

BREATHLESS

By Jennifer Niven

Shane is kissing me, and his hands are everywhere—Oh yeah, I think, there. That’s good. ...even as 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 face, and in the moment I want him to because of the way my body is pressing into his, wanting to feel more. ...Shane has his tongue in my ear, but I can still hear the music outside. ...Being hot is not what I’m known for, so I kiss him a while longer. ...Then he gives my underwear a tug, chasing the thoughts away. ...Shane’s hands are snaking their way down, ...Suddenly there’s something hard and damp against my thigh, and I shift a little so he can’t slide it in. ...It always ends the same way—him coming into the air or into his shirt or onto himself or against my leg. ...Shane is staring at me and his eyes are rolling and his breath is coming faster and faster, and he’s humping my leg like a dog. ...so I maneuver my lower half away from him, and that’s when he groans and explodes. All over my inner thigh. And this is where I freak out a little, because I swear I can feel some of it dripping into me,...

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He touches my face, and then his hand wanders south. ...I climb on top of him so that I’m straddling his lap, and I can feel him through his shorts as we kiss harder and harder. ...and his lips are on mine, and the only thing that exists is his mouth and his skin and the fine, tight muscles of his back under my hands. ...I pull his shirt off, kiss his neck, his shoulder, his chest.

He groans a little and then he’s pulling off my dress, the red-and-white one I bought last July 4. I’m braless, in underwear, and he’s still in his shorts. I reach for these next, and when I can’t get them off him, he helps, and he’s not wearing underwear at all, so he’s completely naked, and now I can really look at him...Instead I let him kiss my breasts, and while I’ve technically gone this far with a boy, right now it feels so much further. Next my panties come off, all at once, both legs at the same time, and he’s looking at my body, ...I let him look at me, but not for long, because I’m kissing him, and his hands are in what’s left of my hair, and then he’s rolling on his side and fishing around in the pocket of his shorts for something. He’s getting a condom. ...I kiss the dimples on either side of his mouth, and then he’s kissing my throat, and just when I think my body might explode like a firework, it happens. ...Now he’s opening the condom packet. Now he’s putting the condom on. ...Now you can feel him. Now he’s putting the condom in. ...Now you can feel him—all of him. And there’s the surprise again. Not pain, necessarily, but the surprise of my body registering something entirely new. I actually suck in air. ...Before he can ask what the hell that was or change his mind about ever wanting to have sex with me, I kiss him. I wonder if I’m bleeding all over his couch, if my mythical hymen has actually broken. ...Now he’s moving on top of you. And you are moving with him even though you don’t know how. ...But then, suddenly, we’re done. Which means he’s done.

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Not For Minors
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