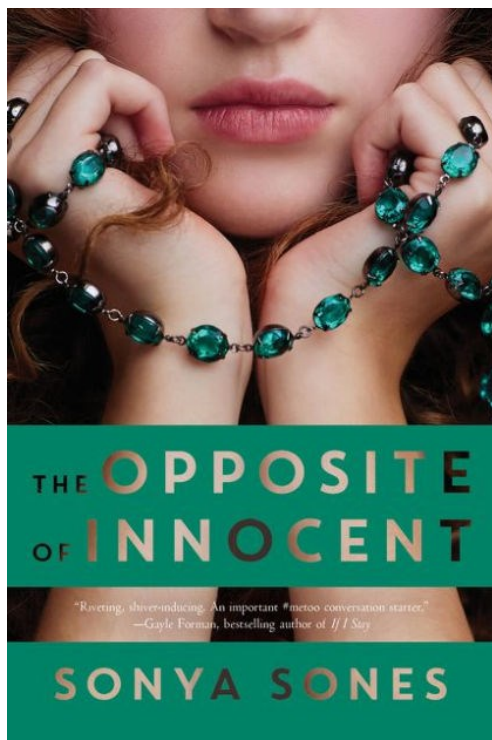


THE OPPOSITE OF INNOCENT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities.

Young Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
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| 66 | Suddenly he's cupping my face in the palms of his hands, looking into my eyes like he's searching for an answer, our faces only inches apart. And now he's kissing my lashes...my cheeks...my chin...Now he's leaning in and gently pressing his lips to mine. |
| 68 | "I'm sorry," he whispers. "I shouldn't have done that." "Oh yes you should have," I say. |
| 69 | Just as he leans in for a second kiss, we hear Alice yawning, and we have to wrench ourselves apart. |
| 72 | He opens the cellar door and when he rests his palm on the small of my back to guide me down in to the dark, it feels like a spark igniting a flame that's singeing me right through my tee. ...When we get to the bottom step I reach for the light switch. But Luke covers it with his hand. Then he turns me around to face him, tips my head back, and leans in to kiss me. Only he doesn't kiss me. He just bring his lips close to mine- so close I can feel him breathing. "Are you sure about this?" he whispers. "Positive," I whisper back. Then he finally lets his lips touch mine, and his kiss ripples all through me, like perfect circles on the surface of a secret pond. |
| 89 | Then he lays out what he calls the 'ground rules.' I don't really like the idea of him giving me rules. He's acting like he's my dad or something. But I guess they make sense. He says we can't call each other on the phone. Someone might overhear us. He says we can't send emails or texts either. Someone might read them. And handwritten notes are out of the question. "How about telepathy?" I ask. "Is telepathy okay?" He laughs and says, "Absolutely not." "Then how will we communicate?" I ask. "Here's how," he says. And he leans in for a kiss. |
| 108 | I watch as Mom bundles Alice into the car. Then, the second they drive away, I race to my door, yank it open-and there's Luke, standing right in front of me with this huge grin on his face. He says he's sorry Alice isn't feeling well. But not that sorry. He gathers me into his arms and kisses me with such force that our teeth crash together. He's breathing hard, pressing his hips against mine. |
| 131 | 'Well," he says, letting his lips brush my ear, "then I guess we shouldn't kiss." But there are other things we can do. We can't let this stroke of good fortune slip through our fingers. |
| 136 | He starts kissing my neck, then kissing my shoulder, then kissing his way down my arm, kissing and kissing and kissing till he reached my hand. Then he spreads open my palm, pressing his lips into the center of it. It's so romantic, I can hardly stand it. And no, it's not just my throat that's on fire. But all of a sudden Luke stops kissing my palm and presses my hand down onto his knee. He sucks in a sharp breath. The he takes hold of my wrist and begins guiding my fingers, guiding them up along his thigh, guiding them so slowly....up...and...up...and up...toward...toward... |
| 140 | I try to pull away but Luke just tightens his grip on my wrist and starts murmuring about how long he's waited, how long he's waited for me to touch him like this, and about how the kissing's been lovely, the kissing's been brilliant, but a man needs more, more than just kissing, and he'll go mad, stark raving mad if we don't take things to the next level. Then suddenly-he reaches down with his free hand and |

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| | <p>with one smooth motion, he unzips his fly. But just as he's about to press my hand down onto his boxers, I hear myself saying, "Stop!" in this weird strangled voice. And that's when I finally manage to wrench my wrist free. Luck lets out this awful groan. I shrink away from him, pulling my knees up to my chest. He rakes his fingers through his hair. "I don't get it," he says. "I thought you wanted to make me feel good. I thought you were a woman. But maybe you're still just a kid." His words burn like a slap across the face. "I'm not a kid, Luck. I'm not." "Then please, Lily. Touch me. Touch me like a woman touches a man." I look into his dark eyes and realize there's tears in them. Tears. I can't stand it. I can't stand making Luke this unhappy. I squeeze my eyes closed, so I can't see my parents watching, (the parents' pictures were hanging on the wall). Then I grit my teeth and let him ease my hand onto him, fighting back tears of my own. He moans and whispers the words I've waited to all my life to hear him say: "I love you, Lily, I love you...I love you..."</p> |
| 144 | <p>He sighs like he's never felt anything so good in his life. Then suddenly he gasps, and scrunches up his face, almost like he's in agony or something. A second later, his head drops back against the couch, and I realize he's finished. As he sits there with his eyes closed, catching his breath, I get this weird feeling-like he's forgotten I'm even here. And a couple pf minutes after that, his mouth falls open and he starts snoring. I turn away from him and curl up into a ball on the cushion beside him.</p> |
| 148 | <p>He ushers me into the backseat with him, kisses me for a while, then unzips his pants and asks me to do the same thing I did last time. When I reach for him he moans, then locks his hands behind his head and starts telling me he loves me.</p> |
| 150 | <p>When we got there, he tugged me into the backseat, unzipped his fly, and asked me to do the same thing as the last two times. But even though he said he loved me, being with him didn't seem as romantic as it used to be-back when all we were doing was kissing. And his kisses felt...different today. He pressed so hard it was like he was trying to pulverize my lips with his. So hard I wanted to pull away and say, "you're hurting me!" but he might have thought I was acting like a kid if I did that.</p> |
| 152 | <p>We've been meeting in secret for a couple of weeks now. Last week, he only managed to take me to the parking lot twice. Which was two times more than I wanted to go. But today when we went, there was caution tape stretched across the entrance, and a sign saying the mall is officially closed. Luke banged his hands on the steering wheel and cursed. I heaved a secret sigh of relief. "Guess we'll have to improvise," he said, more to himself than to me. Then he drove us down the dirt road that winds into the woods behind the 7-Eleven. And for some reason, doing it to him there made me feel even lonelier than usual.</p> <p>...he's really just driving around, scouring the city for places where we can "have our privacy," as he refers to it. I refer to it as places where we can "get me to do it to him."</p> |
| 175 | <p>He's kissing me. Kissing me so softly so sweetly, just like he used to, way back in the beginning. "When you were a kid," he whispers. "I promised I'd wait for you." The he kisses me again as says, "you were so worth the wait." And it's lucky we're not outside, or I'd float right up out of my seat into the sky.</p> <p>...When we finally come up for air I ask, in my flirtiest voice, "Aren't you supposed to be tutoring me?" "There's is an awful lot I want to teach you," he says, as he</p> |

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| | <p>unzips his fly, a smile spreads across his face-a smile that somehow reminds me of the Big Bad Wolf. "But today," he says, taking hold of my hand, "we'll just review what you already know." And he presses my fingers down onto him, this weird combination of relief and revulsion washes over me.</p> <p>...When it's over he zips up his fly and puts his arm around my shoulder.</p> |
| 181 | <p>A few days later Loke's waiting after school again, to drive me to the library for our second weekly "tutoring" session. We go up to the same study room as before and he pulls the blinds closed. He starts kissing me right away. But there're those crushing kind of kisses. Not the romantic kins. He backs me up against the wall and grinds his body against mine till it feels like I'm getting black and blue. "I've been trying to take is slow," he whispers. "Trying so hard...But I'm not sure I can go on like this much longer." "I'm not either," I say. And as he eases me down onto the chair next to his, and unzips his fly, he's completely unaware that my words mean the opposite of his.</p> |
| 205 | <p>I'm feeling so light-headed now the room's blurring around me, like I'm riding a merry-go-round that's spinning way too fast. I'm so dizzy I have to lie down. I shut my eyes and let myself drift a little on the satin sheets...Then Luke's lips are brushing across my forehead...my lashes...my cheeks...And now he's pressing them to mine...Gently...So gently...Like the very first time we kissed...I feel Luke's hand drifting over my shoulders...I feel Luke's hands gliding along my thighs...I feel Luke's hands sliding up under my skirt!</p> <p>...My eyes pop open. The champagne lurches in my stomach. I try to push his hands away, but suddenly my panties are around my ankles and I'm struggling to sit up, but he's easing down onto me, pinning me under the crushing dead weight of his body.</p> <p>...He starts fumbling wit his fly. Tugging at his jeans and everything's happening so fast as now his cold hands are on my knees and he's trying to spread my legs apart but I'm clamping them together, clawing at his fingers, trying to pry them off me, and all the while he's kissing my neck, murmuring, "come on, Lily. You want this. You know you do. I've waited so long for you. I can't wait a minute more. I love you...I love you so much."</p> <p>...And that's when I hear three voices-the voices of my heart and my mind and my body. And all of them are screaming just one word. Nooooo! It's so earsplitting it shocks Luke into pulling back. And the second he does I'm slam both fists into his chest and shove him off me. Then I leap up from the bed but he grabs my wrist and yanks me back down and now his arms are closing around ne and every muscle in my body is tensing, bracing for what's coming next.</p> |
| 218 | <p>I feel Luke's lips on my neck again. And this time, when he places his icy fingers onto my knees I don't even try to pry them off...</p> |
| 237 | <p>Luke kisses me. Hard. Though not so hard that I'll look like I've been kissed. Then he smiles a terrible smile and pulls the Murphy bed down from the wall. I see the pink satin sheets and clench my teeth. Luke says he needs me. He says he wants me. He says I'm his dream come true.</p> |