

Collateral by Ellen Hopkins



**South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form**

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai
Title & Author of Contested Material (one per form):
Collateral by Ellen Hopkins
School Where Contested Material is Located: Beaufort High School
Location of Contested Material (library, classroom, etc.): Library, possibly classrooms,
Contested Material is (select one): ☒ Printed ☐ Audio/Visual ☐ Online Resource Discus
☐ Other (please describe): _____

I request that this Contested Material be (choose one of the following):

- ☒ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____
☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material (attach additional pages as needed):

Collateral is in violation of Regulation 43-170 because it contains depictions of oral and vaginal sex, bestiality, rape of a minor, and masturbation.
Please see below excerpts from the book.

December 2/5

I, Elizabeth Szalai (insert your name), hereby certify that:

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: [Signature] Date: 12/13/24

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Before Cole, I never understood the meaning of making love. My previous sexual adventures came in two categories. One: tepid fumbling- no play, no passion, no real point to the effort.

Certainly, no orgasm, at least not for me. Or, two: overheated romps- no concern, no caring, no real connection. Lightweight orgasm, yes, and short-term fun, but nothing worth holding on to. Either way, I always ended up disappointed. Sex and love were two distinct entities in my mind, as separate as east and west.

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All Resistance Weakened

All barriers lowered, when we got back to the apartment, Darian and Spence were hot and heavy through the door. They didn't waste a second, went straight back to her bedroom. Which left Cole and me alone in the front room.

...I slid my arms up around his neck, invitation heavy in the kiss I gave him. He lifted me as if I were weightless. Our lips never disconnected as he carried me to my room, eased me onto my bed. It was romantic.

Sexy. And even sexier when he stopped, to take off his shirt. Marines have to be fit. But Cole was a whole different level of fit- every muscle chiseled and skin smooth as suede.

I started to unbutton my blouse. No Let me. Please? I love how he asked permission, all the while taking complete control. I also loved how he didn't hurry. Each time he loosened a button, he kissed the skin beneath it. When my entire top half was exposed, his tongue explored it, inch by goose bum-covered inch.

And by the time he unzipped my jeans, slid them off my quaking legs, my panties had soaked through. Jesus. Some things are worth waiting for, my California girl. The "My" took me over the top. In that moment, I wanted to be his, and so gave him things I'd always resisted. BC (Before Cole), oral sex had been offered, and received, with definite boundaries. That night, we exchanged it with abandon. I opened my legs wide, pushed his face in between, urged his tongue deep inside me, asked his fingers to follow. I let him bring me right to the edge. Stopped him. "My turn." He was down to boxers by then. BC, I'd been with a grand total of four men. And if I were to describe "size," I'd have to say three average, one little. Comparing breast size, three B-cups, one double-A. Cole is a C-plus, and while that didn't surprise me, neither did I expect it. They say size doesn't matter, but in my estimation, it makes things both problematic and sort of amazing. I quickly learned to relax my jaws, coax him inside my mouth little by little. It was intense, and all I wanted in those moments was to make him feel like the most important man in the world.

...SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED

When he finally slipped inside me. If I hadn't been so wet, it would have been uncomfortable. As it was, he filled me up completely, a sensation I had never known. He flipped onto his back, pulled me on top of him. His eyes never left my face as he lifted my hips, slid me backward, against his critically hard erection. A gentle push and when my own eyes jumped wide, he smiled. There was no pain, but extreme pressure against that deep internal spot some people argue does not exist. It does; at least I definitely have one, and Cole was the first guy ever to find it. I am not a moaner by nature and, in fact, have always believed all real-life sexsqueals were put on, some sorry attempt at porn soundtrack noises or something. But, totally unplanned, unforeseen, and unbidden, a minuscule ah-ah-ah began in the back of my throat, grew into a steady ooooh as I climbed toward orgasm. It swelled into a small scream as I reached the plateau. A foreign place. Almost surreal, and he wasn't finished yet. A shift of bodies, and then he was on top, rocking fast and faster into me. I locked my legs around his waist, lifting my hips to make him touch that elusive spot again. He took a long time. A very long time. We reached the pinnacle together. When our bodies were quite finished, still we stayed joined until we had no choice but to slip apart. Then Cole turned me on one side, urged me into the bowl of his body, held me there. Exceptional, he whispered into my hair. Extraordinary.

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The wedding night was incredible, at least for Cole and me, who had our own honeymoon suite right on the beach, waves serenading us as we made love. ...We were starved for each other, barely through the door before tux and dress fell to the floor in an elegant heap. There was nothing elegant about what came next, either. It was desperation, made flesh. He picked me up with steel-muscled arms, kissed me, bit me, licked me. Tried, it seemed, to swallow me. And I screamed for him to climb inside me and he did, with his lips and tongue and fingers- one, two, three. And then he filled me up with fire and stone and when he poured into me, I cried. Because I knew.

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AFTER ALL THAT HURRYING

Cole actually slowed us down. He stopped me just inside the door. Stay right there, where I can look at you. He sat on the bed, unlaced his boots, unbuttoned his shirt. His eyes never strayed from me once. Take off your dress. Slowly. It's been a long time. I want to savor every second. He watched as I slid the sundress up over my head. Very slowly. Working the tease as if I had a real clue what to do. I stood there, in nothing but my prettiest pair of thong panties. Turn around. Easy. Not too fast. Now, come here. I floated toward him,

and when I got close to the bed, paused. He reached out. Touched my breasts with hands much too gentle for their size. Then they slid around my back, coaxed me forward, and his lips circled my right areola, sucked it like a baby might. Hungry. He sat me on his lap, his incredible erection straining against his pants, pushing his zipper into the thin strip of cloth covering my crotch. "Cole, I exhaled. "God, baby, I need you. "The statement was truth, and felt that way. He sighed, laid back against the quilt, loosened the closures on his camos. I kissed his eyes, his mouth, his neck, down his chest to granite hard penis, urged it into my mouth. I am no expert, but did all I could to bring him all the way off. He came very close, but stopped short. No. I jerked off this morning, twice in fact, thinking about you and what we'd do. Does that make you pissed? It shouldn't. I did it for you, because I want you to come before I do. Twice, in fact. He smiled. Took total control. And he made me come before he did. More than twice.

FOR THE NEXT WEEK

We had sex three or four times a day. Halfway through, my body ached, but I couldn't say no. Cole bordered on desperate. When I go back, I'll just have morning wood and my fist. I want to fuck you till I'm black and blue. I need to remember you. This. Pretty sure it was me who wore bruises. His muscles were concrete, and he gripped my arms as if he let go, I might try to escape. Not mean. Just determined. His eyes never left my face as he chanted, That's my girl. My beautiful, beautiful Ash.

It was cadence. Beautiful. Beautiful. Ash. I loved listening to his voice. After a while, orgasm was the last thing on my mind, but the rhythm of his voice kept me going.

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He comes through and, without a word, comes straight to me, lifts me off the floor, sweeps me into the bedroom, throws me onto the bed. Anger may feed what follows. He rips himself out of his pants, lifts my shift, yanks off the bikini bottoms.

His hands lace into my hair, hold my head against the pillow. He is inside me before he says, Don't you ever leave me like that again. Do you understand? He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips. I lift my own, wrap my legs around him, open myself to accept his metered plunging. "Yes," is the most I can manage as he drives the air from my lungs. The smell of rum and whiskey clings to him, and his face is sticky. I lick away the dried mai tai, stoking his building frenzy too soon, we crest, hard, sticky wet, together. Too soon, but there will be an encore. And tonight, I'll sleep with him circled around me, one hand claiming my breast as his.

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Two soldiers stand back, let me look inside. A boy is chained there, on his knees. Naked. A huge Doberman is mounting him. And the soldiers laugh. "Bastards!" I run along the chain link, eyes in front of me. Suddenly, a German shepherd lunges at its gate. When I turn, I see it has something in its mouth. Red drool drips, and the dog bites down, crunching bones.

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That night, I also saw him pop a pill. Prescription. Maybe his, maybe not. I couldn't see the label, but I recognized the Prozac.

...Grabbed a little girl, like thirteen or fourteen. Gang raped her. Jesus, man. She didn't even have titties. And then, when her father tried to stop them, they up and killed him. The girl, too. Blew 'em away, left them bleeding in the street.

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Is an orgasm the same with every partner? Sitting here, buzzed, I imagine being with Jonah. My hand slips down between my legs where fantasy has made me wet.

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His mouth roamed my body freely, and every time his tongue made me squirm, he gripped harder. His kisses were laced with lust. Only later did I question the stimulus of his passion. I don't know if I'll ever trust him completely, but I did in that moment. I had to. He was taking me places I'd rarely seen before, even with him. He plunged his face between my legs, driving into me with tongue and teeth and fingers until I begged him to stop. No. It was a growl. Give me your cream. I had no choice, he made me come, but then I pleaded for, "More. Fuck me." I'd never said those words before. Not to Cole. Not to anyone. He hesitated, and I worried I'd made him angry or turned him off. Not even close. He smiled.

Say it again. Louder. I did, and when I did, in a single strong move, he slide one arm under me, flipped me over onto my stomach, tugged me to the foot of the bed. He stood there, just looking at me, for what seemed like a very long time. Suddenly, he was inside of me, driving into me with animal ferocity. Wilderness, personified. There was lust there, yes. And more-...

...In one gigantic shudder, it was all released, right there in me. We crept up onto the pillows, covered our nakedness with quilts.

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The sex was muted. Low-volume fumbling. Satisfaction-free. At least, for me.

...I was sick of playing passive. I wanted to try on the power role, and so I didn't crawl to one side of the bed and wait for Cole to make love to me. I pushed him backward into the bedroom. Dropped to my knees in front of him, unbuckled his

belt, unzipped his jeans, slid them off. Watched him stir, helped him grow completely hard with my hands. Mouth. I brought him right to the brink. Stopped. Stood. Took off my own clothes. "Lie down. And don't move." Oh yes, I like taking control. I kissed my way up on top of him. Licked his face. His neck. His chest. I straddled him, pushed him in, rocking hard. Harder. Not enough, with him still inside me, I turned around, faced the other way, and that angle created exquisite pressure. I made it last as long as I could. We both howled.

Profanity	Count
Ass	11
Bitch	4
Cock	3
Fuck	59
Piss	14
Shit	10