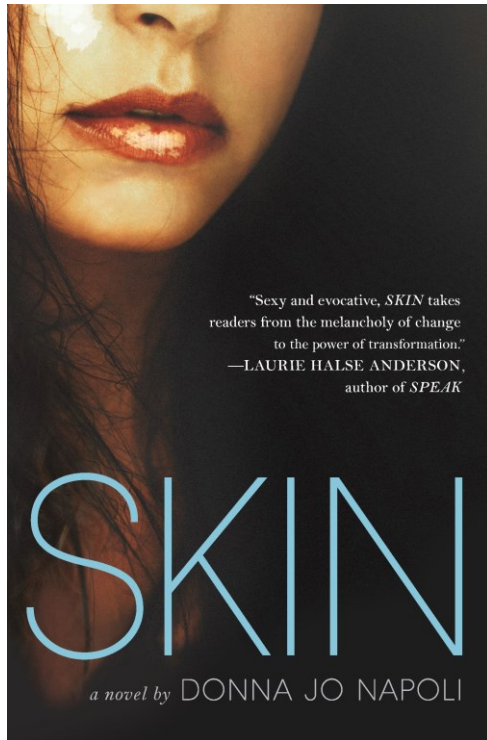


SKIN



Young Adult

By Donna Jo Napoli

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A teenage girl has vitiligo resulting in lowered self-esteem. She learns more about herself and her body after having a romantic relationship with a teenage boy.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; suicide commentary

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
40	I go into my bedroom, close the door, drape myself across the bed, and type: "whats the answer to sex?" "Yes, please."
51	And my nipples stiffen. I can feel them inside me bra.
119	He stands up and pulls me with him and I've never been handled like this before, or not since I was a little girl, and it feels good to be moved around, to have someone in charge, and his eyes stay on mine and I know he's asking, but silently, asking, and he lies down, taking me with him, and I'm on top, our full lengths hugging. My breath is short and there is nothing, nothing anywhere ever, as good as these kisses.
149	"I kissed a few other guys. But just kissed. It wasn't anything like last night." I remember last night so well. I've been remembering it all day. I've been tasting this boy next to me all day long.
153	I lean into him. We kiss. And his tongue goes in my mouth. He didn't do that last night. We kissed so many times last night, so many ways. But he didn't do that. His tongue keeps coming in, more and more. ...His tongue comes in slowly this time, flickery. It's astonishing how lovely it is. I put my tongue in his mouth now. This is French kissing.
158	First my lips. Then the back of my hand. And this morning I found a white spot on my left breast. Shaped like a giant kidney bean. Precisely two and an eighth inches at the longest point and seven-eighths of an inch at the widest point. It's partly on the nipple. And my nipples are dark, so it shows. It glares.
194	But this is extreme even for her. I swear it feels like sexual energy, because if I let myself, I could be jumping on that couch right beside her. How young do girls start feeling the thrill of sexuality?
200	"I thought you were saying you were lesbian."
201	"I mean, I don't care. I've got nothing against lesbians." He laughs. "They like doing a lot of the same things I like doing, after all. I just don't want you being one."
202	Joshua's hands give me happiness, they become my happiness. Up and down, never straying toward my sides, so firmly up and down. Up and down till I'm almost crazy, begging him inside my head. And then they tug at my shirt. They pull it up. Slowly. Agonizingly slowly. But steady. This is happening. It's real. Maybe there is a Lord in heaven. I straddle his waist and lift my arms up high and my shirt comes off over my head. He sits partway up and kisses my neck and throat and the hollows above and below my collarbone. He kisses at the top of my breasts. And his hands fumble with my bra claps, but only for a second. My bra slips down my arms. He untangles it from my wrists and cups my breasts with both hands. I gasp at how good it feels. ...My breasts feel as good as anyone's. I am as good as anyone. In this moment I am worthy of him. And it isn't unfair to Joshua. He's doing what he wants to do. He's a hands guy, a happy hands guy. I'm not hurting him. I can't be hurting him.

Page	Content
	<p>We are kissing and his hands keep stroking me. It just keeps getting better. And now, at last, his head moves toward me. I can feel the wet heat as he opens his mouth.</p> <p>This is the meaning of exquisite.</p>
206	<p>This morning I finished reading a sex novel. It's my third. And two other novels with sex in them are under my pillow. I borrowed them from Devin. The way things progress in them is predictable. As though there's an order to sex- first you do X, then Y, then Z. I wanted to know.</p>
207	<p>And I was just thinking of sex novels and Devin's possibly racy sex life.</p>
216	<p>I kiss Joshua hard. My hands slide up into his curly hair and hold his head fast. He makes a contented, muffled sound. "What's so urgent that it couldn't wait for lunch tomorrow?"</p> <p>...I loop my fingers over his belt and pull him into the gazebo.</p> <p>"Good start," he breathes.</p> <p>I undo his belt.</p> <p>His hands are on my upper arms. He's breathing so deeply I can feel his belly move in and out against my hand. "Do you know what you're doing?"</p> <p>"You can tell me if I do it wrong."</p> <p>He gives me a small laugh. "That isn't what I meant." His lips make a little noise, like he just gulped. "Have you thought about this?"</p> <p>Have I thought about anything else? I unzip him.</p> <p>"We, uh, we're going pretty fast, Sep. It's only been a little while since we started talking to each other again."</p> <p>"It's been weeks."</p> <p>"Two. Two weeks. I've kept track. That's not much, Sep. What's the rush?"</p> <p>...I pull down his trousers.</p> <p>He makes that gulping noise again. "Good answer." His voice is husky.</p> <p>I push him lightly so he drops onto the curving bench on this side of the round table. I get on my knees and push his legs further apart and insert myself between them and fondle him through the cloth. He breathes so hard, I sense his whole torso rise and fall. I pull down on his boxers and he lifts his but just enough so that I can get them down past his knees.</p> <p>He lets out a half grunt.</p> <p>"Did I hurt you?"</p> <p>"No. It's good." He reaches down to a pocket and pulls out something.</p> <p>I'm clumsy. I have to try to go slow- careful. But all I can think about is how hard he is. And how silky soft the skin on the tip is. I brush my cheek against it.</p> <p>He makes a noise as though he's having trouble catching his breath. I love that I can do that to him.</p> <p>I can't stop. I can't think. It's like my whole body has become my cheeks and lips and tongue.</p> <p>Almost instantly, he clamps a handkerchief over himself and groans. He jams the handkerchief back in his pocket, and stands, drawing me up with him. He pulls up his boxers and trousers, and buckles his belt. And I'm still panting, still inside that other place, that other feeling. He kisses me. "I didn't expect that." His voice is so quiet I can hardly hear it.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Mmm,” I manage. I try to slow my heart. “I could tell. Do you always have a handkerchief in your pocket?”</p> <p>“Actually, yes. You never know when it will come in handy.” He laughs.</p> <p>“I don’t get it.”</p> <p>“Masturbation.”</p> <p>“Oh. Yeah. I’m just not quite, you know, thinking straight yet.”</p> <p>“You’re amazing,” he says.</p> <p>“I’m glad you liked it.”</p> <p>“I loved it. Your turn now.”</p> <p>“What?”</p> <p>“Your sex manual didn’t explain turn taking?”</p> <p>“I don’t have a sex manual.”</p> <p>“Then that truly was amazing. You’re a natural. So relax now, and let me take over. Let it happen naturally.” He unsnaps my jeans and opens the zipper and pulls my pants all the way off, yanking them over my sneakers. And now I’m glad it’s too dark to see.</p> <p>It’s a warm enough night, but still I get goose bumps. “I don’t take anything. You know, like birth control pills.”</p> <p>“What we’re going to do can’t make you pregnant.”</p> <p>Well, of course not. He has his jeans on.</p> <p>...He pulls off my panties.</p> <p>I’m standing with the bottom half of me naked in my neighbor’s gazebo. Or naked except for my shoes and socks.</p> <p>He kneels in front of me and runs his hands up and down my legs. They go over that ghost of a spot on the inside of my right thigh. The newest spot, and the biggest one yet.</p> <p>...His hands touch it and keep moving. His eyes don’t see. Thank you, clouds.</p> <p>Thank you, thank you.</p> <p>His hands go everywhere, till I’m wobbling so bad I think I’ll fall.</p> <p>He pulls me down beside him on the floor of the gazebo and stretches out on his back. “Straddle my face.”</p> <p>“What?”</p> <p>“Just do it. One knee on either side of my head. Just do it.”</p> <p>“Facing which way?”</p> <p>He laughs. “Facing the top of my head.”</p> <p>I straddle him and he pushes my knees out, till I’m low enough. He kisses the inside of one thigh, then the other. So soft it’s like the best dream. Then his tongue flicks. Zap, like an electric shock. I jerk upward, rigid and more alive than I’ve ever been. He pulls me down again and holds me tight. And I implode, I explode, I fly apart, my head is twirling and I’m moving so fast, on and on and on, till it finally ebbs. And ends.</p> <p>I slip my hand over his mouth to make him stop, and I collapse beside him.</p> <p>He kisses my hand. Then my lips. “You’re a wonder.”</p> <p>“I had an orgasm,” I say between pants. “I came. I really came.”</p> <p>“Yeah.” He laughs. “I could tell.”</p> <p>...“I never came before.”</p> <p>“I wouldn’t have known it.”</p>

Page	Content
	"If that had lasted one more second, I think I would have vaporized." "That's what it sounded like. I was afraid you'd wake the whole neighborhood."
227	Sex doesn't seem dangerous around Joshua. Love does.
228	I want a whole lot more from Joshua than just sperm.
229	And, oh my God, bonobos, their promiscuity is amazing- they're gleefully sexual with everyone- males with males, and females with females, and males with females- a great big orgy.
245	Is that what sex does to you, make other people perceive you differently?
264	"I slept with two people. And one of them was on the pill. And I didn't ask the other one." ..."She'd had a lot of experience." He looks at me. "A lot." "You've had a lot of experience." "Me?" "Two people, and you're only sixteen." "Yeah. Yeah, compared to you, I've had a lot of experience." ..."I was fourteen at the time..." ..."Fourteen." Ninth grade. Lord. "How old was she?" "Come on, Sep. I won't identify her. She wanted to have fun. And she enjoyed teaching me things. And I enjoyed learning."
265	"One more thing." He puts a foil wrapper on the coffee table. It takes a few seconds for me to realize it's a condom. I'm shaking all over. "Lights out," I whisper.
266	And we make love. You can call it having sex. But this pleasure is much beyond anything I've read about in the nonhuman animal world, it's got to be making love. Even for humans, this is no ordinary thing. I've prowled around the Internet, so I know. Whoever taught Joshua did a bang-up job. Or maybe he was just a gifted student.
285	Then I found a blog called "I have vitiligo" and the big headline on it was "Vitiligo and Suicide." Teens wrote in about feelings of depression, thoughts of suicide. ...I found a YouTube video about a young man who committed suicide because he felt his vitiligo made him look like a monster.
319	And my motor's still running from Melanie's kiss.
323	I changed this fall. It's not like I'd go out and tell every girl who wants to dance that she should get laid, but I really believe sex woke my body up somehow- and now it's got some new level of awareness or plane of existence or whatever it is people say when they talk about these things. I simply know my body better now.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Fuck	6
Piss	1
Shit	7