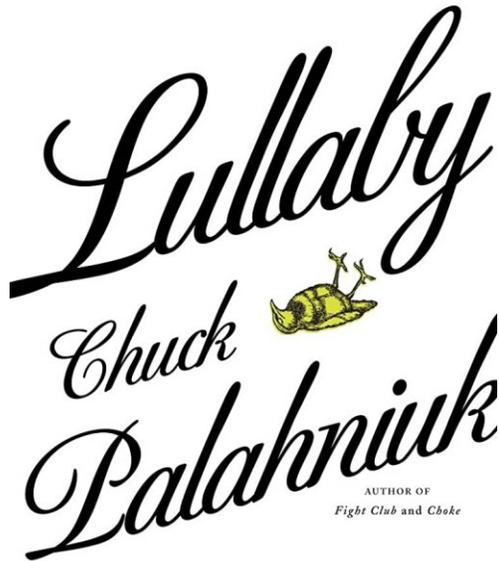


LULLABY

NATIONAL BESTSELLER



"A story so eccentric and complex that you begin to understand why Palahniuk's literature is a breed all its own." —*USA Today*

Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

ISBN: 978-1-4000-7557-7

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

A reporter has strange encounters while searching for the cause of numerous strange deaths.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; references to aberrant sexual activities including necrophilia; sexual nudity; and profanity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	The moment before she starts writing, a gust of wind lifts her skirt, and the Flying Virgin's not wearing any panties. Between her legs, she's shaved.
41	In the past, nobody worried too much about sex with strangers.
46	A desk clerk confirms that they used the television remote control to order a pornographic movie. ...“Embolism, if you ask me,” Nash says. “You eat a girl out and you blow some air inside her, or if you fuck her too hard, either way you can force air into her bloodstream and the bubble goes right to her heart.” ...He says, “Newlyweds like they were, I figure he fucks her to death, and then has himself a heart attack. Five bucks says they open her and find air in her heart.”
47	Then he's talking about murder. “Not if somebody else kills her,” Nash says, and looks at me. “Or kills him. The husband had a fine-looking ass, if that's what floats your boat. No leakage. No livor mortis. No skin slippage. Nothing.”
48	He says, “Both of them naked. A big wet spot on the mattress, right between them. Yeah, they did it. Did it and died.” Nash chews his sandwich and says, “Seeing her there, she was better-looking than any piece of tail I've ever had.” ...He says, “You remember Jeffrey Dahmer.” Nash licks and says, “He didn't set out to kill so many people. He just thought you could drill a hole in somebody's skull, pour in some drain cleaner, and make them your sex zombie. Dahmer just wanted to be getting more.”
55	And I ask, any sign he was sodomized? And Henderson jerks his head back just a trace and says, “Say what?” Did somebody fuck him? “God, no,” Henderson says. “Why would you ask such a thing?” And I say, no reason. At least Duncan wasn't somebody's dead-body sex doll.
63	Next to him is a gal, standing on the bar rail so she can kiss him. He tosses the cherry from his cocktail into his mouth. They kiss. Then she's chewing.
91	The woman, the one behind the barricade at the movie shoot who came running with her arm out to stop me, the one with the walkie-talkie, the details of her were long black hair, a tight T-shirt over right-up tits. She had a decent little pooper in tight jeans.
95	He puts the pants in my arms, and he's standing here, hands on his hips, dick-and-balls naked. ...His dick tapers to a dribbling pink stalactite of wrinkled foreskin. A silver ring pierces the tip.
97	The details about Hedgehog include the empty skin shaking on his arms and chest and ass. His curly black pubic hair matches the couple of hairs stuck to my palm after we shake hands.
98	It takes a minute to recognize Mona from just her head and the pile of chains around her neck. You don't want to get caught looking anywhere else, but her pubic hair is shaved. From straight on, her thighs are two perfect parentheses with her shaved V between them. From the side, her breasts seem to reach out, trying to touch people with her pink nipples. From behind, the small of her back splits into her two solid buttocks, and I'm counting 4, counting 5, counting 6The hair under his raised arm is bright orange. So is his other body hair, down below.
100	Her breasts rest on the open catalog, covering half of each page.

Page	Content
115	Between her arms, inside her orange blouse, her breasts reach out with their little pink nipples.
136	In the Louvre Museum is an Egyptian figure from the second century A.D. It's a naked woman, hog-tied, with nails stuck in her eyes, her ears, her mouth, breasts, hands, feet, vagina, and anus.
146	When Oyster was naked. His wrinkled pink stalactite of skin pierced with its little silver ring. Mona, that same night, Mulberry, and the two muscles of her back, the way they split into the two firm, creamy white halves of her ass, and I'm counting 1, counting 2, counting 3 ...
147	All of them young, all of them fashion models, all of them found dead without an apparent cause of death. Before that was Mimi Gonzalez, found dead by her boyfriend, dead in bed with no marks, nothing. No clues until the autopsy announced toay shows signs of post-mortem sexual intercourse. ...Do something only for money, and you're less likely to do it for free. "You don't think prostitutes want a lot of sex outside of their brothel?" she says.
177	The police report doesn't say how warm my wife, Gina, felt when I woke up that morning. How soft and warm she felt under the covers. How when I turned next to her, she rolled onto her back, her hair fanned out on her pillow. Her head was tipped a little toward one shoulder. Her morning skin smelled warm, the way sunlight looks bouncing up off a white tablecloth in a nice restaurant near the beach on your honeymoon. Sun came through the blue curtains, making her skin blue. Her lips blue. Her eyelashes were lying across each cheek. Her mouth was a loose smile. Still half asleep, I cupped my hand behind her neck and tilted her face back and kissed her. ...Still kissing her warm, relaxed mouth, I pulled her nightgown up around her waist. Her legs seemed to roll apart, and my hand found her loose and wet inside. Under the covers, my eyes closed, I worked my tongue inside. With my wet fingers, I peeled back the smooth pink edges of her and licked deeper. The tide of air going in and out of me. At the top of each breath, I drove my mouth up into her. For once, Katrin had slept the whole night and wasn't crying. My mouth climbed to Gina's belly button. It climbed to her breasts. With one wet finger in her mouth, my other fingers flick across her nipples. My mouth cups over her other breast and my tongue touches the nipple inside. Gina's head rolled to one side, and I licked the back of her ear. My hips pressing her legs apart, I put myself inside. The loose smile on her face, the way her mouth came open at the last moment and her head sunk deep into the pillow, she was so quiet. It was the best it had been since before Katrin was born.
178	That was my last really good day. It wasn't until I came home from work that I knew the truth. Gina was still lying in the same position. The police report would call it postmortem sexual intercourse.
203	And Mona slams the book shut. "It's a thousand-year-old witch book bound in mummified skin and probably written in ancient cum." She says to Helen, "You lick it."
212	"A fluoroscope," Helen says. "It's rented." She flicks a switch on the side and holds the light over the open grimoire, turning the pages until one page is filled with glowing pink words. "This one's written in semen."

Page	Content
218	Another autopsy shows signs of post-mortem sexual intercourse.
222	We kiss, and her toes peel off my socks. We kiss, and I open the buttons down the back of her blouse. My socks, her blouse, my shirt, her panty hose. Some things drop to the floor far below, some things snag and hang from the bottom of the chandelier. My swollen infected foot, Helen's crusted, scabby knees from Oyster's attack, there's no way to hide these from each other. It's been twenty years, but here I am, somewhere I never dreamed I'd ever be again, and I say, I'm falling in love. And Helen, blazing smooth and hot in this center of light, she smiles and rolls her head back, saying, "That's the idea." ...My pants and her skirt flutter down into the heap, the fallen crystals, our shoes, all on the floor with the grimoire.
230	Do I really want a big house, a fast car, a thousand beautiful sex partners?
234	He has to see that having sex with dead women is wrong.
235	He licks the chili smeared around his lips and says, "I saw your wife's death certificate." He smiles and says, "Signs of postmortem sexual intercourse?" ..."Don't tell me," he leans across the table and says. "Don't tell me it wasn't just about the best sex you've ever had." ...And I say, it was different. She was my wife. "Your wife or not," Nash says, "dead means dead. It's still necrophilia."
241	The twisting stops. The huge, hard thing backs off, slow, almost all the way. Then it twists in deep again. Slow as the hour hand on a clock, then faster, the cop's greased fingers prod into me, retreat, prod in, retreat. And close to my ear, the cop's gravel and ashtray old voice says, "Hey, buddy, you got time for a quickie?" And my whole body does a spasm. And the cop says, "Boy howdy, somebody just got tight." ...And the cop says, "I had control of Mona for the last couple of hours this afternoon. Just to give the spell a test run, and to get even with her for scaring you, I gave her a little makeover." The cop grabs his crotch. "This is amazing. Being with you like this, you're giving me an erection." He says, "This sounds sexist, but I've always wanted a penis." I say, I don't want to hear this. And Helen says, through the cop's mouth, she says, "I think as soon as I put you into a taxi, maybe I'll hang around in this guy and beat off. Just for the experience." And I say, if you think this will make me love you, think again.
244	The pistol trembling, the Sarge says, "I want you out of here so I can beat off."

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Bitch	3
Dick	3
Fuck	15
Piss	4
Shit	18
Tit	1