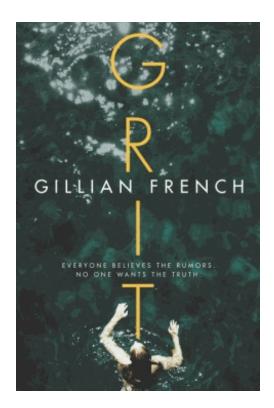
PENDING FINANCE GRIT



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity and sexual activities.

Young Adult

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Page	Content
	When he kisses me tonight, it's like he can't get enough, or like he thinks he won't get another chance. He presses me back against the door, and we slide down together; the pop- corn spills into the darkness under the seat. His hands move up under my shirt, over my stomach and bra and around to the clasp, which I know he won't be able to open because no guy ever can, so I help him.
	I laugh harshly, startling him. "Oh, yeah. He loves me." Me, kissing Shea in the dark, running my nails over his back, laughing a little and not taking it seriously. "That's gotta be it." Things moving faster, too fast, us on the ground and him reaching under my skirt and tugging down my underwear, pushing my legs up before I can stop him. "That's how come he calls me a slut, and trash. That's how come he treats me so good." I can feel Jesse's surprise and I can't stand it, won't wait for him to ask questions. I won't answer his damned questions. "Take me home.'
	Then I was inside the Explorer, with the smell of his cologne and the heater and a pine air freshener just out of package. Being this close to him lit a fire in me, smoking d crackling away. I must be beautiful. I must be something. He'd showed up. "I was scared, but he didn't make me do it or anything. I mean, it was my choice." Pulling his weight down on me, dragging his lip between my teeth, letting my body take over to block out the confused, crazy messages my brain was sending. "I'm saying it wasn't horrible or anything. But when it was over, he was like, 'This was your first time?' and he sounded, like, shocked. Because you've gotta figure any girl who goes after a guy the way I did must have some mileage on her, right? Even if she's only fifteen."

