

*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'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...* -page 299-302

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# Tricks

by Ellen Hopkins

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Dan will pay extra to go without a sleeve. No condom?... "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... 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, trying 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...Check it out. The little boy likes that. He reaches down between my thighs. Look how hard he is. ...His lips brush the back of my neck. He pushes 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....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... 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.

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