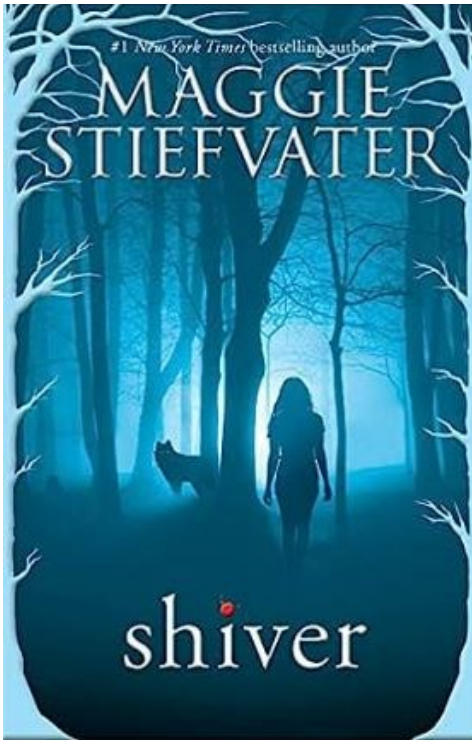


SHIVER



Young Adult

By Maggie Stiefvater

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A teenage girl falls in love with a young man who spends much of his time as a wolf.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; violence; and mild/infrequent profanity.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
84	She climbed out of bed; in the daylight, I could see just how clingy and unbearably sexy her camisole top was.
85	It would have been so easy for my lips to span the inches between our mouths. I thought I could hear the hope in her heartbeat: kiss me kiss me kiss me. Normally I was good at sensing others' feelings, but with Grace, everything I thought I knew was clouded by what I wanted.
87	I kissed her. Just the barest brush of my lips against hers, nothing animal. ...I touched my lips to hers again, and this time, it was a very different sort of kiss. It was six years' worth of kissing, her lips coming to life under mine, tasting of orange and of desire. Her fingers ran through my sideburns and into my hair before linking around my neck, alive and cool on my warm skin. I was wild and tame and pulled into shreds and crushed into being all at once.
88	And then I opened my eyes and it was just Grace and me—nothing anywhere but Grace and me—she pressing her lips together as though she were keeping my kiss inside her, and me, holding this moment that was as fragile as a bird in my hands.
100	His careful kiss didn't fool me; as soon as I parted my lips slightly, he sighed and pulled back.
121	<p>"The whole building caught fire, then I failed drama, and then sex sex sex sex."</p> <p>Dad's eyes abruptly focused, and he turned to me and frowned. "What did you say they were teaching you in school?"</p> <p>Well, at least he'd caught more of the beginning than I'd given him credit for. "Nothing interesting. We're writing short stories for English. They're hateful. I have absolutely no talent for writing fiction."</p> <p>"Fiction about sex?" he asked doubtfully.</p>
135	He leaned over and gave me the lightest of kisses. His lips, cool and dry, ever so polite and incredibly maddening.
148	Sam growled in a soft, wild way that made my gut tense with longing. He pressed his lips against my neck, not quite a kiss.
149	<p>"I'm trying to be a gentleman."</p> <p>I leaned back against him, smiling at his worried eyes. "You don't have to try so hard."</p> <p>He sucked in his breath, waited a long moment, and then carefully kissed my neck, just underneath my jawbone. I turned around in his arms so I could kiss his lips, still charmingly hesitant.</p>
160	As if to prove me right, Grace moved closer, kicking away the blankets between us, pressing her mouth to mine. I let her part my lips and sighed, tasting her breath. I listened to her almost inaudible gasp as I wrapped my arms around her. Every one of my senses was whispering to me over and over to get closer to her, closer to her, as close as I could. She twined her bare legs in mine and we kissed until we had no more breath and got closer until distant howls outside the window brought me back to my senses. Grace made a soft noise of disappointment as I disentangled my legs from hers, aching with wanting more. I shifted to lie next to her, my fingers still caught in her hair.
198	He kissed me, looked at the hat, and then he kissed me again.
200	I turned my face toward his voice, eyes still fast shut, and he put his mouth on mine. I felt his lips pull from mine slightly, just for a moment, and heard the rustle of the book laid

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	<p>gently on the floor, and then he wrapped his arms around me. His lips tasted cool and sharp, peppermint, winter, but his hands, soft on the back of my neck, promised long days and summer and forever. I felt light-headed, like I wasn't getting enough air, as if my breath was stolen as soon as I took it. Sam lay back on the couch, just a little, and pulled me into the circle his body made, and kissed me and kissed me, so careful, like my lips were a flower and if he touched them too roughly, they might bruise.</p> <p>I don't know how long we were curled against each other on the couch, silently kissing, before Sam noticed that I was crying. I felt him hesitate, salt water on his tongue, before he realized what the taste meant.</p>
223	<p>Sam edged two inches away from me and pulled his arm from behind my head, resting it on the back of the couch behind me instead. To the wall, he said, "Hello, Grace's parents. I'm Grace's boyfriend. Please notice the chaste distance between us. I am very responsible and have never had my tongue in your daughter's mouth."</p>
228	<p>I stood before two larger-than-life paintings leaning against one of the walls. Both were of a man kissing a woman's neck, poses identical but colors radically different. One was shot through with reds and purples.</p> <p>...It reminded me of kissing Grace in the bookstore, how she felt in my arms, warm and real.</p>
240	<p>Sam laid his palms on either side of my neck and kissed me.</p>
241	<p>Sam kissed me again, closed his eyes for a moment, and then kissed me a third time, lightly. "I am. Do you want to run away?"</p>
264	<p>Grace leaned her head back, neck long and pale against my shoulder, to reach my mouth for a kiss, and just before I gave her one, I saw Isabel's wistful eyes watch my mouth touch Grace's.</p>
280	<p>Sam rewarded me with the lightest of kisses on my ear before he spoke into it. "Isn't it amazing?"</p>
281	<p>I want you. Feeling the grip of his hand in mine, the brush of his skin on mine, seeing the way he moved in front of me, equal parts human and wolf, and remembering his smell—I ached with wanting to kiss him.</p> <p>Sam's hand squeezed on mine as if he was reading my thoughts, and he led me to the candy counter.</p> <p>...I stood on my toes and stole a soft kiss from his lips.</p> <p>...Sam leaned down and kissed me back, his mouth lingering on mine, teeth grazing my lower lip, making me shiver. "Surprise attack back."</p>
282	<p>But his yellow eyes gazed at me possessively—I wondered if he realized that the way he looked at me was far more intimate than copping a feel could ever be.</p>
292	<p>All of me wanted to kiss her hard enough to make me disappear. I braced my arms on either side of her head, the door giving out a creak as I leaned against it, and I pressed my mouth against hers. She kissed me back, lips hot, tongue flicking against my teeth, hands still behind her, body still pressed against the door. Everything in me buzzed, electric, wanting to close the few inches of space between us.</p> <p>She kissed me harder, breath huffing into my mouth, and bit my lower lip. Oh, hell, that was amazing. I growled before I could stop myself, but before I could even think to feel embarrassed, Grace had pulled her hands out from behind her and looped them around</p>

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	<p>my neck, pulling me to her.</p> <p>“That was so sexy,” she said, voice uneven. “I didn’t think you could get any sexier.”</p> <p>I kissed her again before she could say anything else, backing into the room with her, a tangle of arms in the moonlight. Her fingers hooked into the back of my jeans, thumbs brushing my hip bones, pulling me even closer to her.</p> <p>“Oh, God, Grace,” I gasped. “You—you greatly overestimate my self-control.”</p> <p>“I’m not looking for self-control.”</p> <p>My hands were inside her shirt, palms pressed on her back, fingers spread on her sides; I didn’t even remember how they got there. “I—I don’t want to do anything you’ll regret.”</p> <p>Grace’s back curved against my fingers as if my touch brought her to life. “Then don’t stop.”</p> <p>I’d imagined her saying this in so many different ways, but none of my fantasies had come close to the breathless reality.</p> <p>Clumsily, we backed onto her bed, part of me thinking we should be quiet in case her parents came home. But she helped me tug my shirt over my head and ran a hand down my chest, and I groaned, forgetting everything but her fingers on my skin. My mind searched for lyrics, words to string together to describe the moment, but nothing came. I couldn’t think of anything but her palm grazing my skin.</p> <p>“You smell so good,” Grace whispered. “Every time I touch you, it comes off you even stronger.” Her nostrils flared, all wolf, smelling how much I wanted her. Knowing what I was, and wanting me, anyway.</p> <p>She let me push her gently down onto the pillows and I braced my arms on either side of her, straddling her in my jeans.</p> <p>“Are you sure?” I asked.</p> <p>Her eyes were bright, excited. She nodded.</p> <p>I slid down to kiss her belly; it felt so right, so natural, like I’d done it a thousand times before and would do it a thousand times again.</p> <p>I saw the shiny, ugly scars the pack had left on her neck and collarbone, and I kissed them, too.</p> <p>Grace pulled the blankets up over us and we kicked off our clothes beneath them. As we pressed our bodies against each other, I shrugged off my skin with a growl, giving in, neither wolf nor man, just Sam.</p>
304	I stepped up into the car and kissed him gently. I didn’t know what to say to him, so I just kissed him again, got my backpack, and went into the gray day.
332	The face he turned to me was human, though, and I crouched beside him and kissed him.
356	<p>“I know. Jen—my wife—had just died. She was a terminal cancer patient when we met, so I knew it was going to happen, but I was young and stupid and thought maybe a miracle would happen and we’d live happily ever after. Anyway. No miracle. I was depressed. I thought about killing myself, but the funny thing about having wolf in you is that suicide doesn’t seem like a very good idea. Did you ever notice that animals don’t kill themselves on purpose?”</p>
383	I picked out the scents in the bookstore now: the nutty aroma of the leather, the almost perfumey carpet cleaner, the sweet black ink and the gasoline-smelling color inks, the shampoo of the boy at the counter, Isabel’s fragrance, the scent of the memory of me and Sam kissing on this couch.

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	1
Piss	6