

TRICKS



Adult

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Summary of Concerns:

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

5 / 5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	...Why would God need a pecker, anyway?
29	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...
48	...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.
50	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,...
53	Too much booze. Too many smokes. Way too many pills. Speed. Downers. Everything in between.
58	"...then all they're after is free booze and an easy lay."
74	Let alone given me an up-close view of those tasty-looking tits. Something twitches behind my zipper. Glad I'm standing behind the counter. ...Ronnie takes a deep breath, rounding the mounds I can't quit staring at. ...Only one thing was really good between us.... That twitch again.
75	Ronnie dips even lower, giving me a quick nipple shot before drawing back and straightening. ...Thinking with my dick. That's for sure. So what is Ronnie thinking with? That makes the dick in question think even harder.
76	We can keep the refreshments in my car. And as for dessert...Stop that!
77	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!
83	By the Time we reach Frozen75, we've def gotten high together. This guy I work with scores really good bud, and he's not above dealing a little to me. "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.
93	"And I want to make love with you soon." My body aches with wanting that very thing.
97	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.

Page	Content
	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. 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
108	Sex that is more than mutual masturbation. ...individual masturbation 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 sexual escapades, but nothing more.
110	Who's on top and who's not means nothing when you aren't completely positive that you belong in either position. But that night, one kiss and need struck with enough force to erase all doubt, all hesitation. I didn't wait for Loren to say it was okay, didn't ask him to show me what to do. Pure animal instinct led me just where I wanted to go. It wasn't tender. ..."But I want to do it again." It was a long few minutes before I could. Wasn't pretty. It was a raw, naked joining, energized from years of dreaming about what it could be like, or should be like. I gave, he took, and when it was over, like Adam, I shook at the forbidden taste of new awareness.
139	Wonder how hot his monkey is.
128	Guess he has fuck buddies, though.
137	Besides, maybe Iris would stop tricking for the right guy.
150	...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones...
150	...I thought she'd shit on the spot. We were sitting together (okay, like glued together, front to front, Ronnie in my lap) on the grass at school. ...I'm not sure if she was talking to Ronnie or me, but Ronnie jumped right down her throat. What does it look like we're doing, Alyssa? Having tea?
151	We Had Sex The very first night we went out together... Pissed off a bunch of people...
153	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. Crack. Probably other stuf...
155	Fucking meds. ...Talk about jumpy. Freakin crack is famous for that.
156	I have to be careful not to let my own toking get so out of hand. I swear I never had a clue she had made friends with the pipe. Best thing about it is what a little horndog she turns into when she's smoking. Boo frigging yah! Whatever I want.
159	Except this time he smells like cheap brew. Thirteen! How did he even get hold of the stuff? Ripped it off, no doubt.

Page	Content
161	The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table.
161	You brought some of that good green, didn't you? As I suspected, the key to my invite. ...Six of us belly up to the table, and I light a big fat one.
163	My head is Tilt-A-Whirling with substance abuse, but more because of finishing off the evening as a winner. I won at poker. And I'm about to win at something even better. Ronnie comes to the glass, opens it, lets me inside. Her room smells of roses, and she has nothing on but a thigh-length shirt. She puts a finger to her lips, but there's no need for words once we fall together into her bed. Night slips away.
178	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 that I would have picked as his without analyzing. It has a big feather bed, with massive quilts and pillows I have to fall into. With Andrew. ...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, and sheer exhilaration-- like standing on the very edge of a cliff, with the wind in your face--replaces it. He likes my body, and I love his, and there are only a few seconds of pai, before waves of pleasure. Wave after swelling wave of everything right. Wave after wave of love.
186	Hetero couples wander the sidewalks. Looking for a threesome?
187	Then it all became about sex. More sex. Better sex. Unusual sex. Like most couples, I guess.
196	The price tag is regular sex.
206	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, Cocaine, clean as you can find anywhere. My brother knows the importer. Wait until you try it. ...Weed is one thing. Cocaine is another.
206	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 hard. Everything is warm. No, cold. No,

Page	Content
	warm. I've never felt so alive. Never felt so in love. I glance at the clock. Not even one. We have plenty of time. But I don't want to do it here on the couch. "Let's go to my bedroom, okay?" I Don't Have to Ask Twice Lucas scoops me up into his toned arms, carries me down the hall, like a groom clutching his bride. The thought makes me blush, and I have no clue why. I rest my head against his chest for the entire ten-second journey. 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. And then, it's just over. Still Buzzed And yet also drained, we lie together for a while. I don't know if it was good for Lucas or not. I want to ask, but I don't want to ask because if I do and he says no, it will leave a scar. I don't even know if it was good for me, because I'm not sure what "good sex" is. Your first time probably isn't so good, right?
212	And you might want to wash your sheets. You're not on your period, are you? "No, not for..." Now I notice how the front of him is splashed red, and the crimson stain flowering on my bed. My face burns. "It's not my period." How could he not know that the first time can make a girl bleed? Or did he maybe not believe...?
216	...another of Iris's badass 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 o keep it hidden. I was almost ten, and we lived in Pahrump, the butthole of Nevada. Iris worked at a cathouse, 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, then he followed her home. She let him move in for a while. I remember his sour sweat, coming in after working backhoe. 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. You stay and start dinner, she said. We won't be gone very long. I didn't mind. I was too old for swings, and I've always liked spending time by myself. 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. I dug one from the fridge. But he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called

Page	Content
	from Iris's room. He was already out of his jeans. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that. Still, I took him the beer, holding my breath against his stench. He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him. Let me show you something. I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. He choked my cries. When He Finished (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. Not that I'd dare tell anyone Not when he followed me, stood in the doorway, watchin me, finally said, Tell a soul, I'll do your sister too. He knew that was a bigger threat than saying he'd hurt Iris or some other TV kind of shit. Because 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. I'll probably always link sex with pain.
222	Not Sure If Harry is tuned in to how Iris earns her booze and pill money.
224	"Yeah, well, least I'm not a whore! Wait. 'Whore' is too good a word for you and what you do. 'Hooker' works much better."
227	There is no more, no "let's have sex," which leaves me both content and confused. I think you need a drink, she says.
230	Only booze goes down and stays.
231	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.
232	Like staying alive just one more fucking day. So Cory Drinks Way too much. Pickling his brain, and much too young to end up relish. But how can I say anything when I drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. drink? And more. I smoke. Snort. 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.
246	We have learned a lot about each other. How to touch. Where to kiss. I have taught him as much as he has taught me, all through mutual experimentation. Mad sex scientists, that's us. There have been clumsy moments, yes. But they are rare. Few. The worst was when it suddenly came to us that, swept downstream by a flood of desire we hadn't used protection the first time. But either I'm sterile or the timing was right, because three days later I started my period. ...we don't have to have sex every time we see each other, do we?
255	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 under my clothes 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

Page	Content
	sting my eyes. From the pain of her blows. And from the heartbreak tomorrow holds. ...Face bruised, eyes swollen almost shut from crying, no way can I go
257	Let me see what she did. His hands are kind as they soothe the bruises... ...How could anyone do something like that to their child? he demands.
268	What's calling is a stiff shot of good old' Kentucky bourbon. Maybe Loren left a little behind.
273	The first drink is on me. What's your pleasure?
275	A gulp of bourbon clears it, raises a nice, warm buzz.
277	Four courses of French cuisine and two bottles of wine later, my stomach is churning with rich food, my head buzzing with alcohol.
287	"Let's go find the alcohol." I don't wait for Paige's response, just push through the crowd, into the house. ...I work my way through the human knot, stopping twice to take a hit off lit blunts. By the time I reach the kitchen, I've got a nice little pot buzz going on, something to mellow the fog of anger.
290	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.
291	I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin, and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin sex really isn't very good. ..."F-fuck you!..." ...One more gulp and I repeat, "Fuck you!"
299	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 boobs. 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. ...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. ...He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In me humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. ...I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting something else suddenly becomes crystal clear. This day was exactly like that other day. If this guy paid Iris, so did Walt.

Page	Content
	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. I scrub my body over and over, washing away all the evidence of this afternoon. ...On TV, they want you to call the cops. Tell. But what do I say? "Hey. My mom took money to let some guy rape me."
303	They'll be home soon. Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than rape. Fuck!
310	... Alex and me in back, sipping rum from a water bottle...
314	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, sex is more than getting off. This time, sex feels like love. ...She undulates 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 finishes with an amazing gush and tears of satisfaction. I love you, too, she exhales softly. We lie, tangled together, unmoving, unspeaking. And we both know this is what sex should be.
316	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 deep fold between her breasts. She sighs, and that makes me want more.
319	The three of us get drunk together...
321	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.
324	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.
332	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. I bet it smells like rain. Here now. What did I say? Don't cry. ...Pain throbs. No, not pain, not even agony. Something there is no word for. Something I can't fight. Can't fight. Can't. All I can think to do is say, "S-sorry." My head spins. My legs go numb. Jerome catches me as I collapse, and my tears soak into his bleached white shirt. Okay, baby, he soothes. Go ahead and cry. I should jerk away, out of his arms, but his gentle rock cradles my loneliness. There is nurturing here, and it comes to me, with a whoosh like sudden wind, that there just might be a way out after all. And that way could very well begin and end with Jerome.

Page	Content
	So When He Kisses The top of my head, I stay perfectly still against him. And when his hands begin a slow journey over the landscape of my body, I grit my teeth. Do not protest. Will not complain. Forgive me, Andrew. Please understand. It's my only way back to you. But I won't give him everything. I go as far as to let him open my blouse, touch beneath my bra. Now he kisses down my neck, to the skin he has just exposed. Drawn tight up against him, I feel him grown hard against my thigh. 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 breast that he's had enough. I make my voice light. "That's all you get for three strawberries." He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become. Fair enough. Father would probably miss me now anyway. Just one question...He helps himself to a final taste. What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner whore" Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?" The Door Locks Behind Jerome, who promised to see what I can do about Cherry Garcia. Dirtied, I drop to the floor, tuck my back into a corner, as if walls could protect me. Lord, please forgive this sin. What I've done. What I may do, though I'm not exactly sure what that might be. All I know is I have to escape this place, run far, far away. From here. ...Hungry. I glance at the bowl on the table, oatmeal grown granite cold inside it. I want pancakes. An omelet with sausage. I want the key to this unbarred cell. Jerome has perhaps offered it, if I will only reach for it. I close my eyes. Think of Mary Magdalene. What was her prison? And how far did she go to get the key? ...Sorry, Mama. Making love with Andrew didn't make me a whore. But sending me here might very well do exactly that. I have nothing to lose. You've already stolen everything important. Made me an outcast. Tossed me into this wilderness prison. And now the question becomes: How far will I go to get the key? To Know That I need to find out what Father has in store for me. We meet every afternoon except on Sunday (no work on the Sabbath), for "prayerful counseling." So far, it's the only time I'm allowed out of my room, into the sunlight, the sage-tainted air. There are two long, low buildings, with rows of doors just like mine. I'm not the only one here. Once in a while, I see other kids, working alone in the garden or shoveling manure from the chicken coops. Punishment? My guess is reward. ...A large house looms in the distance. Father's, no doubt.
347	Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor. ...there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine.
348	...now it's Miller time! I reach into the fridge, find a frosty can, pop the top, take a long swallow.
357	...I've decided if being a real man means smashing someone in the face or turning your back on a person because of their sexuality, I'll just stay a girl.
370	Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me. ...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

Page	Content
	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.
371	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. He makes me feel like a real model--beautiful, every man's desire. When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket. You are exceptionally lovely, he says, brushing sand from my hair. He settles beside me, props himself on one elbow. 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. So this is making love! Well, not quite. I want to know the rest. "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.
379	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.
381	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.
382	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.
383	As for the actual stripping, Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I'm a better dancer than Alex. Her boobs are bigger, though, and really beautiful.
384	The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, breast-to-breast or belly-to-ass, tan skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching

Page	Content
	hidden places we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to masturbation. 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.
385	And when there's a crowd in the room, the dicks mostly stay hidden.
386	We decline and he escorts us inside, where a half dozen guys are ogling cable porn.
387	How much for head? ...We don't do head, except on each other, and that will cost an extra hundred.
389	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 bra. 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 waist, squeezes like a hungry boa constrictor. All I want is a hand job. 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!
391	Later, After Several Shots Of whiskey (Lydia buys it for us, as long as we drink it post-business only),
393	She's a total bitch, not to mention a tease. ...Lately she hasn't even half-ass grinned at me. ...The Belmont fucked me good.
402	I need Ronnie to ding my dong.
409	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.
411	But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you touch yourself. Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use vibrators too? Like this. Downright disgusting things. Your period? I like the taste of blood. How I wish I could say no. But even if I thought he'd leave me alone, saying yes is how I have convinced him to make Father believe I am fit for small freedoms. Like working in the yard, pulling weeds and picking vegetables.
414	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.
416	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

Page	Content
	he whispers, What? Together." ...I lean forward, cup my breasts, rub them over his face. Confusion seeps into his eyes, and like it or not, his muscles relax. All but one. I rock back gently, invite him inside. "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.
421	He lifts my arms, pulls my shift up over my head. 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. Afterward, he takes me in his arms, like in some awful romantic movie.
433	they ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. Masturbators. 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.
443	He photographs me, too. Lately, the pics have all been naked.
445	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 shit is scary as hell." Way past meth, which is scary enough. ...Oh, I see. You can do cocaine with your other boyfriends, but you won't try this for me? ...Not if you only do a little, once in a while. And the places it will take you! I want to see you there. OMG. I can't believe I'm saying okay to heroin. But I am. Except, "No needles! No way will I shoot up anything." I wait for his reaction. No problem. We'll just chase the dragon, okay? He means heated tinfoil and a rolled-up bill to grab the smoke, draw it up my nose. I've seen people at parties do meth the same way. Even before Bryn creases the foil into a deep V, my heart starts racing. Fear is exhilarating, all on its own. I watch him drop a pinhead of H into the makeshift bowl, and goose bumps cover my arms. I have no idea what to expect when the smoke lifts into the dollar bill "straw." Ugh. It tastes like rotten ketchup. Bitter and harsh in my throat. I start to choke Bryn's warning is rough: Don't you dare cough it out! He checks out my eyes. Looking for pupil dilation, no doubt. It takes a while. If you shoot up, you feel the effects instantaneously. Smoking it might take ten or fifteen minutes. Patience. Meanwhile, I have another surprise. It takes all of ten minutes before I begin to feel kind of tingly. Euphoric. Like everything in my life just fell into place. The sensation is gentle, not at all like the overwhelming buzz I thought it would be. I can handle this. What's all the hype about, anyway? Bryn has finished setting up the second surprise-- a webcam, hooked up to his laptop. I thought it would be fun to put ourselves in the movies. America's Sexiest Home Videos. Come here. Let's get nasty. The tone of his voice lets me know disagreeing is not an option. But I don't want to disagree. Every nerve in my body screams to make love with Bryn, who responds by taking "nasty" to a whole new level. It is only afterward, floating on a sensual fog, in an uneasy state of half sleep, that it comes to me: Bryn didn't join in the

Page	Content
	dragon chase. ...A Week After My first sweet-bitter taste of smack, Bryn has talked me into indulging again four or five times. I don't want to get hooked, and I'm sure I won't, as long as all I do is smoke a little every now and again. I have to admit I like the way it makes me feel--like I'm on top of the world. Bryn never indulges. I can't get it up if I do, and I want this to be all about you. So why does he keep asking me to do things that seem mostly all about him? Things like performing dirty acts on pay-per-view webcam? It won't be forever, I promise.
450	Some guys like to watch girls getting off all by themselves. Make it look good for the camera. I was never into touching myself, but it isn't so bad, especially when I'm high. Besides the occasional H, Bryn supplies me with bud-- mediocre seeded Mexican-- and prescription downers. Not sure where he gets them, and I really don't care. As long as I'm buzzed, the things he asks of me are easy to do, and hey, anything's better than wasting way in Santa Cruz. ...You're right, Bryn. She's very pretty. Tight little body, too. Yes, she'll do. His hands slide over my front, reach up under my blouse. The skin of his fingers, seeking my nipples, is calloused. Cold. "No, wait. I can't. You're not serious... Bryn?" He can't want me to do this! I jerk away from Oscar, turn to Bryn. Search his eyes. They are deadly serious, and so is Bryn when he says, Yes, you can. And if you love me, you will. You do love me, don't you? "Of course I love you! But this isn't..." Isn't right, is what I want to say. But what is right, anymore? is this really what loving him means? Bryn's hands press down on my shoulders. Do this for me, Whitney. Do this for us. He kisses me. But it is the kiss of a stranger. I Beg for a Buzz First Pot won't do. It has to be smack, and three long pulls of the acrid smoke barely take me to the place I need to be. Oscar watches. Waits impatiently for the H to kick in. You should use a needle. Smoking the Lady is a waste of good dope. Fear-queasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His body is lean, muscular. Another time, another place, I might find him attractive, but attraction is about choice. I have no choice here but to I have no choice here but to is he has paid to do. I hate you, Bryn. I hate you. Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no beer, sweats onion, and there is no move when he bites my neck, and lower. I'll wear his teeth marks for days. "Stop. You're hurting me."" You think that hurts? You ain't seen nothing yet. His teeth close even harder and his hand squeezes my arms like a vise and now my arms like a vise and now my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to he morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.
458	It's not such a big deal, as long as they use condoms. The thing is, Lydia wouldn't have to know. I could do it on the side, and not give her a cut We could save up enough money to blow this city. Go somewhere pretty, like Portland or San Francisco.
460	Maybe that bastard who raped me made me pregnant and God was gracious enough to let me miscarry.

Page	Content
466	My guess is no way, or if he does happen to be her father, it's a definite case of incest. ...Is Every Girl In this nasty, stinking city turning tricks? Young, old, at least as old as you can get without dying of some incurable sex disease?
468	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 Shit, girl, that's attorney "Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping.
475	Chris still had a sleeve or two left of his shirt, and while he was busy losing those, I invited Misty to smoke some bud. We got to talking, and the more we smoked, the more I confessed, which made her open up to me. Yeah, money sucks, but you can't live without it. I'm paying my way through UNLV with a little sex-on-the-side. ...I mean, if you're going to have sex anyway, why not earn a 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. ...Sex for money. I still hadn't considered the possibility of it meaning having sex with men
479	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.
483	You can take me around the world. He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will He reaches for his wallet. One fifty, right? He tries to sweeten the pot. Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom? 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 waist is narrow, 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 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. he 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 His lips brush the back

Page	Content
	of my neck 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. I Bite Down On a strange metal taste--a metal taste of emotions. 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.
502	Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: Oral sex or a very long walk to Vegas.
508	He grins. What? Did I flash you or something? Hope it wasn't offensive. Most guys seem to like it well enough.
516	Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. Mouth. Ugh. Tequila. I push him away. "Wait just one fucking 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 sandwiched between them, Carl behind me, moving sensuously, 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, and he and Carl are kissing. t's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by sensual motion. Behind me and in front of me, both men grow hard, and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner. I Have Never Considered Three-way sex. How would...? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that. ...My rule: hands or mouths only. He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, writhing 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 condom, 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, strips Brett from the waist down, pushes him onto his hands and knees. Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, positioning himself inches from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, grab his shoulders. Carl's hands cover mine. Brett moans as I...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.

Page	Content
521	Sometimes he comes, rewards them like he rewards me, with junk and beautiful sex. Sometimes other men come. That sex is never beautiful. It is selfish. Needful. Fueled by sick desire to get off. 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.
524	Poor baby. Don't worry. Daddy 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 Daddy 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, suck his tongue into my mouth, seeking moisture. It curls over my own tongue, sensuous as smoke. Time slows. ...Want him to take me higher. Want sex as it was meant to be, as only Bryn can ever give it to me. "Make love to me." He pushes me to the floor. 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 rubber? 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 condoms." 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 hell, 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 boner In. Out. In. Out. I close my eyes.
528	Stay a while, watching pole dancers and cocktail waitresses, shaking their boobs for tips. Boys come out, horny as hell. Some go home to beat off or bug their wives.
532	I Swear Until This Moment I never even noticed his hand creeping up my leg, ever closer to my semi-exposed crotch. ...I give the guy a quick feel 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 I do this guy? ...Cost? You want me to pay for it? He pushes me inside. I don't pay for sex. Even if I did, I wouldn't pay for you, you junkie bitch. 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 goddamn whore! Fight, or I'll kill you. No fight left in me. Fuck me. Kill me. Don't care. He wants both. His penis 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.

Page	Content
	Get the fuck out of here, you son of a bitch. I'm calling the cops right now, so you'd better run.
546	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 daddy. Only he wasn't my daddy 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 down between my legs. But now they revisit me. Is it because of what I'm doing?
550	Bastard screwed me, then robbed me.
551	We both have a date with some sexually confused out-of-towner. 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.
565	I do, find her already mostly naked. The guy, who's a totally forgettable middle-aged nothing, is completely naked. ...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 yummy boobs 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 fuck, 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. And the room goes silent, except for strained breathing, right above me. And You fucking whore. 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. Where? Can't... No, please. Ronnie? Sorry. So sorry. Ron...
570	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.
572	"...I mean except to tell me to suck harder, or..."
587	"I was just hoping maybe you had a little something in your pocket." I run my knee up over his bulging groin. "Something besides that, I mean, and something to take me

Page	Content
	down." ...He wants to get off, 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 fuck 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 shit. Now come over here. Take a taste of this. ...Never tried it, but guess I'm gonna. Ol' Lorenzo gets a ride around the world. Doesn't take as long as I thought.
599	How much to do the two of you? ..."Three hundred for all you can eat." Right on. Bermuda reaches into his back pocket.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	6
Dick	1
Fuck	16
Shit	5