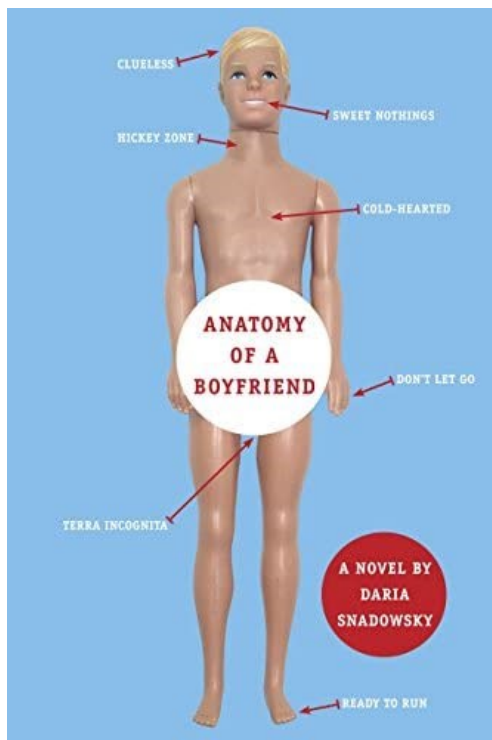


# ANATOMY OF A BOYFRIEND



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities and sexual nudity.

*Young Adult*

**By Daria Snadowsky**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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4	<p>"See him?" she asks me while pointing to one of the senior team's broad-shouldered linebackers, who's also in her woodworking class. "I had this amazingly intense dream about him last night. We were in this, like, psychedelic art studio, and I as posing nude for him-"</p> <p>..."What?" she looks at me innocently. "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-"</p>
17	<p>Amy bets that Dad brings his handcuffs into bed and that Mom disciplines him with a ruler in kinky role-playing sex games,...</p>
23	<p>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>
47	<p>I immediately wonder how many wet dreams he's had on them, and how often he jacks off. I haven't tried touching myself since the time Dad almost walked in on me, although I've thought about it.</p>
101	<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>...I think I was expecting to be embarrassed, but I'm not in the slightest. I want him to see me naked, physically and emotionally. 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. I'm so glad I never let anyone else touch me there before. It's as if I've been holding out for Wes before I even knew he existed. 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>..."Yeah, definitely!" I hear myself answer.</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. Undressing him reminds me of trying to change a sleepy, uncooperative four-year-old into his pajamas.</p> <p>...I hesitate, not sure what to do, but then I slowly place my hands on his flat, almost concave stomach. It's hard and slightly hairy.</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.</p>
104	<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</p>

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	<p>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> <p>...Did he just ejaculate?</p>
112	<p>Wes comes up behind me and cups my breasts in his hands. Almost as a reflex I reach behind me and rub the bulge in his shorts.</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>...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.</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.</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.</p> <p>...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. As I sit there beholding the entire package, I picture myself in a Science Quiz match.</p> <p>...Now for the final question: Does a respectable and responsible seventeen-year-old girl stimulate the penis of her significant other in his grandparent' vacation home while their trusting parents think they are out bowling?...Ms. Baylor?</p> <p>...Hell yes!</p> <p>...I lightly clutch Wes's penis with my right hand and start to stroke it lightly, up and down 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</p>

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	<p>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 guide me through a few strokes. He says it responds well to pressure. When he releases his hold I tighten my grip.</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>...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> <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 lost 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>..."Oh, okay. I understand."</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.</p>

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	But I don't feel guilty. In fact, I can't remember the last time I've felt such a sense of accomplishment.
122	<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>..."Wow," he says, shaking his head. "That's some kind of cruel physics at work. Do you want to stop?"</p> <p>...Stop? On our last night?</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 in 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>
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>..."Thanks. Now I'm never gonna think of Looney Tunes the same way again."</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>..."Nah. To use medical terminology, just 'say aaaah.'"</p> <p>..."Amy! It's a penis, not a tongue depressor."</p> <p>..."Amy! It's a penis, not a tongue depressor?"</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 the 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 and every few seconds so he'll keep going, but I wouldn't say I'm enjoying it.</p>
154	<p>The next few seconds are pretty awkward as I try to reposition my pelvis to accommodate his angel, 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>
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</p>

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	<p>I tell him to stop because I'm too sore down there but that we can try again in the morning.</p>
189	<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."          ... "What do you mean?"          ... I take a package of extra-thin strawberry-flavored condoms out of my purse. "Use on of these this time. I just bought them."          ... "Why-Oh. Okay."          ... 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. Wes sighs as he crosses his arms behind his head and relaxes his body.          ... 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 my nature-image sucking on a rubber band dipped in Kool-Aid.          ... "Dom... I really enjoyed that," he says a few seconds later.          ... "Well, in that case, I plan to do it often," I say cheerily as I peel off the condom.          ... Wes sits up. "Now your turn."          ... "You sure?"          ... "Hell yeah, I've been wanting to for months, but you said you wouldn't let me until you did it to me first. So now you did."          ... Unfortunately, it takes a while before we find a comfortable position. 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 hand off the edge. Wes kneels at the foot of the bed and I rest my thighs on his shoulders. This feels right.          ... 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.          ... And right now all I care about is how good I can make him feel, how close we are right now. I'm able to swallow most of his semen as it shoots into my mouth, and I'm surprised at the lack of taste given how much stuff is in it-glucose, fructose, vitamin C, vitamin B12, Sulphur, zinc, potassium, magnesium, calcium, copper. It's like a perverted multivitamin.</p>
251	<p>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.          ... 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 some thing new and different here that I'd felt only hints of before with</p>

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	<p>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 open 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 been just 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 for or five seconds, the undulating spasms stop, and it's like I'm ...floating.</p>