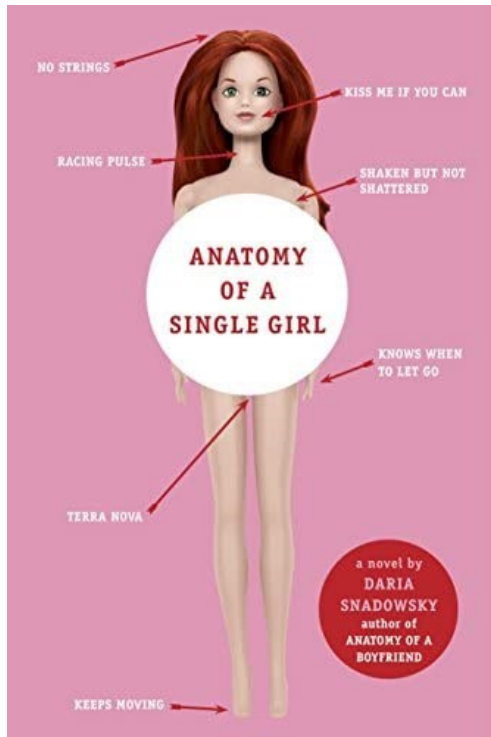


PENDING FINAL REVIEW



# ANATOMY OF A SINGLE GIRL



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity and profanity.

*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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116	<p>"The thing is, Dom, I don't want to risk blue balls. That hurts like a mother."            ..."Uh...well..." I'm still swallowing giggles. "Of course I don't want you to be in pain, but Dad's waiting for me."            ..."I can be quick when I have to."            ...I have no problem saying no to him. Even if Guy gets any discomfort, I've read that it will disappear eventually. But since I'm already late, I suppose another few minutes won't make a difference, so I tell him it's fine.            ...I assume he'll go to the bathroom, or that he'll ask me to wait downstairs. Instead he springs back unto the bed, undoes his fly, and reaches for my right hand. "Wanna help the cause?"            ...I've given my ex dozens of hand jobs in the past, so none of this is foreign to me. Still, I wasn't expecting any nakedness tonight, and I sense my whole body seizing up.            ..."Sorry, Dom. Is this too fast?"            ..."Well, more like too sudden. I just-"            ..."It's cool. I'll be only a minute."            ...Guy then hikes up his T-shirt and pulls down his shorts and briefs so swiftly, I don't have a chance to see his whole penis before he grabs hold of it and starts stroking furiously. I cover my mouth again, astonished he's actually doing this in front of me. I couldn't imagine touching myself with anyone else watching. It just seems so private, like going to the bathroom. But Guy doesn't appear the least bit self-conscious, which I doubly impressive since what he's doing isn't exactly attractive. How is it that human anatomy evolved so that something as stupid-looking as a repetitive back-and-forth movement can generate the peak of physical ecstasy?            ...Guy wasn't exaggerating about being fast. In a matter of seconds he's grunting and convulsing. By the light of the lava lamp, it looks like his chest is being squirted with neon-green silly string.            ...After it's over, Guy reaches for some tissues, which is when I get my first unobstructed view of him. Even in the dark it's clear he's bigger than my ex.</p>
123	<p>I even feel an illicit thrill from them knowing that there's more to me than the grade-grubber most people pigeonhole me as. It makes me extra eager to take things further with Guy, which he must perceive, because after only a few minutes of kissing, I feel his right hand slither up my arm and over my collarbone before settling over my right breast.            ..."This cool so far?" he asks while gliding his hand to my left one.            ..."Well...my shirt loves it, but I don't feel a thing." I reply with a boldness I didn't know I was capable of.            ..."Okay." He laughs. "I get the hint."            ...Guy begins unlacing my peasant blouse. I'm also wearing a camisole and bra, despite it being ninety degrees outside. Even though I already counted on us shedding our clothing tonight, I wasn't to have on as many layers as possible to give myself extra time to back out in case I started having doubts.            ...A minute later Guy easily unclasps my bra but pauses without moving the straps. It's my final chance to object, but I still have no impulse to stop. I'm glad I prolonged this whole process, thought. A boy sees a girl topless for the first time</p>

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	<p>only once, and the anticipation of the big reveal is really exciting. I feel like I'm a present being unwrapped. I nod of Guy to go ahead. He slowly draws the bra off. ...Then he just grins for a moment before tearing off his own shirt, lunging downward like a hawk, and sucking my nipples. It's wrong that an act meant for nursing infants should feel this good. Next, he nestles his nose in between my breasts and motorboats away, which doesn't feel as good as it does gratifying. Of all the far more endowed girls in Fort Meyers, Guy's choosing to do this with me. Soon we're Frenching again while Guy kneads both my breasts with is hands, and I'm getting so turned on, I yank down his cargo shorts and let him slip off my capris, which also takes him a while, since I purposely wore my pair with a button fly. When he starts fiddling with the hem of my panties, I wait for my conscience to flood with misgivings about exposing my crotch to a boy I've known for only two weeks. Instead I feel myself nodding once more, and suddenly I'm nude.</p>
126	<p>I spin around to Guy and practically slam his hand against my breast before tumbling with him onto the bed. Soon I let my knees fall open so he can roll on top of me.</p> <p>..."But we-we can't do it," I stammer between kisses. "As least not tonight. Maybe never. I'd like to but-"</p> <p>..."It's okay, Dom. We don't need it."</p> <p>...Then, with nothing but his boxers separating us, he starts slowly rocking against me. It's so nice, I almost forget to breathe.</p> <p>..."This is cool so far?" he asks while licking my chest.</p> <p>...I nod as familiar tremors build up inside me that make me writhe and arch my back. "Ohs" and "yeahs" soar from my lips, and the tremors now coalesce into the sensation of a tidal wave building up down there. Guy revs up his speed, and he's so hard, I'm astounded he hasn't punctured through his underwear. Finally I wrap my legs around him tightly, and coaxing the wave to swell higher, and higher.</p> <p>...I grab Guy's pillow again this time to hold it over my mouth so my voice won't carry. It doesn't end up mattering thought, because Guy comes shortly after me and does nothing to muffle his moans, which sound like a savage animal being sacrificed.</p> <p>..."Wow," Guy says, peeling off his now-drenched boxers and tossing them onto the floor. "It was so hot watching you come."</p> <p>...That's the strangest compliment I've ever received. "Seriously?"</p> <p>..."Yeah. Normally I can hold off a lot longer, but seeing you lose yourself like that...Man, it drove me wild." Guy lies back down next to me. "I felt bad last night that I was the only one getting off, so today I'm glad things were equal."</p>
136	<p>Another pro-although it's more of a fringe benefit since I'd never use this as a reason to go all the way-is that having sex would take the focus off oral sex, which I don't want to do to Guy. After he went down on me last night, he looked really disappointed when I didn't reciprocate, even though he said it was okay. But when I gave blow jobs to my ex, I secretly hated it. What's pleasant about sucking on a stiff, veiny appendage that spurts pee and sperm? It made me nearly retch and give me a neck ache. Come to think of it, hand jobs weren't very enjoyable, either. And since Guy's not committing to me, I'm even less inclined to perform any "job" on him.</p>

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156	<p>I stay up until three reading Cosmo articles about “great sex” tips, which I test out when Guy and I resume doing it the following afternoon. First I lift my leg up over his shoulder, which supposedly does the trick for a lot of women, but I’m not flexible enough to pull this position off for long. Then next time we do it, Guy tries rubbing my clitoris with his fingers, though it’s uncomfortable having his hand wedged between us, and we give up on that quickly too.</p> <p>...“Dom, you know you can move and stuff, right?”</p> <p>...“Move? I lift my head off the pillow, “I move all the time.”</p> <p>...“Not just your arms and legs but, like, your hips. That what the other girls did.”</p> <p>...“Oh. How’d they do it exactly?”</p> <p>...“Well, everyone had their own thing.” He wiggles his pelvis back and forth, side to side, and then around. “And they definitely liked it more.”</p> <p>...“All right” I say, my enthusiasm rekindled. “I’ll try.”</p> <p>...Soon we’re at it again, and now I know why I didn’t move before-because I couldn’t, at least not easily. It takes work to maneuver with a heavy male midsection sandwiching you against a bed. At one point I do manage to arch my back so Guy’s entering me at more of an angle toward my stomach, and immediately I get a kind of hot flash from deep within myself that I’ve never felt before. I can’t take his weight for more than a couple seconds, thought, before my back drops flat against the mattress.</p> <p>...“Dammit,” I mutter. “I was getting somewhere.”</p> <p>...Guy rolls off me and says, “Dom, I really think you should get on top.”</p> <p>...“I told you last night I like being on the bottom.”</p> <p>...“But obviously that’ not cutting it. C’mon. The Lilith wouldn’t ‘lie beneath’ Adam. Have you had a bad experience on top of something?”</p> <p>...“No. I’ve never done it.”</p> <p>...“So what’s stopping you?”</p> <p>...Because if sex feels awkward, it must look awkward, and as long as we’re in the missionary position, I’m largely covered.</p> <p>...“Okay, Adam. You win this time.” I sit up and command him, “On your back, stat!”</p> <p>...Once he reclines, I hold up his penis with my fingers and straddle him before slowly descending on it. Then I just sit there for a moment, our torsos at right angles, taking in this new vantage point. I was certain I’d miss that safe feeling of having guy’s weight on me, but it’s liberating not being pegged underneath him. Now the only part of me that’s really being toughing is my insides, and I can center all my attention on that without distraction.</p> <p>...Guy gently pushes his pelvis upward, so I begin moving with him and then against him at varying speeds and directions. At first I don’t care how it feels and just revel in my newfound freedom. It must look like I’m hula-hooping and riding a pogo stick simultaneously. But eventually I arch my back again to see if I can re-create that fiery sensation from before. I do. I keep on moving.</p> <p>...I’m glad the other Betas are far away playing paintball, because when I climax, I couldn’t have stayed silent if I’d tried to. The intensity’s beyond anything I’ve ever experienced before with Guy or by myself. My skeleton feels like a tuning fork that’s been struck. I actually kind of hurts, but it’s in an exquisite way. If love and hate aren’t true opposites, perhaps neither are pleasure and pain-if you go far</p>

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	<p>enough in one extreme, it resembles the other. The shriek I let rip certainly doesn't sound like I'm enjoying myself, and the groans I hear on the hospital wards could easily pass for orgasms. Now I understand what Amy meant at IHOP last week when she said sex with Joel made her feel like she was going to die.</p> <p>...When Guy finishes, I'm too keyed up to lie down with him. Instead I bound up from the bed to walk it off around his room.</p> <p>..."You okay?" Guy calls after me, but I don't respond. My brain's like vapor, and tingles continue coursing up and down my legs. Then he switches on his lamp.</p> <p>"Damn, Dom. Are you crying?"</p> <p>..."Hmmm? No."</p> <p>...but I brush my fingers across my cheeks, and sure enough, there're tears. My hands are quivering, too. I look back at Guy.</p> <p>..."I came!" I yelp.</p> <p>..."No shit, Sherlock. I could feel it."</p> <p>..."It was like....time-slowng, space-curving-"</p> <p>..."Now you're speaking my language."</p> <p>...He cracks up laughing, but I'm not kidding. It's as though I pledged a secret sorority, and the members are the women who discovered firsthand that sex is about so much more than reproduction or pleasing your partner or trying to get closer to each other. I make a mental note to look into buying one of those internal vibrators Amy mentioned. I'll be damned if a man's my only gateway to feeling this heavenly.</p>
162	<p>Before long, I lose count of how many times we do it, and in all the different way we try it. It's not always good. But the more we do it, the more I learn what to do to make it good, and the less inhibited I feel instructing him about what to do to make it good. But my favorite position is still with me on top, since it allows me the most control. I even start giving Guy head-not because it suddenly feels better, but because I'm thinking of it differently. Down there I'm in the lead, and it's fun making him react wo whatever I choose to do to him.</p> <p>...What's freaky is that having all this sex makes me feel similar to when I was in love, but without any of the doubts of longings. It's like I'm the healthiest I've ever been, and that I'm always on the heels of the best workout of my life. My skin's radiant, too-my supervisor asks if I've gotten new makeup, and I'm not even wearing any. Amy says I'm in the "sex haze," which sounds about right. All day I'm on a cloud as I look forward to what new flavors of pleasure Ill discover that evening at Guy's.</p>
163	<p>A minute later we're passing the Physical Sciences Complex, and I point to it and whisper eagerly, "We can go to your lab!" I start jumping in place, excited to play out my schoolgirl fantasies of Mr. Chesnoff and me doing it on his office desk.</p> <p>..."Dom, screwing in a physics building is just a couple rungs up from whacking off in the library stacks. I'm not gonna be that dude."</p>
166	<p>"You know, I've always been too scared to night swim, but the water's still pretty calm. Maybe if we go in just a couple of feet and I sit on your lap or something, we could do it without it looking like we're doing it."</p>
172	<p>From the moment Guy appears at my door Friday night, time turns into a blur of hedonism and endorphin highs. We never plan farther than the present moment,</p>

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	<p>we try anything and everything that comes to mind, and I think about nothing except how my body feels. When we're not doing it, we're watching TV or rinsing off in my shower, where we just end up doing it again. I had already stocked the fridge before he came over so there'd be no need to go out or order in delivery. Guy and I don't even wear clothes until Sunday, when I wake up early to cook us brunch. I serve it out on the terrace, the only space in the apartment where we haven't gone all the way in the last thirty-six hours. Normally I would've considered it gross to have sex on my parents' bedroom floor or on the living room loveseat, where my parents sit, but with the apartment going on the market soon, no location seems sacred.</p>
184	<p>Amy once told me that the hottest sex she ever had with Joel was after they argued. In their case, though, the issue was Joel getting upset that Amy let a guy friend pose nude in front of her so she could sketch him for her life drawing class. ...I know this isn't me, and I can't keep doing this forever, but as long as I'm here... ...I smile at Guy. "Well, I suppose we should check you out to see if everything's okay."          ...I sit on his lap and unzip his fly.          ..."Dom, you're positive you want this?"          ..."Yes. Tonight, we're not friends."          ...We do it twice. Technically it's good, but make-up sex or not, this morning's reality check makes everything feel off.          ...In an effort to keep things more strictly sexual than before, I'm constantly thinking to myself how Guy's not so much a boyfriend as an activity partner of a "fuck buddy." I never lean over to kiss him like I normally would. I even throw my head back so I don't have to look at him, abandoning all thought of anything but me. I had assumed before that I could never touch myself in front of anyone else, but sex now kind of feels like I'm just masturbating with a guy.</p>

Profanity	Count
Shit	1