

# THE MIDNIGHT LIE



*Young Adult*

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities and sexual nudity; and alcohol use.

## CONTENT WARNING

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**Minor Restricted**  
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Page	Content
21	We had kissed, and more, but I had put an end to that.
24	He kissed me and I let him. Sometimes it can feel so good to give someone what they want that it is the next best thing to getting what you want. His hard body was warm as I leaned into him. His mouth was hungry at my neck, beneath the fringe of my chin-length hair. I pretended that his hunger was my hunger. I kissed him back,...
56	"So why would you let yourself drink wine at parties? Aren't you worried people will hear your truths?" "Oh, I drink that wine only when I am alone." "So you just get drunk and talk to yourself?"
82	I was struck, as I had been before, by Sid's beauty, but it was the tunic Sid wore: sleeveless, as I had noticed before in the prison, showing bare, slender arms. What I had not seen then, and could see now, was that the tunic was tight enough that it showed the curve of her breasts.
120	His breath brushed my brow and he said, "I've missed you." His hands slid down my back. I knew what he wanted, though he didn't ask for it, and it seemed like something he deserved, so I gave it to him.
151	The red silk of her dress open on her shoulders, exposing the skin of her back down to her waist. I had decided, resolutely, not to look at her bare skin.
152	I liked Sid too much. I liked the sight of her bare back. I had wanted to follow the water droplet with my fingertip.
201	I reached for him and kissed him hard and deep, my hands in his hair, his chest flat against mine.
220	But my body was fully awake. It was pretending to be under Sid's body. It was pretending to be that white petal between her fingers.
245	Sid's attention swiftly returned. "Are you...taking your clothes off? I hadn't thought we had reached that stage of our relationship."
253	Sid's back was to the bedroom door. I curled my fingertips into her undone white collar, hooking down, the heel of my hand against the rise of her breast beneath the stiff jacket, her skin hot to the touch, her pulse fast against my palm. ...Her hand lifted to cover mine and press it against her chest. ...I said, "Ask me to kiss you." She kissed me. Her mouth was hungry on mine, on my neck. Her hand fisted in my hair. I pushed off her jacket, found the just of her ribs beneath her shirt, the sweep of her belly, the leather strap of her dagger belt. I tasted her mouth. My heart was thrumming in my throat, and I was greedy for her. I loved her gasp, her teeth on my lower lip, her thigh hard against mine. I tugged her by the belt toward me. I wanted the bed; I wanted her to press me down into it.
255	It smelled like me, and I was glad, because it was painful enough to want her, painful enough to remember exactly the shape of her mouth beneath my tongue, without having the specific scent of her perfume and skin pressing against my face.
260	But I didn't want to talk about last night. I didn't want to talk about how the only way I'd been able to sleep was to keep my hands beneath my pillow, so that I wouldn't be tempted to touch myself, which would only remind me of how I wanted her hands, not mine.

Page	Content
265	The parties- at least at first- showed us nothing but excess. A masked ball where, at the stroke of midnight, dancers ate their lovers' sugar masks while I looked awkwardly on, Sid standing stiffly beside me, her own mask still on her inscrutable face. Probably at least in part to make no matter of how people around us were licking each other's sugared lips,...
278	"Why? Is it against your country's law to be with a woman?"
280	<p>Her hands still in her pockets, she leaned to brush her face against my neck. She kissed my throat. The heat of her mouth was everywhere except on my mouth, her body nudging me up against the wall. Her tongue found my quick pulse. "Touch me," I whispered.</p> <p>"Not yet."</p> <p>Her mouth seared through my thin silk dress, her tongue dampening it. I felt her gentle teeth.</p> <p>"Kiss me." I said.</p> <p>"Not yet."</p> <p>I touched her cheek. She turned to glide her mouth over my fingers.</p> <p>"Please," I said, and pulled her toward me, my mouth hungry for hers. I kissed her. Her lips opened beneath mine. She made a low sound in her throat, and then her hands were on me, finding the shape of my body, its delicate spots, its needy ones. She unbuttoned the top crystal button of my dress, and moved slowly to the next one. Impatient, I began to undo them myself. She stopped my hands. "Let me," she said. Her tongue lightly touched my lower lip, and I knew I would let her do anything.</p> <p>She undid all the buttons, her fingers dipping lightly beneath the silk to touch my skin, until the dress fell from my shoulders and slid to the floor.</p> <p>...She knelt before me, her lips and tongue on my belly. "Please don't stop," I said.</p> <p>Her mouth went lower.</p> <p>My hands twisted in her hair.</p>
282	I loved that my mouth still tasted like her.
284	<p>My memory will touch your skin, your lips. The memory will hurt, but it will be mine.</p> <p>She turned, her black eyes no longer sleepy, but searching. "Will you let me do it again?"</p> <p>That question I could answer easily. "Yes."</p>
293	"...You think she loves you. All she wants is to get you between her legs. She will use you and cast you aside."
310	<p>Her mouth glided down my neck. Her teeth nipped my throat. Her hand slipped into my dress pocket and traced patterns through the thin lining against my thigh.</p> <p>...She kissed me. I tasted her mouth, sweet from the bird shell, and as I kissed her I yearned for me.</p>