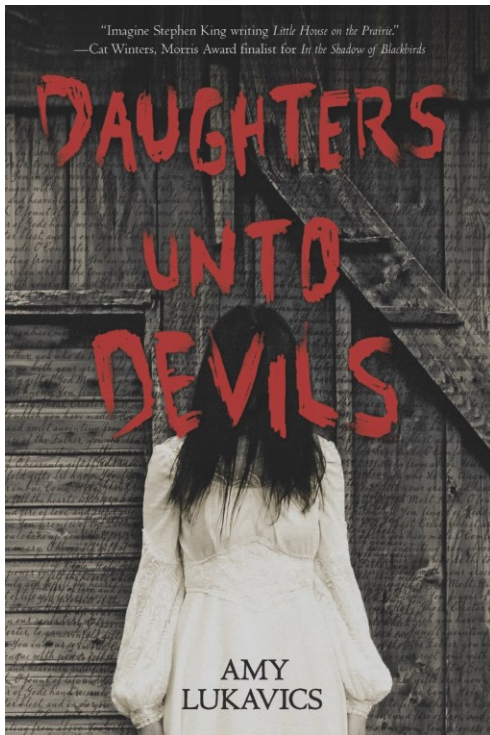


# DAUGHTERS UNTO DEVILS



*Young Adult*

**By Amy Lukavics**

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## Book Summary:

A sixteen year old girl struggles with her pregnancy and discovers true horrors in a new place.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; controversial religious commentary; violence; horror; and mild/infrequent profanity.

**3**  
/5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	<p>The first time I lay with the post boy was on a Sunday, and I broke three commandments to do it.</p> <p>...There used to be a time that I would have feared the consequences of acting out in such a way against the Lord, but not anymore, not after last winter, not after being trapped in the cabin for months and losing my mind and seeing the devil in the woods. Clearly, the Lord had forgotten all about me, and therefore I would no longer be following his rules.</p> <p>“When I die, I will see Hell,” I whispered after we were through with our sins of the flesh, but the post boy did not hear me over the sound of the water from the creek. “The devil has claimed me already.”</p>
9	<p>He smiled, and kissed my fingertips. “I suppose that you have. The four-hour ride to get here was more than worth it, I would say. I hope you don’t think less of me, pursuing your body with such haste—”</p> <p>“Of course not.” I cut him off with a kiss. “I know it is sinful, but it also feels... necessary. How can that be?”</p> <p>...“I understand exactly what you mean.” Henry’s hand slid down my side, and I forgot all about the devil in the woods, as well as the secret that made him come for me in the first place.</p> <p>...After Henry’s trousers were back on and he was riding away on his horse, General, toward the trail that would eventually lead back to the settlement, I walked home through the trees, pulling pine needles from my hair and securing the buttons at the neck of my dress with fumbling fingers. At the sight of the cabin I became overcome with a most indecent bloom of shame, the shame of sacrificing my body and liking it, really liking it.</p>
11	<p>She doesn’t even know that he exists and I’ve lain naked with him in the woods not once, not twice, but eight times now.</p>
12	<p>So I bring myself to pray for Hannah’s death, beg really, and am afterward reduced to a shriveling shell of a girl with no soul and a craving for the odd post boy who likes having his parts tugged.</p>
16	<p>I can hardly even admit what I’ve done to myself, even though my bleeding cycle has been missed many times, and my breasts ache like never before, and I feel horribly nauseous every single morning and sometimes late at night, just like Ma was when she first suspected she was with child with all of my siblings.</p> <p>It shouldn’t have come to this, but there is no way to avoid it. Not after the secret get-togethers in the woods behind my family’s cabin, not after the hidden flowers and candies started showing up in the bushes by our meeting place, not after the kisses where Henry’s tongue was in my mouth and his hands were pressing my body against his, like if he didn’t have me soon he’d absolutely die.</p> <p>Desire rules all, for better or for worse. I was doomed from day one.</p>
24	<p>I’ve been sleeping with a boy you’ve never met, over and over, and you never even became suspicious about it.</p>
30	<p>The blanket that we usually lie upon is settled over the dirt in the same spot as always. The memory of us entangled on the blanket, thrusting against each other and crying out in pleasure, causes my chest to flush with warmth beneath my calico dress. With the excited feeling comes the usual guilt, the automatic force that seeps into the good feelings and stains them like ink. Filth. Selfish filth.</p> <p>...My heart startles at the feeling of his hands suddenly around my waist from behind, pulling me back into him, and the front of his pants is already bulging.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Hello, my love,” he whispers into my ear with that rough, eager voice. “I would be lying if I said I wasn’t envious of that candy in your mouth.”</p> <p>I need to be solemn, but the hungry manner of his speaking causes me to laugh. I cannot help it.</p> <p>“Oh, really?” I say and withdraw the candy. I spin around to face him, and now his bulge is pressed against my groin. His hands wander wildly over my backside. “Want a taste, then?” And he’s kissing me now, deep and long with sugary bursts of peppermint. I let him, to draw him in, to make this easier on myself. I need him to want me. His hands leave my backside and find themselves groping my sore breasts with vigor. I wince at the pressure.</p> <p>“Take this cursed dress off.” He pulls away from my mouth long enough to make the demand before he starts tasting my ear, my neck, my collarbone. “I cannot wait to have you today.”</p> <p>“It pleases me to hear such enthusiasm,” I say in a coy tone. I push away from him and sit on the blanket.</p> <p>“Why aren’t you undressing?” he asks after a moment and sinks down next to me. His hands fly to the buttons on his own trousers, but I stop him.</p> <p>...“Of course it’s true!” he almost bursts, and starts fumbling with his pants again.</p> <p>...I hear him stop messing with his trousers, finally, and now his breath is quickening even more than it was when he was grabbing at me.</p>
31	<p>“You wanted it whenever your parts needed a good tugging,” I accuse. “You never seemed to worry about it then.”</p>
73	<p>Is praying for death blasphemous?</p>
84	<p>“You must have seen some interesting places in your travels,” I said to Henry after the third or fourth time we were together. We were sprawled over the blanket, naked still from our pleasure trip, and I rested my forehead lightly against the side of his shoulder. “Tell me what it’s like to be a post boy.”</p> <p>...“You must have seen some interesting places in your travels,” I said to Henry after the third or fourth time we were together. We were sprawled over the blanket, naked still from our pleasure trip, and I rested my forehead lightly against the side of his shoulder. “Tell me what it’s like to be a post boy.”</p> <p>...“I might know a few tales,” Henry said with a wicked grin, and curled the end of my hair with his finger. “I know a ghost story that just so happens to be real. Maybe I’ll tell you for a kiss.”</p> <p>I giggled, intoxicated by the sunshine and his love, and pressed my lips over his with eager execution.</p>
87	<p>When my hands were on his naked body, he had all the time in the world.</p> <p>“You didn’t mention a time restraint before,” I said softly, and slid the dress over my head.</p> <p>...“You know I cannot wait,” Henry said as he hopped up, still naked, and pulled me toward him for more kisses. “And I’ll be thinking about how sweet your lips taste until.”</p> <p>“Do you love me?” I asked, lacing my fingers together behind his back. “Like you said earlier?”</p> <p>“Of course I love you.” To hear him say it while I was clothed filled me with a profound sense of hope, an unexpected but welcomed result in addition to how much I enjoyed myself with him physically. Besides pleasure, Henry now also offered me hope for a future, and love, somewhere so far away from that cursed mountain. “What on earth could ever keep me away?”</p>

Page	Content
120	With each wave of searing pain I see Henry's face. How it studied mine with such curiosity the first time we met, when I came to the mountain town with my pa. How it twisted in pleasure while he rode me in the woods behind our cabin with animalistic urgency. How it gazed upon me in disgust when I told him I carried his child.
151	Pa abandons his project for a moment to take a swig of whiskey from the flask on his belt. ...Pa takes another sloppy gulp that leaves his beard sparkling with amber droplets of liquor.
181	He takes the baby from Ma, kisses her, then pulls himself up and onto the horse with his free hand.
217	"You fucked that boy in the mountains," it says and begins to giggle hysterically.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	1
Fuck	1