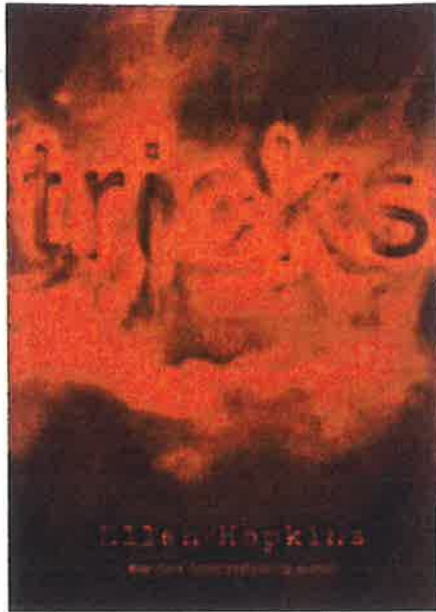


From the Desk of  
Sen. Daniel Bonham

March 31, 2025

# TRICKS



*Young Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains numerous sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. There are also excerpts containing explicit child rape and abuse; illegal drug use; violence; underage alcohol consumption; and prostitution of adults and minors.

**OBJECTION RATING**

**5/5**

# CITATIONS

Page	Content
9	...Why would God need a [REDACTED] anyway?
33	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 [REDACTED], all the way to the place [REDACTED] the one I had never asked for. ...In the heat of the moment [REDACTED] especially when Janet touched me, dropped onto her [REDACTED] lowered my [REDACTED] started to do what I never suspected she knew how to do. Yes...
53	...considering how buzzed we got. Okay, it wasn't the first time I'd smoked weed, but I'd rarely smoked myself so close to outer space before.
55	We were making out [REDACTED] He started to u [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I let him. And when he [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] I was ready to shed that final thin barrier, allow him access to the most [REDACTED] [REDACTED]..
59	Too much booze. Too many smokes. Way too many pills. Speed. Downers. Everything in between.
63	"...then all they're after is free booze and an easy lay."
80	Let alone given me an up-close view of those [REDACTED]. Something twitches behind my zipper. Glad I'm standing behind the counter. ...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the [REDACTED] I can't quit staring at. ...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again.
82	Ronnie dips even lower, giving me a quick [REDACTED] shot before drawing back and straightening. ...Thinking with my [REDACTED] That's for sure. So what is Ronnie thinking with? That makes the [REDACTED] in question think even harder.
84	I have to admit I have thought about [REDACTED] her more than once, while taking solo care of a [REDACTED]. Oh yeah, the big M. I probably do it more than I should, and Ronnie is definite [REDACTED] bait, at least when I'm left to my own imagination instead of Internet [REDACTED]. Viva la webcams!
89	...we've def gotten high together. This guy I work with scores really good bud... "So what do you think about the smoke?" ...It's awesome. Then she reaches over, touches my leg. Tonight

	will be fun. Thanks for taking me. Her hand strokes my thigh gently.
101	"And I want to make love with you soon." My body aches with wanting that very thing.
105	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 [REDACTED] move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 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. I Turn on the Light Go to the computer, try to avoid looking at the Calvary screen saver. Jesus, hanging on the cross, staring down at his poor crying mother. Mama downloaded that, no doubt specifically to deter the kind of Internet exploration I have in mind...
118	Sex that is more than [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was the bulk of my sexual experience. There were a few short chapters of "touch here, I'll touch you there" in my very slim book of adolescent [REDACTED] escapades, but nothing more.
139	Wonder how hot his monkey is.
148	Guess he has [REDACTED] buddies, though.
164	...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones...
166	We Had [REDACTED] The very first night we went out together...
168	But he is a partier. Drinks like no serious athlete should... ...Vince and I Have Shared A bottle or two, a fistful of doobs, pipes and pipes and pipes. Tonight, we'll pass around all three at his regular Friday poker game. ...Suppose it could be because I'm usually the one supplying the weed. ...Booze isn't his only bad habit, though. Pot. Pills. [REDACTED] Probably other stuff...
172	I swear I never had a clue she had made friends with the pipe. Best thing about it is what a [REDACTED] she turns into when she's smoking. Boo frigging yah! Whatever I want.
175	Except this time he smells like cheap brew. Thirteen! How did he even get hold of the stuff? Ripped it off, no doubt.
176	The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table.

177	You brought some of that good green, didn't you? ...Six of us belly up to the table, and I light a big fat one.
179	My head is Tilt-A-Whirling with substance abuse...
196	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 [REDACTED] lays me [REDACTED]. 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.
203	Looking for a threesome?
224	What's in the Baggie Is a half-dollar-sized chunk of something yellowish white. It sparkles in the sunlight. Lucas slices off a thin section and tells me, [REDACTED] clean as you can find anywhere. My brother knows the importer. Wait until you try it. ...Weed is one thing. [REDACTED] is another.
225	You've done coke before, right? No? Oh, baby, you're gonna love it. You're totally gonna fly. Don't worry. He grins like a leprechaun. You're safe flying with me. Mostly anyway. I Watch Lucas Suck two long, thin, sparkly yellowish lines up his nose. Then he hands the picture to me. Not too hard or you'll sneeze. I inhale gently, one line up the right nostril, the other up the left. Immediately, both sides of my nose go cold and numb. Now, just like that, my heart is racing and the hairs on my arms rise, sending little chills throughout my entire body. OMG. No wonder people like this drug. I look at Lucas, who's watching me carefully. "More, please." He laughs. Careful now. A little of this goes a long way. But he indulges me, and himself, with two more. Every nerve jumps to attention. I can't feel my mouth or nose, but other parts of my body are begging to be touched. Lucas indulges them, too, with his hands and his mouth. I love how he kisses, love how his fingers move over my body. Everything is [REDACTED]. Everything is [REDACTED]. No, [REDACTED]. No, [REDACTED]. I've never felt so alive. ...But I don't want [REDACTED] on the couch. "Let's [REDACTED] okay?" I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall...

...Then he lays me gently on the bed, [REDACTED]. 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 [REDACTED] 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.

235 ...another of Iris's [REDACTED] lays, one I can't forget. I do my best never to think of him, what he did. Try never to remember that place in my childhood, but sometimes it pops into view despite all my efforts to keep it hidden. I was almost ten...  
...Iris worked at a caphouse, making money her usual way, only without walking the streets. Walt was a miner, and though he was a regular paying customer at Mimi's, he had an appetite for younger meat. Iris was younger then too, but even at twenty-six, she was way too old for Walt. Still, he paid for her...  
I remember how he touched Iris, and how she didn't care that her kids could see. I remember his Marlboro breath falling all down around me when he said, Let me show you something. On Another Day It wouldn't have happened, couldn't have happened. Too many witnesses around. But for some odd reason, that particular afternoon, Iris had taken the other kids to play in the park.  
...But it wasn't more than ten minutes before Walt came through the door. He didn't ask where Iris was, or why the house was so quiet. He didn't say one word. I opened a can of refried beans, spooned them into a pot. I had no real reason to be afraid. So why did my hands shake? I kept my back to him but could feel his eyes, carving into me. Finally, he started toward the living room. Bring me a beer, sweets.  
...he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called from Iris's room. He was [REDACTED]. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that.  
...He grabbed my hand [REDACTED].  
Let me show you something.  
I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] (Thank God it didn't take long), he rolled off me with a grunt. Reached for his beer. Slammed it. Ripped and pried, swallowed up by the shame of what that meant, I crawled into the bathroom to scrub away the evidence.

	<p>...Not when he followed me, stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too.</p> <p>...I knew he would come back for Mary Ann. She was only eight. If he did this to her, she'd die for sure. It had almost killed me.</p>
250	<p>A little bouillon (takes care of the protein requirement, right?) watered down with vodka. And for dessert, stiff megashots of gin. Hey, someone besides Cory should drink it.</p>
251	<p>So Cory Drinks Way too much.</p> <p>...But how can I say anything when I drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. drink? And more. I smoke. Snort.</p> <p>When Cory and I finish off Jack's dwindling booze stash, scoring more won't be a problem. Vinnie will happily buy. At least as long as I keep bringing bud to the Friday night games.</p>
263	<p>...Cory's giant sobs fill the front seat with booze-infused exhales.</p>
266	<p>We have learned a lot about each other. How to touch. Where to kiss.</p> <p>I have taught him as much as he has taught me, all through mutual experimentation. ██████████ that's us.</p> <p>...we don't have to have ████████ every time we see each other, do we?</p>
277	<p>Her voice drips icicles. I believe you're confusing love and desire. Do you really think that man is in love with you? What he wants... Once again, her eyes travel over me, trying to look ██████████ to the sin she intuits beneath them. He wants your innocence. I will not let you succumb to temptation. She is past Papa, hands moving toward me. They fall. I don't dare try to defend myself. I've been here before. Tears sting my eyes. From the pain of her blows. And from the heartbreak tomorrow holds.</p> <p>...Face bruised, eyes swollen almost shut from crying, no way can I go</p>
280	<p>Let me see what she did. His hands are kind as they soothe the bruises...</p> <p>...How could anyone do something like that to their child? he demands.</p>
292	<p>What's calling is a stiff shot of good old' Kentucky bourbon.</p>
299	<p>A gulp of bourbon clears it, raises a nice, warm buzz.</p>
300	<p>Four courses of French cuisine and two bottles of wine later, my stomach is churning with rich food, my head buzzing with alcohol.</p>
310	<p>"Let's go find the alcohol." I don't wait for Paige's response, just push through the crowd, into the house.</p> <p>...I work my way through the human knot, stopping twice to take a hit off lit blunts. By the time I reach he kitchen, I've got a nice little pot buzz going on, something to mellow the fog of anger.</p>

313 First I Pour A hefty shot (okay, more like four) of Cuervo Gold.  
No need to bother with salt or limes, no worries about tequila  
burn going down. It feels good.

315 I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin,  
and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin  
really isn't very good.  
...you!..."  
...One more gulp and I repeat, you!"

323 "Get the away from me."  
...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris  
didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap  
around me, and his rough hands go straight to my I try to  
knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it  
rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra  
charge.  
The words burn into my ear. "What? What the did you  
say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to  
face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth  
to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge. Already paid  
two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well  
make it very good.  
He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips  
me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his  
zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it  
sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead.  
Useless to fight.  
Humiliating me in every possible way,  
right here on the kitchen floor.

The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying  
to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe  
someone will come through the door to save me. And then,  
despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud.  
Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with  
you.

I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all  
too obvious: Iris. My mother  
And as he something else suddenly becomes crystal clear. This day was  
exactly like that other day. If this guy paid Iris, so did Walt  
When He's Gone I use wet paper towels to clean the mess on  
the linoleum. Under the sink, I find the Pine-Sol, carry it to the  
shower. It stings, which means it's working  
away all evidence of this afternoon. On  
TV, they want you to call the cops. Tell. But what do say? "Hey.  
My mom took money to let some guy me." Who'd believe  
that? I go to my room, stuff clothes into my backpack.

327 Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than

335 ... Alex and me in back, sipping rum from a water bottle...

340 Ronnie rises on her tiptoes, lifts her slick, honey-sweet lips to meet mine. It's the sweetest kiss ever, but it soon becomes more. I lock the door, guide her to my bed, and for maybe the very first time, [REDACTED] is more than [REDACTED]. This time, [REDACTED] feels like love.

...She [REDACTED] seductively, the rise and fall of her body like salty waves beneath my own.

Another first, this time no faking climbing higher and higher, until she [REDACTED] with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction.

342 I've never had a girl in here. He probably thinks I'm taking care of business, solo.

...I kiss Ronnie's face, her neck, lick the shimmer of sweat from the [REDACTED] between her [REDACTED]. She sighs, and that makes me want more.

345 The three of us get drunk together...

348 A big, fat joint is calling my name.

...Bud and Booze May not exactly cure what ails ya, but partner 'em up and they'll definitely make you forget it for a while.

350 The Pot Buzz Should make me feel better, but all it does is combine with the alcohol to make loneliness hit like a freight train.

360 He creeps toward me, baiting, pallid tongue circling his mouth suggestively. Because I like you. He puts a berry to my lips. And because you're beautiful. Instinctively I suck the fruit onto my tongue, crush it against the roof of my mouth, go weak at the intense rush of pleasure. "Thank you." It comes out a whisper. "I promise not to tell."

Jerome Isn't Quite Finished He takes my hand, caresses it gently before placing the other two berries on my palm. If you're really good at keeping secrets...His eyes bore into mine. Something feral pacing there. We could have a little fun. If you be good to me, I'll be really good to you. Strawberries are just the beginning. Cheese. Meat. Chocolate. Maybe even some shampoo to use instead of that vile soap. He touches my hair. I bet it's pretty when it's clean.

...And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my [REDACTED] I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain.

...I go as far as to let him [REDACTED] beneath my

[REDACTED] Now he kisses down my [REDACTED] to the [REDACTED] he has just exposed. Drawn tight up against him, I feel him [REDACTED] against my [REDACTED]. Now it's he who shakes. Shivers with hunger, and just like that, I am in control. I push him away, but tenderly, like a mother convincing the infant at her [REDACTED] that he's had enough.

I make my voice light. "That's all you get for three strawberries."



	<p>He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become.</p> <p>...What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner [REDACTED]"</p> <p>Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?"</p> <p>The Door Locks Behind Jerome, who promised to see what I can do about Cherry Garcia.</p>
376	<p>Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor.</p> <p>...there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine.</p>
377	<p>...now it's Miller time! I reach into the fridge, find a frosty can, pop the top, take a long swallow.</p>
401	<p>Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me.</p> <p>...I do have some Valium, if you're a little nervous. In there. He points at the center console. Valium? Why not? "I'm not exactly nervous. But a good buzz never hurt anyone, right?" I pop one, wait for it to kick in, watching the ocean's heave. By the time we reach Bryn's chosen location, I'm feeling pretty darn fine.</p>
402	<p>He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my [REDACTED]. My [REDACTED] go [REDACTED] immediately.</p> <p>Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he [REDACTED] me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after.</p> <p>...When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket.</p> <p>...Bryn's free hand begins a slow [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED]</p> <p>... "[REDACTED] to me."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "[REDACTED]" I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that okay?"</p> <p>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.</p>
411	<p>See, for a while Lydia worked as a [REDACTED] in a fairly nice club near the Stratosphere. I made pretty good money. Most of it</p>

	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.
413	Okay, here's the deal. Both of you are pretty girls. Great bods, with that fresh look guys (especially old ones) appreciate. You could make boatloads taking off your clothes. The clubs are careful about underage girls, but work for me, no one will check your IDs.
414	The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, [redacted] to [redacted] on [redacted] skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching [redacted] we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to [redacted] It's like they are [redacted] for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see.
415	Sooner or later, Lydia said, you'll have to deal with a jerk who won't want to hear "no touching allowed," if you decide to stick to that. With two of you, you've got a fighting chance, or at the very least, a witness. ...Our two-for-one fee is three hundred an hour (a bargain!) plus tips for straight dancing. Private lap dances are twenty dollars per song. Girl-on-girl action adds another hundred to the tab.
416	As for the actual [redacted] Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I'm a better dancer than Alex. Her [redacted] are bigger, though, and really beautiful.
418	And when there's a crowd in the room, the [redacted] mostly stay hidden.
419	We decline and he escorts us inside, where a half dozen guys are ogling cable [redacted]
420	How much for [redacted] ...We don't do [redacted] except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred.
422	I glance at Alex, who nods, meaning she'll do it for him. She knows I never could. After a little girl-on-girl rubbing, she goes to take care of it. He sits very still in his chair, staring as she strips free of her [redacted] Suddenly his hands are all over her. "Hey. Cut it out. Absolutely no touching allowed." ...Okay, man, we're out of here. She tries, but the creep snakes his arms around her [redacted] squeezes like a hungry boa constrictor. All I want is a [redacted] Give it to me, I'll let you go. You, over there, play with yourself. So much for control. Good thing it doesn't take long He finishes with a loud, Aaaagh!

424	Later, After Several Shots Of whiskey (Lydia buys it for us, as long as we drink it post-business only),
442	Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white [REDACTED] over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he [REDACTED] Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. [REDACTED] A kiss means love.
444	But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you [REDACTED] Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use [REDACTED] too? Like this. ...You [REDACTED] I like the taste of blood.
449	Make the best of it... Guys like [REDACTED] too. ...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant [REDACTED] Tonight that means letting him call me [REDACTED] as he sits on my lap and [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] Mommy. The [REDACTED] is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual.
451	I roll on top of him, look up into his eyes. "What if we..." Soft kiss. "Never mind." He shivers. Is much too easy. I feel almost evil when he whispers, What? almost evil when he whispers, What? Together." ...I lean forward, cup my [REDACTED] them over his [REDACTED] ...I rock back gently, [REDACTED] "I'd be all yours and take such good care of you." The second time takes longer, but when he's finally done, he says, I'll think about it.
458	He lifts my arms, pulls my [REDACTED] up over my [REDACTED] I'm in need of your special brand of lovin'. Help me special brand of lovin'. Help me As He Pokes And pinches, I concentrate on ways to not reach Salt Lake City.
471	they ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. [REDACTED] Every now and then, you come across married guys who want to meet for real, with or without their wives, usually the former. Cheap thrill seekers. I haven't played in the flesh, but I don't mind getting someone off telling dirty stories. There's a certain sick kind of power in that.
483	It's a dope-sized plastic bag with some brown substance inside. "What's that?" But I suspect his response: Smack. One of the girls turned me on to a little. Thought you might like to share a taste. Heroin. I've never even thought about trying it. "I don't know.... That [REDACTED] is scary as [REDACTED]" Way past meth, which is scary enough.

little extra cash, you know? She took a big drag.  
...You interested in a little paid action? I can introduce you to Lydia if you want.  
...for money. I still hadn't considered the possibility of it meaning having with men

520 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. Stealing pills. I suck.  
...Twenty bucks for a backseat  
...if someone would have told me two months ago I'd be selling myself to men, I'd have said they were. Necessity is a  
And if they would have said I might even like it, I'd have kicked their

524 You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a. It's not the first time I've had the request. I'd kill for the extra cash, but I'm not taking a chance on AIDS "Sorry. No can do. Cover up, I'll take care of you." I pull my T-shirt over my head, watch him strip off his jeans. His is his hips straight. Beautiful. Stop it! What's wrong with me? He's down to his skivvies. I should have charged more. He's built like bull. "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 me to my, comes in My heart thuds in my chest. I open the foil pouch, remove the thing. You ever seen a like Dan's? I shake my head as I roll the down over it. No, of course you haven't. Let's see just how good you are. I close my eyes, at the taste of lubricant, not to choke on his against my  
...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 likes that. He reaches down between Look how he is. No! How could something so messed up? Whatever he does, I won't...His the back of my. He pushes me toward the bed, urges me The sheets smell of bleach.  
... Oh my. What a 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. I brace and he pauses. Do you think it will hurt? Let's see.  
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-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 [REDACTED] 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.

548 Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: [REDACTED] for a very long walk to Vegas.

563 Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. [REDACTED] Ugh. Tequila. I push him away. "Wait just one [REDACTED] second...." I step back, look at Carl...  
...No need to be rude to our guest. He's here by invitation. Understand? "Invi--" Carl wants me to be with this creep? What happened to our "exclusive relationship"? "No. I don't understand."  
...He pushes me, and not gently, toward Brett. Now apologize to my friend as I hope you would apologize to me. He Does Not Mean With words. And he doesn't exactly mean solo. They move in unison, and I am [REDACTED] between them, Carl [REDACTED] while Brett dares kiss me again. I hold my breath against the assault of gin at my back, tequila in my face. A strange tongue in my mouth. Now Brett rests his chin on my shoulder, [REDACTED] It's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by [REDACTED] Behind me and in front of me, [REDACTED] and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner. I Have Never Considered [REDACTED] How would...? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that.  
...My rule: [REDACTED] He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, [REDACTED] like mating hooded serpents. We're playing by my rules, remember? But don't worry. I only expect you to give. For now. From somewhere, he extracts a [REDACTED] hands it to me, keys to the kingdom. Don't rush, he orders, and don't you dare close your eyes. I want to see how much you like it. He moves in front of me, [REDACTED] pushes him onto his [REDACTED] Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, [REDACTED] himself [REDACTED] from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, [REDACTED] Carl's hands cover mine [REDACTED] Oh my God! I am damned. But I don't stop and I don't rush. Carl's eyes never once leave mine. Finally I beg his permission. "Now? Please?" He nods and I do. We all do.

569 Sometimes he comes, rewards them like he rewards me, with junk and [REDACTED] Sometimes other men come. That [REDACTED] is never beautiful. It is selfish. Needful. Fueled by sick desire to [REDACTED] Get even. Get over someone who has hurt them by symbolically impaling someone else. So Bryn's zombie girls stay

stoned. Out of our heads messed up. Eyes closed, we can be anywhere.

571 Poor baby. Don't worry. [REDACTED] has presents for his beautiful little girl. He comes over, sits beside me. Pulls a dime bag from his pocket like it's made of gold. Clean rigs, too. Let [REDACTED] fix it for you. He cooks up a perfect spoon, loads it, plunges it between my toes. Bryn gives me wings. The sting is luscious, the awful rush all I need. No, not all. I need Bryn. And he's here, all mine right now. His lap is warm, inviting. I climb into it, slip my arms around his neck. Thank you. Better now. Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, Oh, so much better. Soaring. Up here in the clouds, the air is dry. I kiss him, [REDACTED] seeking moisture. It curls over my own tongue, sensuous as smoke. Time slows. ...Want him to take me higher. [REDACTED] as it was meant to be, as only Bryn can ever give it to me. "Make love to me." He [REDACTED]. My head spins, dizzy with anticipation. My brain screams, kiss me! Kiss all those special places, just like you used to. I know he will, but... But what? Why is he stopping? He reaches into a back pocket. What is that? A [REDACTED]. No. We don't need that. ...Finally he says, Never know what kind of gift one of your customers might have left. What? My face flushes, hot from the skag, hotter still with an overdose of anger. Always, with no exceptions, "My customers use [REDACTED]." I Try to Push Him Away But even if I were perfectly straight, my stick-figure body would be no match for his toned physique. And I'm not straight. My vision is blurred, like looking through a fishbowl, and my muscles feel like steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest steel cables--much too heavy to drag around. And the weirdest vanishes. So [REDACTED], he can screw me, if that's all it means to him. He boosts himself up over me. ...That's it, he soothes. No need to waste a perfectly good [REDACTED]. I close my eyes.

576 Stay a while, watching pole dancers and cocktail waitresses, shaking their [REDACTED] for tips [REDACTED] Some [REDACTED]

580 I Swear Until This Moment I never even noticed his hand creeping up my leg, ever closer to [REDACTED] ...I give the guy a [REDACTED] before pushing his hand away. "Oh, I for sure know how to have fun." Game on. ...All I can think about is a syringe full of magic. How fast can [REDACTED] ...Cost? You want me to pay for it? He pushes [REDACTED] I don't pay for [REDACTED] Even if I did, I wouldn't pay for you, you junkie [REDACTED] He is all predator now, and on me. Scream! But his hand is already over my mouth. I shake my head, look into his eyes. This wolf has mayhem on his mind. He takes me down. So okay. Give

it to him. I go limp. No! he screams. Fight, you [REDACTED]  
Fight, or I'll kill you. No fight left in me. [REDACTED] me. Kill me. Don't  
care. He wants both. His [REDACTED] stabs me, his hands lock around  
my throat. Air. No air. Black...Air! My lungs grab it suddenly. I  
float up into gray light, roll onto my side, vomit. Only nothing  
comes out. Noise. Someone's screaming. Get the [REDACTED] out of  
here, you son of a [REDACTED]

596 Since the revelation about Iris sicking her snarling dogs on me,  
other faces--other mutts--materialize when I least want to  
recognize them, often just as I sink into an alcohol-fueled  
stupor, praying it will let me sleep, dreamless. I was so young  
the first time, I didn't know what it meant, only that nothing had  
ever hurt so bad. Walt tore me up and I bled and bled and when  
I screamed, nobody came. And he laughed. That's it, little baby.  
Scream for your [REDACTED] Only he wasn't my [REDACTED] at all. My  
daddy was a brave soldier, fighting far away. Iris told me so. I  
still believed the stuff she told me then. When I told her about  
the man, not my daddy, she said, He was only making you into a  
real girl. I didn't understand. But I made myself believe her. I  
was a real girl now. But what was I before?  
Walt Was the First There were others. Nameless. Faceless. I  
figured out how to close off my brain when they did it to me, to  
withdraw into a dark little room inside my head, where I  
couldn't see them. Couldn't smell their sweat, their stagnant  
breath. Couldn't taste the tobacco coating their tongues, or the  
beer tainting the spit they left in my mouth. Couldn't feel what  
was [REDACTED]. But now they revisit me. Is it  
because of what I'm doing?

600 [REDACTED] screwed me, then robbed me.

611 We both have a date with some [REDACTED] but-of-  
townner. Three-ways aren't quite so bad. Misty isn't the brightest  
girl. But she's got a killer body to focus on. It's okay to be turned  
on by that. The evening's little snort party will help me out too.

616 I do, find her already mostly [REDACTED] The guy, who's a totally  
forgettable middle-aged nothing, is completely [REDACTED]  
...The dude, who isn't much down there either, despite it being  
at full mast, turns his attention away from Misty, focuses on me.  
What are you waiting for? Time is money, you know. Like it's  
going to take him much time at all. But whatever. It is his  
money. And less time is better. Misty distracts him with her  
[REDACTED] and I start to pull my T-shirt over my head  
Suddenly the door explodes behind me. What the...?  
Something--bear or bulldozer--knocks me face forward to the  
floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. knocks me face forward  
to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. yells, What the  
[REDACTED], as my right kidney takes two massive punches. My shirt is  
still over my head and I can't see a damn thing as I fight for air.

But I hear crack-crack-crack. And the room goes silent, except for strained breathing, right above me..

...You [REDACTED] It is Chris's voice. You promised... no more... you said... and you... he means me. aid... and you... he means me. my God. Is he going to kill me?

...Snap! Lightning? White-hot. Electric. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Shattering. My back. Pieces. Bone. Suck air.

621 I've managed four or five showers, when the man of the hour wanted a motel room. More often, it's the seat of his car. Quick and easy, five minutes or less. No emotion.

623 "...I mean except to tell me to [REDACTED], or..."

640 "I was just hoping maybe you had a little something in your pocket." I run my knee up over his [REDACTED]. "Something besides that, I mean, and something to take me down."

...He wants to [REDACTED] not an easy thing, high on meth. I hate doing guys on meth. Takes too long. But hey, this was my deal.

...You wanna pay for one and [REDACTED] for one, or what? We start to walk.

...You never seen black tar? Baby, it's the best. Believe me, those boys in Mexico know their [REDACTED]. Now come over here. Take a taste of this.

...Never tried it, but guess I'm gonna. Ol' Lorenzo gets a [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] doesn't take as long as I thought.

652 How much to do the two of you?

..."Three hundred for all you can eat." Right on. Bermuda reaches into his back pocket.