

FCS Books with Obscene Content





What Does the Book Say?

The chapter which most directly catalyzed the objections of Woolbright is titled, 'Losing My Virginity Twice'. Once excerpt describes Johnson's first experience having intercourse with a man while in college. It reads:

"There was so much excitement running through my body. This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that I could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. His body felt great in my mouth."

"I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him. There was moonlight coming through the shades of the dark room. Two Black boys under the glow of blue moonlight. How poetic, dare I say ironic?"

I was scared as hell. One, because I didn't know what I was and clearly, he did. Two, because it was still college, and my word getting out that I was inexperienced or bad in bed would be too big of a campus rumor. Let alone that I was having sex with a friend of someone in my chapter. The first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was at least a point of reference for me to get the job done.



The book has become extremely popular with teen and young adult audiences in its first year of release.
© Goodreads

“I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan.

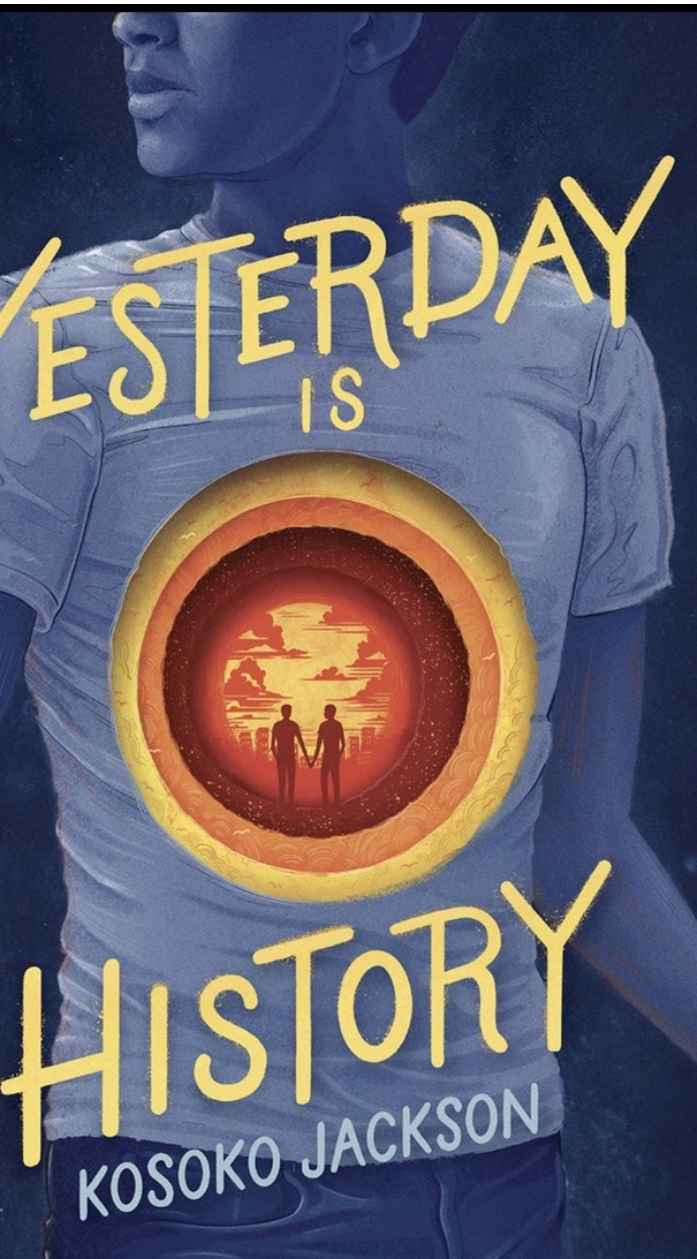
“As we moved, I could tell he was excited—I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling.

Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

“That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms. The years of suppressing my identity and not dating or kissing had all come down to this one magical night in an apartment on the outskirts of Richmond, Virginia. I didn't want to leave, and he didn't make me. I did, however, get up to make a phone call to one of my line brothers. I left him a voicemail saying that I had finally had sex.”

YESTERDAY IS HISTORY

NO
LEFT
in Ed



times we just have to take a leap of faith and be comfortable with things not going according to plan. I, more than anyone, should understand that.

Do I want Michael to kiss me? I think so. Do I want my first kiss to be with him? Probably. But should we do it here?

As Michael leans forward, I don't stop him. I don't move closer either. This is it. The moment I've seen on TV, heard Isobel talk about, watched porn about—this moment right here. A kiss. My heart thumps loudly in my chest, so loudly that I barely hear the MC on stage.

"Up next we have a regular here; Michael Gray is going to perform a song for us. Give him a good ol' Citadel welcome, will ya?"

Michael stops, an inch or so from my mouth. The smell of beer doesn't bother me anymore.

The girl pulls back and starts running wildly, with no reasonable pattern to her movements. The other kids do the same thing.

"This is what you called me over for?"

Blake crosses his arms over his chest in that indignant way and scoffs. "I'll have you know, Monster is a very important game."

Before I can say anything, his arms slip around my waist, and he pulls me close. Our lips collide and find their familiar place against one another. It's been ten months, and his kisses still make me shiver.

"You never have a problem when I'm a monster in bed," he whispers against me.

"Blake!" I roar, shoving him to put some space between us before lunging at him, aiming my hands at the secret ticklish spots I've learned over the

Learning reading speed

51%

Learning reading speed

95%

TERDAY IS HISTORY

NO
LEFT
in Ed

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eyes, rests his arms behind his head, and presses the blunt between his lips while he lazily breathes out smoke.

"As much as I love having a handsome man in the house with me, you know you're going to have to tell me how you got here, right?" he says, not opening his eyes. "Because if my parents come home and see you here, we're going to need to have our stories straight. So they don't call the pigs."

Did he just say what I think he said? Does he believe me? I fall silent thinking about my word choice over.

"You're not worried about them, you know, finding alcohol and weed in here? How old are you, anyway?"

"Weed." He chuckles, opening one eye. "You sound like a white boy."

I pause, ignoring that racially loaded statement, and instead search for the right word. "Ganja?"

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WHITE & ROYAL BLUE

NO
LEFT
in Ed

True love isn't always diplomatic.

RED, WHITE & ROYAL BLUE

a novel

CASEY McQUISTON



She's dumped her stack of magazines out on the bedspread and is already busying herself with them.

"Doing your part to keep the great American gossip industry alive?"

"That's what my journalism degree's for," June says.

"Anything good this week?" Alex asks, reaching for a donut.

"Let's see," June says. "*In Touch* says I'm ... dating a French model?"

"Are you?"

"I wish." She flips a few pages. "Ooh, and they're saying you got your asshole bleached."

"That one is true," Alex says through a mouthful of chocolate with sprinkles.

"Thought so," June says without looking up. After riffling through most of the magazine, she shuffles it to the bottom of the stack and moves on to *People*. She flips through ab-

Even if he did want that, there are a million reasons why this will never, ever be possible.

Alex follows him to the door, watching him turn to hover there awkwardly.

"Well, er..." Henry attempts, looking down at his feet.

Alex rolls his eyes. "For fuck's sake, man, you just had my dick in your mouth, you can kiss me good-night."

Henry looks back up at him, his mouth open and incredulous, and he throws his head back and *laughs*, and it's only him, the nerdy, neurotic, sweet, insomniac rich guy who constantly sends Alex photos of his dog, and something slots into place. He leans down and kisses him fiercely, and then he's grinning and gone.

...

"You're doing *what*?"

WHITE & ROYAL BLUE

NO
LEFT
in Ed

...e I—I hoped you wouldn't.
...ne. I had ... suspicions you
...ant me too," Henry says. He
...little when Alex bites down
...n the side of his neck. "Or I
...until I saw you with Nora,
...I was ... jealous ... and I was
...d an idiot who got sick of
...for the answer to present it-

...ere *jealous*," Alex says. "You
..."

...moves abruptly, heaving Alex
...ce with both hands and down
...ap, eyes blazing, and he says
...and deadly voice Alex has
...ard from him before, "Yes,
...ning arse, I've wanted you
...ugh that I won't have you
...for another *fucking* second."
...ut being on the receiving end
...'s royal authority is an ex-
...cking turn-on. He thinks, as

he's hauled into a bruising kiss, that
he'll never forgive himself for it. So,
like, fuck the moors.

Henry gets a grip on Alex's hips and
pulls him close, so Alex is properly
straddling his lap, and he kisses hard
now, more like he had in the Red
Room, with teeth. It shouldn't work
so perfectly—it makes absolutely no
sense—but it does. There's something
about the two of them, the way
they ignite at different temperatures,
Alex's frenetic energy and Henry's
aching sureness.

He grinds down into Henry's lap,
grunting as he's met with Henry
already half-hard under him, and
Henry's curse in response is buried in
Alex's mouth. The kisses turn messy,
then, urgent and graceless, and Alex
gets lost in the drag and slide and
press of Henry's lips, the sweet liquor
of it. He pushes his hands into Henry's

hair, and it's as soft as he always im-
agined when he would trace the photo
of Henry in June's magazine, lush and
thick under his fingers. Henry melts
at the touch, wraps his arms around
Alex's waist and holds him there. Alex
isn't going anywhere.

He kisses Henry until it feels like he
can't breathe, until it feels like he's
going to forget both of their names
and titles, until they're only two
people tangled up in a dark room mak-
ing a brilliant, epic, unstoppable mis-
take.

He manages to get the next two but-
tons on his shirt undone before Henry
grabs it by the tails and pulls it off over
his head and makes quick work of his
own. Alex tries not to be in awe of the
simple agility of his hands, tries not
to think about classical piano or how
swift and smooth years of polo have
trained Henry to be.

WHITE & ROYAL BLUE

NO
LEFT
in Ed

Hang on,” Henry says, and Alex is already groaning in protest, but Henry rolls back and rests his fingertips on Alex’s lips to shush him. “I want you.” His voice starts and stops, and Alex is looking like he’s resolving not to flinch at himself again. He gathers himself, stroking a finger up to Alex’s cheek before jutting his chin out defiantly. “I want you on the bed.”

Alex goes fully silent and still, looking into Henry’s eyes and the question hanging in the air: *Are you going to stop this now or is it real?*

“Well, come on, Your Highness,” Alex says, shifting his weight to give Henry a last tease before he stands.

“You’re a dick,” Henry says, but he smiles, smiling.

Alex climbs onto the bed, sliding back to prop himself up on his elbows against the pillows, watching as Henry kicks off his shoes and regains his

bearings. He looks transformed in the lamplight, like a god of debauchery, painted gold with his hair all mussed up and his eyes heavy-lidded. Alex lets himself stare; the whipcord muscle under his skin, lean and long and lithe. The spot right at the dip of his waist below his ribs looks impossibly soft, and Alex might die if he can’t fit his hand into that little curve in the next five seconds.

In an instant of sudden, vivid clarity, he can’t believe he ever thought he was straight.

“Quit stalling,” Alex says, pointedly interrupting the moment.

“Bossy,” Henry says, and he complies.

Henry’s body settles over him with a warm, steady weight, one of his thighs sliding between Alex’s legs and his hands bracing on the pillows, and Alex feels the points of contact like a

static shock at his shoulders, his hips, the center of his chest.

One of Henry’s hands slides up his stomach and stops, having encountered the old silver key on the chain resting over his sternum.

“What’s this?”

Alex huffs impatiently. “The key to my mom’s house in Texas,” he says, winding a hand back into Henry’s hair. “I started wearing it when I moved here. I guess I thought it would remind me of where I came from or something—did I or did I not tell you to quit stalling?”

Henry looks up into his eyes, speechless, and Alex tugs him down into another all-consuming kiss, and Henry bears down on him fully, pressing him into the bed. Alex’s other hand finds that dip of Henry’s waist, and he swallows a sound at how devastating it feels under his palm. He’s never been

WHITE & ROYAL BLUE

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ME BY YOUR NAME

NO
LEFT
in Ed



Page 182 "When we reached our balcony, he hesitated at the door and then stepped into my room. It took me by surprise, *"Take your trunks off."* This was strange, but I didn't have it in me to disobey. So I lowered them and got out of them. It was the first time I'd been naked with him in broad daylight. I felt awkward and was starting to grow nervous. *"Sit down"*, I had barely done as I was told **when he brought his mouth to my cock and took it all in. I was hard in no time.**"

To be who I am because of you. To be who he was because of me. **To be in his mouth while he was in mine and no longer know who it was, his cock or mine, that was in my mouth.**

Page 186 *"Are you sorry I came? Was I being intentionally fortuitous? "I'd hold you and kiss you if I could." "Me too."* I came up to his ear as he was just about to enter the post office and whisper, **"Fuck me, Elio."** He remembered and instantly moan his own name three times, as we've done during that night. So I could feel myself already getting hard."

ME BY YOUR NAME

NO
LEFT
in Ed

0 “The peach was soft and firm, and when I succeeded in **tearing it apart with my cock**, I felt its red and color reminded me not just of an opening of a vagina, so that holding each half in my hand and firmly against my cock, I began to rub it, thinking of no one and of everyone, including the peach, which had no idea what was being done to it except that it had to play along and in the end took some pleasure in the act as if I thought I heard it say to me, “**Fuck me, Elio, harder**”, and after a moment, “*harder oh*”, I while I scanned my mind for images of Ovid. . . . I could just stop then and there or, **with one stroke, I could come, which I finally did**, and then, **aiming the spurt into the reddened core of the peach as if in a ritual of insemination.**”

Page 218 “He said he was going to take a shower. When I saw him naked, I immediately got undressed as well. “*Just for a second*”, I said as our bodies touched for I loved the dampness that clung all over his. . . . Yielding to an impulse that couldn't have felt more natural at the time, **I let my hand rub his buttocks and then began to stick my middle finger into him** as he replied, “*You keep doing this and there's definitely no party.*” I told him to do me a favor and keep staring out the window but to lean forward a bit, until I had a brainstorm, **once my entire finger was inside him we might start but under no condition would we finish.** The next day we can shower and go out and feel like too exposed, live wires giving off sparks each time they so much as flicked at each other.”

Page 305 “This is the man whose house I stayed and where I lived in Italy. . . . *Oh and by the way this man who was almost your age back then and who spent most of his days quietly transcribing The seven last words of Christ each morning would sneak into my room at night and we'd fuck our brains out.*”

EDIBLY LOUD & INCREDIBLY CLOSE (middle ols)

NO
LEFT
in Ed



PAGE 35

"Oskar, Ron is my friend." I was going to ask her if she was humping her friend, and if she had said yes, I would have run away, and if she had said no, I would have asked if they heavy-petted each other, which I know.

Page 192

Friday, Jimmy Snyder called me from across the playground, and then he came up to me with a bunch of his friends. He said, "**Hey, Oskar, would you rather have a hand job or a blowjob from Emma Watson?**" I told him I didn't know who Emma Watson was. Matt Colber said, "Hermione, retard." I said, "Who's Hermione? And I'm not mentally retarded." Dave Mallon said, "In *Harry Potter*, fag boy." Steve Wicker said, "She has sweet tits now." Riley said, "**Hand job or blow job?**" I said, "I've never even met her." I know a lot about birds and bees, but I don't know very much about the birds and the bees. Everything I do know I had to teach myself on the Internet because I don't have anyone to ask. For example, **I know that you give someone a blowjob by putting your penis in their mouth. I also know that dick is penis, and that cock is penis, too. And monster cock, obviously. I know that VJs get wet when a woman is having sex, although I don't know what they get wet *with*. I know that VJ is cunt, and also ass. I know what dildos are, I think, but I don't know what cum is, exactly. I know that anal sex is humping in the anus, but I wish I didn't.**"

INCREDIBLY LOUD & INCREDIBLY CLOSE (middle ols)

NO
LEFT
in Ed

7

covered ourselves to the ground, our backs against the wall. We could hear them talking inside and smell the pipe smoke that seeped between the books, Anna started kissing my neck. "What if they come out?" I whispered, she touched my face. "Which meant their voices would keep us safe. **She put her hands all over me, I didn't know what she was doing, I touched every part of her,** what was I doing, did we have something that we couldn't explain? Her father said, "You can stay for as long as you need. You can stay here." **"She pulled her shirt over her head, I held her breasts in my hands, it was awkward and it was natural, she pulled my head over my head,** in the moment I couldn't see, Mr. Goldberg said, "Forever," I heard him pacing in the small room. **I put my hand under her skirt between her legs, I was burning, I felt on the verge of bursting into flames,** without experience I knew what to do, it was exactly as it had been before. "I want to make love," Anna whispered, I knew what to do, night was arriving, trains were departing, I pulled her skirt... **I was in her for only a second before I burst into flames,** she whimpered...

Page 202

"I'm going to say a word and I want you to tell me the first thing that comes to mind. You can say a word, a phrase, a name, or even a sound. Whatever. There are no rules, no wrong answers here. No rules. Should we give it a try?" He said, "Shoot." ... He said, "But let's try not to use the word. Ok?" "OK. I mean, yeah." "Family." **"Heavy petting?" "It's when a man rubs a woman's breasts with his fingers. Right?"**

EDIBLY LOUD & INCREDIBLY CLOSE (middle ols)

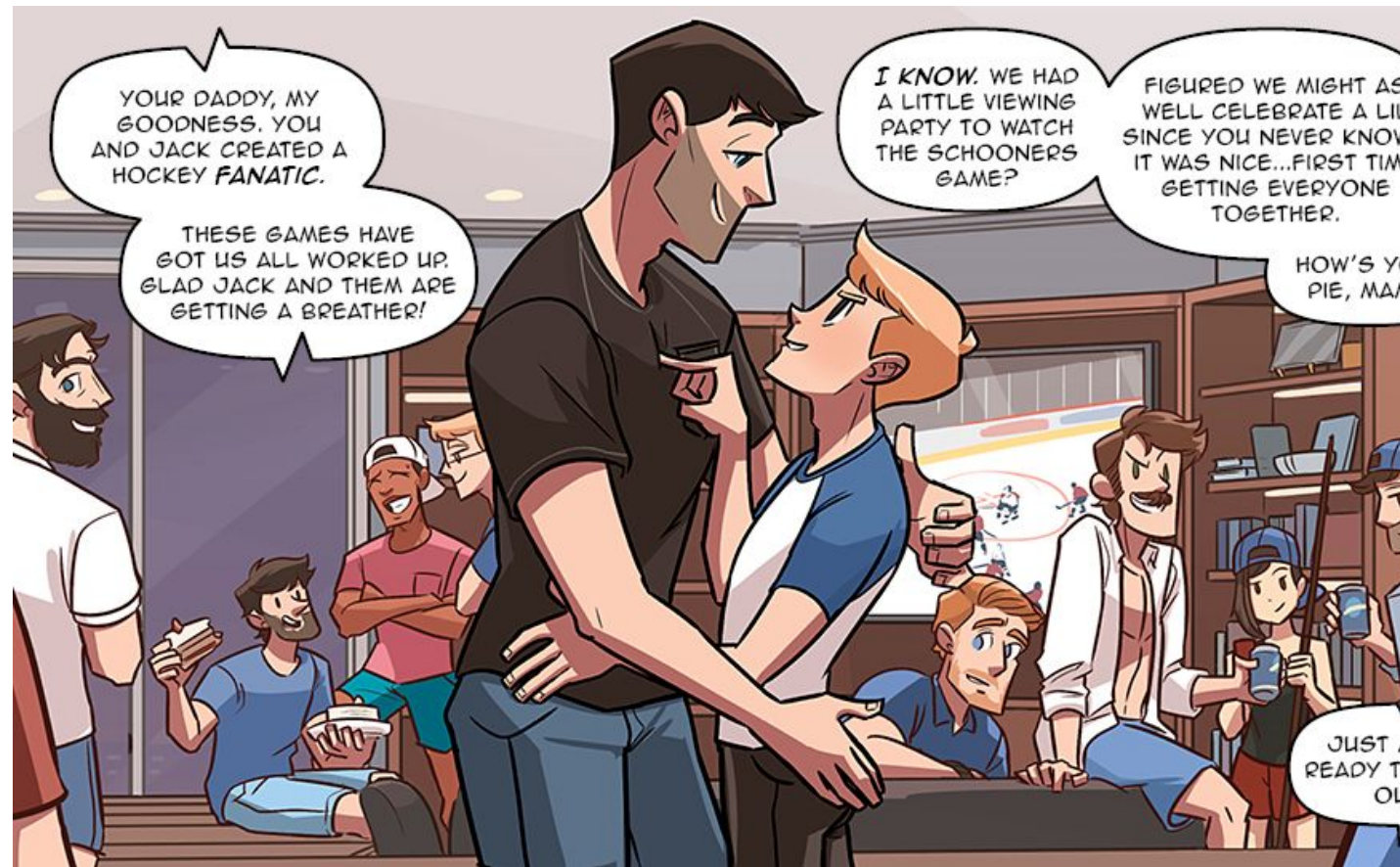
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Page 276

...she said, "I love that you are telling me the truth," and **she took my hand from her shoulder and pressed it between her legs**, she didn't turn her head to the side, she didn't close her eyes, she stared at our hands between her legs, I felt like I was killing something, **she undid my belt and unzipped my pants, she reached her hand under my underpants**, "I'm nervous," I said, by smiling... she said, "Don't look at anything else," **I spread her legs, she inhaled, I could stare into the most private part of her and she couldn't see me looking, I slid my hand under her, she bent her knees**, I closed my eyes, she said, "**Lie on top of me**," there was nowhere to write that I was nervous, she said, "**Lie on top of me**." I was afraid I'd crush her, she said, "**All of you on all of me**," I let **myself sink into her**, she said, "That's what I've wanted."

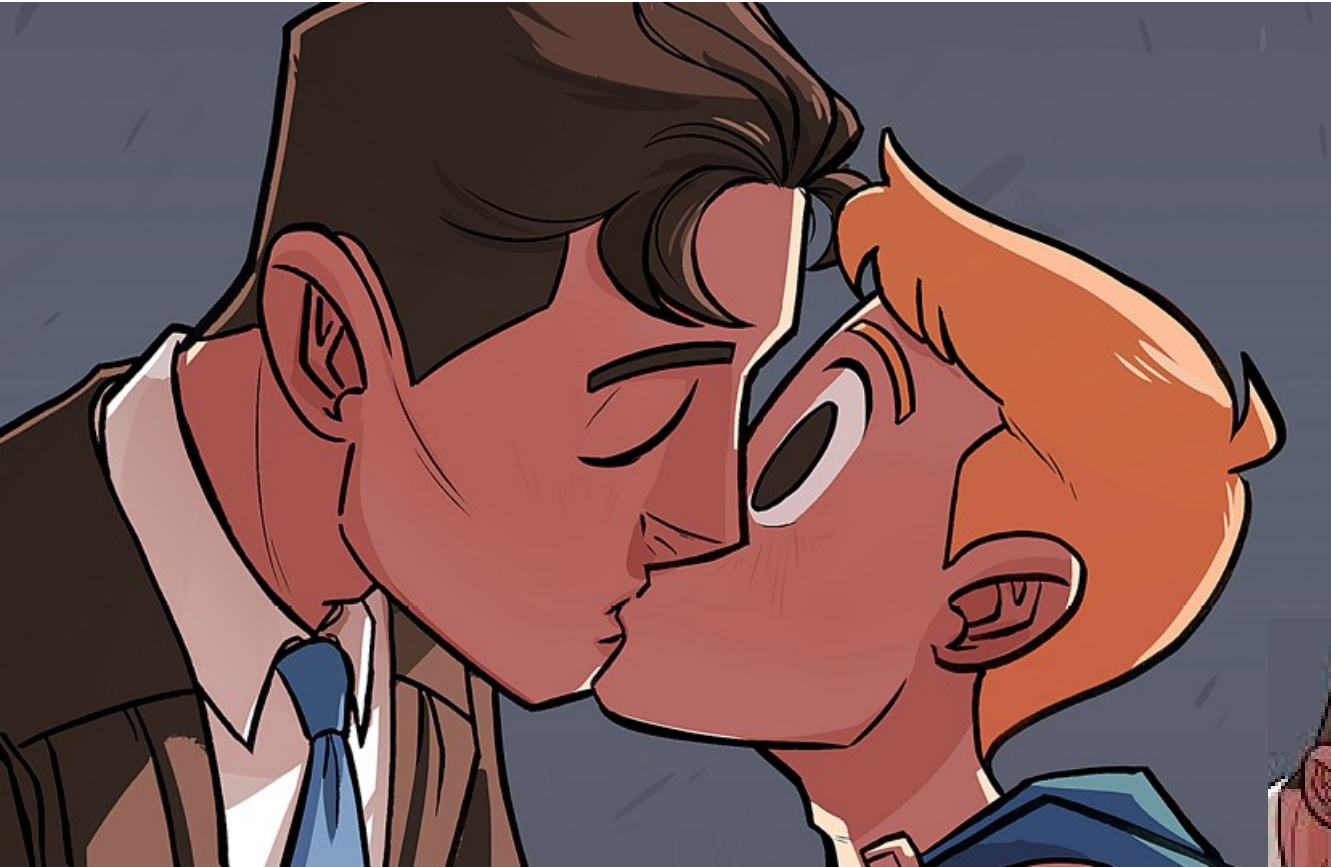
CHECK PLEASE BOOK 1: #HOCKEY (middle schools)

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in Ed



CK PLEASE BOOK 1: #HOCKEY (middle schools)

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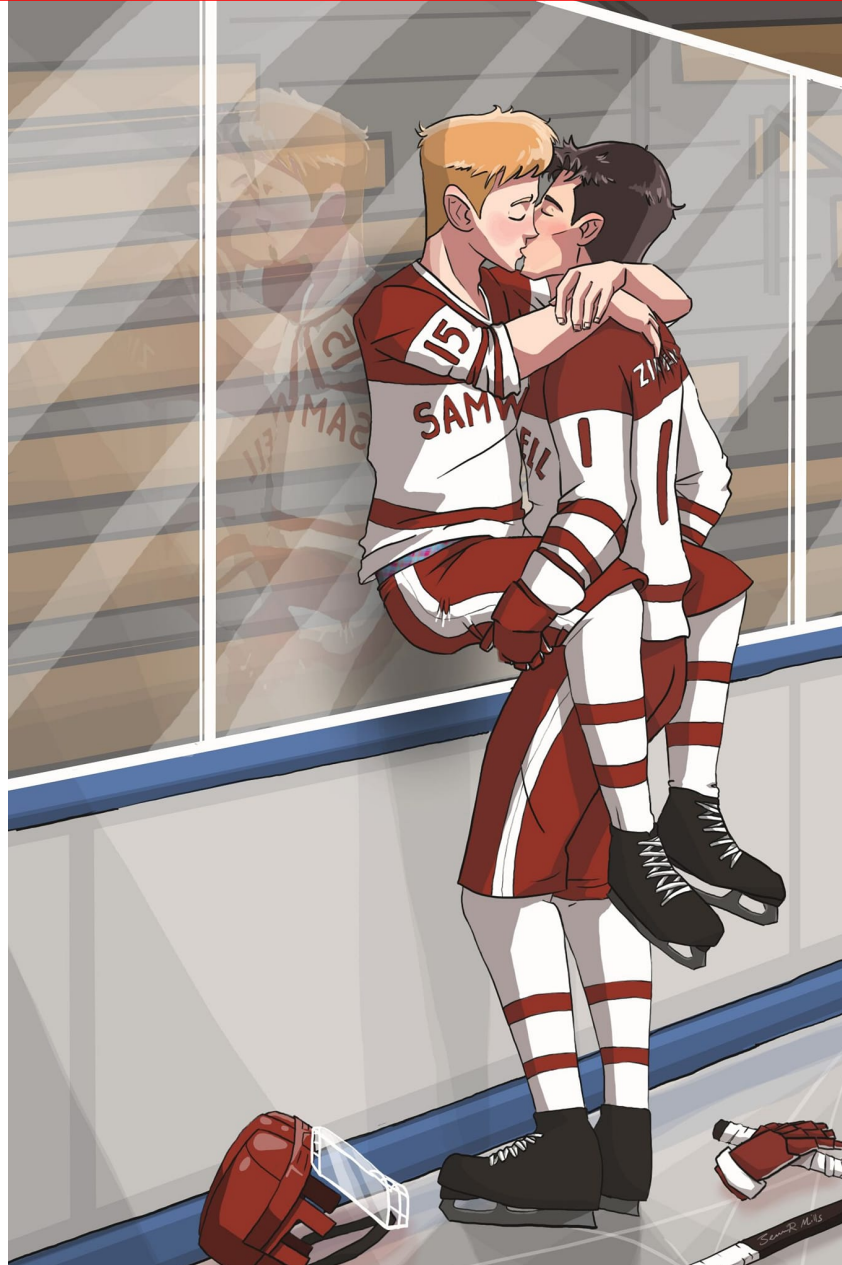
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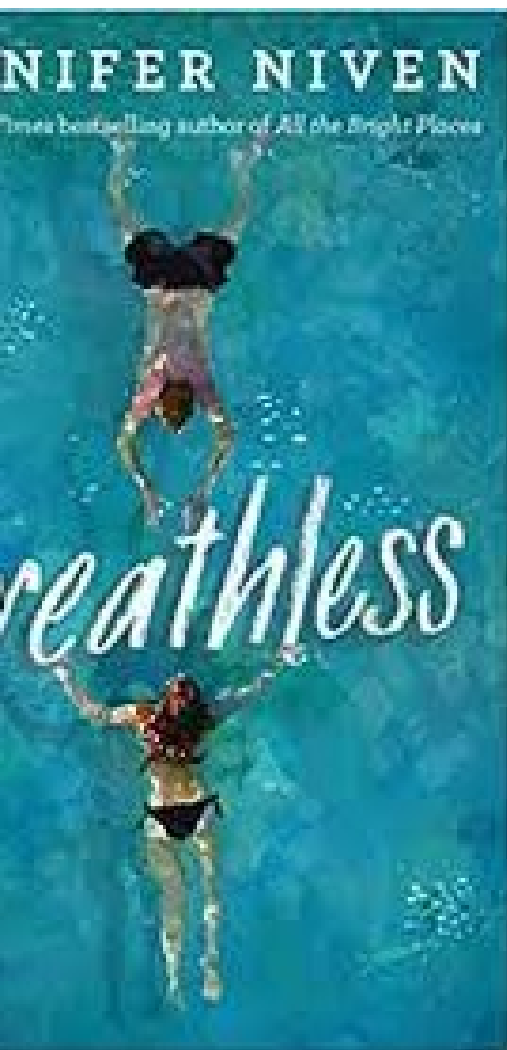
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BOOK PLEASE BOOK 1: #HOCKEY (middle schools)

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in Ed





Later that night, I lie in Trent Dugan's hayloft, underneath Shane Waller, my senses in overdrive, lost in the heat of his skin and the smell of his neck. I'm thinking, *Maybe this will be it. Maybe I'll lose it right here, right now.*

It's what I love about making out with someone. The possibility that this could be the one. Cue the lights. Cue the music. Love raining down on us all. Not that I'm all that experienced, especially compared to Alannis. I've officially given a few hand jobs and three or four unsuccessful blow jobs, had five and a half orgasms—not including the ones I've given myself—and made out with three boys, counting this one.

Shane is kissing me, and his hands are everywhere—*Oh yeah, I think, that's good.* The kissing is strictly for my benefit because Shane, like a lot of the guys at Mary Grove High, is more about all the things that aren't kissing. His goal, always, is to get in my pants. I know this, and he knows this, and he will kiss me for a while just to get there. And I'll let him because he's actually good at it, and he loves kissing.

And then all he's doing is grabbing my ass, but it's working because he's so obvious about it. He's pushing me into him that I'm starting to feel a bit like him too.

I think, *Don't let it get too far, even though I'm helping him unzip his jeans.* And then we're kissing again, harder and harder, until I half expect him to inhale my tongue and my mouth and my entire body, and in the moment I want him to become one of the way my body is pressing into him, wanting to feel more. I feel swept away and powerful at the same time. *What are you waiting for?*

Suddenly there's something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can't slide it in.

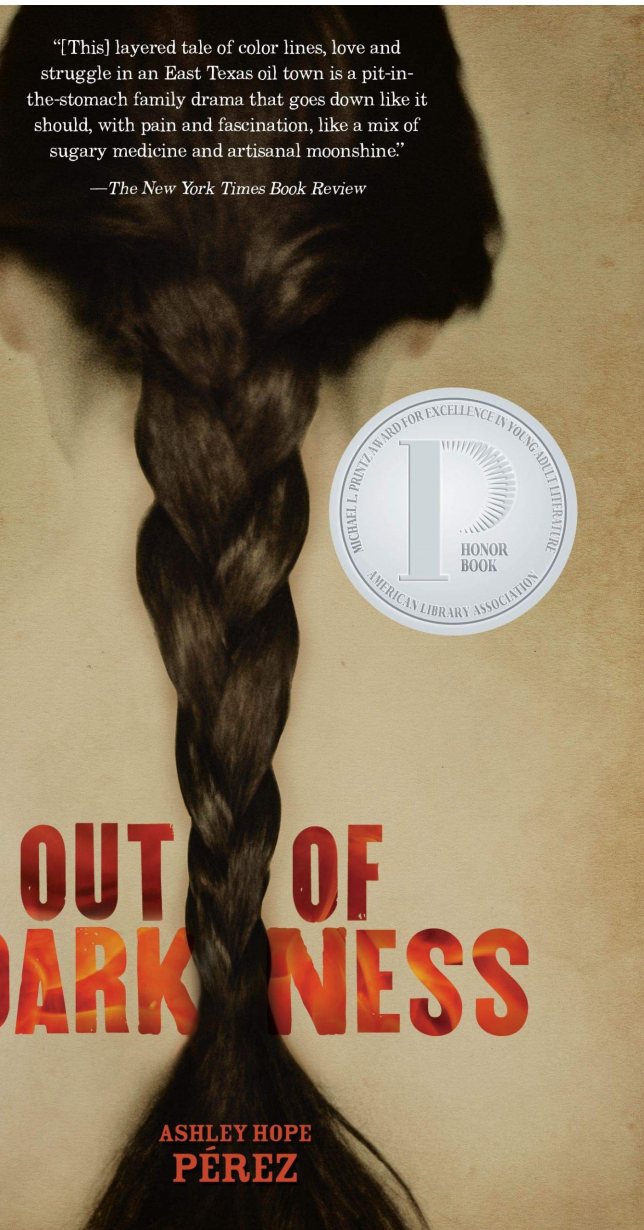
"Claude..."

His voice is blurred, like he's out of focus, and my name sounds like *Clod*, which I hate. I feel momentarily bad because I was never going to have sex with him. It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg.

An hour or so later, I lie in my bed and think of Wyatt Jones. Of every dirty thing I want him to do to me. My room is heavy with night, except for the moon, which is making everything glow.

OF DARKNESS

NO
LEFT
in Ed



"He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening. She had never seen one before except on a baby. This was different. He lifted her hand to his mouth and licked it. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness. His hand moved hers.... She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her."

"His hands opened her thighs, and then he was touching her with his mouth, kissing warmth, wetness. she might have been ashamed, but she wasn't. She was alive, tremblingly alive."