

COOL FOR THE SUMMER



Young Adult

By Dahlia Adler

ISBN: 978-1-250-76582-6



Book Summary:

A teenage girl is conflicted about her sexuality while she has romantic relationships with another teenage girl and her long-time boy crush.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate gender ideologies; profanity; sexual activities; sexual nudity; and alternate sexualities.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	Her eyes stay on the page, but she lifts the book enough for me to see she's definitely not doing a summer reading assignment, unless she goes to an extremely liberal school that assigns graphic novels instead of classics by dead white guys.
24	Hell, even the though I came back from the first party drunk as balls, I still remember every minute through at least the first three shots.
29	"What's your pleasure? Boys? Girls? Both?" Keisha nails him in the side with an elbow, and he simultaneously coughs and laughs. "Sorry, neither is of course also an option. In this house, we respect aromantics and asexuals."
30	Another Jell-O shot finds its way into my hand I suck it down without a second thought.
33	To be honest, I would probably bang me.
46	<p>And I wasn't attracted to Jasmine like that either, at first. That's not what happened. I don't really know what happened. But I wasn't staring into her eyes like I am now, looking at her lips like I am now, remembering the feel of her skin on mine like I am now. It wasn't anything until it was, and then it wasn't, and now...</p> <p>Now I am staring at The Spot on her neck and I cannot fucking stop. I know exactly the sound she'll make if I touch my tongue to it. If I suck gently on it. If I suck not-so-gently on it. I can hear it in the vestiges of my brain and it's sending unwelcome waves of electricity right through my leather shorts. I know the sound she'll make and I know what it does to me and she knows what it does to me and what to do next. Like a faraway dream I see exactly how this night can progress if we just shut her goddamn door and forget that there's an outside world, that there's a party downstairs and a boy at the party who's supposed to be the only one who makes me feel like this.</p>
56	He literally goes entire days without recommending a single author who isn't an old white guy.
62	Maybe once she knows my heart and libido lie elsewhere, she'll chill out and we can go back to being friends, minus the benefits.
67	Maybe don't think you know her "bangin' body" before you've ever come face-to-face with her hip bones because let me tell you, you don't know jack shit.
88	"Too Jewish."
98	<p>"Make him work for it. I wouldn't even let Tommy touch my boobs for three months."</p> <p>..."I'm pretty sure there'll be plenty of making out wherever we go. Who's got time for dinner when Chase Harding is on the menu?"</p>
103	<p>"...If all we cared about was making out with someone-"</p> <p>..."Just...do it. You don't have to throw a whole massive party so three hours later you can get someone back to your room to make out. Just make out..."</p>
120	<p>"If this is what yardwork does to your body, I need to shake some more leaves from my tree," said Zoe, sliding a perfectly manicured red fingernail down the line bisecting Drew's pecs and following it with her lips.</p> <p>"Baby," Drew breathed, "I'll be happy to shake it all for you." He lifted her in his</p>

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	<p>strong arms and pressed his mouth to hers, inhaling her like the spicy scent of wood smoke on a crisp autumn morning. But his lips weren't content simply to taste her mouth. He rolled her so she was beneath him and left kisses all over her cheeks, her throat, her shoulders, that magnificent collarbone, and the velvety soft pillows of her breasts."</p>
133	<p>"She's putting secret couples from history on blast. Did you know Eleanor Roosevelt was a lesbian? She had a secret lover and everything."</p>
145	<p>Almost everything we go to is messy with sand and beer and ash, and we come away reeking of smoke and weed that I keep promising my mom is not the result of my own consumption.</p> <p>...It's just another house party at Carter's , but it means straightening my hair, and doing my makeup, and making small talk with whatever tourists he's picked up on the beach, and nursing a beer I don't even like, and dodging smokers, and politely rejecting come-ons that I don't want, and I just...don't feel like it.</p>
146	<p>I don't know how many times they might've hooked up since that first night, but I couldn't forget Keisha's "like bunnies" if I tried.</p>
149	<p>Her tank top is hanging low and her hair looks soft to the touch and we haven't established any sorts of rules, but it feels like I would be breaking one of if I told her I was, in fact, very in the mood.</p> <p>...She glued to the screen, commenting on how much she loves every single character's wardrobe and jewelry, oblivious to how badly I want to lean over and kiss her bare shoulder that's inches away. I'm too foggy-brained to even think about how weird it is that I want to. The couple of times we've made out have somehow felt like the simplest, most obvious moves, but in reality, they're so much more complicated.</p>
150	<p>Before I know what I'm doing, I'm resting my chin on her shoulder. Leaving the lightest of kisses behind on her skin. Glancing at her for a reaction.</p> <p>Her eyelids flutter shut.</p> <p>Okay then.</p> <p>I kiss her smooth shoulder very deliberately this time. Again, a trace of my tongue. Again, a nip of my teeth. She inhales sharply, stops reaching for popcorn, stops saying a word about jeweled rings and couture dresses. I push her hair to the side and kiss my way to the top of her spine, bracing myself on her bare thigh. And then her hand covers mine, helps it slide over her skin, no doubt leaving peach-scented traces on my palm.</p> <p>...I move in closer, my breasts brushing her back, and we fall on our sides on the couch, me still kissing her shoulder, her throat while she slides my hand higher, over her cotton shorts, up to her smooth, flat belly. My fingers have the easiest access to her waistband, but her grip isn't as strong, her desires less pointed and clear, and I'm not sure how far to go or how far I want to go. I settle for grazing my fingertips over the front of her shorts. She must be as wired as I am because it seems like enough.</p> <p>It's growing unbearably hot under the blanket, but one rule neither of us says aloud is that it can't come off. As long as there's a blanket, as long as there isn't anything out in the open, it's easy to imagine there's nothing at all. And we need to imagine there's nothing at all, because if this is something- if the fact that I</p>

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	desperately want to slide my hand down her shorts is real- then what are we? What am I?
159	It means she's not sulking over not being the star of the night, like she did last year when Tommy's promposal to Gia way overshadowed hers, or when dating-my-lab-partner-Jamie Taylor dyed their hair to match the nonbinary flag the same day Shannon got her first lowlights.
160	Ferris wasn't kidding when he said they saved us a room; there's a sign with a crown bearing a number 14 on the door and a little bowl next to the bed with more condoms than anyone could possibly use over the length of a party. My stomach flips at the sight of it. I've done my share of fooling around, but none of it has actually necessitated one of those colorful little packets.
161	<p>I help him slip my shirt off and then there's no more talking, no more teasing, no more laughing. The kissing is fast and furious, hands wandering and his shirt joins mine, casually tossed on the floor. We're skin-on-lace and skin-on-skin and it's all good until we start hearing catcalls through the door.</p> <p>"Get it, Harding!"</p> <p>"Go, boy, go!"</p> <p>Oh God. I want to die, but Chase wrenches his mouth away from mine long enough to yell, "Fuck off, losers," before reclaiming it. There's more laughing outside and a voice that is definitely Linus's calls, "I hope you're properly servicing our champion!" but it's a little more distant than the voices had been before and there's a clear shuffling on the stairs and the sound of someone else- Keith or Lucas, maybe- saying, "Move it, pervs."</p> <p>I slump against Chase. "Well that's kind of a mood killer."</p> <p>...Didn't I have fantasies of "servicing the champion" late at night in my room, in the bathtub?</p> <p>..."I don't know if I'm properly 'servicing the champion,'" I say, tapping his lower lip.</p> <p>"Again, not something I was counting on happening tonight."</p> <p>"I know." And I do. "But say I wanted to."</p> <p>His eyebrows rise a fraction. "Do you?"</p> <p>I've always wanted to, I think, but it's a weird answer and a weird non-answer all at the same time, so I kiss down his chest instead, figuring that'll say everything I need.</p> <p>His breath hitches as I get to the top of his jeans and slowly undo the button, and it's quiet enough for me to hear that there's still hollering coming in our direction, but it most be from downstairs. I wish we'd put on music or something, but it'd seemed so loud earlier that it wasn't necessary.</p> <p>Now all I hear is my own heartbeat pulsing in my ears and Chase's shallow, rapidly increasing breaths as we take the "higher scorer" title to a whole new level. For as much as he doesn't care what other people hear or don't, he bites into a pillow rather than screaming out, and it takes away any doubt I might've had about whether he's worth taking his leap.</p> <p>"Holy shit," he breaths when we're done.</p> <p>So, not bad for my first time on a guy, then. Apparently the reading up on it I used to do in preparation of this moment paid off. Good to know.</p>

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	<p>"Do I get your MVP trophy now?" I ask.</p> <p>He laughs, still weak as he relaxes against the pillows. "For now. But you have to give me the chance to earn it back."</p> <p>His gaze flickers over my short skirt and it takes me a minute to realize what he's saying.</p> <p>One of Shannon's rules was never to down on a guy because it gives them all the power and they never reciprocate, which Gia reluctantly confirmed was true, though she definitely did it all the time anyway.</p>
165	From zero expectations to a room at Homecoming in the space of one blow job.
168	Demi Lovato's "Cool for the Summer," a fucking anthem for girls exploring each other's bodies.
175	<p>She sits up and holds her hands in the air, but she's still pinning me down, her knees holding tight to my waist. Even covered in green gunk, her cutoff tee a stained and sweaty mess, she manages to look sexy as hell. "Go ahead."</p> <p>"Don't mind if I do." I take one of those hands and bring it to my lips, licking the traces of avocado from her palm. She laughs, but her giggles taper off as I suck one finger at a time into my mouth.</p> <p>By the time I'm done tasting each one, the look in Jasmine's golden eyes could melt the corn off its cobs. I'm about to make a move when Declan's voice rings through the kitchen.</p>
177	<p>We inevitably end up in her bed, curled around one another and playing with each other's fingers or giving each other chills until one of us finds an excuse to place a kiss on the other. It's agony, waiting until I can figure out how to get away with it, or waiting for her to, waiting, waiting, waiting until we can explain it away with sleepiness or drunkenness or just wanting the other one to feel and taste how amazing this new lip gloss is.</p> <p>I've started to think about them in advance, how I might excuse dropping a kiss on this one spot on her neck that always elicits this tiny noise that makes my toes curl. It isn't quite a moan and it isn't quite a growl and as soon as I hear it, I'm out of my mind for the rest of the night.</p> <p>Maybe tonight we can pick up where we left off. If I can get a dab of guac on her throat, I can watch her close her eyes as I lick it off. Hear that sound she makes as I lick again for good measure. And again. Maybe I gently suck at her throat, the way I did the other night. Judging by the way she pressed against me, by the way I can still feel the pressure of her fingertips below my waist, the way I could just barely hear her begging me to do it again...</p> <p>Images come to mind of sliding of her shirt- for easier access to that spot, of course. Of taking mine off, which only makes sense. Who wants a rough cotton shirt against your skin when someone else's skin feels so much better? And her skin is soft, scented with that peach lotion, and-</p> <p>I don't realize what I've been doing until my nails scrape the tile of the shower, trying to find something to hold onto while my body shudders around my fingers. I grasp the indentation in the wall meant to hold soap and promise myself that I'll think about how messed-up this is later, I'm done feeling so, so good.</p> <p>...I don't know how else to describe it because I don't feel gross, exactly- it's not</p>

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	like I think there's anything wrong with masturbating (or, let's be real, like it's my first time), or with finding a girl attractive.
193	I don't really know where my mom stands on same-sex relationship stuff, but it isn't exactly smiled upon in the motherland.
194	<p>"They took someone's spot in our weekly DnD game, and after a couple of weeks of crushing on them, I just...gave them a set of nonbinary dice I saw online and that was it..."</p> <p>..."I was already out as bi, and they were out as pan and nonbinary, if that's what you mean..."</p>
195	<p>If bi means always knowing, well, that isn't me.</p> <p>...That settles it. I'm straight.</p>
199	Layer two: Kiki put herself out there as queer to test the waters and wanted me to see that Shannon and Gia passed with flying colors.
219	<p>"Well, makes sense. I mean, it's Pride month. 'Tell your mom about it' is certainly prouder, than, like 'hide your secret shame girl.'"</p> <p>I snort. "'Secret shame girl' sounds like the title of really terrible porn."</p> <p>"You sound like the title of really terrible porn," Jasmine retorts.</p>
225	<p>"...The only thing I want to do tonight is go back to your house and take our clothes off. Can I say that?"</p> <p>...I make promises to text and otherwise keep in touch but I barely even know what I'm saying because I've just flat-out told a girl I want to have sex with her and we're on our way to do that and I feel like I'm gonna burst into flames.</p> <p>...We don't say a word when we crash into each other the second we make it inside the house, kissing so furiously I expect one of us to draw blood. There's no talking as we pull at each other's clothing and fall onto her bed, shutting and locking her door behind us.</p> <p>There's no talking, but it isn't silent either. For the first time, I don't waste precious energy holding in every desperate sound that rises into my throat at the scrape of her nails on my skin. I make no effort to hold still against the way her teeth have me writhing on the sheets. This is the most in the moment I have ever been, and with every gasp of air I'm grateful for the scrap of honesty that got us here.</p> <p>...Her breathing goes fast and shallow as I kiss and touch down her body to her hip bones, and look up for an okay for more even though I'm not a hundred percent sure that I'm okay. Her nodding is fast and furious but it's the sight of her hands grasping the sheets with white-knuckled fists in anticipation that halts any hesitation I might've had at venturing into new territory.</p> <p>It isn't silent, not when she cries out minutes later, and not when our bodies find new to fit and rock together, and not when we grasp each other so tightly we leave claw marks in each other's skin. Every time I think we can't get any closer, I learn I'm wildly underestimating us. We spend so many tangled and sweaty hours exploring each other that I'm not even sure at what point if finally pass out.</p>
226	I spent last night having sex- so much sex, incredible sex- with a girl. A girl I'm leaving behind today when my mom and I fly back to New York.

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231	In truth, I have no memory of what we were doing until that time, but judging by the gross, fuzzy taste in my mouth, it involved a lot of vodka.
234	"I'm not gay. I'm not sure what I am. I just know that this one girl makes me feel...everything..."
236	Because when I think about spending those Friday nights watching movies with Jasmine, when I think about Jasmine's hips beneath my finger-tips when we dance, when I think about ice cream dates and road trips and planning for college and making out in the backseat of a car...she's the person I wanna do all that with.
237	"Did you seriously hook up with me to become Homecoming queen and then dump me?..."
238	"I mean, this is the bisexual thing, right?" he says, and his voice does not sound kin. "Not being able to choose?" ..."I didn't know it was okay. I didn't know it could be more than 'girls just messing around; or 'girls having fun.' I had liked you- really liked you- for so long, I knew I wasn't gay. I knew I liked boys. And I knew she liked boys. And sometimes when you like the gender you're 'supposed' to like, it's not so clear what's happening with the others." ..."But it's not like you don't know what bisexuality is. You have bi friends."

Profanity	Count
Ass	6
Bitch	5
Dick	1
Fuck	29
Goddamn	1
Piss	2
Shit	34