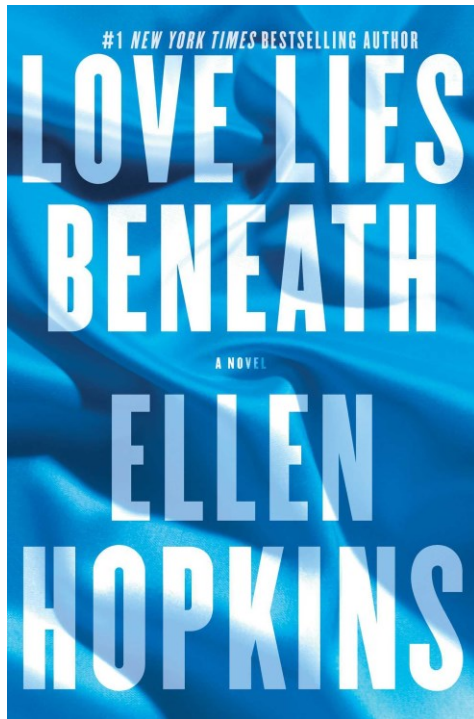


# LOVE LIES BENEATH



*Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity; violence including assault; profanity; alcohol and drug use.

## CONTENT WARNING

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**4**  
/5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	<p>Nick slinks closer, bends to lower his face close to mine, and I wait for his tongue to tease the pulse beneath my ear. Instead, he slaps my behind, hard enough to sting.</p>
2	<p>That's correct, ladies. He and I are doing the filthy, and you're right to be jealous. What Nick de la Rosa may lack in discretionary income, he more than makes up for in carnal creativity. Who needs to go out when one can have so much fun staying in, playing doctor?</p> <p>My locker is well stocked with aromatic soaps and lotions, but before I use those I take a few minutes to douche away feminine fragrance, heightened by the previous ninety minutes of effort.</p> <p>...But, as my late, great first husband once told me, "A sweet pussy invites the tongue to tango." I plan on plenty of oral dance in an hour or so.</p>
5	<p>"Then why have you been fucking me?"</p>
7	<p>A descent-looking young man (very young!) rushes to open the door for me, semidrooling.</p> <p>...I hand him the keys. "You will take very good care of her, won't you? I don't want to smell hot engine." I pause for effect. "Unless it's yours."</p> <p>...Cassandra was in the middle of a divorce and looking for no-strings play.</p>
9	<p>I reward him with a smile and mouth a silent thank-you. He responds with a subtle flick of his tongue.</p> <p>"I think you've impressed him," says Cassandra.</p> <p>"The cut of his trousers impresses me."</p> <p>"Like you can see that from here?"</p> <p>"Have I ever told you about my superpower? Able to discern the size of a penis across a crowded room."</p>
10	<p>"...Anyway, I hear serial killers give great head."</p>
11	<p>Do I want to linger with Ben, or will inebriated sex do?</p>
13	<p>One-night stands can be fun, but rarely are they fulfilling. So if they're not fun enough, what's the point?</p> <p>...I decide to be direct. "My orgasm ratio requirement is three to one, in my favor. Can you accommodate that?"</p> <p>"Huh. I wouldn't have pegged you for an underachiever."</p> <p>I can't help but laugh. "Is that a yes?"</p> <p>"Better than that. It's a promise."</p>
15	<p>But all that matters now is the reward.</p> <p>I open my mouth, inviting his whiskey-soaked kiss, and when it comes, it's light-years from gentle. It's tongue and teeth, on my lips, at my neck, and dipping inside the V of my blouse, which opens suddenly, as if by spell. And just as mysteriously, my bra unclasps, spilling the tips of my breasts into the depth of his moan.</p> <p>Ben lifts me out of my heels, discovers I'm wearing stockings— the classic kind requiring a garter belt, a fact he uncovers when his hand explores the length of my leg, all the way to where thigh meets torso. He draws back, studies me for a second. "Real seamed silk? You are one of a kind, do you know that?"</p> <p>"Actually, I do."</p>

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	<p>"I think we'd better work on that three-to-one deal right now."</p> <p>He drapes me across the couch, facedown, lifts my skirt, exposing satin, lace, and peeks of skin. One hand tangles into my hair, pulls it to one side, and he snarls against my nape. The other hand spreads my legs just enough to reach the narrow satin strip, which he moves to one side. "Look at you, all slick and ready."</p> <p>Ben plays a masterful game. His thumb slides up inside me and tilts to find the hidden spot just behind my pubic bone, while his forefinger wedges against my clitoris. They move in rough unison, on the border of pain, the pressure exquisite. It doesn't take long to initiate my orgasm, punctuated by a whispered "Yes!"</p> <p>"Oh, no. That won't do at all." Ben flips me over, brings his face very close to mine. "I don't want you to whisper. I want you to scream."</p> <p>I issue the challenge. "Make me."</p> <p>He unzips my skirt, lets it fall to the floor. Then he leads me into the other room, props me against the foot of the bed, reaches behind me, and cups my butt. Lifts. "Lie back and don't move." One by one, Ben unsnaps the garters, gentles the stockings from my legs, licking the sensitive place behind my knees. It's a challenge to stay still, and when I fail to meet it, he reaches up and pinches my nipples. Hard. "You ask my permission before you so much as twitch. Understand?"</p> <p>Eyes watering, I manage to stutter, "I uh-uh-understand." For the two seconds it takes him to tug my panties down over my hips, a trill of fear makes me wonder if I might have miscalculated the man. But then I remember the pepper spray, stashed in my purse, which isn't far away. Besides, that shimmer of trepidation is rather an aphrodisiac.</p> <p>And now the persistent tide of his tongue laps the most intimate parts of me, a low sea of pleasure. He has asked not one selfish thing of me yet, and that thought brings renewed confidence. I do my best to lie perfectly still, but that becomes impossible as I build toward a second climax. "Please. May I twitch? I don't think I can come without moving."</p> <p>"You'd better scream."</p> <p>I do. And I don't have to fake it at all.</p> <p>Ben straightens, unzips his trousers. It's time for the big reveal, always an interesting turn in a tale of sex with a stranger. Jockey shorts do nothing to hide what's behind them, alert and at the ready. I am mildly disappointed. I was hoping for at least an eight on the one-to-ten scale. Ben is a six. No less, but definitely no more.</p> <p>He is, however, skilled, and compensates with enthusiasm what he might lack in size. He manages to bring me off twice before finally succumbing to my well-rehearsed cock play with an extended shudder. "Jesus, woman, you've drained me dry." Three cheers for condoms.</p> <p>Ben is peeling his of when his cell phone rings a definitive tone...</p> <p>...He winks at me, then mouths silently, my wife.</p>
17	<p>This time I yell, "Ben! Please! I'm wet and waiting."</p> <p>..."I enjoy a one-night stand from time to time, but not with a married man..."</p>
27	<p>Prostitution is legal in the rural counties of Nevada, and most truck drivers would rather pay for more upscale tail than take what our mother happily gave away in</p>

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	<p>exchange for room and board. Southern California, where the prowling for truckers full of good lovin' was easier.</p> <p>"Rialto, huh? Didn't I read something about a string of recent kitten hangings there?" Mom always hated cats.</p>
30	<p>"I'm a big girl. I think I can handle boobs and G-strings."</p>
31	<p>Alcohol would take the edge off my rush.</p>
33	<p>Eight women cover today's hottest pop songs, and for the most part they're pretty good, though I doubt they'd get paid nearly as much as they do if they sang fully clothed. X Factor (as in X-rated) would be a more fitting name, but they'd probably get sued for using it.</p> <p>Two "judges" and an emcee, all male, ask the girls inane questions, then make requests, like "show me your best Miley Cyrus." As I suspected, the vocals are better than the twerking, though the men in the audience would probably disagree. It's interesting to watch their reactions, especially the older gents right down in front, who are getting way more than an eyeful.</p>
34	<p>At twenty, I was a dancer in a Vegas strip club.</p> <p>...There are a couple of problems with stripping, the main one being that most customers are absolutely positive you do more than take off your clothes for pay.</p> <p>...Giving a stranger a peek wasn't so bad, but I didn't want the guy's hands on me, let alone his other body parts. Imagine where the nasty things might have recently been poking.</p>
36	<p>"...If I let them, they'd have sex with me, and then they'd discard me."</p>
37	<p>And, yes, he showed me how good sex can be when your partner wants to please you. I wasn't a virgin when we got married, but Raul Medina was most definitely responsible for my first orgasm.</p>
65	<p>"With the right man, I'd do more than kiss in public, though maybe not in full view of a hotel lobby."</p>
66	<p>"When was the last time you had dinner with a man- not work related- that didn't result in sex?"</p>
87	<p>"Beats me. Some leftover Neanderthal tic that makes them believe they're the superior sex."</p> <p>"Maybe I'll just become a lesbian."</p> <p>...She watches me sip the smooth amber tequila.</p>
101	<p>He tipped the can into my mouth until the beer ran down in front of me. "Aw, what did you do that for? I think you need a spanking."</p> <p>He yanked hard, and I went over his knees and before he gave me single swat, I could feel his dick grow hard against my belly. "Please no!"</p> <p>"Don't worry. It won't hurt much. What's a fat butt for?"</p> <p>Down came his hand. Once. Twice. Three times. Four. The pain was awful, but the embarrassment was worse. I started to cry. Sob. "Please."</p> <p>"There now, see, you're begging me for it. Just like the fat, little whore you are. And that ain't right." He paddled me until my ass throbbed and he came, soaking his underwear and the belly of my shirt. Then he pushed me roughly to the floor.</p> <p>"Go clean up before your mother gets home. Say one word and I'll give you the rest next time."</p>

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113	All the rest keeps whispering that if things don't work out as expected, I've still got an extensive collection of vibrators. Orgasm for the sake of orgasm, however, becomes less a goal, and so does conquering a man simply for the sake of victory.
116	I'm more than ready. I just hope we can accomplish the ultimate goal with a limited number of positions. It's pretty much the missionary. "Take your time. The master is at the far end of the hall."
117	<p>"You're not really considering carrying me, are you?"</p> <p>"I think it's the most efficient use of our time. Hold on tight."</p> <p>I wrap my arms around his neck, lay my head against his shoulder, hope for the best. He doesn't falter as we ascend, and I'm reminded of a scene from a movie.</p> <p>"Just call me Scarlett O'Hara. You are a strong man, Rhett Butler."</p> <p>"'Twas nothing, my dear. And here we are.</p> <p>The room is dark, except for two lit candles, one on each of the end tables flanking the fainting couch. Cavin sits me gently there, beneath the big window. Outside, the winter moon finesses her light through the thin veneer of fog, casting an interesting sheen. It filters in through the plate glass, settles around me like a halo.</p> <p>Cavin gives a low whistle. "Wow. I wish you could see how incredible you look right now. I'd take a picture, but I'd be afraid someone else might see it, and I want you all to myself." He leans down, brings his mouth an inch away from mine, and looks into my eyes. "Champagne now, or after?" "I'm not thirsty."</p> <p>"Good. Unbutton your blouse."</p> <p>His voice is husky, sexy as hell, and I like that he has taken charge. I comply with his request, one button at a time. He watches without moving until the deed is accomplished. Now he kneels in front of me, eyes even with my breasts, which he coaxes from the lacy confines of my bra. His fingers encircle my nipples, bring them taut against his lips and the tip of his tongue, just beyond.</p> <p>He takes his time.</p> <p>This is not what men do.</p> <p>This is not what I do.</p> <p>They hurry.</p> <p>I hurry.</p> <p>And then it's over.</p> <p>I realize, as he pulls away, stands, and begins a slow striptease, that my usual impatience for orgasm has not always served me well. My imagination did not sculpt him nearly well enough. He is lean but strong, and even in this mellow light, I can see his muscles work as he takes off his shirt, lays it over the back of the couch.</p> <p>Cavin lifts me, carries me to the bed, and the kiss we share is "Try not to look at my knee."</p> <p>"I've seen worse. Anyway, looking at it isn't the issue. Not injuring it more critically is the challenge." I hear his trousers unzip, wait as he puts them with his shirt. The floor creaks beneath his return, and now my panties slip down, drop to the floor. "Open your legs. I want to see what's in between them." Can he tell how wet I am?</p> <p>Cavin slides a hand up my left thigh, and now he can have no doubt how wet I am.</p>

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	<p>"Holy hell, woman." One finger. Two. Three, inside me. He thrusts and pulls. Slowly. Gently. Faster. Harder. A moan escapes as I start to tense. But he stops, makes me wait. "Oh, no. Not yet. I'm not letting you off that easy." "You mean, getting me off?" "That, either." He leans up over me, kisses me hard, then his mouth travels the length of my body, stopping to kiss less usual places—along my collarbone and inside the bend of my elbows. His tongue circles my nipples, traces the curve of my breasts, draws a thin line down my torso and over my belly button. Now he lowers his face. Licks my right leg, from knee to thigh. Licks my left leg, from knee to thigh. By the time he arrives at the sweet spot in between, I'm shaking. He pauses. "Are you cold?" "Not even close." His tongue begins a relaxed upward roll, exploring the landscape of my womanhood. The pace of this lovemaking is completely unfamiliar, and it's driving me toward total lust-fueled insanity. "Lie still," he commands. "Don't you dare come yet." "I'll try." It's a throaty whisper. "But I'm more than ready for the rest." "I know. I just don't want to hurt you." I think he's talking about my knee, especially when he slides a pillow beneath it. But now he strips off his Jockeys. On that one-to-ten scale, he's a definite nine, and fully erect. Length times girth equals what promises to be an unparalleled ride. It makes me want to be reckless. "Can I ask you a personal question?" He looks down at himself, then back at me. "At this point, I don't see why not." "Are you STD-free?" "I-I brought condoms." "That isn't what I asked. I've never had an STD, and I can't get pregnant. If you're clean, and I'll take your word for it, I'd rather you not use a condom." "I'm clean." "I thought so. Come here." It's a very good thing I'm this turned on. There's a brilliant little bolt of pain. Cavin stretches me to the max as he pushes inside, driving all the way against my G-spot, filling me completely. This is something I've never experienced. "Are you okay?" he asks, and waits for me to say yes. The rocking begins. He takes his time. This is not what men do. This is not what I do. Except tonight.</p>
120	<p>It's been a long time since I've shared my bed with a man overnight. I'm buzzed on pills and champagne, exhausted by two rounds of spectacular sex. ...I lie here, cooling semen trickling down my thigh,... ...Oh well, if things go wrong, there's always abortion.</p>

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	I slip out of bed, tiptoe to the bathroom, and douche away whatever seminal fluid is left inside me.
122	...and enjoy brilliant sex a couple of times a day.
126	Despite being largely confined to the missionary position, the sex we've shared has been great. I do, however, harbor a growing desire to experience straddling his exceptional cock, not to mention taking him from behind. When it comes to a healthy sex life, variety isn't just any spice.
129	<p>He kisses me, and it's full-throttle, and I realize how much I've enjoyed not only his company but also the regular sex. My lips still touching his, I mumble into his mouth, "I'm going to miss you. Have time for a quickie?"</p> <p>Cavin takes my hand, tugs me over to the couch, pushes me down on the cream suede cushions. Then he lifts my hips, pulls until he can prop them up on the sofa's broad arm, where he kneels. Up goes my skirt, and my legs gently part and his face dives between them.</p> <p>The lap of his tongue.</p> <p>The plunge of his fingers.</p> <p>The draw of his lips against my clitoris.</p> <p>I want to protest. Ask to reciprocate. But I want more to ride this surf to completion, and that's what I do. Cavin kisses one thigh, then the next, then the first again, back and forth as he withdraws. "I hope that wasn't too quick."</p> <p>A sigh escapes me as I close my legs, straighten my skirt. It was much too quick, but I say, "It was just right, but I'm afraid I owe you now."</p>
136	<p>Kayla wears the remnants of last night's party- smeared makeup, dead booze breath, clothes that smell of sex. And the black pupils of her eyes tell me she did more than drink, though I think I won't confide that in my sister.</p> <p>..."...But you're not embarrassed to lie to your mom, get high and fuck all night, then come home looking like a common streetwalker? Get inside!"</p>
141	I gulp down the wine into my empty belly, pour another glass, feeling marginally mellower with the slow ascension of an alcohol buzz.
143	"What? You think girls this age don't know what sex is?"
144	<p>...when I walked through the door, the first thing I noticed was that the place reeked of booze. The second thing I noticed was my mother, having a little fun on the sofa with some anonymous man. I don't remember his face, but I'll never forget seeing his cock, which was long and thin and curved to one side. When he noticed me watching, wide-eyed, he plunged it between my mom's open legs like a dagger.</p> <p>..."...Can't you do your screwing in your bedroom?"</p> <p>...Old Crooked Dick took a good, long look. "You've got a great ass," he remarked, as if I'd find it a compliment. And then he dared ask, "Hey, June. You ever had a three-way with your daughter? Might be kinda kinky?"</p> <p>...Of course, it wouldn't come until after Mr. Kinked Cock hit the road. All she said right then was, "What are you, some kind of perv? Tara there doesn't even have sex yet. Do you, girl?"</p> <p>...The truth was, I'd already had sex, and found it mildly pleasurable, if ultimately dissatisfying, in the way most teen sex is.</p>

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147	<p>"I think it's called underage drinking. And I don't suppose you have a prescription for that marijuana, do you?"</p> <p>..."It's just a little weed. Bet you've tried it before, and don't tell me you didn't drink when you were my age."</p> <p>"Actually, I tried pot exactly once in high school, and hated how out of control it made me feel, especially since the guy who supplied it immediately attempted to take advantage of me. As for alcohol, I didn't start drinking until after my first husband died. .."</p> <p>...She takes a final hit off the pipe, taps the burnt contents into the winter-browned grass, rubs them in with her foot. Then she mostly empties the glass in one long pull.</p> <p>...Drinking and smoking dope don't qualify as adult behaviors, by the way.</p>
148	Your future is on the line here, Kayla, and 'self-medicating' with alcohol or illegal drugs,...
149	I push away the recently resurrected snapshots of my mother having sex on the sofa.
165	<p>Nothing new in the history of television, except for the overt violence, full-frontal nudity, and nicely simulated love-making. During the boring parts, we make out like kids closing on "all the way" without actual penetration.</p> <p>Talk about hot.</p>
166	"No. I want to see you naked."
169	Not easy, floating on opiates.
173	<p>"Hold on just a minute," calls Cavin. "I thought the point was for me to see you naked."</p> <p>"There's plenty of room in here," I invite. "And I can't reach my back."</p> <p>I'm conditioning my hair when he joins me. "Give me the soap." He starts just below my jaw and works his way down, kissing a trail in the suds he creates on my skin. Water streams from his hair, and it's sexy as hell, but not nearly as sexy as the things he does to my nipples with his lips and teeth and tongue.</p> <p>"You're going to get soap in your mouth."</p> <p>Cavin drops cautiously to kneel on the slippery tile. "I'm going to get more than that in my mouth."</p> <p>Careful of my trash-bagged knee, he lathers the skin between my thighs, slips soapy fingers inside me.</p> <p>Out.</p> <p>In.</p> <p>His tongue circles my clit, and his fingers move.</p> <p>In.</p> <p>Out.</p> <p>He is the most skilled lover I've ever had, and I'm moaning. Rocking.</p> <p>Forward.</p> <p>Back.</p> <p>"Stop. Or I'll come."</p> <p>He doesn't stop.</p> <p>"My turn."</p> <p>I can't bend or kneel, so oral is impossible, but stimulating him with conditioner-</p>



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	<p>slicked hands is quite the turn-on.            For him.            For me.            It takes both hands to fully encircle his girth, and in long, quickening strokes, I bring him off. When he orgasms, so do I.</p>
177	<p>But tonight is steeped in romance, punctuated with sex. That's still not up to par, but it is improving, and as the old idiom goes, half a loaf is better than none. Or, to paraphrase, getting a little is preferable to celibacy.</p>
180	<p>"Because you were fucking him."</p>
193	<p>"Perhaps the marijuana clouded her judgement?" Not to mention trying to impress her loser boyfriend, especially if they had nowhere else to go to catch a buzz and engage in sexual activities.</p>
198	<p>Then he lifts me into his lap, so I'm sitting across his legs.            ...This kiss is not a simple hello, and it holds no apology. It is filled with longing, lust, and, yes, love. Startling. I return it with abandon, then stop so I can lift my sweater over my head, invite his mouth lower. His lips explore the length of my neck, down to the cleft between my breasts, where his tongue takes over. As I sit here, in his lap, his sudden erection pushes against the exact right spot, as if asking to enter. Won't happen with two pairs of pants between us, but the prospect makes me hungry.            But first I relocate myself. I still can't kneel, but because I'm sitting here on this big, fluffy cushion, my face is almost exactly the right height. "Stand up and take off your jeans."            Cavin complies, and I reach for his brilliant cock, invite it against my lips, and circle the knob with my tongue, slowly at first, then in quickening rotations. Then I unhinge my jaw, which is what it takes for my mouth to accept the whole thing, and I teach him the meaning of head, Tara-style, pausing only to slow him down, and once to tell him, "I will make you forget Sophia." He rocks forward. "Who?"            And now I let him come.</p>
201	<p>Cavin takes in the bourbon bottle, plus the fact that I'm pouring a fourth, adds the pinched look on my face, sums up the situation correctly.</p>
207	<p>"...Right after I found a way to get laid, of course."            ...Meanwhile, we have a few hours to satisfy more carnal desires. "Ready to come inside?"            "That, my dear, is a loaded question."            The man was reading my mind.</p>
216	<p>"...when that bitch was soaring on coke, whoa. She would have screwed any dude with a boner."            ...The only problem is, she spoiled sex for me. Vanilla will no longer suffice, and I haven't found a girl closer to my age willing to do the things Sophia did. Thus, no girlfriend."            "Did your dad catch you in the actual act?"            "Uh, yeah, he did."            "What did he do?"            "I think he watched for a couple of minutes. Making sure his eyes weren't lying.</p>

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	<p>Then he turned and walked away. Slammed the door so we'd know he was there. I was banging her from behind. She tried to get up and go after Dad, but I held her until I finished. She was pissed. He was pissed. And I was pissed because I figured it would be our last time."</p>
234	<p>"Funny, Finn never mentioned Claire's sexuality."</p>
235	<p>"...By then he'd decided to take his company public, and a number of his major investors are Bible Belt Tea Party Republicans, who either assume themselves to be good homophobic Christians, or pretend to be..."</p>
244	<p>He touches me now, in a rush of need. I struggle to keep up with him, but he urges me to lie still. "Don't move. I want to make you wet."  He lifts himself above me, kisses my face. My neck. My shoulders. Right. Left. His tongue traces my lips, the circumference of each ear. Left. Right. Licks my collarbone. Right. Left.  Down between my breasts, to my stomach. Circles my belly button, then up again.  His lips pluck at my nipples as if they're berries he's lifting from a vine. Left. Right. I'm moaning now, and he smiles at that. "There's my lady: Now let's see how well I've done."  He throws back the blankets, moves all the way to the foot of bed, puts his hands together in an open V, which he slides between my thighs, prying them gently apart. His fingertips keep moving inside of me, as far as they can reach.  Enter. Exit. Enter.  "Oh, yes. You're wet. But I want you dripping."  He accomplishes the deed with his mouth and tongue, teasing in less than elegant fashion, bringing me oh so close to orgasm. But I slow myself. Slow him. "Easy, big guy. Let's try something different."  I turn onto my side, coax him behind me. Completely engorged, his cock crawls up the backs of my legs, and when it thrusts between them, I am very happy to be dripping. The angle of entry brings him full stop against my favorite spot, and the pressure is divine. Push. Pull. Again. Again. Harder. Deeper. Again. Again. He's all the way inside me, and I feel him tense, then start to withdraw, as if to delay.  "Don't stop!"  I maneuver myself so I can help with the motion, urging us both to the point of no stopping now. Orgasm is mutual, extended, intense.  He rolls onto his back and, still inside me, pulls me backward so I'm lying on top of him. "Holy Christ!" It's a rough whisper. "You are one hell of a woman."</p>
245	<p>"About them having sex."  ..."That Sophia seduced him, and they had an affair."</p>
263	<p>Don't all teenagers want to waste their off-hours playing video games or watching porn or something?</p>
293	<p>He leans forward, kisses me just this side of R-rated, then whispers into my ear, "I have never been quite this turned on."  "Obviously, the white dress hasn't fooled you. Wait till you see what I've got underneath."  "What?"  "That's for me to know and you to find out..."</p>

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294	My hunch is they're smoking weed, a fact that's confirmed when they return, red-eyed and moving like tortoises.

Profanity	Count
Ass	6
Bitch	9
Cock	1
Dick	4
Fuck	15
Piss	10
Pussy	2
Shit	1