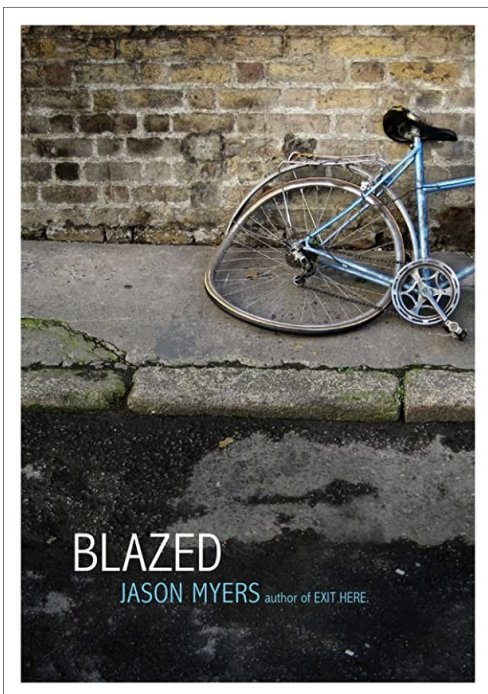


BLAZED



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual battery; excessive/frequent profanity; violence; and drug abuse involving a minor.

Young Adult

By Jason Myers

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CONTENT WARNING

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	<p>I'm fourteen years old now, and I set an oxycontin 30 in the middle of a sheet of aluminum foil the size of my hand. I hold the lighter underneath the foil. When the pill starts to smoke, I chase it back and forth and back and forth with the hollowed-out Bic pen in my mouth.</p> <p>I close my eyes as the smoke slowly releases from my mouth and nostrils. Everything is very different now.</p> <p>I feel like fog.</p> <p>When I open my eyes again, the world is glass and it's beautiful and I'm happy. I'm so fucking happy here.</p>
8	<p>"Stop it, you jerk," she hisses at him.</p> <p>He laughs and rips her arms off him and then slams her back against the cruel brick.</p> <p>"Leave me alone!" she creams this time.</p> <p>But he doesn't stop. He puts his mouth on her neck and jams his hand over her crotch and tells her to calm down.</p>
10	<p>"That cunt doesn't deserve to be touched by me."</p>
27	<p>I crush an Oxy on my desk and just snort the whole pile.</p>
43	<p>Afterward, I jacked off in the park's bathroom and I wrote her name on the stall with my come...</p>
44	<p>I need New York like a need a blow job...I need San Francisco like I need Oxy...</p>
46	<p>I look over the pills and I pick out an Oxy. Then I turn on the sink faucet, fill my cupped hand with water, and wash the pill down.</p>
51	<p>I've read A Season in Hell at least eight times. The first time was when my mother was sleeping with this twenty-one-year-old girl named Simone.</p> <p>...The two of them, they'd do cocaine a lot. They smoked lots of pot, too. And drank tons of wine while they listened to records in the living room. My mother has always slept with women here as far back as I can remember, but I've never seen her as happy as she was with Simone.</p> <p>I walked in on them once.</p> <p>...Simone had my mother bent over the grand piano in our music study at our house. My mother's dress was hiked up to her waist while Simone fucked her. They never saw me that day. My dick got hard. I hid behind the couch in the living room and slid my hand down my jeans.</p> <p>Less than five seconds later, I came.</p>
55	<p>And she says, "We know about that night in New York Jamie. We know your father struck your mother across the face and pushed her down. And we know about the restraining order against him..."</p>
59	<p>Ripping a piece of aluminum foil from the roll next to my desk, I drop a baby blue on it.</p> <p>I smoke the entire pill in less than twenty minutes while I listen to the Growlers album Hot Tropics.</p>
61	<p>I snap a blue in half and drop one of them on a new sheet of foil.</p> <p>When I'm finished smoking that, I put the Growlers back on and slam the rest of that beer while I pack my backpack.</p>

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63	I stop skating for a second and drop a baby blue down my throat.
73	Holding a piece of aluminum foil in my left hand, I chase the dragon. I don't smoke it all, but I smoke enough.
77	I walk into the bathroom and lock the door. Then I grind an Oxy and snort the whole pile with a one-hundred dollar bill.
91	Me, I lock it and then I did the small sheet of foil from my suitcase and drop a blue on it. A minute later I'm coasting through the castle while the Fresh & Onlys song "Waterfall" echoes from the chamber.
107	I'd shoot my father if I had a gun right now. I would. I'd shoot him in the face and laugh as pieces of his skull flew through the air. That fake. The materialistic prick. And then I'd steal a fucking airplane, and fly toward the sun as far as it can go. Then it's done. It's over. It crashes into the ocean, and the waves will swallow me, and no one will hear a thing.
110	After that, I smoked half an Oxy and read some poems by Frank O'Hara. Around eleven, I tried to jack off but I never came. Three times, I worked myself up to the verge of ejaculation only to stop because the scenes in my head weren't the scenes I wanted to come to.
111	My mother told me once that sometimes he'd ask her to dress up like a super-young girl, a young teen, and let him pretend that he was raping her.
112	Like this is the dress a girl wears on a date with some older boy who finally asked her out after she grew some tits. It's the same dress that girl wears when she loses her virginity in the backseat of some shitty Honda that smells like Newport cigarettes and Boone's Farm wine while a Jewel song plays from the speakers. It's the dress that soaks secretly in a bucket of warm water the next morning to get out all the blood that wasn't there before she got fucked. I run my hand down it slowly before crunching the hem in my fist. I hold it up to my nose and bite down on it. I imagine the brutality of the girl putting this dress back on a month later for a date with another boy, a nice boy this time, a boy who will call and make plans to see her again, a boy who won't high-five his stupid friends and laugh every time he sees her, a boy who'll have to wait a long time before he gets to push up the bottom of this dress in a dark room because somebody has to be punished; somebody has to pay for a simple girl's disastrous foray into the false, bright spotlight.
114	And Morgan immediately rolled his eyes, wiped his nose, then laughed, before naming off everything he'd done in the last twenty-four: taking a shower with his chick and balling her in the butt before she moved the rest of her shit out of his apartment, scoring ten handfuls of pills, flying to New York and pissing his pants midflight after falling into a Xanax coma, having drinks with Selena Gomez to discuss a script he was developing for her to star in, him receiving an all-access pass to the M83 show later that night, making plans to go to the show with James Murphy, hanging out at Vice headquarters so they could tape him reading his sort story, "Fisting You on Your Boyfriend's Couch," which is from his short story book, <i>Where the Mean Girls Are</i> , buying a new pair of Asics and grabbing a burrito with Zachary German, and then finally getting into the studio where the

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	interview was taking place and changing into a new suit he'd bought the day before, then talking to Chloe Sevigny on the phone for a half hour text bombing Earl Sweatshirt.
117	Then the store manager, this fucking crusty loser who wore tie-dye shirts, baggy pants, and shorts and sandals, exposed himself to my mother. He cornered her in his office after she used the restroom while we were there once. He groped her and told her he'd give her a thousand dollars' worth of free gear if she gave him a blow job.
120	The most fucked thing I saw, though, was the blow job that my, like, fifty-year-old, married-with-three-kids science teacher got from a student, Byron Malone. ...How he was the one on his knees with a dick in his mouth.
135	Kristen pulls out a cocaine bullet, twists the cap off, and loads a bump. ..."Love my life," Kristen says, then drops the blast pony in her nose. She holds the bullet out and offers me some.
137	Kristen snorts the huge line of cocaine lying across the cover of the Babyshambles record Down in Albion.
138	Tyler's a coke dealer from a wealthy family. He's got a decent-size dick and can be totally fashionable at times, but I find it really gross and psychotic that he's so bothered by my admiration of Kanye.
140	Every guy you've met since you started middle school was only being nice to you because he wants you naked, and your legs spread.
161	Our legs are touching, and I've got another fucking boner.
163	"I hope this next thing doesn't weird you out at all." "What do you mean?" "I watched the videos and I fucked myself with my fingers." Seriously, I might blow my load just listening to her talk right now. And she says, "I've never felt so connected to an orgasm before." After I came, I was covered in sweat and I was exhausted. I didn't even know where I was at first when I opened my eyes..." ...We lock eyes. I'd fuck her right now. Screw the age difference. I want my dick inside of her, even though I wouldn't last longer than thirty seconds.
169	"I stopped after that short story you posted about those two kids, the teenage brother and sister in Kentucky who are fucking each other, then they murder their dad and bury him in a field and run away..." ..."That story was totally hot. Made me wanna fuck my sister."
171	Or if she's fucked both of them at the same time and is going to today. She's a slut. Like, she wants to fuck me because of some poems she saw me read online. It's nice, I guess. I was hard.
173	James dumps an entire bag of coke onto the mirror and starts cutting it with his ID.
199	"Just hold the foil up to the end of the tooter and chase the smoke when it starts peeling off the pill," I tell Kristen. "It's easy. You're just chasing the dragon until your world becomes glass."
200	"He still fucks me all the time and makes me laugh."

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203	<p>“Show it to me,” she said. “Show what to you?” I said back. “You know, it,” she said. We were at her house. Her parents were gone. We were in her bedroom. “My dick,” I said. “Yes. Your dick,” she said back. “I wanna see it.” ...“Come on,” she went. “Just do it. Show it to me.” I was so excited at the same time. So hard. I pulled my jeans and underwear down to my knees and there it was. My hard dick hanging all crooked and to the left. ...She ran a hand down the side of my face. She leaned into me, her face just inches from mine. Her hand slid from my face to my neck and down my chest. Her hand stopped moving once it touched my dick. ...She jerked me once and I came. It shot all over my stomach and my leg. It felt amazing. I felt so good. My eyes were closed. ...She ran her hand through my cum twice. Then she licked the cum off her fingers.</p>
210	<p>...I was indulging in that while they were finger-banging some drunk, passed-out girl. Or crying because they found out their, boyfriend was the bro doing the ginger banging and their best friend was the girl who drank too much and passed out in the wrong place.</p>
225	<p>After I jacked off to these images of me fucking Yolandi form Die Antwoord-twice- I get out of bed, smoke an Oxy,...</p>
227	<p>I think about Selena Gomez now, and start jacking off.</p>
242	<p>...Dominique, she swings her arm gently into me and then slides her fingers down my skin and wraps them around mine. I swing my eyes over to her and she’s looking at me already. This is a fucking dream, right? This is what boys are supposed to live for. This is how we’re supposed to gain our entry into manhood. By satisfying those curious, painful needs. By taking something sweet like this and claiming it and making it ours. By waiting for the night her parents finally go out, then ordered her to take off all her clothes and lie on her bed. By pushing her legs wider and putting your mouth on her wet, tight pussy. By making sure her eyes never leave yours after you’ve stuck yourself inside of her. And by placing your hands around her gentle neck and squeezing it a tiny bit when you come as you try to fend off the shame and guilt that immediately arrive because you weren’t supposed to do that, even if you were.</p>
247	<p>“That miss red, red moon, red nipples, red tongue perhaps,...”</p>
251	<p>“Makes my pussy wet,” she goes, laughing after saying it.</p>
253	<p>“I’m just hoping the boy maybe got his dick sucked a little bit before they fucking popped against that ground.”</p>
257	<p>“Sleeping With Other Women” he wrote the night before with Devendra and how after he sang it to Caralie, she packed her shit and flew back to San Francisco, and how now he’s gonna stay in L.A. for two extra days to try and band M.I.A. or a minor Miler Cyrus (“Make Billy Ray watch and give that creep a real achy breaky heart, that cunt”).</p>

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278	I snap my head all the way back and suck the rest of the Oxy out of my nostrils and down my throat.
293	...Dominique pushes me onto the bed now.
298	Oxy. And that's the night I tried that shit for the first time. And it worked. I'd just manufactured happiness. I found out there was a way to be happy whenever I wanted.
301	And she says, "I ended up fucking this skinny hipster kid. I can remember thinking how fucking disgusting it was while he was on top of me, sweating all over me, how awful his breath smelled, and him saying all this shit to me. I couldn't wait for it to be over, but he was on cocaine and took a Viagra and it just lasted for so long." ..."...He left me in the room after he came. I was naked and dizzy, and I threw up on the floor..."
327	Taking the straw from James's hand, I slide it up my right nostril and plug my left one with my finger and bang it right up there... ...Immediate fucking charge to my brain and my body. Like, damn. I'm really fucking high and it happened so fast.
345	"Me neither," she says, then leans into me and we kiss and we keep kissing and keep kissing, and I even put my hand over her pussy and press on it a couple of times and she bites my bottom lip and moans. ...We kiss again, and this time she puts my hand over her pussy and I rub on it until she bites my bottom lip so hard it bleeds. "Vicious teeth," I say, as I wipe the blood off with my hand. "Vicious pussy, too," she says, then tuns around and runs inside the venue.
356	"He ain't. Dude flips both ways, but he's been into boys a lot more recently. It's all good. That dude loves to suck some cock,..."
363	"Oh you have no idea," she goes, squeezing my hand as my dick plants into my zipper and my jeans push out a few inches.q
364	She kisses me again and then slides her lips down my chin and then down my neck. She sucks on my neck and licks it and then sticks her tongue in my ear. I'm moaning as she undoes my belt and jeans. She pulls them down past my knees and puts her hand on my dick. "Hey," she says. "Hey." "You happy?" "I'm the happiest." She giggles. "Good." Then she kisses me again and says, "I love you, too, Jamie." When she drops to her knees, she pulls my underwear down too and immediately swallows my dick. How I always imagined and fantasized how good this would feel when it happened, times that by a thousand and you're still not close. Dominique works my dick and I put my hand on the back of her head. She takes all of it to the back of her throat. She sucks and she sucks and sucks it while I stare

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	<p>at all the big, bright, shiny lights of San Francisco, the whole city in front me, laid out like a big map of awesome, and about a minute after she started blowing me, my body jumps and it jolts and her head stops bobbing and I come in her mouth.</p>
396	<p>But before I can finish saying that thought, Kristen's mouth is on mine. Her tongue down my throat, wrestling with my tongue. I throw my hands against the sides of her tight body and lean forward and push her on her back. "Fuck me," she says. "Please. I've wanted you to fuck me all week." I get on top of her now and she pulls off her sweater. Her tits are so nice and round and perfect. "I want you," she says as we kiss some more. "Please," she goes. "Fuck me."</p>
405	<p>We kiss finally. It's great to feel those lips against mine again. Her tongue whipping against the walls of my mouth.</p>
415	<p>"I want to have sex with you," I tell her. "Right now. I want to be inside of you."</p>
417	<p>I set my phone down on the desk and then I spit on my hand and start jacking my piece. A minute later, I come into a paper towel. After that, I drop a blue on some foil and take a fucking run with it.</p>
474	<p>We kiss with this passion that's unlike anything we've done before. It's really intense, and my body even shakes as I gently push her on her back and slide my fingers into her pussy and she sucks on them when I pull them out. With my dick hard as a rock now, she goes, "I'm ready for you." "Are you sure?" "Yes," she says. "I've never been more ready for anything." Getting on my knees, I unbutton my pants and push them down. Man, I don't know how long I'll even last. Like, I could blow my load now. Seriously, it takes everything inside of me not to come this second. My skin sucks back into my ribs. My back tightens. My shoulders tense. A line of sweat runs down my forehead. And I don't. Phew. Like that, the entire sensation levels off and I sigh. Sliding her white lace underwear down to her ankles, I lean over her and place my hands just above her shoulders on the cool gravel of the roof, and she goes, "Fuck me." Scooting right in between her legs, right up against her bare pussy not a trace of hair that I can feel, I grab my dick with my right hand and guide it inside her. She moans and grabs the back of my neck, pulling me down to her, and she spits in my mouth. I swallow it right down and then she does it again as I pound her really hard a couple of times. I really start fucking this beautiful girl now. It's so crazy. It feels so amazing. The two of us. Together. The two of us, fucking each other for the first time ever, me losing my virginity to this queen on the roof of some graffiti-covered, abandoned warehouse in San Francisco. It's the boss. Dominique moans.</p>

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	<p>She bites my neck and she bites my chest and, like. Three seconds later, I can't hold it any longer. "You can come," she goes. "Okay." "Pull out, though." "Right," I say. I pull it out and shoot onto the roof. Pulling up my undies and jeans now, we kiss...</p>
514	<p>Sitting down at my computer, I drop an entire blue on the foil. I'm so excited too. Something about this, it leaves me thrilled and in love. Cutting a pen in half, I grab a lighter and I chase this fucking dragon. Its tail is so big and hazy and my eyes blur for a moment before I'm back. The corridors are as beautiful as ever. So perfect. The fogman is back in his palace. After three more hits, I set the foil down and then turn off my phone.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	14
Bitch	16
Cock	1
Cunt	11
Dick	34
Fuck	155
Piss	6
Prick	11
Pussy	20
Shit	139