**America: a Novel by ER Frank**

Currently in Sebastain River High School and Vero Beach High School

Page 184

I hate lights out now because my dick has a mind of its own and my brain has a mind of its own. My dick gets hard and my brain thinks about tits and dicks, and I don’t want to touch it, but then I do, anyway, and then I’m hotter than anything, burning up, and I hate myself and I wish I was dead."Last night,” wick goes. “Couldn’t you hear his bed? Squeaks like a motherfucker." Liza she’s got a dick, and it’s hot, and I want to fuck her with the dick and all, and then she turns into Dr. V., and he’s reading Ernie’s letter, and he reads, I know you’re a good person, and then he turned into Liza without a dick, and it’s not hot, and I don’t want to fuck, and she’s hugging me, and then we’re not on the whale, but we’re at Everest, and it’s cold and clean and white and bright, and Liza and Dr. B. and Ernie and Brooklyn and ty and Fish are all there and they’re smiling, and it’s safe, and it’s good, and they ‘re pointing at some shit, and it’s Mrs. Harper in an ice wheelchair, and she’s smiling and she’s going, America, America.

**The Handmaid Tale by Margaret Atwood**

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Original Challenge 1/1/2022

Page 93

My red skirt is hitched up to my waist, though no higher. Below it the Commander is fucking. What he is fucking is the lower part of my body. I do not say making love, because this is not what he’s doing. Copulating too would be inaccurate, because it would imply two people and only one is involved. Nor does rape cover it: nothing is going on here that I haven’t signed up for. There wasn’t a lot of choice but there was some, and this is what I chose. Therefore I lie still and picture the unseen canopy over my head. I remember Queen Victoria’s advice to her daughter: Close your eyes and think of England. But this is not England. I wish he would hurry up. Maybe I’m crazy and this is some new kind of therapy. I wish it were true; then I could get better and this would go away. Serena Joy grips my hands as if it is she, not I, who’s being fucked, as if she finds it either pleasurable or painful, and the Commander fucks, with a regular two-four marching stroke, on and on like a tap dripping. He is preoccupied, like a man humming to himself in the shower without knowing he’s humming; like a man who has other things on his mind. It’s as if he’s somewhere else, waiting for himself to come,

**Go Ask Alice by Anonymous**

Currently in Sebastain River High School, Freshman Learning Center, Vero beach High School and Storm Grove Middle School

Page 108

…And when Doris had just turned eleven her current stepfather started having sex with her but good, and the poor little stupid bastard didn't even know what to do about it because he threatened to kill her if she ever told her mother or anyone else. So she put up with the sonofabitch balling her till she was twelve. Then one day when he had hurt her pretty bad she told her gym teacher why she couldn't do the exercises. …But even that wasn't much better, because both the teenage brothers gave it to her and later older teenage girls tuned her in and turned her on drugs, then took her the homo route. Since then she's pulled down her pants and hopped into bed with anyone who would turn down the covers, or part the bushes. …Most of the way down we rode with big fat assed, baby screwing truck driver who picked us up and got his kicks by physically hurting Doris and watching her cry

**Drama by Raina Telemeier**

Currently in Sebastain River Middle School, Vero Beach Elementary, Storm Grove Middle School, Oslo Middle School, Pelican Island Elementary, Indian River Academy, Beachland Elementary

Original challenge 11/4/2021

Page 188

The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts two young men performing in a play. One of them is wearing a soldier outfit while the other one is wearing a red dress. They are kissing on stage.

Page 222

A young man and woman are talking. The young man says, "WEST STILL DOESN'T KNOW IF HE'S REALLY GAY. OR, I DUNNO, BI, OR WHATEVER."

**Dime by ER Frank** 13 year old daughter and her father

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Original Challenge 1/4/2022

Page 70

He took a long, long time peeling off my jeans and T-Shirt and pink bra and panties and a longer time stroking and kissing me even more, quietly, and over everywhere, everywhere, making me feel so good, so so so good that when his body finally eased into mine, it felt like we were flying. I couldn’t believe I wasn’t a virgin anymore. I couldn’t believe how lucky I was that my first time had been with Daddy, who loved me and knew how to make me feel so good.

**Fade by Lisa McMann**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School and Vero Beach High School

Original Challenge 12/30/2021

Page 180

Stumbling, Janie bumps against the door, trying to push it, and finally tries pulling it. It opens, and Mr. Durbin is on the bed. There are three girls from class with him, and he's taking their clothes off as they lie there. "Oh, cool. Do you have that porn magazine in there?" Janie hesitates too late, wondering if she was supposed to say that, but she can't remember why she shouldn't. "Lot's of them," he says. "Not that I need them with you here." "Huh." She follows him through the dazed and half-naked crowd. He stops to grab another glass of punch, and gives her another one too. On the way to Mr. Durbin's bedroom, Janie waves at Coach Crater.

**The Assassin’s Blade by Sarah J Maas**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School

Page 362

…girls trained until they were seventeen, when their virginity was sold to the highest bidder. Sam's mouth found hers again, and he eased her farther onto the bed. Down, down, his clever hands exploring every inch of her until she was on her back and he braced himself on his forearms to hover over her. He kissed her neck, and she arched up into him as he ran his hand down the plane of her torso, unbuttoning her tunic as he went. She didn't want to know where he had learned to do these things. …Her breath hitched as he reached the last button and pulled her out of the jacket. He looked down at her body, his breathing ragged.

**Fallout by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School

Page 338

Off go my panties. Now everything moves slow motion. Finally I find my voice. “Wait. I’m not sure…” It doesn’t let me push him away, but it does let me say, “I’m a virgin.” That slows him down but he doesn’t want to stop. Instead he becomes gentle. You want to, don’t you? I want to say, “Maybe not,” but it maintains control, kisses him. “Yes. I want to.” I won’t hurt you, he promises. Let me make you ready. He touches that place. Kisses that place. It moans. No, Autumn moans. No, I moan. And I see that it is really me. Really me here with Bryce, wanting to give him all of me. I’m scared. But he has made me ready. “I love you.” The words spill from my mouth just before a bright flash of pain. Breathe. He is in me when he promises again, And I love you. Did it hurt? Can I keep going. He waits for my answer. “Not too much. And yes.” He starts to move. Slowly at first. Rhythmically. I follow his lead and together we move faster. Into the tornado. Rocked by an apple-scented maelstrom, skin to skin with the person I love, every vestige of doubt vanishes in white-hot bolts of lightning. No pain now. No sense of wrong. Everything is perfect. For a while, legs knotted, his fingers twisted in my hair. A foreign scent lifts from our skin. After-sex perfume. Not altogether unpleasant. Eventually he says, We should probably clean up. Ever showered with a guy before? For some crazy reason, embarrassment attacks. I’ve just gone all the way. And suddenly I’m worried about him seeing my naked body? “Never.”

**Collateral by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in the Freshman Learning Center

Page 77

When he finally slipped inside me. If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable. As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection. A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sexsqueals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something. But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me

**Glass by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School and Freshman Learning Center

Page 540

Some of 'em are really gross. I always make them shower first. No way will I let something dirty up inside me. Condoms? Yeah, they're supposed to wear them. But they pay a lot extra if you don't make them. They also pay extra for oral sex and unusual sex, including threesomes with other girls. Robyn claims she's judicious. But I know how your caution can slip, when you have a threesome with our pal, the monster.

**A Court of Wings and Ruin**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School

Page 138

…No playing, no delaying—I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him. He heard the edge of desperation, felt it through the mating bond flowing between us. His eyes did not leave mine as he prowled over me, every movement graceful as a stalking plains-cat. Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them. Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear, “You’re mine, too.” At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth and swallowing his groan of pleasure as his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and he pushed in, and in, and in. Home. This was home. And when Rhys was seated to the hilt, when he paused to let me adjust to the fullness of him, I thought I might explode into moonlight and flame, thought I might die from the sheer force of what swept through me.

**Homegoing by Yaa Gyasi**

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Original challenge 11/3/2021

Page 48

He put her on a folded tarp, spread her legs, and entered her. She screamed, but he placed his hand over her lips, then put his fingers in her mouth. For the entire week after, his body had taken over the excuse-making for him, his penis lying limp between his legs each time he went to her. Even on the nights she braided her hair the way he liked it and rubbed coconut oil on her breasts and between her thighs.

**Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close by Johnathon Foer**

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Original Challenge 11/4/2021

Page 84

….that actress getting a blowjob from her normal boyfriend. He spread my legs. His palms pressed gently at the insides of my thighs. My thighs pressed back. His palms pressed out. Birds were singing in the other room. We were looking for an acceptable compromise. The next week he held the back of my legs and the next week he was behind me…it was the first time I ever made love. I wonder if he knew that. I felt like crying. I wondered why does any ever make love?

**Living Dead Girl by Elizabeth Scott**

Currently in Sebastian River High School Rape of 15 year old by adult

Page 48

“You know you’re supposed to listen when I talk.” He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants. I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my lungs until he grabs my hair and says, “I know what I’m going to do. What’s going to change.” He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his hand. …Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food), and feel my heart cramp. It will be over soon, finally, but the thing about hearts is that they always want to keep beating. They want to keep beating, and when Ray’s finished he says, “I like that. A family. You’d be a good mother, wouldn’t you? Let me watch out for a little girl of our own? Let me take care of her? Help me teach her everything she needs to know?”

**Me, Earl and the Dying Girl by Jessie Andrews**

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Original challenge 10/29/2021

Page 59

“Are you gonna eat her pussy?” “Yeah, Earl, I’m going to eat her pussy.” “Heh.” “Yeah.” “Do you even know how to eat pussy?” “Uh, not really.” “Papa Gaines never sat you down, said, Son, one day you’re going to have to eat the pussy.” “No. But he did teach me how to eat a butthole.”

**Tilt by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Sebastian River High School

Page 401

He frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don’t like it. But somehow I do. Getting off Is easy. You don’t even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There’s the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren’t all that much fun. Okay, maybe I’m a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I’m Page Content so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait. Oh yes, I plan on winning a major jackpot, taking her all the way for the very first time. If that means patience, okay by me. It’s only part of the game

**Sold by Patricia McCormick**

Currently in Freshman Learning Center and removed from Sebastian River High School

Originally challenged 1/1/2022

Page 120

“If this is really your first time,” he says. “Old Mumtaz is a tricky one.” He unbuckles his belt. “Once before, she sold Habib used goods.” The fish-lips man removes my dress. I wait for myself to protest. But nothing happens. “Habib,” he says. “Habib is good with the ladies.” Then he is on top of me, and something hot and insistent is between my legs. He grunts and struggles, trying to fit himself inside me. With a sudden thrust I am torn in two. “Oh, yes,” he says, panting. “Habib is good in bed.” I hear, coming from a distance, a steady thud, thud, thud, and register that this is the sound of a headboard hitting a wall. After a while, I don’t know how long, Another sound interrupts the rhythmic thud of the headboard. I know this noise from somewhere. I work very hard to make it out. Finally. I identify it. It is the muffled sound of sobbing.

**Crank by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Freshman Learning Center

Original challenge 11/1/2021

Page 341

"Brendan, please stop." No. You promised, You damn little tease. Off came my shorts. Down went his zipper. I realized I was in serious trouble. "I'll scream." Go ahead. No one can hear but skunks and coyotes. Still, as I opened my mouth, his hand slapped down on it. Those sublime muscles hardened. Just relax. You'll love it. My brand-new Victoria's Secrets shredded, and I felt the worst of Brendan pause, savoring my terror. They all love it. Had he done it a different way, I might have responded with excitement. Instead, I froze as he pushed inside. There it is. Oh, God. There it goes. It went, all right, with an audible tear. Pain mushroomed into agony and all I could do was go stiff. You weren't lying, you bitch! I laid there, sobbing, as he worked and sweated over me. Stoked by the monster, it took him a long time to finish.

**Concrete Rose by Angie Thomas**

Currently in Vero Beach High School, Freshman Learning Center and Sebastian River High School

Page 137

Lisa look at it, too. Then she look me in the eye and unzip my pants. It’s on. I help her get out that dress, and she help me get my pants off. We both down to nothing when we slide under her covers. I’m ready to put it down. “Shit!” I hiss, and raise up. “I don’t got a rubber.” Lisa sit up a little. “Seriously?” “Yeah. I ain’t have no reason to keep them on me. You on the pill, right?” “No. Had no reason to be.” For a few seconds, our heavy breathing the only sound in the room. The way she feel against me . . . it’s driving me outta my mind. “I could be Page Content careful—” “If you pull out before you—” We spoke at the same time. Our eyes lock, and, goddamn, I want her bad. “Do you wanna do this?” I ask. Lisa bite her lip. “Yeah. Do you?” I never wanted anything more in my life. “Yeah.” Lisa pull me back down and kiss my neck. “Then be careful.” That’s all I need to hear. Damn. That was wild. Me and Lisa lying in her bed, all sweaty and panting. We went at it for hours. A’ight, an hour. A’ight, a’ight, more like fifteen, twenty, ten minutes. Either way, I did the damn thing. This was the first time we ever had sex without protection. I see what the homies mean, it do feel different. I was careful though, just like I said I’d be. I brush Lisa’s hair back and kiss her forehead. Your boy made her sweat them baby hairs out. Hell yeah. “Damn, I missed you.” She cuddle up against me. “I can’t lie, I missed you too.” “I could tell, the way you were screaming.”

Page 156

“We were tryna get some ass, and you were cock-blocking,” Shawn says

**Looking for Alaska by John Green**

Currently in Vero Beach High School and Sebastian River High School

Original challenge 10/29/2021

Page 210

Lara unbuttoned my pants and pulled my boxers down a little and pulled out my penis. “Wow,” she said. “What?” She looked up at me, but didn’t move, her face nanometers away from my penis. “It’s weird.” “What do you mean weird?” “Just big, I guess.” I could live with that kind of weird. And then she wrapped her hand around it and put it into her mouth. And waited. We were both very still. She did not move a muscle in her body, and I did not move a muscle in mine. I knew that at this point something else was supposed to happen, but I wasn’t quite sure what. She stayed still. I could feel her nervous breath. For minutes . . . she lay there, stock-still with my penis in her mouth, and I sat there, waiting. And then she took it out of her mouth and looked up at me quizzically. “Should I do something?” “Um. I don’t know,” I said. Everything I’d learned from watching porn with Alaska suddenly exited my brain. I thought maybe she should move her head up and down, but wouldn’t that choke her? So I just stayed quiet. “Should I, like, bite?” “Don’t bite! I mean, I don’t think. I think---I mean, that felt good. That was nice. I don’t know if there’s something else.” “I mean, you didn't---.” “Um

**Life is Funny by ER Frank**

Currently in Vero Beach High School, Sebastian River High School and Freshman Learning Center

Page 178

And I go, “Feel this,” and put her hand on my jeans over my hard dick. ...She laughs and goes, “Well damn. That’s nothing new.” And I look at her deep eyes and her big old feet, and then we’re kissing, watery tongues, springy lips, tugging, pulling, and we lie down, and she peels off my shirt, and I unbutton her shirt, pretty mini, and soon we’re all skin to skin, warm, sexy mouth and hands brushing, stroking over tits and ass and stomach, lost, mush brain, heat, curves, sucking, rocking, slipping, swollen, wet, shiny pussy, pushing, pulsing, breathing, moaning, straining thick dick, hat smells like salt balloons, sticky, rolling over aching stiff thing, shy sly fingers, oh, Lord, its tip kissing her melting slit, slide glides in, deep, swallowed, sucked, rocking, aching, bucking, pumping, fucking, oh, Lord, Jesus, God, Allah, Buddha, Keisha, thank you.

**The Duff by Kody Keplinger** Oral Sex

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School

Page 167

This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. "No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this." I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees., one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I'd heard Vicky and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it. …My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,...oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and- "Oh, shit.

**WAS NOT READ BUT TOLD BY CHAIR SHE WOULD LOOK AT**

**Throne of Glass by Sarah J Maas**

Currently in Freshman Learning Center

Page 21 And her breasts! Once well-formed, they were now no larger than they'd been in the midst of puberty.

Page 217 “Is that the bargain? She opens her legs, and you keep an eye on her during practice?”

Page 231 “You could easily love some woman on the side. Marriage doesn’t mean you can’t love other people.”

**Perfect by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Freshman Learning Center

Original challenge 11/1/2021

Page 268

And out of her mouth comes a single word: No. I heard her wrong I know I did, and even if I didn't, I know she means now, not no, so I go ahead and push. Hard. Oh. Oh. And her eyes pop wide and she screams, Stop. I said no. Stop, goddamn it. And her little fists try to pound against my chest, which only feels good and I can't stop, even if I wanted to, and I so don't, so I won't. And she starts to cry and I don't understand so I tell her, over and over again, "I love you. I love you. I love you." Rhythmic. In perfect time with my body's rhythmic beat. "I love you. I love you…" There's a strange buzzing in my ears. With a final thrust, there's a brilliant flash and the emptying is syncopated. My head clears as the mist slowly lifts. And I see what I have done. Cara lies, stiff as old toast, tear-glossed eyes staring up at me. I told you no, she whispers.

**Grown by Tiffany Jackson**

Currently in Vero Beach High School, Freshman Learning Center e-book and hard copy book

Page 150

The sound of his zipper rips the room apart. That's when he grabs my wrist, leading it down his stomach. …I shoot up. "I do care about you! I really do!" "Then I need you to make me feel good," he says, pushing my hand toward his crotch again. "Don't you want me to be happy? After the way you hurt me last night?" …"Shhhh…relax," he whispers. Then, I give in, and let him lead my hand down his pants, into his boxers. Something slimy flops in my palm. He doesn't kiss my lips. He just grabs my breast, hard, panting, twisting, and it hurts. It. Hurts. Holding back tears, I stare at Flounder, sitting on the dresser, watching us. I don't want him to see me this way. So I squeeze my eyes shut and float away, back to Page Content the sea, the waves, the seagulls, Grandma… Korey lets out a moan clipped by a slight scream and then "Ah!...That's my good girl." Except, I don't feel happiness. I feel…tired. Exhausted from being woken up in the middle of the night over and over. I feel…used.

**Unravel Me by Taherreh Mafi**

Currently in Storm Grove middle School, Sebastian River High School, and Freshman Learning Center

Page 17

His hands glide down the smooth, satiny material of this suit, slipping down the insides of my thighs, around the backs of my knees and up and up and up and I wonder if it's possible to faint and still be conscious at the same time and I'm betting this is what it feels like to hyper, to hyperventilate when he tugs us backward. He slams his back into the wall. Finds a firm grip on my hips. Pulls me hard against his body. I gasp. His lips are on my neck. His lashes tickle the skin under my chin and he says something, something that sounds like my name and he kisses up and down my collarbone, kisses along the arc of my shoulder, and his lips, his lips and his hands and his lips are searching the curves and slopes of my body and his chest is heaving when he swears and he stops and he says God you feel so good and my heart has flown to the moon without me.

**Tricks by Ellen Hopkins**

Currently in Freshman Learning Center

Original challenge 11/1/2021

Page 381

The clubs are careful about underage girls, but work for me, no one will check your IDs. As for the actual stripping, Lydia gave us some pointers. Turns out I'm a better dancer than Alex. Her boobs are bigger, though, and really beautiful. The men we perform for like when we dance with each other, breast-to-breast or bellyto-ass, tan skin against pale, ebony hair on blue-streaked blond, fingers touching hidden places we won't let "clients" touch. Powerful! That's how I feel, seeing how helpless we make them. I so enjoy reducing them to masturbation. It's like they are masturbating for me, and I can control when they come by how I move my body, what I let them see

**The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison**

Currently in Vero Beach High School and Gifford Middle School

Original challenge 11/4/2021

Page 136

With a violence born of total helplessness, he pulled her dress up, lowered his trousers and underwear. "Hee hee hee hee heeeeee." Darlene put her hands over her face as Cholly began to simulate what had gone on before. He could do no more than make-believe. The flashlight made a moon on his behind. "Hee hee hee hee heeee." "Come on, coon. Faster. You ain't doing nothing for her.' "Hee hee hee hee heeee." Cholly, moving faster, looked at Darlene. He hated her. He almost wished he could do it—hard, long, and painfully, he hated her so much. The flashlight wormed its way into his guts and turned the sweet taste of muscadine into rotten fetid bile. He stared at Darlene's hands covering her face in the moon and lamplight. They looked like baby claws. "Hee hee hee hee heee." ..."Wait," said the spirit lamp, "the coon ain't comed yet." "Well, he have to come on his own time. Good luck, coon baby.

**Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J Mass**

Currently in Oslo Middle School and Storm Grove Middle School

Page 349

Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck. She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her. Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue. He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too. “Together, Aelin,” he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way. Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness. And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan’s neck, claiming him as he’d claimed her. His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered thru him too.

Page 537

Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own. Stay. The word echoed in each breath. Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster. Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and Page Content over. Manon’s breathing was as ragged as Dorian’s when they pulled apart at last.

**The Tower of Dawn by Sarah Maas**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School and Oslo Middle School

Page 513

So Chaol removed his shirt, his pants following with a few, trickier maneuvers. Then he removed that dress of hers, leaving it in scraps on the floor beside the bed. And as Chaol began to move in her, he realized that here, amongst the dunes and stars…But this … He’d made sure she found her pleasure. Repeatedly. Before he ever found his own.

**Thirteen Reasons Why by Jay Asher**

Currently in Storm Grove Middle School and Freshman Learning Center

Original challenge 11/4/2021

Page 265

As if letting him finger me was going to cure all my problems. But in the end, I never told you to get away…and you didn’t. You stopped rubbing circles on my stomach. Instead, you rubbed back and forth, gently, along my waist. Your pinky made its way under the top of my panties and rolled back and forth, from hip to hip. Then another finger slipped below, pushing your pinky further down, brushing it through my hair. And that’s all you needed, Bryce. You started kissing my shoulder, my neck, sliding your fingers in and out. And then you kept going. You didn’t stop there. I’m sorry. Is this getting too graphic for some of you? Too bad.