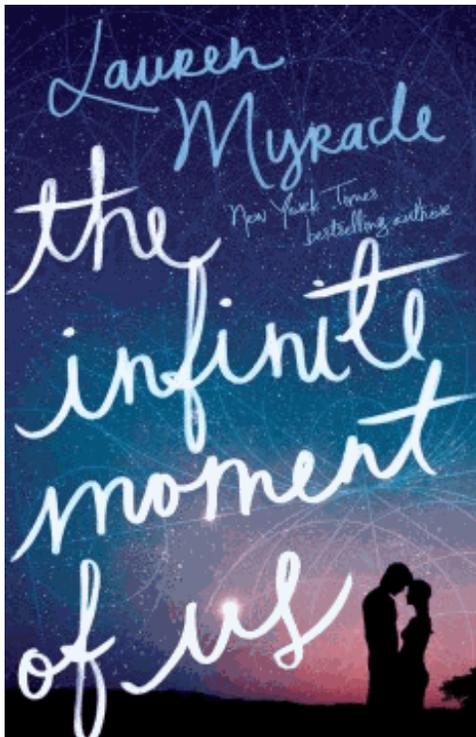


# THE INFINITE MOMENT OF US



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; and profanity.

*Young Adult*

**By Lauren Myracle**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
28	When she shifted, the hem of her skirt rode up, revealing a finger's width of her skin. He wanted very much to look down her shirt...
60	"It'd take a crowbar to pry that girl's legs apart,"...
62	<p>It brought up memories of his mother, his biological mother. She was young when she'd had him. Young and scared and desperate. Two jobs but never enough money, and certainly none for child care.</p> <p>"I expect you to be quiet and behave," Charlie heard her telling him, and he pictured a skinny little kid- him- being pried off the faceless woman's leg and pushed firmly into a cramped garage. Maybe she said it once more before yanking down the garage door, staring hard at her three-year-old son. "Stay here and be quiet for Mommy."</p> <p>Garage doors are heavy, and they could be closed with some amount of speed, but surely Charlie could have ducked beneath it and tried to get to her. He hadn't. "Stay," his mother had said, and like a good dog- or if not a good dog, a dog who'd learned about cause and effect- he'd obeyed.</p> <p>He was in there for a long time, day after day. August, in Atlanta, was brutal. He must have cried out eventually, or hit his small fist against the door, because they found him, didn't they? A neighbor discovered that it was a "who" and not a "what" making such a racket in the garage behind the apartment units...</p>
65	She seemed so angry, and yet she reached over, grabbed his hand, and shoved it under her shirt.
65	"Sure, Pamela, only, after she gave you your coffee, she gave me a blow job behind the workshop..."
123	Once, he ran his finger over the swell of her lower lip, and she surprised him by parting her lips and capturing his finger between her top and bottom teeth. She sucked on him, circling the tip of his finger with her tongue, and he got hard.
124	He wanted to have sex with Wren. God, he wanted to, and he hoped she eventually would, too.
130	<p>"Mmm," she said, and she arched her back. In some ways they'd moved fast physically, which Charlie was 100 percent fine with, although there were certain things they hadn't done that he wished they would.</p> <p>...but she hadn't yet to touch his dick, for example.</p> <p>...He kissed her for real, and she looped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips.</p> <p>..."God, you drive me crazy," he said. He kissed her neck. Ran his hand over the curve of her breast, and then down along her side. Down farther, pulling her close. She was wearing a skirt today, and he found the hem and slipped his hand underneath. Her thigh, her ass. Silk panties with soft lace around the edges.</p> <p>He ran his finger below the lace, and Wren made a small sound. Wren tried to be quiet when they were together like this.</p> <p>...His cock strained against his jeans. He pulled back slightly and used his forearm to push her legs apart. He slid his hand beneath her panties again and found the spot he was looking for- heat and wetness and skin softer than any sild or lace- and slipped two fingers inside her.</p>

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	<p>"Oh," Wren said. She was breathing hard. Charlie drew away from her kiss, but kept on with his fingers, watching her. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were parted. She lifted her hips...</p>
132	<p>..."When he was a baby, his father punched him in the gut." ...A baby. Who punched a baby?</p>
135	<p>Did Wren want to have sex with Charlie? Definitely. ...Tessa had had sex for the first time when she was sixteen, and sinc then she'd had sex with two other boyfriends before P.G. And, yes, Tessa and P.G. were now having sex ("And it is sooooo good," Tessa raved), which brought Tessa's count up to four. That was a lot of sex, Wren thought. "Have you at least touched his dick yet?" ..."Oh my God, Wren. That poor guy must have the worst case of blue balls ever."</p>
136	<p>"Yes, I want to have sex with Charlie..."</p>
141	<p>"Want to jump his bones?" Wren smiled. Yes, that. Yes, yes, yes.</p>
146	<p>She let her fingers trail up and down her body. Tessa was still in the shower- Wren would hear the water turn off when Tessa was done- and Wren was a little tipsy. She closed her eyes and touched her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt and gazed at the swell of them. She touched herself beneath her bra. Her nipples hardened. She thought of Charlie, and she crossed her feet at the ankles and rolled onto her side. God, she wanted him. She groaned, embarrassed and aroused...</p>
149	<p>"Yes, I want to...have sex. With you. Or make love to you. With you. Whatever." ...I want to have sex with you. ..."Do you...want me to send you a picture?" She heard Charlie inhale. He stumbled over his words. "You mean of...of you?" "Yeah," she whispered. She unbuttoned her light summer blouse. Blue, like periwinkles. "Can your ghetto phone receive pictures?" "Yes," he said without hesitation. She glanced at the door that led to the bathroom. It was closed, and the shower was still on. ...She let her blouse fall open. Her bra was one of her prettier ones... The fabric was sheer, and her nipples- still hard- were clearly visible. ...She pulled down the cup of her bra on one side. She cupped her breast with her hand, lifting it higher, and- quick, do it now, or you never will- used her other hand to tap the shutter button on her phone.</p>
153	<p>"Did you have table sex, or is she too afraid to get dirty?" Ah, shit. ...Charlie and Starrla had had table sex- or a table fuck; with Starrla it was always "fucking"- in Chris's shop one Saturday afternoon long, long ago. Starrla had been on top. ...They'd had sex on this sofa, too. More than once. ..."Banged her yet. Your pretty, perfect girlfriend."</p>

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158	<p>And then...her unbuttoned blouse. Her bra, pushed to the side. All breasts were not equal, Charlie thought. He didn't think about Starrla's breast, or his hand on it, because Starrla wasn't Wren.</p> <p>Looking at the picture Wren sent, and knowing she had sent it to please him, made him crazy with love and longing.</p> <p>...I want to make love to you.</p>
179	<p>...shitty day.</p> <p>As for sex. Well. They were fourteen the first time they "fucked," and afterward, Charlie tried to tell her how pretty she was.</p>
181	<p>But things happened, and he did have sex with her, or she had sex with him. Ten sweaty minutes later, it was over.</p>
202	<p>...she paused to admire herself in her full-length mirror, wearing nothing but her new lingerie. She turned to one side and then the other. She tried to see herself the way Charlie would see her, and it excited her.</p> <p>...Heat spread up her body. Her nipples hardened, and her breathing changed, and when she imagined not just his eyes on her, but his hands, his mouth, she grew suddenly and undeniably wet.</p>
205	<p>A drop of water landed on Wren's thigh, below the hem of her soft, clingy sundress, and Charlie ducked and licked the coldness off. Something wonderful and private fluttered inside her.</p> <p>..."...you should take off your dress."</p> <p>Wren's pulse quickened. "You want me to take off my dress?"</p> <p>"I do."</p> <p>She breathed, or tried to. Her body tingled. She rose to her knees, took the bottom of her sundress in her hands, and pulled it over her head.</p> <p>The night air made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. The night air also made her nipples hard, or maybe it was the way Charlie was looking at her.</p> <p>"You are beautiful," he said. He brought her champagne glass to her mouth, and she took a sip. Then he moved the glass down her body, charting a course between her breasts and over her tummy.</p> <p>"Is it cold?" he asked.</p> <p>She nodded.</p> <p>He lifted the glass back to her breast, pressing the coldest part to her nipple. He watched her face.</p> <p>...Charlie fanned his hands over the back of her panties. "God, I love your ass," he murmured.</p> <p>She was both thrilled and mortified. She was on her knees, and he was behind her, and when she shifted to move back beside him, he didn't let her. Instead, he ran his hand over and under her panties.</p> <p>...Charlie pulled her back to him, and she turned toward him. They were both on their knees, and he put one hand at the base of her neck and kissed her while his other hand skimmed the side of her body and the curve of her hip.</p> <p>...He leaned back, and she helped pull his shirt over his head.</p> <p>...He trailed his fingers down the strap of her new French bra. He reached the lace and lightly skimmed it. With both hands, he scooped up her breasts, running his thumbs over the swell of them and making her nipples even harder. They poked</p>

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	<p>visibly through the sheer fabric- Wren glanced down and saw- and Charlie said, "Leaves?"</p> <p>Wren's mind was foggy. Then she said, "Leaves. Yes. On my bra. Do you like?" He dipped his fingers under the lace, sliding the fabric of the bra off her breast and anchoring it beneath, so that it pushed her flesh higher. He did the same to the other breast. "I like this better," he murmured, bowing his head and sucking first one nipple and then the other.</p> <p>Wren couldn't think. It was all sense and touch and heat and shivers. Oh my God, she thought, and she moved beneath his touch, following his hands with her body.</p> <p>He fiddled with her bra. It took him a moment to work the clasp, and she smiled as she kissed him.</p> <p>She was wet.</p> <p>She was scared, but she wanted him inside her.</p> <p>Her fingers found his jeans. She undid the button and pulled down the zipper, drawing away to check his expression.</p> <p>"Baby," he murmured.</p> <p>"Can we...?" She pushed down on the waist of his jeans, not sure how to get them off him. Why had she never gotten his pants off him before? She'd wanted to, but she'd been shy, but now- aggh. Why wasn't there a guidebook for this stuff?</p> <p>He helped, and in the moonlight, she drew in her breath. Boxer briefs. Black and tight. Muscular thighs, so different from her softness.</p> <p>And in the front. Erect and long beneath his boxers. His dick. Tessa had taught her to call it that, dick and not penis, because penis was a silly word. And this, the solid length of Charlie's dick, of Charlie...</p> <p>She'd wanted to touch him there many times, but she'd been scared. She was still scared. Her heart pounded, and she hooked her thumbs beneath the band at the top of his boxers- but no. They wouldn't...they were stuck, caught by the tip of his dick. She bit her lip and used her fingers to pull the waistband up and over him. She tugged them to his knees and didn't know what to do next.</p> <p>But okay. Wow. She bent and took him in her mouth before she realized what she was doing. And then...</p> <p>Really wow, and really strange. Not bad, but really, really strange.</p> <p>He moaned, and Wren moved up and down. Her hair swung. She was doing this, and part of her couldn't believe it, but part of her could, especially since he clearly liked it.</p> <p>"God, baby," Charlie told her, his breath hitching. "But...hold on..."</p> <p>He gently pushed her shoulders. When her mouth left his dick, he made a sound. He fumbled with his boxers, less graceful and more urgent than he'd been with his jeans. He got them all the way off, and Wren's eyes widened at the sight of this beautiful boy- her boy, her Charlie- naked and hard in front of her.</p> <p>He lay her down. He slipped her panties off, and he kissed her toes. He kissed her shins, her knees, her thighs, and when she lifted her hips, he stretched his body over hers and eased his finger, maybe two, inside her. With his thumb, he rubbed other places.</p> <p>Wren lifted her hips higher. She pressed against him and found his mouth with hers. His dick was hard against her but not yet in her.</p>

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	<p>...With his knee, he spread her legs. She gasped. She clung to his shoulders...            ...Warmth between her legs. Pressure. Slippery, hard, soft- but it didn't go in, or it didn't feel as if it did.            "Charlie? I don't-"            He pushed harder, and she widened her legs. She didn't know what she was doing, but she was willing to try.            Charlie did something with his fingers- she wasn't sure what- and her body acted on its own. She arched her spine and pressed the back of her head into the blanket. She smelled the earth, and she smelled Charlie, who thrust into her. She cried out at a sudden sharp pain, and Charlie stilled.            "Are you okay?" he asked, bearing his weight on his forearms.            "I'm fine," she said, wanting to be. But ow.            ...She took him by his hips and pulled him back inside her. Okay, better. Yes. It no longer hurt.            She nudged him out a little with a rock of her own hips. In, out. In, out. It worked, it made sense, it felt really, really-            They're rhythm fell off, and their hips kind of bumped, and again, Wren couldn't get it back.            ...He positioned himself on one hip and slipped almost all the way out of her. She missed him.            ...She grasped his hips, and he thrust harder. Faster. She moved with him, and oh my God, yes. So silky. Salt from his neck. She nibbled and licked and kissed, and small sounds came from her, and she found that if she twined her legs around his, she could raise her hips even higher.            Charlie groaned.            In and out, together, and she loved this boy. She was doing it. She was having sex with Charlie, making love to Charlie, and everything inside her expanded and connected.            ...Charlie called out her name, and he stopped thrusting, but he stayed inside her, his muscles taut.            "Oh, baby," he said, panting.            ...Only, no. Not yet. She moved beneath him, needing more- and more and more. Desire welled inside her. Desire and pleasure, until she felt crazy with it. She grabbed his hips and pulled, and he thrust again and kissed her roughly.            ...He circled her nipple with his tongue before sucking and tugging.            "Charlie. God, Charlie..."            He switched to her other breast, and everything-            Her muscles tightened, and she turned her head to the side as she rose one last time to meet him.            The she let go.            ...Charlie pulled out of her, slowly, and lay beside her.</p>
214	<p>They had sex every chance they got.            ...They'd done it on an enormous pool float shaped like a dolphin, which Wren was still lying on. She laughed. "Can I be your bunny, honey?"            "Absolutely," Charlie said, tossing Wren her bikini top and scanning the floor for his swim trunks.            ..."But I think you're more like that dolphin: slippery when wet."</p>

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217	"Jesus, Charlie. I'm going to fuck you anyway,"...
218	Last week as Wren lay snuggled against Charlie's chest, she had asked him if sex, with her was better than sex with Starrla.
231	<p>And there was a particular spot on the innermost part of her leg- soft and pale-for Charlie only. He stroked that spot with a downward motion, and the pleasure drew heat to the most private parts of her. When her breathing quickened, he noticed, because he always noticed.</p> <p>"I love it when you squirm," he would murmur, perhaps putting his mouth to her breast. Sucking. Nibbling. Tugging.</p> <p>There had been times, afterward, when she felt embarrassed by how she twisted and turned, how she arched her spine, imploring him wordlessly to have his way with her because there was nothing she wanted more.</p>
237	<p>He touched her lower lip, then lowered his hand and cupped her breast. She gasped, and Charlie ran his thumb over her nipple. She pressed against him, and when she closed her eyes, he kissed her long and hard.</p> <p>"God, Charlie," she murmured. Her cheeks were flushed, and she put her hands on his chest.</p>
238	<p>Charlie found Wren's knee under the table. He ran his hand under her dress and up her leg, making her press her lips together, as well as her thighs. She shot him a look. He shrugged and grinned, too.</p> <p>...As Tessa loaded up everyone's plates, Charlie's hand traveled higher between Wren's thighs. Tessa sat down, and everyone dug in, chatting and laughing. Charlie stayed in the conversation, but his real interest lay elsewhere. With his hand that was under the table, he reached the lace bordering Wren's panties. Wren dropped her piece of bread. She tried to act as if nothing unusual was going on, but her hand joined his under the table. She clutched his forearm. Her fingernails dug into his skin.</p> <p>"I'm sorry, what?" she said to P.G. and P. G. repeated a plot detail of the story he was telling.</p> <p>Charlie's fingers wen to the strip of silk stretched over Wren's crotch. Wren's grip on him tightened. He looped his thumb under the top edge of Wren's panties and tugged the fabric upward and finally Wren couldn't take it anymore. She gripped Charlie's wrist and moved his hand forcibly away, relocating it to his own thigh and pressing down on it for several seconds to ensure that he'd stay put.</p> <p>"Jesus," she said under her breath, but the look she gave him thrilled him.</p> <p>"I want you," he mouthed.</p> <p>...She moved her other hand higher on Charlie's leg, and heat spread through him. She smelled sweet, and her body was soft, and she had no idea what she did to him.</p> <p>...He had a dead-on view of her breasts, which threatened to spill from her see-through bra. Damn, it was hard not to touch her.</p>
241	<p>He slid his hands to her lower back and then to her perfect ass, pulling her closer.</p> <p>...She looked slightly shocked, and then pleased. She winked and swished off, and his dick, which had begun to soften, grew stiff again. It was mind-blowing how easily, and often, she aroused him.</p>

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244	"I knew she was stacked, but whoa. Get that dress off her, and we's talking porno."
248	"You like her tits better than mine? Okay. Do you suck them like you sucked mine? Okay, that's super. That's great. Have fun..."

Profanity	Count
Ass	21
Bitch	3
Dick	11
Fuck	12
Piss	3
Shit	12