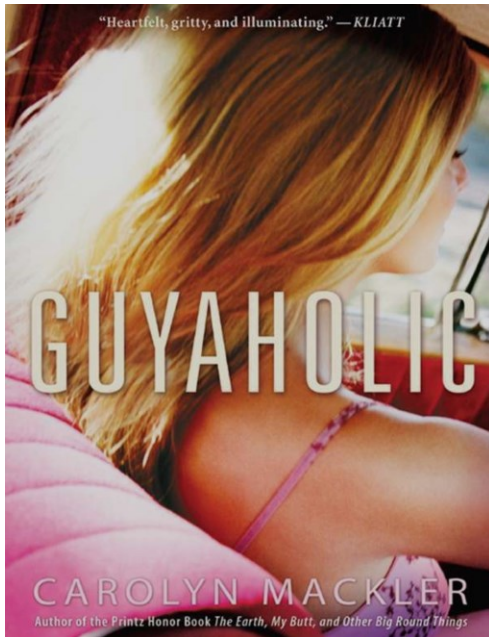


GUYAHOLIC



Book Summary:

A promiscuous teenager ruins a relationship with her boyfriend because of her fear of commitment.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; reference to sadomasochistic sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and illegal drug use; profanity; and alternate sexualities.

Young Adult

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	In March of my senior year, I went to a Brockport High School hockey game. I'm not a big sports girl, but I'd been hooking up with Amos Harrington since the past weekend and he played center and kept saying I should come cheer on the team.
3	<p>"Where'd you get those boobs?" Chastity asked.</p> <p>"Victoria's Secret," I said. "My latest addiction."</p> <p>...As Chastity cracked up, I scanned the ice for Amos or, more notably, his butt. But before I compose a novel about the hotness of Amos's hindquarters, I have to interject a quick word about my boobs. I'm the first to admit that I'm not endowed in the mammary department and had recently begun siphoning my Pizza Hut paychecks into expensive padded bras. But guys love cleavage and, well, I love guys.</p>
6	<p>That afternoon Amos stopped by. Any other day I would have led him directly upstairs, but my throbbing forehead wasn't getting me in the mood.</p> <p>...I was getting the sense that when Amos and I weren't groping each other, we didn't have much in common.</p>
12	After he appeared at my front door with the focaccia, we started hanging out. And then we started hooking up. And then, once we hit that two-week mark, when I usually decide a guy is too clingy or a sloppy kisser or has an unforgivably pointy nose, Sam and I continued hooking up.
13	<p>We exist in this blurry zone that's more than friends with benefits and less than going out.</p> <p>...I'm not sure why, except Sam's eyes do me in. Not to mention that he's really into cycling, so he has legs that could launch a thousand orgasms.</p>
14	It's good Sam wears a shirt in public because if he didn't, I'd probably get arrested for public displays of fondling.
15	My transcripts had improved in Brockport, but on the days I'd shown up at my four previous high schools, I was generally smoking weed, skipping class, or chasing some guy.
21	Kissing in public is one thing. It means you're hot for each other. But hand-holding is in another league.
23	<p>We lean in for a kiss and it's soft and warm, and I instantly take back everything I thought about wanting him to leave me alone. Now I'm wishing we could pull apart our slippery blue gowns, press our bodies together, and ultimately end up somewhere horizontal. Preferably a bed, but I'd settle for a backseat.</p> <p>I can tell Sam feels it, too. He wraps his arms around me, and we stay like that for a while, hugging and kissing and getting drizzled on.</p>
24	I know I said most of her boyfriends were nameless crotch-scratchers, but Michael was different.
29	Honestly, all I want to do at this point is chill out, get a little tipsy. Okay, I'll be honest. More than tipsy. After the day I've had, I'm ready to get wasted.
31	Sam turns down the bass and then steps closer to me. I breathe him in, all soapy and sexy. As we're kissing, I can feel the slightest hint of his tongue, so I part my lips wider and wrap my arms around his neck and then, all of a sudden, he pulls back and says, "Did you call your mom?"
34	<p>"Janine and I are going to go upstairs and drink a little," she whispers. "Want to come?"</p> <p>I've been around Rachel enough to know that her drink of choice is Jack Daniel's, and when she can get someone to buy it for her, she stashes a bottle in her room.</p> <p>"Sure," I say, grabbing my sandals and following her across the moist lawn.</p> <p>As soon as we get upstairs, Janine locks the door and Rachel fetches a boot from the back of her closet. She fishes out a half-empty bottle, unscrews the top, and hands it to me.</p> <p>I take a sip, swallow the burning in my throat, and then pass it to Janine.</p> <p>..."Thank God for Jack," she moans.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...Janine hands the bottle to Rachel.</p> <p>...I don't know much about Janine except that everything out of her mouth sounds like a question and, according to Chastity Morgenstern, she once gave head to two football players at the same time, though I've never been able to figure out the logistics of that.</p> <p>..."When can we leave for this party?" Rachel asks, handing the bottle back to me.</p> <p>...We pass around the bottle, and Rachel moans about how she's scared shitless because supposedly there'll be some hockey players coming to the party, including her ex-boyfriend and the guy she cheated on him with, and, basically, there's not enough alcohol in the world to settle her nerves in the next forty-five minutes.</p> <p>Rachel takes one last swig, stuffs the bottle back into the boot, and then pulls a pack of black Twizzlers out of her dresser, tearing off a strip for each of us.</p>
36	<p>"Licorice?" Sam asks as soon as we kiss.</p>
38	<p>"Weren't you drinking in Rachel's room? I'll drive your car and then just chill at the party."</p>
40	<p>He cuts around to the back porch because some of his friends said they'd be there, most likely getting high. Generally that's where I'd be, too, except, first of all, I'm so mad I don't want to be anywhere near Sam and, second of all, weed makes me giggly. Since the last thing I want at this point is to giggle, I go in search of vodka.</p> <p>Not that I'm this pothead alcoholic or anything. When I first got to Brockport, I smoked cigarettes and even stashed some weed in my room. My grandparents didn't know about the weed, but they jumped down my throat about the cigarettes.</p> <p>...I was really upset, and I smoked up with this drug-dealer guy at school and got suspended for the rest of the year.</p> <p>...Okay, I really need vodka.</p> <p>Rachel and Janine disappear into the living room, where hip-hop is playing and girls are grinding and boys are drinking beer on the couch.</p> <p>...Sure enough, there's Sam and some other kids, sprawled in lawn chairs, smoking cigarettes and passing around what looks like a fat joint.</p>
42	<p>I glance around the kitchen table, where it looks like everyone used to be playing beer pong but now they're so drunk they're just sloshing balls into one another's cups.</p> <p>..."You need to get drunk," Trinity says.</p> <p>As she wobbles over to the counter to mix me a vodka and cranberry, I scoop up the ball and toss it toward Amos.</p> <p>...I pull up a chair between the twins, and for the next hour or so, we drink and chat and flick balls around the table.</p> <p>...My face is flushed, but I'm feeling good. I'm having fun. I reach across Trinity and splash a little more vodka in my cup.</p> <p>By this point Chastity is sitting on one of the guy's laps. His name is Gavin. His hands are inching closer and closer to her boobs, and whenever they kiss, they're making these sucky-slurpy noises.</p> <p>"Hey, Chas," Trinity says sleepily. "That's what beds are for."</p>
43	<p>I forgot how hot he is. Stocky but muscular.</p> <p>Damn.</p> <p>I am way too drunk for this.</p> <p>..."You don't have to get all . . ." I'm trying to remember that word for a guy dotting on a girl and opening doors for her, but my brain is so fuzzy the only thing I can think about is how Amos and I hooked up at that party in March and he grabbed me toward him, pressing his lips hard against mine.</p> <p>...We're standing an inch from each other, and it's obvious there's lust going on. I can feel it between my legs, and as Amos steps closer to me, I can feel it between his legs, too.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“You’re looking hot tonight,” Amos says. His breath smells like alcohol and wet cigarettes, but it’s okay. In fact, it’s turning me on. “Bathroom?” I ask meekly. My hair slips out of the knot and falls past my shoulders. Amos takes my arm and steers me through the dining room and into the bathroom. Before I can say anything, he’s inside with me and I’m locking the door and we’re making out. I’m leaning against the sink and we’re rubbing our bodies together and he’s grabbing my boobs and I’m grabbing his butt and he’s just reaching down to unzip his jeans when someone knocks at the door.</p>
61	<p>“Oh,” I say, remembering that time in March when Amos and I were fooling around in his bedroom and his brother kept inventing reasons to knock on the door until Amos threatened to beat the shit out of him if he didn’t stay away. He was younger, like ninth grade, and hadn’t yet learned that if you stare unblinkingly at a girl’s boobs, you look like a pervert.</p>
65	<p>There’s a couple making out in a junky car on the other side of the parking lot. They’re seriously going at it, groping hands, steamy windows, the occasional flash of flabby skin.</p>
66	<p>As I turn to head inside, he swats my butt with his greasy fingers.</p>
71	<p>“That’s where you . . .” “Exactly,” Aimee says. “Where I met the Sperm Donor.” Aimee rarely talks about my father, and when she does, she just calls him the Sperm Donor. I’ve learned over the years that his name is Brian. He played guitar, smoked a lot of weed, and lived on the slopes. Aimee has hinted that he never knew about me because by the time her pregnancy was showing, she’d moved to a vineyard in northern California.</p>
81	<p>The other dishwasher unscrews a jug of cheap wine. Terrence launches into a lecture about how he doesn’t condone underage drinking and, if anyone asks, he didn’t see it. Then he passes out another round of cups, and everyone starts making toasts and telling road-trip stories and asking me to send them postcards from Texas.</p>
82	<p>But as he began describing in intimate detail his camping trip and how he’d crossed rivers and fended off frostbite and caught trout, which he gutted and roasted over a bonfire, I remembered that Amos and I are only good when we’re going at it.</p>
107	<p>I can tell by the way Nate is laughing at my every word that my navy halter and push-up bra are totally doing the trick. If I had any doubt, though, as soon as Delia leaves to see her boyfriend for the evening, Nate twists up his towel and snaps it toward my butt, which should have sent me into throes of ecstasy, right? Wrong. ...I can imagine him making me dinner, and then, once it got dark, we’d skinny-dip in the lake and sprint naked across the lawn and tumble into that king-size guest bed and fool around for hours. But Sam is not here and, worse, he’s all the way in California, so I tilt my head to one side and say, “Don’t you know that if you swat a girl’s butt, she’s going to think you’re into her?” Nate smiles. “Is that what you want to think?”</p>
108	<p>Nate barbecues hot dogs and I laze in the hammock and we have a beer and then, when he comes out with the buns, he tosses me another beer, which I drink faster than the first. By the time we sit down at the picnic table, I’m pretty buzzed and, I have to admit, I like the way he’s looking at me.</p>
109	<p>Nate grins at me and then leads the way back into the house. As soon as we get to his room, we start kissing. After a while he unties my halter and I unhook my bra and, before long, we’re rolling around his bed. Nate has wriggled off his shorts, and I can feel through his boxers that he’s hard. He pushes up my dress and circles his fingers around my belly, slowly inching lower and lower. I know I should be turned on, but I’m totally not. I move his hand away from me, reach through the</p>

Page	Content
	<p>opening of his boxers, and, basically, take the necessary steps to finish things off. ...Sam and I waited a month before we had sex.</p>
110	<p>He was a virgin when we met. He'd fooled around with several girls, but he told me from the start that he put sex in a different category, something you do when you actually care about the other person.</p> <p>I, on the other hand, lost my virginity when I was fourteen. It was with a guy in Vermont, when Aimee and I lived on an artists' commune. He was eighteen and cute in a sensitive-but-clinically-depressed kind of way. We did it one Saturday night when Aimee was working late and I invited him over to keep me company. I'd taken a bus to the mall earlier that day, blew some cash at Victoria's Secret, bought condoms, and then spent the rest of the afternoon plotting how to get him into bed. When we actually did it, we were tangled on the couch and both of us still had our jeans on, just pushed down in key regions, and, honestly, there was nothing pleasurable about getting a dick forced into a place that could barely accommodate a tampon. We did it a few more times that week, and it definitely started hurting less, but by that point we were both sick of each other. I had more meaningless hookups in New Orleans, which is where we moved after Vermont, and Oregon, which is where we moved after New Orleans, and San Diego, which is where we moved after Oregon. During my first year in Brockport, I slept with two guys and had flings with six or seven others. I guess I didn't see sex as a big deal. It was just something you do when you're young, like smoking weed in graveyards and drinking forties from brown paper bags.</p> <p>...It took us forever to kiss. I think it was at least a week because I'd just gotten my stitches out and he came over to see how I was doing and we were sitting on my bed and chatting and the sexual tension was seriously high. When our lips finally touched, it was so intense I remember thinking, So THIS is what the big deal is about.</p> <p>That's all we did those next few weeks. We made out until my mouth was numb and my cheeks were flushed and my underwear was wet.</p> <p>...Sam invited me over, and we went straight up to his bedroom and slowly removed every article of each other's clothing. Sam noticed my hands were trembling, and he kissed each of my fingers, one by one, before rolling on a condom and sliding inside of me. As he did, I remember getting a feeling in my stomach that this was the most important moment in my entire life.</p> <p>Of course, we didn't always have so much blissful solitude. Sometimes it was a quick fix before my grandparents got home. Sometimes it was a stealthy squeeze, blasting music in his room and telling his mom we were doing our homework. But, even so, it never stopped feeling like a big deal.</p>
114	<p>I'm not the biggest fan of parents, especially the high-energy types who want to be your new best friend. Also, when you've just had intimate contact with their son's penis, it's hard to bounce into casual chitchat over orange juice and a sesame bagel.</p>
121	<p>"You'll acquire the fewest diseases in there. Over there is Emmy's room. She's out all the time, so you probably won't see her, but don't be surprised if you hear sadomasochistic sex in the middle of the night."</p> <p>..."I know," Mara says, rolling her eyes. "She's a different person since we got here. She met some guy, a graffiti artist. Luckily, they usually bring the handcuffs to his place."</p> <p>"What about you?" I ask as Mara leads me into the kitchen and sets a bag of chips and a jar of salsa on the table.</p> <p>"Handcuffs?" Mara shakes her head. "Nah . . . I prefer whips, sometimes blindfolds."</p>
133	<p>"He's totally, completely gay," I declare.</p> <p>"No way!" Mara shrieks.</p> <p>"Gay."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"Take it back." "Gay."</p>
140	I hesitate for a second, wondering whether she's found out that I hooked up with Nate. He didn't seem like the kiss-and-tell type.
141	I slip my hand past my stomach and start rubbing between my legs. As I'm touching myself, I think about how I'm doing this for me. Not to impress some guy or turn him on with my footloose and free-loving ways. And that, more than anything, feels really, really good.
147	They have their arms wrapped around each other and they're kissing and the sun is setting and everything looks so romantic and the best thing is that you know it's not bullshit and they didn't get divorced seven minutes after the photo was developed.
168	<p>"Preferably told after some shots of tequila." "Sounds good."</p>
170	Tommy points out the fudge shop where his friend works and the bar where his buddy slips him underage shots.
173	<p>Then I'll toss my hair over my shoulders and grin at Tommy, and he'll scooch closer to the bed. Maybe he'll angle in for a kiss or maybe, if he's the polite southern boy that I think he is, I'll have to advance things myself.</p> <p>...I'm crying because I'm doing exactly what I don't want to be doing anymore, using a guy to escape whatever's going on in my life. I'm crying because it won't help to hook up with Tommy, just like it didn't help to hook up with Nate, just like it didn't help to hook up with Amos.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	2
Dick	1
Fuck	11
Goddamn	3
Piss	1
Shit	9