
“Connor, I thought you were eighteen.” Her voice rose in fear. “Why did I think you were eighteen? Seventeen! Holy shit. I could end up in jail!”
“Jail?” Astonishment bucked him like a horse. “That’s 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?
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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