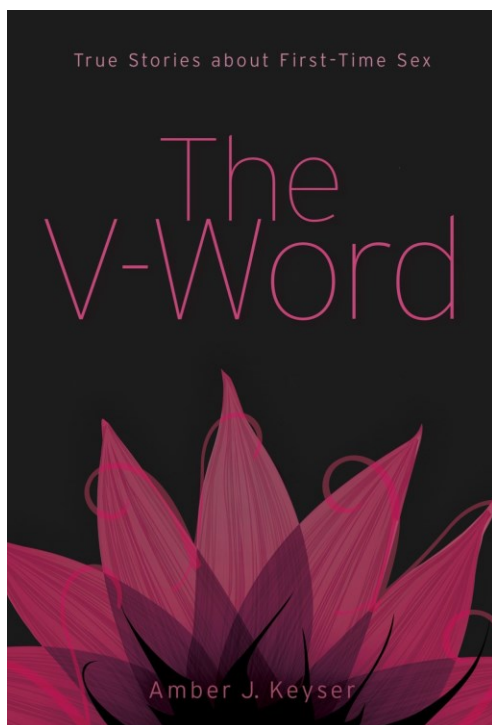


THE V-WORD: TRUE STORIES ABOUT FIRST-TIME SEX



Young Adult

By Amber J. Keyser

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Book Summary:

An anthology featuring authors describing their sexual experiences.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; references to child molestation and sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol use; references to drug use; controversial religious commentary; alternate sexualities; and alternate gender ideologies.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	<p>Girls get hot. That's the truth. It's not just the guys with their constant boners. It's us too. We get turned on. We fantasize. We touch ourselves. Sometimes we touch each other. All this wild girl horniness is perfectly normal. Humans are lots of things—thinkers, nurturers, fighters—but we are also sexual beings.</p>
11	<p>By accident, I discovered just the right way to ride my bike so that the seat vibrated against the mound of my crotch. It seemed my panties were always damp, and I masturbated often—in the bath, in the hot tub, in my bed at night. I imagined what it would feel like to have oral sex.</p>
13	<p>His touch sent sizzling waves coursing over my body. This was nothing like when I masturbated. ..I slid down under the covers, my cheek against his taut belly. And there was his penis. Hard inside but shockingly soft and smooth on the surface. I put my lips on the velvety end of his penis and took him in my mouth. After a while—who knows how much time passed—we changed places. And his mouth was hot and wet on the slit of my vulva. ...His aim was terrible, and though I was aroused, my prepubescent body was also tight and unaccommodating.</p>
16	<p>When he pushed his dick into me, it didn't hurt. ...The same kind of pressure with his hands and fingers, really, only this time his hands were on either of my shoulders. ...It felt merely okay, not as intense as his fingers had felt up there. ...He finally pulled out and chucked the condom. Nobody came.</p>
18	<p>So we drink cherry brandy.</p>
19	<p>We're touching each other in places we've already touched (under the bra and boxers and undies) but because we're alone it feels gigantic and luxurious, like we're just discovering America. ...Then, as he's putting his flannel back on, even though he needs to get home, I kiss him again. Reach down to feel if he's hard. He's always hard. I think that's magical. I push his flannel off his shoulders. Wrench his T-shirt off. Kneel down between his knees. We don't say anything. We pull his jeans down around his ankles. ..My hands are on his thighs, touching the blond hairs there that I think are almost pretty, feeling how flat and strong his muscles are. ...We pull down his boxers and a second later I feel him in my mouth. Under my palms his thighs are trembling, but what I'm doing is solid and clear. Honest. I hear the sound of him sucking in his breath, then a sighing noise from deep in his chest. Every sound he makes tells me how it feels. ...Sweet, salty, sour, bitter. The way his body tastes. The way he breathes, soft, then hard. ...When he comes, which is just a few minutes into it, I swallow it all—the sweet, salty, sour, bitter. All of it.</p>
21	<p>A blowjob. Sucking dick. Head.</p>
24	<p>One sex scene in a long-forgotten novel lingered with me. A young man, a mechanic, coupled with a slightly older woman in the back of a car he had been repairing. He had</p>

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	<p>gotten hard and penetrated his lover but, this being his first time, he had come almost immediately. Paralyzed with shame, he began to pull out but she wrapped her legs around him and told him, gently, that he wasn't finished yet. She kept him inside her and then moved against him like a slow, insistent tide.</p> <p>With the claiming of her own pleasure, her increasing wetness, her warmth, and her patience, the young man's desire and erection returned, stronger now. They came together, sweating and seizing each other in gratitude.</p>
25	<p>The first time I made myself come as a teenager, with rhythmic thrusts against a pillow, I felt surprised and terrified.</p> <p>..."Men have to use their penises and their mouths. They place their genitals in each other's anuses. Women have to use their fingers, or worse, other devices. It's unspeakable. It's morally wrong. It brings disease. I'm a Catholic sister. How do you think I voted?"</p>
26	<p>I learned how to touch myself with my own hands, how to draw circles with my fingers where my body liked it best, how to touch my clitoris to come quickly, and how to make myself wait for a more intense, drawn-out orgasm.</p> <p>When chat rooms first came into vogue, I discovered cybersex. I would ask faceless men to imagine what they wanted to do to me, blocking the ones who wanted to be rough, clicking away from the ones who wanted to receive oral sex. I chatted with the ones who wanted to enter me with their tongues or penetrate me slowly with one hand while touching my clitoris.</p> <p>...I told myself that cybersex, fantasizing, and self-pleasuring were mere misdemeanors, preventing me from the felony of partnered sex.</p> <p>...I would stay in the safety of novels, internet chats, and my imagination.</p> <p>Minor sins, not mortal ones.</p>
27	<p>But at night, after my solitary orgasms, I could sleep more easily.</p>
29	<p>One night, when we were making out, we kissed more intensely than usual, for nearly an hour. We shifted together on my bed, and her knee softly found the warmth between my legs. I pressed against her, enjoying the new contact. She gripped my breasts and found my rising nipples. I moaned and moved against her, like a rhythmic tide with increasing rapidity. It arrived before I knew it was happening—my orgasm. I came for the first time with another person, with someone who cared about me.</p> <p>...The moment of my orgasm, the feel of her fingertips finding my nipples, the firm heat of her knee against the part of me where I felt pleasure the most.</p> <p>...She started slow with her palms along my torso. My skin there shook with hope and fear, unused to the presence of another person. She asked me if I was ready, and I nodded. She touched me where I had only ever touched myself. She touched me differently, gently drawing her fingers from the wetness of my vagina to the swelling near my clitoris.</p> <p>...I touched her with my hands too. She felt like me: warm at first, and then, as I slowly moved my fingers, she turned slick, damp. I traced circles near the top of her vulva where I thought her clitoris might be, the way I liked to touch myself. She moaned. It was the first time I had ever made someone moan.</p> <p>...So I kissed her and I smiled while I did. I learned what it was to kiss someone and find her mouth cold from the way she had been gasping with desire.</p> <p>She smiled against my smiling mouth.</p>
33	<p>And talking to older girls? One I knew said she hadn't felt anything, but her sister piped up, "Of course not. It's always easier for fat girls. Like throwing a hot dog down a wet hallway."</p>

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	<p>(Later, in tears, the first sister confessed that she'd started early with sex toys and that more likely than not she could thank a blue cock for her painless first time.) ...This obsession with sex sunk its claws into me at eleven years old. ...After all that time dreaming and fantasizing and clicking through internet ads of huge black cocks, I wanted my first time over and done.</p>
36	<p>Everything hurt for a moment, then faded to a dull ache as Vince pumped away. ...Before it could grow into anything more than an ephemeral hint of pleasure, Vince's slippery purple cock popped free like a slug escaping a Chinese finger trap. The condom had slipped perilously close to his tip, the cream-filled latex dangling down.</p>
46	<p>I was six years old the first time a man put his hands on me sexually. It wasn't the first time I'd been exposed to the idea of sex, but it was the first time I was a participant. ...I became the girl who would give a guy a blow job in a living room with people walking in and out to get their coats. The girl who gave a guy a hand job underneath a thin blanket on the lawn of a completely packed outdoor concert.</p>
48	<p>Mostly, I knew how to give good blow jobs. I had a really big mouth, and I swallowed. Surely these made me worthy of being craved. Because what guy doesn't want sexual services from a girl who swallows?</p>
49	<p>Even half hard, like he was when I rubbed against him.</p>
50	<p>I undid his zipper while he unbuttoned the front of my sundress. ...He trailed his tongue along my neck. His hands moved over me, and I tried to move them away, covering myself again. ...I dropped my hands and let him lick and touch. ...I had to get back in control. Sexual services—that's what I was good at. So I slid down his body, lower, almost past his stomach. My mouth ready to open and swallow. He stopped me. ...He got hard and pressed against my thigh but still only touched me. ...He fitted himself between my legs and it was easy and slow and like no sex I'd ever had. It didn't hurt. It wasn't rough or hard or deep. I was wet and it was an easy fit and I arched my hips because it made him grunt in this way that I liked. And I listened to us slapping together and it didn't feel like anything at all. He came and I didn't because my heart and mind weren't connected to my body. ...He used his shirt to clean the cum from my inner thighs.</p>
51	<p>We had sex in a single bunk with Brian's roommate, a barbecue chef at the hotel, snoring twenty feet away from us. It didn't matter. I could be quiet as a mouse having sex. ...And I never asked him to use protection. ...Cum would leak onto my underwear and I'd hope I wasn't pregnant.</p>
55	<p>Probably she knew I'd been masturbating. ..."While at the Young Writers' Retreat, you can put your hands in your own pants but no one else's."</p>
58	<p>I could feel wetness seeping into my underwear. Maya's mouth felt mind-bogglingly appealing. ...It was like I'd discovered there was a second clit in my mouth, the way each swipe of her tongue deepened my excitement. Before, I'd sometimes worried that I wouldn't be able to orgasm with someone else touching me or that I would take too long and they'd get bored. I realized that if Maya were to touch me now, I'd come almost immediately.</p>

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	<p>I experimented with a firmer kiss, proud that I seemed to have gotten the hang of what to do with my mouth so quickly. Maya ran her soft fingers over my neck and up into my hair, pulling me closer.</p> <p>...We made out a lot over the next few days.</p>
59	<p>He kissed me full on the mouth, bending over because he was so tall. As he squeezed my shoulders firmly, he continued to press his mouth against mine.</p> <p>...His thick tongue filled my mouth, gluing me in place. I tried to figure out how I felt about all this: his stubble against my skin, that he felt so much older, that he wasn't a woman.</p> <p>...He breathed heavily into my mouth, pulling me closer. I automatically followed his movements, kissing back, wrapping my arm around him.</p>
60	<p>I couldn't fully see her in the dark, and when we started kissing, it felt more deliberate and grown-up. Our whole bodies were touching. There was a lot of movement. Who's on top? Flipping. Sliding together. Our legs interlocked, and when my thigh pressed between her legs, she sighed. Then, by accident, I touched her breast.</p> <p>...I'd barely considered the fact that she had breasts, let alone what I'd do if I could touch them, but Maya took her shirt off and so did I. Then we took our pants off and our underwear, and we were naked.</p> <p>...I tried stroking her stomach, thighs, nipples, hip, following the path of my hands with soft kisses.</p> <p>...Maya boldly took a plunge and kissed her way down my body until she was on my clit, kissing and licking.</p> <p>Jesus.</p> <p>I gasped. My clit felt almost too sensitive like there was more sensation than I could bear. I rocked helplessly, lost in the feeling and aware of nothing but how amazing it felt.</p> <p>...I kissed her neck and mouth, running my hands once again over her body.</p> <p>...The stickiness between my legs felt excessive and inappropriate.</p> <p>...Maya was now flat on her back and her vulva looked very adult to me, even though we were the same age. Her pubic hair was different than mine, dark and thick and wild.</p> <p>...I moved in a few times with my mouth, but I felt scared, unable to connect with this part of her body.</p> <p>...I stroked Maya's labia with my fingers, trying to do what I'd like on my body, trying to be one of the skillful queer women in all the erotica I'd read.</p>
70	<p>I don't know whose bedroom we locked ourselves in but we made out on the filthy mattress until my lips hurt. We'd gotten down to our underwear, and Jeff put his fingers up inside me. It was a surprise but it felt damn good.</p> <p>..."Will you toss my cookies?" he murmured.</p> <p>...Too proud for a map, I plunged onward, deciding the request must have something to do with touching his dick. I stuck my hand down his boxers and fumbled around. His penis felt like a bizarre, alien object, a fleshy Washington Monument.</p> <p>...I frantically fumbled around and managed to poke him hard in his swampy testicles.</p>
71	<p>I lay still underneath him as his penis pushed inside me.</p> <p>...I wasn't paying attention to his thrusting or the way that it felt both a little painful and a little good, I distracted myself by thinking in intense detail about what we'd do the next day.</p> <p>...He slid out of me and leaned up to my face, kissing me.</p>
72	<p>Just as I'd imagined for my future self, we had lots of sex.</p>

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74	<p>I was raised in a conservative Baptist home where there was no discussion about safe sex or any kind of sex for that matter. ...I'd done everything up to actual penetration, and until Sam came along I was okay with that.</p>
75	<p>One night, we were doing a lot of enthusiastic fooling around behind the barn. We were both highly aroused and one of us said, for probably the millionth time, "I wish we could do it." ..."Um, I'm having my period now," I whispered. "That's okay," he said, his mouth on my nipple. "I don't mind." "I mean, it's a safe time for us to do it. If it doesn't gross you out." I waited for any sign of disgust. Sam didn't hesitate. "Gross me out? Hell no!" ...Between my arousal and the blood, I was plenty wet, and he entered me easily. The sex was great—amazing—blood and all.</p>
77	<p>I'm no longer a Baptist or very religious in any way but I can't help but think of the old Baptist hymn There Is Power in the Blood. It begins, "Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood." Although the hymn refers to the blood that the crucified Jesus shed for our sins, it makes me think of the power of my own blood. It gave me the power to make my own choice about sex that night. My blood made me free from the burden, not of sin, but of worry.</p>
79	<p>Yes, I've had significant relationships with people of different genders (and by that I mean both with cis men and cis women, and with people whose sense of gender is more fluid and shifting).</p>
83	<p>We'd had previous discussions about sexuality; she was bisexual, she'd told me, and I filed the information away.</p>
85	<p>"How to Get Fucked while Remaining a Virgin!" ...Although I shockingly failed to document this, I'm pretty sure I remember that after we'd struggled passionately for a while to position ourselves in an optimal fashion he asked if I knew the definition of a nice girl, and when I didn't, he explained that a nice girl puts it in for you, and we laughed some more and then I did.</p>
86	<p>Between ages fifteen and nineteen, I determined that "bisexual" was a reasonable description of my sexuality. (I was uninformed at that point about the limitations of the gender binary.)</p>
89	<p>I followed her and my other friends' prompting about the audience participation, shocked and thrilled to sing the alternative lyrics to There's A Light (Over At The Frankenstein Place): "There's a dyke . . . over at the Frankenstein place/ There's a dy-i-i-i-i-i-ike/ Sitting on her girlfriend's fa-ace/ There's a dy-i-ike, a DY-ike, in the closet of eh-eh-vree-hee-body's wife."</p>
90	<p>Hands here? Lips there? Breasts! How do we arrange our legs to enable maximum friction?</p>
94	<p>But just as sexual orientation can be fluid, so can gender. Gender identity goes beyond the physical. It's the way we perceive ourselves on a spectrum from maleness to femaleness.</p>
95	<p>My nightly prayers always included a plea to God that I would wake up a girl.</p>

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96	<p>Eventually that led to making out on the dark trips home, hiding our heads from the chaperones as best we could. We progressed to awkward groping, exploring each other's bodies under the cover of a Marching Warriors blanket.</p> <p>...We ripped off our clothes, kissed each other deeply, and before I could process what was really happening, we were each having our very first penetrative sex.</p>
97	<p>I started shaking, and just as I started to cry, he kissed me.</p> <p>...Neither of us spoke a word as we went into the farthest stall from the door. With only spit and the lubricant from his condom fighting the friction, he thrust himself into me. The pain was immediate and intense. I didn't think sex was supposed to feel like this but I had limited knowledge of the mechanics of anal sex. Maybe it was supposed to hurt the first time.</p>
98	<p>I learned that transgender people really do exist, and not just as drag queens or fetishistic transvestites paraded on the trashy daytime television shows. In this brand-new world, I learned that even though my birth certificate says male, I didn't have to be someone I'm not.</p> <p>...But while my social circle began to recognize me as feminine or transcending gender, some things still weren't right.</p> <p>...Even when I slept with chasers, people who fetishize trans bodies and experiences, I still felt that I was being viewed sexually as a man.</p>
99	<p>We piled on the pullout bed in the living room, drinking beers and watching cartoons.</p> <p>...Before I really knew what was happening, Drew kissed me. Our roommates kissed.</p> <p>...As he took my nipple into his mouth, waves of joy pulsed throughout every inch of my body.</p> <p>...Every time we touched, I felt the masculine leave my body, a wrong being righted. He climbed on top of me, gently kissing my neck and telling me how beautiful I was. With his weight on top of me, I felt my body transform from linebacker to ballerina.</p> <p>...If a stranger had seen us having sex, their description would be almost unrecognizable to us.</p> <p>...It felt as though our genitals had switched places. I felt like he was entering my body. For one brief night, I felt that the errors made in my mother's womb had been corrected. I had known intellectually that my womanhood could exist and be powerful regardless of what I had between my legs, but for the first time in my life, I truly felt that I was really a woman.</p>
103	<p>My basketball teammates swore it was going to be all rotten and fishy down there. I don't get that. Why they would say vag is like rank tuna?</p> <p>...Besides, none of them have ever dived into a muff as I am diving into a muff right now, so they don't know what they're talking about. Carpet muncher, they'll call me tomorrow. Jealous, I'll say. Because you can take my word for it, I've never before smelled nor tasted anything that's as full of life as this is.</p> <p>...Vagina tastes like vagina. And I like it.</p> <p>...My head is between my girlfriend's legs and I'm finally having sex. Here's my tongue. Here's my girlfriend's vagina. Here's my tongue on my girlfriend's vagina and here I am having my first sexual experience.</p> <p>...I'm licking my way to my identity.</p> <p>...Courtney's pubic hair starts tickling the tip of my nose, which is about to make me sneeze. Fuck! That would suck! So I push my face further into her folds. Pressing my nose and mouth more into her, I can now feel her pubes on my tongue.</p>

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	<p>...I don't know if it's my saliva or some sort of wet coming from Courtney's vagina, but I feel a liquid starting to spread across my lips and trickle down my chin. Then she moans. I must be doing something right.</p> <p>With her feet on the floor and her knees bent over my shoulders, I loop my arms around her legs and hold on tight. My hands grab onto that soft area between the top of her thighs and the insides of them.</p> <p>...I squeeze my arms around her legs like they're a harness slapped down on me for a roller coaster ride.</p> <p>...My tongue separates the lips of her vagina and I find her clit with the tip of my tongue. At least I think it's her clit. It's this hard little ball thing. I press on it, and Courtney's legs start to quiver. I'm not quite sure what to do with my chin, so I push it closer to her, dig my chin a bit further past the fringe of her lips. She likes this. She moves her hips, riding my face like the horses she loves. Her hips are bucking.</p> <p>Like I said, I'm a natural.</p> <p>I explore. I unwrap my right arm from her thigh and stick two fingers inside of her. Wet, warm—could be called swamp-like—but only a swamp found in heaven! So welcoming. Mesmerizing. Lush. My fingers have found their place in the world.</p> <p>...I push my fingers further in, add a third, pump away. From her increasingly loud moans and heaving breathing, I know she feels good. The further in I go, the more it feels like I'm touching a part of myself, my identity revealed. Every second in her vagina, I am more and more a lesbian.</p> <p>...I slightly-salty wet seeps out of her as she grabs onto my hair and squeezes my head with her legs like I'm one of Suzanne Sommers's ThighMasters. I'm having a harder time hearing her moans now. The sound is all muffled because now, with her legs squishing my ears into her inner-thigh flesh, I feel like I have ear muffs on for this muff-diving adventure. But even with muffled hearing, I can still hear some epic moans. And then she pushes her wet vag further into my face, gyrating. Well, this is the best activity, ever, though my jaw's starting to get a little sore and I'm losing some tongue strength. She's wearing me out.</p> <p>But with my tongue on her clit and her body squirming about, all I can think of now is I'm a lesbian!</p> <p>...There's another big moan and some more hard hip thrashing and more of that thigh-squeezing and then soon her hands let go of my hair and my mouth lets go of her sex as she breathes heavily, her breath heaving her chest up and down. Up and down.</p> <p>I sit up and wipe her salty liquid taste from my chin.</p> <p>..."Mmm. Dessert." I imagine my chin is glistening like the fingers that were inside of her are glistening. Sparkling, even.</p>
113	<p>We're together anytime we can be, and there's everything between Aaron and me except penetration because we're Christian and fornicators will not inherit the Kingdom of God. This makes it simple. Oral sex. Kissing. Aaron coming in his pants. Coming in my hand. Coming in my mouth. That's all okay.</p>
119	<p>During the night, this man stumbles into the room where I sleep, and he is drunk, and he kisses me, pouring his beer-sour breath into me, putting his big fingers into me, too. When his hand tries to open my legs wider, I push him away, and he moves away.</p> <p>...He gives a speech about boys in college and how they drink and how, if they jump on top of me, I should "sit back and enjoy the ride."</p>

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121	<p>When her hand reaches into me, her fingers find spots I didn't know I had—places of silence and rumor and old-movie innuendo, the place my sister said tampons should go. ...Her fingers are in me. My fingers are in her. My tongue tastes her salt. Her tongue tastes my salt. At times I'm not sure which breast is hers and which is mine, and I don't know what is happening. I have no frame of reference from book, movie, or rumor.</p>
122	<p>I thought losing virginity required a penis and penetration and blood and the back seat of a Chevy, so I don't connect fingers and tongues and fists and clitoris and vagina to a summer of dark hotel rooms and secret meetings and sex between girls.</p>
124	<p>My first kiss was from a guy that had just smoked his weight in marijuana and tasted like Doritos and cotton mouth.</p>
127	<p>In a place where random hookups were the norm, being a virgin was a hassle. ...They'd had sex. Lots of sex. Cringe-worthy and swoon-worthy and just plain worthy sex. They had funny stories about sex gone wrong and horror stories of why you never want to have sex in the Atlantic Ocean at night (jellyfish!).</p>
129	<p>Meaning I started smoking and drinking heavily because that is how you spell fun when you're nineteen and not having sex. And being deliriously, gloriously drunk is how I finally got laid. ...So once the sure thing started making out with the blond girl, I headed outside to babysit the keg. If you're socially awkward and don't know anyone and are slightly embarrassed because a boy you sort of like is making out with a girl you don't know in the living room while everyone watches, the keg is the absolute best place to be. First, there's beer. Unlimited beer. ...So I started drinking more beer than I could handle. ...In a stupidly short amount of time I was absolutely wasted. Since I was too young to be drinking and too drunk to stand, I casually leaned myself against the side of the house, like I was cool and nonchalant and not completely shit-faced.</p>
131	<p>As Bruce Campbell, the star of the movie, drove his car through a portal into the past, the guy I was with reached up under my shirt. ...I have to interject a note of caution here: Guys that are completely okay screwing girls too drunk to give enthusiastic consent are the lowest of the low. ...Especially if the idea of being your first makes them hard. But I was drunk, lonely, and a little desperate to have sex. ...By the time Mitch went down on me I really just wanted him to take off his pants and get down to business so I could pass out properly.</p>
139	<p>Laughing nervously, Steven asked me if I was okay with him drinking, and when I said I was, he helped himself to some tequila. ...Steven drank his tequila, and I prepared mint tea that I'd brought in my purse.</p>
140	<p>I don't really remember exactly what happened next except that he slowly leaned in and kissed me behind my neck, and the tension that had been welling up inside me melted away. We kissed tenderly for what felt like hours. We ...Steven poured the tequila slowly and proceeded to lick it off my neck and chest. My toes curled tightly as he trailed a salt-soaked finger down the sides of my neck and licked that off with a slow and sensuous pace. This set off a chain reaction of deep kissing and electrifying biting that left both of our necks looking like a red map of erogenous evidence.</p>

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	<p>Before this moment, I had been kissed twice, and once someone had touched my breast under my shirt for five seconds at a middle school party.</p> <p>...He asked me what I wanted, and I said that I wished to be kissed all over from head-to-toe with no expectations of anything coming of it, unless of course, it did.</p> <p>He was happy to comply. The entire next day we lay in bed discovering each other and, most of all, discovering ourselves. The tightrope between our distance and our closeness led to a vulnerability that set the stage for me to experience my first (and explosively remarkable) orgasm.</p> <p>And my second.</p> <p>And my third.</p>
145	<p>I'd masturbated and was familiar with my body, but sex with another person wasn't something I thought I'd have to make a choice about doing.</p>
150	<p>I made the first move, grabbing a condom and handing it to him. He took off his boxers and rolled it on, while I slipped off my underwear.</p> <p>...We lay down and he slid inside me slowly. He was careful not to push too hard, asking if I was okay.</p> <p>...It was strange, but nice—really nice—to have his hands and mouth on my breasts.</p> <p>...While he pushed in and out of me, I became less aware of the physical act and more conscious of everything else: how calm my mind and emotions were, how right making this choice felt, how funny it was the bedsprings were so loud and that I hoped no one in the hall could hear.</p> <p>...After he came, we triple-checked the condom to make sure it hadn't broken. I hadn't orgasmed, and he turned to using his fingers and his tongue to explore spaces of me I'd never shared with anyone else.</p> <p>...When he'd tried for a while but wasn't successful at making me come, I told him it was fine if we crawled back under the covers and held each other.</p>
157	<p>Gender identity can occur on a spectrum, not just woman or man. People who identify on a part of the gender continuum that lies between woman and man often call themselves genderqueer.</p> <p>Gender dysphoria occurs when biological sex and gender identity are not congruent.</p> <p>...Other times there is a deep mismatch between the physical body and gender identity—a state of being called transgender. The word cisgender describes a match between sexual anatomy and gender identity.</p> <p>...Many of us identify as straight, gay, or lesbian, but describing patterns of sexual attraction is not always as straightforward as it seems. Bisexual describes when a person feels sexual attraction for both men and women. Some prefer to identify as queer, pansexual, or omisexual instead of bisexual because these terms acknowledge that gender and attraction occur on a spectrum. Those who find that sexual attraction isn't part of their lives sometimes identify as asexual.</p>
159	<p>Jerking off is a way to feel good, release tension, and relax. There are tons of slang terms for male masturbation. Spanking the monkey. Waxing the dolphin. Rubbing one out.</p> <p>...Many girls begin masturbating when very young and worry that they're weird, but both girls and women can have a lot of fun teasing the kitty or clicking the mouse. It's totally normal and completely safe to explore what turns you on.</p> <p>...For most women, reaching orgasm involves direct stimulation to the clitoris. How to get yourself there is definitely something to explore during masturbation.</p>

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160	Bad girls swallow. If you like sex, you're a slut.
162	"Girls think they have to be a wild woman in bed to be sexy, and boys think they have to thrust like crazy and go as long as possible," adds Pepper Schwartz.
164	On these sites, you can ask questions and read articles about everything from vibrators to oral sex to pregnancy.
168	Sending a sexy picture of yourself might feel like no big deal. It's fun and a little naughty to doll up and try out a porn star pose. Maybe your boyfriend asks for a picture of your breasts to get him through the next twenty-four hours without you. Maybe your girlfriend wants to see you touch yourself. A sexy picture between two people who trust each other shouldn't really be a big deal, but sexts (or any kind of sexually explicit texts, emails, instant messages, online posts, or chats) can turn around to bite you on the ass.
177	Lauren Myracle's <i>The Infinite Moment of Us</i> offers an honest and solid portrayal of female arousal. It's forthright but feels neither clinical nor nasty. The main character, Wren, describes how when she's turned on, her breathing changes, her nipples get hard, and she grows wet.
191	KELLY: We're missing a lot of sexual identities and sexual preferences in teen-focused media—asexuality, pansexuality, gender fluidity. We need more depictions of sexual exploration and experimentation, especially where the girl's satisfaction and curiosity are at the forefront. ...Teen readers deserve more scenes portraying masturbation, more pleasure, more self-awareness in sex.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	9
Bitch	3
Cock	6
Dick	5
Dyke	9
Fuck	17
Goddamn	1
Piss	2
Pussy	1
Queer	19
Shit	8
Tit	1