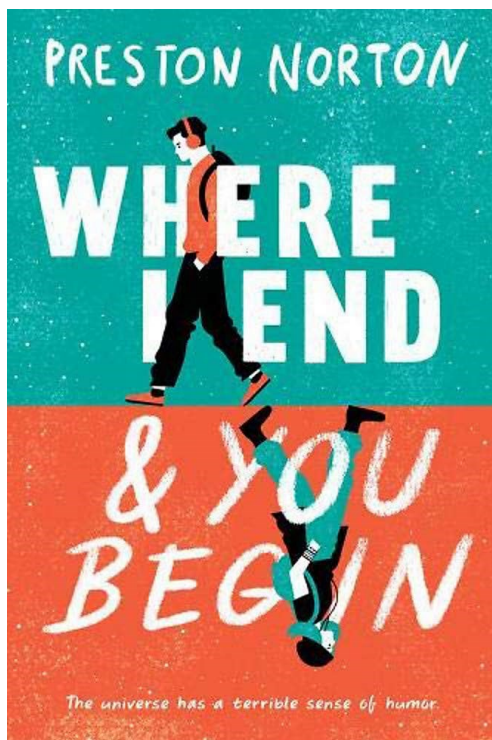


# WHERE I END AND YOU BEGIN



### Summary of Concerns:

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

*Young Adult*

**By Preston Norton**

ISBN: 9781484798362

**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.

**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
32	<p>That's when the drug bust happened.</p> <p>You see, there was a reason why Piles Fork's theater program was the best. Why they were able to memorize lines like machines and kill it like fucking Terminator. Why they sang and danced and performed like genetically advanced superhumans.</p> <p>They were all on prescription drugs- namely medication for ADHD and narcolepsy. In fact, Ms. Chaucer was selling them prescription drugs- Adderall, Ritalin, Moda, you name it.</p> <p>If that wasn't batshit crazy enough, there were even a couple Ryans sharing an eight ball of cocaine!</p>
33	<p>It later came out that Cicily Chaucer was kicked out of the Cats revival for attempting to sell cocaine to her costars. So, that didn't bode well for the impending coke charge. As for that generous budget Principal Durden had been pouring into the theater department, Ms. Chaucer had apparently been embezzling funds for her prescription (and maybe not-so-prescription) drug-dealing campaign.</p>
50	<p>"Or the thing that happened is Dad boned her," said Willow.</p> <p>...What we discovered instead were two boxes of condoms.</p> <p>...He sounded more like a plumber in a cheap homemade porno.</p> <p>Once we had eliminated any shadow of a doubt about Dad's faithfulness, we moved on to Mom's phone. We had to find out if she knew.</p> <p>What we found instead were dick pics. Sooooo many dick pics. It was dicks as far as the eye could see. Most of them belonged to Derek- tattooed; shaved-and-trimmed, endowed-to-a-fault Derek- but those were occasionally interspersed with the dicks of Sean, or Milo, or Terrance.</p> <p>Most of those only went as far as sexting. But occasionally they ended with a hotel address.</p>
55	<p>"What an excellent question!" said Wynezra. "One of us is clearly not okay because I'm currently rocking a GIANT. RAGING. BONER!"</p> <p>oh.</p> <p>"Why?" said Wynona. "Why do I have a boner? Is this some pervy Viagra thing?"</p>
132	<p>Wynonna's body was weird. And I don't mean that as "unattractive." More like unexpected. Her tits had a bizarre shape (not as round as I expected), and her nipples had a strange color (brown, very brown), and then there was the so-called va-jim-jam. Except it was kind of hard to get a good look at it because it was covered in hair.</p>
147	<p>"Uh-huh," I said, nodding, and racking my brain over every sinister thing I could think of that started with the letter B.</p> <p>"And ends with 'lowjob.'"</p> <p>..."But yeah, your sister gave Dick Tracy the ol' mouth-to-south. I saw them when I snuck downstairs to forage for food."</p>
151	<p>"I had a boner," she blurted out.</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"Multiple boners. Like, every single time he tried to talk to me- boing! There it was, pitching like a tent in my pants. I had no choice. I had to run."</p> <p>...I didn't leave Wynezra completely high and dry. The dick-owning gender had</p>

Page	Content
	<p>had millennia to adapt to the great wonders and inconveniences of the dick. And as a dick-owner- well, time-share-owner these days- I had picked up a few tricks.</p> <p>"You tuck it under your waistband," I said.</p> <p>"You what?" said Wynezra. "How?"</p> <p>"Very sneakily. Like a ninja. You just slip your hand in, grab the rod, and slide it under your belt."</p>
152	<p>When Wynezra looked confused, I proceeded to slide my hand up and down an imaginary cock in front of me.</p> <p>"Oh my god," said Wynezra. She shook her head. "No way. I am not choking your chicken."</p> <p>"Hey, currently it's your chicken," I said, raising my hands defensively. "I will get no pleasure out of it. Only you. I'm just trying to help."</p> <p>"And how is masturbating supposed to help?"</p> <p>"It defuses all the sexual tension in your body," I said. "Duh. I mean, you might still get a boner, but after you've masturbated, it'll be much easier to look at Holden as a person and not five feet nothing of sexual desire."</p> <p>Wynezra glared at me.</p> <p>"I'm just saying," I said.</p> <p>"Okay," said Wynezra, relenting. "Fine. How do I masturbate?"</p> <p>"Ummmmmm..." I said, uncomfortably. "The aged-old tools seem to be lotion, tissues, and your porn of preference. But...I would just say, you do you. I'm sure you'll figure out what feels good."</p>
153	<p>She mimicked my hand-sliding-on-imaginary-cock gesture.</p> <p>"If you get Imogen to like me," I said, "you can choke that chicken seventeen times a day. You can choke it until I get penis cancer. Or dick-related superpowers."</p>
187	<p>"I want you to bone with Ezra's dick."</p> <p>My jaw dropped as the words scrolled across Wynonna's phone.</p> <p>"Got it," said the robot inside Wynonna's phone. "Do you want to send this?"</p> <p>"FUCK NO," said Wynezra. "Jesus, Siri. Delete that shit."</p>
224	<p>Her hands ran down my neck, my bare shoulders, sliding down the curves of my chest. And then she grabbed my breasts, firmly, and squeezed them like she meant it.</p> <p>Oh. My. God.</p> <p>Something surged inside of me—an ecstasy I had never known. I lost all scope of the situation—who I was and what I was doing. My eyes became level with the rapidly forming hickey that Wynezra had left on Imogen's neck. My mouth latched onto it like a bull's-eye.</p> <p>"Ohhhhhhhhh," said Imogen, and her eyes rolled into the back of her skull. And then she laughed. "Oh my god. Did you tell Ezra that was my spot?"</p> <p>Huh?</p> <p>"What am I saying?" said Imogen. "Of course you did. You're the only person who knows my body like that. Thanks a lot, traitor."</p> <p>My mouth let go—growing slack with realization.</p> <p>Imogen wrapped her arms around me, squeezing me like she never intended to let me go. The sexual intensity defused, and there was nothing left but the</p>

Page	Content
	<p>deepest, purest, most heartbreaking affection.</p> <p>"I feel like I've been holding my breath," said Imogen. Her voice was like an open wound. "Ever since last summer. And now... now I can finally breathe."</p> <p>I felt the truth slip around my neck a noose, pulling tighter with each passing second. Wynonna lied to me. Or, at least, she smudged the truth significantly. Imogen was in love with someone, but it wasn't a boy. Imogen was in love with Wynonna.</p>
261	<p>It was a nude of Willow.</p> <p>A very private- very intimate- nude. One that was clearly never meant to see the light of day.</p> <p>..."There's more."</p> <p>Before I could object, she swiped her finger across the screen and shoved the phone in my face. It was the top of Willow's head. You could sort of see her face, but it was pressed against the pelvis of some dude. A long, surfer-tan arm with wristbands was gripping her hair, holding her in place.</p> <p>But this wasn't just a picture. There was a play button in the very center.</p> <p>I didn't dare press it.</p> <p>"Remember that blowjob I told you she gave Thad? Well, apparently he made a home movie. And since I know you're wondering- no, she didn't know she was being filmed. I don't think she even knows this film exists."</p>
263	<p>Something grabbed me by the hair and jerked my head back.</p> <p>"I'll cut your fucking tits off, you fucking whore!" Jayden screamed. I glanced down and spotted the tip of his shoe next to mine. I stomped on it. Jayden howled and let go of my hair. I spun one hundred and eighty degrees, swung my leg back, and then kicked like a cheerleader, aiming for the sky but connecting with his testicles, punting them into the top of his skull. Jayden's pupils shrank to mere specks in his irises! He crumpled to the floor, but that wasn't good enough for me because I was immediately on top of him. Unlike Wynezra, I took the two-handed approach, beating his face with both fists, whipping his head left, right, left, right, left, right—</p> <p>It took the biggest person in the vicinity—Daisy—to pull me off Jayden's would-be corpse. Her big arms wrapped around my waist, hoisting me off, while my arms flailed, and my legs kicked, and I screamed.</p> <p>I screamed words.</p> <p>"SHE'S MY SISTER, YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT, MY SISTER, I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU EVEN LOOK AT HER AGAIN, I SWEARTO GOD, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR COCK AND MURDER YOU IN YOUR FUCKING SLEEP-"</p>
266	<p>From there, a rumor was born, spreading around school about how easy Willow Slevin was. That you could just show up at her house, and she'd just give you a blowjob or whatever.</p> <p>...Jayden was actually jealous of Thad's blowjob. He told Willow that Thad filmed her, and he had a copy of the video, and he would spread it around school if she didn't give him one, too.</p> <p>Willow told him to go fuck himself. That's how Wynezra and a dozen other people ended up with the video and the original nude.</p>

Page	Content
296	<p>"I told you!" said Holden. "I told you. I'm the same height as your tits. You can't hug me if I'm the same height as your tits. Not to mention, you're Wynonna, and I like Wynonna and...Oh my god."</p> <p>"What?" I said, while simultaneously trying to incinerate the memory of Holden's nudging penis etched in my mental archives of traumatizing experiences.</p>
374	<p>"Do you think hesitated—"gay?"</p> <p>"Oh!" I said.</p> <p>"Because I think just a little gay," said Holden—anxious, nearable. "But before you go getting weirded out, it's not that I have thing for you, per se. It's mostly just Wynonna in your body."</p> <p>"Hey, Holden, it's-"</p> <p>"I mean, mostly I just have a thing for Wynonna, period. But I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a thing specifically for Wynonna When she's you."</p> <p>"Holden, it's-"</p> <p>"And I just wanted to tell you that because, well, there was the janitor's closet thing that we never really talked about, but also, you know, it's prom, and there's a possibility that you and Wynonna will switch again, and if that happens, there's a possibility that she and I will. . . uh. . .</p> <p>"Holden!"</p> <p>Holden stopped. Looked at me.</p> <p>"It's okay," I said. "I'm a little gay, too."</p> <p>Holden reared his head back, except for his eyeballs. Those stayed fixed in midair, practically dislodging from his face. "You are?"</p> <p>"I think I'm a little lesbian, too."</p> <p>Holden couldn't help it. He laughed. He was defenseless.</p> <p>"Can I tell you something?" I said. "What I think?"</p> <p>Holden swallowed, suddenly nervous, and nodded yes.</p> <p>"I think," I said, "that there are so many words and labels for who we can be, and what we can be attracted to, and what we can identify as, that it's sometimes easy to forget ourselves. The important thing isn't the word or the label. The important thing is you." "Me?" said Holden, confused.</p> <p>"And me," I said. "And Wynonna. And Imogen- We're all human beings. I think we're more complicated than a single word: gay, straight, boy, girl, whatever. Most days, I identify more with a dot in the middle of a blank white page than anything else. And my life could start moving in any direction, and I don't even know what direction that is! Only that happening. I identify with the blankness. But. . I think that's okay."</p>
384	<p>"I knew you two were a couple of queers!"</p> <p>..."I'm cool. My dads are gay."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	6
Cock	2
Dick	8
Fuck	23
Pussy	1
Queer	1
Shit	15