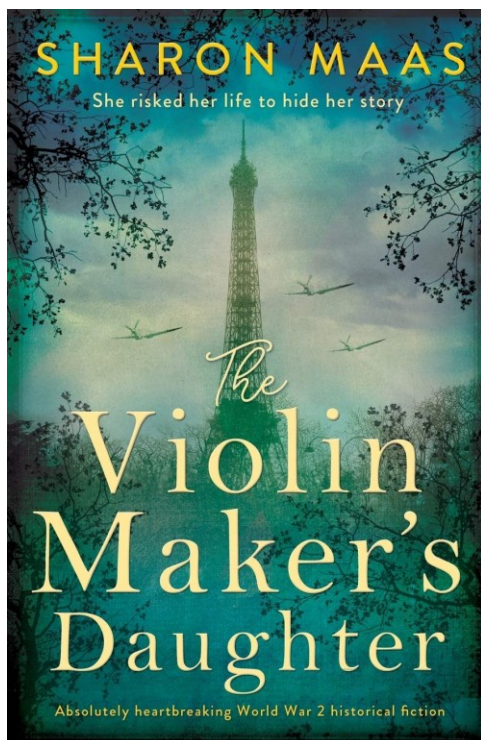


THE VIOLIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities involving sexual battery; violence; and mild profanity.

Adult

By Sharon Maas

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
28	<p>"Hello, sweetheart!" he says in a silly crooning voice, smacking his lips, running his hands through his hair as if to enhance his attractiveness. She looks up and puts as much loathing as she can into her glare.</p> <p>'Get away! Don't come near me, you filthy evil piece of scum!'</p> <p>But he only laughs, removes his jacket, flings it to the ground and begins to unbutton his belt.</p> <p>'Ha! A woman with temperament! I like that, heightens the fun!'</p> <p>He comes closer, within touching distance, almost. Her legs, aiming at his groin, but missing as he sidesteps, chuckling at her helplessness.</p> <p>'A little tiger cat! Just the way I like my women!'</p> <p>With that, he suddenly flings his body at her, clamping her legs against the tree. His hands work at her skirt, ripping the waistband, and then pull at his own trousers, hauling them down over his buttocks.</p> <p>'I love to fuck a little wildcat! Come, sweetheart, give me a kiss, or a bit, or a-'</p>
181	<p>And then his lips crush down on hers and he is kissing her, right there in the middle of the pavement.</p> <p>...putain, she hears, whore, and collaborateure! Traiteur! One man spits, and the spittle lands not on the ground this time but on her headscarf. But Ralf ignores them all and continues to kiss her, softly but firmly and with feeling. Sarah's initial struggle softens and she goes limp in his arms and finally, at long last, surrenders to the kiss and all the longing, all the yearning, all the hunger.</p>
357	<p>'Look what we have here, a German whore! Come here, you little slut!'</p> <p>She is grabbed by the arm, thrown to the ground. A grinning French soldier kicks her in the ribs. Others gather round, grinning, leering.</p> <p>'Trying to sneak into France to do your whoring, are you?'</p> <p>Someone pulls her to her feet.</p> <p>...'Why on earth would we believe you, you little German whore?'</p> <p>More kicks, mor slaps. Someone rips away her coat.</p> <p>'Do you know what your German friends did to our women? Do you want a taste of it yourself?'</p> <p>Kicks, slaps. She tries to kick back, slap back; she fights, but it only enrages them more. She is held from the back by one of them while she kicks at the others.</p> <p>Pain, excruciating pain. Pain as she has never known it, beyond her imagination. She howls with pain.</p> <p>'Grab her legs, pull off her trousers!'</p> <p>The men are now not only angry, they are spiteful, mean. They paw at her; hands everywhere. She howls, screams, scratches, but to no avail: she is writhing on the floor as they pull at her trousers.</p>

Profanity	Count
Fuck	1