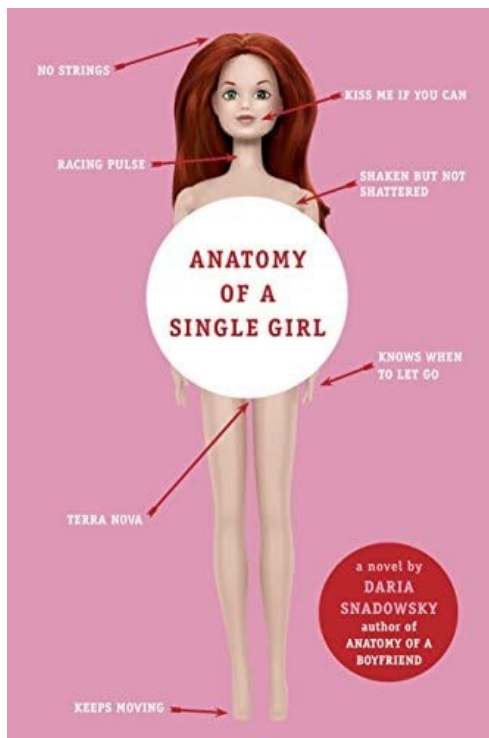


# ANATOMY OF A SINGLE GIRL



## Book Summary:

A nineteen-year-old college student gets romantically involved with another college student.

## Summary of Concerns:

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

*Young Adult*

**By Daria Snadowsky**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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7	A few feet away from us, there's a couple Frenching each other goodbye, sex-ifying the ambience even more.
24	Perhaps I should've joined Amy in Kansas after all, though she's probably sitting on Joel's lap now, too—or going down on it, more likely.
37	<p>Now running on pure adrenaline, I blaze through my daily Pilates routine before reveling in a steaming hot shower. Standing there, I try relaxing my jitters by pretending that I'm under a tropical waterfall ... with Guy. While lathering up, I envision that his hands instead of mine are caressing every part of my body. Meanwhile, Guy's gushing about how he has waited his whole life for this, and soon I'm following him behind the waterfall to a covert rock cavern, where he has his way with me.</p> <p>Following ten hot rollers, two Bioré strips, five outfit changes, and countless more pornographic fantasies starring Guy and me, I saunter into the living room at half past six.</p>
44	Instantly it hits me that asking Guy over on a first date could be construed as a green light to go a lot farther than I'm prepared to tonight. I hope he can't tell that I've already imagined us going as far as two people can.
53	<p>"I told you, just one closed-mouth kiss. And, like, he does have a car."</p> <p>"Did he get hard?"</p>
60	A three-foot stack of porno DVDs is piled right next to the Wii games. And no matter where you turn, there's a wasteland of alcohol paraphernalia—discarded beer bottle caps, dirty shot glasses, a funnel tube....
64	<p>Abruptly, Guy sits up, cups my face in his hands, and gives me a long, soft kiss. Then a harder one so my lips are smashed against my teeth. Next he slides his mouth down to my neck, and I giggle when his poufy hair tickles my cheeks and chin. Soon we're kissing again as his hands run up and down my sides, and it feels so amazing—like little fireworks beneath the surface—that I wonder how I've been able to live for the last several months without being touched like this.</p> <p>...Within the minute, though, Guy begins pulling me toward him onto the bed, and I sense the tip of his tongue pressing between my lips.</p> <p>..."I'm really sorry. I hope you didn't feel, you know, pressured or anything. I swear I thought you wanted to mess around."</p> <p>"I did! I do!" I kneel down again so we're eye level. "Everything that has happened so far has been great. And it's not that I haven't done any of this before. I've done a lot more. But for now I just ... I want ... For me ... It's hard to explain."</p>
70	<p>I don't hear her over the pounding in my ears. I just recall Amy teasing me about how after I went to college my parents would rejuvenate their sex lives by getting it on all over the apartment since they wouldn't have to worry about me walking in on them.</p> <p>"Oh, God!" I wail, envisioning their fleshy bellies jiggling while they do it against the kitchen counter, without protection, no less.</p>
77	I never would have thought that fooling around without rounding any "bases" could be so erotic. The scalp massage Guy gives me feels a lot nicer than sex ever did, and it definitely lasts longer and isn't as messy.
78	He grabs me by the waist and gives me a lingering kiss.
86	"We were hardly going out! You've never even let me French you!"

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96	<p>In an effort to clear my head, I strip off my pajamas, lie down in the bathtub, spread my knees, turn on the water, and position my hips so the stream lands on just the right spot. Then I close my eyes and sift through my mental catalog of hot men like Matt and Mr. Chesnoff, before settling on Guy. Next I'm visualizing us back at Bantam Beach, except now we're not avoiding any bases, and all the while Guy's raving that I'm the only girl for him. Soon I'm grasping the sides of the tub as spasms ripple through me. But it's all over seconds later. And when I open my eyes to turn off the faucet, the first thing I see is the ugly image of my three-day unshaven legs spread-eagle under a calcified waterspout.</p>
107	<p>Guy then passes up a Coors he disguised by cutting open a Coke can and pasting it over the beer can. I never understood the appeal of alcohol, though the whole concert atmosphere makes me thirsty for it in the same way you crave s'mores around a campfire or popcorn at the movies. So I pull open the tab and take a big slug. The taste is as revolting as ever, like liquid wood. But that toasty feeling as it runs down my throat is kind of nice.</p>
113	<p>Then he slams the door behind us, plunks me on his bed, and climbs on top of me. For a moment he just runs his hands over my hair and the length of my arms, as if to check that I'm real. Then he lowers his head to mine.</p> <p>"Hello again," he says, breathing heavily from his mad dash up here.</p> <p>"Hello."</p> <p>We begin kissing, but I can tell he's fighting to hold back. So am I.</p> <p>..."Fabulous!" I proclaim before clenching the nape of Guy's neck and pulling him back down to me.</p> <p>I assumed that, after so many months of being without a boy, I might not remember how to French, but that basic motion of opening and closing our mouths in tandem is like second nature. It helps that Guy's an expert kisser—forceful and aggressive, yet still gentle and playful. I suppose he's had a lot of practice.</p> <p>I also thought that making out with Guy wouldn't feel as nice now that I know we're done for. Back in high school, I never understood how Amy could enjoy getting with guys just for the short haul. In a way, though, making out like this is more enjoyable because there's no pressure for me to not do or say anything stupid.</p>
116	<p>Then he glances down at his shorts.</p> <p>"Oh!" I clasp my fingers over my mouth and try not to laugh, either.</p> <p>"The thing is, Dom, I don't want to risk blue balls. That hurts like a mother."</p> <p>...I assume he'll go to the bathroom, or that he'll ask me to wait downstairs. Instead he springs back onto the bed, undoes his fly, and reaches for my right hand. "Wanna help the cause?"</p> <p>I've given my ex dozens of hand jobs in the past, so none of this is foreign to me. Still, I wasn't expecting any nakedness tonight, and I sense my whole body seizing up.</p> <p>"Sorry, Dom. Is this too fast?"</p> <p>"Well, more like too sudden. I just—"</p> <p>"It's cool. I'll be only a minute."</p> <p>Guy then hikes up his T-shirt and pulls down his shorts and briefs so swiftly, I don't have a chance to see his whole penis before he grabs hold of it and starts stroking furiously. I cover my mouth again, astonished he's actually doing this in front of me. I couldn't imagine touching myself with anyone else watching. It just seems so private, like going to the bathroom. But Guy doesn't appear the least bit self-conscious, which is doubly impressive since what he's doing isn't exactly attractive. How is it that human anatomy evolved so that</p>

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	<p>something as stupid-looking as a repetitive back-and-forth movement can generate the peak of physical ecstasy?</p> <p>Guy wasn't exaggerating about being fast. In a matter of seconds he's grunting and convulsing. By the light of the lava lamp, it looks like his chest is being squirted with neon-green silly string.</p> <p>After it's over, Guy reaches for some tissues, which is when I get my first unobstructed view of him. Even in the dark it's clear he's bigger than my</p>
121	<p>"It's not like I watched him beat off or anything."</p> <p>..."You know what I mean. Sometimes when I'm with Joel, oh, my God, it feels so brain-spinningly fantastic I think I'm going to croak. The only thing that replicates it is the vibrator I bought when he started camp. It's much better than the wand massager I used before. But it's still not as fun as actually being with him—"</p>
122	<p>After Guy answers the Beta house door that evening, we barely say hello to each other before we're back in his bed. At first it irks me that his brothers are just down the hall, but so what if they assume we're hooking up? It's true, and there's no shame in it. I even feel an illicit thrill from them knowing that there's more to me than the grade-grubber most people pigeonhole me as. It makes me extra eager to take things further with Guy, which he must perceive, because after only a few minutes of kissing, I feel his right hand slither up my arm and over my collarbone before settling over my right breast.</p> <p>"This cool so far?" he asks while gliding his hand to my left one.</p> <p>"Well ... my shirt loves it, but I don't feel a thing," I reply with a boldness I didn't know I was capable of.</p> <p>"Okay." He laughs. "I get the hint."</p> <p>Guy begins unlacing my peasant blouse. I'm also wearing a camisole and bra, despite it being ninety degrees outside.</p> <p>...A minute later Guy easily unclasps my bra but pauses without moving the straps. It's my final chance to object, but I still have no impulse to stop. I'm glad I prolonged this whole process, though. A boy sees a girl topless for the first time only once, and the anticipation of the big reveal is really exciting. I feel like I'm a present being unwrapped. I nod for Guy to go ahead. He slowly draws the bra off.</p> <p>Then he just grins for a moment before tearing off his own shirt, lunging downward like a hawk, and sucking my nipples. It's wrong that an act meant for nursing infants should feel this good. Next, he nestles his nose in between my breasts and motorboats away, which doesn't feel as good as it does gratifying. Of all the far more endowed girls in Fort Myers, Guy's choosing to do this with me. Soon we're Frenching again while Guy kneads both my breasts with his hands, and I'm getting so turned on, I yank down his cargo shorts and let him slip off my capris, which also takes him a while, since I purposely wore my pair with a button fly. When he starts fiddling with the hem of my panties, I wait for my conscience to flood with misgivings about exposing my crotch to a boy I've known for only two weeks. Instead I feel myself nodding once more, and suddenly I'm nude.</p> <p>But then Guy switches on his bed lamp.</p> <p>"Guy! No!" I grab the pillow and hold it over my torso.</p> <p>"Yikes. Sorry, Dom." He turns off the lamp, leaving the green lava globs as the only light source. "I didn't mean to upset you. I just wanted to see you better." "I know. I'm not mad. I just prefer it dark." "Okay, that's cool ... but may I ask why?" I never gave it much thought before, but doesn't everyone make out in the dark? I always did, at least when I was</p>

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	<p>undressed. It just feels less exploitative than with light, which showcases every stray hair my razor missed, those ugly little bumps on my areolas, and the uglier stretch marks I got spring semester from working off the freshman fifteen I packed on in the fall.</p> <p>"I guess I just feel ... sexier with the lights off."</p>
125	<p>I understand now that the appeal of flings isn't just that they're fun—they also build your self-esteem. Nothing makes you get down on yourself and worry that you're undesirable like rejection, so having someone desirable desire you is the ultimate antidote. And aphrodisiac.</p> <p>I spin around to Guy and practically slam his hand against my breast before tumbling with him onto the bed. Soon I let my knees fall open so he can roll on top of me.</p> <p>...Then, with nothing but his boxers separating us, he starts slowly rocking against me. It's so nice, I almost forget to breathe.</p> <p>"This cool so far?" he asks while licking my chest.</p> <p>I nod as familiar tremors build up inside me that make me writhe and arch my back. "Ohs" and "yeahs" soar from my lips, and the tremors now coalesce into the sensation of a tidal wave building up down there. Guy revs up his speed, and he's so hard, I'm astounded he hasn't punctured through his underwear. Finally I wrap my legs around him tightly, coaxing the wave to swell higher, and higher.</p> <p>I grab Guy's pillow again, this time to hold it over my mouth so my voice won't carry. It doesn't end up mattering, though, because Guy comes shortly after me and does nothing to muffle his moans, which sound like a savage animal being sacrificed. The priss in me wants to tell his brothers that we didn't have sex and were only dry-humping. I nearly laugh thinking how funny that would sound: We were only dry-humping!</p> <p>"Wow," Guy says, peeling off his now-drenched boxers and tossing them onto the floor. "It was so hot watching you come."</p> <p>... "Yeah. Normally I can hold off a lot longer, but seeing you lose yourself like that ... Man, it drove me wild." Guy lies back down next to me. "I felt bad last night that I was the only one getting off, so today I'm glad things were 'equal.'" He winks.</p> <p>... "You know, Guy, that was actually, um, the first time I've ever ... come in front of anyone."</p> <p>"Oh, really? Well, I'm glad I was able to make you. I find every woman's a little different in that way."</p>
127	<p>"Okay, but define 'sex.' Are you talking broadly speaking or standard P in V?"</p> <p>"Um ... both."</p> <p>"All right. Uh ..."</p> <p>He crosses his hands behind his head and thinks for a moment. "Regular sex: five. Oral: I don't know ... Maybe three or four more? And this is all spread out since tenth grade."</p> <p>"You player," I tease. "Actually, that's not as many as I would've guessed. I thought frat boys were all about getting as much ass as possible."</p>
136	<p>So as they continue talking about the merits of fried catfish, I just chew in silence and go back to pondering what made me "smiley" to begin with: my pro-con list for doing it with Guy.</p> <p>The obvious pro is Guy's experience. Like I implied to him yesterday, sex with my ex-boyfriend was always a little awkward, as if we were fumbling through the motions of what we thought was right but could never be sure. So it'd be a wasted opportunity not to go for it when I'm finally with someone who's been there, done that, and could teach me a thing or two.</p>

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	<p>Another pro—although it’s more of a fringe benefit since I’d never use this as a reason to go all the way—is that having sex would take the focus off oral sex, which I don’t want to do to Guy. After he went down on me last night, he looked really disappointed when I didn’t reciprocate, even though he said it was okay. But when I gave blow jobs to my ex, I secretly hated it. What’s pleasant about sucking on a stiff, veiny appendage that spurts pee and sperm? It made me nearly retch and gave me a neck ache. Come to think of it, hand jobs weren’t very enjoyable, either. And since Guy’s not committing to me, I’m even less inclined to perform any “job” on him.</p> <p>But the biggest pro of going all the way is that my ex will no longer be the last guy I’ve done it with.</p>
137	<p>Just because the sexes are equal doesn’t mean that sex is.</p>
138	<p>Sex with Guy would be new, too, though, because it’d be making love without the love. That’s the experiment in all this.</p>
140	<p>“Remember where I live? The Betas keep an industrial-sized box of Trojans in the lounge, so we’ll be covered for a while. And yeah, they’re the kind with spermicide.”</p>
142	<p>Talking about sex is the least sexy thing you can do. One of the most convenient things about being with my ex was our mutual virginity.</p> <p>...And now my ex is my sexual history. I guess soon Guy will be, too. I wonder how many more penises I’ll have inside me in my lifetime.</p>
143	<p>At Lee County Medical the next day I deliver flowers to a new mom whose nurse told me she got pregnant even though she’d been using an IUD. It makes me think back to when Amy was late last year and she worried that one of Joel’s condoms might’ve torn. It turned out to be nothing, but she got so freaked out, she went on the pill as backup so they could virtually eliminate any chance of conception.</p>
144	<p>So in case I go that route because I can’t meet with an actual doctor, I look into over-the-counter birth control options, like the sponge. Since Guy and I will already be using condoms with spermicide, though, I’d rather not host any more foreign objects inside me. The sponge is just 91 percent effective at best, anyway. There’s always the morning-after pill; however, it’s really only meant for when you have unexpected, unprotected sex, which Guy and I won’t be having. I immediately rule out the withdrawal method, because sperm can still be in the pre-ejaculate fluid, and that could spell disaster if the condom gets a hole. But even if withdrawal were legitimate birth control, I don’t want to have to worry about Guy pulling out in time.</p>
146	<p>After she leaves, I strip except for my socks and put on the disposable gown she left me. It’s really just a sleeveless robe with the texture of paper towels, and the armholes are so big you can see the sides of my boobs.</p> <p>...“I’d like a backup birth control to use with condoms. And also I need to get tested for HIV and everything. I’m okay, but just to be sure.”</p>
147	<p>“Yes. Well ... I always used condoms for, you know, normal sex. Not that other kinds aren’t normal. It’s just—”</p> <p>I blush, recalling Saturday night in Guy’s room. I’m usually so cautious, you’d think I would’ve insisted on him using a dental dam, but it didn’t even occur to me until after it was over. Your brain really does turn to mush in the heat of the moment.</p> <p>“I haven’t always used protection for ... oral sex.”</p> <p>“Just keep in mind you can still contract a variety of sexually transmitted diseases through</p>

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	unprotected oral-genital contact. The same holds true for outercourse, what we call skin-to-skin genital contact without penetration.”
149	<p>“You’re thinking about starting the pill to use in conjunction with condoms?”</p> <p>“Actually, I’d like to start Depo-Provera instead. My schedule can get crazy, and I’d rather just get a shot every three months than have to remember to take a pill at the same time every day.”</p>
155	<p>Besides, our spartan setting isn’t too difficult to ignore in the midst of Guy’s naked body. Freshly showered, his skin’s glistening like dew. Plus his normally wild hair is wetted down, drawing all the attention to his deep-set eyes, which are fixed on me so fiercely that they seem like sex organs.</p> <p>...Also, I’m preoccupied with thinking, I’m having sex again!</p> <p>...Thankfully, the second time, I’m more into it and have hardly any pain. But as sensual as Guy is, the sex itself still feels awkward. I suppose thrusting is an inherently comical activity, no matter what the guy’s experience level.</p> <p>“So, what’s it like having been laid by six different girls?” I tease him after our third try. “You can count us on two hands!”</p> <p>“It’s cool,” he says through a laugh, “but I don’t care about that right now. I just want this to start feeling good for you.”</p> <p>“Well, practice makes perfect.” I wink.</p> <p>We decide not to try for four, though, because I’m a little sore now and don’t want to push myself.</p> <p>...After biking home just shy of curfew, I stay up until three reading Cosmo articles about “great sex” tips, which I test out when Guy and I resume doing it the following afternoon. First I lift my leg up over his shoulder, which supposedly does the trick for a lot of women, but I’m not flexible enough to pull this position off for long. Then next time we do it, Guy tries rubbing my clitoris with his fingers, though it’s uncomfortable having his hand wedged between us, and we give up on that quickly too. By evening I’m staring bored up at the ceiling, wondering whether casual sex is worth the hassle or if I suffer from some kind of sexual dysfunction. Or maybe, as with anything, imagining having sex is always going to be better than actually doing it, because in your imagination it’s bound to be perfect. But just then, Guy stops, sits back on his knees, and asks, “Dom, you know you can move and stuff, right?”</p> <p>“Move?” I lift my head off the pillow. “I move all the time.”</p> <p>“Not just your arms and legs but, like, your hips. That’s what the other girls did.”</p> <p>“Oh. How’d they do it exactly?”</p> <p>“Well, everyone had their own thing.” He wiggles his pelvis back and forth, side to side, and then around. “And they definitely liked it more.”</p> <p>“All right,” I say, my enthusiasm rekindled. “I’ll try.”</p> <p>Soon we’re at it once again, and now I know why I didn’t move before—because I couldn’t, at least not easily. It takes work to maneuver with a heavy male midsection sandwiching you against a bed. At one point I do manage to arch my back so Guy’s entering me at more of an angle toward my stomach, and immediately I get a kind of hot flash from deep within myself that I’ve never felt before. I can’t take his weight for more than a couple seconds, though, before my back drops flat against the mattress.</p> <p>“Dammit,” I mutter. “I was getting somewhere.”</p> <p>Guy rolls off me and says, “Dom, I really think you should get on top.”</p>

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	<p>“I told you last night I like being on the bottom.”</p> <p>“But obviously that’s not cutting it. C’mon. The Lilith wouldn’t ‘lie beneath’ Adam. Have you had a bad experience on top or something?”</p> <p>“No. I’ve never done it.”</p> <p>“So what’s stopping you?”</p> <p>Because if sex feels awkward, it must look awkward, and as long as we’re in the missionary position, I’m largely covered. But then it clicks how I like being concealed for the same reason I like having the room dark. As it turned out, keeping the lights on wasn’t that embarrassing. And isn’t one of the pros of having sex again to try new things?</p> <p>“Okay, Adam. You win this time.” I sit up and command him, “On your back, stat!”</p> <p>Once he reclines, I hold up his penis with my fingers and straddle him before slowly descending on it. Then I just sit there for a moment, our torsos at right angles, taking in this new vantage point. I was certain I’d miss that safe feeling of having Guy’s weight on me, but it’s liberating not being pegged underneath him. Now the only part of me that’s really being touched is my insides, and I can center all my attention on that without distraction.</p> <p>Guy gently pushes his pelvis upward, so I begin moving with him and then against him at varying speeds and directions. At first I don’t care how it feels and just revel in my newfound freedom. It must look like I’m hula-hooping and riding a pogo stick simultaneously. But eventually I arch my back again to see if I can re-create that fiery sensation from before. I do. I keep on moving.</p> <p>I’m glad the other Betas are far away playing paintball, because when I climax, I couldn’t have stayed silent if I’d tried to. The intensity’s beyond anything I’ve ever experienced before with Guy or by myself. My skeleton feels like a tuning fork that’s been struck. It actually kind of hurts, but it’s in an exquisite way. If love and hate aren’t true opposites, perhaps neither are pleasure and pain—if you go far enough in one extreme, it resembles the other. The shriek I let rip certainly doesn’t sound like I’m enjoying myself, and the groans I hear on the hospital wards could easily pass for orgasms. Now I understand what Amy meant at IHOP last week when she said sex with Joel made her feel like she was going to die.</p> <p>When Guy finishes, I’m too keyed up to lie down with him. Instead I bound up from the bed to walk it off around his room.</p> <p>“You okay?” Guy calls after me, but I don’t respond. My brain’s like vapor, and tingles continue coursing up and down my legs.</p> <p>...“I came!” I yelp.</p> <p>“No shit, Sherlock. I could feel it.”</p> <p>“It was like ... time-slowng, space-curving—”</p> <p>“Now you’re speaking my language.”</p> <p>“So ... how many other people know about this?”</p> <p>He cracks up laughing, but I’m not kidding. It’s as though I’ve pledged a secret sorority, and the members are the women who discovered firsthand that sex is about so much more than reproduction or pleasing your partner or trying to get closer to each other. I make a mental note to look into buying one of those internal vibrators Amy mentioned. I’ll be damned if a man’s my only gateway to feeling this heavenly.</p> <p>I scamper back to Guy and reach for another condom from his stash under the bed.</p> <p>“Let’s do it again!”</p> <p>“Whoa, girl.” He stops my hands from tearing open the wrapper. “I need a break first. Maybe in twenty minutes.”</p>



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	<p>“Twenty minutes?” I could slap him. “Five! Ten max!”</p> <p>“Dom, this isn’t something we can bargain over. But I assure you, we’ll fuck the second I feel capable, okay?”</p> <p>I huff and slump down next to him, though I’m amused by his choice of words.</p> <p>“We did just ‘fuck,’ didn’t we?”</p> <p>“I should say so.”</p> <p>I smile. “This sounds loony, but that felt like my first ‘fuck.’ I mean, I know it wasn’t, but before I never thought of it as ‘fucking.’ ”</p> <p>“I’m not sure how to respond to that, but I’ll take it as a compliment.”</p> <p>When we do it again, nothing happens. I’m not discouraged, though, because I know the reason is that I was trying too hard. The next time I’m calmer and just go with it, and it’s even better than earlier. The first thing I do afterward is check the date on my phone. In the same way that I’ll always remember the anniversary of that April night I began having sex, I know I’ll always remember the anniversary of this July night when I began having good sex.</p> <p>...“I love fucking you.”</p> <p>He laughs again. “I love fucking you, too.”</p>
162	<p>Before long, I lose count of how many times we do it, and all the different ways we try it. It’s not always good. But the more we do it, the more I learn what to do to make it good, and the less inhibited I feel instructing him about what to do to make it good. But my favorite position is still with me on top, since it allows me the most control. I even start giving Guy head—not because it suddenly feels better, but because I’m thinking of it differently. Down there I’m in the lead, and it’s fun making him react to whatever I choose to do to him.</p> <p>What’s freaky is that having all this sex makes me feel similar to when I was in love, but without any of the doubts or longings. It’s like I’m the healthiest I’ve ever been, and that I’m always on the heels of the best workout of my life. My skin’s radiant, too—my supervisor asks if I’ve gotten new makeup, and I’m not even wearing any. And although my internship is no less humdrum, I avidly put my all into each menial project. Amy says I’m in the “sex haze,” which sounds about right. All day I’m on a cloud as I look forward to what new flavors of pleasure I’ll discover that evening at Guy’s.</p> <p>The only downside of doing it at the Beta house is the Betas. Each night as Guy joins me on the walk of shame back to my bike, whoever we pass in the halls makes obscene noises and hand gestures at us or says things like, “Coming up for air?” and “Did you break the bed?”</p> <p>Guy yells at them to knock it off, and I’m sure they’re only trying to be funny, but it’s a struggle not to feel cheap.</p>
163	<p>A minute later we’re passing the Physical Sciences Complex, and I point to it and whisper eagerly, “We can go to your lab!” I start jumping in place, excited to play out my schoolgirl fantasies of Mr. Chesnoff and me doing it on his office desk.</p> <p>“It’s too risky. The custodial staff works till late, and they have keys to every room.”</p> <p>“C’mon. The whole ‘doing it somewhere we might get caught’ thing is supposed to be kind of sexy,” I say more provocatively than I really mean it ... I think.</p> <p>“Dom, screwing in a physics building is just a couple rungs up from whacking off in the library stacks. I’m not gonna be that dude.”</p> <p>...Eventually we get dinner at Big Fish, though I don’t do much eating, since I have to keep sitting on my hands to stop myself from groping Guy under the table.</p> <p>...Undeterred, I leap up onto Guy, wrap my legs around him, and French him in full view of the other beachgoers. And so begins a cycle of alternately making out and prying ourselves</p>

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	<p>apart just when we're about to commit public indecency. I normally look down on heavy PDA as crass exhibitionism, but now I don't give it a second thought. That's not surprising, considering that my standards have sunk to the level of wanting to rent a seedy motel room.</p>
166	<p>I push Guy down onto the sand and pepper him with kisses, which now feel as unsatisfying as trying to get full on bread crumbs. Then that condom in his wallet flashes in my mind, and I pull back from him. "You know, I've always been too scared to night swim, but the water's still pretty calm. Maybe if we go in just a couple of feet and I sit on your lap or something, we could do it without it looking like we're doing it."          ..."Dom, there's no way I'm exposing my nuts to freakin' jellyfish or whatever else is floating out in there."          ...There was never a real possibility we'd have sex. Instead we lie on the shoreline and kiss as the waves wash over us and darkness overtakes the sky.</p>
171	<p>"Ames? Hello? Are you still in there? Or is this the Jell-O shots talking?"</p>
172	<p>Maybe I'm too steeped in the sex haze to think straight.          ...From the moment Guy appears at my door Friday night, time turns into a blur of hedonism and endorphin highs. We never plan farther than the present moment, we try anything and everything that comes to mind, and I think about nothing except how my body feels. When we're not doing it, we're watching TV or rinsing off in my shower, where we just end up doing it again.          ...Normally I would've considered it gross to have sex on my parents' bedroom floor or on the living room love seat, where my parents sit, but with the apartment going on the market soon, no location seems sacred.</p>
178	<p>My neuroscience textbook said that sex causes females to get high levels of the hormone oxytocin, which is called the "cuddle chemical" because it bonds you with your partner, inducing you to snuggle, feel safe, and nest.          ...As if I weren't already completely thoughtless for not helping them find a new home, now I had to go and use their old home for a fuck-fest.</p>
179	<p>"Sex for sex's sake can be fun, but it's not always fulfilling. Big surprise."          "At least you're having sex," Amy says from her easel, where she's painting an acrylic portrait of Matt and Brie for their present. "All weekend Joel's away on a counselors retreat to some marshland with no cell signal, so we can't even sext."</p>
184	<p>Also, Amy once told me that the hottest sex she ever had with Joel was after they argued. In their case, though, the issue was Joel getting upset that Amy let a guy friend pose nude in front of her so she could sketch him for her life drawing          ...I sit on his lap and unzip his fly.          "Dom, you're positive you want this?"          "Yes. Tonight, we're not friends."          We do it twice. Technically it's good, but make-up sex or not, this morning's reality check makes everything feel off. In an effort to keep things more strictly sexual than before, I'm constantly thinking to myself how Guy's not so much a boyfriend as an activity partner or a "fuck buddy." I never lean over to kiss him like I normally would. I even throw my head back so I don't have to look at him, abandoning all thought of anything but me. I had assumed before that I could never touch myself in front of anyone else, but sex now kind of feels like I'm just masturbating with a guy.</p>

Page	Content
187	It turns out sex, like love, can be addictive—I actually feel my body going through withdrawal similar to when I cut out soda this year to lose weight.
188	Joel fucked another girl & I dumped him.
191	Then, out of the blue, she asks, "Did I ever tell you that Joel wa uncircumcised?" ..."Well, that's probably because I tried not to think about it. Uncircumcised dicks are disgusting." ..."And hazardous, too! I got a yeast infection and a urinary tract infection while Joel and I were together. I bet that wouldn't have happened if he had a regular cock."
193	Apparently still not hearing me, Amy continues, "I mean, I am awesome! I'm wicked hot with brains to match and mad talent. Why should I lower myself to put up with a grosser-than-gross pecker?" "You're right," I respond, just trying to placate her at this point. "Foreskin—blech. Who needs it?" "Exactly! Fuck Joel and his bagel-dog-looking wiener!" ..."Or maybe he's having rebound sex with Heather the ho-bag. I knew she was bad news when I met her there. Well, this is what happens when your relationship gets too comfortable and familiar. The guy's destined to get his rocks off with someone shiny and new." The moment we get to Chamber, Amy slinks to the center of the dance floor, where within seconds she attracts a half dozen guys vying to ride her thigh. I attract one, and as we gyrate our hips against each other, I think how just last weekend I was moving very similarly with somebody else.
194	"I am not going home now. No one's offered to buy me a drink yet, and there're major hotties here. Now that I'm free to hump anything that moves, I want to get some action tonight."
196	"And who are you to dispense breakup advice, Dom? That you've finally had a few G-spot Big Os doesn't magically turn you into some guru of moving on. I think your track record shows you suck at it." ..."Please. Perpetual booty calls isn't dating, Domi-nympho. What Joel and I have—had—isn't in the same galaxy as you and Guy. And no matter how much of a sex fiend you've become, you're still always thinking about your ex!"
201	Then he puts on his sexy voice and describes what he'd do to me if I were in bed with him, which just makes me cringe. There's nothing like feeling like shit to kill your libido.
217	"Joel was so sorry," Amy explains. "I kept telling myself he was drunk when it happened, so he didn't know what he was doing. Our situation isn't unique, either. Lots of couples deal with cheating and get through it. I of all people should be cool with a one-time slipup. And I was exaggerating before—uncircumcised dicks aren't that terrible."

Profanity	Count
Ass	6
Bitch	7
Cock	2
Dick	7
Fuck	17
Piss	2
Shit	11