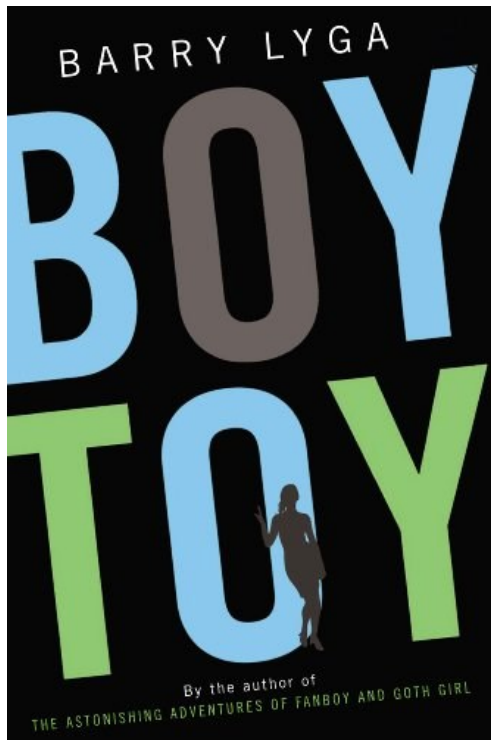


# BOY TOY



*Young Adult*

**By Barry Lyga**

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## **Book Summary:**

A young man recalls the molestation he endured by his teacher when he was twelve years old.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains explicit sexual activities including a minor with an adult; sexual nudity; and excessive/frequent profanity.

**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	<p>She was my size, in a loose sleeveless top and a skirt worn low on her frame. Too skinny, to tell the truth; her skirt was tight enough to emphasize the lack of hips, low enough to expose her concave belly.</p>
7	<p>She wiggled on my lap. I wasn't worried about the chair. I couldn't let this continue. I struggled to move her off me, our bodies chafing against each other. Her butt slipped and ground against my pelvis in a way that was almost pleasant, almost painful.</p> <p>...Like so many girls, she emphasized the positive, though, with tight jeans and skirts designed to show off the legs and ass toned over months of beating the throw to first. Up top, she favored the loose blouses and shirts that hinted that maybe, maybe, something was starting to sprout under there.</p>
10	<p>She leaned in even closer; her blouse brushed against my hand. Then her lips pressed to my cheek. They were slippery with too much lipstick. She fumbled for a minute, adjusting, and eventually found my lips. More slimy lip action. "Don't you like me?" she whispered.</p> <p>—touch—  —lick—  —OK—  —yes—</p> <p>..."Kiss me," she said, and kissed my lips again, this time probing with her tongue. I opened my mouth and she sighed deep in her throat when our tongues touched. It sounded familiar. Universal. I closed my eyes again and pretended. Pretended I wasn't in a closet in the Madisons' basement, with Zik and Michelle intertwining their fingers ten feet away through a cheap fiberboard door. Pretended I wasn't sitting cross-legged across from a flat-chested girl with freckles and a too-slutty skirt that looked wrong on her but would have looked so right on someone else.</p> <p>Instead, I moved forward with my body and my tongue. I heard a familiar grunt of approval. I reached out to touch her</p> <p>—touch—  —yes—</p> <p>and slid my hands down to the bare skin between the blouse and the skirt. I crushed my face to hers, let my hands move the way they wanted, the way they knew . . .</p>
23	<p>Just then—it's really embarrassing—I flicker—slide my hand up her skirt—and come back to the present.</p>
25	<p>She doesn't have to tell me who she is—  —tongue tracing a line of cool heat up—  and I blink, actually jerking my head at the power of it.</p>
43	<p>Her hips have rounded a bit—helps her on the pitcher's mound, and makes it fun to watch her walk away. Her breasts topped out at A cups, but she makes the most of them.</p>
44	<p>I start to follow her, then stop when I realize how bizarre it is to be chasing after the girl—the woman—I molested.</p> <p>...I could have lived my entire life a happy and fulfilled man without learning that my mother has a thong—  —push it aside—</p>

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46	State police arrested Sherman five years ago based on allegations that she had engaged in sexual activity with a local minor male while she taught at South Brook Middle School. She was also accused of providing that same student with alcohol.
50	<p>Through the ductwork that runs along the ceiling of the house, you can hear a lot at night when it's still. And, yes, that means I can hear my parents having what they call sex. This isn't quite as creepy as it seems; I've been hearing this every once in a while as long as I can remember, though the frequency over the past few years has been nearly nonexistent.</p> <p>...After some rustling of bedclothes and squeaking of bed-springs, there's silence until Mom starts to complain and Dad says, "I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry," and I turn over in bed, pull the pillow around my ears, and force myself back into sleep before I can finish the thought, before I can finish thinking, I do it better.</p>
69	You mean they can only have sex with the person who abused them?
79	I shouldn't be so mean about Zik and Michelle, about her whipping him, about the stupid movie dates. It's jealousy in part, I admit. Zik's got a regular warm body at his disposal, and what a hell of a body it is. Michelle's been blessed with the Jurgens Asset, a rack that makes grown men weep and teenagers faint dead away from the sudden rush of blood away from the brain. I'd never tell Zik that I love sneaking looks at Michelle's tits (especially in the summer, when she wears these thin little halter tops that are completely and gloriously inappropriate for someone so well endowed), because you just don't talk about a guy's girlfriend like that.
89	<p>"Rachel! God! I was—I was embarrassed. I practically raped you in that closet! I couldn't even think about looking you in the eye."</p> <p>"You didn't practically rape me, you bonehead! I was coming on to you!"</p> <p>"Oh, right. Like you wanted to have sex with me right there in the closet, with Zik and Michelle on the other side of the door!"</p>
90	<p>She leans in closer and kisses me on the lips.</p> <p>It's not like last time. Her lips are dry, naked, firmer than before. I fight the warring urges in my body; I want to grab her and pull her closer, but that would scare the living shit out of her, so I also want to break away and run like hell. It's been like this with every girl. I flicker, seeing Eve before me, and my reflexes rear up, telling me what to do, what needs to be done, what she needs, what I need, what she insists be done. My hands tremble and the tremble reminds me I'm wearing a glove, and that somehow brings me back to the real world as Rachel pulls back.</p> <p>"It's better if you open your mouth," she says.</p> <p>"Yeah. I know."</p> <p>"I know you do."</p>
91	<p>"We were too young for . . . for what I tried to do."</p> <p>"Says who? You had a hell of a lot of experience by then, didn't you?"</p>
92	<p>Like standing perfectly still and close-mouthed while Rachel tries to kiss me.</p> <p>...My sex life is practically an open book to anyone with the time and patience to browse the Internet.</p>
93	She stoops to pick up her glove and the ball, giving me a glimpse of her butt as it tenses under the tight shorts. I don't think there's an ounce of unneeded flesh on her. It's all lean muscle, perfectly toned, and I have to stop thinking like this—it's no good.

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	<p>“Yeah, a bet.” She smiles at me knowingly; she knew I was checking out her ass. What’s more, she didn’t mind.            ...Doesn’t she know I’m a sex fiend?</p>
133	<p>“Man,” Zik went on, “if it was me, I woulda seen the bedroom. I woulda gone there and snooped around, you know? See if she has any porn or lingerie.”</p>
137	<p>When I woke up, my pajamas were sticky and wet. At first I thought I’d wet the bed, but then I realized. I sneaked into the bathroom to clean up, then changed into fresh pajamas. I balled up the old ones and jammed them deep into the hamper, hoping that Mom wouldn’t notice when she did the wash.            It was tough to focus in history that day—I felt like Mrs. Sherman could tell that I dreamed about her.            ...I imagined Mrs. Sherman standing up at her desk while it was just the two of us in her classroom, unbuttoning her blouse, slowly, letting it slide down her shoulders and arms like water from a pool or a bath, then reaching around to unfasten her bra—</p>
143	<p>“What do you like about the art?” She sipped at her wine.            But . . .            Her boob . . .            Her breast . . .            Was just resting against my shoulder!            I could feel it, the side of it! Her breast lay there, heavy against me, yielding just slightly.            ...Her breast.            “Wow,” she said, and pulled me tight against her for a brief, glorious moment. Her breast just smashed against me for that instant and my throat tightened and I was rock hard in no time flat, near to hyperventilating, and then she pulled away.</p>
144	<p>I sat in front of the TV and prayed that she wouldn’t sit where she could see my lap, but she did. I held the Xbox controller there and unpaused the game just as a dinosaur came on screen and made the controller vibrate with the shaking of its footsteps.            “Does that vibrate?” she asked, as if discovering this for the first time.            ...“Um, yeah.” And, in fact, it was vibrating against me right now, and I wanted very much for it to stop.            “Let me see.”            I handed over the controller, leaning in such a way as to conceal (I hoped) my lap. She took the controller and jumped a little at its vibration, then laughed and said, “No wonder George likes this one,” before handing it back immediately.            I sat there with the controller and an erection and my eyes locked on her left foot and its pink toenails.</p>
145	<p>That night, I lay in bed and replayed the breast, the pull closer, the toenails, the hair-ruffling over and over in my mind. To my shame, I had to change my pajamas before I even fell asleep.            ...I put my arm around her waist in turn, aware of how close to her breast and hip my hand was, midpoint between two things I wanted to touch very badly. On the other side, her breast and hip pressed against me, making me dizzy, the very opposite of what hanging on to each other was supposed to accomplish. I was glad for the long winter coat that hid my hard-on, and the slippery stairs that made it OK for me to walk a little funny.</p>
147	<p>It wasn’t just that by leaning back her breasts pushed up and strained against the material of her blouse. No. It’s that her legs were slightly apart, and thanks to the reflection in the</p>

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	<p>glass-topped coffee table, I could see . . .  I could see.  Right up her skirt.  Right up to her panties.  At least, I think they were panties. There was almost nothing there, just a strip of shiny black material. I thought I would explode. I was like an animal trying to cross the highway, caught halfway, terrified by the loud sounds and zooming metal things but unable to move for all that fear. I couldn't make myself look away, but at the same time I knew I had to look away, that at any moment she could look down or look over at me and see me doing this, doing this horrible, horrible thing.  My mouth went dry and I licked my lips. I was losing my mind.  ...I couldn't even see the screen. All I could see was that reflection in my mind's eye, the smooth skin of her thighs, the darkening under the skirt, leading to that shiny patch of black material. God! I knew I would never be soft again.  ...So engrossed that I couldn't possibly have just been looking up her skirt five seconds ago.  ...I unfolded myself from the floor and, miracle of all miracles, my erection had subsided.</p>
150	<p>That night, I did my best not to think of Eve as I lay in bed. It was pure torture; she had become a part of my nightly ritual, to the point that I didn't put on my pajamas until I'd already added another wad of tissues to the trash can.</p>
151	<p>Zik smuggled one of his brother's Playboys into school one day and we sneaked off during recess to page through it, saving the centerfold for last.  ...“What do these numbers mean?” I asked. “Thirty-four C—”  As usual, Zik had the scoop—his dad and brother were a font of this sort of information. “Those are measurements. Here, here, and here,” he said, cupping imaginary breasts, then hands to his waist, then his hips.  “I don't get it. What do the numbers mean?”  “Thirty-four C is, like, her bra size, J. Thirty-four C is good.”  We caressed the centerfold with our eyes again. “Well, obviously. But what does it mean?”  “I don't know! What is it with you? Can't you just stare at the tits?”</p>
154	<p>“You've got some of my lipstick from the glass right . . . Ah.” She stroked the pad of her thumb across my lips, wiping away the lipstick. It took all my willpower not open my mouth and taste her thumb.</p>
156	<p>In bed a little while later, I thought about the kiss. I focused on the memory, trying to transfer the sensation of her lips from my cheek to my lips, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't stop thinking about the taste of her lipstick.  I lay awake a long time and went through many tissues before I slept.</p>
158	<p>I went into the living room.  On the TV, there were three people. A man and two women. They were naked. And they weren't sitting around talking about the weather.  ...I had seen naked bodies before, thanks to Zik's filching of his Dad's and Mike's porn, but never in motion. And never with sound. I stood, paralyzed, as the three people on screen entwined themselves into something that looked almost painful. The sounds they were making didn't sound painful, though. They were quite the Happy Trio.  ...I slowly came to realize that my heart was pounding ferociously and I was fiercely erect at the same time. The images and sounds from the DVD seemed to be imprinted on my brain itself, pressed there like a fossilized footprint.</p>

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	<p>...It was there as I thought of Eve curled up on the sofa with George, watching naked people have sex, kissing him with those lips, kissing him on the lips, not caring if he had a smear of lipstick on his cheek or lips.</p> <p>...Eve lay on the bed, turned on her stomach, one leg brought up, the knee bent. The room was dark, but I could make out the smooth curve of her calf, the crook of her knee before her leg disappeared up her skirt.</p> <p>I trembled in the doorway. I had meant to tell her about the DVD, but she was sleeping, her back softly rising and falling with each breath. I took a step into the room; she didn't move.</p> <p>What did her leg feel like?</p> <p>I was possessed by a sudden urge to lay my palm flat on her calf and run it up to her knee, taking the curve into the hollow there, then running up—</p> <p>...My breath was so loud that I thought she had to hear me. She would wake up and turn to see me standing there, evidence of my lust tenting the front of my jeans.</p> <p>But I didn't care. I wanted her to see. Somehow, imagining her seeing drove the image of her and George on the sofa out of my mind, and it was very important that I kill that image. I took another step. My feet made no sound on the carpet. My hand, running up her leg, up under the skirt . . . fingertips brushing against . . . against . . . shiny black—</p>
161	They had sex.
162	<p>Hated her for loving George, for kissing him, for having sex with him.</p> <p>...I hardly saw the game—I was seeing the Happy Trio, seeing George and Eve in my mind. Seeing Eve and me in my mind.</p>
163	<p>It was so weird—one second, I was in the car, fuming in the dark. The next, I was back in Eve's apartment, two steps into her bedroom, my hand twitching as I contemplated touching her calf and running my hand up her skirt . . .</p> <p>I blinked and I was back in the car. I gasped at the shock. It had been so real. I hadn't just remembered the moment in her bedroom. I had relived it. I was there again, for just a second.</p>
164	<p>I dreamed of Eve, of course. Dreamed of her sleek and free like the women in the Happy Trio.</p> <p>...I thought of the backs of her legs, of the scent of the lotion, the feel of it, slippery. Dozing, they became Eve's legs.</p>
166	<p>But most of all, fear of Eve.</p> <p>Fear that she knew about my dreams. Fear that she'd seen me looking down her blouse or up her skirt. Fear of what happened to me when I was around her—I didn't understand the rising welter of guilt, shame, and terror that somehow, in some twisted way, made me feel good . . . for a little while, at least.</p>
170	I shouldn't have mentioned the Xbox! That conjured the moaning ghosts of the Happy Trio.
172	<p>It made me horny in the way that Zik's near-endless supply of Playboys did. But it was different because Zik wasn't around. Because there was motion and sound. Because it was in Eve's apartment, with Eve sleeping down the hall, on her stomach on the bed, one leg cocked—</p>
173	<p>But I think the Happy Trio had other words for it.</p> <p>"They were kissing . . ."</p> <p>Yes, they were definitely doing that.</p>

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	<p>"Do you want to kiss me, Josh? Is that it?"            "I can't—I can't—you're my teacher." I wanted to kill myself right then and there.</p>
174	<p>I was trying to figure out what she was sorry about when she kissed me. Not on the cheek this time. Not for just a second. Her lips against my lips.            ...—hand running up—            and rallied back just as I felt something warmer and softer and stronger than her lips pressing against my lips. Her tongue oh wow shouldn't that be gross someone's tongue but it isn't it is glorious pressing against my lips, prying them open, and then her tongue inside my mouth like in the movies—I realized, This is how they kiss in the movies and sparks flew in my brain, ricocheting in my consciousness and igniting me all over.            I probed at her tongue with my own. Yow! It was like sticking a fork in a socket. My mind melted. Everything I was or would be boiled down to the tip of my tongue.            Our tongues danced around each other. I tasted the wine on hers. Could she taste the Coke on mine? She traced the edges of my teeth, slid around the confines of my mouth as if seeking out every last trace of taste from me.            I couldn't stand it. I had to—            I pushed forward the tiniest bit and forced her tongue out of my mouth . . . following it back into her mouth with my own, our lips fused as if with glue.            I followed her lead, exploring the inside of her mouth, dueling with her tongue, rooting out the flavor of the white wine and the even sweeter taste of her own saliva. It should have been gross. I always imagined it would be gross. But it wasn't.</p>
176	<p>"Listen to me very carefully," she said on the way. "What we did was fine. We care about each other, and when people care about each other, they kiss. You know that, right?"            ...I was a little annoyed. I wasn't a baby. "Yes."            ..."But you know I could get in trouble for it, right? I mean, I could lose my job. I could go to jail." Her fingers strummed on the steering wheel.            ..."I know."            ..."So-and I know I've said this before-you can't tell anyone what we talked about or what we did. OK?"            ..."Uh-huh."            ..."Promise me, Josh. Promise me you'll never tell anyone."            ...I promised. Why would I tell anyone? If I told anyone, they would know what I had thought and seen. They would know I'd lusted after Eve, know that I'd spied on her while she slept, that I'd dreamed about her even while awake. I couldn't tell anyone.            ..."OK." We pulled into my driveway. The house was dark, the driveway bare. I started to open the door, but Eve stopped me with a hand on my shoulder. The dome light dimmed and we were in darkness.            ...She looked around for a second, then leaned toward me. I met her halfway and she kissed me again, a shorter but no less electric version of what we'd shared in the apartment.            ..."To keep you warm tonight." She giggled. I don't know why-I felt like I'd be warm forever.</p>
180	<p>FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS, this is how it went: I would go home with Eve after school and we would spend an hour or so on the sofa, kissing. She taught me what she liked, training my lips and tongue, an education in when to thrust and be aggressive and when to tease, passive. Her hands roamed my upper body the whole time, tracing electric charges over my chest and stomach and back and shoulders. Everywhere she touched me felt</p>

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	<p>supercharged. I put my arms around her, touching only her back, exulting in the glory of her body pressed tightly to mine.</p> <p>...It took a while, but eventually my erection would subside. My Xbox play suffered; I really sucked after a make-out session with Eve. I couldn't concentrate. I flickered like the images on the screen.</p> <p>If George was working late, we would cook dinner together, like we were married or something, and have another brief make-out session on the sofa while dinner cooked, stopping with the buzz of the oven timer. Sometimes she unbuttoned my shirt or (if it was a pullover) pulled it out of my waistband and skipped her nails lightly across my chest, a sensation I can only describe as . . . indescribable.</p> <p>...We would stop up the road from my house out of range of the streetlights and nosy neighbors, for one last brief kiss.</p>
181	<p>It was a Friday afternoon, and Eve seemed particularly aggressive, moaning deep in her throat as we kissed and clawing at my back through my shirt. The lights were off, the room lit by candles placed on the coffee table. As Eve pulled back from me, her face was a gorgeous painting, sections drenched in black, others lit in a flickery orange. She was gasping, and so was I. Her hand lingered on my belly, stroking gently back and forth. I waited for her to get up and go into the bedroom, like she usually did. Instead, she leaned in and nibbled on my ear (another thing I never would have imagined could feel good . . . but did) and whispered, "You poor thing."</p> <p>I liked the way her voice went husky and breathy when we were alone.</p> <p>"What do you mean?"</p> <p>"I think I've been torturing you. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to."</p> <p>"What?" My head was spinning as her tongue found its way into the shell of my ear, flicking lightly, sending sparks down into my brain.</p> <p>"It's so selfish of me," she whispered, and her hand moved farther south. When she touched my belt, I hitched up a breath and jerked involuntarily. "Shh! Shh!" she said. "It's OK."</p> <p>"I'm sorr—" I started to say, but then her hand went lower, touching me through my jeans. Oh, God! She knew! She knew I had an erection! I wanted to melt away from embarrassment then and there.</p> <p>"Don't be sorry. What are you sorry for?" It had to be a rhetorical question, because she shoved her tongue into my mouth just then and I was helpless as she found my zipper and pulled it down.</p> <p>If I'd thought that the feel of her tongue on my ear or her nails on my naked chest were phenomenal, then I had absolutely no idea what to expect and no way to be prepared when her hand slipped into my fly. There was nothing tentative about it—her fingers didn't brush against me gently, they sought me out and grabbed. I groaned into Eve's mouth, was greeted with a groan in return.</p> <p>It only took a few seconds for her to navigate the fly of my boxers and then her fingers were on me directly. I saw explosions of light against my eyelids as my eyes squeezed tightly shut. Before I knew it, she had me out in the open and broke our kiss.</p> <p>I looked at her as she looked down into my lap. "Well," she said. "Well."</p> <p>And started to do to me what I had been doing to myself two, sometimes three, times a day. Only it was so much better.</p> <p>"Can you . . ." She stopped. Stopped talking, that is.</p> <p>"What?" I was shocked I could even speak.</p>



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	<p>“Never mind,” she whispered. “I want to be surprised.”</p> <p>I didn’t understand, but seconds later I didn’t even understand how to breathe as a kaleidoscope of stars exploded behind my eyes, leaving fire trails like bottle rockets. Eve giggled a little and murmured something that sounded like, “That answers that.” She kissed me on the cheek and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. I slumped on the sofa in something like shock until I heard her open the bathroom door and close the bedroom door. Then I went to clean myself up and straighten my clothes.</p>
184	<p>Did she ever kiss him like she kissed me? I thought about it—I had never seen my parents kiss like that, either. Maybe . . .</p> <p>...I knew married people had sex because I’d heard my parents. But they didn’t seem to kiss a lot. And Eve and George weren’t kissing. Maybe they didn’t have sex, either?</p>
187	<p>AS ALWAYS, ZIK WAS MY FONT OF KNOWLEDGE for all things sexual. He eavesdropped on his brother and father all the time, got to watch Kevin Smith movies on cable at home, and had that nigh-endless supply of fresh nudie magazines to consult.</p> <p>...I didn’t specifically tell him anything about Eve and me, just sort of made some calculated, seemingly random musings, and learned that I had been the recipient of my first “hand job,” which sounded exactly like what it had been.</p>
191	<p>I went to Eve’s every day after school, as usual, and for the first few days, we had our usual make-out session, now bolstered by the mind-blowing hand jobs that I replayed each night at home.</p> <p>...The next day, on her sofa, she did something different. She fished me out of my fly and then, to my astonishment and complete disbelief, leaned down and took me into her mouth. I thought my eyes would melt out of their sockets.</p>
193	<p>That afternoon, the last time we’d be together before Christmas break, lit by the usual candles, I received my second one, which was even better than the first because I was prepared to enjoy it. Eve once again withdrew into the bedroom while I lay about in a stupor of flickering recollection and pleasure aftershocks.</p> <p>She wasn’t in the bedroom as long as usual, but when she came out, she wasn’t wearing her outfit from school. She was wearing a robe, but it wasn’t a thick, heavy, shapeless thing like my mom wore. It was red and black, light and filmy, shiny, and it clung to her like it couldn’t bear not to touch her. In that moment, I empathized.</p> <p>In the soft light of the Christmas tree, she looked completely smooth and flawless, as if the robe were a part of her body and she was actually standing before me naked. My eyes couldn’t decide where to look, so they tried to go everywhere at once.</p> <p>She struck a pose, cocking one hip, her arms out, hands palm up like a model. “You like?”</p> <p>I could only nod.</p> <p>“I can tell,” she said, nodding toward my exposed lap. Her eyes glinted with mischief and something else.</p> <p>She sat down next to me. I hadn’t even had time to zip up my pants. She put her arms around me and we went hurtling into an unprecedented second make-out session. My mind spun and bounced and ricocheted against invisible walls of pleasure. The robe was slippery and smooth under my hands. Touching her back, I realized that I couldn’t feel a bra strap.</p> <p>She pulled back after a moment and dropped one shoulder, causing the robe to slip down. I stared at her shoulder, smooth and naked in the candlelight. I flickered</p> <p>—lotion on Mom’s leg—</p>

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	<p>and forced myself back to the present. On the side where she had bared her shoulder, her robe was still slipping down, until she was exposed on that side from her throat to midbelly, a perfect triangle of naked flesh that included one breast. I stared. I'd seen Zik's magazines, of course, and I'd seen the Happy Trio and I'd seen R-rated movies at Zik's house, but I'd never in my life been within arm's reach like this.</p> <p>...“And this?” she asked in a husky voice. “Do you like this?”</p> <p>There was only one answer, but I had no voice with which to give it. “Come here,” she said, putting her arms around me again, her hands at my neck, pulling me toward her, pulling my head down, pulling my mouth to her.</p> <p>She shuddered and caught her breath. I thought I'd done something wrong and tried to pull away, but she held me tight and I continued, going on instinct.</p> <p>...“Strawberries . . .” I mumbled.</p> <p>“My body wash,” she whispered, and pulled me closer, shuddering again as I worked my mouth and tongue, shuddering, gasping, groaning quietly, almost whimpering. Then one hand left my head and migrated to my lap, where I was ready.</p> <p>“You'll remember me, won't you?” she whispered, her voice desperate and ragged. “You'll remember me over break, right?”</p> <p>I couldn't speak. I couldn't even think. My mouth was full, my brain was full. I moaned and she moaned and that was good.</p>
198	<p>The base-running schematic was pretty simple:</p> <p>First Base = Kissing</p> <p>Second Base = Touching above the waist</p> <p>Third Base = Touching below the waist</p> <p>Home Run = All the way</p> <p>We all knew what “all the way” meant, thanks to health class. But what base was there for Eve and me? We were past third, obviously, but hadn't hit a home run. You can't just stand there between third and the plate! You have to be stealing the base or running toward home.</p> <p>Is that what we were doing? Were we headed toward home? Was Eve going to have sex with me?</p>
204	<p>I knocked at Eve's door. She opened the door in her slinky robe, her hair falling around her face and down to her shoulders.</p> <p>She pulled me into the apartment and slammed the door, pressing herself against me, slippery and soft in the robe. She nibbled at my ear, breathing into it, gasping out her words: “Oh, baby, I missed you. I missed you so much. I need you so bad.”</p> <p>“Me, too.”</p> <p>She dropped to her knees and unbuckled my belt, then skinned down my pants and underpants. I was ready for her already, and she dived down, darting her head like a starving bird. I hissed out my breath and clenched my fists and leaned my head back against the door.</p> <p>She stopped. “Watch me,” she groaned. “Watch.” And she took my hands and put them on her head. I gripped her hair and looked down. She looked up at me, our eyes locked as she descended again.</p> <p>Later, we lay intertwined on the sofa while I played video games. She dozed, her robe open from throat to waist, her chest warm against my naked thigh.</p>

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206	<p>That afternoon, after our usual session (she called it “petting,” and she was letting me touch her freely now—a stand-up triple, easy), she snuggled up to me on the sofa and let me copy her notes into my notebook so that I wouldn’t fall behind.</p>
207	<p>There was only one other lesson to learn, I guess.</p> <p>A week or so later, she asked me if I wanted to see the Happy Trio again. (She didn’t call them the Happy Trio. That’s just how I thought of them.)</p> <p>I was curious, I have to admit, so I told her yes. She went into the bedroom and got the DVD. We watched it from the beginning, when it was just a Happy Duo, not a Happy Trio. It was amazing to see it with the perspective of the last few weeks. I knew that. And that. And that, too.</p> <p>Except for when they pressed together, as close as Eve and I had pressed, but without clothing. I stared.</p> <p>...“I’m fine,” I said, unable to turn away from the TV. I knew the sounds of lovemaking from listening to my parents through the vents. But I’d never had the visuals to go with it.</p> <p>“I want to do that,” I whispered.</p> <p>Eve sat upright. “Are you sure?”</p> <p>...There were tears in her eyes. She held me tight to her and kissed me deep and long.</p> <p>“That’s OK.” Her tongue flicked at my ear. “I’ll teach you.”</p> <p>And she did. From then on, we moved our sessions from the sofa to the bedroom.</p> <p>...I learned every curve, nook, and niche of her body, every inch of smooth skin, every bump and turn.</p> <p>I learned what to touch, when to touch it, how to touch it, and for how long. I learned; I watched.</p> <p>I never, ever stopped thrilling to the sight each time I saw her naked. Every time, it was new. Never boring. Never old.</p> <p>She taught me how to make love and she taught me how to fuck and she taught me the difference. We ended up doing more of the latter than the former.</p> <p>One time, in the panting aftermath of our afternoon session, she lay on the bed in unconscious imitation of that Playmate from Zik’s Playboy an eternity ago.</p> <p>“What are your numbers?” I asked her.</p> <p>She looked at me sleepily over her shoulder. “My what?”</p> <p>“Your numbers.” I gestured at her chest, her waist.</p> <p>“Oh.” She laughed. “Why do you care all of a sudden?”</p> <p>“Numbers are important.”</p> <p>“Come on, Josh.”</p> <p>“Numbers are important.”</p> <p>She relented at the seriousness in my expression. She took my hand and made me touch breast, waist, hip, as she recited “Thirty-four, twenty-six, thirty-five.”</p> <p>“Are those good numbers?”</p> <p>Her eyebrows shot up. “Well, I like to think so! What do you think?” And she sprawled out on the bed, unashamed, completely open to me.</p> <p>“I like them,” I conceded.</p>
209	<p>“Are you OK, Josh?” she asked me as we put fresh sheets on the bed. I was being quieter than usual, I guess.</p> <p>“Yeah.”</p> <p>“Are you all right with what we’re doing?” Her eyes and her voice were filled with concern.</p>

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	<p>“Yes. I’m fine with it.”  “Because if you want to stop—”  “No. I don’t want to stop.”  I couldn’t tell her the truth: that I felt terrible for what I was doing. Guilty for making her do what I wanted. Guilty for making her do it my way. Guilty for making her cheat on her husband.</p>
210	<p>She came to me and hugged me, our bodies still slightly sticky with sweat. She was a few inches taller than I, and my head nestled—perfectly, as if designed that way, she always said—in the hollow of her throat, just above her breasts.</p>
212	<p>“I’ve been lying to you and I’ve been kissing Eve and I’ve been having sex and I’ve been FUCKING.” I don’t know how they could have missed it. They must have been complete idiots.</p>
216	<p>My thirteenth birthday was a Friday. Mom and Dad said I was too old for a big party with lots of people, so I invited Zik to spend the night instead. Of course, I went home with Eve first, and we celebrated in our own way. She gave me a card that said “I love you,” but didn’t sign it. I read it as we lay in bed together.</p>
224	<p>“Homecoming’s stupid.” And it is. Bunch of kids looking for excuses to grope each other all night.</p>
226	<p>And I want to struggle against it like before, but she somehow teases my mouth open, and then I’m kissing her back.  Kissing Rachel is different from kissing Eve. Eve kissed like her life depended on it, as if kissing me were the only way to sate some urgent hunger, with moans and sudden breaks for gulps of air before attacking me again. Rachel kisses like she’s looking for something. It’s the difference between swinging for the fences and going for a guaranteed base hit.  I flicker. I’m in the closet, in Eve’s bed, on the sofa.  I’m standing outside SAMMPark, fighting against the sick urge inside me, the urge that says to let go of her hands, enfold her in my arms, explore every part of her with my hands, devour her with my tongue—</p>
228	<p>I sit on my bed for a minute, still feeling Rachel’s kiss on my lips, my teeth, my tongue. I’m hard. I want to beat off, but I’m dead tired, exhausted mentally and physically.  ...Forgiveness happens while you’re asleep, while you’re dreaming, while you’re in line at the coffee shop, while you’re showering, eating, farting, jerking off.</p>
230	<p>“Nah, he’s just flicking my earlobe. Fucking around. Look, what happened, J? I gotta go soon.”  I give him a quick version—I apologized, she accepted. I don’t get into the kissy-face shit because I don’t even know how I feel about it yet. I don’t want to think about Rachel that way, but a couple of kisses have a way of cementing a girl in your glands as a sexual possibility.</p>
248	<p>Whether Zik and Michelle are having sex right now.</p>
257	<p>We don’t go any further than kissing and a little tongue-action on necks and ears, but it makes me dizzy and almost sick. Rachel doesn’t groan like Eve did—she makes little sounds that are almost like whimpers, but somehow sexy.  I’m hard as a rock the whole time and I don’t want her to know, but I think that’s probably impossible.</p>

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264	<p>What Evelyn Sherman did to you wasn't about intimacy. There may have been times that she made you feel like it was, but it was all about satisfying her needs. You were a means to that end. You've had a lot of experience in the physical actions that comprise sex and sexuality, but you have next to no experience in the emotional component.</p>
273	<p>Honestly, as boner-inducing as Michelle is, it's still Rachel I can't stop looking at. I've secretly lusted after Michelle almost as long as I've understood what a penis is for, so her appearance tonight is nothing new.</p>
276	<p>Rachel leans in to kiss me and slips her tongue past my lips. We both taste minty fresh. Thanks, Zik.          "You boys ready to go?" Michelle unselfconsciously adjusts the front of her dress, causing her unencumbered breasts to bobble and collide. I tell myself that Rachel didn't see me look, but let's face it, I'm living in a dream world.          Fortunately, my girlfriend is forgiving. She hauls me out of the chair and kisses me again.</p>
283	<p>If anything, we're the South Brook nightmare couple, the star softball pitcher and her freak boyfriend, the kid who fucked a teacher in seventh grade and has kept his head down ever since, the kid who beats the shit out of anyone who looks at him cross-eyed.</p>
287	<p>The TV is still going, playing some HBO special on sex, so there's a constant parade of naked fat people on the screen.          Finally, Rachel and Michelle traipse off to the bedroom to change. Zik and I strip down. I sleep in boxer shorts, but I throw on a T-shirt since I'll be with Rachel.</p>
289	<p>"Oh? Why's she all dolled up?"          She leans against the archway that leads into the bathroom. She doesn't seem to be in a hurry to come over here. "She's going to rock his world. Sorry that I'm just wearing this." She indicates her boring PJs.          "That's OK."          "It's just that, well, they're spicing up their sex life. And we don't have a sex life."          ...But my heart's jackhammering and I close my eyes because it's too dark. She moves in the darkness next to me and then we're lying down next to each other, her fingers skipping over my chest, lightly. My entire body's on fire, with cool traces where she touches me. And then her lips on mine. Her body so close, one knee coming up, sliding against my leg, God, the rustle of fabric, the weight of her leg thrown across my thighs.          Her breath quickens as we kiss, her hands touching my chest, stomach, shoulders. She's everywhere at once. It's too familiar for me, in some ways. It's like being back in the closet with Rachel, with Zik and Michelle just a few yards away, through a door. Only now I'm not thirteen. And neither is Rachel. Now I know more. And, somehow, less.          Her hand slips under my T-shirt and I hear myself groan deep in my chest. She licks my ear and says, "Josh. Josh, unbutton my top."          I can't.          "Josh, please. Please."          ...I'm back in the closet and in the closet I'm flickering, a flicker within a flicker, an infinite loop, I'm in the closet and I'm back with Eve. I'm twelve years old and I don't understand but I don't care if I understand because Eve's touching me, she's telling me what to do, how to do it, how to make it better and best.          My body jerks back into the present. Rachel's lying on top of me. Her top is unbuttoned somehow. Did I do that? In the darkness, she's an outline over me, thinly seen in the murk. My hands move of their own accord, exploring, peeling the opened top down her</p>

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	<p>shoulders; her breath hisses and I flicker to Eve’s bedroom, her leg cocked as she sleeps, back to the present, my hands tensed and tightened, ready to grab Eve—no—Rachel, grab and—</p> <p>Stop it!</p> <p>“Josh, please. God, Josh, don’t you know I want you? Please?”</p> <p>I push Rachel off me, my hands burning where I touch her skin. I’m cheating. I’m not supposed to do this. I don’t know what I’m doing. I’m flickering in and out, of the closet, of Eve’s apartment. I’m being unfaithful, cheating on Eve with Rachel, cheating on Rachel with Eve.</p>
292	<p>That it’s not her fault, that she’s beautiful and warm and sexy and that any man with a brain and a working cock would be an idiot not to yearn for her, not to worship every last inch of her.</p>
297	<p>“Hey, J? What’s that?” He pointed to my right hand, which was clenched in a fist. I looked down at it as if I’d never had a right hand before in my life, as if it had just grown there as part of some puberty ritual.</p> <p>I was clutching Rachel’s panties, the edges torn and shredded.</p>
300	<p>“Mom, it wasn’t Zik’s fault. Me and Rachel were just playing.”</p> <p>“Playing? Playing? You ripped her underwear off. You grabbed—I don’t even want to say what you did, and you call it playing? Who taught you that? Where did you learn that? I know it was from Zik. His parents are letting you watch adult cable, aren’t they?”</p> <p>“No, Mom! It wasn’t Zik! I didn’t know it was wrong. I was just playing like with E—” I stopped myself midsyllable, but it was too late.</p>
306	<p>Eve was no longer my teacher, my confidante, my lover. She was now a scared, desperate . . . child.</p>
332	<p>“Isn’t this your handwriting, describing events of a sexual nature that took place between you and the defendant?”</p>
335	<p>Which is how my entire life’s sexual experience ended up on the Internet, couched in clipped, formal, sanitized language that made it seem as dirty and as evil as bleach water.</p>
342	<p>“He fucked my wife!” George wailed.</p>
396	<p>And I tell her. About watching her as she slept, about those first steps taken toward her. About the wedding photo. About staring at her toes, her cleavage, her legs, her hips. About devouring her with my eyes a thousand times and a thousand ways. Everything I never told her before.</p> <p>...“You used to drink,” I tell her. “Every day, we’d come to the apartment and you would drink and I took advantage of you . . .”</p>
398	<p>“When did you decide? How far along did things get before you decided you were going to have sex with me, Eve?”</p> <p>There’s a thousand years before her answer:</p> <p>“The day we met, Josh. The first time I laid eyes on you.”</p>
399	<p>I was molested. When I was twelve.</p>
405	<p>Her arms slip around me and we’re clenched tightly together, kissing. My hand goes up and skips past her bra strap, then runs through her hair. She digs into my back with her nails, worn short for softball. I hear myself moan into her.</p>
406	<p>She kisses her way up my chest to my throat, then my lips.</p>

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409	I don't know what to say, so I just let her kiss me gently, softly.

Profanity	Count
Ass	43
Bitch	2
Cock	1
Dick	14
Fuck	65
Goddamn	19
Piss	13
Prick	2
Pussy	1
Shit	61
Tit	2