



By Ellen Hopkins

T R I A N G L E S

Concerns

This book has sexually explicit excerpts including sadomasochism and commentary involving adults and minors.

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“ ...short denim skirt, he finds nothing but skin and hot, wet pulsing. His fingers start there, work their way inside. My body screams for orgasm, but not like that. “Fuck me, “ I beg. His eyes, feral, meet mine. He smiles, props me up on his knee. Unzips his fine silk trousers, brings the swollen knob of his cock just outside my thrumming slit. Stops. “Say please.” ”

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Have you ever been tied up? It is the most intense experience in my life, and when I get home I'm glad the house is fast asleep, so it can go into my journal. Oil of Cloves. To offer up every slender thread of control is frightening. Exhilarating. I am naked when he lays me, trembling, on the bed. “I won't hurt you. Not if you're very good.” He uses my stockings. One for my hands, which he crosses at the wrists, stretching them over my head. The other he wraps around my eyes. I'm swimming in a dark sea where something unseen waits for me. “Don't move.” It's hard to comply when his teeth rake my neck in a vampire style kiss, lower to my nipples. His bite is half brilliant hurt, half surreal pleasure. The scent, lifting from

his hair, is spice. Cloves, I think. It's sharp, sexy as hell. “Open your legs.” His face dives between them, and his mouth claims what he finds there. And when he says, “You can come now,” I am beyond ready. “Now that you're wet, I'm going to do something I've always wanted to.” He slips one finger inside me. Two. Three. At four, the pressure becomes terrific. But when I squirm, he gives my arms a warning tug. “No. Hold still.” I do and he works his entire hand into that narrow place. And over the flashing silver pain, I shudder orgasm. “That's my girl.” I wish I could see his rigid cock, fevered, and poised to push inside me. One wicked thrust and I come again. And again. And now, so does he.