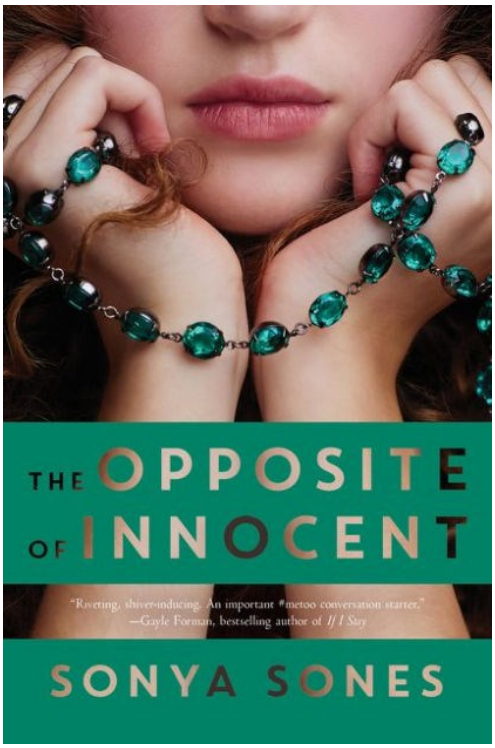
THE OPPOSITE OF INNOCENT



Young Adult

Book Summary:

A young woman is coerced into having sexual relations with a much older man whom was her former babysitter.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities involving an adult and a minor; sexual assault; profanity; alcohol use by minors; controversial social commentary; and alternate sexualities.

By Sonya Sones

ISBN: 978-0-06-237033-4

CONTENT WARNING

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3/5 Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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22	Though I did let this guy named Jason kiss me after a school dance last year. I barely even knew him, but I was getting tired of listening to Taylor and Rose swap stories about all the boys they'd been making out with. …Jason's breath smelled like beer. His tongue was thick and slimy. I almost gagged when he pushed it into my mouth.
39	"You all right?" he asks, letting his dark eyes travel quickly over my body. I glance down and realize that my bathrobe has fallen open. I yank it shut as Luke's eyes meet mine, and the flush on my cheeks spreads to the rest of me. Then Luke smiles this funny little smile and says, "You really have become a woman, Lily—a gorgeous one . . ."
52	Because they know that Taylor's gay, too. As Taylor's fond of saying, he's never even set foot in the closet. Except to kiss Matt Hopkins that one time when they were in sixth grade. So yeah. Everyone knows that Tay's gay.
56	"Turns out he's also an amazing kisser. And amazing at . . . everything else." "Everything else?" I gasp. "Has our Rose been deflowered?" Taylor cries. "Deflowered?" she laughs. "Lord no." Then she tells us it was just a lust thing, not love. So she didn't let him get past second base. "I would've dumped him if he'd pushed for more," she says. "I'm saving the rest for Mr. Right. Though we did do a lot of dry humping." " And God," she adds, "if just doing that feels so good, can you imagine how great having actual sex must feel?"
66	And now he's kissing my lashes . . . my cheeks . . . my chin . . . Now he's leaning in and gently pressing his lips to mine.
72	He opens the cellar door and when he rests his palm on the small of my back to guide me down in to the dark, it feels like a spark igniting a flame that's singeing me right through my tee. When we get to the bottom step I reach for the light switch. But Luke covers it with his hand. Then he turns me around to face him, tips my head back, and leans in to kiss me. Only he doesn't kiss me. He just bring his lips close to mine- so close I can feel him breathing. "Are you sure about this?" he whispers. "Positive," I whisper back. Then he finally lets his lips touch mine, and his kiss ripples all through me, like perfect circles on the surface of a secret pond.
80	I'm Plowing Through the Multitudes Trying to get to geometry before the bell, when I glance down the hall and notice Jason, that guy who kissed me after the dance last year, heading in my direction. Suddenly I'm a little nauseous—remembering how it felt when he poked his slimy tongue into my mouth.
83	If I told him I've been kissing a twenty-nine-year-old man, what would he think?
85	"Only if the Lord knocked her up," Rose says, giving me a nudge. "Or some other older man."
89	Then he lays out what he calls the 'ground rules.' I don't really like the idea of him giving me rules. He's acting like he's my dad or something. But I guess they make sense.

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	He says we can't call each other on the phone. Someone might overhear us. He says we can't send emails or texts either. Someone might read them. And handwritten notes are out of the question. "How about telepathy?" I ask. "Is telepathy okay?'" He laughs and says, "Absolutely not." "Then how will we communicate?" I ask. "Here's how," he says. And he leans in for a kiss.
90	Luke is kissing the nape of my neck. As We Circle Around and Around Heading back down to the ground level of the parking lot, and to reality, Luke says he can hardly wait till I turn eighteen. "On your eighteenth birthday, I'll put up billboards all over town and take out a full-page ad in the newspaper. On your eighteenth birthday, I'll hire one of those planes with a banner streaming behind it. On your eighteenth birthday, when it's finally legal for us to be together, I'll tell the whole world about us." Then, just before we pull out into the street, he reaches over, takes my hand, and says, "Can you promise to keep us a secret till then?"
109	He Gathers Me into His Arms And kisses me with such force that our teeth crash together. He's breathing hard, pressing his hips against mine. And when I feel the effect I'm having on him, it's like I've morphed into Super Lily or something—like there's this strange new power coursing through my veins . . .
110	He leans in for one more kiss—a kiss so passionate it almost hurts. Then he pulls back and murmurs, "I know a beautiful spot . . . A spot where we could kiss like this all night." …He gives me one more fierce kiss, then heads downstairs, as calm as anything, while I waft into my room, and ease the door shut behind me, my whole body vibrating.
113	Luke's telling Dad that he's going out with Amber again tonight. "I've got a feeling I might get lucky," he says.
114	He did mention kissing all night. But what if he's expecting to do more than that?
115	Then I tuck in my laciest bra. Then I take it back out. Then I shove it back in. Then I yank it back out again. Will Luke see me in this tonight? Am I ready to go to second base?
117	But they'd go bonkers if they knew how old Luke really is. "Um . . . Not that old," I say. "He's . . . He's only twenty-four." "Whoa . . . ," Rose says. "He's almost twice your age. That dude's messed up." "I don't think that's even legal," Taylor says, bugging out his eyes at me. …"He's not just 'older,'" Taylor says. "He's practically a pedophile." "Yeah," Rose says. "The guy's a perv."
127	Like there's so many things he'd be saying to me right now, so many things he'd be doing to me right now, if only we were alone. (Which would probably really turn me on if I weren't feeling like the walking dead.)
131	"Well," he says, letting his lips brush my ear, "then I guess we shouldn't kiss." But there are other things we can do. We can't let this stroke of good fortune slip through our fingers. …When Luke Said That there were other things we could do, I knew he was talking about more than just holding each other close. I figured he meant going to second base. And now,

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	as he takes me by the hand and leads me off, I'm ready for that to happen. I'm ready to let the man I love touch me where no one has ever touched me before.
136	He starts kissing my neck, then kissing my shoulder, then kissing his way down my arm, kissing and kissing and kissing till he reaches my hand. Then he spreads open my palm, pressing his lips into the center of it. It's so romantic, I can hardly stand it. And now, it's not just my throat that's on fire. But All of a Sudden Luke stops kissing my palm and presses my hand down onto his knee. He sucks in a sharp breath. Then he takes hold of my wrist and begins guiding my fingers, guiding them up along his thigh, guiding them so slowly . . . up . . . and up . . . and up . . . toward . . . toward . . . His Crotch! Wait . . . What? This isn't what was supposed to happen. He hasn't even touched my breasts yet. Not even the outside of my T-shirt. I've listened to enough of Rose's descriptions of what she did (and didn't do) with the guys she's dated to know that some major steps are being skipped right over.
140	I Try to Pull Away But Luke just tightens his grip on my wrist and starts murmuring about how long he's waited, how long he's waited for me to touch him like this, and about how the kissing's been lovely, the kissing's been brilliant, but a man needs more, more than kissing, and he'll go mad, stark raving mad if we don't take things to the next level. Then suddenly—he reaches down with his free hand and with one smooth motion, he unzips his fly. But Just as he's about to press my hand down onto his boxers, I hear myself saying, "Stop!" in this weird strangled voice. …"I thought you cared about me. I thought you wanted to make me feel good. I thought you were a woman. But maybe you're still just a kid." …"Then please, Lily. Touch me. Touch me like a woman touches a man." …Then I grit my teeth and let him ease my hand onto him, fighting back tears of my own. He Moans And whispers the words I've waited all my life to hear him say: "I love you, Lily. I love you . . . I love you . . ." …He Sighs Like he's never felt anything so good in his life. Then suddenly he gasps, and scrunches up his face, almost like he's in agony or something. A second later, his head drops back against the couch, and I realize he's finished.
147	At Lunch with the Triatomics Taylor says he and Evan are brainstorming ways to use chemistry to stop global warming. He says they still can't believe Trump pulled out of the Paris Climate Accord. He says Trump's sure got a lot of nerve.
148	He ushers me into the backseat with him, kisses me for a while, then unzips his pants and asks me to do the same thing I did last time. When I reach for him, he moans, then locks his hands behind his head and starts telling me he loves me. But I can't figure out why I feel so . . . so . . . Oh, I don't know. Sort of lonely, I guess.
150	When we got there, he tugged me into the backseat, unzipped his fly, and asked me to do the same thing as the last two times. But even though he said he loved me, being with him didn't seem as romantic as it used to

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	be—back when all we were doing was kissing. And his kisses felt . . . different today. He pressed so hard it was like he was trying to pulverize my lips with his.
152	Then he drove us down the dirt road that winds into the woods behind the 7-Eleven. And for some reason, doing it to him there made me feel even lonelier than usual. Now That the Mall Is Closed It seems like all week long when I'm at school and Luke's supposedly out looking for apartments, or writing up his research for the foundation that sent him to Kenya, he's really just driving around, scouring the city for places where we can "have our privacy," as he refers to it. I refer to it as places where he can "get me to do it to him."
162	I don't have any choice, though—since I'm even less in the mood to go home and listen to Luke and Amber doing God knows what through my bedroom wall. Which doesn't even make any sense. Because I don't even like doing that stuff to him. So why does the thought of her doing it to him make me feel like I can't breathe?
163	Then a girl pops a beer into my hand. I tried beer once. I hated it. But that doesn't stop me from chugging this one. Or the next one. Or the next . . .
174	And then we're both laughing, and he's covering my lips with his. He's Kissing Me Kissing me so softly, so sweetly, just like he used to, way back in the beginning. "When you were a kid," he whispers. "I promised I'd wait for you." Then he kisses me again and says, "You were so worth the wait."
176	And as he unzips his fly, a smile spreads across his face—a smile that somehow reminds me of the Big Bad Wolf. "But today," he says, taking hold of my hand, "we'll just review what you already know." And as he presses my fingers down onto him, this weird combination of relief and revulsion washes over me.
178	He just leans in and kisses me.
181	A few days later Loke's waiting after school again, to drive me to the library for our second weekly "tutoring" session. We go up to the same study room as before and he pulls the blinds closed. He starts kissing me right away. But they're those crushing kind of kisses. Not the romantic kind. He backs me up against the wall, and grinds his body against mine till it feels like I'm getting black and blue. "I've been trying to take it slow," he whispers. "Trying so hard . . . But I'm not sure I can go on like this much longer." "I'm not sure I can either," I say. And as he eases me down onto the chair next to his, and unzips his fly, he's completely unaware that my words mean the opposite of his. He Presses My Hand Down onto Him An eternity passes. Then, just after Luke finally finishes and zips his fly back up, the door to the study room springs open!
188	And I'm so excited, I hardly even mind when he unzips his fly again . . .
194	He grabs my hips under my cape and grinds up against me, murmuring, "I knew you'd love this surprise." But I don't love it. I don't love it at all. …He growls softly and nips at my neck. A chill runs up my spine.

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204	Luke Pours Two Glasses of Champagne Then he gives me one, and clinks his against mine. …I have no choice- so I choke down a sip. It's bitter, but not as bad as beer. He starts rubbing my shoulders. "Have another sip, Lily," he says. So I have a little more. And then, at his urging, a little bit more…
205	Then Luke's lips are brushing across my forehead . . . my lashes . . . my cheeks . . . And now he's pressing them to mine . . . Gently . . . So gently . . . Like the very first time we kissed . . . I feel Luke's hands drifting over my shoulders . . . I feel Luke's hands gliding along my thighs . . . I feel Luke's hands sliding up under my skirt! …I try to push his hands away, but suddenly my panties are around my ankles and I'm struggling to sit up, but he's easing down onto me, pinning me under the crushing dead weight of his body. He Starts Fumbling with His Fly Tugging at his jeans and everything's happening way too fast and now his cold hands are on my knees and he's trying to spread my legs apart but I'm clamping them together, clawing at his fingers, trying to pry them off me, and all the while he's kissing my neck, murmuring, "Come on, Lily. You want this. You know you do. I've waited so long for you. I can't wait a minute more. I love you . . . I love you so much."
218	Then I feel Luke's lips on my neck again. And this time, when he places his icy fingers onto my knees I don't even try to pry them off . .
225	I should have ended it that day he carried me to the couch, unzipped his fly, and pressured me to do that stuff to him. Even though he knew I didn't want to.
237	Luke kisses me. Hard. Though not so hard that I'll look like I've been kissed. Then he smiles a terrible smile and pulls the Murphy bed down from the wall. I see the pink satin sheets and clench my teeth. Luke says he needs me. He says he wants me. He says I'm his dream come true.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Piss	1

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