

# The Duff

By Kody Keplinger

His lips were moving down my neck, sending an electric current up my spine. “Oh,” he growled playfully. “I do.” I laughed as he shoved me to the floor, one of his hands perfectly catching the space above my left hip where I was most ticklish. ... Suddenly, I felt Wesley’s breath hit the back of my neck. He’d gotten up from the floor and slid up behind me without me realizing it. His arms slid around my waist from behind, his fingers undoing the button of my jeans before I could stop him. ... I couldn’t focus on a word Casey was saying as Wesley’s hand slid beneath the waistband of my pants, his fingers moving lower and lower. I couldn’t say a word. I couldn’t tell him to stop or show any reaction at all. If I did, Casey would know I wasn’t alone. But, God, I could feel my whole body turning into a ball of fire. Wesley was laughing against my neck, knowing he was driving me crazy. ... I bit my lip to keep from gasping as Wesley’s fingers slipped to places that made my knees shake. I could feel the smirk on his lips as they moved to my ear. Asshole. He was trying to torture me. I couldn’t handle it much longer. ... Wesley bit my earlobe and pushed my jeans even lower with his free hand as the other continued to make me shiver. “Casey, I have to go.” “What? B, I—” I snapped the phone shut and dropped it on the floor. I pushed Wesley’s arms away from me and spun around to face him. Sure enough, he was grinning. “You son of a—” “Hey,” he said, raising his hands in surrender. “You said not to say anything. You didn’t say I couldn’t—”

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Before I knew what was happening, Wesley had grabbed me by the hips and was pushing me into my bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind us,

spun me around, and slammed me against the wall, where he began kissing me so hard that I thought my head might pop off. ... I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back. He tightened his grip on my waist and shoved my jeans down as low as they would go without unbuttoning. Then he slid his hands under the elastic band of my underwear and rubbed his fingers along my hot, tingling skin.

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We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn’t much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley still managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. ... “You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you’ll enjoy this.” I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees, one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I’d heard Vikki and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. ... It was kind of weird at first, but then it wasn’t anymore. ... My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I’d never felt before. “Ah, ... oh,” I gasped with pleasure and surprise and— “Oh, shit.” Wesley jumped away from me.

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