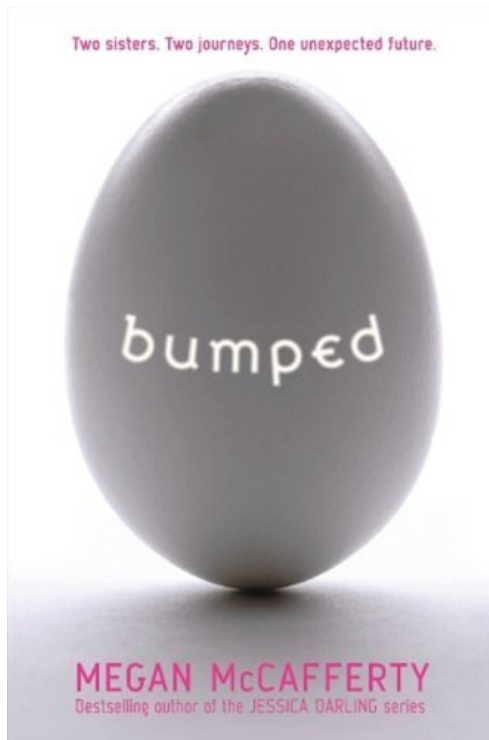


BUMPED



Young Adult

By Megan McCafferty

ISBN: 9780062076977

Book Summary:

Twin sisters have differing views on teenagers and children being paid to have babies to repopulate the world after a virus causes infertility in adults.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; child prostitution; profanity; drug use; alternate sexualities; and controversial religious commentary.

CONTENT WARNING

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	<p>The United Staes of America once ranked above all industrialized nations in the realm of teen pregnancy. We were the undisputed queens of precocious procreation! We were number one before, and we can be number one again!</p> <p>-President’s State of the Union Address</p> <p>...Most of my friends are still in bed sleeping off last night’s Tocin hangovers. I’m safe.</p>
31	<p>“How do you feel about all the premarital sex and sin?”</p> <p>...“I don’t know,” I finally say.</p> <p>“You could have learned a lot from watching the Cheerclones and the Ballers in action last night,” he says.</p> <p>“Ugh. MasSEXtinction parties are nasty,” Melody says, scrunching her nose. “Those amateurs are so desperate.”</p>
43	<p>I avert my gaze from the Garden of Eden Sex Shop.</p>
47	<p>“SO AFTER DELETING HIMSELF FROM MY LIFE FOR WEEKS, HE totally stalks me at the Mallplex just to let me know that he chauffeured a bunch of Cheerclones to one of their nasty masSEX parties. He’s crazy if he thinks he can make me, like, jealous or something. . .”</p>
48	<p>This is Shoko’s first go as a pro. She bumped as an amateur last time around, which meant she picked her partner—her boyfriend, Raimundo—a RePro Rep didn’t do it for her. It also meant that she didn’t get paid up front like I did, but had to wait and see what offers came in after her delivery was made. Unlike the Cheerclones and other amateurs who hit the masSEX party circuit hoping to be bumped, Shoko’s first prepping wasn’t planned, but it wasn’t unexpected either because that’s what happens when boyfriends and girlfriends do what they do as often as Shoko and Raimundo did.</p>
58	<p>“You have a conception contract, right?”</p> <p>“You think I’ve been hired to bump with Melody?”</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>“You think I’m a professional?”</p> <p>...“I’m not upmarket enough to be a RePro.”</p> <p>“A RePro?” I ask.</p> <p>“Reproductive professional,” he says, looking down at the sloppy remains of his Texas BBQ brisket. “A stud-for-hire.”</p>
72	<p>“Oh, but you ARE. You must spend most your day fending off amateur offers from all the . . .” He screws up his mouth, just about the only part of his face he can move. “Opportunistic humpers at your high school.”</p> <p>...“They all proooooomise to keep it pure. They’re all like”—his voice gets higher—“ Lib! I won’t bump with him! He’s my everythingbut! Then they do a little too much TOCIN DOSIN’ and the next thing I know these girls have forgotten the but in everythingbut and they’re BUMPING with some unaccredited”—he turns his head and sticks out his tongue—“ WORM.”</p>
76	<p>“Where are you in your cycle? Oh, WHO CARES? Let’s get you two BUMPING right away. We don’t want another trimester to go by with a FLAT TUMMY. And not to put any pressure on you or anything, but it would be just BREEDY if you could deliver the goods by next March. The Jaydens have an interest in zodiacology. Remember how I negotiated that bonus for delivering a Pisces? Another stroke of BRILLLLLLLIANCE!”</p>

Page	Content
102	It turns out our boy Jondoe was in New York City over the weekend to bump the mayor's daughter. She pregged on the first try! What a pro.
103	"Once this news hits the MiNet, the optics are gonna go OFF THE SPRING. Your pregg will be famous. Morning sickness is NOTHING compared to how green with envy they'll be when they find out who's bumping you. . . ."
105	There's a lot of tension between amateurs and pros at school. Like, amateurs look down on pros for bumping with strangers, not boyfriends. Or they pity us for missing out on all the partner-swapping fun at the masSEX parties. And pros say amateurs are jealous because they aren't good enough to pregg for profit. And even if they were, they probably wouldn't have the willpower to keep their legs closed until it was time to fulfill their contractual obligations.
107	"He's so hot! I don't know why you two don't just bump and get it over with," she says. "You'd really make such a cute pregg." ... "I bet he'll be amped when you finally do pregg," Ventura says, casting a look around at the crowd. "Then you and Zen can bump-hump all you want without worrying about breaking your contract. . . ." ... "Hey, there's nothing wrong with humping when you're bumping. Raimundo and I went at it like crazy for the full forty-two and my first pregg didn't come out all cock-knocked in the head." Doing it for fun. The one advantage to bumping as an amateur.
122	He slips a square plastic case from the top of the stack and shows it to me. On it is a picture of a girl who looks to be around my own age, dressed in a tight red top and blasphemously short skirt. She's on her knees, but she's definitely not praying.
124	They're the Cheerclones who tried to synchro-bump with the select members of the varsity basketball team known as the Ballers at the masSEX party Zen chauffeured the other night. They just couldn't wait until the end of the day to see if they had succeeded. So it was all anyone could talk about for the rest of the class period because the biggest synchro-bump at our school so far happened last fall when three girls I coached on the Science Olympiad were tri-sperminated by Maxim, the only Olympian over five ten whose whole body wasn't armored by acne. This was a challenging conversation to have in Mandarin, however, because we haven't learned the words for "Cheerclones," "Ballers," "sperminated," or "masSEX parties."
129	His face gets grim. "Insufficient verticality must be a major bonerkiller."
135	Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for your love is more delightful than wine. . . .
147	"And he was like, WHOO-HOO . . ." "For me to sperminay-cha . . ." "And I was like, NUH-UH." "I wanna impregnay-cha . . ." ... "Dude, I'm telling you. If you're serious about the game, you've got to stop spreading your seed around. When I've got an important match, I store enough hornery to power up every electricar on the eastern seaboard. . . ." "Hornery" is Zen's term for the indomitable athletic edge powered by sexual restraint.
149	"It's human nay-cha . . . For me to sperminay-cha. . . ." ... Zen is humping his bicycle as he sings, "Don't hesitay-cha . . . Or it will be too lay-cha. . . ."
151	"Do you really believe this? Or are you still trying to have sex with me?"

Page	Content
156	<p>“What’s to stop her from marching up to Ventura Vida and quoting—oh, I don’t know—the book of Virgin Mary chapter whatever, which says, ‘Thou art a dirty whore and thy pregg is a bastard and thou wilt burn in hell?’”</p> <p>Zen stops dead. “Does the Bible really say that?”</p> <p>...“There’s nothing new on the MiNet about you. Just the same stuff about getting humped by Ventura in the election. And if she does show up, you can always say it’s a prank. . . .”</p>
166	<p>“I didn’t want to have to give up my stash but . . .” He reaches into his back pocket, pinches a tiny baggie containing a small green pill. “How about this . . . vitamin. A vitamin that will make everything feel better!”</p> <p>That’s no vitamin. That’s a 10 mg of Tocin!</p> <p>“I want to feel better,” Ram says in a small voice.</p> <p>Without another word, I yank Zen out of the common room.</p> <p>“WATCH THE ARM. That arm belongs to the number-one-ranked—”</p> <p>“Pause it!” I hiss. “Have you gone terminal? What are you of all people doing with that stuff anyway? I thought you were all against the, um, chemical manipulation of our most basic animalian instincts or, um, whatever.”</p> <p>Zen talks so much that it’s difficult to remember anything that he actually says.</p> <p>“You’re overreacting,” he says.</p> <p>“For serious? You were the one to go manifesto on Shoko when she was dosing. About how it’s totally illegal to hold without a scrip.”</p> <p>Up until now, I thought Zen and I were the only two sophomores at Princeton Day Academy who hadn’t dosed. It’s a popular party drug, way easier to score than beer, weed, or even Oxy. Lib always warned me to stay away from illicit recreational use because he’d seen too many clients breach contracts with amateur bumpings that would have never happened without it.</p> <p>“If you want to get all high and humpy, that’s your choice. But who knows how he’ll react?”</p>
168	<p>“If he tries to impregnate my couch, you’re cleaning it up.”</p> <p>“You can’t be the designated driver as many times as I have and not know how to clean up such messes,” Zen replies affably, as if none of this is out of the ordinary. “Besides, that only happens when you crush and snort it.”</p>
181	<p>“This town is full of girls who put their virginity on lockdown because they think they’re better than everyone else. Why settle when there’s always a better deal right around the corner? These Eggs are priceless, right? So they pass and pass and pass and then they’re eighteen-year-old freshgirls and suddenly find themselves with no prospects for continuing their precious bloodline because all the smart Sperm have already hedged their bets on less discerning fourteen-year-olds. So their parents are losing their minds because they don’t want this to be the end of the family line, so these prissy freshgirls get so failful that they end up bumping with the first loser splooger that comes—ha, comes—their way. Or, in the case of the girls at the Bump-a-thon, they end up spending money to hire a professional when they should have been making money as a professional. Either way is a poor investment strategy. Surrogettes like you have gamed the system, and for that I raise my bottle.”</p>
184	<p>“We didn’t, you know.” Ram looks away shyly. “Consummate.”</p> <p>I let this sink in for a moment. Zen makes an immature simulation of coitus with his fingers.</p> <p>“You mean you never . . .”</p> <p>“NO!” Ram shouts, eyes squeezed tight, face burning red. “Or. Yes. I mean, sort of.”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Let me guess,” Zen says. “Misplaced ...“What does the Pro/ Am call it when a guy finishes before he begins? Ejaculatory genocide?”</p>
185	<p>“For a Surrogette, you are for seriously repressed about sex.” “Am not.” “You do realize that this”—Zen makes the porny gesture again—“ is how pregggs are made, right? Or are you hoping that science comes up with a viable form of Artificial Biological Conception just in time for you to bump?” The physical act of preggging is not something I spend a lot of time thinking about. But that doesn’t mean I’m repressed. It just means that my parents have seen to it that I’m too overscheduled to think about such things.</p>
200	<p>“It’s your first time,” he says. “You’re nervous. I understand.” He reaches into his knapsack, takes out a small bottle of pills, shakes it. “Tocin will help you open up.” Open up? “And I’m not just saying that because I’m a paid spokesperson,” he says. “It will be fun. Satisfaction guaranteed.” Satisfaction? Guaranteed? “I know it’s hard for you to believe, but I was a virgin once.”</p>
201	<p>“Everyone assumes I do it to do it.” He rolls his eyes, laughs. “For the sex.” I feel my cheeks burning. “Y-y-you don’t?” “No,” he says dismissively. “With so many girls waiting to be bumped, just about any guy can get some ass anytime.” I flinch at his coarse language, then think of Melody’s friend Zen, who would offer an altogether different opinion on the subject. “It’s not the money either. Though it definitely doesn’t suck getting paid to do something I would do for free.” His eyes dart toward the window. “And I know you won’t believe me, but it’s not about the famegaming.” “Then why do you do it?” “It’s really not about me at all. It’s about . . .” He falls back onto the headrest and looks up through the moonroof. “I’m providing a valuable service.”</p>
218	<p>I kept my eye on the purity prize. I said no to Tocin. I stayed on the sidelines during group gropes, or stayed home and missed the masSEX parties altogether. I turned down offers from unaccredited worms and free-agent Sperms until they stopped asking. I watched amateurs turn into pros, accidents into possibilities. I watched my MiNet status fall from the “six-figure Surrogette” to a “virge on the verge.” I resisted the pressure to get an everythingbut. I strenuously avoided touching any member of the opposite sex, refusing so much as even a first kiss in the fear that any accidental skin-to-skin contact could—</p>
219	<p>“LIIIIIIIIIIB,” I call out, yanking Zen in front of me. “I’M IN CRISIS. I’M ABOUT TO BUMP WITH A FIVE-FOOT CHINO-CHICANO.” ...“FOR SERIOUS, LIB. I’M GONNA ORGY WITH AN ILLITERATE AGRI-CULTY UNLESS YOU TRY TO STOP ME. . . .”</p>
225	<p>There is no way his God-having parents would so happily welcome their son home if they had any idea he was getting rich from premarital sex and sin! If Jondoe is so famous, how has his devilish vocation remained a mystery to his parents? I have to ask.</p>

Page	Content
242	<p>Like my housesisters, Jondoe’s parents are ignoring the act. I guess they’d like to believe that all these births are virgin births, like Mary herself. That is, if it weren’t blasphemous to think so. I, however, can’t hold my tongue.</p> <p>“But it’s a sin!” Then I stop myself because I’ve forgotten who I’m supposed to be right now. Am I Melody? Or am I me?</p> <p>Jondoe’s parents exchange looks.</p> <p>“There’s nothing wrong with sex,” Shelby says. “God invented it, after all. If He didn’t want us to do it, He would have designed another way!”</p> <p>“We’re procreationists,” Jake tells me.</p> <p>“Amen to that,” Jondoe says.</p> <p>I’m so confused. The Bible has a lot to say on the subject of premarital immorality. Did they somehow miss Paul’s letters to the Corinthians?</p> <p>“But Jondoe and Diana weren’t married! Aren’t you supposed to believe that bodily sharing is for the marriage bed?”</p>
244	<p>“Humans are sexual beings,” Jondoe says. “Instead of fighting our natural, God-given urges, we should find the best way to use them to glorify His kingdom.”</p>
255	<p>His hand is under my shirt!</p> <p>...His hand is not one or two—it feels like thousands of hands roaming all over my body, even in the hidden places he hasn’t dared to touch. He is leaning into me and I feel as if I’m hypnotized. I should move away, I should . . .</p> <p>“Oh!”</p> <p>He’s pressing his mouth against mine.</p> <p>I’m receiving him and he’s receiving me.</p> <p>I’m losing myself and finding myself.</p> <p>Through the sublime transcendence of this kiss.</p>
259	<p>I AWAKE NOT IN PANIC, NOR IN PRAYER.</p> <p>At peace.</p> <p>Jondoe is still sleeping beside me, warm and sweet.</p> <p>I arose to open for my lover</p> <p>I am my lover’s</p> <p>And my lover is mine. . . .</p> <p>It wasn’t a dream.</p> <p>We are still naked.</p> <p>I am still unashamed.</p> <p>Eyes still closed, Jondoe nuzzles his beard into my bare shoulder.</p> <p>“Melody,” he says. “Now, that was something.”</p> <p>He knew me last night.</p>
260	<p>“Shhhhhhhh,” he says, pressing a finger to his own lips, which only makes me wish he were pressing it against mine. “Let’s not talk business right now.”</p> <p>He rolls on top of me and—oh my grace—there it is again!</p> <p>“Not when there’s still time for pleasure.”</p> <p>The bone of his bones . . . The flesh of his flesh . . .</p>
262	<p>Ventura Vida was the first Southeast Asian–American woman president of the United States. She was giving a speech.</p> <p>“Only you can choose how and when you want to pregg. The power is yours!”</p> <p>And then I charged the stage.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Power? We don’t have any power! Not until we can make the choice to have un-preggy sex!”</p> <p>And President Vida was all like, “There’s a delivery deficit of epic proportions! You have the rest of your life to hump around!”</p>
265	<p>“Pleeeeeeease! Just tell me!” The arrival of Ms. Lutz-Lewis has made Freya more desperate for answers. “Is Jondoe really erection perfection like it says on the MiNet?” She for seriously looks like she’s going to pee herself.</p> <p>I open my mouth to tell her that she’s too young to be asking such pervy questions when Ms. Lutz-Lewis for seriously loses it.</p> <p>“MISS FREYA ALEXANDER. What are you doing out of your room?”</p> <p>“I got bored.”</p> <p>“You’re not here to make friends!” She swoops in on the little girl. “You’re here to make a delivery!”</p> <p>Waaaait. That’s not a FunBump she’s wearing? Freya is not a day older than eleven. Has she even lost all her first teeth? She can’t fill a training bra! And anyone with eyes can see that she doesn’t have adequate hip width. There’s no way she’s pushing it out. They’ll have to cut and pull.</p> <p>“Wah,” whines the girl, acting every bit the kid she is.</p> <p>...GAAAAAH! She hasn’t graduated from elementary school yet! She shouldn’t be worrying about college scholarships! Especially one that requires her to pregg every calendar year between now and obsolescence! I don’t even need to ask who put her up to it because I know the answer all too well: her parents.</p> <p>There are reasons why commercial prepping is illegal under the age of thirteen. Who did this girl bump with? Her boyfriend? I’ve read about so-called preemie prepping in the third world, but it’s not something you see in suburbs like Princeton, where it’s a very, very down-market thing to do.</p>
269	<p>He brushes his lips against my neck.</p> <p>...He nibbles on my earlobe.</p>
270	<p>Jondoe kisses the freckles on my nose.</p> <p>“I promise this is just the beginning for you and me. But right now, we must complete our mission,” he says, rolling back on top of me. “So let’s assume the position. . . .”</p>
273	<p>It’s pointless to tell the truth. I could present a 4-D of my unbroken hymen and Shoko would still insist that the ability to pregg without full penetration is proof of Jondoe’s unrivaled artistry and expertise.</p>
275	<p>“Investin’ like da stock mockey Get yoself a cock jockey Partyin’ at MasSEX Deliverin’ Fed Double X. . . .”</p> <p>Shoko’s blankets pop up and down with every attempt at a hip thrust.</p>
278	<p>“Jondoe and I had un-preggy sex!” I declare, getting flushed just by the thought of it. “For pleasure. Because we are in loooooooove.”</p> <p>“What?!” The whole group is scandalized, but none more than Ms. Lutz-Lewis. “Making love? At your age?”</p> <p>“Yes!” I say proudly, making deliberate eye contact with every set of eyes. “With CONDOMS!”</p>

Page	Content
282	<p>“What kind of limpdick do you take me for?” Jondoe asks, anger rising in his voice. “You think I don’t know when I’ve hit my target?”</p> <p>...“Her egg was blasted by the fastest sperm ever recorded! Of COURSE you did your job.”</p> <p>I’m gasping for air, grasping the ugly truth.</p> <p>Jondoe doesn’t love God.</p> <p>He doesn’t love me.</p> <p>I was just another job.</p>
286	<p>I’m weeping for bald and cranky Celine Lichtblau and also for glossy-haired and glowing Ventura Vida, even though I still for seriously hate her and her adorable six-month bump, and for all the other prepping Pro/ Ammers and the Cheerclones who’ll try again with the Ballers at the next masSEX party and all girls everywhere who are valued far more for what’s between their legs than what’s between their ears.</p>
287	<p>To me, my best friend is bigger and stronger and more capable than any cock jockey on the market.</p>
308	<p>“I’ll stick with what Jondoe’s Reps are spinning,” he says. “That yours is a professional working relationship and you never, ever had lovemakey sex.”</p>
309	<p>“You’ve never been anything but up front about where you stand, Mel. Your contract has always come first. I’m just an optimistic idiot for letting myself believe otherwise. I guess it wasn’t until after I confronted you at the Mallplex the other day that I finally said, ‘Fuck it.’ Literally. Fuck. It. I decided I’d get dosed enough to do it with one of the Cheerclones. It didn’t matter which one because none of them were you.”</p> <p>...“That’s when I finally let go of the dream that my first time,” he says, “would be our first time.”</p>
314	<p>And before I can stop myself, I cradle his cheeks in my hands, pull him close, part my lips, and . . .</p> <p>My first kiss.</p>
317	<p>There had always been rumors about Ram being of an unmentionable kind. That despite his brawn, he was soft. More interested in watching the boys than the girls.</p>
320	<p>She must still think I hate her as deeply as I thought I did, that is, before I realized that spermjacking Jondoe was the best thing that ever could have happened to me.</p>
322	<p>“You don’t care?” Jondoe double-takes.</p> <p>“There’s not enough money in the world for me to bump with you.”</p> <p>I can’t believe I’ve just said this to the world-famous cock jockey.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	7
Bitch	4
Cock	3
Dick	1
Fuck	3
Piss	8
Shit	6