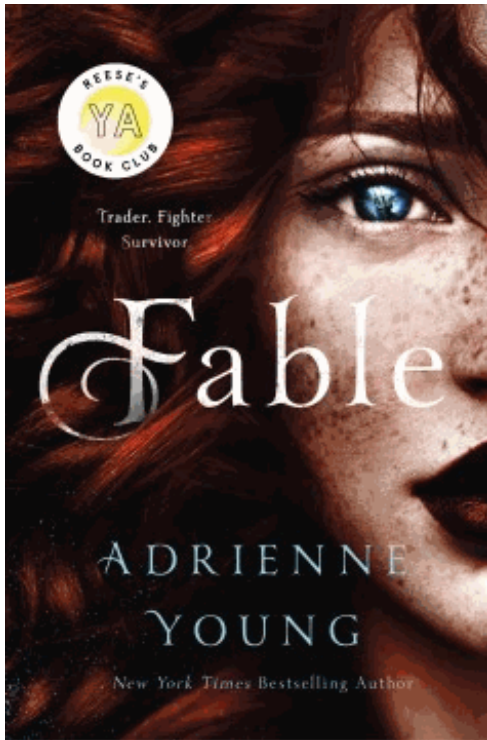


FABLE



Young Adult

By Adrienne Young

ISBN:978-1-250-25436-8

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; violence; and mild/infrequent profanity.

2/**5**

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
314	<p>His fingertips slid into my hair as he pulled me toward him and before I could even think about what he was doing, his lips touched mine. And I disappeared. I was erased. ...Bubbles ran up between us as I opened my mouth to taste the warmth of his, and the whole sea fell silent. It swelled. I kissed him again, hooking my fingers into his belt and trying to pull him closer. ...Because that kiss broke open some dark night sky within me filled with stars and moons and flaming comets. That darkness was replaced by the blazing fire of the sun racing under my skin.</p>
337	<p>I lifted onto my toes, pressing my mouth to his, and the boiling heat that had flooded into me underwater found me again, racing beneath every inch of my skin. The smell of rye and saltwater and sun poured into my lungs, and I drank it in like the first desperate sip of air after a dive. His hands found my hips, and he walked me back until my legs hit the side of the bed. I opened his jacket and pushed from his shoulders before he laid me down beneath him. His weight pressed down on top of me and I arched my back as his hands caught my legs and pulled them up around him. I closed my eyes and tears rolled down my temples, disappearing into my hair. It was the way his skin felt against mine. It was the feeling of being held. I hadn't been touched by another person in so long, and he was so beautiful to me in that moment that I felt as if my chest might crack open. My head tipped back, and I pulled him closer so I could feel him against me. He groaned, his mouth pressed to my ear, and I tugged at the length of my shirt until I was pulling it over my head. He sat up, his eyes running over every inch of me and his breaths slowing. I hooked my fingers into his belt, waiting for him to look at me. Because it was a wave that would retreat if I didn't say it... ...And when he kissed me again, it was slow. It was pleading. ...The smell of him and the drag of his fingers down my back. The taste of salt when I kissed his shoulder and the slide of his lips down my throat.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2