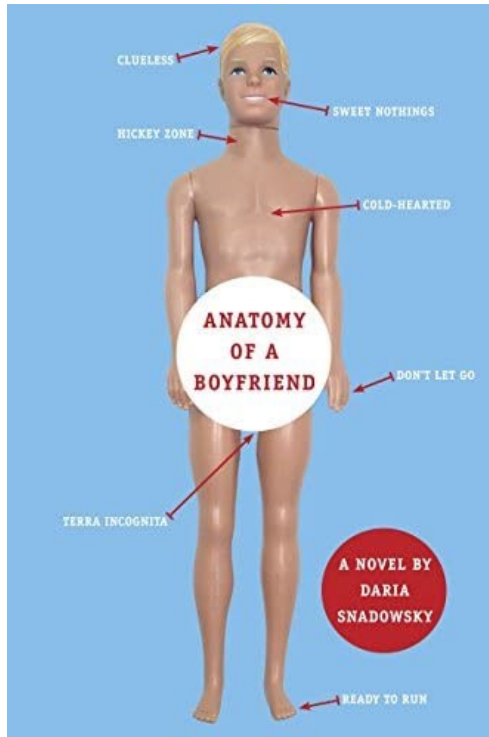


# ANATOMY OF A BOYFRIEND



*Young Adult*

**By Daria Snadowsky**

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## Book Summary:

A seventeen-year-old girl falls in love and experiences sexual intercourse for the first time.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities involving minors; sexual nudity; profanity; references to alcohol use by minors.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	“It was really hot! Then he knocked over his easel, tore off his overalls, and said, ‘My canvas is your body, and my paintbrush is my peni—’”
17	Amy bets that Dad brings his handcuffs into bed and that Mom disciplines him with a ruler in kinky role-playing sex games, but I seriously doubt Mom would go for anything that risqué. It’s not that I think my parents don’t do it anymore. I just figure they keep it really routine and boring, at least compared to the kind of stuff Amy imagines.
23	<p>“Mmmm, Wes,” I say under my breath, kind of jokingly. But it does turn me on a little. Without really thinking about it, I start lightly stroking my breasts with my fingertips until I feel my nipples harden. Then I move my hand down my torso and slowly tickle the area below my belly button. It’s so relaxing, but energizing too. I can even feel my undies start to get wet.</p> <p>I wonder how it would feel if today I go even lower. Sure, I’ve been curious and touched myself there before, but nothing ever happened. Amy’s appalled I’ve never had a “Big O,” as she calls it, but, I don’t know... I guess I’ve always been too preoccupied preparing for the next four years of my academic life to have time to care about four seconds of physical pleasure. Suddenly, though, I really want to know what having one is like. In my human anatomy class we learned the clitoris has eight thousand nerve fibers, at least twice as many as a penis. That deserves a little experimentation, and it would be so easy just to walk my fingers a little lower—</p> <p>Bang bang bang!</p>
31	Halfway between the front porch and the shoreline, a huge bonfire casts patches of gold onto the beach, revealing dozens of guests talking, drinking, eating, and making out on blankets.
86	<p>Eventually I calmed down, and then... we made out until eleven!”</p> <p>...“There was nothing ‘bad’ about it. I had no idea making out was so fun.”</p> <p>...“Well, that sounds gross, but yeah, it was nice. I was surprised how... natural it felt, how easy it was to get into the rhythm of it. I mean, we were just kissing normally for a few minutes and the next thing I know I’m pressing my tongue into his mouth.”</p>
88	One of the best parts of hooking up with Wes is my battle-scarred appearance afterward. My lips are swollen from kissing him so much.
95	We tongue-kissed for three hours straight last Saturday, and he wrote me five beautifully cheesy e-mails since then.
98	<p>I lean over and kiss Wes on the mouth. Then I crawl onto his lap. Soon we’re Frenching and holding each other just like we did on my couch last week.</p> <p>...After beeping the horn by mistake, which for some reason elicits gut-splitting laughter from both of us, we migrate to the backseat and continue kissing.</p> <p>...I guess Wes feels it too because soon he’s nibbling at my ears, which is actually really nice, like an unannoying kind of tickling. I had no idea that area of the body was so sensitive. Then without warning Wes bites my neck.</p> <p>...I summon up all my impulsiveness, lean over, and gently gnaw at the depressed area over his left collarbone. It tastes... like nothing in particular. Maybe slightly salty.</p> <p>“Mmmm,” he says, “that is kinda nice. Good pain.”</p> <p>“Yikes!” I lean back. “Are we entering into the realm of S and M already?”</p> <p>“I’ll just call you Dominatrix,” Wes says before lightly biting me again on my neck, then high on my chest. Soon I feel his hands start to explore my back. When his fingers reach the</p>

Page	Content
	<p>zipper of my dress, a part of me wants to say we should stop. A very small part. One that is easily ignored.</p> <p>...I sit up next to him. "It's okay if you want to take off my dress."</p> <p>I hear him swallow nervously. "Yeah?" he breathes. "Do you want me to?"</p> <p>I don't know where my audacity comes from, maybe from having fantasized about this moment for so many weeks, but I get up on my knees and unzip my sundress so the top part is hanging over my waist like an apron. I can almost feel his blue eyes piercing into my chest. I slide my left forefinger under my left bra strap and ask, "So, I guess you've never tried taking one of these off a girl before, huh?"</p> <p>"Of course not." He smiles. "But I can try."</p> <p>I lean toward him and we kiss again. Both his hands are on my back now as he reaches for my bra clasp. I can immediately tell he has no clue. He starts to tug on it a little, then move it up and down.</p> <p>...I unhook my bra but keep it on. "Voilà."</p> <p>...My back is bare, but my bra's still hanging on my shoulders concealing my breasts.</p> <p>...Wes gets up on his knees and grabs both shoulder straps before indelicately yanking off the bra. I wish he had been a little more gradual, to make the moment last.</p> <p>"Wow, Dom!" His eyes widen like saucers.</p> <p>...In a fit of passion I reach over and hug him tightly, but instead of hugging me back he wedges his hands between our chests and starts feeling my breasts. Softly at first, then a little rougher, like he's trying to figure out what they can withstand. It's fantastic, invigorating, freeing. The sensation of his big, manly hands on my skin makes my whole body feel like silk.</p> <p>...Still, I think again how this would be a good time to stop for the night, but then he asks if I want his shirt off too.</p> <p>...I grab the sides of his polo and start to tug. My breasts are still on full display, and I think he's a little mesmerized because he's not moving at all, just gazing.</p> <p>...I pull off his shirt, and he looks so good.</p> <p>...I start tickling him under his arms, and he laughs and squirms for a few seconds before rolling on top of me. I love the secure sensation of Wes's weight pressing down on my body, although it makes taking deep breaths a little difficult. Sometimes he gyrates his pelvis against mine, which would probably feel better if there weren't a layer of denim between us. Soon the temperature inside the car gets really hot and the windows fog up, so we have to stop for a moment while Wes turns on the engine and the air-conditioning. Then it begins pouring outside, which makes fooling around in the trunk of our cozy vehicular sanctuary all the more exhilarating.</p> <p>After three hours of nonstop kissing and feeling up, I tell Wes I need a breather, so we lie in each other's arms in contented silence. I know this is only our second night together, but I can't stop thinking about sex, what it would feel like.</p> <p>...I snuggle under him and we resume kissing. I can feel his penis pressing through his jeans up against my inner thighs. If we were naked, we'd have been close to having sex missionary style. Almost without thinking about it I drag my right hand down his chest and abdomen until my fingers are over his jeans just below his belly button. Then I start walking my fingers down even farther. He's holding his breath and his heart is racing, sending vibrations into my own chest. I feel dizzy and light-headed, like every cell in my body is pushing my arm that final inch. I'm just about to rest my hand on his crotch when a thunderous bang echoes through the car.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Did he just ejaculate?</p> <p>I pull my hand away from Wes's stomach as he leaps up, bumping his head on the fuzzy gray ceiling.</p> <p>"What the hell was that?" he asks, looking to either side of him.</p> <p>"Um, wasn't that you?" I figured he convulsed and kicked the trunk door when I touched him. I barely grazed his jeans, but Amy warned me that guys our age can come really easily.</p>
107	<p>"Dom, it's really difficult to kick ass with a hard-on." I giggle nervously, and I wonder how long it's going to be before I get a look at his hard-on.</p>
109	<p>They're always out on the town for hours at a time, and Amy can bring home her hookup du jour without anyone being the wiser.</p>
110	<p>For all they know, Wes and I are already having sex, so I'm worried they'll see me as some sort of slut-ho corrupting their precious son. I beg Amy to accompany me as moral support, and I make sure to conceal my not-quite-faded hickeys with a strategically tied bandanna.</p>
112	<p>Amy's told me how difficult it is to stop making out once things really get going. I never understood that before Wes, but it is really difficult to stop, or even just to take things slowly. Now that we've gone this far, I can't imagine there being a time when just a good-night kiss will be enough for either of us. And I hope it never is.</p> <p>Wes and I kiss passionately, almost desperately, as we undress each other. He removes everything but my underwear. I take off his T-shirt and sneakers. Soon we're on the bed with me on top. Then I sit up, straddling his thighs. He lies perfectly still as I unbutton and unzip his shorts. I'm assuming he has underwear on, so I don't hesitate as I quickly draw his shorts down below his hips.</p> <p>"Whoa," I gasp like some shocked virgin, which I guess I am. I wasn't anticipating seeing his erect penis right away; it's protruding up through the flap in his boxers and resting against his lower belly.</p> <p>"What's wrong, Dom?" He looks down. "Shit, I'm sorry. I didn't know—" He reaches down to his boxers, but I gently stop his hand.</p> <p>...Even by the dim blue moonlight filtering in through the glass balcony doors, I can recognize the features of his penis from my anatomy books. The shaft, the head, the urethral opening—it's definitely all there. Only it looks so much more alive and urgent than any photograph could ever capture. I lean forward over Wes's torso so I can study it head-on. Then I notice it bobbing up and down slightly with his heartbeat, as if it's waving me on. I sit back on his thighs and take a deep breath.</p> <p>I don't feel ready to touch it just yet, so I start by easing my hands underneath his boxers and lightly rub the area surrounding it. His pubic hair is so long and coarse! It never occurred to me before that guys probably rarely trim this stuff, if ever. In Florida it's always bikini season, so I'm constantly shaving down there.</p> <p>Wes murmurs something unintelligible and closes his eyes. He's obviously into this. Soon I close my hands in on his balls, but I'm not sure what to do with them. I've seen enough slapstick about guys getting kicked in the nuts to know they're ultrasensitive, so I pet them in a tickly, feathery way. This is by far the most delicate part of Wes I've come across yet—the consistency makes me think of a baby bird, or squishy nectarine skin, scattered with hair. It's truly surreal to think I'm holding Wes's scrotum, his personal sperm generator.</p> <p>Now I'm on the bed to the side of his left hip, and I ease his shorts and boxers down to his knees.</p> <p>...I lightly clutch Wes's penis with my right hand and start to stroke it lightly, up and down</p>

Page	Content
	<p>the length of it. Back in middle school, Amy and I would always sneak into her mom’s office and pore over her sex encyclopedia. I wish I had a better recollection of what it said about manual stimulation.</p> <p>“Listen,” I say softly, “I’m just sort of exploring. I have absolutely no idea what to do.”</p> <p>“That’s fine, this feels great,” he says hurriedly, over his heavy breathing.</p> <p>I continue to stroke him, and it’s cool how the skin can move up and down a little, like it’s not really attached to whatever’s underneath. I try to vary the speed and position of my hand, but Wes just continues to groan in the same, quiet way. After a few minutes of this exercise, I’m wondering why he hasn’t ejaculated. Do you have to do something special to finish a hand job? I don’t remember anything about grand finale techniques in the sex encyclopedia.</p> <p>I guess Wes can tell I’m getting discouraged because he wraps his hands around mine and guides me through a few strokes. He says it responds well to pressure. When he releases his hold I tighten my grip.</p> <p>“Hey, don’t pull it off.”</p> <p>“Oh, sorry, sorry.”</p> <p>“And can you take off your ring? It chafes.”</p> <p>“Oh yeah, I should have thought of that.” I reach for my purse and drop in the mood ring.</p> <p>“You know what feels good? When you touch the tip.”</p> <p>“Oh, okay.” I take him back in my hands.</p> <p>“And, um, don’t forget about these,” he says while pointing to his balls.</p> <p>I have to hold back laughter—I thought guys were supposed to be easy to get off.</p> <p>Now my right hand is stroking his penis, and the other is caressing his testicles. I’m feeling very ambidextrous. I wonder if I’d ever be able to get my mouth around his penis if I tried. But that’s definitely not going to happen tonight. Blow jobs are really serious business, and I’m not even sure what I’d need to do once I got down there. It’s tricky enough with two hands.</p> <p>After five more minutes, still nothing. My hands are now sticky from my own sweat, so my palms keep tripping up and getting stuck unevenly on his penis.</p> <p>“Ugh, I’m terrible at this.”</p> <p>“No, no. You’re doing great. I’m not lying.”</p> <p>“I feel like I’m hurting you. There’s so much friction.”</p> <p>“Hey, could you lick your hands? Like, really salivate on them?” Wes has a desperate look in his eyes.</p> <p>Even though the idea completely grosses me out, I give my palm a lick. I can already tell it’s not going to be enough, so I generate some more saliva in my mouth and do it again. I can’t bring myself even to look at my slobbery hand as I move it back to his dick, but it seems to do the trick.</p> <p>“Okay, yeah, better, much better. Yeah,” he moans. “Can you go faster?”</p> <p>I can barely feel my arms now, and my shoulders are sore, but I take deep breaths and keep going. Every few seconds I alternate hands and lick them. “Hand job” is such a misnomer for this full-body routine. It’s like I’m a one-man band.</p> <p>Soon a few drops of something hot leak onto my fingers. Wes’s breathing is getting heavier too, and suddenly he mutters breathlessly, “Tighter. Ah, Aah, Dom. Dom—”</p> <p>I feel a stiffening of his penis in my hands as the tip expels a thick, creamy liquid. Wes’s legs tremble and his back arches as he groans loudly. I discover the warm, white goo cascading down my knuckles serves as a great lubricant, so I stroke even faster.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Dom... you can stop.... Stop now!” he almost shouts.</p> <p>Taken aback by his tone of voice, I instantly let go of his penis, which begins to lose its stiffness and bend over to one side. After a few seconds Wes places his hand on my shoulder reassuringly.</p> <p>“Sorry, Dom. It hurts if you keep doing it after I come.”</p> <p>...Wes takes one of the tissues from the nightstand and wipes the semen off his dick and stomach. I look down at my palms, now a deathbed for hundreds of millions of tiny sperm that never had the chance to pursue their singular purpose. But I don’t feel guilty. In fact, I can’t remember the last time I’ve felt such a sense of accomplishment.</p> <p>...I look down and am startled how much smaller his penis is. It’s a quarter of the size it was three minutes ago. He doesn’t look embarrassed to be lying before me naked, though, which is cool.</p> <p>...Wes reaches his hand for my underwear, and I’m instantly scared. What if he can’t make me orgasm? Or what if he can? In movies women make strange noises and even stranger facial expressions while it’s happening. I don’t think I want Wes to see me like that. What if I squeal or scream or fart or say something stupid?</p> <p>“Hey, listen, you don’t have to do it to me if you don’t want to. I mean, I don’t... I didn’t do that expecting anything in return.”</p> <p>He screws up his eyebrows. “Are you kidding? I want to.”</p> <p>...“I’m curious about something, though. When you were actually, you know, what did it feel like for you, when it was happening?”</p> <p>“You mean when I came?”</p> <p>“Yeah. Then.”</p> <p>“I dunno, it’s hard to describe.”</p> <p>“I know, but I’m really curious what it’s like for a guy to have one.”</p> <p>“Well, at first it feels sort of light and zingy, and then, bam!” He claps his hands together.</p> <p>“It’s Chernobyl.”</p> <p>“Chernobyl?”</p> <p>“Yeah, Chernobyl.”</p> <p>“Huh. So your orgasms are basically the physiological equivalent of a nuclear explosion at a Russian power plant?”</p> <p>He laughs. “Yes, Ms. Science Quiz, it’s a meltdown.”</p> <p>Wes climbs on top of me and rests his head on the flat space between my breasts.</p>
120	<p>As soon as the Gershwins drive away, Wes and I race upstairs, slide into his bedroom, and almost violently strip each other down to our underwear. I’m taking a second to lay my watch and mood ring on his nightstand when I catch sight of the other Jessica lounging on Wes’s desk chair. She seems to be watching us intently, and we make eye contact. When Wes turns his back to switch off the lights, I stick out my tongue at her. He’s mine now, bitch!</p> <p>We’re on the bed and I reach for his boxers, but he pushes my hands away. “No, you come first, Dom.” Then we both laugh and he says, “I mean, you first tonight.”</p> <p>I nod and lie down on his bed. This time I feel ready.</p> <p>Wes says, “I’ve only a vague concept of what I’m supposed to do. So I’ll need some instruction.”</p> <p>“Actually, I’m just as clueless as you are.”</p> <p>He crinkles his brow. “Haven’t you ever tried?”</p> <p>“Huh?”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“You know what I mean.”</p> <p>“Um, not really.” I blush. I’m embarrassed to admit I’ve been touching myself every day in the shower this past week, trying to psych myself up for this. It got to the point where it felt good, but never Oh God-ly. I can’t figure out what I’m doing wrong. Maybe I’m just thinking about it too much, or I haven’t been turned on enough when I’m by myself.</p> <p>“Really? Never?” Wes asks.</p> <p>“Yeah.... Do you, um—?”</p> <p>“Yeah, of course. We dudes got to make sure everything’s fully operational from time to time.”</p> <p>He lies down next to me and immediately reaches his right hand down under my panties. I’m ecstatic Wes is finally touching me there, but I also feel put on the spot. I’m not excited enough yet to enjoy this.</p> <p>“Um, actually, this is a little fast. Could we, like, hug and kiss a little more first, before you—?”</p> <p>His mouth comes down hard on mine, and he runs his hands all over my body. Soon he starts kissing my breasts, and I envision my fantasy of Wes chasing me on the beach and struggling to rip down my bathing suit.</p> <p>...He falls back into my arms and we’re grinding together when he lets loose again!</p> <p>...I pull him down against my body and slide a few inches to the right. More flatulence noises! Since the AC is out and we’re both dripping with perspiration, it seems that when Wes’s chest drags over mine, our sweaty, sticky skin creates these momentary air pockets, which are making those awful sound effects.</p> <p>...I answer by practically pouncing on him. Soon Wes lightly caresses the sides of my torso, which makes me writhe and arch my back it feels so good. The faux farting continues, but I pretend not to hear, even though it’s seriously endangering the ambiance.</p> <p>A few minutes later I’m the wettest I’ve ever been, and all I want is for Wes to touch me. I grab both Wes’s hands and lead them to my undies. He peels them down slowly, and then reaches between my legs with his right hand. For a few seconds he runs his fingers over my pubic hair, but then without warning he shoves his second finger up my vagina. Or at least he tries to—I don’t think he gets farther than a couple inches before I scream out like I’ve been stabbed.</p>
123	<p>I push him down on the bed and pull off his boxers. He’s completely soft now. Before I have a chance to touch him he pushes my hands away.</p> <p>...Wes let me give him hand jobs both nights last weekend. I think I was actually getting pretty good at it.</p>
126	<p>When he closes his laptop, Wes spins around on his chair and jumps on top of me. We make out to the soft whirring of the fan for the next two hours. Although he doesn’t touch me again down there, he lets me give him two hand jobs, which makes things feel normal again.</p>
130	<p>“Dom, oh my God!” Amy laughs. “You’ve been fingered! My innocent little Dom has been fingered!”</p> <p>“Well, for only, like, two seconds.”</p> <p>“Still. You’ve been digitally deflowered. A little hokey-pokey on the Marvin the Martians!”</p> <p>...“When are you going to go down on him?”</p> <p>“I don’t even know if I could. He’s so big.”</p> <p>...“Amy! It’s a penis, not a tongue depressor.”</p>



Page	Content
	<p>“Good thing you’re not vegan or else you wouldn’t be allowed to swallow. Semen’s an animal product, right?”</p>
131	<p>“Do you think you and Gersh are going all the way soon?”          “I don’t know. I mean, just his finger really hurt.”          “It stops hurting. Soon it will feel amazing.”          ...“Are you asking me what an orgasm feels like?”          “So what if I am? All I know from class is that it’s a bunch of vaginal contractions and a discharge of neuromuscular tensions at the peak of sexual arousal—”          “Only you, Dom, could make Big Os sound like a bad thing.”          “And Wes said for guys it feels like Chernobyl.”          She laughs. “One of the counselors I hooked up with at camp last summer described it as an H-bomb.”          ...“Well, it depends on where you’re being stimulated. Some Big Os are more intense than others, more long lasting than others. But it’s like there’s this little explosion down there, and it radiates through your entire body. More than anything, it’s a massive release. And Dom...” Amy points to my hands. “You don’t need Gersh to get one.”</p>
143	<p>He reaches to pull down my undies, and I lie back next to him. His left arm is around my shoulders, and his right hand is between my legs. He’s much gentler and slower than last time. But as he bobs in and out of me, I don’t really feel anything. Soon he thumbs my clitoris simultaneously, which feels... okay. I fake some moaning noises every few seconds so he’ll keep going, but I wouldn’t say I’m enjoying it. If an orgasm doesn’t feel much better than this, I don’t know what all the hoopla is about. I can tell Wes is getting discouraged. After ten minutes of nothing, I say, “You can stop now. I absolutely love this, Wes, but I just need to relax more.”          “I want to make you come.”</p>
145	<p>“I guess I should go buy some condoms.”          ...After tearing off the wrapper, Wes holds the condom about a half inch away from the head of his penis. Then he pinches the tip of the condom to get the excess air out, and with the other hand he rolls it all the way down.</p>
146	<p>“Yeah, I know, right? Intercontinental travel, college acceptances, a little third base, and now condom dry runs.”</p>
148	<p>In the nightstand drawer I drop in a package of extra-strength condoms and a lubricant Amy read about that’s supposed to make sex less painful the first time.</p>
151	<p>Suddenly the prospect of having sex seems almost like a death sentence for the person I’ve been all my life up until this night.</p>
152	<p>We start going at it in the tiny hallway of our hotel room. Within seconds my lipstick is all over Wes’s face, and I have to order him to stop for a minute so we can delicately take off and hang up our expensive outfits—the last clothes we’ll wear as virgins. As soon as I close the closet doors he lifts me up high over his head, carries me to the bed, and throws me on it. We’re both laughing, but I’m amazed to see him this brazen and aggressive.          ...Some dribbles onto my breasts, and Wes tries licking it off, only to get us both dirtier. I wonder if all couples get this kinky this fast.          “That is the only way to eat chocolate,” Wes says. “I think we’re going to have to shower together.”          “Oh yeah?”</p>



Page	Content
	<p>“Uh-huh. But later.”</p> <p>Wes climbs on top of me. We’re kissing almost brutally with our tongues and teeth, sucking each other’s lips and chins as we grab at each other’s torsos with clenched fingers. Then I mutter through my kisses that the stuff is in the nightstand.</p> <p>Wes sits up, opens the drawer, rips open a condom, and rolls it on quickly even though his hands are shaking. When he gets back on top of me, I feel some of the lube he coated the condom with rubbing off on my thighs. I wrap my legs around him and raise my hips, but he doesn’t move.</p> <p>“This is the point where I was hoping my masculine animal instincts would kick in.”</p> <p>“This all feels fine so far. You know, normal.”</p> <p>“Dom, I’m really scared this is going to be painful for you.”</p> <p>I am too, but more than that I’m excited. “I’m sure all the, you know, fingering stuff we’ve been doing already kinda broke me in. I’ll tell you if it hurts.”</p> <p>...The next few seconds are pretty awkward as I try to reposition my pelvis to accommodate his angle, and Wes is careful not to put excessive weight on me. Finally, I feel him enter me slightly.</p> <p>“Yeah, it’s fine,” I say. “It doesn’t hurt.”</p> <p>“Okay.” He slowly eases in a little more. It doesn’t feel that much different than if it were his index and middle fingers. But then he shoves into me at full force.</p>
155	<p>I just had sex. My vagina had a penis inside of it.</p> <p>...It’s going to feel so weird being sexually active, living in the same apartment with the two people who had to have sex to create me.</p>
156	<p>Before I get a chance to tickle anything, Wes whizzes up, seizes my wrists, and throws me down on the bed. Soon we are having sex again, but this time he is moving in and out very, very slowly. We’re able to go for a full two minutes before I tell him to stop because I’m too sore down there but that we can try again in the morning.</p>
166	<p>I also wouldn’t worry about the non–blow job.</p> <p>...The first time I went down on a guy I was <i>*too*</i> into it and almost bit it off! What I <i>*would*</i> be worried about is your non–Big O. It’s just not fair he’s the only one who’s been getting off. I know your excuse—“ just loving Wes is orgasm enough.”</p> <p>...But on to the big news of the week: I’ve hooked up with only 1 guy so far!</p>
167	<p>She claims she loves and misses her “boyfriend,” yet she’s already screwed one of the guys on the third floor!</p>
172	<p>The last thing I want to hear about right now is her storybook romance with Joel and all the mind-blowing sex they’re having.</p>
182	<p>If we were together, he’d probably want to have sex right now.</p>
188	<p>Right before he thinks we’re about to have sex and asks for a condom, I say, “Actually, I have a Thanksgiving present for you that’s way overdue.”</p> <p>...I take a package of extra-thin strawberry-flavored condoms out of my purse. “Use one of these this time. I just bought them.”</p> <p>...I huddle over him as he rolls it on, and then without giving myself time to think about it, I drop my head and start licking and kissing the length of his penis.</p> <p>...It occurs to me that hunching over his crotch might not be the prettiest sight, so I pull the blanket over my head.</p> <p>“Dom.” He pulls the covers off. “I want to watch.”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...I close my eyes and take the head into my mouth. I'm afraid I'm going to bite him accidentally, so I keep my lips tightly pursed over my teeth. I get only half of his penis inside before I feel like I'm going to gag. So I continue to suck just the top half of it and bob my head up and down slightly. The more I do it, the more I'm able to fit in my mouth. Unfortunately, the condom does not taste like any strawberry made by nature—imagine sucking on a rubber band dipped in Kool-Aid. I don't know why they call it a blow job either, because I'm not really blowing anything, but it is a job. My neck and shoulders are sore from bending over, and I barely have sensation left in my jaw by the time he comes.</p>
189	<p>First he kneels over me, but this doesn't work because my privates do not project up and out like his. Then I try sitting in one of the steel dinette chairs as he kneels on the floor in front of me, but before he touches me I tell him I can't relax this way—the seat's too hard and cold. Finally I get back on the bed and let my legs hang off the edge. Wes kneels at the foot of the bed and I rest my thighs on his shoulders. This feels right. Before he starts, he tells me, "Just so you know, I've never gone down on a Tulanian before."          ..."You've never gone down on anyone before, ever."          ...Then I remember. "Wait. In my purse, you'll find some dental dams I bought. They're strawberry flavored too. Your favorite."          "C'mon, Dom." Wes sits back on the floor. "We don't need that stuff. I want to taste you, not latex."          ...Amy says oral sex is the absolute best thing a guy can do to a girl. And she's right—there's none of the pain of penetration. Sex with Wes didn't stop hurting until the eleventh time we did it, back in July.          ...But tonight, for the first time ever I sense a nice, light, pulsing sensation down there that makes me arch my back, and I can feel my face get flushed. I wrap my legs around his head and try to move with him, but suddenly I lose the feeling and don't regain it.          ...I tousle his hair with my hands and wrap my legs around him tighter as I mimic the moans I heard Caitlin make that weekend I stayed with her and Chapin. Finally I yell, "Yes, Wes... YEEEEES!"          A couple seconds later his face pops up between my legs. I've never seen him so pleased with himself before.</p>
192	<p>"Cool. But before we do"—he traces the outlines of my lips—" can you, uh... again?"          This time I skip the condom, even though I yelled at Amy God knows how many times back in high school for routinely having unprotected oral sex with her random hookups.</p>
196	<p>A few minutes later I work my hands to his crotch, but he's still silent and soft.</p>
205	<p>He scoops his left arm under my thighs and extends his right arm around my back. I'm okay with this until I feel his right thumb land on the bottom of my right boob.</p>
221	<p>You certainly wouldn't accept a blow job from someone if you were thinking about breaking up with her.          ...Happy to get head, is that it? But not happy enough to have sex.</p>
236	<p>Or what if he's telling them about the first time I tried to give him a blow job and didn't get further than that ugly, awkward hunch over his dick?          ...That's probably the most lasting image he'll carry of our relationship—me crouching over his dick, not sucking it... or me lumbering, mud-covered, to a Porta Potti.</p>

Page	Content
250	<p>I kick off my jeans and toss them on my desk chair. After a quick mental debate, I take off my undies too. I pull up my covers and tuck my gift in underneath. I decide to go for the gold, so I set the massager on high and rest it between my legs.</p> <p>Holy!</p> <p>My body scoots away so fast I bang up against the headboard. That was way too intense. I think I need a little buffer, so I decide to place the massager on the other side of the blanket. I also turn the setting down to the lowest level and take things more gradually this time. I set the massager on my calves first. Then my thighs. Then up over my pubic hair. Meanwhile, I slowly tickle my belly and breasts with my left hand. I can't believe I am doing this! It's like I'm seducing myself, and the thought makes me laugh out loud.</p> <p>I close my eyes and try to relax. After a few minutes I spread my legs and rest the head of the massager over my genitals. It feels promisingly good. There's certainly something new and different here that I'd felt only hints of before with Wes—heavier tingles, and a deep pulsing. Soon a pleasant weakness spreads down my arms and legs. I definitely don't want to stop.</p> <p>Almost instinctively, with my right hand I start to move the machine up and down, from the top of my pubic hair line to the sheets. It feels good everywhere, but I start narrowing in on one particular spot, right above my vagina. More tingles and pulses. My heartbeat quickens, and I hold my breath. Suddenly it's as if a huge passageway opens up down there and all my body's energy is racing toward it. Then, an eruption. My hips thrash up and down like crazy, and I grunt as if I have just been kneed in the stomach.</p> <p>I toss the massager aside as the heavenly pleasure continues to wash over my body. I moan again as I feel my lips and cheeks contort. After four or five seconds, the undulating spasms stop, and it's like I'm... floating.</p> <p>...Crying for everything—relief that I'm capable of coming; regret that I hadn't done this to myself sooner; sadness I couldn't share it with Wes; and more than anything, gratefulness that, for a few seconds at least, I forgot all about him.</p> <p>...My tears subside as I reach for the massager. I conjure up my fantasy of being chased on the beach, except this time Amy's stepbrother subs in for Wes. I sweep the machine up and down again and again, and just when it starts feeling amazing, I take it away, stop for a moment, and start again. I do this for what seems like forever until I finally let myself come.</p>
252	<p>I can't blame Amy for being unable to describe an orgasm, because it's so... all over the place, like a combination of receiving a foot massage, jumping on a trampoline, getting tickled, rolling downhill, and peeing after holding it in for three hours. Imagine all that concentrated into a few divine seconds.</p>
261	<p>Q: How do people react to your realistic sex scenes in the book?</p> <p>A: Thankfully, most people respond very positively to the sex scenes precisely because of their realism. Anatomy of a Boyfriend doesn't glorify or in any way promote premarital sex; it merely demystifies what the experience can be like physically and emotionally, good and bad.</p> <p>...Q: Were you embarrassed to show this book to your family because of the sex scenes?</p> <p>A: Of course not! Well, maybe a little bit.... Okay, fine. Yes, I was! I was so embarrassed, in fact, that I never let anyone in my family read the book until after the publisher had bought it and I knew I couldn't hide it any longer.</p>

Page	Content
262	Blume transformed me again at age twelve when I tore through Forever..., which showed me that it's possible to write explicitly about sex without its being gratuitous or sensationalized.

Profanity	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	7
Dick	6
Fuck	14
Goddamn	1
Piss	4
Shit	22