

THE BEST LAID PLANS



Young Adult

By Cameron Lund

ISBN: 9780593114933

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; and profanity.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	<p>THE FIRST THING I see when I open the door is Chase Brosner's bare ass, flashing at me from the bed like some neon Vegas billboard. Then I see the girl underneath him, hands gripping his back, and when I see the fingernails, I know it's Danielle. I was with her when she painted them, black, she said, to match her heart.</p> <p>They're completely wrapped up in each other on the bed—Andrew's parents' bed—and I can't move, my hand frozen on the doorknob. This is not what I expected when I wandered upstairs, trying to get away from all the people who don't even remember it's my birthday, who are only at this stupid party because they know Andrew's parents are away on a ski trip and there's free beer. But now, as I take in the image of Chase's ass, of Danielle's fingernails clutching his skin, her dark hair spread out on the pillow, I realize this is so much worse than the party. It only takes about three seconds for Danielle to notice me—though it feels like three thousand—and then she screams. I scream too and drop my beer, which splashes onto my feet. We lock eyes as she scrambles for the sheet, pulling it up to cover her naked body. Chase tumbles onto the floor, wrapping himself up in the comforter like a human burrito.</p>
5	<p>"Do you like him?" I ask, swishing the now-mostly-empty beer around in my cup. She doesn't answer for a few seconds, probably deciding whether it's worth telling me the truth. Then she shrugs. "It was time. I can't believe I was a virgin for this long. So embarrassing."</p> <p>My cheeks burn at the dig. Being a virgin shouldn't be a big deal- I know that- but the fact that Danielle shared the label with me always made me feel a little better. If Danielle Oliver does something, it automatically shaves five million points off the embarrassment scale.</p> <p>Ava was the first girl in our class to lose her virginity. She and Jason Ryder did it middle school grad night on the playground behind the big slide. I was horrified back then when I first heard about it. Sex was still something foreign to me, something people did in movies- and not even in the movies I watched. Then other girls started doing it too- Molly Moye lost it to one of her older brother's best friends, Jessica Rogers to a girl she met over winter break in Vancouver. My friend Hannah lost hers junior year to her boyfriend Charlie. They spent the night at his lake house, lit a bunch of candles, and played her favorite album. Turns out, even Morrissey couldn't save them.</p> <p>When we first heard these stories, the rest of us were eager with questions. What did sex feel like? Did it hurt? How did you know what to do?</p>
22	<p>Cheating-Asshole-Charlie, as he's more commonly called, broke up with Hannah mere days after they first slept together. Turns out he was also sleeping with Julie Spencer the whole time. I know being in Andrew's room sometimes makes Hannah think about Charlie because this is where we spent the night after they broke up.</p>
24	<p>...-the one who had like way too many shots and couldn't drive.</p> <p>Are you asleep? I'm alone in the guest room if you want to find me ;)</p> <p>"She realizes you just did her best friend, right?" I ask.</p>

Page	Content
81	<p>"Hey, Terst." Ryder ignores Andrew and turns toward Simon, holding his taco up to Simon's nose. "Bet you've never been this close to a taco. How's it smell?"</p> <p>"Fuck you." Simon swats Ryder's hand away. "My life is an all-you-can-eat taco buffet."</p> <p>Ryder starts laughing at this, and not in the nice way. Simon is small and twitchy and is almost blind without his wire-rimmed glasses, Danielle started referring to him as the Rabbit back in sixth grade, and the nickname kinda stuck.</p> <p>"Sure, man," Chase says. "You're drowning in tacos."</p> <p>Simon's face is red and blotchy. It occurs to me he's probably a virgin too. This awkward label is something we share. I bite into my taco and chew, trying to distract myself.</p> <p>"I'm a one taco kind of guy," Edwin says. He and Molly Moye have been inseparable ever since my birthday. "Molly or nothing. "</p> <p>"Seriously?" Ryder asks. He raises his hand up to imitate cracking a whip, making sounds with his tongue pressed against his front teeth. "Someone's whipped."</p> <p>"Not whipped," Edwin says. "Smart. I'll never do better than Molly. She's amazing."</p> <p>"When you have a girlfriend you can get it whenever you want," Chase says. "One girl who knows what she's doing."</p> <p>"How about ten girls who know what they're doing?" Ryder breaks into a wide smile. He turns to Andrew. "Right, Reed?"</p>
82	<p>"Susie Palm-job," Ryder says. " Worst handy of Iny life."</p> <p>"Worst handy," Chase says. "Kinda redundant. I mean, any hand job is pointless, isn't it? Like, I've been touching my junk for eighteen years. I know what I'm doing. Any chick that tries is set up for failure."</p> <p>Sometimes hearing the guys talk like this makes my anxiety spike. It's like they think a girl is expected to be a pro the first time she ever sees a penis. I hate that I'm not brave enough to tell them they're being idiots.</p> <p>"But this was worse," Ryder says. "Like she was squeezing out a washcloth. She has sandpaper hands." "A sand job," Edwin adds.</p> <p>"Aren't we past the age of hand jobs anyway?"</p> <p>Chase says. "Hand jobs were cool in middle school.</p> <p>Like, in eighth grade, I was super stoked if a girl went anywhere near there. But at this point, I'm over it. I'd rather just do it myself."</p> <p>"Mouth or nothing," Simon says, like he has any right to decide.</p> <p>"I'd use my own mouth if I could reach," Chase says. "DIY."</p> <p>"All right, David Blowie," Andrew says. "Keep the details to yourself."</p> <p>"Would you rather," Edwin says, "get a sand job or blow yourself?"</p> <p>"Depends who the sand job is from." Chase grins.</p> <p>"I'd take a sand job from Danielle."</p>
282	<p>And then I do, my hands reaching for the hem of my shirt like they don't belong to me, like they're someone else's hands and they're not under my control. I peel my shirt up and over my head and set it down on the side of the tub. My bra is gray cotton and might be a little see-through, but I try not to think about it. He's staring at me, and I'm staring back, the air between us thick.</p> <p>He reaches down into the water and undoes the button of his wet shorts, and I</p>

Page	Content
	<p>mirror him, reaching down to undo mine. We peel them off at the same time, and the water sloshes out of the tub. I lean forward, trying to shimmy out of the heavy, wet fabric. He leans forward too and lifts his knees, his legs on either side of me, holding me in place. His shorts are still half off, but he's stopped undressing, because now the front of him is pressed up against the front of me, and our faces are less than a foot apart, and I'm not thinking or breathing. "[he heat of the bathwater is making my head spin and I feel dizzy again, but not in an unpleasant way, like before. Not like I'm going to be sick. No, it feels like the moment on the top of the roller coaster, the moment before you fall, the moment that you're weightless.</p> <p>Then he closes the space between our lips and kisses me, his wet chest pressed against mine, slippery and warm and delicious. The water is still coming out of the faucet behind me, the sound of it rushing like the blood in my ears. He reaches a hand up into my wet hair and pulls me even closer to him, biting my bottom lip, the feel of it sending a chill through me despite the heat of the bath.</p> <p>All I can think is more more more. I need to get closer to him.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2