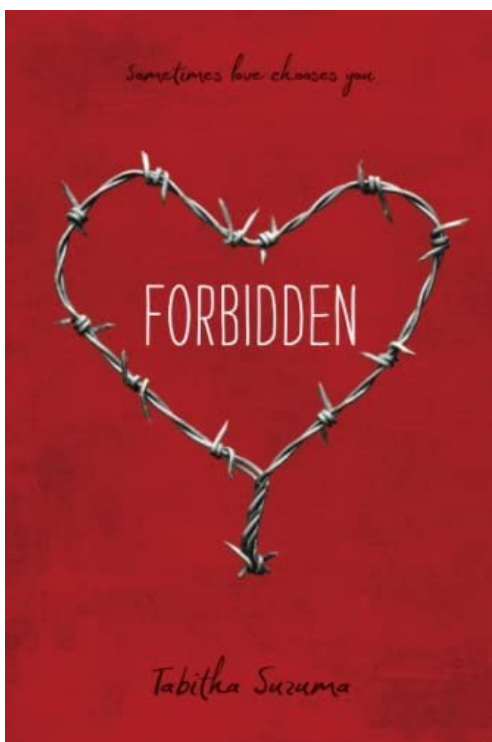


# FORBIDDEN



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including incest; sexual nudity; profanity; and suicide.

*Young Adult*

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ISBN: 9781442419964

**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
23	Kit slams the last cupboard with such force that everyone jumps. "What makes you think I'm trying to sound cool? I'm not the one stuck in an apron because his mother is too busy spreading her legs for-"
34	The others have learned to sleep through it, but I have always been a light sleeper and their slurred voices force me to acknowledge consciousness, even as I press my eyelids closed and try to ignore the grunts and squeals and the rhythmic squeak of bedsprings from the main bedroom.
133	Her top buttons are undone, revealing the curve of her collarbone, the expanse of smooth white skin beneath. Her gown stops well above her knees and I'm aware of her bare legs brushing against the thin, worn fabric of my jeans. The sun highlights her auburn hair, catches in her blue eyes. I drink in every tiny detail, from her soft breath to the touch of each finger on the back of my neck. And I find myself filled with a mixture of excitement and euphoria so strong that I don't want the moment to ever end...And then, out of nowhere, I am aware of another sensation- a tingling surge across my whole body, a familiar pressure against my groin.
145	My thigh rubbing against the inside of his was just an accident. I never meant any of it to happen. I had no idea that something like slow dancing could get a guy aroused. But when I felt it, pressing against my hip, when I suddenly realized what it was, I felt this crazy head rush. I didn't want to stop dancing. I didn't pull away. I can't bear to think I might have lost our closeness, our friendship, our trust. He was always so much more than just a brother. He is my soul mate, my fresh air, the reason I took forward to getting up every morning. I always knew I love him more than anyone else in the world- and not just in a brotherly way, the way I feel about Kit and Tiffin. Yet somehow it never crossed my mind there could be a whole step beyond...
178	She has a mother who thinks nothing of having sex on the floor of the front room while her children lie sleeping overhead, who brags to them about her teenage conquests, who goes out on the piss every week and staggers in at six in the morning with smudged makeup and torn clothes.
189	<p>He is kissing me back now, with strange little sounds that suggest he might be crying, too, kissing me so hard that he is shuddering, gripping the tops of my arms tightly and pulling me toward him. I taste his lips, his tongue, the sharp edges of his front teeth, the soft warmth inside his mouth. I slide up astride his lap, wanting to get even closer, wanting to disappear into him, blend my body with his.</p> <p>...He emits a ragged sound; we kiss some more, soft and tender, then fierce and hard again, his hands grasping at the straps of my dress, twisting them, clenching the material in his fists as if fighting back pain. And I know how he feels- it's so good it hurts.</p> <p>...Lochie's lips are rough yet smooth, hard yet gentle. His fingers are strong; I feel them in my hair and on my neck and down my arms and against my back.</p>
190	<p>"I love you far more than just as a brother. I ...I love you in -in every kind of way."</p> <p>"I feel like that too..." His voice is shocked and raw.</p>

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191	<p>"We've-oh God-we've done a terrible thing." Lochan's voice is shaking, hoarse and breathless with horror. "I- I've done a terrible thing to you!"</p> <p>I wipe my cheeks and turn my head to look up at him. "We haven't done anything wrong! How can love like this be called terrible when we're not hurting anyone?"</p>
195	<p>She touches my cheek, turning me back toward her. I take her face in my hands and start to kiss her, gently at first; and as I do so, all the pain and worry and loneliness and fear start to evaporate until all I can think of is the taste of her lips, the warmth of her tongue, the smell of her skin, her touch, her caresses. And then I'm struggling to keep calm and her hands are pressing against the sides of my face, her breath hot and rapid against my cheek, her mouth warm and wet. My hands want to touch her all over, but I can't, I can't, and we're kissing so hard it hurts- it hurts that I can't do more, it hurts that however hard I kiss her I can't...I can't-</p>
219	<p>"They'll never stop us. Not as long as this is what we both want. But you've got to stop thinking it's wrong, Lochie. That's just what other people think; it's their problem, their stupid rules, their prejudices. They're the ones who are wrong, narrow-minded, cruel..." She kisses my ear, my neck, my mouth.</p> <p>"They're the ones who are wrong," she repeats. "Because they don't understand. I don't care if you happen biologically to be my brother. You've never just felt like a brother to me. You've always been my best friend, my soul mate, and I've fallen in love with you, too. Why is that such a crime?..."</p>
221	<p>As I lower my body onto the mattress beside her, I inhale her smell and feel her legs entwine with mine. She kisses me gently- soft, whispery kisses that make my face tingle and send tremors running through my body, creating instant arousal. I am acutely aware of her bare legs caught between mine- afraid she will feel, afraid she will know. I close my eyes and inhale deeply in an effort to keep calm, but she kisses my eyelids and her hair tickles my neck and face and I hear my breathing become shallow and rapid.</p> <p>...I open my eyes and lift my head off the pillow and start kissing her back, gently at first, but then she puts her arm round my neck and pulls me closer, and our kisses begin to quicken, growing deeper and more urgent until it's difficult to find time to breathe. I cradle her head with one arm, clasping her hand with the other. Every kiss is becoming fiercer than the one before until I'm frightened I'm hurting her. I don't know when to go from here; I don't know what to do. I press my face into the hot curve of her neck with a strange sound and find myself stroking her breasts, the cotton shirt rough beneath my hands. I feel her fingertips running up and down my back, beneath my shirt, then traveling round beneath my arms to reach my chest, touching my nipples. Small electric shocks ricochet through my body. My mouth reaches for hers against and I'm gasping for air and she's making sounds that make my heart pound harder and harder. I feel swept up in some kind of burning whirl of madness, barraged by a million sensations at once- the heat of her lips, the pressure of her tongue, the taste of her mouth, the smell of her hair, the feel of her breasts- the buttons of her shirt scratching my palm as I slide my hand down them, the peaks of her ribs abruptly giving way to the soft inward curve of her stomach, the shock of reaching under her shirt and feeling taut, warm skin. Maya has one hand in my hair and the other on my stomach. My</p>

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	<p>muscles convulse in response to her touch, pulling away yet desperate for her hand to follow, and I'm acutely aware of her fingers sliding under the top of my trousers, pressing against my stomach, hesitating at the waistband of my boxers; I have to break away from the kiss and press my face into the pillow to stop myself from begging her to keep going.</p> <p>...My hands claw at the sheet, twisting it into knots as I push myself toward her, rubbing myself against her, imperceptibly at first, in the hope she won't notice- but soon that, too, is out of my control as the pace and the pressure increase of their own accord, my crotch against her pelvic bone, the thin, soft material of our clothing all that is left between us. I wish I could feel her bare skin, yet even the feel of her body under her uniform is enough to send me into a whirl of longing and desire. I can hear the sound of my rasping breath, the friction between our two bodies. I know I should stop, I know I must stop now, because if I keep going, if I keep going, I know what will happen...I have to stop, I must, I must...Then her mouth finds mine- she kisses me deeply, and a crackling, spitting electric current shoots through my body, sending out red sparks of exquisite elation. And suddenly I'm shuddering hard against her, ecstasy exploding through my body like the sun...</p>
245	<p>"She's taken them out," I whisper in his ear.</p> <p>He turns in my arms and suddenly we are kissing hard, frantically- no one to stop us, no limit on our time. But instead of making us languorous, it adds a new element of excitement and urgency to the situation. Lochan's hands shake as he cups my face in them. Between kisses, he pants gently against my cheek and the pain of longing pulses through my whole body. He kisses every part of my face, my ears, my neck. I run my hands up and down the warmth of his bare chest, his arms, his shoulders. I want to feel every part of his body. I want to inhale him. I want him so much, it hurts. He is kissing me so fiercely now that he hardly gives me time to draw breath. His hands are in my hair, against my neck, beneath my collar. His bare skin tingles beneath my touch. But there are still too many clothes, too many obstacles, between our two bodies. I slip my hand under the top of his jeans. "Wait..." I whisper.</p> <p>His breath shudders against my ear and he tries to kiss my neck, but I push him gently away. "Wait," I tell him. "Stop for a second. I have to concentrate."</p> <p>As I lower my head, I feel his body tauten in frustration and surprise. I don't want to get this wrong, make a mistake, make a fool of myself, hurt him...</p> <p>Undoing the button is easy. Sliding down the zipper is less so- on the first try, it sticks and I have to draw it back up before sliding it down all the way. But suddenly Lochan is grabbing me by the wrists, wrenching back my hands.</p> <p>"What are you doing?" He sounds incredulous, almost angry.</p> <p>"Shh..." I return to his open trousers.</p> <p>"Maya, no!" He is panting hard, a frantic edge to his voice. His hands are between mine now, trying to zip himself up again, but his fingers are fumbling, shaking in shock.</p> <p>Pulling back the waistband of his boxers, I slide my fingers inside and feel a rush of elation as I make contact. It feels surprisingly warm and hard. With a small gasp, Lochan buckles forward, sucking in his breath, tensing and staring at me with a look of complete astonishment, as if he has forgotten who I am, the color flooding</p>

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	<p>from his cheeks, his breathing fast and shallow. Then, with a small cry, he grabs me by the shoulders and shoves me backward.</p>
249	<p>"D'you realize how fucking stupid that was? How dangerous? You can't just suddenly do stuff like that!"</p> <p>"Lochie, I'm sorry. I thought we could at least touch each other. It doesn't mean we would have gone any further-"</p> <p>..."If I hadn't stopped it, d' you realize what would have happened? It's not just disgusting, Maya- it's fucking illegal!"</p> <p>"Lochie, that's crazy! Just because we can't have sex doesn't mean we can't touch each other and-"</p>
260	<p>"Which brings us to the Oedipus complex, a term coined by Freud himself at the beginning of the twentieth century."</p> <p>"You mean when a guy wants to have sex with his mum?" someone asks, voice sick with disgust.</p> <p>..."But that's mental! Why would any guy want to fuck his own mum?"</p> <p>..."...Mums who fuck their sons, dads who fuck their daughters and their sons. Brothers and sisters who fuck each other-"</p> <p>..."That's bullshit. Who would want to fuck- sorry, screw- their own parents?"</p> <p>"It's called incest, man."</p> <p>"That's when a guy rapes his sister, dickhead."</p>
294	<p>I don't understand. I don't understand. Surely this has happened before. Surely other brothers and sisters have fallen in love. Surely they have been allowed to express their love, physically as well as emotionally, without being vilified, ostracized, thrown in prison, even. But incest is illegal. By loving each other physically as well as emotionally, we are committing a crime. And I'm terrified. It is one thing hiding from the world, another to be hiding from the law. So I keep repeating to myself, As long as we don't go all the way, it will be all right. As long as we don't actually have sex, we're not technically having an incestuous relationship. As long as we don't cross that final line, our family will be safe, the kids won't be taken away, Maya and I won't be forced apart. All we have to do is be patient, enjoy what we have, until perhaps one day, when the others are grown up, we can move away and forge new identities and love each other freely.</p>
335	<p>My hand slides down her neck, her chest, comes to rest against her breast...Suddenly I can feel my heart.</p> <p>...I can hear my breath, hot and heavy, suddenly acutely aware that all that separates our two bodies is a cotton nightie, a thin T-shirt, and underwear. I run my hand down her ribs, across her stomach, toward her bare thigh. Maya leans forward. Taking the button of my T-shirt in her hands, she begins to raise it, slowly pulling it up and over my head. She then reaches down and pulls off her nightie. I emit a ragged gasp. Her body is perfectly white, in sharp contrast to her hair, which is almost fiery in the moonlight. Her lips are a dark pink, her cheeks lightly flushed, and her eyes bluer than the sea- watchful, uncertain. The colors and contrasts overwhelm me. My gaze travels down over her, taking in the upward curve of her breasts, the taut skin of her stomach, the long slender legs. I could stare at her forever. I can make out the ridge of her collarbone, the peaks of her hips. Her skin looks so smooth, I long to kiss it. I want to feel every part of her but</p>

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	<p>my hands tighten against the sheet.</p> <p>"We can touch each other," Maya whispers. "Just touch each other. There's no law against that."</p> <p>Reaching out, she gently runs her finger up my stomach, across my chest, and into the curve of my neck; cupping my cheek in her hand, she leans forward to kiss me. I close my eyes and, with trembling hands, stroke her neck, her shoulders, her breasts. Circling her with my arms, I pull her gently back down against the pillows and slowly, tentatively, as if afraid of hurting her, begin to trace my fingers down her body...</p> <p>I awake with a start to find myself alone in Maya's bed, but the house around me is silent.</p> <p>...Last night feels like a dream. I can't believe we spent it together, naked, our hands stroking each other's bodies- can't believe I actually felt her naked form press against mine. At first I was scared we might get carried away- might cross that final, forbidden barrier- but just touching each other was so incredible, so powerful, so thrilling, it took my breath away. I wanted more- of course I wanted more- but I knew that, for now, this would have to be enough.</p>
338	<p>Slowly I unbutton her shirt and she wriggles out of her skirt. Ducking beneath the warmth of the duvet, I start tracing a line of kisses down her body...</p> <p>She is standing naked in front of the open door of her wardrobe when I return from the shower and it takes her a moment to notice me hovering in the doorway, watching her. She turns, meets my gaze, and blushes. She reaches out for the crumpled sheet at the end of her bed and wraps it round beneath her arms. The white material swirls around her feet, making me smile. I pull on my underwear and join her by the window, kissing her cheek.</p>
352	<p>Stroking Lochan, feeling every part of him, arousing him with just the touch of my hand, makes me long for more.</p> <p>"D' you ever wonder what it would be like?" I ask him. "To actually..."</p> <p>"All the time."</p> <p>There is a long silence. He kisses me, his lashing tickling my cheek.</p> <p>"Me too," I whisper.</p> <p>"One day," he pants softly as I graze my fingers up his thigh.</p> <p>"Yes..."</p> <p>Yet some nights we come so close. I feel the longing ache in my body and sense Lochan's frustration as keenly as my own. When he kisses me so hard it almost hurts and his body thrums against mine, desperate to go further, I begin to worry that by sharing a bed every night we are tormenting each other. But whenever we talk about it, we always agree we would far, far rather be together like this than go back to our separate rooms and not touch each other at all.</p>
371	<p>And I bitterly, bitterly resent that, just because our relationship is considered wrong, all those hours of happiness we could have together are being stolen from us, and we are forced instead to sneak around, in constant fear of being caught. I find myself desperate for even the little things- being able to hold her hand on the way to school, kissing her goodbye in the corridor before heading for our separate classes, having lunch together, spending break times snuggled up together on a bench or kissing passionately behind one of the buildings, running</p>

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	<p>over and hugging when we meet at the gates after the final bell. All things that the other couples at Belmont take for granted.</p> <p>...So many superficial liaisons surround me, so any guys just looking for sex, for another conquest to add to their brag list before swiftly moving on.</p>
382	<p>"Hold on, hold on..." His warm hands brush against mine, tugging gently at the sodden material. Shivering, I drop my arms by my sides and feel his bangs tickle my forehead as he leans toward me, head lowered, breath warm against my neck. His eyes are narrowed in concentration as, beneath his insistent fingers, the button finally starts to loosen. He continues to fiddle with it, his head still bent, and I can feel his breath quickening, heat radiating from his cheeks. The top button comes undone, and without looking up, he starts unfastening the next. I am standing very still, acutely aware that neither of us has spoken for several minutes. A strange hum seems to fill the air like an unspoken thought hanging between us. Lochan is intent on undoing my shirt but seems to be having trouble, his hands unsteady. I watch his face carefully, wondering if we are sharing the same thought. When he gets to the third button, my shirt flaps open, revealing the top of my bra. I hear Lochan's breath quicken as he continues to work his way downward in silence, concentrating on his task. The edge of his hand brushes against the top of my breast; he is undoing the last button now and I'm aware of the rapid rise and fall of my own chest, the touch of his fingers through the thin, wet fabric raising gooseflesh all over my skin. My shirt falls open and he slides it off my shoulders, letting it fall to the carpet. Reaching for my bra, he suddenly stops, one hand hovering above my breasts, and from that one moment of hesitation I know.</p> <p>"It's okay," I whisper, my voice suddenly weak. "I want to."</p> <p>His eyes dart nervously to mine, the blood hot in his cheeks, his expression a mixture of fear and longing. "Really?"</p> <p>"Yes!"</p> <p>Tears and laughter swirl together inside me. I stroke my cheek against his gently, so gently that his skin feels like the wings of a butterfly. I close my eyes and move my lips lightly across his face, barely touching, so that my whole mouth begins to tingle. He closes his eyes too, takes a long, deep breath, and lets it out very slowly. My lips follow a path down his neck, into the hollow beneath his collarbone. His fingers tighten around mine and he lets out a small gasp. Raising my head, I softly kiss the corner of his mouth before moving away across his face. His mouth follows mine and I tease him, refusing to allow our lips to meet, until his breathing quickens and he releases my hand to cup my cheek and coax my mouth toward his. We finally start to kiss- soft, gently, fluttery kisses. Shivers of pleasure run through my whole body and his hand trembles against my cheek. His breathing deepens- he wants to kiss me harder- but I resist, trying to draw this out for as long as I can. He touches my face, runs his fingers over my cheek, and we continue our small, feathery kisses, skin against skin, so warm, so familiar, so gentle, until he reaches up behind my back and unhooks my bra.</p> <p>He strokes my breasts with quivering fingers, circling my nipples, sending nervous shivers of excitement through me. Eyes fixed, brow narrowed in concentration, he seems to be holding his breath. Then suddenly he emits a small sound, the air exiting his lungs in a rush. Tentatively I reach for the bottom of his T-shirt. When</p>



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	<p>he doesn't protest, I pull it gently up and over his head. As he reappears, hair ruffled, he brushes his fingertips across my skin, kissing my breasts. I unbutton his jeans and he inhales sharply, his body immediately contracting beneath my touch. His breath is hot, fast, and damp against my cheek and he reaches for my mouth, kissing me harder still. As he draws me toward him, a strong tremor runs through his body and into mine. His arms tightly encircle me, and the warmth of his chest pressed against me makes me gasp. He is kissing my neck, my shoulders, my nipples, breaking off to take in small gulps of air, his hands on my breasts, my stomach, inside my knickers, pushing them down my legs. I slide them off and step out of them, then reach for his boxers and pull them down. He kicks them from around his ankles and then we are standing together, naked together for the first time in the bright light of day.</p> <p>...All our struggles were so we could reach this point, this exquisite moment—finally holding each other, touching each other, kissing each other, without fear of being caught, without guilt or shame—sharing our bodies, our beings, every part of our souls.</p> <p>He follows me onto the bed, lying down beside me and continuing to kiss me, stroking my nipples with his fingertips, licking my neck. I touch his penis but he pulls my hand away, breathing hard.</p> <p>“Wait—“ He stares at me, his taut body thrumming against me like a live wire.</p> <p>“Maya, are- are you sure?”</p> <p>I nod slowly, a touch of fear creeping into me. “Will it hurt?”</p> <p>“If it hurts, we’ll- we’ll just stop. All you have to do is say stop. I’ll be really careful—I will, I promise...”</p> <p>I smile at the fervor in his voice. “It’s all right. I trust you, Lochie.”</p> <p>“But only if you’re sure...” His hands are like vices round my wrists, still trying to prevent me from touching him.</p> <p>I take a deep breath, as if preparing to launch myself into a void. “I’m sure.”</p> <p>Our eyes lock together, sealing a silent agreement with our gaze, and in his face I see reflected my own fear and longing.</p> <p>“Do you have some—“</p> <p>“Yes.” He raises himself quickly off the bed and disappears from the room.</p> <p>Moments later, he returns with one in his hand. A panicky flutter rises in my chest. Without a word, Lochan sits down with his back to me and starts fiddling with the shiny purple wrapper. Lying against the pillows, I pull the duvet over me. My heart is slamming against my ribs. I can’t believe we’re actually going to do this. I watch the smooth white curve of his spine, the sharp angles of his shoulder blades, his rib cage rapidly expanding and contracting, the muscles in his arms tightening as his hands fumble between his legs. I notice that he is trembling. Finally he turns back toward me, his breathing shallow and rapid. I lean in for a kiss and we lie back down on the bed, his mouth fierce and urgent against mine. This time he is on top of me, propped up on his elbows, rubbing his face against my cheek. I run my hands up and down his stomach and feel him shudder. Tentatively I move my legs apart and draw up my knees. I feel it prod my thigh.</p> <p>“Farther up,” I whisper.</p> <p>He has stopped kissing me now, his face inches above mine, concentration tched between his brows as he shifts slightly, trying to find the right place. After several</p>



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	<p>near misses, he leans over to one side and reaches down to try and guide it in. His hand knocks against my leg. "Help me," he whispers.</p> <p>I reach down and, after what seems an eternity, get it to the right place. I withdraw my hand and immediately feel myself tense. Lochan presses against me; I wince in anticipation. This is never going to fit. For a moment nothing happens. Then I feel him begin to push his way inside me.</p> <p>I inhale sharply. Lochan's face hovers above mine, staring down at me, his breath rapid and labored. His eyes are wide, green irises flecked with blue. I can make out each individual eyelash, the cracks in his lips, the sweat beading on his forehead. An I can feel him inside me, his body trembling with the desire to go further.</p> <p>"Are you all right?" he asks shakily.</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>"Can- can I keep going?"</p> <p>Another nod. It hurts, but that's not important right now. I want him, want to hold him, want to fell him inside me. He begins to push farther. A sharp stab makes me flinch, but then suddenly he is all the way in. We are as close as two people can be. Two bodies, blended into one...</p> <p>Lochan is staring down at me, an urgent look in his eyes, emitting ragged little gasps. He begins to move slowly back and forth, his elbows sunk into the mattress, clutching at the sheet on either side of my head.</p> <p>"Kiss me," I breathe.</p> <p>He lowers his face toward mine, lips brushing my cheek, my nose, then slowly making their way toward my mouth. He kisses me gently, very gently, breathing hard now. The pain between my legs starts to fade as he continues to move inside me, and I feel another sensation, one that makes my whole body quiver. I run the backs of my hands gently down his chest and stomach, into the depressions between his hips and then up the sides, urging him with my hands to move a little faster. He does, pressing his lips together and holding his breath, the flush on his face deepening, spreading down to his neck and across his chest. Sweat glistens on his forehead and cheeks, a small drop running down his face, then falling onto mine. As he moves, his bangs brush against my forehead. I hear the sound of my own breath, small puffs of air escaping my mouth, mingling with his. I never want this to stop- this fear mixed with ecstasy, my whole being humming with longing, the press of his body against mine. The fell of him inside me, moving against me, making me shiver with excitement. I tilt my head up for another kiss and his lips descend over mine, harder this time. Scrunching up his eyes, he breaks away and holds his breath for a few seconds, then lets it out in a rush. Suddenly he opens his eyes again, his look desperate and urgent.</p> <p>"It's okay," I reassure him quickly.</p> <p>"I can't-" The words catch in his throat and I feel him tremble against me.</p> <p>"That's okay!"</p> <p>With a small gasp, his movements begin to quicken. "Sorry!"</p> <p>I feel him twitch inside me, his pelvic bone digging into mine. Suddenly he seems locked in his own world. He closes his eyes and his jagged gasps tear at the air, his body growing tighter and tighter, his hands tearing at the sheets. The, with a deep, sharp inhalation, he presses himself hard into me, again and again,</p>

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	<p>shuddering violently with a series of small, wild sounds.  Once he is still, the full weight of his body presses down on my and he collapses against my neck. He is holding me very tightly, his arms pressing against mine, his fingers digging into my shoulders, his body still twitching.  ...I kiss his shoulder, the only part of him I can reach, and stare up in astonishment at the familiar faded blue ceiling.  ...I saw Lochie as no one had ever seen him, felt him inside me, sensed him at his most vulnerable, opened myself up to him in turn. In those few minutes I took him inside me, became a part of him, as close as two separate beings could ever be.  ...He kisses me between ragged breaths, and when I catch sight of the wild, flushed look on his face, I begin to laugh.  ...Then, from the doorway, comes a shattering scream.</p>
440	<p>With my left arm still hooked over the bars, taking almost the full weight of my body- metal cutting into flesh, digging into bone- I release one hand to reach for the sheet hanging down below me. And then I realize this is it. The guard will be back down the corridor any minute now. I have no excuses anymore. It's time for me to set us all free. Despite the terror, the blinding white terror, I slip a second loop over my head. Tighten the noose. A harsh sob breaks the still air. And then I let go.  Willa's big blue eyes, Willa's dimple-cheeked smile. Tiffin's shaggy blond mane, Tiffin's cheeky grin. Kit's yells of excitement, Kit's glow of pride. Maya's face, Maya's kisses, Maya's love.  Maya, Maya, Maya...</p>

Profanity	Count
Dick	1
Fuck	11
Shit	1