

FOREVER FOR A YEAR



Book Summary:

Two teenagers fall in love with one another, and their relationship becomes primarily based on sex.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; profanity; suicide commentary; violence; sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and controversial racial commentary.

Young Adult

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ISBN: 978-1-62779-191-5

CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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7	<p>She doesn't quite get it even though I've told her, like, every day, but every dude with a penis, even the gay ones, are gonna stare at her, want to talk to her, ask her out, and kiss her just so they can reach up her shirt.</p> <p>...So I'm thinking you should learn to talk dirty. Like they do in porn. Guys love it. This college guy, Nick, would go nuts when I would say certain stuff.</p>
11	<p>...died a few months before my mom overdosed.</p>
12	<p>But I didn't care about stopping her from trying to kill herself again.</p>
22	<p>Some girls get used for sex stuff;...</p>
25	<p>And I was this new, strange kid who everyone probably labeled as the boy with the mom who tried to kill herself.</p>
27	<p>Then another kid said, "Carrie and Peggy Darry are lesbians. Everyone knows that."</p> <p>So Licker added, "Yeah, I know a girl who saw them making out in the bathroom last year."</p>
28	<p>Henry then said, "I might pretend to like Peggy just so I can her up."</p>
30	<p>Just that every secret about sex and life was just a Google search away.</p>
54	<p>...we talked about boys again, and Kendra said she had only kissed three boys, which was two more than I'd kissed.</p> <p>...Shannon Shunton, supposedly, had had sex with a senior over the summer,...</p> <p>...But it was definitely true that Shannon and other popular girls had done more than kissing, like letting boys go up their shirts and down their pants.</p>
90	<p>With her were three junior girls, including Shannon's sister Elizabeth, and two senior boys, and the boys carried two beer kegs, and all four of the girls carried plastic bags filled with bottles of vodka and tequila and maybe rum.</p>
97	<p>Katherine got a bunch of red plastic cups out from under the sink, had one of the boys open the vodka, then started pouring just a bit for everyone. Those were shots, I guess. One by one, everyone got a red plastic cup and then the second boy passed one to me and I said, "I'm okay," and didn't take the cup.</p> <p>The second boy called out, "Kat, this freshman is not partaking in the pre-party shot."</p> <p>Everyone stepped aside so Katherine could look at me with her big eyes, and she looked so angry, like I just punched her in the face, and then I noticed Peggy had a red plastic cup in her hand even though we both promised we wouldn't drink until college, and then Katherine said, "You do the shot or you get the fuck out of my house," and everyone laughed because they probably thought she was joking, except I knew she was not joking at all.</p> <p>Then things got quiet when Katherine didn't laugh, and then, one second before I was going to leave, or maybe I should just do the shot, but I was probably going to leave. Shannon said, "I'll do her shot for her," and took the cup meant for me.</p> <p>...Come on. Drink yours.</p> <p>...and then they all drank their shots and screamed. Shannon drank the one meant for me,...</p> <p>...Then everyone (except me, obviously) did a second shot, even Peggy, and, I don't know, I felt silly in this dress and these shoes and in this house and in high</p>

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	<p>school.</p> <p>...But then Kendra arrived, because I invited her even though Peggy didn't want me to, and they offered her a shot,...</p> <p>...No one, not even Katherine, made fun of Kendra for not drinking. This was probably because they were all white and Kendra was black and they were afraid of coming across as racist even though it's actually racist not to make fun of someone just because they are different.</p>
101	<p>Jake said, "Girls shouldn't play sports!"</p> <p>...Then Jake said, "What happened to Peggy? You get jealous because she's having sex with Carl Zerrela?"</p>
102	<p>He had pulled off her dress strap so that her right boob was hanging out and her skirt was hiked up to her belly button.</p>
103	<p>I was worried she was going to yell at me for being at a party with alcohol,...</p>
104	<p>She was drunk, and angrier than usual.</p>
106	<p>We found Peggy drunk, getting felt up by some creepy underclassman.</p>
147	<p>She was smoking. It was pot, I think, because of the smell,...</p> <p>..."Thanks for doing the shot for me," I said after I flushed and started washing my hands.</p>
148	<p>...and she had helped me with the dress and the shot and maybe-</p>
162	<p>And then he kissed me while I was talking and his lips were opened this time and so were my lips and so it wasn't like they were just pressing into each other, but instead our mouths were wet and they slid across each other, and over each other's lips, and then our mouths closed and then opened again and kissed again, and now I could feel his tongue, so I pressed my tongue against his, and gosh, this was so intense, I felt like our mouths were eating each other but it was exciting and I wanted to eat him more and him to eat me, and my head got light and I grabbed on to his shoulders so I wouldn't fall, which pulled us tighter together, and he put his right arm around my back and pulled me even closer than that. And we kept kissing, our mouths rolling into and over each other, and our tongues touching, and I could feel saliva going down my chin but I didn't care, I just wanted to keep him near me.</p>
167	<p>"It's like Lord of the Rings but with more sex and blood."</p> <p>...Closer than we could get and then I leaned into her and she leaned back onto the couch, and then I was on top of her and then...</p> <p>Oh. Crap.</p>
168	<p>I was too young to feel what I just felt! I mean, maybe not if Shannon Shunton was having sex, but this was...I don't know.</p>
169	<p>His eyes glanced down toward his pants. "...wouldn't get like that because we would just kiss. Just romantic kissing."</p>
170	<p>...so I leaned in and kissed him. I 'd planned to kiss him slower, but I didn't like kissing him slower, I liked kissing him fast, because it made my whole body tingle and my head light, which was okay because I was lying down again, and he was on top of me again and then I felt it against my leg again...</p> <p>...I felt his...penis...which, you know, was excited...against my leg...Gosh.</p>

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	<p>...But I'd read about this a lot, and yes, I'd seen stupid porn. ...And even though he had his pants on and were still just kissing and he hadn't even touched my boobs- would I like if he touched my boobs? ...and anyway, this was a very big deal that I felt my first penis even if I only felt it with my thigh and not my hand and he still had pants on. Then I paused from kissing him, because his penis made me think,...</p>
177	<p>My dad and I watched this documentary last Christmas vacation before I kicked him out about a twelve-year-old girl in New York City and how sophisticated and knowledgeable she was about sex. I was so much older than her but the way this girl talked made me think I was one hundred years younger. She could talk about blow jobs and take Facebook pictures with sexy eyes in just her bra. After watching it, I got in bed with my computer, pulled the covers over my head and looked at porn for the first time. Everyone I knew, even Peggy, had watched porn by then and would talk about it and I would just nod, like I knew what they were talking about. ...it made me feel like watching pornography would alter my brain and I would be corrupted forever. But seeing that twelve-year-old in the documentary, and feeling like such a little girl, I knew I had to grow up and watch porn even if it totally messed me up. So I did. ...Gosh, what you can see in movies and music videos and even commercials was kind of sexier anyway, it's just these people were naked and having real sex, except they looked fake, and I don't know, they acted so silly. They just banged and almost never kissed. The shapes, and all the penises and vaginas were definitely super weird and I had to look away and I got this sick feeling... ...but I only watched porn one other time with Peggy over the summer and we both laughed but then got uncomfortable and turned it off. "When we were kissing," I decided to tell Kendra, "his penis got a hard-on and pressed against my leg."</p>
178	<p>"Well," I said, "I'm definitely not having sex until I'm a junior, then."</p>
183	<p>"You had sex yet?" one of the seniors, Edward, asked, then laughed as if what he'd said was a joke.</p>
186	<p>Just kept kissing every few seconds, like we were nibbling at each other. Not in a gross way. But like we wanted to taste each other, savor each other.</p>
192	<p>Even though we had spent at least one weekend night (and the last weekend both Friday and Saturday) making out on his basement couch and he had touched my boobs (well, he touched my bra and it wasn't that big a deal; I mean, it was, but I don't know) and I had touched his bare chest and even his penis (not his bare penis- do you call it a bare penis?- just his penis through his jeans), seeing him there with so few clothes on, it made me feel weird.</p>
194	<p>He almost like when Mom tried to kill herself.</p>
201	<p>I mean, yes, we went up each other's shirts and we kind of caressed each other over our jeans and stuff, but it was really just kissing- I mean, not really just kissing, but it wasn't sex or anything like that, so I said, "Yes! Just kissing! You think I'm a ho! I'm not a ho, Mom!"</p>

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207	<p>He hadn't forced me...physically. But we had sex on our third date. ...Never cared about if it was pleasurable for me. We must have had sex a hundred times my freshman year, and I hated it every time. ...A girl has to love the boy she's having sex with or she'll hat herself.</p>
208	<p>"...You're going to want to have sex with her soon. Sooner than you realize. And she'll want it too..." ..."...If you want to do things sexually, ask her how it makes her feel first. Ask how it feels during it, ask her how it feels afterward. This might sound easy now, and in the morning it's going to seem impossible, but it's very important. Trust me."</p>
209	<p>When we got back in her car, she reached into her purse and pulled out a box of condoms. Condoms. My mother was handing me a box of condoms.</p>
212	<p>"After you hooked up?" What did "hook up" mean? DID PEGGY HAVE SEX WITH HENRY MCCARTHY? ..."...Carrie wouldn't have had sex and not told me."</p>
213	<p>"No! I mean, he touched my boobs and I've rubbed his...thing." Gosh, it was hard to say the word "penis." ..."So you gave him a hand job?" We had never, ever talked like that. ..."Have you touched it or not, Carrie?" "I've touched it through his jeans." "You guys are practically married and you haven't touched his dick? Carrie, I know you always talked about waiting, but you can't be a prude or boys won't like you." ..."Have you had sex with Henry?" ...Trevor would leave me if I didn't have sex with him. ..."We've only hooked up two times." "So what does 'hook up' mean exactly?" ..."Hook up' just means you did stuff with a boy. All these junior boys asked me out but Katherine said I couldn't go out with anyone her age. So last Saturday, Henry and I just French-kissed and he went up my shirt and he put my hands down his pants. And then last night we did the same stuff but I gave him a real hand job." "What's a real hand job?" "Where the boy goes at the end. You're so out of it, Carrie!"</p>
214	<p>I almost asked Peggy how to give a real hand job,... ...I needed to look up on the internet how to give a real hand job so that Trevor didn't think I was a prude like Peggy says. ...I even watched a porn of a hand job, and oh my, gosh, it looked so weird and how could that feel good and how would I even start?</p>
215	<p>But then I kissed him, fast and wild, and turned off my brain and turned off the brain in my hand then it reached down along his stomach and my fingers stopped at the top of his jeans. Just inside. I could feel the edge of his underwear. ...Then I kept pushing my hand until it was just under his underwear. ...And he was kissing me harder and it felt exciting and I couldn't see anything and I don't know.</p>

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217	<p>But feeling her fingers against my skin, under my underwear...It tingled everywhere.</p> <p>...If I undid my jeans, she would have more room.</p> <p>...I should stop Carolina...but her hand feels so good, her hand hasn't even touched it but it feels so good having her fingers so close....</p>
218	<p>I TOUCHED THE TOP. WEIRD! FEELS WEIRD! IT WAS smooth . . . wet. Maybe sticky? Oh my God, did he pee? Maybe he went already? I don't I don't know. I don't know!</p> <p>His hips were gyrating faster than usual. He liked it. He liked it. Oh my gosh, I was doing a good job. I reached farther down and my fingers went along the side. Weird, weird, weird. And then I grabbed it. And he grunted. Grunted? Or was that a moan. What's a moan? Why is there not a big instruction manual about this! It felt very soft. I mean, it was...you know...hard...but the actual skin of his...penis...it was soft. So soft. Not like other parts of his body. Or my body. So weird. It felt like an alien. Maybe that's wrong. Like, I'm sure it's normal. But it was different. So different. I just held it. I didn't know what to do. In the porn, the woman moved her hand, but I couldn't move my hand because my wrist was pinned by the waist of his jeans. Not really move it anyway. And wouldn't that hurt? So I just held it. And he was moving back and forth on top of me, so I guess my hand was moving a little. Or it was moving a little inside my hand...</p> <p>This is a hand job, right? Right? I was doing it, right? Right?</p>
219	<p>CAROLINA WAS...GRABBING IT. IT FELT SO...INTENSE...so intense...My head was draining of all thoughts and all its brains and all that was left was that tingle, the tingle in my body filling my head, getting bigger and bigger and bigger...I needed to move, I needed to kiss her, I needed to move...I needed to grab her, so my fingers gripped her under her shoulder blades- did that feel okay for her?...I needed to move...move, move, move, move, move, move, needed to move so that I could...</p> <p>I KNEW FROM WHAT I'D READ ON THE INTERNET, THAT most boys my age were masturbating a lot by now. At least they were saying they were. But...And yeah, I had looked at porn a bunch, but, and this may make me sound like a dork or whatever, it didn't do anything for me.</p>
220	<p>I had woken up there times in the morning after...a wet dream.</p> <p>...But those wet dreams, I had never...come. Cum. Come. Whatever. I mean, I had erections and I touched myself, but just never all the way.</p> <p>...It's just that right now, right this very second, my whole body was like a speeding car going two hundred miles per hour and I swear it was levitating off the couch and the only thing that was holding me down from floating away was Carolina and her hand around my...that's...I should stop...No way, no way, just move and move and move and...</p>
221	<p>HE WAS THRUSTING FASTER AND FASTER, AND I STARTED TO get a little scared, like he couldn't control it and I couldn't control him and I almost let go but then I was-worried about letting go, so I just held on and didn't do anything but grip it tighter and tighter as he moved faster and faster until . . .</p> <p>He grunted really loud and then, gush.</p>

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	<p>Oh my GOSH. It went into his underwear, but also on my hand. It was hot and really gross. So gross. But don't think it's gross, Carolina. But it was, and he stopped thrusting and his whole body was shaking, like he was sick, so I reached my free arm around and pulled him close. To steady him. He was scared too. Which I liked. Then he stopped kissing me and then he said, "I'm sorry." "Why . . ." was he sorry? But I couldn't finish the sentence. "I . just . . . are you okay?" "Yes, I mean, yes . . . are you okay? Did I do a good job?" Oh, please, let me have done a good job!</p> <p>"You did, oh my God, Carolina, it felt better than anything I have ever felt in my life."</p>
222	<p>Then I pulled away my hand, which was sticky, so I wiped it on the cushion, but subtly so he wouldn't notice.</p>
229	<p>But, you know, I bet if my mom were a lesbian then my other lesbian mom wouldn't have hurt her like my dad did.</p>
230	<p>...and we talked about how we wanted feel our skin closer to each other so I took off his shirt and he took off mine (but I said I wanted to keep my bra on and he was super nice and said whatever I wanted). ..."Trevor's going to think sex thoughts," my mom said. "He's a teenage boy; he would think them is she was wearing sweatpants."</p>
236	<p>Then we took off our shirts. And she reached down my pants. Which felt incredible, like always, but...I don't know. I wanted a new kind of incredible too. I said, "Can I take off your bra?" "Why?" she asked. "I want our skin to touch everywhere." "Our stomachs touch." "I want our chests to touch." "But...my boobs are small." "I love your body," I said. "I don't want to have sex." "Me either." Which was true. I swear. I wouldn't even know what to do. "Okay," She reached behind her back to unlatch her bra. "Can I do it?" "Okay," she replied, so I reached behind except I couldn't figure it out. "Want some help?: she said, and laughed. I loved when Carolina laughed, especially when we were, you know, making out and stuff. It made me think she enjoyed it as much as I did. She reached again behind and both our hands undid the bra together. Then she slid it off and there she was, Carolina, and her naked boobs. They were small. She was right. They didn't look anything like what I saw on the internet. ..."Can I touch them?" "You've touched them before." "Yes, but never without your bra." "Yes, silly, you can touch them." So I did. And then I kissed her. And then I pulled her against my chest and I loved the feel of her cool nipples against mine. I wanted our bodies so close there was</p>

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	<p>not even one millimeter of air between them. "This feels so good," I said when we took a break from making out.</p>
237	<p>The we kissed with even more crazy passion than usual and eventually she touched me and I came. She put her bra back on, but we left our shirts off,But only after I asked if she'd take her bra off again. When we woke up, I was excited again. So I kissed her and she kissed me. And then she grabbed me, but then I said, "Can I touch you?" "I want to make you have an orgasm." "Oh gosh." "You don't want to have one?" "I...uh...don't know if I can have one." "Because the internet says most girls don't have orgasms until they're over twenty years old." I said, "That's not what I read. I read girls have orgasms even before boys. Like as young as nine or ten sometimes." "Yes, but that's doing it themselves. When I read is that most girls have a hard time having one with a boy until they are in college or later." "Have you ever done it yourself?" I asked,Carolina said, "Okay. You can touch me." "I don't want to if you don't want me to." "But I do want you to." "Carolina, I think you just want me to because you want to make me happy. I don't want to be one of those boyfriends who only does sex stuff with his girlfriend that makes him feel good. I want you to like it too." ..."I know," she said, then she grabbed my hand and pushed it toward the top of her jeans. And I reached down and felt her pubic hair and she gasped. "Is that okay?" I asked. "Yes. It just is sensitive when you touch it for some reason. I like it," she said. Then I tried to reach farther, except her jeans were too tight. "Can I take off your jeans?" "I'll be naked!" "You'll have your underwear on." "I'll be almost naked." "I'll take my jeans off too." ..."I promise," I said, and then I unzipped her jeans and slid them off. She was naked except for her underwear. Then she undid my jeans and pulled them off. I had to help at the end because I'm taller. So I was naked except for my underwear too. I looked at her whole body, up and down, and caressed it with my right hand. She shivered any time I got near her underwear. I didn't feel like I was real anymore. I felt like I was watching a movie of my life. "So it's okay if I touch you?" "You are touching me," she said. "I meant touch you there." "I know. I was kidding. I'm nervous." "Me too," I said. ..."But you don't have to do anything!" "I have to do it right!" "You do everything right," she said, then kissed me so I couldn't say anything.</p>

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	<p>That's when I reached between her legs and pulled away her underwear. I'd read several articles about how to give a girl an orgasm. They said most girls can't come from putting your fingers inside but no that I had my fingers there, I wanted to go inside. So I pushed one finger inside and she clenched.</p> <p>"Is that okay?"</p> <p>"Yeah," she said.</p> <p>..."Okay. I won't do that." Then I took my finger out and tried to do what I'd read, which was find the clitoris. I had no idea what it would feel like or look like or what it was at all. Not really. So I just moved my fingers around on the outside where it was wet. Carolina seemed to shiver again, which was better than clenching up. "So how's that?" I asked.</p> <p>"That's better," she said, and she was lying on her back and her whole upper body was stiff, so I don't think she liked it that much. Her hands gripped on to the couch like she was afraid of what might happen next. Her legs kept twitching every time I moved around my fingers. Which maybe was good, but I couldn't really tell.</p> <p>After five minutes, she said, "Okay, I feel good."</p> <p>"Did you orgasm?" I asked.</p> <p>"I don't know."</p> <p>"How would you know?"</p> <p>"I don't know. I don't think I did."</p> <p>"How do you know you didn't?" I asked. I felt like such a failure.</p> <p>"I don't know, Trevor. Let me touch you now."</p> <p>"No, I don't want you to." Which was a big goddamn lie. She knew it was so she just grabbed me anyway. So I kissed her. She kissed me. And then, you know, she used her hand to make me go.</p> <p>Afterward, as we were lying there, naked except for our underwear, I said, "I love you so much, Carolina."</p> <p>"Even though I couldn't orgasm?"</p> <p>"It was my fault you couldn't."</p> <p>"It wasn't your fault. It was my fault."</p> <p>"It was my fault, Carolina. You're perfect. I didn't know what to do."</p> <p>"I didn't know what to do either."</p> <p>"But you knew what to do to make me finish, so it's my job to know what to do to make you finish."</p> <p>She said, "I think boys are easier to finish than girls."</p> <p>"Maybe, but it's still my job to know how."</p>
243	<p>ON SUNDAY NIGHT, AFTER I HAD GOTTEN INTO BED, I thought about how Trevor and I had gotten almost naked. How he had touched me. How it didn't feel that good. It did, kind of, but more weird than good. Maybe I should do it myself, but then I put my hand down there and it just felt so ridiculous to do it myself that I pulled my hand away.</p>
245	<p>And then I lay awake in bed, thinking about all Shannon Shunton could teach me about boys and sex and, you know, everything.</p>
248	<p>Then, after she started touching me, she kissed my neck. Then she kissed my chest. Then my stomach. Then...it.</p>

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	<p>Holy...</p> <p>It was the greatest feeling in my life. It hurt a bit because of her teeth, but I didn't care. I can't even think straight now remembering it, let alone when it was happening. Afterward, I asked Carolina why she did it.</p> <p>"Did you like it?" she asked.</p> <p>"It was so good I can't describe how good it was."</p> <p>"Good. I'm glad. I watched videos and tried to do what they did," Carolina said.</p>
251	<p>I really wanted to kiss, make out, hook up, get naked, have her kiss me down there, but Carolina didn't want to. I could tell. She hadn't been very excited about doing sexual stuff the last two weeks.</p>
252	<p>I was going to have sex on my birthday.</p> <p>...Apart from movies, we just had dinner alone, either at a restaurant in Riverbend or ordered in to his house, then when to his basement, got naked, and hooked up. It was great.</p>
254	<p>Like he wanted to do stuff to me. Sex stuff.</p> <p>...I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS EVEN ENTERED MY HEAD, I wondered what it would be like to kiss him. Kiss Alexander. Would his lips feel the same as Trevor's? Would he move his tongue the same way?</p>
255	<p>But I'm super excited to see you (and your beautiful naked body) tomorrow night. Ugh. How could Trevor only think about hooking up all the time?</p>
256	<p>So I started thinking about sex. Anything sex. Hooking up. Hand jobs. Blow jobs. Even the real big thing. All. The. Fucking. Time.</p> <p>...Every time I saw Carolina at school, I would get, you know, a hard-on. (Not every time, but way too often, okay?) I'd text her stuff like "thinking about your sex stomach," except she would text me back "I love you so much," which was cool, but not what I was hoping for. I don't know what I was hoping for. It's not like you could have sex over text.</p> <p>...Yeah. So. Guess what? I started looking at porn...more...and it excited me even tough before it didn't. Yeah. So. I masturbated.</p>
257	<p>I told myself after it was over that would never do it again.</p> <p>But then I did it the next day.</p> <p>I didn't do it the next day and I thought I might be cured of it.</p> <p>But then I did it the next day and the next and the next.</p> <p>I searched the internet for masturbation addict, but I didn't seem to be as bad as those cases.</p> <p>...I almost talked to Carolina about it, but how can you talk to a girl about masturbation? So I could only think about not wanting to do it, which made me think about it, which made me want to do it.</p> <p>...All these internet sites said masturbation was very healthy and a way to better understand your own sexuality. But what was I understanding besides the fact that I like to make myself have orgasms?</p> <p>...He knew. He knew what I was doing in my room all the time.</p>
258	<p>Yeah, I wish she thought about sex as much as me, but maybe I wouldn't respect her as much if she did.</p> <p>...It's just...Carolina didn't seem to like it as much anymore. I couldn't make her</p>

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	<p>orgasm no matter how hard I tried, and she had learned to make me orgasm in five minutes or less if she really wanted. Which wasn't as fun as when we would make out for a long time and then, you know, finish.</p> <p>On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, after we had hooked up in my basement, I asked, "What's wrong?"</p>
261	<p>"Trevor. Great. But you're doing a lot of other stuff. Are you being nice to her? Making sure she's happy?"</p> <p>"I try...but I'm not good at making her have orgasms..." I can't believe I just said the word "orgasms" to my crazy mother. Shit.</p> <p>"No teenage boy in the world is. I'm sure you are very nice and courteous. Keep communicating with her like I said, but I didn't really mean if she was happy sexually. I meant, why don't you take her somewhere special?..."</p>
265	<p>But then I fell in love with him and found out everything about him and I had seen him naked a thousand times...</p>
267	<p>"Because I thought you were tired of doing sex stuff with me." ...BECAUSE MY BOYFRIEND DIDN'T WANT TO HOOK UP WITH ME! "Carolina...I've...been...excited almost the entire day with you." "Down there?" "Yep." "Even though we weren't making out?" "Yep." "Really?"</p>
268	<p>I wished we were naked in his basement. I wished I could make him feel good so he'd know how much I loved him. So...gosh...I put on my new dress, and I, uh, pulled the single strap over my shoulder and I hiked the skirt up so it was almost to my underwear. And then...</p> <p>I took a picture in the mirror.</p> <p>...But I ignored EVERY SMART PART OF MY BRAIN and texted Trevor the picture.</p> <p>...You are the sexiest girl to ever walk the earth.</p>
270	<p>Carolina sent me a sexy picture.</p> <p>...The next couple weeks, Carolina would text me fun stuff like "thinking of being naked with you" and "wish we were in your basement right now." She even sent me a few more pictures.</p>
277	<p>But then Heath reached over and grabbed my mom's hand and said, "My girlfriend is a boyfriend, and his name is Michael."</p> <p>For, like, a second, I didn't know what to think. I mean, my brother was...gay?</p> <p>..."Heath, do you know how difficult it is to be gay?..."</p>
282	<p>...but mostly we watched movies and got naked and did all sorts of sex stuff besides actual sex. I went and kissed her down there, which she liked and moaned and giggled. But she didn't orgasm. It drove me nuts that I couldn't make Carolina orgasm. I mean, I want to be a good boyfriend. I want to be able to make her happy! She said she was. She said how good she felt. She repeated how the internet said it was rare for girls to come with boys at first.</p> <p>...We also tried a bunch of other stuff, like putting me between her breasts (which were getting bigger I think) and between her butt cheeks. (Not in her butt. But</p>

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	<p>sliding...Forget it.) It was all good. But just for something different. Her mouth was still the best. But even then, I wished I could kiss her while she was kissing it. Which is supposed was why people had sex. ...But then we started putting "me" near "her." Just touching. Except we never put it in.</p>
284	<p>I didn't drink, and didn't want to drink, but parties seemed more fun when other people were drinking.</p>
287	<p>answer me, freshman don't be a tease, freshman send me a picture send me a sexy picture don't be a freshman, freshman I know you're thinking about me</p>
289	<p>And then I got horny and didn't want to think about it, because I wanted to get naked with her later. Goddamn, I wish I didn't get so excited every time Carolina kissed me with tongue. ...Carolina like to me, and I looked at other girl's boobs.</p>
291	<p>I'm so fucked up.</p>
299	<p>Carolina was hugging me so tight! I never though you could cry and get an erection at the same time. ..."To kill herself. Yeah. A bunch of pills..."</p>
300	<p>"...You were looking at that girl Jamie's boobs!"</p>
302	<p>...but now I was kissing Trevor and he started kissing me back and we grabbed at each other and it was very aggressive and so intense and I wanted to just keep grabbing each other and I wanted to eat him and I wanted to tear off my clothes, except not really, but you know, keep being so passionate and then I reached into his pants and he moaned and I loved to make him moan and then I remembered Lily was there, somewhere, so I stopped and said, "Lily..." ...we should have sex that night.</p>
304	<p>"Are you guys having sex?" "NO!" I said but...I wanted to. I wanted to be that close. ...I didn't want to do anything but kiss Carolina and be naked and get so close that no one and nothing could ever come between us.</p>
305	<p>While Lily watched TV, Trevor and I moved our hands under the blankets all over our bodies. Onto our bare skin. He even put his fingers inside me and I felt like we were being so wrong because Lily was right there but it also felt better than it ever had. After the movie was over, Trevor made Lily go to bed even though it was early. ...I didn't get up from the couch because my pants were undone but Lily hugged me and then Trevor walked her upstairs to her room. I went down to the basement by myself and I waited and I thought, oh my gosh, I was about to have sex. ...I wanted it to just be that our bodies did it, that they loved each other so much that we had to have sex tonight even though it was still a week until my birthday and I promised I would wait until then.</p>
306	<p>Trevor and I needed to have sex, we did, or else all these bad things like Alexander or his mom's sadness or the universe might pull us apart.</p>

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307	<p>Kissed her. Grabbed her. Took off her shirt. She took off mine. Kissed her. Bit her lip. She bit mine. Never done that so I did it again. She cried out a little but she bit me harder back. Took off her shirt. She took off my pants. I took off my underwear. She took off hers. Then I was on top of her and she was beneath me. Kissing so fast. Eyes open. Our eyes were never open.</p>
308	<p>Trevor was naked and I could feel him, his penis, the tip, I could feel it on my, you know, and it kept rubbing against me and it felt so good. So tingling. ...I kept scrunching my butt lower so that I would be closer to him, so that he would know he could do it. Why can't we just talk about it? We should. We weren't wearing a condom. Oh my gosh. We didn't have a condom. But it was okay. You can't get pregnant on your first time. Obviously you can. ...I wanted to have sex.</p>
309	<p>"I..." I started, but then I could feel my penis slip inside so I couldn't talk. More than just the tip. It was more than just more than the tip. It was like my whole body went inside her and she was this huge warm lake and I was swimming. ...Like this is exactly where my penis should be. ...I mean, I was having sex with her.</p>
310	<p>I wanted to have sex. I was having sex. ...I was having sex. SEX.</p>
311	<p>...but I don't want to have a baby or an abortion. ...I should tell him to stop. To get a condom. But I don't want to ruin our first time. This is so important. ...I'm just saying the feeling, the actual feeling of having a penis inside is...kind of boring. ...But then, you know, he came.</p>
315	<p>After we finished having sex, and I pulled out, I realized I wasn't wearing a condom. The thought might have crossed my mind before we started, but I ignored it. I just wanted to do it so badly I didn't think. ...But it felt so good. So f-ing good I don't know how people do anything but have sex if they are adults and don't have school or parents. Wouldn't Carolina and I just do it all day, every day? Maybe eat. Of course eat. And sleep. But not much. Just have sex. ...A half hour later, after we had told each other how much we loved each other over and over, I wanted to have sex again. Carolina said okay if we could wear a condom. Of course. So I got the condom box that my mom gave me from my room and we had sex again. It didn't feel as good. But it was still great. Still incredible. And Carolina was more comfortable, and she even moaned I think. Which made me feel like I was good at sex. Which is the most important thing. I only want to have sex with Carolina if it feels good for her. If she orgasmed right now, while we were having sex the second time, I think it would be a sign that our love was more powerful and important than even I could fathom.</p>
320	<p>He was so happy with me during sex and after and then he was different. That's what happens in movies. Girls finally have sex with their boyfriends and then the boys become jerks.</p>

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321	...which made me realize how happy I was that we had sex.
322	<p>Then he got hard and we started kissing and we decided we could go to the golf course, which was closed because it was winter, but would have trees we could hide in. So we got there and he took off his jacket and I lay on it and took off my pants and pulled down his and we had sex even though we didn't have a condom. I was sore, but it felt better than yesterday.</p> <p>..."Don't go inside me," I said, and he nodded and then, as if me saying it sped him up, he pulled out and went on my stomach. It was gross but it was better than getting pregnant.</p>
324	<p>We went into the hotel, which smelled like the oxygen had died and rotted, and we both went to the bathroom, got naked, and got into bed. It was the first time we had been naked in bed.</p> <p>...I forgot to tell him to pull out.</p>
326	<p>I had to play a tournament all night Friday after finals and all day Saturday and all I could think about was Carolina and having sex again.</p> <p>...We had sex right away, with a condom since I had stuffed them under the couch cushion. Carolina kept saying, "This feels good," which was good, I think, but maybe that meant it didn't feel that good before. It doesn't matter. It felt good now. It turned me on her saying that and I came.</p> <p>...I wanted to have sex again later,...</p>
329	I had sex with Trevor
332	Even though I'd rather have sex with Carolina than play basketball, if I couldn't have sex with her all the time I guess basketball was better than masturbating or studying or even playing video games.
335	<p>Whenever I wasn't with Trevor, I thought we should not have sex again for a long time.</p> <p>...So maybe as long as we wore condoms it'd be okay that we were having sex so young.</p>
338	He wanted sex, didn't he? Holy crap. I could tell my dad wanted sex. Now that I had had sex, I could see stuff like this.
343	Trevor led me to his room, locked the door behind us, and started taking off my clothes. I thought he wanted to have sex, which felt like the grossest thing I could ever imagine right now,...
344	<p>I stopped fighting and let him undress me. He led me to his bathroom, turned on the shower, and let me step inside. A few seconds later, he was under the water next to me, naked. He kissed me. Not a sex kiss. But a nice kiss.</p> <p>...He led me to his bed, pulled back the covers, let me lie down even though I was still dripping water and the wet towel was still wrapped around me.</p> <p>...When I woke up, Trevor was taking the towel off of me.</p>
350	I had given Trevor my heart and sex and my time...
354	<p>He pushed his tongue into mine and moved it around but I didn't move mine, and then he ran his tongue around my lips and bit my nose.</p> <p>...And then I could feel his hand on my leg and he was reaching up my skirt.</p> <p>...Then he curled his fingers under my underwear and touched me. I was so dry.</p>

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	<p>He tried to press on more time, but then I pinched my legs shut and he pulled away his hand. I never wanted another boy besides Trevor to touch me ever again. Then Alexander grabbed my right hand and put it on his jeans, where I could feel his penis. I left my hand there but I just let it lie there.</p> <p>Alexander stopped kissing me, pulled away, and said, "I thought you would know what to do. You know. Be experienced."</p> <p>..."Are we going to hook up or not?"</p> <p>..."You know, you shouldn't leave a boy like this. It's not fair." He pointed at his groin.</p>
359	She gave him a hj in his car this morning
370	I think he meant sex or a hand job or something that made me want to throw up.
371	<p>It's not like he molested me. I didn't say no.</p> <p>....Boys who trick girls into doing sex stuff with them are the worst boys in the universe.</p>
377	<p>Even though it had only been three days since I found out Mrs. Santos was having sex with my dad,...</p> <p>...I followed Trevor up to his room. We went into his bathroom and started kissing and took off each other's clothes. We got under the hot shower and he was excited and I wanted to have sex with him more than ever in my life and we tried but it was really hard to make the angle work standing up so then we tried to lie down in the tub and I was on bottom and it was super uncomfortable except it was also amazing to be having sex in the shower with the love of my life. We didn't use a condom. Can you even use condoms in a shower?</p>
380	She undid her seat belt, leaned over, and unzipped my pants. Eventually I had to pull my pants down. She used her mouth. You know, road head. I had never really thought about it before but now I don't know if I can ever be in a car with Carolina without thinking about it.
383	"Yeah. I knew what to do. To use condoms. But we didn't. I knew I should talk about sex more..."
389	I'm not sure if she was being sexual. But in my brain, it was sexual. I masturbated to pictures of her in a bathing suit on Facebook.
390	<p>Carolina is my soul mate, right, and I'm picturing another girl when we are having sex?</p> <p>....Can you imagine another girl during sex and still be in love with your girlfriend? I asked Google.</p>
408	Okay, well, one time after I drank my first beer Greg and I got, like, in our underwear and touched each other but nothing really finished, if you know what I mean. Yes, I drank a few times. I don't know why. I don't like it that much, but it's nice not to be the only one who doesn't. I hope Trevor never drinks.
414	I don't know how to say his other than to just say it but that smell gave me the hardest hard-on I have ever had. Betsy and I hooked up and it was okay, I mean, it was fun...but it was never this. Just sitting in the car looking at Carolina, smelling Carolina, was better than getting naked with Betsy.

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415	I wanted to be naked and in his basement. I wanted to have sex. My body wanted to have se.
417	"Have you had sex with Betsy?"
418	But I think if a boy has sex with a girl he doesn't love, it also means he doesn't still love the girl he used to love.
419	I didn't have a hard-on anymore. That might sound weird to state, but it's just that two minutes ago I had never been more excited and now...

Profanity	Count
Ass	6
Bitch	5
Dick	2
Fuck	32
Piss	3
Shit	8