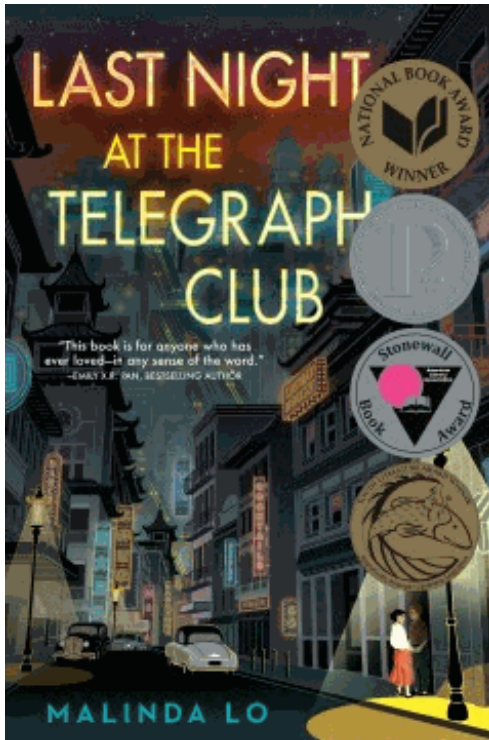


LAST NIGHT AT THE TELEGRAPH CLUB



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alternate sexualities; and derogatory term.

Young Adult

By Malinda Lo

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CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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9	But there was a modest swell to her breast, and she had cinched in the waist of her dress to emphasize the slight curve of her hips.
39	The women on these book covers seemed to have a lot of trouble keeping their clothes on. The men loomed behind them or clutched them in muscular arms, bending the women's bodies backward so that their breasts pointed up. There was something disturbing about the illustrations—and it wasn't the leering men. It was the women's pliant bodies, their bare legs and lush breasts, mouths like shiny red candies.
41	Maxine pushed Patrice back against the velvet cushions, lowering her mouth to the girl's creamy skin. "You're like me, Patrice. Stop fighting the possibility." Patrice whimpered as Maxine pressed her lips to her neck. "Max, what are you doing?" Patrice gasped. "This is shameful." "You know what I'm doing," Maxine whispered. She unbuttoned Patrice's blouse and slid the fabric over Patrice's shoulder, stroking her breasts. Patrice let out a sigh of pure pleasure. "Kiss me now," Patrice whispered. Maxine obeyed, and the sensation of Patrice's mouth against hers was a delight far beyond shame.
42	She went to bed imagining Maxine's hand on the buttons of Patrice's blouse, unbuttoning it. She slid her own hand beneath the placket of her nightgown; she felt her own warm skin beneath her fingertips. In the quiet darkness of her bedroom she felt the faint but insistent beating of her heart, and she felt its quickening. She imagined the blouse sliding off Patrice's shoulders, the pale swell of her breasts. Lily's whole body went hot. She felt the need to cross her legs against the hungry ache at the center of her body. She imagined them kissing the way Marlon Brando had kissed Mary Murphy in <i>The Wild One</i> , which she and Shirley had snuck into last February. ("Don't be such a square," Shirley had said when Lily had worried about getting caught.) But now, in Lily's imagination, Marlon Brando became Max, crushing Patrice bonelessly in her arms. And then their lips pressed together, and Lily tugged up the hem of her nightgown and pressed her fingers between her thighs, and pressed, and pressed.
81	The author explained, rather slyly, that instead of kissing, Chinese women "make love with their hands" by kissing with their fingertips instead of their lips.
94	"They kissed each other," she reported, and saying it out loud was thrilling; it made her blush. And yet she couldn't say the word the book had used to describe those kinds of girls: lesbian.
95	"Nothing like a little affection between girls- always makes my day!" he said, laughing.
132	Every time they spun, the gauzy fabric floated free to give a glimpse of what lay beneath: muscular limbs, smooth white skin, youthfully firm breasts. They were not as alluring as the dancing girls he'd seen in Shanghai before he'd come to America (he allowed that he'd been younger then and probably more impressionable), but they carried themselves with an appealing, straightforward energy. They were almost wholesome, and he wondered whether Grace approved. She had always had a Puritanical streak in her, which he attributed to her American upbringing.
185	She blushed at his words, and shortly afterward, he kissed her for the first time.
188	Francis was bold, and he kissed her gently on the lips.

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194	And beneath the starched white shirt and tailored tuxedo jacket, Lily detected the slight swell of breasts. That made Lily's face burn, and for a moment she had to lower her gaze to the table, where she saw the glass of beer Jean had bought for her.
196	"I heard it's all hookers and dykes, and you can get bennies there under the table," Jean said with a grin.
248	The woman's body was moving in an unusual way- her shoulders were bent forward, her head dipping- and all of a sudden Lily realized the woman wasn't alone. There was another woman with her beneath the stairs, the edges of her skirt visible around the other woman's legs. They were pressed together, their heads close. Lily couldn't see exactly what they were doing, but she had a good idea.
258	All of her senses rushed to that tender spot where Tommy's warm hand was touching her, her fingertips softly pressing against her neck, her thumb running lightly but deliberately over her mouth.
259	For a moment—an excruciatingly long moment—Lily was sure that Tommy was thinking about kissing her. Silky heat ran through her like a river.
264	<p>The feel of Kath's hands sliding around her body silenced her laughter. She stopped breathing, and Kath's mouth touched hers, feeling its way in the dark. Her lips were cool and dry at first, but quickly, so quickly, they bloomed into warmth and softness. Her body was close against hers, the shape of her like a shock, her breasts and her hips and her hip bones against her, her hands pulling her closer, closer.</p> <p>Lily had not known, had never imagined, how a first kiss could turn so swiftly into a second, and a third, and then a continual opening and pressing and touching, the tip of her tongue against Kath's, the warmth of her mouth and the way that warmth reached all the way through her body and raised an indescribable ache between her legs. She had to push herself closer to Kath; that was the only thought in her mind. She put her hands on Kath and slid them beneath her jacket and clutched her back, and there was an awkward fumbling as they moved in the dark alleyway together, seeking something to press against, until the wall of the building was at Lily's back and she could pull Kath into her.</p>
274	<p>And then she couldn't help but notice the soft rise of Shirley's breasts over the cups of the bodice; the way they shifted when she twisted back and forth, trying to see every angle in the mirror.</p> <p>...(The feel of Kath's back beneath her hands, through the fabric of her shirt; how she'd wanted to touch her bare skin.)</p>
280	<p>Her mouth was almost touching her own; she could feel the heat of her breath on her lips. She could smell the fragrance of Kath's skin; it raised goose bumps on her arms. She gently pulled her hand from Kath's and deliberately, lightly, placed her hands around Kath's neck as if they were about to dance. She heard the inhale and exhale of Kath's breath in the darkness, and then Kath slid her hands around Lily's waist and leaned forward to kiss her. It felt different this time—weighted. They were making this choice together, and Lily felt the seriousness with which Kath touched her. Her mouth questioned her with each kiss: Is this what you want? And Lily tried to say yes in the way she pulled Kath close to her, the way she caressed the fine soft hairs on the nape of Kath's neck, the way she pressed her breasts against Kath's body.</p> <p>Yes.</p>

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284	<p>Shirley bent down to Calvin and kissed him. A smile crossed his face, and he reached out of the car and put his hand on her waist, drawing her down for another kiss. The way Calvin touched Shirley—the way they lingered over their kiss—sent a shiver of recognition through Lily.</p>
286	<p>She brushed her nose against Kath’s neck, and she wanted to bottle up the fragrance of her. She felt Kath’s pulse beneath her lips, and Kath’s hand cupping the back of her head, and at last, Kath’s mouth touching hers.</p> <p>It was still a shock to feel it: the connection between their bodies, as if it had risen from the marrow of her bones, thick and charged and sweet. Before, she had been afraid of being discovered and afraid of discovering herself, but the more they kissed, the less afraid she felt, until her fear was subsumed beneath much more powerful feelings.</p> <p>She wanted to touch Kath’s skin. She tugged the hem of Kath’s blouse out from her skirt and slid her hands beneath it, and finally she felt the warm skin of her back, and the quiver of Kath’s body as she touched her. Kath drew back briefly and reached for the buttons of Lily’s blouse, asking, “Can I?” Lily helped her unbutton it, and then Kath put her hand on the bare skin of Lily’s waist, and Lily closed her eyes. Kath’s hand slid up over her ribs and cupped the curve of her breast, and her thumb trailed electrically over the outline of Lily’s nipple through her bra. And then she pushed her leg between Lily’s thighs, and Lily gasped at how it felt—the pressure and the movement there—and it was exactly what she wanted. She was astonished by the way this worked between them so instinctively, as if they had been made to do this together.</p> <p>But Lily felt as if there were no time. She couldn’t entirely forget that they only had an hour together. A desire for something more was rising inside her as Kath moved against her, their skirts riding up as their bodies rubbed together. It felt urgent, as if they were counting down the seconds till a bomb would explode. There was no time; they had to do this right now. And she reached for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up to her hips, and she took Kath’s hand and moved it to the cleft of her body.</p> <p>Kath hesitated. “Are you sure?” she whispered.</p> <p>“Please,” Lily said, overcome.</p> <p>So Kath put her hand between Lily’s legs, and Lily helped her, fumbling with her underwear. It was awkward, but when Kath’s fingers touched her, they both gasped.</p> <p>“Am I in the right place?” Kath asked.</p> <p>“Yes,” Lily whispered.</p> <p>It all felt like the right place. Kath’s fingers rubbed and rubbed, and it was so marvelous, so intoxicating—she’d never even really touched herself like this before—and now she was pinned against the side of the filing cabinet, and it made a dull metallic thud as her hand slapped against it.</p> <p>“I’m sorry,” she gasped, but she couldn’t really be sorry because it was all happening so quickly, so unexpectedly, and she clutched Kath close to her as the sensations took over, her body shuddering, and she pressed her face into Kath’s neck until it was over.</p> <p>There was a minute in which she breathed in and out, in and out, and Kath held her gently, her head resting against the filing cabinet. Then Kath kissed her neck and shifted herself over Lily’s thigh and whispered, “Can I—is this all right?”</p> <p>“Yes,” Lily said, and she leaned into Kath, holding her as she moved, feeling Kath’s wetness slide against her leg.</p> <p>...How different this was from when Lily was alone in her room. How different, and how much more: an overflowing amount of more. Kath kept rocking against her thigh, her breath</p>

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	ragged against Lily's cheek, and Lily stroked her hand over Kath's hair tenderly, feeling impossibly close to her. How precious she was, and how miraculous.
296	Lily laughed. She pulled Kath closer; she felt her smiling mouth against her own. Lily remembered the sight of that other couple beneath the stairs, and it was as if time had folded upon itself and she couldn't tell if she was herself or someone else. How many girls had stood beneath these stairs, kissing? Lily envisioned a long line of girls like them cocooned in this dark pocket of beer-scented air.
315	She remembered her beneath the stairs at the Telegraph Club, the darkness a cocoon around them as they kissed, the sound of Tommy singing in the background like an old record on repeat.
334	She crossed her arms and legs, hugging herself closer, trying to ignore the fear that was rising inside her. She called up the memory of Kath's mouth against hers as they kissed beneath the stairs at the club.
338	"It's awful, isn't it? At least you don't have to squeeze her breasts to get it to work. I've seen one of those too."
347	Claire handed her the table lighter, and her thumb came to rest on the nude woman's breasts as she pressed the switch.

Derogatory Term	Count
Dyke	4