

People Kill People

By Ellen Hopkins

Page 146

The worst part now is the two images of her that appear when you let yourself remember: Damian fucking her and Damian killing her.

Page 148

The monkey was bartered, sex as commodity. There have been many times when you needed something expensive that you straight-out traded sex for cash.

Page 152

This will be sex as reward. Violence as aphrodisiac. You are totally turned on right now.

Page 153

The mere suggestion of violence serves as intoxicant. Aphrodisiac. Wish more people felt that way. Get down. Get high. Get off.

Page 165

He pulled you into his lap. One arm remained possessively in control, while his spare hand dropped to stroke the crotch of your jeans. That part didn't hurt and, in fact, you were surprised that your wiener responded positively. Still, you knew it was wrong, so wrong, and you tried to get away.

"Oh, no. Not yet." The hand holding you gripped tighter while the other unzipped your pants and yanked them off in one swift, well-practiced motion. You struggled, but couldn't come near to matching his physical strength. He unbuttoned his own fly, freeing his sorry erection to worm its way between your butt cheeks. He slapped a hand over your mouth. "This might hurt a little it it's really your first time. Let's see if it is."

