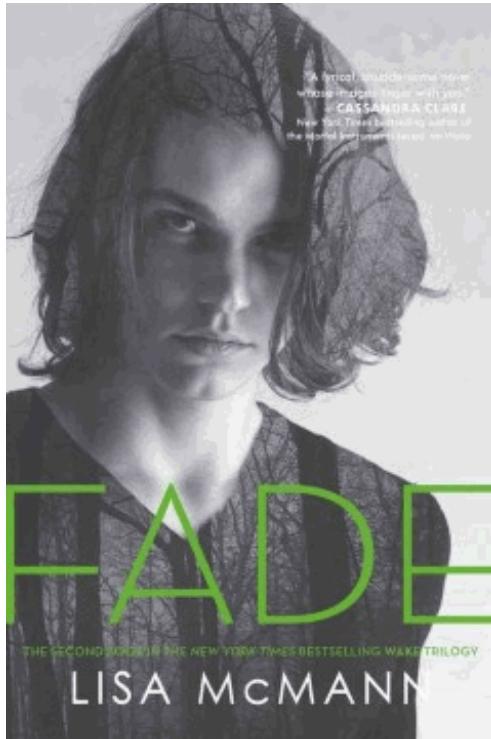


# FADE



*Young Adult*

**By Lisa McMann**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities including rape; profanity; and illegal drug use

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**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
13	Cabel squints, "Fucking teachers, fucking students? Is that a slam on Fieldridge teachers and students, or is it, you know, literal?"
69	<p>Mr. Durbin pats her on the shoulder. "Nicely done, Janie." She grins. Takes off her safety glasses. And his hand is still on her shoulder.</p> <p>Caressing it now.</p> <p>Janie's stomach churns. Oh god, she thinks. She wants to get away.</p> <p>He's smiling proudly at her. His hand slides down her back just a little, so lightly she can hardly feel it, and then to the small of her back. She's uncomfortable.</p> <p>"Happy Birthday, Janie," he says in a low voice</p>
86	<p>He really is a terrific teacher.</p> <p>And then he's next to her at her table, checking out her work. "Looking good, Hannagan," he says quietly. But he's not looking at her formula, bubbling merrily over the burner.</p> <p>He's looking down her shirt as she's leaning over.</p>
101	<p>Desperately she pushes that thought aside. Her lips are hot against his neck.</p> <p>She tugs at his T-shirt and slips her quivering fingers under it, re-exploring Cabel's nubbly skin. Touching the scars on his belly, his chest. She knows that Cabel feels the same way she does, sometimes—like no one would want to be with him because of his issues. Maybe the two of us really could last, Janie thinks. Misfits, united.</p> <p>Cabel's fingers trace a slow path from Janie's shoulder to her hip as they kiss.</p> <p>Then he slips his shirt over his head and tosses it aside. Presses against her.</p> <p>"That's a little better," he whispers in her ear.</p> <p>"Only a little?"</p> <p>The winter dusk of late afternoon falls into the room. Janie reaches for her blouse and slowly unbuttons it. Lets it fall open.</p> <p>Cabel pauses and stares, not sure what to do. He closes his eyes for a moment and swallows hard.</p> <p>She reaches between her breasts and unhooks her bra.</p> <p>And then she turns her face slowly toward him. "Cabel?" She looks into his eyes.</p> <p>"Yes," he whispers. He can barely get the word out.</p> <p>"I want you to touch me," she says, taking his hand and guiding it. "Okay?"</p> <p>"Oh god."</p> <p>She pulls a newly purchased condom from her pocket.</p> <p>Sets the package on the skin of her belly.</p> <p>Reaches for his jeans.</p> <p>Cabel, momentarily rendered speechless, helpless, and thoughtless except for wanting her, sighs in shudders as he touches her skin, her breasts, her thighs, and then, as the light fades from the window, they are kissing as if their lives depend on their shared breath, and urgently making love for the first time, with their eyes and bodies, like it's the only chance they'll ever have.</p>
115	<p>"Awesome. This is going to be a blast! You are such a cool teacher. You're just like one of us you know?"</p> <p>Mr. Durbin grins. "I try. It's only been eight years since I was a senior in high school. I'm not some old geezer, you know." He's languid, leaning against the side</p>

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	<p>of his desk, arms crossed in front of him.      And then he's reaching out his hand. "Hold still," he says. "You've got an eyelash." He brushes lightly across Janie's cheek with his thumb, and his fingers linger at her hairline just a second longer than necessary.      Janie lowers her eyes demurely, then looks back up into his. "Thanks," she says softly.      He gives her a smoldering look that is unmistakable.</p>
133	<p>"Now give it a try," he says, looking at her. He takes the paper and slips it under her notebook, brushing her breast with his forearm. Both pretend not to notice. Janie pulls out a fresh piece of paper and begins from the initial equation. She leans over the paper, so her hair falls in front of her shoulder, and scribbles away. After a moment he draws her hair back over her shoulder. His fingers linger an extra moment on her neck. "I can't see," he explains.</p>
135	<p>"We both know don't we," he says, "why you wanted to come here this evening." Janie gulps. "We do?"      "Yes. And don't feel badly about it. Because I'm attracted to you too." Janie blinks. Blushes.      "But," he continues, "I can't have a relationship with you while you're my student. It's not right. Even though you're eighteen."      Janie is silent, looking at the floor.      He tips her chin up. His fingers linger on her face. "But once you graduate," he says with a look in his eye, "well, that's a different story."</p>
144	<p>Lauren dances in the center of a circle. Her shirt is off and she twirls it as she stumbles around, laughing, wearing just a black bra and jeans.      Someone joins her.      He strips his shirt off and grabs Lauren.      Everyone claps and cheers as the guy pulls Lauren to him. They kiss and grind as the music pounds in the background.      Hip-hop music.      Janie watches in horror as the guy removes Lauren's clothing and shoves his jeans down to his knees. The guy pushes Lauren to the floor, falling on top of her, their drinks spilling everywhere, and the rest of the group begins making out and tearing off one another's clothes. Then they pile up on top of Lauren until people are stacked to the ceiling. Lauren is screaming, muffled. She's being crushed to death.      Janie's numb. Her body shakes. She's had enough, but it's too horrible. She can't escape. She tries to pull herself away, but the nightmare is too strong.      Janie tries to scream, but she knows she can't.      Look at me! she cries mentally to Lauren. Ask me to help you!      But this nightmare is out of control. Janie can't get Lauren's attention. She can't pull out of it. She watches in horror as Lauren fights, tearing uselessly at the people on top of her, shouting, "Nol Stop! No!"      Janie summons all her strength and tries to pause it. Tries to scan the room again. It's not working.      Until.      With a final, heroic effort, Janie manages to pry her eyes off of Lauren. Looks</p>

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	<p>around the room.      There.      In the kitchen.      Laughing and drinking, watching the craziness, like it's a football game or something.      Someone has a cell phone out.      A strange expression on her blurry, laughing face.</p>
178	<p>Janie mingles her way to the bathroom with her untouched punch and stands in line. By the time she gets in there, she hears the clumping of a dozen feet coming up the stairs. Mr. Durbin's explaining boisterously that somebody's gotta be the one to start eating, because the girls aren't doing it. She locks herself in the bathroom and does the drink test again.      Spreads the drop of punch on the paper.      Waits thirty seconds.      Watches it change to bright blue.      Her stomach lurches.      Rooffies.</p>
180	<p>Stumbling, Janie bumps against the door, trying to push it, and finally tries pulling it. It opens, and Mr. Durbin is on the bed. There are three girls from class with him, and he's taking their clothes off as they lie there.</p>
184	<p>"Oh, cool. Do you have that porn magazine in there?" Janie hesitates too late, wondering if she was supposed to say that, but she can't remember why she shouldn't.      "Lot's of them," he says. "Not that I need them with you here."      "Huh." She follows him through the dazed and half-naked crowd. He stops to grab another glass of punch, and gives her another one too. On the way to Mr. Durbin's bedroom, Janie waves at Coach Crater. "Hey," she says, turning back to Mr. Durbin. "Wasn't Stacey here? Before?"      "She's still here, Janie." His words are deliberate, like he's concentrating. "She's fucking Chris in the other bedroom, so we can fuck in here."</p>
186	<p>Coach Crater goes inside and comes back with a joint. "How's this, Buffy?"</p>
187	<p>And then Coach Crater grabs her by the shoulders and turns toward him. He plants a big wet kiss on her mouth. And moves on.      ...Outside on the deck, it's dark. Mr. Wang follows her out there, in his Calvin Klein briefs.      ...She holds on tightly to the railing when Mr. Wang starts touching her. "I smelled smoke," she explains, but she doesn't see anyone smoking.      And then Coach Crater comes out too. Mr. Wang is kissing her neck, and Coach is telling her how hot she is and feeling her up, and he says something about bench pressing.      ...Then, in her mind, while the two men kiss and touch her, is Miss Stubin.</p>
188	<p>Janie reels back against the deck's handrail, stumbling, grabs Coach's arm off her breast...</p>
189	<p>She lights the joint and inhales the smoke. Holds it in. Lets it out slowly. Mr. Wang falls to the deck next to her and starts kissing her cleavage.</p>

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190	<p>She doesn't like that, she decides. He's in her way. She's trying to smoke a joint here.</p> <p>She makes a peace sign with her fingers, marveling over them. Then, when Mr. Wang grabs her nipple in his mouth, she stabs him in the eyeballs.</p> <p>She learned that somewhere.</p> <p>She doesn't know where.</p> <p>Mr. Wang swings his fist wildly, crying out in pain. He catches her on the jaw, her head flies back and hits the deck's rail, and she blacks out. The joint burns down between her fingers.</p>
198	<p>Janie remains quiet for a long time. Finally she says, "This is weird, but I know Coach Crater raped Stacey. Not this time. Last semester."</p>
200	<p>"Twenty-one positives on the GHB, Janie." Cabel's voice is harsh. "Everyone at the party was drugged. Durbin even drugged himself. Rumor has it, the drug is known to enhance stamina." He pauses. "Ewww." They both shudder. "When Baker and Cobb and the backup crew arrived, Durbin had three female students in his bed with him."</p> <p>Janie is quiet.</p> <p>"He's going to jail for a long time, Janie."</p> <p>"What about Wang?"</p> <p>"Him too. Sadly he raped Stacey before Baker and Cobb got there. They found his DNA. She asked for the morning-after pill. She doesn't remember anything that happened last night." Cabel's hands grip the steering wheel. His knuckles are white.</p> <p>Janie's quiet. "Fuck," she says.</p>
231	<p>"Still no memory of any of it, huh? Yeah, that's the way it is with those date-rape drugs. That's also why so many rapes go unnoticed or unreported. The memory loss allows sickos, like Durbin and his ilk, to get away with that shit time after time. You really saved the day, Janie."</p>
238	<p>He whirls around and grabs her arm. Pulls her to him. Kisses her hard, tangling his fingers in her hair. His tongue darts into her mouth and finds hers, tasting her, an oasis in the desert, his body urgently pressing against hers as his hands caress her neck.</p> <p>Janie stands frozen for a moment, and then she moans and reaches for him. Cabel slips her coat off her shoulders, and it falls to the floor, and he lifts her up, holds her until she wraps her legs around his waist. His lips move to her neck and strain at the buttons of her shirt.</p> <p>"Time's up," she says gasping.</p> <p>He lifts his lips from her skin. Runs his hands over her body. A button falls to the floor, bounces, and rolls under the chair. He walks, with her still attached, to the couch and sits with her on his lap. "Janie. Oh god, I can't do it," he whispers.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Fuck	18
Piss	4
Shit	21