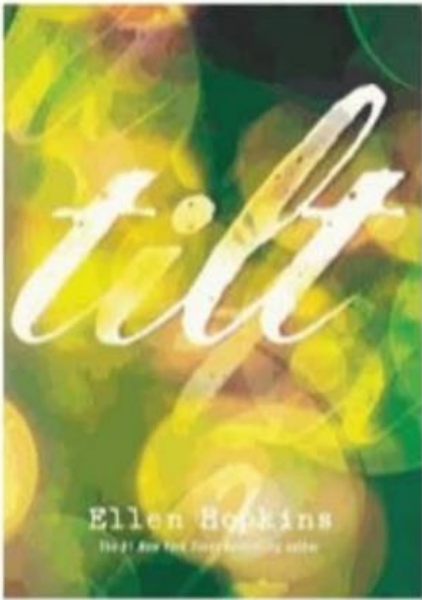


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Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. The book also contains sexual assault, underage drinking, illegal drug abuse, and profanity.

TILT

CITATIONS	
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20	...I hooked up with Dylan Douglas. ...so maybe part of that earth-sway had something to do with the downers, weed and cheap beer, a dizzying combo on an empty stomach.
21	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.
24	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.
27	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.

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	...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.
65	This is the perfect location to toke a fatty. I know he smokes weed, want to share. "This shit is stony." I torch the blunt, inhale deeply, and despite the dropped windows, skunk-flavored smoke envelops us.
69	I torch the blunt, take a deep drag, offer it to him once again, this time with knowledge.
71	But homo, hetero or somewhere in between, no should mean absolutely not, and never did I say okay to my stepfather's prick brother, Stu. I was ten when he came creeping. Claimed it was the way I shook my pretty ass. I might not have said anything about the bleeding or the chokehold welts around my neck—I wept over his promise to kill my sister if I told— but a blood test for mono turned up something we couldn't ignore. Stu passed on his HIV to his completely queer, but up-until-then-virgin step-nephew, me. And I didn't ask for it.
75	I like you just fine, only not with some selfish prick who is all about pleasing

	Can't wait to kiss these, too.		
29	Can't wait to get her all alone, pull her nakedness into me, silk skin slick against my own, eliciting the proper reaction. She smells like summer wildflowers, as if they were woven into her hair and crushed by the weight of our love. Tastes like strawberry pie, thick drizzles of whipped cream melting down over luscious ripe fruit. I could lick her all day.		
31	Not that I mind the perks— a regular supply of weed and the occasional snort.		
35	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.		
36	I finish off a fat blunt and am almost ready to finish myself off... ..."I would think that's obvious, Mom. I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action." She never even noticed! Her eyes go wide at Mr. Top drilling Mr. Bottom. God, Shame! She clicks the mouse and the screensaver pops up as she launches a rant about how am I paying for porn and pot and now she's onto Grandma's good china, which I remind her she never uses anyway.		
52	That's pretty much where you find yourself when your uncle is the cop who busts you at a party, stoned out of your head. ...And the only thing she said about my crooked clothes, smeared makeup and obvious sex perfume was to take a shower.		
53	He's everything, and all I can think about right now is how we made love that night. 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.		
75	I like sex just fine, only not with some selfish prick who is all about pleasing himself and not worried at all about satisfying his partner!		
82	Turns out, Ty walked in on Emily and Clay. Caught them mid-dirty. ...Meanwhile, until we get to Tyler's, I let my hand crawl up Dylan's thigh, all the way to the burgeoning bulge. Quit, he says. God, girl, don't you have any idea how much I've missed being with you? I'm desperate to show you. Just not here. Five minutes, okay? It takes three to reach Tyler's. Thirty seconds to get through the door, kissing each other like we've never done it before. The house smells like skunk. Green weed.		
83	I hear the canned moans that can only mean they're watching cable porn. ...Make yourselves at home, he says, patting the sofa beside him. Orgy? ...Mik and I would appreciate a little alone time, you know? Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents' room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay? ...Dylan pulls me through the door, and his kisses are filled with intent. "Wait," I say, going into the bathroom to get a big clean-looking towel. I put it over the pretty paisley spread and as we start taking off our clothes, it comes to me that we've barely said a dozen words to each other tonight. That's plenty for Dylan, who pulls me down on top of him ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. 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 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		

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	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.
90	I've smoked weed with him.
91	Went and called Lucas, who is an asshole, but his brother scores awesome weed.
93	That was a lot more fun than admitting Lucas is not really my friend and only consorts with me because of the money I give him for weed that he steals from his brother.
94	I got my weed, and it's my birthday, and in just a few hours, when I see Alex, this upside-down place I find myself in will right itself.
94	...the reason gay guys prefer girls for friends is because they're not hung up on dick size. (Well, not personal dick size, anyway.)
111	One thing God might prefer I do without is porn. ...Weirdly, after a while, porn actually gets kind of boring. Ditto jerking off.
126	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.
128	I was fourteen and he was twenty, and I understood his interest had nothing to do with romance. I also knew there was something not quite right about a guy that old wanting to get off with me. ...He was mostly hungry for ejaculation. ...Just those awful hands, grasping. Pushing. Pulling. Insisting, after I'd said no. He was bigger. I was quicker. One kick, well-placed, slowed him down long enough for me to run. After, I almost decided to try straight.
132	Of course I want to smoke. Weed is the only thing that will calm the churn in my gut. I share the blunt without hesitation.
132	And we're kissing again. And we're halfway to naked as we fall, tangled, on the bed. ...We lie on our sides, looking into each other's eyes as our hands begin slow, mutual exploration. There is no top, no bottom here. There is only the web of us. ...I don't have to think about what to do. Mouth. Tongue. Hands. Skin. All in perfect order. And now, there are fireworks. ...I blanket his body with mine. Tattoo him with pleasure. Lead him to the edge of the cliff, push him over, feel him fly, wings beating softly in the promise of this night.
360	Not in this shape—hair wind-mussed, eyes freaky wide, and smelling like weed and booze.
392	I really can't picture Mom naked and rubbing against some naked man.

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	...Lucas texts instructions. GET NAKED AND LIE DOWN ON YOUR BED. He gives me time to comply, and I have to admit I get a little thrill, thinking about what might come next. Soft October sunlight filters in through the window, spills across my skin, warming it just enough to let me stay uncovered. I keep my panties on. As far as he knows, I'm still on my period. PLAY WITH YOUR NIPPLE. GET IT HARD. I WANT A PIC. ...I wait for another text. It doesn't take long. BEAUTIFUL! THIS IS AWESOME. AND NOW I WANT ANOTHER ONE. TOUCH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHERE. LET ME SEE. He called me beautiful. That's a first. Am I beautiful? I look at the photo I sent him. ...Leaning back against my pillow, my stomach goes all the way flat, but my boobs don't. For sure they grew over the summer. I cup them gently, and they overflow the bowls of my hands. Wow. How did that happen? Suddenly, my cell buzzes. WELL? I'M WAITING. ...I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. 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. ...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.
442	I mean, I might be guilty of casual sex.
447	Head to the trailer, where my weed is stashed. I roll a big fatty, light it up and take a swig from the bottle. Whoa, Joe! Absinthe is strong, and it comes out my nose in a giant licorice-flavored spray. Licorice and skunk, a heady combination.
452	Oh, yeah, I do and I think maybe just one more little taste of wicked strong booze will help me become the Viagra poster boy instead of a weeping fool. ...I leave the bottle by the little sink, follow Alex back to the lumpy bed. Hungry. But not for food. Starving for his body. Famished for his love. We tangle together, and I am grateful that he takes control. I'm a wreck. But less of a wreck than I am without him.
455	He keeps touching me in places that I don't want him to touch, she explained. He doesn't understand "no." I wanted to tell her to lighten up. That getting touched in those places is actually not so bad. That she might even like it if she just gave it a chance. ...I'm setting Kurt and Chloe up. Pretty sure she won't mind him touching those places.

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460	We won't get drunk on a beer or two. She might not, but I'm feeling pretty buzzed. ...His hand drops down over my boob, and his fingers obviously play with my nipple and I'm worried that he thinks this beer means I'm going to have sex with him, right here, right now. ...The first thing he does is light up a pipe stuffed with pot. He passes it to me, and for a change I go ahead and take a small puff before handing it over the seat to Kurt. Chloe giggles and inhales a big drag. Good stuff, she says, trying not to blow any of it out. I don't know if it's good or not. But whether it's the weed or the beer or the combination, I am definitely woozy.
484	I pour a teacup full of bourbon. Think maybe I'll also borrow one of Mom's antidepressants. Whiskey and Prozac.
529	Lead her into the bedroom barely get her onto the bed when her lights snuff out. If I happened to be a gentleman, or maybe a little less drunk myself, the sight of her lying there, skirt pulled up over her thighs, panties teasing a major throbbing boner, would maybe not tempt me to take her this way. But she's a sweet little piece of virgin meat, and I've waited patiently. The first turn belongs to me, and this is a prime chance to take it. I climb up beside her, tug off the baby blue lace, fling it away. Her breath is hot and her skin is hot, and between her legs it is wet and hot and the resistance lasts only a moment.
550	Jager and downers make me feel great.
553	Booze and weed and onion-sweat stink.
561	Alex called Chris, who found Shane, unconscious in the travel trailer. It smelled like gas, but he had taken pills, too. Antidepressants, Jägermeister and carbon monoxide can be lethal all by themselves. Combine them. . . He shakes his head.
148	...Planned Parenthood. I have a checkup so I can get on a new pill.
159	"I love you," into his open mouth as I looked down into his eyes. I love you, as his tongue traced the outline of my lips. "I love you," and then we full-on kissed. Not gently. Not that time. I love you, and he circled me with his arms, drew me into the heat of his body and then the whispers built into cries of I love you. And we rocked against each other, into each other. "I love you." Wet with sweat and spit and spilled tears. Because we were defining "making love," and that's all that it was. Making love with each other and to each other. And at the pinnacle, his final I love you was a scream into the face of the night. Afterward, we lay there, knotted together.
191	"...That I watch porn and smoke weed..."
236	It doesn't really matter, except if I decide to have an abortion, it will have to be soon.
238	I scoot into his lap, straddle his legs. Can I reach him this way? I lock his eyes with mine. "Kiss me." He hesitates, and I see a flash of doubt, so I cover his mouth with mine, and there is nothing tentative about the way I move my body, eel-like, against his. God, I've missed this amazing rush! I lift my shirt over my head, wait for him to take his off, too. And we are skin against skin in the sage-scented night and I am overwhelmed

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	with love for him. He rolls me off him, onto my back, starts to unzip my shorts. ...Stop talking. You're messing up my concentration. He kisses me, softly at first, then harder. I kiss him back even harder. Slip out of my shorts, help him out of his, too. And now we are totally naked under a blush of summer stars. He kisses down the front of me, lifting goose bumps, even though the air is low oven hot. He lifts up over me, holding his weight with the strength of his arms. Rocks into me with a tenderness I didn't know he possessed. Time blurs a mist of making love.
300	This sweet little thing has a rockin' bod. And the best thing about it is, I'm betting it's virgin territory. She's pure as snowmelt, despite all the ass waving going on, and unmarked girls are a raging turn-on. Me and Kurt got two right here. Pretty, tight and looking for love, which we aren't exactly offering. But they don't know that. The game now is to see how easy we can make them, how far they'll let us take them on promises meant to be broken. Such potential is hard to find.
302	...they were all getting buzzed on some excellent weed and when the blunt came around to me, what could I do but take it?
329	It's like I totally missed how some girls walk their fingers up their boyfriends' thighs, all the way to where they must be touching very personal body parts, or how that makes those guys kiss them—not romantically, but more kind of crazy. It's hot!

Profanity	Count
Bitch	12
Fuck	26
Piss	17
Shit	23