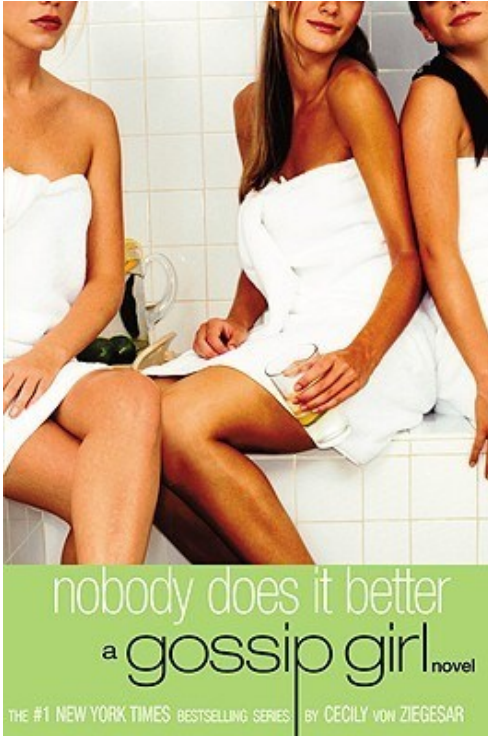


# GOSSIP GIRL: NOBODY DOES IT BETTER



*Young Adult*

**By Cecily von Ziegesar**

ISBN: 978-0-316-04200-0

## **Book Summary:**

A group of high school girls discuss their sexual relations and go to parties where drugs and alcohol are being consumed.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains alcohol and drug use by minors; profanity; inexplicit sexual activities; and nudity.

**2**/**5**

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	<p>She was wearing an itty-bitty baby blue Cosabella nightgown that barely covered her famously gorgeous bottom (to the delight of all the doormen on duty and all the cabbies stuck in traffic), but tiptoed back inside again without mailing anything.</p>
4	<p>“Wake up!” Blair Waldorf yanked off the Black Watch plaid duvet and let it fall to the floor beside the antique sleigh bed. Nate Archibald lay sprawled across the mattress on his stomach, naked and very relaxed. Blair sat down beside him and bounced up and down as hard as she could. Nate kept his eyes closed as her ruthless bouncing jarred his golden brown head up and down. Why was it that s-e-x made her so hyper and him so sleepy?</p> <p>...Blair was naked too, all five feet four inches of her, from her shiny coral-glossed toes to the chestnut brown waves of her grown-out pixie cut. She had the type of body that looked even better naked than in clothes.</p> <p>...She was still a pain in his ass, but they'd been in and out of love pretty much since they were eleven years old, and he'd wanted to get naked with her for even longer.</p> <p>How typical that it had taken Blair six and a half years to stop fighting with him and finally do it.</p> <p>And once they'd done it, they couldn't stop doing it.</p> <p>Nate reached up and pulled her down on top of him, kissing her randomly and ferociously because she was finally his, all his. “Hey!” Blair giggled. The navy blue silk Roman blinds were raised and the windows were open, but it wasn't like she cared if anyone saw or heard them. They were in love, they were beautiful, and they were sex fiends.</p>
5	<p>Besides, she relished the attention, even from the random perverted Peeping Toms and Thomasinas who happened to be spying on them through gold-plated opera glasses from the windows of the surrounding town houses.</p> <p>They kissed for a while, but Nate was too worn out to do much else. Blair rolled away from him and lit a cigarette, giving Nate little puffs every once and a while like the actors in <i>Breathless</i>, the supercool black-and white French film she'd watched earlier that day in AP French.</p> <p>...All the people in the movie did all day was ride around on a Vespa motorbike, have sex, sit in cafes, and smoke.</p> <p>...But Blair had to keep her grades up if she wanted to get off Yale's wait list, and what with school and homework and sex with Nate every day after school, there was hardly time for primping. Blair's wavy brown hair was matted and sweaty, her lips were chapped from prolonged kissing and infrequent lip gloss application, and she hadn't plucked her eyebrows in two whole days.</p> <p>...Sacrificing a little personal grooming time for sex was totally worth it. Besides, she'd read somewhere that an hour of sex burns three hundred and sixty calories, so even if she was a little scruffy, at least she'd be skinny!</p>
6	<p>After finally doing it with Nate nearly two weeks ago, she was a whole new woman.</p>
9	<p>A freaky mother, a cat-pee-soaked bedroom, and a newborn baby sister named Yale were not exactly conducive to studying or s-e-x. It was only natural for her to seek other accommodation. Of course there was always Serena's house,</p>

Page	Content
	but they'd tried that before and wound up fighting. Besides, Serena couldn't offer her much in the way of s-e-x.
11	On the bed beside her was a Ziploc bag full of pot. ...“The boys are making bong hits on the roof,” Lexie explained.
12	Nate's house seemed to draw all the stoner kids on the Upper East Side with some sort of spiritual magnetic pull.
20	Daniel Humphrey glared at himself in his bedroom mirror and took a long drag on a half-smoked Camel. ...More depressed than usual, Dan had been sitting in a corner during the party, chugging Grey Goose vodka straight out of the bottle.
24	Rufus stood in the doorway, scratching his chest and fingering the unfiltered Camel tucked behind his left ear.
32	He would work silently at his canvas, smearing black ink all over it with his hands while she filmed him. And both of them would be ... naked.
37	The penthouse was clearly uninhabitable, and while the Archibalds' house had seemed like an obvious choice only an hour ago, it had since turned into an after-school program for sixteen-year-old Nate-worshipping stoners.
38	Of course that was when Blair had been trying to seduce Serena's brother Erik in order to lure Nate away from that drugged-up lumber heiress he'd met in rehab.
41	“I wish we were at the beach.” Jeremy sighed and traced his index finger along the rim of the bong. ...“We will be soon. My parents' Hamptons booze cruise is in a couple weeks. Boat's already docked down in Battery Park. You're coming, right?” ...The thought of her wet and naked made him smile deliciously. Charlie pulled a marijuana-stuffed Ziploc from out of his khaki pants pocket and began loading up the bong.
42	“Just bring your toothbrush. I've got everything else covered,” she added coyly. Meaning the three Cs: champagne, caviar, and condoms. “Sounds good,” Nate responded gamely. “See you in a minute.” He clicked off and Jeremy shoved the bong at him. ...“We all head down to your parents' boat. It's stocked with booze, and the crew's probably doing the tourist thing in town and won't even notice if we take it out for a spin, right?...”
43	Nate's mind was racing in a blurry, zig-zaggedy, stoned way. Sail the boat to Bermuda? Sure, why not? They were seniors—they could do whatever they wanted. Blair could come too, and they could drink mimosas and make love on the beach under the warm sun. ...“Alors, what's next?” she yawned, taking the bong from Nate. Nate waited until she was done with the hit before pushing her out of his lap and hoisting himself to his feet. He clapped his hands together like a stoned camp counselor.
45	It was dark red and she usually only wore it in winter, but when you were locked in a sumptuous hotel suite with your boyfriend having constant sex, who cared what season it was?

Page	Content
	<p>...Blair had confessed to finally losing her virginity to Nate the morning after it happened, but she'd resisted going into too much detail and Serena had resisted asking too many questions. After all, Serena and Nate had lost their virginities together, so sex with Nate was kind of an awkward subject.</p>
47	<p>Maybe he was showering and putting on his sexy black Calvin Klein boxers in preparation for their rendezvous, she mused.          ...On the TV screen behind her, "Baby" was trying to look innocent after spending all night having big sweaty sex with Patrick Swayze, the dance instructor at the summer resort where her family was vacationing.</p>
48	<p>Blair could picture him perfectly, naked except for a pair of royal blue silk boxer shorts, his sleeping lover—          Francois or Eduard or whatever his name was—snoring softly beside him.          ...Now he bottled his own wine from the vineyards surrounding his chateau, shopped at cute French boutiques that catered exclusively to tanned gay men, and swam laps in his pool while his tanned gay lovers attended him with fresh towels and glasses of cognac.</p>
50	<p>It's hard to get riled up when you're stoned all the time.</p>
51	<p>Then she dialed room service again. "A hot fudge sundae, please. And a pack of Merit Ultra Lights."          ...When she'd left his house, Nate had been partying with a bunch of stoners, including an annoying French hippie chick named Lexique.          ...Nothing had changed—except the status of her virginity.          ...Well, so what? Nate didn't deserve sex. Besides, eating a hot fudge sundae in a Plaza Hotel bed while plotting her revenge on her asshole-of-a-loser-soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend was even better than sex.</p>
63	<p>Beverly had been polite enough not to mention it before, but now that they were getting to know each other, he might ask if the crusty sore beneath that silver D-ring actually hurt.</p>
65	<p>Instead, he just sat on the toilet in the club's garish pea-green-painted men's room and smoked his lucky Camels—about forty of them—feeling progressively sicker and sicker.          ..."Have a taste and you'll be all right," he advised, shoving an unopened bottle of Stolli under the door.          ...He opened it and took a swig. His stomach felt so bottomless and endless, it was like pouring a teaspoon of vodka into an empty well. He took another swig and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.</p>
73	<p>Nate and everyone else on the boat remained stoned, sprawled on deck with their eyes half closed and their mouths hanging lazily open, or drifting languidly belowdecks in bare feet to replenish their stashes of beer and snacks.</p>
74	<p>And when you've been stoned for almost twenty-four hours, doing something like calling information to find your girlfriend's number seems impossibly complicated.          ...After a dinner of beer, Brie, and potato chips, Nate passed up another session of bong hits with his buddies and climbed up into the crow's nest at the top of the taller of the boat's two masts.</p>

Page	Content
76	All over the deck, groups of guys and a few girls were smoking and drinking blond Belgian beer out of crystal beer steins.
78	She'd arrive at the party in a cloud of perfume and cigarette smoke, like some sort of genie, wearing something so adorably irresistible that all the incoming freshman boys and even the stodgy old Yale alumnae at the party would toss back their scotches and fall on their knees at her immaculately manicured feet.
83	She didn't even know his name, but she liked him. She just did. And she wouldn't have minded seeing him naked.
91	Before the gig started, he'd done what Damian suggested and drunk some vodka. Okay—he'd drunk close to half the bottle, but instead of relaxing him or giving him the courage to perform, it had made him feel totally toxic, especially when combined with an entire pack of cigarettes.
92	Well, duh! The light was dim backstage, and the wooden floor was sticky with spilled beer and cigarette ash. ...Dan looked up to find a gorgeous girl in her early twenties standing over him with a little bottle of Schweppes tonic water and a glass of ice in her hands. She poured the tonic over the ice and squatted down beside him. ...Dan didn't know what to say. He'd never drunk tonic without vodka, but at this point he'd try anything.
96	"No. But Blair's—" She stopped short, wondering if Mrs. Archibald really wanted to know that Blair and Nate were holed up in a Plaza Hotel suite, having lots of sex.
98	He went over to the wet bar in the corner, filled two crystal tumblers full of scotch, and set them on the card table. ...Serena sat down and took a sip of scotch.
105	Whenever he fooled around with another girl, all he could think about was Blair and fooling around with Blair, making him feel sort of guilty and horny at the same time, which made it simultaneously kind of hard to take and kind of hard to stop.
106	All of a sudden Nate felt like he was in seventh grade at one of those parties where everyone just lay around kissing because they thought that was what they were supposed to do, even though it was kind of nasty to suck on some girl's tongue for like, an hour, without having a drink of water or anything. ...Lexie had her eyes closed and was breathing heavily as she sucked on his lips. Her tongue tasted like chocolate and beer, which was kind of a bad combination.
107	Nate headed aft to the captain's cabin, stepping over the prone bodies of his stoned, drunk, and half-asleep shipmates. ...Charlie and Anthony had locked themselves into the cabin and were sitting cross-legged on the floor, sharing a bong.
109	Nate grinned and shook his head, enjoying the buzz from their secondhand smoke.
110	Jenny lit another cigarette, ignoring her.
111	He stood up stiffly, grabbed a bottle of beer from beneath his drum set, and chugged it.

Page	Content
113	"I am so jealous of doz gorgeous bresssts!" She reached out with both hands and gave each of Jenny's boobs a good hard squeeze. Honk, honk!
114	Besides, she didn't really mind that Damian and Lloyd were now well aware that her boobs were the largest in the room.
128	He'd been counting on staying with Blair tonight a) because she was in a hotel suite and it would be awesome to take a nice hot shower, have lots of sex, take a bubble bath, order tons of room service, and watch movies until they fell asleep in each other's arms; b) because he really didn't want to go home and endure the wrath of Admiral Archibald.
129	Instead, Blair stretched her arms over her head and yawned lazily, like she'd been having so much sex with the big, hot, studly man in her bed she couldn't even talk.
130	But that was before they'd become as intimate as you can be with someone, and now there was some random guy in Blair's bed.
141	"I heard that freshman slut had, like, group sex with every member of the band—even the new lead singer, who's like, her brother," Kati Farkas whispered to her best friend and Constance Billard School Senior Spa Weekend co-planner, Isabel Coates.
153	The St. Jude's boys all called him Mr. No Dick because he wore his pants so high and so tight, he couldn't possibly have had a dick.
156	Last night he'd drunk his ass off, sung like a sickass motherfucker, and then had crazy, totally undeserved sex with a beautiful French girl on a giant bed in a Plaza Hotel suite.
180	Locked in his room all week with a bong, playing Grand Theft Auto San Andreas on his Xbox, Nate hadn't received any visitors except Jeremy, Anthony, and Charlie, who stopped by every now and then to replenish his stash and fill him in on what was going on at school. His wing of the house smelled like half-eaten burritos, spilled bong water, and pizza-flavored Pepperidge Farm goldfish—not that there was anyone around to smell it. ...If only he hadn't messed things up with Blair, they'd have had the whole house to themselves and could have had sex on top of the grand piano in the living room if they'd wanted.
181	He kicked the Xbox controls across the room and licked his bong-chapped lips. His mouth felt like it was coated with pot-flavored road tar, and he hadn't changed his shirt in who knew how many days.
183	She dipped her hand into Blair's glass and stole a vodka tonic-soaked ice cube. ...Vanessa stomped out of the kitchen in Blair's shoes and handed Serena a vodka tonic of her own.
188	He pulled a tiny bottle of Stoli out of his back pocket and took a swig.
193	Vanessa and Aaron each took a vegan slice and a rum and Coke and sat down at the table. ...Blair took a huge bite of pizza and washed it down with vodka tonic.
195	They went into Serena's walk-in closet and Serena stood outside and timed them while they made out.

Page	Content
197	Blair reached out blindly and plopped a big pouf of bubbles on Serena's cheek. "I dare you to get in with me." Serena giggled and began to unbutton her jeans. They could talk about Yale some other time. Back in the living room, things were just as steamy.
203	She followed Calliope and her father up the stairs, tempted to tell them both to take the Sloan Center for Bright Minds' hemp mats and smoke them while she ran away to the Czech Republic to live with her crazy, selfish, and neglectful mother.
211	He leaned against the railing and lit a Camel, waiting patiently for Vanessa to notice him. ...Aaron came back with her drink and a beer for himself.
212	Dan took a sip of his beer and pointed at her mouth.
213	"Has anyone seen Serena? I heard she was dating an eighty-five-year-old Yale trustee. What a whore."
215	It was lonely and a little cold up there, but he'd brought along a six-pack and a few joints for company, and as soon as they docked in Sag Harbor and his parents and their friends had disbanded to their Hamptons manses, he'd climb down like Spider-Man and surprise everyone. ...He lit a fresh joint, suddenly overcome by how much he missed them, because he loved them—he loved them all.
219	Through the steam they could just make out Elise, huddled on a white-tiled step in the corner, her body wrapped in a huge white towel and a long silver cigarette holder with a joint hanging from it dangling out of her mouth. "Elise is getting stoned," Jenny informed them.
221	At dawn, his sailboat would float up out of the mist to whisk them away to faraway lands, and they'd spend the rest of their lives having adventures and making love.
222	If you're Too Stoned to Find the One you Love, Love the One you're With

Profanity	Count
Ass	16
Bitch	4
Dick	1
Fuck	36
Piss	12
Shit	12