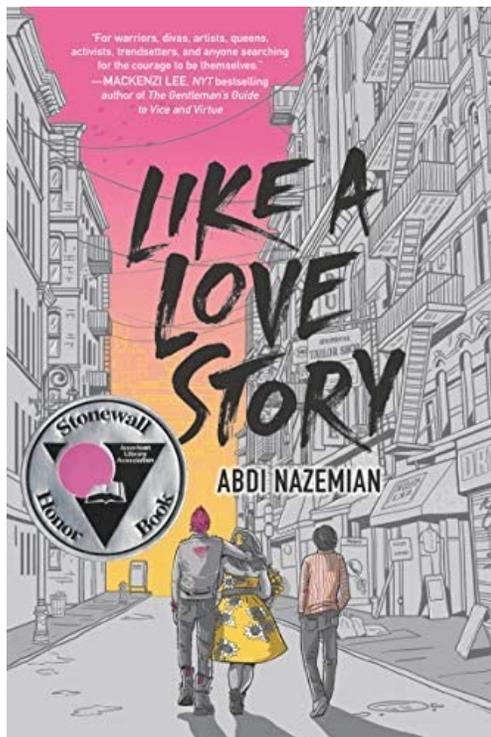


LIKE A LOVE STORY



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; alternate sexualities; and profanity.

Young Adult

By Abdi Nazemian

ISBN: 9780062839381

CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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288	<p>This morning, as I walk into school. I hear them cracking each other up as they call, "Reza, are you ready to strike a pose?" I ignore them. Then, when Art approached me, Darryl says to us, "Hey ladies with an attitude, don't just stand there, lets' get to it!"</p> <p>...Art looks up at them, with defiance I wish I had in me. "Yeah, you fellas in the mood?" he asks lasciviously. "Because I've got some whips and chain in my backpack I'd love to try on you.</p> <p>..."I bet you'd like that," Darryl says in disgust.</p>
293	<p>"This is the only butt that matters in our relationship. No other butts, okay?"</p> <p>...I laugh. I grab his ass stiffly, trying to be as coolly seductive as he is, feeling awkward and foolish instead. "Except for this butt," I say.</p> <p>...I melt into his arms. I want him so bad. I want him to ravish me, I let him put a hand down my pants, feeling the smoothness of my skin in his palms.</p>
319	<p>I grab Saadi by the collar of this blue Lacoste polo and I pull him close to me, and I make out with him, It's furious. Our tongues explore each other. Then his hands are all over me, up the shiny fabric of the purple dress I designed for this party, on my thighs. His breath is heavy, and his hips are thrusting urgently. I feel what I never felt when Reza and I kissed, an erection, Saadi is so hard. He sits up and takes his polo off. His body is thick and his chest has black hair on it. I put my hands on his chest. My fingernails are painted purple too, and they look kind of great against his skin. He puts his hands on my face with a tenderness that surprises me.</p> <p>...He pulls me into a kiss. I explore his mouth with my tongue, feel every crevice of his body with my hands. The coarseness of his skin, the fuzz of his hair.</p> <p>..."Take my dress off," I say, shocked by the commanding tone of my voice. He yanks at the back of my dress.</p> <p>..."Carefully," I warn.</p> <p>..."It's beautiful," he says as he carefully peels it off me. "So are you."</p> <p>...He looks at me, taking my body in. I guide him on top of me, feel his hardness. He wants to have sex, but I tell him I'm not ready.</p> <p>..."Maybe next time."</p> <p>..."Next time?" I ask.</p> <p>...He thrusts against me until he's done, and then he collapses, his head on my breast.</p>
337	<p>"Where did you get a porno magazine?" I ask.</p> <p>...Art laughs. He squeezes my thigh. "Oh Reza. My innocent Reza. The first time I read a porn, I was twelve. I found my dad's stash of Penthouse and Playboy magazines in the back of his closet. Playboy was pretty much useless to me. But Penthouse has these sex stories in them, and they were very hot because there were men in them." I find myself getting hard, and he moves his hands to my crotch, "Just covering up the evidence," he says with a smile.</p> <p>..."Maybe you could...read those stories to me someday. You can't get AIDS from story time."</p> <p>...He laughs, "Any day you want." He squeezes my erection.</p>

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338	<p>Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else, He thrusts faster and faster , until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me.</p> <p>..."Wow," he says. "Guess I won't be wearing these pants tonight."</p> <p>...I notice the gooeey stain on his black jeans, and the wetness on my won blue jeans. "Oh," I said. "I didn't know that you..." I leap off the bed and go to the bathroom, I squeeze some shampoo from a tiny bottle onto a washcloth, get it all wet, and the rub the wetness off my pants. I wash my hands, perhaps too aggressively. I look at myself in the mirror. I tell myself I am okay, that nothing risky happened.</p> <p>..."You okay in there?" Art asks. "You do realize having two pairs of jeans and two pairs of underwear between us is, like, as safe as abstinence, right?"</p> <p>..."I know," I say. And then, closing the door, I add, "I'm going to shower before we meet everyone downstairs."</p> <p>...I turn on the shower, take off my clothes, and get inside. As I touch myself, I imagine Art thrusting on top of me, screaming my name. I close my eyes and let the hot water wash all evidence of my passion away.</p>
385	<p>"Okay," I say. A wave of excitement passes through me at the thought of us naked together.</p> <p>...He starts first. He peels his tight ripped jeans off in the blink of an eye, and then his tank top. And finally, with a smile, his underwear. He waves his underwear around in the air and tosses it at me. I duck and laugh.</p> <p>..."Your turn," he says.</p> <p>..."Yean," I say, ever part of me thrumming with anticipation.</p> <p>...I can feel my arms shaking as I slowly take off my black jeans and my T-shirt. I pause before taking my underwear off. I search his eyes for the reassurance I need. "Art," I whisper. I want to tell him I'm scared, I like feeling it on my tongue. "Art." And then again more decisively, "Art."</p> <p>...We lie naked next to each other, and we kiss for what feels like either a split second or an eternity. It's a kiss that stops time. There is no past or further, just this moment, just this kiss.</p> <p>...Time starts again when he removes his lips from mine and kisses the back of my ears, my neck, my shoulders, my chest. He works his way down. "I want to kiss every part of you," he says. And he does. When he takes me inside his mouth, it's almost over.</p> <p>..."Wait, slowdown," I beg him. And then, when he does, I just repeat, "Wow. Wow. Wow." I must sound like an idiot, but I don't care. I don't feel like an idiot. I feel like me.</p> <p>...I pull him back up when I can't take any more, and I do the same to him. I kiss and lick every inch of skin on his body, tasting the expanse of him, drawing him into me. The moment my lips heave his neck, I miss it already. Then when they leave his chest, I miss that. I want all of him, all at once, all the time.</p>

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	<p>..."I love you," I whisper, my breath heavy.</p> <p>..."Me too," he says, laying me on my back and finding his way on top of me.</p> <p>...I turn to the bedside table and gave a condom. I give it to him with a smile and a nod. "Wow," he says. "Wow, I didn't think..."</p> <p>..."What?" I ask, mischievous. "You thought I'd remain like a virgin forever?"</p> <p>...He beams. A hand on my cheek, he says softly, "Quien es est nino?' Who's that boy?"</p> <p>...I realize I'm a new person now, the person I've been waiting to be. I feel it's only right to quote Madonna back to him, so I kiss him once more, then whisper, "I'm a young boy with eyes like the desert that dream of you, my true blue."</p> <p>...His smile radiates love. "True blue," he repeats.</p> <p>...He tries to open the condom wrapper but fumbles with it. He tries his teeth. I grab it from him and tear it open. I try to put it on him, doing my best to block out why the condom is necessary, trying to forget all those images of death and disease. My hands shake as I place the condom on him. "I think you're putting it on upside down," he says, laughing.</p> <p>...He smiles. I smile. We have a layer of protection between us now. He squeezes some lube onto him, then onto me. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me, or deeper into me, because he's in me now. We thrust and grunt and sweat until we almost fall off the bed.</p> <p>..."I need to catch my breath," he says. Then, with a smile, he adds, "I think this is the first team sport I like."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1