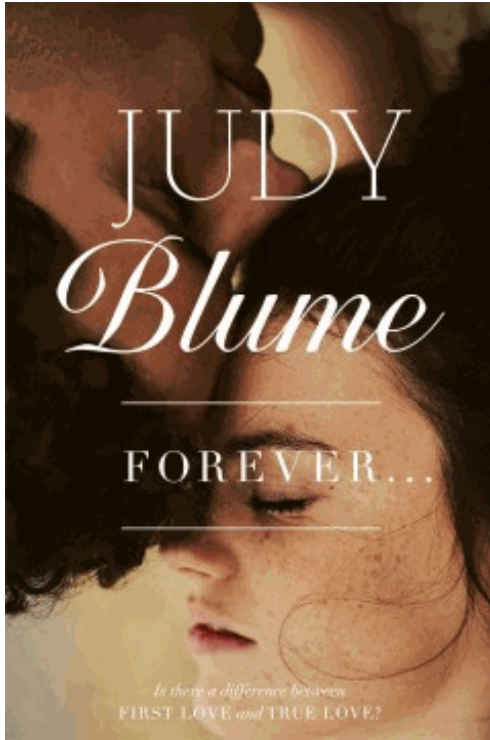


# FOREVER...



## Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts involving minors.

*Young Adult*

**By Judy Blume**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
0	A note to the Reader: For in-depth sexual and reproductive health information, contact the nearest Planned Parenthood health center by calling 1-800-230-PLAN.
1	Sybil Davison has a genius I.Q. and has been laid by at least six different guys.
3	At midnight Sybil flashed the lights on and off and Fred wished me a Happy New Year, then tried to stuff his tongue in my mouth. I kept my lips shut tight; while he was kissing me I was watching Michael kiss Elizabeth.
11	Before he let me out a Sybil's house, Michael stopped the car and kissed me again. "You're delicious," he said.
14	Sex was all he was ever interested in, which is why we broke up- because he threatened that if I wouldn't sleep with him he'd find somebody who would.
21	When we kissed again Michael used his tongue. I wanted him to. We sat together on the sofa for an hour. Michael moved his hands around on the outside of my sweater but when he tried to get under it I said, "No...let's save something for tomorrow." He didn't pressure me. He kissed my cheek, then my ear, and whispered, "Are you a virgin?"
22	It occurred to me in the middle of the night that Michael asked if I was a virgin to find out what I expected of him. If I hadn't been one then he probably would have made love to me.
26	He kissed my ears, my neck and my lips. Then he got up and walked across the room. "Lie down next to me Kath...here, in front of the fire."
26	He reached under my sweater and tried to unhook my bra but he had a lot of trouble and I wondered if I should help him out or just lie still and wait. He got it undone. His hands were cold at first but I didn't flinch. I pressed myself as tight against him as I could. "I'm crazy about you." He touched me and we kissed until the same record had played three times. But when he fumbled with the snap on my jeans I sat up and said, "No...not now...not with them in the other room."
29	"Are you still a virgin?" Erica asked. "Yes." "Is he?" "I don't know...I haven't asked." "I've been thinking," Erica said, "that it might not be a bad idea to get laid before college." "Just like that?" "Well...I'd have to be attracted to him, naturally." "What about love?"

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	<p>“You don’t need love to have sex.”            “But it means more that way.”            “Oh, I don’t know. They say the first time’s never any good anyway.”            “Which is why you should at least love him,” I said.            “Maybe...but I’d really like to get it over with.”            “What’s the point?”            “I’m always thinking about it...wondering who’s going to be the one...like tonight, I kept picturing myself with Artie...and in school I sit in class thinking how it would be with every guy...”            “Really?”            “Yes...even the teachers...I wonder about them too...especially Mr. Frazier, since he never zips his fly all the way. Tell the truth, Kath...don’t you think about it?”</p>
31	<p>“I mean it,” Erica said, “we look at sex differently...I see it as a physical thing and you see it as a way of expressing love.”</p>
41	<p>“Did you know that soft mattresses are no good for making love?”            “Michael...”            “Really...I mean it.”            “That’s very interesting...now would you please leave so I can change.”            “Are you ashamed of your body, Katherine?”            “No...of course not.”            “Then what’s the difference if I saty?”            “Oh...” I shook my head at him, turned away and unbuttoned my shirt. I pulled it off and unhooked my bra, which was also wet. Then I hesitated for a minute and slipped that off too. I reached for my dry bra and put it on. All that time neither of us said anything.            Then Michael was behind me.            “You promised...” I reminded him.            “I’ll hook it for you...that’s all.”            “Don’t bother.”            “It’s no trouble. “ But instead of hooking it he slid his hands around to my breasts and kissed the back of my neck.            “Please, Michael...don’t.”            “Why not, Kath?”            “Because...”</p>
50	<p>We lay down on our rug and after a while, when Michael reached under my skirt I didn’t stop him, not then and not when his hand was inside my underpants.            “I want you so much,” he said.            “I want you too,” I told him, “but I can’t...I’m not ready, Michael...”            “Yes, you are...you are...I can feel how ready you are.”            “No...” I pushed his hand away and sat up. “I’m talking about mentally ready.”</p>
51	<p>“But your body says you want to...”            “I have to control my body with my mind.”            “Oh, shit...” Michael said.            “It’s not easy for me either.”            “I know...I know...” He put his arm around me. “Look...we can satisfy each other</p>

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	<p>without the whole thing..."</p> <p>"We will...soon..."</p>
51	<p>After Michael went home I was in bed, trying to fall asleep, I thought about making love with him- the whole thing, like he said. Would I make noises like my mother? I can always tell when my parents are making love because they shut their bedroom door after they think Jamie and I are asleep. It's hard not to listen. My room is right next to theirs. Sometimes I'll hear them laughing softly and other times my mother will let out these little moans or call Roger...Roger....Even though I know it's natural and I'm glad my parents love each other I can't help feeling embarrassed. What would it be like to be in bed with Michael?</p>
56	<p>"Fathers have complexes about their little girls. They can't stand the thought of their precious darlings having sex."</p> <p>"You think that's what's bothering him?"</p> <p>"Absolutely. I has nothing to do with breaking your leg, like I said...it has to do with breaking your cherry."</p>
64	<p>Then Michael held me away and said, "I wasn't going to touch you tonight...just to prove I didn't get you up here for sex."</p> <p>"I'd have been disappointed," I told him. "I even wore my best nightgown. Do you like it?"</p> <p>"It covers so much of you but it's nice and soft." Michael reached over and turned out the lamp on the night table. "How do you work these crazy buttons?" he asked, trying to undo my nightgown.</p> <p>I unbuttoned them myself.</p> <p>"I want to feel you against me," Michael said and he took off the top of his pajamas. Then he lay down and put his arms around me.</p> <p>"Oh...it feels nice this way," I whispered, as my hands wandered across his naked shoulders and down his back.</p> <p>Michael kissed me and reached down between my legs but I caught his hand and moved it away. "No...not tonight..."</p> <p>"I don't care."</p> <p>"But I do." It wasn't so much that I didn't want him to touch me, because I did- it was just that I didn't think it was a good idea for either one of us to get carried away. "Michael...don't get too worked up...okay..."</p> <p>"I'm already worked up."</p> <p>He didn't have to tell me.</p>
77	<p>After we kissed for awhile he took off his pajama tope, then said, "Let's take yours off too...it's in the way."</p> <p>I slipped my nightgown over my head and dropped it to the floor. Then there were just my bikini pants and Michael's bottoms between us. We kissed again. Feeling him against me that way made me so excited I couldn't lie still. He rolled over on top of me and we moved together again and again and it felt so good I didn't ever want to stop- until I came.</p> <p>After a minute I reached for Michael's hand. "Show me what to do," I said.</p> <p>"Do whatever you want."</p> <p>"Help me, Michael...I feel so stupid."</p> <p>"Don't," he said, wiggling out of his pajama bottoms. He led my hand to his penis.</p>

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	<p>“Katherine...I’d like you to meet Ralph...Ralph, this is Katherine. She’s a very good friend of mine.”</p> <p>“Does every penis have a name?”</p> <p>“I can only speak for my own.”</p> <p>In books penises are always described as hot and throbbing but Ralph felt like ordinary skin. Just his shape was different- that and the fact that he wasn’t smooth, exactly- as if there a lot going on under the skin. I don’t know why I’d been so nervous about touching Michael. Once I got over being scared I let my hands go everywhere. I wanted to feel every part of him.</p> <p>While I was experimenting, I asked, “Is this alright?”</p> <p>And Michael whispered, “Everything’s right.”</p> <p>When I kissed his face it was all sweaty and his eyes were half-closed. He took my hand and led it back to Ralph, showing me how to hold him, moving my hand up and down according to his rhythm. Soon Michael moaned and I felt him come- a pulsating feeling, a throbbing, like the books said- then wetness. Some of it got on my hand but I didn’t let go of Ralph.</p>
86	<p>“We played strip poker on Saturday night.”</p> <p>“You didn’t!”</p> <p>Erica laughed. “Right down to our birthday suits.”</p>
89	<p>He pulled me down next to him. “We can’t do anything to help Artie, right now.”</p> <p>“I suppose not...”</p> <p>“We can help Ralph, though,” he said, moving my hand to his belt buckle.</p>
100	<p>We lay next to each other kissing, and soon Michael unbuttoned my sweater and I sat up and unhooked my bra for him. While I slipped out of both, Michael pulled his sweater over his head. Then he held me. “You feel so good,” he said, kissing me everywhere. “I love to feel you next to me. You’re as soft as ‘Tash.”</p>
101	<p>“Do belly buttons have a taste?” I asked.</p> <p>“Yours does...it’s delicious...like the rest of you.” He unbuckled my jeans, then his own.</p> <p>“Michael...I’m not sure...please...”</p> <p>“Shush...don’t say anything.”</p> <p>“But Michael...”</p> <p>“Like always, Kath...that’s all...”</p> <p>We both left on our underpants but after a minute Michael was easing mine down and then his fingers began exploring me. I let my hands wander across his stomach and down his legs and finally I began to stroke Ralph.</p> <p>“Oh, yes...yes...” I said, as Michael made me come. And he came too.</p>
102	<p>And when we were naked, in each other’s arms, I wanted to do everything- I wanted to feel him inside me. I don’t know if he sensed that or not but when he whispered, “Please, Kath...please let’s keep going...” I told him, “Yes, Michael...yes...but not here...not on the bed.”</p>
103	<p>“Okay...okay...” he stood up. “I’ve got a rubber in my wallet...if I can just find it.”</p> <p>He looked around for his pants, found them on the floor next to the bed, then had to put on the light to find the rubber. When he did he held it up. “Satisfied?” he asked, turning the light off again.</p> <p>“I will be when you put it on.”</p>

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	<p>He kneeled beside me and rolled on the rubber. "Anything else?"</p> <p>"Don't be funny now...please..."</p> <p>"I won't...I won't..." he said and we kissed. Then he was on top of me and I felt Ralph, hard, against my thigh. Just when I thought, Oh God...we're really and truly going to do it, Michael groaned and said, "Oh no...no...I'm sorry...I'm so sorry..."</p> <p>"What's wrong?"</p> <p>"I cam...I don't know what to say. I came before I even got in. I ruined it...I ruined everything."</p>
105	<p>This time I try to relax and think of nothing- nothing but how my body felt- and then Ralph was pushing against me and I whispered, "Are you in...are we doing it?"</p> <p>"Not yet," Michael said, pushing harder. "I don't want to hurt you."</p> <p>"Don't worry...just do it!"</p> <p>"I'm trying, Kath...but it's very tight in there."</p> <p>"What should I do?"</p> <p>"Can you spread your legs some more...and maybe raise them a little?"</p> <p>"Like this?"</p> <p>"That's better...much better."</p> <p>I could feel him halfway inside me and then Michael whispered, "Kath..."</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"I think I'm going to come again."</p> <p>I felt a big thrust, followed by a quick sharp pain that made me suck in my breath. "Oh...oh," Michael cried, but I didn't come. I wasn't even close, "I'm sorry," he said, "I couldn't hold off."</p>
112	<p>In his discussion of question two he said that enjoyable love-making, culminating in orgasm, isn't easy. It usually requires mutual education. It takes time, effort, and patience to learn to make love.</p>
135	<p>"You're taking the Pill?"</p> <p>"Uh huh."</p> <p>"Since when?"</p> <p>"I got them the day you got sick."</p> <p>"But where...how..."</p> <p>"I went to Planned Parenthood in New York."</p>
139	<p>"Do you ever put it on your balls?" I asked.</p> <p>"I don't shave them," he said.</p> <p>"I read that in a book...this guy put after shave on his balls before he went out with his girlfriends."</p> <p>"Well...maybe I would too...if I thought anybody was going to smell them."</p> <p>"Who did you have in mind?"</p> <p>"Oh, I don't know...just anybody." He put the bottle on top of the toilet and unbuckled his jeans.</p> <p>"What are you doing?"</p> <p>"I'm going to try it now...so I'm ready...just in case."</p> <p>He stepped out of his jeans, then took off his underpants. "On second thought," he said, "why don't you do it for me?"</p> <p>"Me...?"</p>

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	<p>“It was your idea in the first place.”</p> <p>I felt funny about seeing Michael exposed from the waist down, because it’s always been dark when we made love. I’ve touched him a lot but I’ve never looked carefully.</p> <p>He sensed my feelings because he said, “You want to know me inside out, don’t you?”</p> <p>So I looked. His hair down there is almost the color as on his head, but curlier. Mine is very dark, much darker than on my head. “Hello Ralph...” I said, kneeling in front of Michael. Ralph was small and soft and just hung there. I shook some Moustache into the palm of my hand but when I reached out toward Michael, he caught my hand and said, “Don’t...it stings...”</p> <p>“How do you know?”</p> <p>“I just do...”</p> <p>“But you said...” He didn’t let me finish. Instead, he kneeled with me and as we kissed Ralph grew bigger and hard. I undressed myself, while Michael watched. Ralph stuck straight out, as if he was watching too. We mad love on the bathroom rug, but just when I was getting really excited, Michael came. I wondered what it would ever work out right between us.</p> <p>“I’m sorry,” he said. “I just couldn’t wait...it’s been a few weeks.”</p> <p>“That’s okay.”</p> <p>We got into bed and fell asleep for an hour and when we woke up Ralph was hard again. This time Michael made it last much longer and I got so carried away I grabbed his backside with both hands, trying to push him deeper and deeper into me- and I spread my legs as far apart as I could- and I raised my hips off the bed- and I moved with him, again and again and again- and at last, I came. I came right before Michael and as I did I made noises, just like my mother. Michael did too. While he was still on top of me, catching his breath, I started laughing. “I came...” I told him. “I actually came too.”</p> <p>“I know,” he said, “I felt it...is that what’s so funny?”</p>
146	<p>“What’s she going to do with a baby?”</p> <p>“Oh, she knows she can’t keep it. She’ll put it up for adoption as soon as it’s born.”</p> <p>“Then why have it in the first place?”</p> <p>“For the experience , she told me.”</p>
146	<p>“I’d have an abortion...wouldn’t you?”</p> <p>“In a minute...”</p>
169	<p>“I could have had an abortion but I wanted the experience of giving birth.”</p>
174	<p>I kissed his ears, running my tongue around the edges. I used my hands on his body while I worked my way down, kissing his neck, his chest, his belly.</p> <p>“You’re aggressive tonigt...”</p> <p>I hadn’t thought about that until he said it. I was surprised myself. “Do you mind?”</p> <p>“I like it.”</p> <p>I lay on top of him, feeling Ralph against my stomach. “Can we try it this way?” I whispered.</p> <p>“Any way you want,” he said.</p>

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	I straddled him, helping Ralph find the right angle, and when he was inside me I moved slowly- up, down and around- up, down and around- until I couldn't control myself anymore. "Oh God...oh, Michael...now...now" And then I came. I came before he did. But I kept moving until he groaned and as he finished I came again, not caring about anything- anything but how good it felt.
176	And later, when everyone had gone home and Erica went to bed, Michael and I took a sleeping bag out to the beach and we made love.
189	Sometimes I dream that Michael and I are making love.
189	I dreamed I was with Theo. It was so real- I could smell him, taste him, feel him- and I wanted him so much. I did things to him that I have only read about.
202	<p>We sat on the bed and as we kissed he unbuttoned my dress. All I had on under it was a pair of bikinis. He got out of his jeans, then his underpants. We lay side by side. Michael pushed my dress up, kissing me all the time. I couldn't really kiss him back. "I've missed you so much..." he said, "so much..." I didn't let my tongue wander into his mouth the way I used to. I just lay there, waiting. I couldn't let myself feel anything.</p> <p>He put his hand inside my dress and held my breasts, squeezing one, then the other. I thought of pretending. Some people do that. They think of other things while they're making love. They pretend they are with other partners. He ran his hand up the inside of my thigh, resting it between my legs. I didn't wiggle out of my bikinis.</p>
206	So he shouted, "I humped everything in sight!"

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Fuck	2
Shit	1