

NEVER VACATION WITH YOUR EX



Young Adult

**By Emily Wibberley and Austin
Siegemund-Broka**

ISBN: 9780593326923

Book Summary:

A seventeen-year-old girl rekindles a relationship with her ex-boyfriend while vacationing with her family.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; mild/infrequent profanity; alternate sexualities; and alcohol use.

2/5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	With the memory of his hand lingering on my skin, I can't stop smiling.
22	There were kisses in this very room while my parents, putting together "taco night" downstairs, definitely knew what was going on.
29	Dean is bi, which didn't at all factor into our breakup. He came out to his family last year, and when he had his first kiss with a boy, I was the first person he told.
36	Holding the coffees, he leans over the console to give me a kiss that's longer than a peck, if not a full-on make-out. We haven't graduated to pecking yet, the casual comfort of kissing hello. Dean and I reached pecking pretty early. ...But despite the naturalness of our relationship, we would sometimes surprise each other, too, drawing the other in for long, heart-fluttering, knee-liquefying kisses.
40	I need flings like these, free of consequences. I need flirty texting. I need front-seat make-outs. I need . . . freedom. ...When I park the car, he kisses me again. This time, I keep my mind on his smell, his thumb gentle on my jawline, the way our mouths move together. Him.
45	"You know, there was a time I would have been insecure about that, but not anymore. Patrick knows I don't want to get married until I'm at least thirty." Claire scoffs. "God, why wait that long? You two can't keep your hands off each other."
93	Dad shrugs, reaching for his beer.
97	I'd agree, then quickly get bored and decide to make out with him instead. He didn't complain, although he did confess to rewatching the movies on his own later.
107	"I invite them to tag along on our beach day. While you sit on the sand, I take them into the water, where I wrap an arm around their waist and pull them close. You remember how that felt, right?" I fix my eyes on the road, my cheeks heating. Yes, Dean, I remember. I know what he's doing, too. It's clever, I'll give him that, but it won't work. "When I kiss them," he continues deliberately, "I set the pace slow at first. We're on a public beach, after all. But I deepen the kiss just enough to hint at more soon." I control my breathing, feeling his eyes on me. I remember how Dean kissed, too. I remember in searing detail how every press of his lips came with swooping flips in my stomach. He's a good kisser, but skill didn't really come into it. I'd kissed more skillful kissers before, but no one wanted like Dean.
179	My eyes run down his body to where his shirt is starting to pull out of his waistband. I'm tempted to reach over and fix it for him, but I restrain myself.
181	Just hearing the simple, sweet melody, old feelings threaten to take hold of my heart. Tasting Dean's lips, laughing in his car together, smiling whenever I listened to this song while working out and missing him.
182	Lifting our linked hands above me, I spin for him, starting us off in a rhythm we've perfected. We may not have our hands in each other's hair, I may not feel his breath on my neck while he trails kisses down my chest, but we've moved together to this beat too many times to miss a step.
185	I can't help remembering the first time Dean kissed me. The images cycle in my head, one endless PowerPoint presentation I can't manage to quit out of. The kiss caught me by surprise.

Page	Content
186	<p>But while I hadn't meant for the kiss to be more than a kiss, when our lips touched, my stomach swooped. Effervescent need hummed through me. Before I knew it, we were making out on the couch and only fumbling apart when we heard footsteps.</p>
201	<p>Before I left, I gave Everett my number because he asked, and I figured, why not? Princeton isn't impossibly far from Newport. It was the perfect reminder that the world is full of guys to meet for simple, no-strings flirtation—harmless, easy fun, like sliding into the warm ocean only feet from here.</p>
219	<p>I meet Dean's eyes. For one moment, we're caught in shared suspense, the emotion written everywhere in his expression—the wild, electric friction of hope meeting fear—until the footsteps retreat again.</p> <p>Leaving us alone. Without a chaperone. In a dark, cramped space.</p> <p>I'm very conscious of everywhere my body touches Dean's. My ankle, the side of my thigh, my wrist. Necessities of partner hide-and-seek converted into hushed hints of something else, unintelligible urging whispers. I fight determinedly to ignore them, to shut off the charged current they send through me.</p> <p>"How great would this be for making out?" Dean asks.</p>
230	<p>I know Dean is with me, despite the fact that I can only make out his faintest contours. His presence pulls me like gravity, ever-present, impossible to fight. I dip my head a little—and then a little more. His words play in surround sound in my head. I'll always want you.</p> <p>His lips find my neck, and I let myself collapse into him.</p> <p>The realities of the world slip out of focus, swirling into heated collisions of feeling. I wind my hands into his loose hair while he trails kisses up my neck, along my jawline, to the corner of my mouth. The sensation electrifies me until he leaves the soft skin of my cheek, hesitating, promising. My lips part, waiting—</p>
235	<p>I block Everett's spikes, putting our bodies close. I point at him before serving. I dive for saves, knowing my butt looks great when I do.</p>
236	<p>Everett settles onto the sand, and I sit down next to him, making sure we're close enough for our legs to brush. It's perfect. Rom-com-worthy, like I'm in my own version of one of the Sandra Bullock movies we didn't get to watch last night. A beach make-out in front of the waves after a great game of volleyball with a very cute guy. It's exactly what I need. Exactly what will get my head straight.</p> <p>Neither of us says anything, because saying something is so not the point right now.</p> <p>I eye him invitingly, leaning back on my elbows, which sink in like the sand was expecting me. Everett's posture shifts with mine—he moves closer, bringing his head down to mine, our shoulders knocking gently into each other.</p> <p>...</p> <p>"Hey, so, want to hook up?" Everett asks, his voice close to my face.</p> <p>My eyes flit open, fixing on the boy in front of me. Everett. Yes, my mind shouts, sounding like cheers mixed with marching orders.</p>
242	<p>I grab his face in my hands and pull his lips to mine. Suddenly, for the first time in what feels like forever, I'm kissing Dean Freeman-Yu.</p> <p>...I deepen the kiss, feeling my fingers clench sweetly when Dean finds my rhythm. He remembers how I like to be kissed, giving me room to set the pace, not pushing in until I open to him. Which I do, pressing my body flush with his, folding into him when I feel his hand find the curve of my neck.</p> <p>...I feel like we're falling, plummeting from the wondrous height of the kiss. We haven't hit the ground yet, but we will.</p> <p>...I chew my lip, which is the wrong move. It reminds me of what my lips were just doing.</p>

Page	Content
244	Drawing me back to him, he kisses me. It feels easier now. I let the freedom steal through me, the uncomplicated joy of just . . . kissing him. He smiles into my mouth, like he can feel how this is working. I quiet the questions in my head—how long this can last, if this is wise, whether it really avoids a breakup. I can't think while Dean is kissing me. So I don't.
245	WE LOSE TRACK OF time, the afternoon slipping into evening while we make out. Dean has surprising stamina and an incredible attention span. ...We never had sex in the months we dated, but we got close a couple times. ...Less content is my stomach, which growls mid-kiss. Dean laughs, and my cheeks heat. “Hey, I wasn't planning on a marathon make-out when I got home,” I say in my defense. “I didn't do any conditioning. Didn't even carbo-load.”
247	Dean leans down, kissing me, strands of his gorgeous hair falling loose to tickle my cheek, watermelon sweetness shared on our—
257	Am I really willing to wager this, my second family, over a couple dizzying make-out sessions?
258	At night, we watch Miss Congeniality, the entire Lord of the Rings trilogy, and Mamma Mia! Here We Go Again with the families, who couldn't possibly guess that when everyone goes to sleep in a few hours, I'll silently slip into Dean's room. Sometimes we make out. Sometimes we do more.
265	When he reaches me, I submerge myself deeper, letting my collar slip beneath the surface. Under the water, he reaches for my leg and pulls me firmly toward him. I make a wordless, delighted noise, not caring how nakedly happy it is. Dean's movement carries me forward, my own personal riptide, and I wrap my legs around him. He brings his mouth to mine. When we kiss, our clothes wet and sticking to our skin, it's perfect. We sway with each other in the sea, and a quiet realization surfaces from the depths of my heart.
268	I bring my mouth to his, on the verge of whispering yes against his lips. I feel safe here, like I did in front of his camera. Kissing him playfully, I line our bodies up and lower myself slowly. His hand skims down my side, pressing my hips harder to his, making my heart pound with the crashing of my imaginary waves. When his fingers glide to the skin of my thighs, I exhale, or Dean does, or we both do, one shared breath—
270	SCRAMBLING OFF OF DEAN is my first mistake. It leaves my dress hanging open, exposing my carefully chosen underwear to our parental onlookers.
324	I know he's joking, but just in case, I pull him into a long kiss. It's moonlit magic, like every kiss we share. Incredibly, I feel like I'm standing up on my surfboard whenever our lips meet.

Profanity	Count
Fuck	4
Piss	6
Shit	3