

A Court of Frost and Starlight

- I laughed breathlessly, but he flexed his hips, driving against me, the barriers between us little more than scraps of cloth. He brushed a kiss against my mouth, his wings a dark wall behind his shoulders. "You think I'm joking. "We're strong High Fae," I mused, fighting to concentrate as he tugged on my earlobe with his teeth. "but a week straight of sex? I don't think I'd be able to walk. Or you'd be able to function, at least with your favorite part." He nipped the delicate arch of my ear, and my toes curled. "Then you'll just have to kiss my favorite part and make it better." I slid a hand to that favorite part- my favorite part- and gripped him through his undershorts. He groaned, pressing himself into my touch, and the garment disappeared, leaving only my palm against the velvet hardness of him. "We need to get dressed," I managed to say, even as my hand stroked over him. "Later," he ground out, sucking on my lower lip. ...My core pounded, sister to my thunderous heartbeat, the need to have him buried inside me, to have him-
- My knees buckled, and I found myself beyond words. Beyond anything but him. Rhys didn't wait for my answer before kneeling before me, his wings draping over the rug. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. Then pressed a kiss lower. Lower. My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder. Just as I found myself somehow leaning against the wall near the doorway, as if he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me. He took his time. Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height. Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?" ... "Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless. He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then." ...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle. But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me. So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me. "Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite." I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him. And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped. I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin. "About the way you taste." Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me. Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard. A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left. I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more. "But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue." My nails cut into his broad shoulders. "How even if we a thousand years together, I will never tire of this." Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me. Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand. He lowered his mouth to my breast and nipped- nipped, and then licked away the hurt that sent pleasure zinging through my blood. "How you let me do such naughty, terrible things to you." His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster. Rhys only chuckled softly, cruelly, as he withheld that all-out, unhinged joining I craved. I opened my eyes long enough to peer down, to where I could see him joined with me, moving so achingly slowly in and out of me. "Do you like watching?" he breathed. "Watching me move in you?"

A Court of Mist and Fury

- I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered. My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly. He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took

was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them. This—I needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple. I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke. For a moment, I was nothing, no one. Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as he pulled out a few inches, the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and then slammed back into me. Again and again.

- Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers—I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady. His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and— What do you mean, there's no such thing as a High Lady?" The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... He kissed the inside of my thigh. "High Lords only take wives. Consorts. There has never been a High Lady
- He snarled in satisfaction at the wetness he found waiting for him and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but never quite— His other hand gently squeezed my breast at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I bucked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked— I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?" A moan was my only reply. More more more. His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his fingers poised there like he had all the time in the world. Bastard. "Please," I said again, and ground my ass against him for emphasis. He hissed at the contact and slid a finger inside me. He swore. Feyre----- But I'd already started to move on him, and he swore again in a long exhale. His lips pressed into my neck, kissing up, up toward my ear. I let out a moan so loud it drowned out the rain as he slid in a second finger, filling me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe. "That's it," he murmured, his lips tracing my ear. I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could, and found him staring at me, at the hand down the front of my pants, watching me move on him. He was still staring at me when I captured his mouth with my own, biting on his lower lip. Rhys groaned, plunging his fingers in deeper. Harder. I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd been as I yielded fully to him, opening my mouth. His tongue swept in, moving in a way that I knew exactly what he 'd do if he got between my legs. His fingers plunged in and out, slow and hard, and my very existence narrowed to the feel of them, to the tightness in me ratcheting up with every deep stroke, every echoing thrust of his tongue in my mouth.
- A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly—
- I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me, wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together. He didn't say anything as he came over me, wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield only for me. And I wanted to touch him. I leaned up,

reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch.

- He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again. He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him. Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting. Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him. He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth. His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue over him' grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood. Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me. Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did. One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading me as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke. I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets. Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, eternity exploding around me in that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him. Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and kissed the length of my spine. I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I climaxed with his name on my lips. Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again, his lips on my neck, on my ear.

A Court of Thorns and Roses

- She has the most delicious thoughts about you, Tamlin" he said. "She's wondered about the feeling of your fingers on her thighs- between them, too." He chuckled. Even as he said my most private thoughts, even as I burned with outrage and shame, I trembled at the grip still on my mind. Rhysand turned to the High Lord. "I'm curious: Why did she wonder if it would feel good to have you bite her breast the way you bit her neck?"
- We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him. We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

A Court of Wings and Ruin

- I couldn't think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. "Or?" I managed to breathe. His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched—we both watched—his broad finger venture down. "Or I could start here," he said, the words guttural and raw. I didn't care—not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. "Here would be nice," he observed, his breathing uneven. "Or maybe even here," he finished, and plunged that finger inside me. I groaned, gripping his arm, nails digging into the muscles beneath—muscles that shifted as he pumped his finger once, twice. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising. "Well? Where shall I begin, Feyre darling?"
- My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling. Giving me time to reconsider, even now. My heart strained, but I pulled my mouth from his. Held his gaze as I lowered myself onto the white sheets and

inched back. Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. "Rhys," I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue.

- His hand began a lethal, taunting exploration up my thigh, his fingers grazing along the sensitive inside. Higher, higher. He leaned in to drag a book toward himself, but whispered in my ear, "Or maybe I'll spread you out on this desk and lick you until you scream loud enough to wake whatever is at the bottom of the library." I whipped my head toward him. His eyes were glazed—almost sleepy. "I was fully committed to that plan," I said, even as his hand stopped very, very close to the apex of my thighs, "until you brought in that thing down below." A feline smile. He held my stare as his tongue brushed his bottom lip. My breasts tightened beneath my shirt, and his gaze dropped—watching. "I would have thought," he mused, "that our bout this morning would be enough to tide you over until tonight." His hand slid between my legs, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me, and my cheeks heated in its wake. "Apparently, I didn't do a good enough job satiating you, if you're so easily riled after a few hours." "Prick," I breathed, but the word was ragged. His thumb pressed down harder, circling roughly. Rhys leaned in again, kissing my neck—that place right under my ear—and said against my skin, "Let's see what names you call me when my head is between your legs, Feyre darling."
- I growled something at him that was likely not very romantic, and he chuckled, slipping out both fingers. I made a little whining noise of protest. Until his mouth replaced where his fingers had been, his hands gripping my hips to raise me up, to lend him better access as he feasted on me. I groaned, the sound muffled by the pillow, and he only delved deeper, taunting and teasing with every stroke. A low moan broke from me, my hips rolling. Rhys's grip on them tightened, holding me still for his ministrations. "I never got to take you in the library," he said, dragging his tongue right up my center. "We'll have to remedy that." "Rhys." His name was a plea on my lips. "Hmmm," was all he said, a rumble of the sound against me ... I panted, hands fisting in the sheets. His hands drifted from my hips at last, and I again breathed his name, in thanks and relief and anticipation of him at last giving me what I wanted— But his mouth closed around the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs while his hand ... He went right to that damned spot at the inner edge of my left wing and stroked lightly. My climax tore through me with a hoarse cry, sending me soaring out of my body. And when the shuddering ripples and starlight faded ...

Burned

- But I do know things really began to spin out of control after my first sex dream. As sex dreams go, there wasn't much sex, just a collage of very hot kisses, and Justin Proud's hands, exploring every inch of my body, at my fervent invitation. As a stalwart Mormon high school junior, drilled ceaselessly about the dire catastrophe awaiting those who harbored impure thoughts, I had never kissed a boy, had never even considered that I might enjoy such an unclean thing, until literature opened my eyes.
- At first I said no, of course. I really thought I wasn't at all that kind of girl. Guess what. I am! He was good, too. First he rubbed my back. Then he lifted my hair and kissed my neck, and I've never had goose bumps like that before. Then he slid his hands around the front of me, lifting my breasts and touching my nipples. I wouldn't let him go under my blouse, but even over my clothes, the way he made my body feel is hard to describe. Alive. On edge. In need. In danger of spontaneous combustion. Virtue was the last thing on my mind.
- Okay, we did it. Ethan and I made love. Twice. The first time it kind of hurt, and maybe I had too much beer to really understand what a big step it was. Huge...The second time it was better, even if I didn't feel so hot. (My first hangover—ugh!) Ethan is so gentle, so caring. Derek would have attacked, done the deed, and disappeared. I'm so glad it was Ethan. There were a couple of bad moments—I'll be sore for days.

Crank

- 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.
- 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.
- It started with a kiss crank-revved, pistons firing full bore, passion firecrackered 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
- 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

Damsel

- She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body.
- "...It can be a soft lump of warm dough, a handful of wrinkles and weight. And then it becomes a great thick horn, like the well-cooked leg of a turkey. And then, down betwixt my legs, it feels like...well, a key, perhaps, or a poker to a fire. It stirs me up. It takes my apart. It makes me feel myself like a warm, moist dough."
- "We are but three days from our wedding, Ama," Emory murmured. "I am your secret-keeper, and soon to be your husband. Surely you would not deny me a taste of your sweetness, now, this day, after the favors I have given you?" He didn't wait for an answer, and still he did not free Ama's hands. Holding them both in one of his, he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama's fingers to the shaft of him. A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama's fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama's hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama's fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama's hands, still encased in Emory's. A moment passed, during which the only sounds were Emory's labored gasps and the intermittent squeaking of carriage wheels. When Emory's breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama's hands, which were still wrapped around the king's yard, now softening and shrinking. Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him.

- ...And here came Emory, loosening the buckle of his belt, freeing the horn of him, and entering the bloody tear he had ripped beneath her arm.

Empire of Storms

- His teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her. Oh, gods. Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really godsdamned did. His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder. Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up. She arched in silent demand— A phantom touch, like the northern wind given form, flicked over her bare breast. Aelin burst into flames. Rowan laughed darkly at the reds and golds and blues that erupted around them, illumining the palms that towered over the edge of the beach, the waves breaking behind him. She might have panicked, might have been mortified, had he not lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. “You’re magnificent,” he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth. The hardness of him pushed against her, and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs. Rowan groaned, and she wondered if there was any other male in the world who would be so naked and prone with a woman on fire, who would not look at those flames with any ounce of fear. She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head—not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him. A roaring wind full of ice and snow blasted around them. And it was her turn to huff a laugh. But Rowan gripped her wrist, drawing her hand away. She opened her mouth in protest, wanting to touch more, taste more. “Let me,” Rowan growled onto the sea-slick skin between her breasts. “Let me touch you.” His voice trembled enough that Aelin lifted his chin with her thumb and forefinger. A flicker of fear and relief shone beneath the glazed lust. As if doing this, touching her, was as much to remind him that she had made it today, that she was safe, as it was to pleasure her. She leaned up, brushing her mouth against his. “Do your worst, Prince.” Rowan’s smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him. Another wave crashed, parting around them, the cool water like a thousand kisses along her skin. Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip. Aelin couldn’t take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs. And as Rowan tasted her on that beach, as he laughed against her slick skin while her hoarse cries of his name shattered across palm trees and sand and water, Aelin let go of all pretense at reason. She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire—
- Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid in with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and a kingdom and a world to look after. When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them, dancing across the waves with ribbons of flame. There were no words in his eyes; none in hers, either. Words did not do it justice. Not in any language, in any world. He leaned in, claiming her mouth as he began to move, and they let go entirely. She might have been crying, or it might have been his tears on her face, turning to steam amid her flames. She dragged her hands down his powerful, muscled back, over scars from battles and terrors

long since past. And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him. For him—only him. Rowan’s magic went wild, though his mouth on her neck was so careful, even as his canines dragged along her skin. And at the touch of those lethal teeth against her, the death that hovered nearby and the hands that would always be gentle with her, always love her—Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan’s as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass. Rowan’s own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered it at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water. Aelin held him through it, sending the fire-opal of her magic to twine with his power. On and on, as he spilled himself in her, lightning and flame danced on the sea. The lightning continued to strike, silent and lovely, even after he stilled. The sounds of the world came pouring back in, his breathing as ragged as the hiss of the crashing waves while he brushed lazy kisses to her temple, her nose, her mouth. Aelin drew her eyes away from the beauty of their magic, the beauty of them, and found his face to be the most beautiful of all. She was trembling—and so was Rowan as he remained in her. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and shoulder, his uneven breath warming her skin. “I never ...,” he tried, voice hoarse. “I didn’t know it could be ...” She ran her fingers down his scarred back, over and over. “I know,” she breathed. “I know.” Already, she wanted more, already she was calculating how long she’d have to wait.

- “Please,” she breathed, nails digging into his lower back in emphasis. Rowan’s low groan was his only answer as he hoisted her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist, letting him carry her not to the bed, but to the wall, and the sensation of the cool wood against her back, compared to the heat and hardness of him pushing into her front—Aelin panted through her gritted teeth as he again dragged his tongue over that spot on her neck. “Please.” She felt his smile against her skin as Rowan thrust into her in a long, powerful stroke—and bit down on her neck. A claiming, mighty and true, that she understood he so desperately needed. That she needed, and with his teeth in her, his body in her ... She was going to combust, she was going to splinter apart from the overwhelming need Rowan’s hips began to move, setting a lazy, smooth pace as he kept his canines buried in her neck. As his tongue slid along the twin points of pleasure edged with finest pain, and he tasted her very essence as if it were wine. He laughed, low and wicked, as release had her biting down on his shoulder to keep from screaming loud enough to wake the creatures sleeping on the bottom of the sea. When Rowan finally drew his mouth away from her neck, his magic healing the small holes he’d left, his hands tightened on her thighs, pinning her to the wall as he moved deeper, harder. Aelin only dragged her fingers through his hair as she gave him a savage kiss, and tasted her own blood on his tongue. She whispered onto his mouth, “I’ll always find a way back to you.” This time, when Aelin went over the edge, Rowan plummeted with her.

Homegoing

- He put her on a folded tarp, spread her legs, and entered her. She screamed, but he placed his hand over her lips, then put his fingers in her mouth.
- For the entire week after, his body had taken over the excuse-making for him, his penis lying limp between his legs each time he went to her. Even on the nights she braided her hair the way he liked it and rubbed coconut oil on her breasts and between her thighs.
- ...Finally that night, Abena had been able to convince Ohene, and he had fumbled around, thrusting at the entrance until he broke through and she hurt, thrusting inside: once, twice then nothing. There was no loud moan or whimper as they had heard escape their fathers’ mouths. He simply left the same way he had arrived.

- ...Soon they were lying down in the shadow of the cave. Abena took off her wrapper and heard Ohene Nyarko suck in his breath, removing his own. At first they just stared at each other, taking their bodies in, comparing them with what they'd know before...He reached for her, and she flinched, remembering the last time he had touched her. How she had lain on the floor of her parent's hut, staring up at the straw roof and wondering if there was more to it than that, the pain of it so outweighing the pleasure that she could not understand why it happened in huts across her village, the Asante, the world...Now Ohene Nyarko pinned her arms down to the hard red clay. She bit his arm and he growled, letting go, until she hugged him back toward her. He moved like the knew the scenes that were playing inside her head. And she let him inside her. And she let herself forget everything but him...When they had finished, when they were sweaty and spent and catching their breath, Abena laid her head against his chest, that panting pillow, his heart drumming into her ear.
- Robert was cautious, but she was wild. It had always been that way. The first night he had lain with her, he'd been so nervous that his penis had rested against his left leg, a log on the river of his quivering thigh... "Your daddy's gon' kill me," he said. They were sixteen, their parents at a union meeting... "I'm not thinkin' 'bout my daddy right now, Robert," she'd said, trying to stand the log. She's put each of his fingers into her mouth one by one and had bitten the tips, watching him all the while. She'd eased him into her and moved on top of him until he was begging her to stop, to not stop, to quicken, to slow. When he closed his eyes, she'd bidden him to open them, to look at her. She liked to be the star of the show.

Identical

- Maybe that's why I got so ballsy, had sex with Ty where I knew Mick could find us...Anyway, most of Mick's brains reside in the general area of his groin. One thing for sure, sex will never be about love with Mick. I don't love him, and he definitely doesn't love me. Still, he semi-fills a gaping black hole inside me. That place wants love, maybe even needs love, but love is something I'm pretty sure doesn't exist.
- Someone had closed the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared. I tried to tell her not to worry, but just then, Daddy burst through the door. I closed my eyes tight, made myself no more than a shadow. Something about him was different. I didn't want that something to find me. I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild Turkey. His peculiar potpourri. I love you so much, my little flower. Daddy needs something from my girl, my sweet rose. Will you give it to me? I wanted to be his little flower, would have given my Daddy anything. What did he want from Kaeleigh? She laid her head on his chest. "What?" I want you to see something, something that proves how much I love you. This is only for you, Kaeleigh girl. He lifted her gently, sat her down on the bed beside him. Then he opened the snaps on the fly of his flannel pajamas. It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite. See how much Daddy loves you? Show me you love me, too. Touch it. He closed her hand around it. I know it sounds bad, but I wanted to touch it too. I didn't know what it meant, only that it made Daddy happy. I wanted to make him happy too. That's right. That's right. His voice rocked in rhythm with his body. Oh, yes, my Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower...when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept. Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded, "Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?" ... Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay? Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused. "Can I tell Mama our secret?" No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you? She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed, "I won't tell." Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.
- Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games. He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape-proof. I shake my head. "Don't." But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would

anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?" Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules. The proper response would be, "Please, sir." Say it. My heart yells, "No fucking way." But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir." He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way. Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me. Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand." I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules. This is a new game, and the sick thing is, I see quickly that I like it, might ask to play it again. The pain is fuzzy at the edges, blurring toward pleasure. Maybe it's the hash, the gentle arms of opium. And now new leather- human, Ty- falls softly over the heated welts, a soothing balm of sweat-beaded skin. But then heightened pain, forced inside me, stuffed inside me. Seared, branded, likely marked, a moan escapes me and Ty surges. After, knots loosened, a rub of cool eucalyptus oil persuades me I do want to play again. Soon.

- Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous. That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall. As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine. Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy. I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest. Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might smack her. But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke. Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V. It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful. Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy. At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.
- Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly. I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse. "Touch me. Please?" He want to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh... And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightening ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.
- Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex. Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know? Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty...Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawler, assorted others). I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life. Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.
- Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her. I could tell she was

afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did. His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh! I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.

- How far will you go with me? He kisses my mouth. My throat. Will you let me draw blood? He bites my neck, and a moan escapes my mouth, unbidden. How high will you let me take you? For once, I want to relinquish control. For once, I want to completely let go. "You decide." His grin is pure evil. That's my girl. He yanks my blouse over my head, spills me from my bra. He kisses, bites. I'm already lost, but hungry for more. He pulls me to my feet, hands all over me...

Infandous

- ...I did go back with him to his hotel, and not just to reclaim my surfboard. I did allow him to kiss me, across my neck and down my shoulder. I did stand still as he slid my jeans down around my feet, as he pulled the strings that held on my bikini. "I've been wanting to do this all day," he murmured as the bows came undone, first the one across my back and then the other, behind my neck. ...And when he laid me on the bed, the soft white duvet pluming up around me like a cloud, I wanted to be there. ...I was a flower and I opened, I softened, and I ripened and warmed. I felt, I thought, like a woman rather than a girl, and as he found his way inside me, I wondered- fleetingly- if this was what sex was like for my mother
- ...and with both of them naked- my mom's age is more apparent than it's ever been. Her breasts are softer than mine and heavier, and the tips of her nipples are stretched a little. I did that. The triangle of her pubic hair is a shade darker than the tendrils that drape across her shoulders... ...I still have no idea what the fuck is happening...
- I see the whole situation again, from Jordan's mom's point of view: ...when she pushes open the door she finds her baby son between the legs of this female, this woman, her coppery hair shimmering like flames engulfing them both, the scent of her in the humid air. Or maybe she found him kneeling as if in prayer, face buried deep in the ocean of my mother.

Kingdom of Ash

- She smiled despite that truth. "I'm ready to be kissed again, Prince." He let out a dark chuckle and muttered, "Thank the gods," before he lowered his mouth to hers. The kiss was gentle—light. Letting her decide how to guide it. So she did. Sliding her arms around Rowan's neck, Aelin pressed herself against him, arching into his touch as his hands roamed along her back. Yet his mouth remained featherlight on hers. Sweet, exploratory kisses. He'd do it all night, if that was what she wished. Mate. He was her mate, and she was finally...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. 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. But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked. "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. Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours." Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck. 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. Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue. 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. "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. Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness. And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.

- 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. Time spun out, and there was only Manon, a living blade in his arms. Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll. 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." Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back. 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. He almost said yes, then. Was almost selfish enough, greedy enough for her, that he nearly said yes. Yes, he would take her as his queen. So he might never have to say farewell to this, so that this magnificent, fierce witch might remain by his side for all his days. Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss. 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. He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin. Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own. Stay. The word echoed in each breath. 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. Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.
- 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.
- 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.

People Kill People

- "Has anyone ever showed you how to feel good?" "What do you mean?" You really didn't know. "Has anyone ever touched you like this?" He pulled you into his lap. One arm remained possessively in control, while his spare hand dropped to stroke the crotch of your jeans. That part didn't hurt and, in fact, you were surprised that your wiener responded positively. Still, you knew it was wrong, so wrong, and you tried to get away. "Oh, no. Not yet." The hand holding you gripped tighter while the other unzipped your pants and yanked them off in one swift, well-practiced motion. You struggled, but couldn't come near to matching his physical strength. He unbuttoned his own fly, freeing his sorry erection to worm its way between your butt cheeks. He slapped a hand over your mouth. "This might hurt a little if it's really your first time. Let's see if it is." If there was one small saving grace, it was that he possessed a pencil dick. Still, when he drove it inside you, the pain was exquisite and you screamed into his filthy palm. But your pleas carried no weight. The wind blew cinder-heavy ashes into your face, and he grunted like a hungry pig, over and over, until he was finished. When he shriveled out of you, he let you go and you crawled away, bare knees and hands through the dirt.

- But sometimes you worry that Rand can't keep pace. He's pretty damn vanilla. If he had his way, it would mostly be straightforward missionary. Experimentation? Depends on the day. For sure he dislikes when you play the aggressor. Sometimes he even recoils. ...But you wouldn't mind more variety, no matter who initiates it. Which is why you got clever this morning, simply offering yourself unusual ways, assuming positions and allowing him to say yea or nay. He didn't disagree even once. So maybe there's hope for the two of you.

Perfect

- ...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.
- There are a few, and yeah, I've had some casual sex with one or two. (Okay, maybe three.)
- 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.
- 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.
- 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 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. 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..." 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...? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the hell just happened? "You wanted this! You told me so. In fact, you practically raped me..." She sobs, and her entire body shakes with the force of it. No. You raped me. Her voice slices, tempered steel. I told you to stop. 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..." She strong-arms me aside, jumps up, stalks over to turn off the tube, blood trickling down her legs. Bastard. You set me up. 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." Cara snatches her clothes from the floor, stomps off to find the bathroom. Rule one of the Rapist's handbook. Blame the victim. 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." When I let go of her face, crimson finger-shaped marks remain...Her lips curl in a feral snarl. May I go now? I'd like to get rid of the...residue.
- 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 problems young guys do, waking up sticky and sometimes turning into walking wood, wrong place, wrong time...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. 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.

- In my pocket, the camera bumps against my groin. The boner is gone, a sticky glaze left as a reminder inside my boxers.
- 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. 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. 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. Me! And then she screams. I love you that's what she screams, only not for me...And, Viagra or no, I am hard. 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.

Red Hood

- Do you shiver from anticipation, for the moment when- at last, at last- his mouth finds his way to the center of you? At last, at last, he's found his way there, a hand on each of your thighs, his head buried between them, and he's not teasing you, not now, not anymore, he's earnest in his desire to bring you desire, and yes, you think, as his tongue and lips press into you, as his fingers pull you apart, as you come undone beneath his hands, it is important to be earnest if this is what earnestness brings. Yes, the smell of him, the sight of him, the feel of him, all of it familiar, but not this- the hot firm pressure of his tongue against your center, the insistence of his hands on your thighs, the building of wonder of your pleasure rising, oh, that is not familiar, that is new, brand-new. You gush- that is the word, the only word- you gush as the pleasure becomes too much to survive, and it bursts like a shaken-up can of soda, it tickles and it burns and it ripples from your center outward, in pulses of sensation so intense you are pinned by them, and your left hand curls into a fist and your right hand flails, hitting the damp cold glass and streaking away the steam, and your eyes open as the pleasure ebbs, and just then the clouds outside part, revealing the full white moon, unblinking, staring down at you from a black velvet sky. James laughs, his gentle, happy laugh, and looks up from where he's crouched between your thighs, and he smiles, and you see his face in the moonbeam that pours through the strip of window you've wiped clean, and at first you don't know what you're seeing, you don't know what to make of the redness on his chin.
- There is the pelt of your pubic hair. You keep it trimmed close and neat around the edges, but you like the way it looks and have bucked the fashion magazines that advise you to shear it completely. There is the nub of your clitoris, and again you push away the memory of what James did last night with his tongue. With your right hand, you pull apart the lips of your vagina, and with your left, you angle the tampon toward its opening. You are slick with blood, and so the tampon slips in easily. You push until you're knuckle-deep in your own body, the first time you've touched yourself like this- though you have rubbed your clitoris and touched the outside, you've never put your fingers inside, somehow feeling like it was not right, like it would be trespassing. It's warm in there, almost hot. It feels like what it is- a muscular tube, made of flesh.
- You've never used one of these before, but you've been told how, and anyway, it's not hard to figure out; you roll it down James's penis, all the way to the base of the hair. James adjusts it, making sure it's rolled completely down and pinching the tip a little, stretching it. He's still lying on his back on the bed, and you kneel before him, letting your hair hide your face as you reach between your bodies, find his penis, and guide it toward the entrance of your vagina. It feels thick there, sort of scary, and there is a moment when you wonder how on earth it will fit inside, but James doesn't rush you, and you lower yourself onto him, his hands gentle on your hips, not trying to tell you what to do. His eyes are closed, his head is back, and you look at him through the soft curtain of your hair as you sink all the way down, as you feel a tear deep inside you, painful but not terrible, as you feel yourself full of him, of James. And then you move, careful and slow, your

hands on his chest, his on your hips, your thighs, and it's not long before his face tightens up, he makes a low groan, and he shivers beneath you. You stay there, above him, for a moment longer, and inside you, you feel his penis beginning to soften. ...Then he grasps the base of the condom while you move off him, and then you sort of look away, a little embarrassed, while he pulls off the condom, knots it.

Sold

- "Are you ready to work?" she says in my language. I nod and say yes, then nod again, although I do not understand how these city people do their chores in such fine clothes and uncomfortable shoes. I follow Mumtaz down the hallway lined with tiny rooms. We pass by girls sitting cross-legged on the floor. Girls drawing on tiger eyes. Girls spraying themselves with flower water. Some of them stare at me. Some take no notice. We go up some stairs, down another hallway, then into a room where an old man is lying on a bed. His skin is yellow and he has tufts of hair poking out from his ears. Mumtaz speaks kindly to him and I wonder if he is sick. Across the hall, in another room, where a red cloth is hung across the doorway, I hear the sound of grunting. It is a strange, animal sound that makes me shudder. Mumtaz points to me and says something to the old man. He licks his palm and smooths down his hair. They do not seem to notice the grunting. Then it stops. The red cloth is pulled back. And a man stands in the hallway zipping his pants. I look down at my red-painted nails and my new shoes. Something is not right here. I don't know what is going on, but it is not right, not right at all. Mumtaz pats the edge of the bed and tells me to come closer. The old man makes a clucking sound. "Don't be afraid," she says. "Come her, now." I don't move. Her voice turns hard. "Get over here, you ignorant girl." She says. Still, I don't move. Then Mumtaz flies at me. She grabs me by the hair and drags me across the room. She flings me onto the bed next to the old man. And then he is on top of me, holding me down with the strength of ten men. He kisses me with lips that are slack and wet and taste of onions. He teeth dig into my lower lip. Underneath the weight of him, I cannot see or move or breathe. He fumbles with his pants, forces my legs apart, and I can feel him pushing himself between my thighs. I gasp for air and kick and squirm. He thrusts his tongue into my mouth. And I bite down with all my might. He cries out "Aghh!" and I am running. Running down the hall, past the other girls, losing my fancy city shoes along the way, until I am back in the room where I started, pulling my old clothes out of my bundle.
- A man with lips like a fish comes into my room and says, "You're lucky to be with Habib." He is squeezing my breast with his hand, like someone shopping for a melon. I try to push him away, but my arm, stone-heavy from the lassi, doesn't move. "You're lucky," he says, "that Habib is your first one." I close my eyes. The room pitches this way and that. "You can tell the others that it was Habib," he says. I open my eyes, watch him squeeze my other breast, and wonder: Who is this Habib he keeps talking about? "If this is really your first time," he says. "Old Mumtaz is a tricky one." He unbuckles his belt. "Once before, she sold Habib used goods." The fish-lips man removes my dress. I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens. "Habib," he says. "Habib is good with the ladies." Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me. With a sudden thrust I am torn in two. "Oh, yes," he says, panting. "Habib is good in bed." I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don't know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally. I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing.
- In between, men come. They crush my bones with their weight. They split me open. Then they disappear. I cannot tell which of the things they do to me are real, and which are nightmares. I decide to think that it is all a nightmare. Because if what is happening is real, it is unbearable

The Carnival at Bray

- She woke up once in the middle of the night, feverish, and saw the shadows of two people moving up and down- Uncle Kevin and the blonde- and the blonde was moving on top of him and he was holding her breasts in each of his hands like Christmas ornaments. Maggie knew what they were doing but it didn't look so frightening or clinical as when she learned about it during those awful movies in health class. And it didn't look as disgusting as the porno she'd seen at Katie Grant's house, which was all spread legs and shaved bodies and smirking plastic faces. 20 He gripped her thin waist; his right hand snaking down the long pocket of her tight black jeans to squeeze her butt.
- ...She felt his cold fingers yank up her sweater and squeeze her breasts roughly. ...He pulled her sweater off and then, after some fumbling, her bra and dropped both pieces of clothing on the wet ground. ...She could feel her nipples pucker and tighten in the salted wind. He began to suck them, hard, and she grimaced, looking over his head... ...It didn't occur to her to tell him to stop. With his free hand, he yanked at the button of her jeans, pulled down the zipper, and stuffed his hand down her underpants. He found her warm opening, and twisted two fingers inside. Her breath caught sharply on the tight tissue inside of her unknit and gave way. The strangest thing happened. The pain of what he was doing to her somehow made her feel better. A memory floated before her, of Samantha Steinle, a weird, quiet girl from her Chicago neighborhood who, in seventh grade, had taken Maggie into the bathroom stall during recess, unbuttoned the cuff of her school blouse, and showed Maggie the patterns of razor marks that she'd scored herself with from wrist to elbow. "Hurting myself is the only thing that makes me feel better," Samantha had said. Now, with Paul's fingers twisting inside of her, his teeth on the thin skin of her breasts, she finally understood what Samantha had meant. He pulled his hand from between her legs and she heard the dull clinking of his belt buckle, the sharp exhale of a zipper being undone. "Put your mouth on it," he whispered into her neck, his forearm a heavy pressure on her shoulders, and she crouched on the wet ground, her naked spine facing seaward, the puddles soaking into the knees of her jeans. He put his hands on the back of her head and pushed her closer to his thighs so she was nearly choking on it, and then his whole body stiffened and he moaned in just the way she'd heard her mother and Colm moaning through the thin walls of their bedroom. To stop herself from vomiting, she spit it out on the wet ground.
- He kissed her so hard that her back scraped up against the cold, ancient stone, as if the past was pushing back at her, as the past does. ...His eyes hovered over her collarbone and he was peeling off her wet black dress. She was totally and completely unafraid. She tugged at his sweatshirt and pulled it over his head. This wasn't something he was doing to her, or even something they were doing together. They were making something, or beginning something, or finishing something. Her bra fell away to the linoleum floor, his pants were kicked to the other end of the bed, and the rain shook the shutters. He moved on top of her and their lives became this moment, contained in the sheets, something that no one else would ever know, a secret to keep forever, the feeling of him inside of her.

The Duff

- We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. "No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this." I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees., one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I'd heard Vicky and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it...My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and

my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,...oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and-"Oh, shit."

The Haters

- well I don't know either but it looks like jizz ...wes, true or false: that's your jizz in our sink ...shut up about wes jizzing in the sink ...rinsing isn't always enough to get jizz all the way out of the sink. ...But I figured it wasn't just awkward because I had masturbated into the hotel sink.
- She guided me onto my back and pulled on the bottom of my briefs and I pushed them over my knees and feet and I was completely naked and not hard at all. She straddled me and pulled her top off and her breasts flopped out and I heard them more than saw them. She reached behind herself and kind of carefully took my not hard dick into one and pretty soon I couldn't really think about anything else and pretty soon after that I was hard and she took her hand away and I heard her opening some little crinkly package and I felt her put the cool plasticky middle of the condom snugly on the front of my dick like she was shrink wrapping it and I felt her fingernails through the plastic like the legs of a crab fingernailing their way down my dick and she rose up a little and adjusted her panties and breathed harder and opened her mouth and her breath was like vegan fritters and farm animals and her eyes were dark and I saw them very clearly somehow and her hair was stiff with chlorine and itched like straw on my face. The moment she put me inside her I came. I mean the exact moment. FUCK, I said, and I curled up around her like a snail, and kept coming about a hundred times, and I said fuckfuckfuckfuck, until she said sssshhhhhh, and pushed me back down onto my back and just lay on top of me, and that was how it happened.
- ...corey, can we talk oral sex technique a little ...I'm never gonna improve without your feedback so please give it to me straight ...you gotta slow it down and I mean way down ...ok ...just really simplify what you're doin. In general try to make circles with your tongue ...got it, got it ...and no matter what happens, you need to be out of there after five minutes, good or bac ...there's nothing worse than knowing a guy is trying to get you to come, like he thinks your cooz is candy crush and he's trying to get three stars or some shit ...wes you didn't go down on me but I think you'd be even worse at it ...you'd just sit there completely still with your mouth open and hope that I would start fucking your face and you wouldn't have to do anything ...actually yeah that sounds ideal ...I listened to him have sex for more than an hour. He basically just lets himself be a sex prop ...no no no here's wes going down on you: lick lick lick...."all right all right all right" ...his finishing move is making a spaceship noise into your cooz and then asking you if he's getting an A

The Nowhere Girls

- I'm fifteen and I'm about to make out with one of the most popular seniors in school. ...I'm not even sure he knows my name even though even though even though his body is so heavy on top of mine and I can't move I can't breathe I don't want this I don't want this anymore I want to push but my wrists are pinned down and my pants are off and it's too late it's too late it's too late to say no. Her last solid memory is pain. Then black. Then nothing. ...Then brief gasps for air, tiny moments, bright flashes in the darkness. Memories surface like tight bubbles. Hands. Bed. Pain. Fear. A searing inevitability. A life taken and redefined. ...Stillness. A heavy blanket of flesh, unmoving. She lets herself hope it is over. Then movement. His voice: "Did you lock the door?" Another voice: "Yeah. No one's coming." His voice: "You ready, Ennis? Or are you going to be a pussy?" Another voice. She knows this voice. Everybody knows Eric Jordan's voice. "Fuck Ennis. It's my turn." A rhyme for children: One, two, three: How many can there be? A thought: I'm going to die. Rocking, thrashing, a violent seal Then more. So much more. More than can possibly be imagined. A voice: "Turn on the lights, man. I want to see her." A hand on her mouth, shoving her voice back inside. She sees nothing. She is dying. She is dead. She is a whale carcass being torn apart by eels at the bottom of the sea. A voice: "Fuck, she's puking." A voice: "Just turn her over." ...It is morning and she is only mostly gone. Her hair is

caked with puke. She hurts all over. She hurts inside. The floor is littered with crumpled clothes and half a dozen used condoms. How vile this tiny sliver of gratitude: they only destroyed; they did not plant anything alive inside her. ...Bodies all over the place, bodies everywhere, people who didn't make it home last night. All these people down here while she was drowning. ...A voice in the darkness, giving her a new name: Slut.

- If I included every blow job and hand job, I'd be here for days. ...1. Late-thirties MILF. ...definitely the oldest I've ever fucked. Did it doggie style in her basement while her kid played video games upstairs. She came into my business a few times afterward, but I made it clear I wasn't interested in her anymore. ...2. Negged her into submission by first hitting on her friend to make her jealous. A little too drunk, so she just sort of laid there. 3. Midtwenties hippie chick with big tits. Didn't realize she had hairy armpits until it was too late. Her wildness in bed made up for it. Would consider adding her to my long-term harem if she agreed to shave and wash her hair more often. 4. Seventeen-year-old slut I knew from high school. Hot body, but too insecure to be high value. ...she was all over me at a bar, I didn't even have to throw any game. Okay sex, but a little too eager to please. She's still pretty hot now, but I can tell this one's on her way to becoming a fifty-year-old barfly. 6. Nineteen-year-old skinny, lazy stoner. Loved to fuck all night. Was part of my harem for a couple of months. Ended up in the hospital for a few days with some kind of infection, asked me to visit her. Fucked her in the bathroom when she was high on painkillers. Too doped up to say much, but whatever. Nothing special about this one. Did her in the back of my car, then never called her back. 8. Seventeen to eighteen years old. I made the mistake of actually agreeing to be this one's "boyfriend" for a year in high school though of course I was still getting tail on the side. She started out hella hot...Finally got rid of her shortly after graduation. Good riddance to damaged goods. 9. Seventeen-year-old chubby girl from school. I had a girlfriend and she had a boyfriend, but she got drunk at a party when he was out of town and told me she'd had a crush on me since sixth grade. Fat girls are so easy. Mostly a pity fuck on my part. She was so grateful. ...There's something so fun about virgins. It's so sweet how insecure they are, how they're so willing to do what they're told. You have so much power automatically, and they love it. 11. Fifteen-year-old freshman nobody, got her so drunk she couldn't say no. Kind of messy and mostly just laid there, but busting a nut is busting a nut. 12. Sixteen-year-old who followed me around at school for weeks like a puppy. She was so grateful when I finally kissed her at a party. Didn't take long to get her upstairs and naked. Boring and needy. 13. Sixteen-year-old hot girl from another school. Got her drunk and she immediately turned into a raging slut. Strung this one out for a few weeks until she started getting clingy and wanting commitment, then I kicked her to the curb 14. Fourteen-year-old. My first. Watching porn for the previous few years set me up to expect more. Her tits were too small for one thing, and her bush needed trimming. She had no idea what to do at first, but over time I showed her how to please.
- She takes a sip of what she guesses is about five shots of cheap vodka with a splash of Sunny D. They talk for approximately four minutes before Chad unceremoniously leans over and puts his mouth on hers, his hand on her breast. He tastes like the room smells. Amber wishes she'd gone to school today after all. ...She pushes Chad away. "What's wrong, baby?" he mumbles as he pulls her back. She tries to wiggle out of his arms, but he holds her closer. She hears her phone ring again, and she moves to reach for her purse on the floor, but Chad doesn't let go. "Stop," she whispers, the word so foreign and strange in her mouth. She thinks maybe he didn't hear her. She says it a little louder. Chad laughs and pushes her down on the couch. "Yeah, right," he says, both hands under her shirt, pressing against her ribs, holding her in place. "No, really," Amber says, the taste of fear in her mouth, "I'm not joking." He pretends not to hear her. He pushes her shirt up until it is gathered around her neck like a noose. Amber knows she must make a decision. To fight or not to fight. She is so tired. She thinks today was not a good day to try to not be herself. She thinks, It doesn't count as rape if I give up.

The Perks of Being a Wallflower

- 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!
- 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.

Tilt

- One night we were mostly naked and all knotted up in each other's arms. And the time just seemed right to say, "I want to. Please." Dylan was just so cute. Are you sure? He said it right before I stripped off my panties. And he confirmed, You're positive? just as I pushed him inside me. I think I wanted it more than he did. And all that hype about awful pain? Well, that may be true for some people. But, except for a couple of seconds of intense pressure, it didn't hurt at all. Mostly, they don't want their kids to have fun, at least not if it involves underage drinking, illegal substances and the possibility of sex. Maybe we should get a room? "Maybe." We could probably get one inside...But before he detaches himself totally from me, he slips a hand down the scoop of my tank. Can't wait to kiss these, too.
- For now, I'll distract myself with some fine medicinal green and a little porn of the guy-on-guy variety. You can get anything you want online. It's crazy, really. All you have to do is lie and say you're eighteen.
- We had messed around lots of times before, but it had never seemed quite like this—much more about making each other feel good, less about just having sex. Maybe it was the Southern Comfort, or the weed (green and so stony!), or the two together. But when we took off our clothes in the back of his Wrangler, skin raked by cool claws of moonlight, insane, hot need grabbed hold of me. All I wanted was his mouth and tongue kissing me all over my body. I was wild for it, really. ...This was real, and when we reached that ultimate peak, it was nothing I'd ever experienced before. We seriously both went, "Wow," in unison...Afterward, I wasn't in a hurry to get dressed. Which explains why, when the cops showed up, I think Uncle Stan caught a glimpse of my boobs.
- ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He's ready. Wants inside me. But He's ready. Wants inside me. But "Not yet. Where's the condom?" I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull out. Don't worry. Don't worry? We didn't use one last time. It was right after my last period. But now it's been a couple of weeks. "Dylan. This is dangerous. I can't get pregnant." He rolls me onto my back. Strong. Sure of himself. Then he smiles down at me. I know what I'm doing. Promise. I won't get you pregnant. And I have to have you right now. He hesitates, waiting for my answer. Everything about me is shouting yes, so I nod and lose myself in the moment. Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good. I am happy for the towel beneath us. Happier to lie together, bathed in sweat and the sticky proof of our love. It is, for sure, all good. At least, until I get home.
- ...He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." It's a lie, but he can't know that, and it's better than saying I'm too young. He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I

wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do. Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There's the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren't all that much fun. Okay, maybe I'm a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I'm so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait. Oh yes, I plan on winning a major jackpot, taking her all the way for the very first time. If that means patience, okay by me. It's only part of the game.

- Dirty movies are the best I'm gonna do tonight. Again. I never thought whacking off would get old, but after you've had the real deal, all warm and creamy, calloused skin, too cool with lotion, can't measure up. And once you've experienced the low growl of building passion, dubbed moans and groans get annoying really fast. And after you've tasted authentic nipples, all sweet with strawberry shower gel, fake boobs, no matter how giant and airbrushed, kind of seem like letdowns. No, once you've made love with your amazing girlfriend, getting off solo is bullshit.
- While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do. Just to see. Just to know. I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone—the source of the building throb. ...Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it. It's like I've been possessed by something—someone—I have no control over. I can't stop. Wouldn't even if I could. So I give myself up to that woman inside me. Let her move my hand. Teach me what to do. She is instinct, pure or filthy, and I listen to her, follow her direction. Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide. Breaks that can't be harnessed or slowed or stopped. That swell into a tidal wave, and with it a crash—and a bolt of understanding. If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant

Tricks

- I should have charged more. He's built like a fucking bull. "Holy crap, dude, I don't know...." What's wrong, kid? Never done it with a real man before? His voice falls, cold and heavy as hail. You want me wrapped? Do it for me! He pushes me to my knees, comes around in front of me. My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thin latex protection. You ever seen a ramrod like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the condom down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, fight not to gag at the taste of lubricant, not to choke on his thrusts against my throat...Dan decides he's done with Europe. He pulls me to my feet, moves behind me, drapes my back with his chest. His muscles are thick cables, but his skin is smooth and cool as snake skin. Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is. No! How could something so messed up turn me on? Whatever he does, I won't...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me facedown. The sheets smell of bleach...Down go my boxers. Oh my. What a sweet little bottom. Dan's hands, moving over my skin, are soft, and when he lowers himself over me, a cloud of cloves and apple sinks around me...Dan is in for a real treat, isn't he? He presses up against me. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see. He pushes, but only a little. A test. Oh yes, I'm afraid it might. And after Dan, nothing else will do...An odd blend of fear and... excitement. For some fucked-up reason, I'm excited. I can't want his! Adrenaline firecrackers through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain, apple. Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.
- Swollen with desire. Demanding. Lips still locked to mine, she murmured, What if I give you this...? Her hand found my own, urged it along her body's contours, all the way to the place between her legs, the one I had

never asked for. ...In the heat of the moment, I even got hard, especially when Janet touched me, dropped onto her knees, lowered my zipper, started to do what I never suspected she knew how to do. Yes...

- We were making out hot and heavy. He started to unbutton my blouse. I let him. And when he unzipped my jeans, I helped him help me out of them. Snared by the heat of his kiss, I barely noticed when he slipped out of his own Levis. Skin urgent against skin, only panties and boxers between us, I was ready to shed that final thin barrier, allow him access to the most private part of me,...
- I have to admit I have thought about boinking her more than once, while taking solo care of a hard-on. Oh yeah, the big M. I probably do it more than I should, and Ronnie is definite boner bait, at least when I'm left to my own imagination instead of Internet porn. Viva la webcams!
- My Hand, Disguised as Andrew's hand, moves lightly down my neck, over collarbone, breastbone. Goose bumps rise in unusual places, and my body tingles in a completely foreign way. Because of Andrew. But he's not here. I pretend he is and let "his" hands explore the rounds of my breasts, move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers circle the hard center nubs, raised like it's cold in here. It's not. I'm burning up. Delirious with raw need. My hand wants to slide lower, to a place I know nothing about except what they call it in books. And suddenly it comes to me how completely inept I'll be when Andrew and I finally share that warm feather bed, with comfy quilts and pillows we can fall into.
- We had sex the very first night we went out together...pissed off a bunch of people...
- Andrew stops kissing me, and his eyes ask what he's afraid to ,and my eyes answer in the same way, so he takes my hand, leads me down the hall to the bedroom...But when he kisses me, I'm shaking, and there are tears in my eyes. We don't have to, he whispers. "I know. I want to. I'm just..." Unsure. I'm completely unsure about my body. What if he hates it? But now he touches me. His hands are tentative, and I remember that this is new for him, too. Is this okay? He asks. Tell me what you like. He kisses me as he picks me up, lays me gently on the bed. A slow, mutual exploration begins. As we learn together, the fear falls away...He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pain, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right.
- ...Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don't think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back." I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready. And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts.
- He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint—of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately. Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after...When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket...Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you? Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places.... "Make love to me." You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists. Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that

okay?" Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.

- See, for a while Lydia worked as a stripper in a fairly nice club near the Stratosphere. I made pretty good money. Most of it went to the house, which took a big cut for keeping the girls safe. I did all the work, they reaped sixty percent of the bennies. Hard to swallow. So Lydia got smart, started her own business--Have Ur Cake Escorts. Now she takes a cut from the girls (and guys) whose "dates" she sets up. I still strip for fun once in a while. All on my own terms.
- And when there's a crowd in the room, the dicks mostly stay hidden.
- How much for head?...We don't do head, except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred.
- Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white nakedness over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he plunged inside. Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. Sex is sex. A kiss means love.
- It's like they are masturbating for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see.
- Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too. ...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love you, too, Mommy. See how much? ...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual. When he finishes, I lay my head on his knobby chest.
- It's more than a little bit obvious that the day's "business" included more than stripping. The smell of sweat and sex hangs in the air, a storm cloud...You're not turning tricks like some hooker, are you?" ...I mean, the sex isn't good, but it's fast, and all things considered, the pay scale isn't bad. Fifty bucks for under ten minutes' work? Three hundred an hour! Shit, girl, that's attorney wages. "Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping."
- Sometimes Misty and I do have "two-fers" with confused guys...I hang up, pop a Valium, "borrowed" from a bottle in Ronnie's medicine cabinet. Fuck. Stealing pills. I suck...Twenty bucks for a backseat blowjob?...if someone would have told me two months ago I'd be selling myself to men, I'd have said they were full of shit. Necessity is a motherfucker. And if they would have said I might even like it, I'd have kicked their ass.

Water for Elephants

- I'm lying on the floor, looking up at the stripper's dangling breasts. Her nipples, brown and the size of silver dollar pancakes, swing in circles—out and around, SLAP. Out and around, SLAP. I feel a pang of excitement, then remorse, and then nausea.
- Rumor has it that Chaz's tiny penis even gets erections
- Oh God. She's touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It's limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified.
- I hear thrashing in the long grass and pause to investigate. I see a woman's bare legs spread wide with a man between them. He grunts and ruts like a billy goat. His trousers are down around his knees, his hairy buttocks pumping up and down. She grasps his shirt in her fists, moaning with each thrust
- I flip one open. A crudely drawn Olive Oyl lies on a bed with her legs open, naked but for her shoes. She spreads herself with her fingers. Popeye appears in a thought bubble above her head, with a bulging erection that reaches to his chin. Wimpy, with an equally enormous erection, peers through the window.

13 Reasons Why

- Hannah took off her shirt and let Justin put his hands up her bra.
- She came over to my table at lunch, whispered the proposition in my ear, and I had a hard-on for the rest of the day.
- "He's cramming his dick in his pants."
- Your fingers made their way under my bra. But you didn't grab me. Testing the boundaries, I guess. Sliding your thumb along the underside of my breasts. "Weren't you on that list?" you said. "Best ass in the freshman class." Bryce, you had to see my jaw clench. You had to see my tears. Does that kind of shit turn you on? Bryce? Yes. It does. "It's true," you said.
- As if letting him finger me was going to cure all my problems. But in the end, I never told you to get away...and you didn't. You stopped rubbing circles on my stomach. Instead, you rubbed back and forth, gently, along my waist. Your pinky made its way under the top of my panties and rolled back and forth, from hip to hip. Then another finger slipped below, pushing your pinky further down, brushing it through my hair. And that's all you needed, Bryce. You started kissing my shoulder, my neck, sliding your fingers in and out. And then you kept going. You didn't stop there. I'm sorry. Is this getting too graphic for some of you? Too bad.

Lucky

- He began to knead his fist against the opening of my vagina. Inserted his fingers into it, three or four at a time. Something tore. I began to bleed there. I was wet now. It made him excited. He was intrigued. As he worked his whole fist up into my vagina and pumped it.
- He started humping me again, wildly. The base of my spine was crushed into the ground. Glass cut me on my back and behind. He kneeled back. "Raise your legs," he said. "Spread them." I did. My legs were like plastic Barbie's, page, inflexible. But he wasn't satisfied. He put a hand on each calf and pressed them out farther than I could hold. "Keep them there," he said. He tried again. He worked his fist. He grabbed my breasts. He twisted the nipples with his fingers, lapped at them with his tongue.
- He kicked me and I curled into a ball. "I want a blow job." He held his dick in his hand. "I don't know how," I said. "What do you mean you don't know how?" "I've never done it before," I said. "I'm a virgin." "Put it in your mouth." I kneeled before him. "Can I put my bra back on?" I wanted my clothes. I saw his thighs before me, the way they belled out from the knee, the thick muscles and small black hairs, and his flacid dick. He grabbed my head. "Put it in your mouth and suck," he said. "Like a straw?" I said. "Yeah, like a straw." I took it in my hand. It was small. Hot, clammy. It throbbed involuntarily at my touch. He shoved my head forward and I put it in. It touched my tongue. The taste like dirty rubber or burnt hair. I sucked in hard. "Not like that," he said and brought my head away. "Don't you know how to suck a dick?" "No, I told you," I said. "I've never done this before." "Bitch," he said. His penis still limp, he held it with two fingers and peed on me. Just a little bit. Acrid, wet, on my nose and lips. The smell of him- the fruity, heady, nauseating smell- clung to my skin.

Me and Earl and the Dying Girl

- GREG'S INEXPLICABLE BONER is in full retreat.
- I'm just saying, you do not leave Isreal without getting laid. You could have an eight-inch-thick titanium diaper bolted to your pelvis, and you would still somehow get laid. It should be their official tourism slogan: Isreal. Where Virginity Goes to Die.
- "Are you gonna eat her pussy?"

The Bluest Eye

- 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

Push

- Daddy put his pee-pee smelling thing in my mouth, my pussy, but never hold me. I see me, first grade, pink dress dirty sperm stuffs on it. No one comb my hair.
- I been knowing a man put his dick in you, gush white stuff in your booty you could get pregnant. I'm twelve now, I been knowing about that since I was five or six, maybe I always known about pussy and dick. I can't remember not knowing. No, I can't remember a time I did not know.
- My pee pee open hot stinky down my thighs ssssss splatter splatter...Seven, he on me almost every night. First it's just in my mouth. Then it's more more. He is intercoursing me. Say I can take it. Look you don't even bleed, virgin girls bleed. You not virgin, I'm seven.
- I don't fucks boyz but I'm pregnant. My fahver fuck me. And she know it. She kick me in my head when I'm pregnant. ...I think my daddy. He stink, the white shit drip off his dick. Lick it lick it. I HATE that. But then I feel the hot sauce hot cha cha feeling when he be fucking me. I get so confuse. I HATE him. But my pussy be popping. He say that, "Bif Mama your pussy is popping!" I hate myself when I feel good.
- My clit swell up think Daddy. Daddy sick me, disgust me, but still he sex me up. I nawshus in my stomach but hot tight in my twat and I think I want it back, the smell of the bedroom, the hurt- he slap my face till it sting and my ears sing separate songs from each other, call me names, pump my pussy in out in out in out awww I come. He bite me hard. A hump! A hump! He slam his hips into me HARD. I scream pain he come. He slap my thighs like cowboys do horses on TV. Shiver. Orgasm in me, his body shaking, grab me, call me Fat Mama, Big Hole! You LOVE it! Say you love it! I wanna say I DON"T. I wanna say I'm a chile. But my pussy popping like grease in frying pan. He slam in me again. His dick soft. He start sucking my tittie.
- Carl got my tittie in hi mouf. Nuffin' wron wif that, it's natural. But I think thas the day IT start. I don't never remember noting before that. I hot. He sucking my tittie. My eyes closed. I know he getting hard I can see wifout my eyes, I love him so much. So he on me. Then he reach over to Precious! Start wif his finger between her legs. I say Car what you doing! He say shut your big ass up! This is good for her. Then he git off me, take off her Pampers and try to stick his thing in Precious. You what trip me out is it almost can go in Precious! I think she some kinda freak baby then. I say stop Carl stop! I want him on me! I never wanted him to hurt her. I didn't want him doing anything to her. I wanted my man for myself. Sex me up, not my chile. So you cain't blame all that shit happen to Precious on me. I love Carl, I love him. He her daddy, but he was my man!