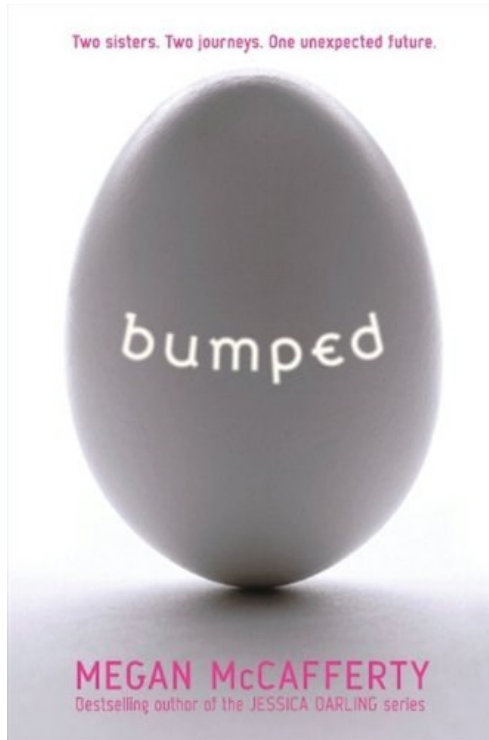


BUMPED



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains drug abuse; sexual activities.

Young Adult

By Megan McCafferty

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CONTENT WARNING

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
0	For Caitlyn, Carly, Cailey, and Zoe- when you're old enough.
108	<p>"I bet he'll be amped when you finally do pregg," Ventura says, casting a look around the crowd. "Then you and Zen can bump-hump all you want without worrying about breaking your contract..."</p> <p>On any other day, I could just let this go. But today isn't an ordinary day, what with Harmony in hiding at my house and my parents trying to pimp me out and everything. I swear, if it weren't a felony, I'd smack Ventura AND her adorable six-month bump.</p> <p>Fortunately, if unintentionally, Shoko comes to my rescue.</p> <p>"Hey, there's nothing wrong with humping when you're bumping. Raimundo and I went at it like crazy for the full forty-two and my first pregg didn't come out all cock-knocked in the head."</p>
151	"Do you really believe this? Or are you still trying to have sex with me?"
156	"What's to stop her from marching up to Ventura Vida and quoting- oh, I don't know- the book of the Virgin Mary chapter whatever, which says, "Thou art a dirty whore and thy pregg is a bastard and thou will burn in hell?"
167	<p>"How about this...vitamin. A vitamin will make everything feel better!"</p> <p>"That's no vitamin. That's a 10 mg of Tocin!"</p> <p>"I want to feel better," Ram says in a small voice.</p> <p>Without another word, I yank Zen out of the common room.</p> <p>"WATCH THE ARM. That arm belongs to the number-one-ranked-"</p> <p>"Pause it!" I hiss. "Have you gone terminal? What are you of all people doing with that stuff anyway? I thought you were all against the, um, chemical manipulation of our most animalian instincts or, um, whatever."</p> <p>..."For serious? You were the one to go manifesto on Shoko when she was dosing. About how it's totally illegal without a scrip."</p> <p>Up until now, I thought Zen and I were the only two Sophomores at Princeton Day Academy who hadn't dosed. It's a popular party drug, way easier to score than beer, weed, or even Oxy. Lib always warned me to stay away from illicit recreational use because he'd seen too many clients breach contracts with amateur bumpings that would never have happened without it.</p> <p>"If you want to get high and humpy, that's your choice. But who knows how he'll react?"</p>
185	<p>"What does the Pro/Am call it when a guy finishes before he begins? Ejaculatory genocide?"</p> <p>...I know they are married and naked activities are a natural part of honeymooning and all, but hearing this about Ram and her sister is making me gag. This doesn't escape Zen's notice.</p> <p>"For a Surrogate, you are for seriously repressed about sex."</p> <p>"Am not."</p> <p>"You do realize that this"- Zen makes a porny gesture again- "is how pregg are made, right? Or are you hoping that science comes up with a viable form of Artificial Biological Conception just in time for you to bump?"</p>

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200	<p>"Surprise! I didn't put that on the itinerary because I didn't want it to get leaked to the press," he says. "I know you don't want any distractions when we get down to business."</p> <p>Get down to business?</p> <p>"It's your first time," he says. "You're nervous. I understand." He reaches into his knapsack, takes out a small bottle of pills, shakes it. "Tocin will help you open up."</p> <p>Open up?</p> <p>"And I'm not just saying that because I'm a paid spokesperson," he says. "It will be fun. Satisfaction guaranteed."</p> <p>Satisfaction? Guaranteed?</p> <p>"I know it's hard for you to believe, but I was a virgin once."</p>
201	<p>"Everyone assumes I do it to do it." He rolls his eyes, laughs. "For the sex." I feel my cheeks burning. "Y-y-you don't?"</p> <p>"No," he says dismissively. "With so many girls waiting to be bumped, just about any guy can get some ass anytime."</p> <p>I flinch at his coarse language, then think of Melody's friend Zen, who would offer an altogether different opinion on the subject.</p> <p>"It's not the money either. Though it definitely doesn't suck getting paid to do something I would do for free." His eyes dart toward the window. "And I know you won't believe me, but .it's not about the fame-gaming."</p> <p>"Then why do you do it?"</p> <p>"It's really not about me at all. It's about He falls back onto the headrest and looks up through the moonroof. "I'm providing a valuable service."</p>
220	<p>FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS I WAITED</p> <p>I kept my eye on the purity prize. I said no to Tocin. I stayed on the sidelines during group gropes, or stayed home and missed the masSEX parties altogether. I turned down offers from unaccredited worms and free-agent Sperms until they stopped asking. I watched amateurs turn into pros, accidents into possibilities. I watched my MiNet status fall from the "six-figure Surrogette" to a "virge on the verge." I resisted the pressure to get an everything but. I strenuously avoided touching any member of the opposite sex, refusing so much as even a first kiss in the fear that any accidental skin-to-skin contact could—</p>
240	<p>A half-dozen medical professionals put her in the restraints and gave her enough Obliterall to keep her under for the rest of the day.</p> <p>I was there eight hours later when she came to. She started right up again with, "Where is my baby? I want my baby! They took my baby!" as if she had never stopped They knocked her out again.</p> <p>I was there when she woke up for the third time. She apologized for her hormonal overreaction and convinced everyone that she was back to her nice and normal self. She waited for all the doctors and nurses to leave, looked me dead in the eyes, and said, "You let them take my baby." Then she smashed a vase on the floor and slashed both wrists with a jagged triangle of broken glass.</p>
242	<p>Like my housesisters, Jondoe's parents are ignoring the act. I guess they'd like to believe that all these births are virgin births, like Mary herself. That is, if it weren't blasphemous to think so. I, however, can't hold my tongue.</p> <p>"But it's a sin!" Then I stop myself because I've forgotten who I'm supposed to be</p>

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	<p>right now. Am I Melody? Or am I me? Jondoe's parents exchange looks. "There's nothing wrong with sex," Shelby says. "God invented it, after all. If He didn't want us to do it, He would have designed another way! " "We're procreationists," Jake tells me. "Amen to that," Jondoe says. I'm so confused. The Bible has a lot to say on the subject of premarital immorality. Did they somehow miss Paul's letters to the Corinthians? "But Jondoe and Diana weren't married! Aren't you supposed to believe that bodily sharing is for the marriage bed?"</p>
255	<p>"I make them see God. Or rather, God, working through me, helps them see God. He gets all the credit. Only our Creator has the power to stir such feelings of ecstasy. Each and every one of my preggos has been touched by His divine hand." His hand His hand is under my shirt! "The more I give to God, the more blessings I'll receive in return," he whispers into my ear. "I'll never be able to outgive Him, but I'm having fun trying." His hand is not one or two—it feels like thousands of hands roaming all over my body, even in the hidden places</p> <p>he hasn't dared to touch. He is leaning into me and I feel as if I'm hypnotized. I should move away, I should He's pressing his mouth against mine. I'm receiving him and he's receiving me. I'm losing myself and finding myself. Through the sublime transcendence of this kiss.</p>
260	<p>I awake not in panic, nor in prayer. At peace. Jondoe is still sleeping beside me, warm and sweet. I arose to open for my lover I am my lover's And my lover is mine... It wasn't a dream. We are still naked. I am still unashamed. Eyes still closed, Jondoe nuzzles his beard into my bare shoulder. "Melody," he says. "Now, that was something." He knew me last night. But he still doesn't know me. ...He rolls on top of me and- oh my grace- there it is again! "Not when there's still time for pleasure." The bone of his bones...The flesh of his flesh...</p>
265	<p>"Pleeeeeeease! Just tell me!" The arrival of Ms. Lutz- Lewis has made Freya more desperate for answers. "Is Jondoe really erection perfection like it says on the MiNet? " She for seriously looks like she's going to pee herself. I open my mouth to tell her that she's too young to be asking such pervy</p>

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	<p>questions when Ms. Lutz-Lewis for seriously loses it. "MISS FREYA ALEXANDER. What are you doing out of your room? " "I got bored." "You're not here to make friends!" She swoops in on the little girl. "You're here to make a delivery! " Waaaait. That's not a FunBump she's wearing? Freya is not a day older than eleven. Has she even lost all her first teeth? She can't fill a training bra! And anyone with eyes can see that she doesn't have adequate hip width. There's no way she's pushing it out. They'll have to cut and pull. "Wah," whines the girl, acting every bit the kid she is.</p>
278	<p>"Jondoe and I had un-preggy sex!" I declare, getting flushed just by the thought of it. "For pleasure. Because we are in looooooooooove." "What?!" The whole group is scandalized, but none more than Ms. Lutz-Lewis. "Making love? At your age?" "Yes!" I say proudly, making deliberate eye contact with every set of eyes. "With CONDOMS!"</p>
282	<p>The love he gave wasn't meant for me, but for my sister? "Myyyyyy. SUCH BIG WORDS YOU HAVE. SOMEONE has spent a lot of time getting SHRINKY." "I was just playing along. I spent the first fourteen years of my life pretending to be as perfect as my brother. I figured a few hours wouldn't be a problem." Wait . . . Jondoe doesn't have God? And Gabriel never did? Why would he lie? "I just wanted to get down to business. But then— "Did you?" Lib interrupts. "What kind of limpdick do you take me for?" Jondoe asks, anger rising in his voice. "You think I don't know when I've hit my target?" Lib laughs. It's a hard, hateful sound and it makes me physically ill. Sickness comes on like a stampede inside my stomach. I have just enough time to grab one of Jondoe's helmets into which I spew the toxic contents of my gut. "Her egg was blasted by the fastest sperm ever recorded! Of COURSE you did your job." I'm gasping for air, grasping the ugly truth. Jondoe doesn't love God. He doesn't love me. I was just another job. This insight brings on a second wave of violent nausea. But this time nothing comes up. There's nothing left. I've never felt so used up in my entire life.</p>