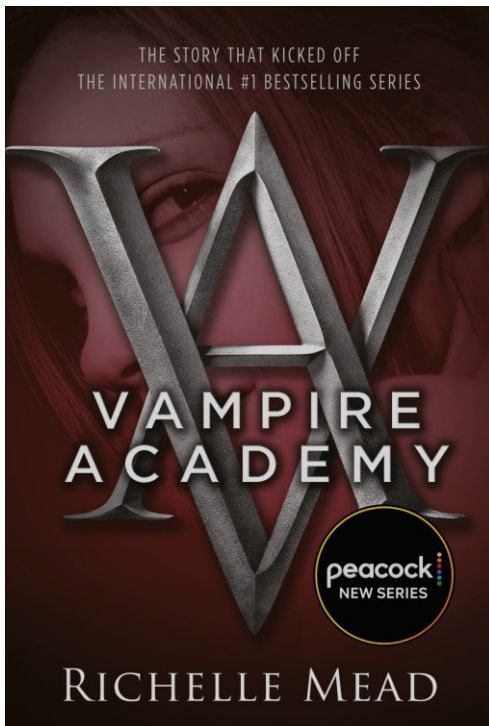


VAMPIRE ACADEMY (BOOK 1)



Young Adult

By Richelle Mead

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Book Summary:

A royal vampire and her guardian face many challenges after returning to the school they previously ran away from.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; violence; gore; self-harm; references to attempted suicide; profanity; references to abortion; controversial religious commentary; alcohol use by minors; and references to drug abuse.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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3	Her fangs bit into me, hard, and I cried out at the brief flare of pain. Then it faded, replaced by a wonderful, golden joy that spread through my body. It was better than any of the times I'd been drunk or high. Better than sex—or so I imagined, since I'd never done it.
28	<p>“Hey Mason, wipe the drool off your face. If you're going to think about me naked, do it on your own time.”</p> <p>...“Huh. Well, I guess this is a good time to think about me naked, then.”</p> <p>“It's always a good a time to think about you naked,” added someone nearby, breaking the tension further.</p>
45	They were well cared for and given all the comforts they could need. But at the heart of it, they were drug users, addicts to Moroi saliva and the rush it offered with each bite.
48	“Camille said one of you got pregnant and went off to have an abortion, but I knew that couldn't be true. Someone else said you went off to hang out with Rose's mom, but I figured Ms. Kirova and Daddy wouldn't have been so upset if you'd turned up there. Did you know we might get to be roommates? I was talking to . . .”
50	You flirted with the other guys simply for the sake of flirting. You flirted with Jesse in the hopes of getting semi-naked with him. He was a royal Moroi, and he was so hot, he should have worn a WARNING: FLAMMABLE sign.
51	Here, among the slim and small-chested Moroi girls, certain features—meaning my larger breasts and more defined hips—stood out. I knew I was pretty, but to Moroi boys, my body was more than just pretty: it was sexy in a risqué way. Dhampirs were an exotic conquest, a novelty all Moroi guys wanted to “try.”
57	I had a standing arrangement with God: I'd agree to believe in him—barely—so long as he let me sleep in on Sundays.
62	<p>For anyone else—especially a dhampir—letting a Moroi take blood from you was almost, well, dirty. In fact, one of the kinkiest, practically pornographic things a dhampir could do was let a Moroi drink blood during sex.</p> <p>Lissa and I hadn't had sex, of course, but we'd both known what others would think of me feeding her.</p>
70	<p>“Ooh. You see? You should go after him.”</p> <p>“Whatever. I'm fine being friends now.”</p> <p>“Friends who used to stick their tongues down each other's throats.”</p>
73	<p>Jesse, in the meantime, was telling me about a party.</p> <p>“You've got to slip your leash tonight. We're going up to that spot in the woods around eight thirty. Mark got some weed.”</p>
75	<p>“You said that whenever I'm not in class or practice, I have to stay in the dorm. But what about church on Sundays? I don't think it's really fair to keep me away from my religious . . . um, needs.” Or deprive me of another chance—no matter how short and boring—to hang out with Lissa.</p> <p>She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose. “I wasn't aware you had any religious needs.”</p> <p>“I found Jesus while I was gone.”</p> <p>“Isn't your mother an atheist?” she asked skeptically.</p> <p>“And my dad's probably Muslim. But I've moved on to my own path. You shouldn't keep me from it.”</p> <p>...The victory was short-lived, however, because church was every bit as lame as I</p>

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	<p>remembered when I attended a few days later. I did get to sit next to Lissa, though, which made me feel like I was getting away with something. Mostly I just people-watched. Church was optional for students, but with so many Eastern European families, a lot of students were Eastern Orthodox Christians and attended either because they believed or because their parents made them.</p> <p>...As much as I didn't like him, his fake faith still made me smile.</p>
80	<p>These communities had a bad reputation. I don't know how much of it was true, but rumors said Moroi men visited all the time for sex. and that some dhampir women let them drink blood while doing it. Blood whores.</p>
81	<p>No one cared if teenage dhampirs dated or if adult dhampirs had flings.</p>
84	<p>"I saw you guys sparring outside the chapel. Have you no respect for the house of God?" I snorted. "You've got about as much respect for it as I do, you heathen. You didn't even go. Besides, as you said, we were outside."</p>
89	<p>"Maybe they were hooking up," he suggested.</p> <p>I laughed. "He was a saint."</p> <p>"So? Saints probably like sex too. That 'brother and sister' stuff is probably a cover." He pointed to one of the lines. "See? They were 'bound' together." He winked. "It's code." Bound. It was a weird word choice, but that didn't necessarily mean Anna and Vladimir were ripping each other's clothes off.</p>
105	<p>"Screw you," I told him in a low voice.</p> <p>"Are you offering?"</p> <p>"From what I've heard, there isn't much to screw," I shot back.</p> <p>"Wow," he said mockingly. "You have changed. Last I remembered, you weren't too picky about who you got naked with."</p> <p>"And the last I remember, the only people you ever saw naked were on the Internet."</p>
116	<p>"You're a lot hotter than she is."</p> <p>"Glad I make the cut." There was a sort of a heat in his eyes that was turning me on, as was his hand sliding up my leg. But I needed to do something first. It was time for some vengeance.</p> <p>...Sitting up, I moved closer to him and draped a leg over his lap. I wrapped my arms around him, and without further delay, thoughts of Mia disappeared as his testosterone kicked in. He kissed me eagerly—sloppily, even—pushing me against the back of the couch, and I relaxed into what had to be the first enjoyable physical activity I'd had in weeks. We kissed like that for a long time, and I didn't stop him when he pulled off my shirt.</p> <p>"I'm not having sex," I warned between kisses. I had no intention of losing my virginity on a couch in a lounge.</p> <p>He paused, thinking about this, and finally decided not to push it. "Okay."</p> <p>But he pushed me onto the couch, lying over me, still kissing with that same fierceness. His lips traveled down to my neck, and when the sharp points of his fangs brushed against my skin, I couldn't help an excited gasp.</p> <p>He raised himself up, looking into my face with open surprise. For a moment, I could barely breathe, recalling that rush of pleasure that a vampire bite could fill me with, wondering what it'd be like to feel that while making out. Then the old taboos kicked in. Even if we didn't have sex, giving blood while we did this was still wrong, still dirty.</p> <p>"Don't," I warned.</p> <p>"You want to." His voice held excited wonder. "I can tell."</p>

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	<p>“No, I don’t.”</p> <p>His eyes lit up. “You do. How—hey, have you done it before?”</p> <p>“No,” I scoffed. “Of course not.”</p> <p>Those gorgeous blue eyes watched me, and I could see the wheels spinning behind them. Jesse might flirt a lot and have a big mouth, but he wasn’t stupid.</p> <p>“You act like you have. You got excited when I was by your neck.”</p> <p>“You’re a good kisser,” I countered, though it wasn’t entirely true. He drooled a little more than I would have preferred. “Don’t you think everyone would know if I was giving blood?”</p> <p>...“Sure,” he said with a smile. He leaned his mouth back to my neck.</p> <p>“I’m not a blood whore,” I snapped, pulling away from him.</p> <p>“But you want to. You like it. All you dhamp girls do.” His teeth were on my skin again. Sharp. Wonderful.</p> <p>I had a feeling hostility would only make things worse, so I defused the situation with teasing. “Stop it,” I said gently, running a fingertip over his lips. “I told you, I’m not like that. But if you want something to do with your mouth, I can give you some ideas.”</p> <p>That peaked his interest. “Yeah? Like wha—?”</p>
121	<p>Had it been any other guy, I would have said he was checking me out. As it was, he was definitely studying me. Studying my face, my body. And I suddenly realized I was only in jeans and a bra—a black bra at that. I knew perfectly well that there weren’t a lot of girls at this school who looked as good in a bra as I did.</p> <p>...And, finally, I noticed that a hot flush was spreading over me, and that the look in his eyes was doing more to me than Jesse’s kisses had. Dimitri was quiet and distant sometimes, but he also had a dedication and an intensity that I’d never seen in any other person. I wondered how that kind of power and strength translated into . . . well, sex. I wondered what it’d be like for him to touch me and—shit!</p>
122	<p>“Now get back to your room—if you can manage it without throwing yourself at someone else.”</p> <p>“Is that your subtle way of calling me a slut?”</p> <p>“I hear the stories you guys tell. I’ve heard stories about you.”</p>
127	<p>“The first speaker responds: ‘What do you think happened? We hooked up in one of the empty lounges.’”</p> <p>...“Thank you for that confirmation, Miss Hathaway. Now, where was I? Ah yes, the other speaker then asks, ‘How was it?’ The response is, ‘Good,’ punctuated with a smiley face to confirm said adjective. Well. I suppose kudos are in order for the mysterious J, hmmm? ‘So, like, how far did you guys go?’ Uh, ladies,” said Mr. Nagy, “I do hope this doesn’t surpass a PG rating. ‘Not very. We got caught.’ And again, we are shown the severity of the situation, this time through the use of a not-smiling face. ‘What happened?’ ‘Dimitri showed up. He threw Jesse out and then bitched me out.’”</p>
130	<p>We had been out in the woods near campus one evening, having skipped out on our last class. I’d traded a pair of cute, rhinestone-studded sandals to Abby Badica for a bottle of peach schnapps—desperate, yes, but you did what you had to in Montana—which she’d somehow gotten hold of. Lissa had shaken her head in disapproval when I suggested cutting class to go put the bottle out of its misery, but she’d come along anyway. Like always.</p> <p>...Passing the bottle back and forth, I grilled her on Aaron. She’d fessed up that the two of them had had sex the weekend before, and I felt a surge of jealousy that she’d been the one to have sex first.</p>

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	<p>“So what was it like?” She shrugged and took another drink. “I don’t know. It wasn’t anything.” ...I held up the bottle and glared at it. “I don’t think this stuff is working.” “That’s because there’s barely any alcohol in—” ...“Ladies.” Ms. Karp. We froze, and whatever quick reactions I’d shown back by the marsh disappeared as I delayed a few moments in hiding the bottle behind my back. A half-smile crossed her face, and she held out her hand. Sheepishly, I gave the bottle to her, and she tucked it under her arm. She turned without another word, and we followed, knowing there would be consequences to deal with.</p>
135	<p>“I just don’t like hearing people talk shit about you, that’s all. There are a lot of nasty jokes going around. They’re calling you a slut.”</p>
142	<p>I was crushing on my mentor. Crushing on my older mentor. I had to be out of my mind. He was seven years older than me. Old enough to be my . . . well, okay, nothing. But still older than me. Seven years was a lot. He’d been learning to write when I was born. When I’d been learning to write and throw books at my teachers, he’d probably been kissing girls. Probably lots of girls, considering how he looked.</p>
152	<p>“It was you,” she said, eyes wide. “Someone told me Jesse’d started it, but he couldn’t have known anything about me. He got it from you. When you slept with him.”</p>
158	<p>I took her hands. “Come on. Let’s get you cleaned—” I stopped. She was bleeding after all. Perfect lines crossed her wrists, not near any crucial veins, but enough to leave wet, red tracks across her skin. She hadn’t hit her veins when she did this; death hadn’t been her goal. She met my eyes. “I’m sorry. . . . I didn’t mean . . . Please don’t let them know . . .” she sobbed. “When I saw it, I freaked out.” She nodded toward her wrists. “This just happened before I could stop. I was upset. . . .” ...She’d found the rabbit, cleaned up, and freaked out. Then she’d cut herself, but it was the weird way she coped with things that upset her.</p>
169	<p>“Oh, I get it. He said we had sex.” ...Not like my reputation was that stellar to begin with. Everyone already believed I had sex all the time. “And uh, Ralf too. That you and he—” Ralf? No amount of alcohol or any illegal substance would make me touch him. “I—what? That I had sex with Ralf too?” ...“There’s more.” “How? Did I sleep with the basketball team?” “He said—they both said—you let them . . . well, you let them drink your blood.” That stopped even me. Drinking blood during sex. The dirtiest of the dirty. Sleazy. Beyond being easy or a slut. A gazillion times worse than Lissa drinking from me for survival. Blood-whore territory.</p>
173	<p>You couldn’t come back from something like this. Not among the Moroi. Once a blood whore, always a blood whore. What made it worse was that some dark, secret part of me did like being bitten.</p>

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193	<p>“How’s it been going, Rose? You getting lonely? Want some company?” Anthony laughed. “I can’t bite you, but I can give you something else you want.” I had to pass through the doorway they stood in to get outside. Glaring, I pushed past, but Miles caught me around the waist, his hand sliding down to my butt. “Get your hands off my ass before I break your face,” I told him, jerking away. In doing so, I only bumped into Anthony. “Come on,” Anthony said, “I thought you didn’t have a problem taking on two guys at the same time.”</p>
195	<p>I couldn’t be Mason’s girlfriend because when I imagined someone holding me and whispering dirty things in my ear, he had a Russian accent.</p>
198	<p>He blamed it on demons and stupid stuff like that, but it was obvious he suffered from depression. Once, he admitted in his diary, he tried to kill himself.</p>
202	<p>Inside her room, I found a party in full swing. Lissa, Camille, Carly, Aaron, and a few other royals sat around laughing, listening to loud music, and passing around bottles of whiskey. ...Lissa stumbled to her feet, the fuzzy feelings in our bond indicating she’d been drinking for a while. ...A few of the others held up plastic cups, cheering and toasting me. Xander Badica poured two more cups, handing them to Mason and me. I took mine with a smile, all the while feeling uneasy about the night’s turn of events. Not so long ago, I would have welcomed a party like this and would have downed my drink in thirty seconds. ...“Where’d you get the whiskey?” I asked. “Mr. Nagy,” Aaron said. ...Everyone knew Mr. Nagy drank all the time after school and kept a stash on campus. He continually used new hiding places—and students continually found them. Lissa leaned against Aaron’s shoulder. “Aaron helped me break into his room and take them. He had them hidden in the bottom of the paint closet.”</p>
204	<p>There was a collective “ew” from among the girls. Sex and blood with dhampirs was dirty; between Moroi, it was cannibalistic. “You are such a liar,” said Camille. “No, I’m serious. It was just a small bite. She didn’t get high like the feeders. Did you?” He put his free arm around my shoulder. “Did you like it?”</p>
205	<p>I drank a lot that night but still managed to keep an eye on Lissa. ...My heavy buzz kept a lot of her feelings from me, but as long as she looked okay, I didn’t worry. Mid-kiss, Greg suddenly broke away and looked at something over my shoulder. We both sat in the same chair, with me on his lap, and I craned my neck to see. ...We kissed a while longer and then I felt a tap on my shoulder. ...Too much beer for me. I climbed off of Greg’s lap. ...The truth was, I was actually starting to feel a little nauseous from all I’d drunk. “Aren’t enough drugs in the world to get me near you,” I told him. A few of his friends laughed. “But maybe you can go make out with that lamp over there. It seems to be out of it enough to make even you happy. You don’t need her anymore.”</p>
212	<p>Xander, distracted as so many drunk people easily are, turned around to defend his honor, forgetting me.</p>
217	<p>“Because you’re so in love with Aaron? Because you can’t wait to have sex with him again?”</p>

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218	<p>Although it made her squirm, I told her how they too grew easily upset and had tried to hurt themselves.</p> <p>“He tried to kill himself,” I said, not meeting her eyes. “And I used to notice marks on Ms. Karp’s skin—like she’d claw at her own face. She tried to hide it with her hair, but I could see the old scratches and tell when she made new ones.”</p>
222	<p>If I’d let him go to her in the garden that night, maybe she wouldn’t have gotten upset and cut herself.</p>
241	<p>But a year earlier, I also would have laughed at anyone who said she’d want to cut her wrists or make someone “pay.”</p>
243	<p>Although it had a slight flair at the hemline, the rest looked like it would definitely manage some serious clinging action. Super sexy. Maybe even challenge-the-school-dress-code sexy.</p>
251	<p>Swallowing, I dragged my eyes up from his lips. I’d been contemplating what it’d be like to kiss him. The thought both excited and scared me, which was stupid. I’d kissed a lot of guys and never thought much about it. No reason another one—even an older one—should be that big of a deal. Yet the thought of him closing the distance and bringing his lips to mine made the world start spinning.</p>
259	<p>Then, out of nowhere, he leaned forward and kissed her. It was hot and fast and furious, an outpouring of the rage and passion and longing that Christian always kept locked inside of him. Lissa had never been kissed like that, and I felt her respond to it, respond to him—how he made her feel so much more alive than Aaron or anyone else could.</p> <p>Christian pulled back from the kiss but still kept his face next to hers.</p> <p>“That’s what you do with someone you like.”</p> <p>Lissa’s heart pounded with both anger and desire.</p> <p>..Overcome, drowning in her own pain, Lissa made the only decision she could. The only thing she could do to channel all of these emotions. She opened up her purse and found the tiny razor blade she always carried. . . .</p> <p>Sickened, yet unable to break away, I felt as she cut her left arm, making perfectly even marks, watching as the blood flowed across her white skin. As always, she avoided veins, but her cuts were deeper this time. The cutting stung horribly, yet in doing it, she was able to focus on the physical pain, distract herself from the mental anguish so that she could feel like she was in control.</p> <p>Drops of blood splattered onto the dusty floor, and her world began spinning. Seeing her own blood intrigued her. She had taken blood from others her entire life. Me. The feeders. Now, here it was, leaking out. With a nervous giggle, she decided it was funny. Maybe by letting it out, she was giving it back to those she’d stolen it from.</p>
262	<p>But hiding her cutting did nothing to protect her. I hadn’t been able to make her stop—and really, I now wondered if it was my fault she’d ever started.</p>
265	<p>That story raged on as the day passed, as did all sorts of rumors about why Lissa might have gone to the med clinic. Pregnancy and abortion theories were eternally popular.</p>
268	<p>“And I have a surprise for you when we get there.”</p> <p>“Is it in a bottle?” If Lissa wanted to ignore me, I had no reason to keep myself sober.</p> <p>...It was also very likely that I was going to get head-over-heels drunk tonight, which, while not a great way to solve my problems, would at least be really fun.</p>
270	<p>When I saw Kirova in a sleeveless plaid dress, I turned to Mason and said, “Are you sure we can’t hit the hard liquor yet?”</p>

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	<p>...Letting him lead me, I walked across the room, cutting through a cluster of freshmen who looked way too young to be doing the kind of pelvic thrusts they were attempting.</p>
272	<p>“Boys,” warned Mason, clearly delighted about something, “you’re making Hathaway and me very angry. Tell her why you did it.”</p> <p>Wearing the look of one who realized things couldn’t get any worse, Jesse finally met my eyes. “We did it because she slept with us. Both of us.”</p>
273	<p>MY MOUTH DROPPED OPEN. “Uh ... wait ... you mean sex?”</p> <p>...“Of course I mean sex. She said she’d do it if we said that we’d ... you know....”</p> <p>I made a face. “You guys didn’t both, uh, do it at the same time, did you?”</p> <p>“No,” said Jesse in disgust. Ralf kind of looked like he wouldn’t have minded.</p>
274	<p>“They promised. Everyone’ll know by lunch.”</p> <p>“Why not now?” I asked sulkily. “They slept with a girl. Hurts her more than them.”</p>
281	<p>With almost a foot separating us, there was no way I could easily kiss his lips without his help. So instead, I aimed for his chest, wanting to taste that warm, smooth skin.</p> <p>...I moved toward him again, needing to touch him and kiss him and do so many other things.</p> <p>“Are you drunk?” he asked, holding his hand out in a warding gesture.</p> <p>“Don’t I wish.” I tried to dodge around him, then paused, momentarily uncertain. “I thought you wanted to—don’t you think I’m pretty?”</p> <p>...When I moved toward him again, he reached out and gripped my wrists. With that touch, an electric current shot through both of us, and I saw him forget whatever he’d just been worrying about. Something seized him too, something that made him suddenly want me as much I wanted him.</p> <p>Releasing my wrists, he moved his hands up my arms, sliding slowly along my skin. Holding me in his dark, hungry gaze, he pulled me to him, pressing me right up to his body. One of his hands moved up the back of my neck, twining his fingers in my hair and tipping my face up to his. He brought his lips down, barely brushing them against mine.</p> <p>...His lips moved to mine, gentle at first, and then hard and hungry. His kiss consumed me. His hands on my arms slid down, down my hips, down to the edge of my dress. He gathered up the fabric in his hands and began pushing it up my legs. I melted into that touch, into his kiss and the way it burned against my mouth. His hands kept sliding up and up, until he’d pulled the dress over my head and tossed it on the floor.</p> <p>“You . . . you got rid of that dress fast,” I pointed out between heavy breaths. “I thought you liked it.”</p> <p>“I do like it,” he said. His breathing was as heavy as mine. “I love it.”</p> <p>And then he took me to the bed.</p>
284	<p>I’D NEVER BEEN COMPLETELY NAKED around a guy before. It scared the hell out of me—even though it excited me, too. Lying on the covers, we clung to each other and kept kissing—and kissing and kissing and kissing. His hands and lips took possession of my body, and every touch was like fire on my skin.</p> <p>After yearning for him for so long, I could barely believe this was happening. And while the physical stuff felt great, I also just liked being close to him. I liked the way he looked at me, like I was the sexiest, most wonderful thing in the world. I liked the way he would say my name in Russian, murmured like a prayer: Roza, Roza . . .</p> <p>...The burning in his eyes told me he wanted to do a lot more than we were, but he took things slow, maybe because he knew I was nervous. His pajama pants stayed on. At one</p>

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	<p>point, I shifted so that I hovered over him, my hair hanging around him. He tilted his head slightly, and I just barely caught sight of the back of his neck. I brushed my fingertips over the six tiny marks tattooed there.</p> <p>...He brought my own neck down to his mouth and kissed me. His teeth gently grazed my skin, different from a vampire but every bit as thrilling.</p> <p>...He rolled me off of him and moved on top of me again. The kissing picked up once more, harder this time. More urgent. Oh God, I thought. I'm finally going to do it. This is it. I can feel it.</p> <p>He must have seen the decision in my eyes. Smiling, he slid his hands behind my neck and unfastened Victor's necklace.</p> <p>...That wasn't to say I didn't want him anymore because hey, seeing him there in those sexy pajama bottoms, with that brown hair spilling over the side of face was pretty fine. But I no longer had that outside influence pushing me to him. Weird.</p> <p>He frowned, no longer turned on. After several moments of thought, he reached over and picked up the necklace. The instant his fingers touched it, I saw desire sweep over him again. He slid his other hand onto my hip, and suddenly, that burning lust slammed back into me. My stomach went queasy while my skin started to prickle and grow warm again. My breathing became heavy. His lips moved toward mine again.</p> <p>Some inner part of me fought through.</p>
291	<p>In my mind's eye, I could see it all again, the way he'd looked at me and kissed me.</p>
313	<p>"Rose, I'm seven years older than you. In ten years, that won't mean so much, but for now, it's huge. I'm an adult. You're a child."</p> <p>Ouch. I flinched. Easier if he'd just punched me.</p> <p>"You didn't seem to think I was a child when you were all over me."</p> <p>Now he flinched. "Just because your body . . . well, that doesn't make you an adult. We're in two very different places. I've been out in the world. I've been on my own. I've killed, Rose—people, not animals. And you . . . you're just starting out. Your life is about homework and clothes and dances."</p>
328	<p>I'd lectured her about keeping secrets, but I hadn't told her about him or about how close I'd come to losing my virginity. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to tell.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	18
Bitch	16
Fuck	4
Piss	11
Shit	7