

# Tilt

Ty waves us down the hall. You can have my parents' room. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, okay?  
 ...We are kissing. Licking. Biting. Moaning louder than the TV in the other room. He's ready. Wants inside me. But "Not yet. Where's the condom?" I forgot it. But it's okay. I'll pull out. Don't worry. Don't worry? We didn't use one last time. It was right after my last period.  
 ...And I have to have you right now...Making love with him is so beautiful. We rock together, in rhythm. One. As he starts to tense, I remind him with a subtle lift of his hips. He withdraws just in time, slicking my belly. See? All good.

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He pulls me into his lap, licks down my neck, to the curve of my shirt. Take it off, he says, and as if he has hypnotized me, I do exactly as I'm told. Quickly, his hands work the hooks of my bra and before I can even think to say no, my entire upper body is bared. That's it, my pretty little girl. He moves to kiss my nipples, and though I want to say no, I can't. It feels good. Great. Amazing. Beneath my skirt, I feel him grow hard against the thin barrier of my panties. I like how that feels, too. But I'm still not ready. "Stop." His mouth is around my nipple and he mumbles, Why? All innocent. Now his lips move an inch or so higher and he starts to suck, softly at first, then harder. It is crazy good and it makes me moan but when he tries to slide down my panties I know I can't. Not yet. "I . . . I have my period." It's a lie, but he can't know that, and it's better than saying I'm too young. He stiffens. Stops. Then he says, We can do something else then. He lifts me up, undoes his zipper and this is no movie zipper and this is no movie when he frees his erection and shows me exactly how to use my mouth to get him off. I wish I could say I don't like it. But somehow I do. Getting off is easy. You don't even need two to make it happen. The proper grip with a slippery fist, whoopee, there it goes. But man does not live by ejaculation alone. There's the whole pursue-and-conquer thing to consider, which is why loose girls aren't all that much fun. Okay, maybe I'm a bit warped that way, but hard-to-get turns me on. Besides, I kind of like playing teacher, which is why I'm so patient with this little girl, who will so be worth the wait.

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I let one hand slide to the crotch of my panties, pull the lacy material just a little to one side. I keep my fingers covering the most personal part, take a quick picture that I hope will do. While I wait for his response, I leave my hand where it is, just above a soft pulsing between my legs. I have never touched myself there before, not the way he wants me to. But now I do.  
 ..I move my middle finger slowly along the slick strip, discover the nub hiding beneath my pubic bone—the source of the building throb....Unbidden, my finger starts to move faster and, unbidden, my body rocks against it...Some urgency begins, grows like surf moving toward high tide...If there ever was an Eve This must be how she felt right after she first figured out what orgasm meant.

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"Tilt" by Ellen Hopkins