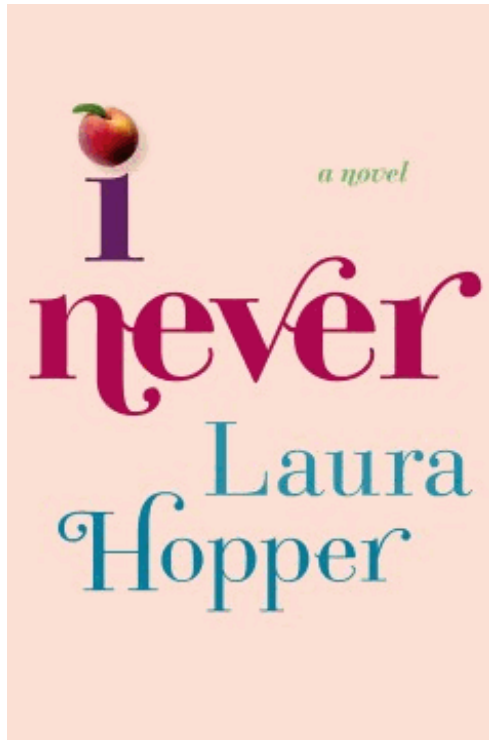


I NEVER



Young Adult

By Laura Hopper

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CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity; and profanity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
7	Yes, I know plenty of seventeen-year-olds are dating, are having sex, and maybe even in love.
8	Many women wear short, sexy dresses, probably purchased for the sole purpose of ringing in the New Year.
18	Sloan has two older sisters, so she was exposed to a lot of information about guys and sex pretty early on.
22	Charlie turns her around, backs her up against the lockers, and starts kissing her with unbridled desire.
23	<p>Many of them have real bodies, the ultra-coveted boobs and butt that girls show off on Instagram to hundreds of likes.</p> <p>...Where these girls have cleavage that spills out of their demi-cup bras and full round butts that sit up high under their thongs,...</p> <p>...As the other girls change out of their jeans, skirts, and leggings and into their shorts and jog tops, I notice their delicate and colorful lace bras and thong underwear. Clearly, these girls are doing their very best to be sexy. I wonder if they're selecting underwear for themselves or to impress someone else.</p>
25	<p>Sloan is the girl who some parents would refer to as fast. They'd probably be shocked to learn that she's technically a virgin. She loves to go to parties and hook up with guys. In fact, her mantra is everything but. She frequently talks about all the times she's done everything but. She frequently talks about all the times she's done everything but.</p> <p>Danielle and I started calling Sloan E.B. because of all of her stories about doing everything but,...</p> <p>...Sadly, her virgin status is less widely known than her reputation for having a lot of fun with guys.</p>
53	I close my eyes and lean in. Our lips touch, softly at first, with a little peck. Then we kiss again, and this time we stay pressed together a little longer. He opens his mouth slightly, and I follow. I have never done this before and am terrified that I'm doing it wrong. I'm really not sure what to do with my tongue. His tongue ever so gently finds mine, and our two tongues do a little dance, I am lost in him, in his soft lips, his smooth tongue, his yummy smell. I quickly pick up his rhythm, and it's much easier than I thought it would be.
83	<p>We kept looking at each other until we were dancing together, and the next thing you know, DFMO."</p> <p>"What is DFMO?" Danielle asks.</p> <p>Sloan sighs as if it's the most obvious thing, "Dance Floor Make-Out."</p>
86	"Nevertheless, I think it's a little soon to talk about having sex with him. I don't want this to be a hookup..."
87	<p>"How do I give a hand job?"</p> <p>"Do I take my own clothes off, or does he undress me?"</p>
91	"That's more like it," he says and leans closer, putting his lips over mine in the deepest, sexiest kiss that ever happened. He continues to kiss me, his tongue

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	<p>exploring my whole mouth. He pulls away slightly and delicately licks my lips. "Mmm, you taste good." "So do you," I say.</p> <p>He rolls on top of me, pressing his body against mine, our lips still locked together, our tongues still intertwined. He tastes like a combination of mint and cherry. I love the feeling of his chest against mine. I reach up and put my hands on his back. He's a little sweaty, which I find surprisingly sexy. My natural instincts take over and I lift up his shirt and feel the warm, smooth skin on his back.</p> <p>"You have soft hands," he says between kisses. He positions his hands under my body and flips me over so that now he's lying on his back and I'm on top of him. His hands start exploring my back, under my shirt, over my jog bra. He skillfully lifts my shirt over my head, removing it completely. I gasp. He looks at me.</p> <p>"Is this okay?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yeah," I say.</p> <p>"You sure?"</p> <p>"Yeah, I'm sure." I've never been more certain of anything.</p> <p>He wraps his hands around me, pulling me into him. It's as though I'm fully enveloped in him. The entire world consists of Luke and me and this blue squishy mat. His hands on my body don't feel scary or threatening or uninvited. They feel warm, protective, comforting, and supremely sensual.</p> <p>"You're a really good kisser," I try to say without breaking my lips away from his. The words end up muddled and muted.</p> <p>"What was that?" he asks as he pulls away. I can't help but think he's trying not to laugh at me for attempting to kiss and talk at the same time.</p> <p>"You're a really good kisser," I say, hoping he can't see how awkward I feel.</p> <p>"It's because I'm kissing you."</p> <p>He grabs me even tighter and rolls us over again so that he's lying on me, his legs between mine. I open my eyes for an instant and see the stars emerging in the darkening evening sky. I feel his whole body pushing against me. I can tell how much he wants me. I wonder if I should pull back, call it a night, but it's almost impossible to stop something that feels so good.</p> <p>A faint and familiar clicking noise can be heard in the distance. I don't pay much attention, because right now there's only one thing on my mind, and that thing is on top of me, kissing me passionately and pressing his hips into me. The clicking seems to be getting closer, harder to ignore. Before I realize where the sound is coming from, Luke and I are being sprayed with freezing-cold water.</p> <p>"The sprinklers!" I yell.</p> <p>"Who cares?" Luke asks, apparently perfectly happy to stay right where he is.</p> <p>"You're crazy," I say, laughing, gently pushing him off me. I run across the field through the storm of spraying water. He grabs my shirt and runs after me.</p>
105	<p>First he kisses my cheek, then my nose, and then he plants a soft kiss on my forehead. I close my eyes and enjoy the mystery of wondering where the next kiss will land. There it is. Right on my lips. He opens his lips and his tongue finds its way into my mouth. As we sit there kissing I practically inhale him, enjoying the smells of soap and fabric softener. He lies back and gently pulls me so that I'm lying on top of him, his hands in my hair. As we continue kissing, our tongues twisted together, I reach over and switch off the little yellow lamp on my nightstand.</p>

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	<p>My room goes dark except for the stream of dim light filtering down the hallway from the living room. Luke's hands leave my hair and move to my back. Slowly, slowly they travel from the tops of my shoulders, rubbing my back lightly, softly, sweetly. His strong hands reach the bottom of my tank top, which has ridden up a bit, so I can feel his bare hands on the inch of skin above my jeans. Just the touch of his fingers on the small of my back is enough to make my heart race even faster. And it was beating pretty damn fast already.</p> <p>His fingers find their way under my tank top and are now working their way back up, only this time directly on my skin. They wander up my back until he has a gentle but firm grasp of my shoulders. In one impressively swift move, he lifts my tank top up and over my head and, before I know it, I am lying on him wearing only jeans and my black no-nonsense bra.</p> <p>"This okay?" he whispers between deep, soulful kisses.</p> <p>"Yeah." I manage to eke out the syllable even though practically no sound escapes my lips.</p> <p>"Here, we'll make it even," he says.</p> <p>He sits up slightly, gently moving me from lying on top of him to kneeling between his legs. He takes his sweatshirt off, letting it fall to the floor next to my bed. In the dim light, I can barely make out the silhouette of his body, broad and strong and smooth, lying against my pillows. I feel extremely awkward sitting in front of him without my shirt on, even though the room is practically dark. I self-consciously cover my chest, arms crossed, each hand on the opposite shoulder.</p> <p>Luke laughs a little, taking my hands in his, opening my arms wide. Hopefully, in the low light, he can't make out that I'm fully freaked. I'm not scared, and I don't feel forced or pressured. I'm freaked in an excited way. Like I'm on a tropical island, about to jump off a rocky cliff into the crystal blue water down below. Exhilarated, but unsure whether I'm really ready to take the leap.</p> <p>"What's the problem?" Luke asks.</p> <p>"No problem," I say, but I know he's not buying it.</p> <p>"You don't want me to see your body?"</p> <p>"I don't think of my body as something that you would want to see," I say.</p> <p>"Are you kidding me?" he asks in disbelief. He reaches over to the nightstand and turns on my lamp. My hands jump back onto my shoulders like they are on springs.</p> <p>"Come here," he says. He gets up and guides me over to the mirror that covers the length of the door to my bathroom. He places me in front of the door and stands behind me, his hands interlocked near my bellybutton. "Look at you."</p> <p>Is he serious? I'm supposed to stand here, wearing jeans and a bra in a fully lit room, and gaze into the mirror at myself with Luke Hallstrom supervising? I don't freakin' think so. I put my hands over my eyes and hope he'll give up on this mission. He takes hold of my hands and pulls them down to uncover my eyes. My lids stay shut tight. I only wish I could make it dark for him as well.</p> <p>"Will you please open your eyes so you can see what I see?" he begs.</p> <p>I open my eyes, but look everywhere except at my own reflection—the sandy-beige carpet, the molding around the doorframe, the backward photos reflected in the mirror.</p> <p>"Come on, just for a second. For me." I finally relent and stare straight ahead.</p>

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	<p>I try to see in myself what he clearly sees. I look at my image and the self-consciousness slowly evaporates.</p> <p>...He reaches his hands behind my back and unhooks my bra. I keep my eyes locked on the mirror as my bra falls to the floor.</p> <p>"My god, Janey, look at you." I do as he says and look, searching to find the truth in his words. It takes significant effort for me to let him stare at me. His hands wrap back around my waist and find their way up to my chest, cupping my breasts. I watch his hands, and then I watch his face. I see how taken he is with me. I see appreciation and admiration in his eyes. Finally his eyes find mine in the mirror. He looks deeply into me, making sure we're in sync. I turn around to face him and feel the whole of my naked chest up against his smooth brown skin. I lift my face to look at him and he delicately licks the tiny space between my lips.</p> <p>"You're perfect, you know that?" he asks.</p> <p>"Maybe I'm just perfect for you."</p>
110	<p>"We kissed-" I start to say.</p> <p>"Hey," she interrupts. "I'm not looking for details. Just know I'm aware of what teenagers do. Keep that in mind."</p>
118	<p>I would see them holding hands walking down the hallway, and sometimes kissing at her locker.</p>
120	<p>I assume that means that Luke and Julia were (are?) having casual sex. So Luke has had sex with at least two people.</p>
125	<p>I remember years ago when I was at the beach with my mom and dad, and a girl walked by in a tiny white see-through bikini, with a bronze fake tan and massive boobs swaying side to side.</p>
136	<p>...and he licks the back of my neck under my ponytail, sending chills up my spine. I hear a moan escape my lips, conveying to him, as well as myself, how good he makes me feel. I close my eyes and let my head fall forward as the sensations travel to my every nerve. He continues to run his tongue around my neck, making his way to my ear and ultimately finding my mouth.</p> <p>My eyes are still closed when I feel his lips touch mine, and I kiss him hungrily. The feelings he has sent through my skin into my veins have made me ravenous for him. I press my lips firmly against his as my tongue explores every crevice of his mouth.</p>
137	<p>"I'm pretty sure we have an hour or so to ourselves," I tell Luke.</p> <p>"I can think of a few things to with that time," he says with a twinkle in his eye.</p>
138	<p>He lifts my chin so that our faces are less than an inch apart. "Just to be clear, I'm the lucky one," he says in a whisper, and he kisses me softly, lightly, as if to punctuate his point. I kiss him back and the soft kisses grow more intense, more passionate. "Should we take off our sweaty shirts?"</p> <p>"For sure," I say and I reach for his shirt, pulling it over his head. He then helps me off with my shirt and jog bra, leaving our sticky bodies to cool in the brisk February air. He explores my skin, front and back. I love the feeling of his hands on my back, my chest, and my shoulders. We wrap our arms around each other and the kissing continues, creating more heat between us.</p> <p>"I have a question," he says.</p>

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	<p>"What?"</p> <p>"Are your shorts sweaty too?"</p> <p>Is my heart beating fast because I'm nervous or excited? Or both? "Yeah, a little," I say.</p> <p>"Mine too." He lifts his hips and slides his shorts off. He's wearing black boxer briefs that hug his body and make his erection beyond obvious. It's one thing to assume it's there, or to feel a slight hardness pressed against me through his jeans. It's an entirely different matter to see a huge boner underneath a thin layer of black cotton. And that boner is pointed at me. It's a turn-on, but it's also a little scary.</p> <p>"Lean back," he says.</p> <p>I lean back so my head is at the foot of the lounge. He leans over me and reaches his hands into my shorts, easing them off my body. I'm so glad I happen to have cute underwear on today.</p> <p>...Once my shorts have been discarded, Luke lowers himself onto me. His face on my face, his chest on my chest, his hips on my hips. Even with the cool breeze, I feel myself getting hotter and sweatier. He is rubbing against me, pressing himself with a seasoned rhythm. I feel like I'm going to explode. My legs separate slightly and he fits snugly between them. I can feel the warmth beneath our underwear. Is it coming from me or from him? Or is it the fusion of our body parts? I picture us like those commercials for pain relievers where there is a red throbbing epicenter under a crude drawing of a unisex form, and arrows shoot outward depicting the pain spreading through the body. Only in our case, there is this intense heat arising from between our legs and spreading outward from there.</p> <p>"Should we stop?" he whispers in my ear. Although the pressing and rubbing do not appear to be stopping.</p> <p>"That's probably a good idea," I say.</p> <p>We slowly sit up, facing each other, taking a moment while our breathing returns to normal and our inner temperatures cool. Another moment passes while we sit there in our underwear.</p> <p>.... Getting dressed is not nearly as sexy as getting undressed.</p>
141	<p>"I want to have sex with you." I almost fall off the lounge. "Let me rephrase that. I want to make love to you. I know how important the first time is, and I want to be your first. I promise to be gentle and patient and wait until you're ready."</p> <p>..."I want to have sex with you, too. I want you to be my first. I trust you, and I want to remember for the rest of my life that my first time was with you, because you make me feel really comfortable. I don't know when I'll be ready, and I hope you'll wait, but I have a feeling it won't be too long."</p>
144	<p>...bitchy...</p>
144	<p>Danielle tells me how she and Charlie can never be together at her house because the twins think it's hilarious to spy on them or rifle through the trash in search of used condoms.</p>
147	<p>Danielle gets an economy pack of Ultra Ribbed in a bright gold box.</p> <p>"I'm going over to Charlie's to put these to good use before I have to babysit the monsters," Danielle says as we exit the store.</p>

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159	<p>"Big time." He leans in hungrily and kisses me full on the lips. My eyes close, my arms wrap around him, and I feel wetness between my legs the second his tongue enters my mouth. As soon as he's near me, touching me, kissing me, my body responds automatically. I feel weak, I moan, I get wet. I am physiologically connected to this guy, and it's clear my body wants him desperately. I want to have sex with him. Every organ I possess is telling me that I want to have sex with him. On second thought, it might be more of a need. I need to have sex with him.</p> <p>...I feel his erection against my pelvis. It's so hard and hot. The heat makes me sweat. My insides are on fire.</p> <p>Is it possible that seven minutes ago I was helping with dishes in his mother's kitchen and now I'm feeling her son's boner practically tearing a hole in Sloan's dress?</p>
161	<p>Am I a criminal for considering having sex with him?</p> <p>...I'm willing to bet my mom didn't get anyone's permission the first time she had sex.</p>
165	<p>"He gets you jewelry so you'll want to have sex with him."</p>
168	<p>Sloan said if I have it, I'm more likely to use it, and if I don't bring it, there's a better chance I won't agree to have sex with him.</p> <p>...in the end, I put the condom in my purse.</p>
169	<p>His hair is still a little wet, giving me an instant mental image of him in a recent shower. I haven't even stepped into his foyer and I'm already picturing him naked. My body immediately goes weak and gooey. He leans in to kiss me and I smell his shampoo and his soap and his minty breath.</p>
170	<p>"Come lick it off," he says, pulling me into his arms and kissing me while deliberately transferring the frosting from his face onto mine. Our tongues intertwine, and we lick the inside and outside of each other's mouths. "The only thing that tastes better than your cupcake is you," he says.</p> <p>He lifts me up and sits me on the island, his lips still on mine. He stands between my legs, leaning against me. I take hold of his hands and finger the leather strap around his wrist. His lips leave my mouth and work their way down my neck. My head falls back in sheer bliss as he finds his way to my chest. Somehow he simultaneously unbuttons my shirt and kisses my chest. I wonder where he picked up these advanced skills. Before I know it, my shirt is off and I'm sitting on his mother's kitchen island in my leggings and bra.</p> <p>..."Sure," I say.</p> <p>He helps me off the island and guides me into his backyard. We walk through French doors to a covered patio. On the left is a big grassy lawn and to the right is a long rectangular pool joined at the back by a hot tub that is radiating steam as if it's welcoming us into its bubbly water.</p> <p>"Want to go in the hot tub?" he asks.</p> <p>"I didn't bring a bathing suit," I say. The words sound silly and naive and I know it.</p> <p>"That's okay," he says. "I didn't either." He unbuttons his jeans, slides them off his hips, and lets them fall to the brick patio. He then whips his shirt over his head and drops it on top of his crumpled jeans. He stands there in his boxer briefs, a huge erection poking at the cotton, begging to be released. I look at his beautiful</p>

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	<p>body, marveling at his ability to stand there, looking at me, without the slightest hint of self-consciousness. "You're overdressed," he says.</p> <p>I tuck my fingertips into the waistband of my leggings and slowly push them down the length of my legs. He watches me, his eyes moving from my eyes to my body, which is gradually revealing itself to him. He turns me around gently, then unhooks my bra and lets it fall next to all the other discarded clothing. We've been in this position before, both in our underwear, but I know it's not stopping here tonight. He takes my hand and leads me over to the hot tub. The jets are already on, making me realize he has a plan in mind and in place. I do love a man with a plan.</p> <p>He tucks a fingertip into my underwear at one hip and gently strokes my skin inside the waistband across my belly to the other hip. "I want to take these off. Is that okay?" he asks quietly, carefully.</p> <p>"Yes." The word is barely audible, a cautious whisper.</p> <p>"Was that a yes?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yes," I say, turning up volume slightly. With both hands, he slides my lacy black underwear down my legs. As if he knows it wouldn't be fair for only one of us to be naked, he takes his own underwear off immediately. There we are, totally naked. Am I supposed to look at his penis? Touch it? I glance at it fleetingly and find that it looks exactly how it's supposed to look. I look back up at him and catch his stare.</p> <p>My instincts are to close my eyes really tight and jump into the pool to submerge my nudity under the darkness of the water, but Luke grabs my hands and takes a long, adoring look at my body.</p> <p>"Perfection," he whispers.</p> <p>...He guides me into the steamy water of the hot tub. He sits on the bench in the water and pulls me onto his lap, facing him. I feel his hardness between my legs. His hands are wrapped around my back, and mine are around his neck. He kisses me more deeply and passionately than ever before, if that's even possible. His hands move down my back and explore my butt and my waist as he pulls me closer to him, pushing me against him. The kissing is constant, while I drop my hands to feel him. It's smooth and the skin is soft, but the whole thing is so incredibly hard, much harder than I would have thought possible. It turns me on even more to touch it, and the worry that I wouldn't know what to do with it immediately vanishes. It's instinctual to stroke it and feel it and explore it. His breathing gets heavier, which tells me that I'm probably doing it right. He stops kissing me and leans his head back against the brick in a clear display of rapture, I love knowing I'm making him feel good.</p> <p>He shifts my body up a bit so that he is poking me, a gentle knock on a door, hoping to be let in. My heart stops. I feel panic. I'm scared. Every inch of my body freezes. I'm not ready. Something must have changed in my rhythm, because he opens his eyes to look at me.</p>
174	He kisses me on the lips as if to accentuate his point.
175	His wet, muscular body glimmers in the moonlight.
177	He pulls away after a quick little peck, but I grab him and pull him in for a longer, more passionate kiss.

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199	<p>"Come here," he says as he leans toward me. I drop the blanket and crawl up toward him. We kiss hungrily. We go from zero to sixty in about half a second, and the kissing is suddenly crazy hot.</p> <p>...He pulls me onto his lap and I straddle him. He leans back against his pile of blue and gray pillows and I lean forward against him.</p> <p>His hands reach down my pants and grab my ass. Feeling his strong hands on my butt makes me even hotter for him. I hear myself moan and quickly realize we are in his house and his mom is downstairs.</p> <p>"What about your parents?" I ask.</p> <p>"Don't worry about them," he answers, unwilling to let his mouth separate from mine.</p> <p>I push myself down on him so my legs press tighter around his, and his crotch pushes up against mine. We find a rhythm—kissing, pressing, pushing, moaning, grabbing.</p> <p>...We're both flushed and a little sweaty. I stare at him and I know. I know at some point in the very near future I'm going to lose my virginity to Luke Hallstrom.</p>
202	<p>"If you're trying on sexy lingerie, you're definitely thinking about having sex," Sloan says.</p>
211	<p>I'm going to lose my virginity this weekend.</p> <p>...I think of him constantly and am strongly considering having sex with him this weekend in Dad's peaceful apartment by the beach.</p>
216	<p>In all my calculations and planning, I never realized I'd have to say the words I want to have sex with you. Today.</p>
217	<p>Here goes. Wow. You'd think telling a boy you're ready to sleep with him would be easy. I mean, what guy doesn't want to hear that, right?</p> <p>..."Will you have sex with me? Today?"</p> <p>...He grabs my hand and pulls me onto him. Now I am lying on top of him, in the grass in broad daylight, his arms wrapped tightly around me. My face hovers over his face, our noses almost touching.</p> <p>"I would love to make love to you," he says.</p> <p>"Good. Because I've given it a lot of thought, and I'm ready," I say.</p> <p>"You're absolutely sure?" he asks.</p> <p>..."Please don't say make love," I say with a little cringe.</p> <p>"Too mushy?" he asks.</p> <p>"It just kinda creeps me out," I say.</p> <p>..."I'm going to make love to you." He smiles. "Fine," I say. "Make sweet love to me, Luke Hallstrom. "</p> <p>...I give Luke directions to my dad's place, but all I can think of is that I can't believe I'm about to have sex. I can't believe Luke is going to be inside me. Will it hurt as much as Danielle said it would? Will I do it right? If I change my mind, will he hate me? Are blue balls a real thing?</p> <p>..."I need to make a quick stop to pick something up." It takes me a minute, but then I figure out that he's probably talking about condoms.</p> <p>"I've got them," I say.</p> <p>"You do?" he asks.</p>

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	<p>I reach into my bag and feel around in the tissue to dig out a couple of the condoms. "Are these fine?"</p> <p>He takes a look at the foil-wrapped rubbers in my hand. "Wow. Yeah. Those will work." He sort of chuckles and shakes his head.</p> <p>..."Yeah. Very cool, Janey." For some reason, I am elated by this revelation. Everything with Luke—the physical as well as the emotional stuff—has been new for me, but not for him. He, the seasoned veteran, has guided me with his expertise. I have just provided a first for him. I am the first girl to bring condoms to the party.</p> <p>...We stop at a red light, and Luke leans over the gearshift to kiss me. I kiss him back with all the excitement and heat that have riddled my body all day long.</p> <p>.... As soon as the elevator doors close, we start to kiss. I back up against the wall of the elevator as our hands and tongues explore with a newfound fervor. The heat that always exists when we make out is intensified considerably by all the anticipation.</p> <p>...He faces me, taking both of my hands in his.</p> <p>He kisses me softly on the lips.</p> <p>...He takes hold of my sweatshirt and lifts it over my head.</p> <p>"I think I need to shower first," I say.</p> <p>"Can I join you?" he asks.</p> <p>"Sure," I say.</p> <p>He follows me into my small bathroom. I turn on the shower and the steam from the hot water begins to fill the room. The new white towels hang on the towel rack. Suave shampoo and Dove body soap are the only items on the shower shelf. I take off my sweaty shirt and jog bra, and he removes his shirt. He reaches for the waistband of my shorts and slides them, along with my underpants, over my hips and onto the floor. I let him look at me, stark naked, allowing myself to be admired and wanted. His shorts fall to the bath mat and his impressive erection stands at full attention. I put my hands on him, feeling his hardness, knowing that it will soon be inside me. I slowly move my hands back and forth, more so to feel him than to please him.</p> <p>We step into the shower and the hot water bounces between our naked bodies. I stand under the spigot facing Luke, letting my hair and face get drenched. Luke picks up the body soap and squeezes an ample amount into his hands. He moves his soapy hands around my entire body: across my shoulders, over my breasts, around my stomach, and down each arm. He then kneels down to wash my legs, his face right at my crotch. I'm still standing under the beating hot water while he lathers me up, inside and out. It's by far the best feeling I've ever experienced. I feel swollen and tingly throughout my entire body. I look down at him and watch how he watches me, his eyes moving from the work he's doing down there to my face, gauging my reaction.</p> <p>I gently pull him to standing and take the soap from him to return the favor. I pour the milky white liquid soap directly on his chest and then move my hands across his body, covering every inch with the fresh-smelling foam. His shoulders and chest feel strong under my palms. He turns around and I work on his back and let my hands drift to his butt. I rub his ass and the sides of his legs and then, working up the courage, reach around to the front. I move slowly, gently touching</p>

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	<p>and teasing without intense stroking, keeping in mind that I don't want him to get too close yet.</p> <p>He turns around, bringing his lathered-up body next to mine under the stream of hot water. His lips on my lips, his chest on my chest, and his penis up against me. "Wanna take this into the other room?" he whispers into my mouth.</p> <p>"Yeah," I say.</p> <p>The soap travels down our bodies and circles the drain. I turn off the water and reach for two towels, handing one to Luke and wrapping one under my arms and around my chest. I step out of the shower and Luke, towel around his waist, follows me into the living room.</p> <p>..."I'll be right back," I say, and I grab my bag and go into my bedroom. I remove the beautiful nightgown, rip off the tags, and slide it over my head. The smooth fabric feels cool and fresh on my newly washed skin. I take a look in the mirror, and I have to admit, I'm fairly satisfied with how I look. The soft white silk dips down between my breasts, revealing what little cleavage I actually have, and the little flouncy skirt ends at the very tops of my thighs. I shake out my wet hair and take a step out of the bedroom before I remember that the condoms are still in the bag. What am I supposed to do with them? How does one make an entrance with a handful of condoms and still look totally alluring? Not sure it's possible. The truth is, though, there's no way around it. I grab a couple and hide them discreetly behind my back.</p> <p>"Wow," Luke says. "You look so sexy."</p> <p>"Thanks," I say, hoping he doesn't notice me tucking the condoms behind a cushion as I pass the sofa. I take the thick brown blanket from the arm of the club chair and spread it on the rug. We sit on the blanket, facing the sliding glass doors and the view of the ocean. Luke's fingers investigate the edge of my nightgown.</p> <p>"Did you get it for this occasion?" Luke asks curiously.</p> <p>"I did," I say, returning his smile. I figure the detail about my best friends buying it for me for precisely this occasion is probably more information than he needs. He slips his arm around my back and into my sopping wet hair, turning my face toward his. I look at him, taking inventory of his brown eyes, his thick black eyelashes, and his honey-colored skin with a smattering of freckles on his nose. I memorize his pink lips, which turn up at the corners even when he isn't smiling. He lets me stare at him, waiting for me, as though I'm rereading the last chapter of my favorite book and he's allowing me to enjoy those final precious words. When I've fully taken him in, I lean forward to kiss him. He kisses me back with several tiny kisses. I lie back on the blanket, pulling him on top of me, opening my mouth as though I'm inviting his tongue in to play. The kissing becomes deeper, more intense, hungrier. He reaches between us to remove the towel that is awkwardly tangled in our legs. Once the towel has been cast aside, we lie there, two warm clean bodies fused together, legs and tongues intertwined, skin welcoming as much contact as possible. The only barrier between us is the thin lacy silk of my lingerie. Luke moves in a gentle rocking motion and my body responds like he's leading me in a simple, rhythmic dance. I feel him get harder and harder. He shifts himself so he's lying next to me, giving him room to explore my body. With one hand propping up his head, his other hand starts at my neck and works its way down.</p>

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	<p>He pulls my straps down over my shoulders so that the nightgown is now bunched around my waist. He spends sufficient time tickling and rubbing my boobs, moving his hand from one to the other, circling each nipple with care. As his hand moves down my torso, he lets his mouth take over where his hand left off, sucking on my breasts and flicking his tongue against my nipples. My nipples harden, my breathing quickens, and I feel moisture accumulating between my legs. The feelings are wildly intense. I am on fire, wanting him, craving him. His hand now moves lower and his fingers gently touch me, making their way inside. Not too deep, just exploring the parts, feeling the wetness. My hips writhe in response, the tickling becoming almost unbearable. Now I have a deep need to have him inside me. I want him to fill me up and reach the depths of me.</p> <p>"Does that feel good?" he whispers in my ear.</p> <p>"Better than anything," I say through almost gasps.</p> <p>I suddenly become aware that he's doing all the work. I am lying on my back, one hand behind my head, the other in Luke's thick, soft hair. He is touching me, making me feel things I've never felt before, and I am not reciprocating at all. How is this supposed to work? Do we take turns or do it simultaneously?</p> <p>I reach over and grab hold of him. He is hard and hot and poking straight up at me. My hands instinctively know what to do. I wrap one hand firmly around the base and use the other to tickle the rest. I keep both hands moving, working in a rhythm. He moans in my ear, which turns me on even more. He doesn't stop touching me while I work on him. Our lips and tongues are fully enmeshed as we touch each other all over.</p> <p>"I think it's time," he says.</p> <p>"Me too."</p> <p>"Are you sure?"</p> <p>"I've never been more sure about anything," I say.</p> <p>"Are they in the pink bag?"</p> <p>"Not anymore," I say. I stand up and the nightgown falls to the floor at my feet. I step over it and reach behind the sofa cushion for the condoms.</p> <p>"Very sly," Luke says.</p> <p>I bring both packages over to the blanket.</p> <p>"Do you have a preference?"</p> <p>Luke grabs one without much scrutiny and tears the wrapper open.</p> <p>"Wanna help?" he asks.</p> <p>"I don't know how," I say.</p> <p>"I'll show you," he says as he places the rubber disc at the top of his penis. "Now just unroll it."</p> <p>I put my hands on the condom and stretch it down over him. Luke wraps his arms around me and eases me onto my back, his legs gently pushing mine apart. I feel the tip of him poking at me. I open my legs farther as Luke rocks slowly back and forth, reaching a little deeper with each gentle thrust. The moisture between my legs gets more obvious, allowing him to enter me push by push, millimeter by millimeter.</p> <p>It does hurt, but at the same time, it's exhilarating. With each push, I feel increased pressure, but I don't want him to stop. As he gets deeper inside me, both the pleasure and the pain build. I am determined to focus on the pleasure.</p>

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	<p>He is rubbing me in all the right places. I know he's not all the way in yet. I can tell that he's being ever so careful to enter me incrementally. I open up for him, slowly allowing him to push right through me. I'm so turned on that the wetness allows him to glide in. Now we are pressed against each other, and our bodies fit together like the only pieces in a two-part puzzle.</p> <p>He starts to thrust with more force, his hips moving back and forth as he props himself up on his elbows, his mouth never leaving mine. My hands explore his back and I can feel his muscles tensing as he pushes. He pulls his face an inch away from mine and opens his eyes to check on me.</p> <p>"You okay?" he asks.</p> <p>"Yeah," I whisper.</p> <p>"Feel good?"</p> <p>"Feels so good," I answer.</p> <p>My hands find his ass and squeeze while he moves up and down, in and out.</p> <p>"I love you," he says.</p> <p>"I love you back," I say.</p> <p>His hips start to move faster, his breath getting quicker.</p> <p>"Oh god," he says. "Oh, Janey." I watch his face.</p> <p>"I'm getting close," he tells me.</p> <p>"Okay," I say. "I want to watch you."</p> <p>His eyes close and he seems to drift to a far off place. His mouth opens wide and I feel him throb inside me. It takes him a moment or two to return to our present, and he fully grasps the fact that I have been watching him while he climaxed. It's the first time I've ever noticed a hint of self-consciousness in Luke Hallstrom.</p> <p>He kisses me quickly and rolls next to me. "That was unbelievable." "It was?" I ask. Luke looks offended. "You don't think so?" I laugh a little. "Of course I think so. It was amazing. But I have nothing to compare it to," I say.</p> <p>"Trust me," he says. "It was phenomenal." "I'm glad," I say.</p> <p>"You're not done, are you?" he asks.</p> <p>"What do you mean?"</p> <p>"You didn't have an orgasm."</p> <p>"I don't think so, but I'm not sure," I say. "What do you mean you're not sure?" he asks.</p> <p>"I don't think I've ever had an orgasm," I say.</p> <p>"Haven't you ever given yourself one?" "No," I say, embarrassed.</p> <p>"You should."</p> <p>"You're telling me to masturbate?" I ask, incredulous.</p> <p>"Well, yeah," he says, smiling, but completely serious.</p> <p>"Why do I need to masturbate if I have</p> <p>"Because if you know what you like, I can do it for you," he says, as though it's the most obvious explanation ever.</p> <p>..."Here, I'll help." He reaches his hand down and starts touching me again. "Tell me when I get to a good spot." He rubs back and forth, covering the whole area with rapid movements. "Is that good?"</p> <p>"That's really good," I say, leaning my head back and closing my eyes.</p> <p>He keeps at it, moving more quickly, applying more pressure. The feeling starts to build, radiating from between my legs to my entire torso, down my legs, up my</p>

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	<p>back. "Have I found the spot?" "Yes," I eke out. "Want me to stop?" he teases. "No," I say in the faintest of whispers. I arch my back. I feel my knees shake. The feeling grows almost intolerable. I let out an audible gasp as the orgasm takes hold of my entire body. After a brief recovery, I open my eyes to find Luke looking down at me. "I think I came," I say, smiling. "Yeah, I think so too," he says.</p>
230	<p>I was in an elevator full of adults, and I realized that everyone in that elevator had probably had sex. Including me. ...I tell them about the care ride to my dad's place, the shower, and the first orgasm of my life (hopefully the first of many).</p>
231	<p>...I wax philosophic about the gravity of the sexual experience. ..."Lots of people have hookups that end up meaning nothing. Your first time is still your first time, and nothing else matters."</p>
232	<p>"You're going to do nothing but have sex?" I ask. ..."I won't just have sex, I'll...make love." ...Sex undoubtedly means different things to people at different points in their lives.</p>
233	<p>Luke changed my self-awareness and my feelings about my own sexuality. For me, sex not only feels really good on a primal level, but it also makes me feel so much closer to Luke emotionally. ...Finding places to have sex is not easy. ...I wonder if she suspects that Luke and I are trying to sneak in a quickie. I do wonder when she last had sex.</p>
235	<p>When I catch his gaze in the school hallway, or on the track, or at the lunch tables, a bolt of electricity shoots through my veins, landing squarely between my legs. He turns me on from afar, with merely the glint in his eye. One rainy day in March, as track season is nearing its end, we have a quick workout in the weight room. ...Luke gives me a ride home, and the whole way from school to my driveway, his hand slowly works its way up my thigh. He moves so incrementally that I barely notice the progress, but by the time he shuts off the Jeep's engine, his hand is between my legs, over my sweats, turning me on big-time. I lean back in the seat, spread my knees, lift my hips, and let him slide his hand down my sweats, beneath my underwear. I'm already completely wet, and having his fingers down there makes me long to have him inside me for real. I know we can't take this into the house, because my mom's car is parked in the driveway, serving as a barrier to entry. Luke presses the release buttons on both of our seat belts and leans over to kiss me. I open my mouth and twirl my tongue in his mouth while I reach down to touch him. His erection is trapped inside his compression shorts. I pull the waistband down to free him from the Spandex restraint. We work on each other simultaneously while our tongues twist and turn in each other's mouths. I feel my breathing quicken while the sensation inside me builds. He knows exactly where to touch me, how fast to move, and how firmly to press to make me absolutely</p>

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	<p>crazy. I keep stroking him while I feel myself get hotter and closer. I can feel him get harder while my hand moves up and down. "Are you close?" he whispers in my ear. "How can you tell?" I ask through labored breathing. "Your knees are shaking. They always shake when you 're close. " "I'm almost there," I say. He takes that as a cue to kick it up a notch, working a little faster and harder. Within seconds, the feelings overtake me and my moans drown out the sound of the raindrops beating on the Jeep's roof. After I recuperate, I can focus solely on him. I use both hands to cover every inch of him. We shift so that he sits back in his seat and I lean over him, kissing him while I tickle and stroke. Just as he knows how to make me burst, I know what he likes. I know where he likes me to be gentle and where he wants more pressure. "Oh god," he mutters. His utterance of Oh god is the equivalent of my shaking knees. It's the signal to me that he is closing in. I pull my face away from his to watch his expression. I love to watch the ecstasy take over—his eyes squeeze shut and his mouth opens wide and he stays like that for a beat while he throbs in my hand. He opens his eyes and sees that I was watching him progress through the stages of his orgasm. It's really the only time the formidable Luke Hallstrom is vulnerable. I like that he's surprisingly unaware of himself in that moment. I know that when he clears a high jump or executes a long jump, he is wholly in control of his body. ...But he does not know what he looks like when he climaxes. I do. "Why do you watch me?" he asks curiously. "It makes me happy to see you experience pleasure," I say. "What's wrong with that?" "I don't know. Nothing, I guess," he says. I sense his slight embarrassment. "In case you forgot, I'm still kinda new at this," I say teasingly. "It's fascinating." "Well, being with someone comfortable enough to watch me closely while I have an orgasm is new for me," he says. "If it helps," I say playfully, "when you're in ecstasy, you're more handsome than ever." Luke laughs. "Oh, thank god. I was so worried."</p>
238	<p>Two naked bodies are moving feverishly atop the champagne-colored duvet. My mother is on her back amid her throw pillows, her legs splayed. An unknown man is on top of her, his back slightly hairy and his bald spot evident, even in the dim light of the rainy afternoon. His ass, also slightly hairy, knocks repeatedly against my mother, and with each knock, she lets out a little grunt. It takes me a second or two to make sense of what I'm seeing. My mom is having sex. My mother is having raucous, furious, daytime sex in my parents' bed with a man who most definitely is not my father. I have never seen two other people entwined in sexual intercourse. ...Or simply because heated, energetic, matinee sex is really not meant to be viewed by a third party. ...The two of them jump apart so quickly that I think my naked mother is going to hit the ceiling. Hairy-ass Reebok man grabs a pillow and covers his crotch.</p>

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240	"I walked in on my mother having sex," I pant. ..."Who was she having sex with?" "I don't know. He has a bald spot and a hairy ass."
241	"...My mother was screwing some random guy. In the middle of the afternoon. In my parents' bedroom. I am freaking out." ..."...It's traumatic to see your mom doing it. I walked in on my parents once. I was eleven years old, and I still remember every detail..." ..."You're having sex. It's great, right? Don't you think she should be able to have a little fun, too?"
242	"...She was having sex in broad daylight, and her bedroom door wasn't even closed, let alone locked..." ..."That you've had sex," he says.
243	"You want to know why it's so bad that my mother is having meaningless sex?" ..."I think sometimes casual sex is okay."
245	"...I'd hate to judge you for all the nameless, faceless sex you're planning,"...
246	I can't believe your mom would do it with a random stranger. I would never do it with a random stranger.
248	"...I, too, plan to sleep with people who mean nothing to me." ..."But he seems to think there are plenty of wonderful opportunities to have sex with perfect strangers..." ..."I can't face my horny mommy."
249	My impression of her changed so dramatically since I saw her this afternoon, legs spread and bouncing furiously,...
250	"...Do you know him well enough to have sex?" ..."That's essentially what you said to me when you were worried I was rushing into sex with Luke,"...
254	I hate that I saw my mother having sex.
257	"He told her he wanted to squirt whipped cream all over her and lick it off," Danielle told me. "Charlie and I did that on Valentine's Day. It was my idea." Charlie came out of the shower, wearing a towel. He approached Danielle and dropped the towel, revealing a boner and an urgent need for sex. Danielle looked at his penis, then up at Charlie, and said, "Maybe Eve would like to take care of that for you." Charlie quickly lost his erection, his mojo, and his girlfriend.
259	He was right that sometimes people need sex with no strings attached. As hard as it is to admit, my mom is a woman who is coming out of a marriage that lacked a spark. She deserves to have some crazy, grownup fun, even if it throws my worldview into a tailspin. Danielle, too, is ready for a fling without a commitment. People need different kinds of sex and affection at different times of their lives.
263	still close my door. "I missed you so much," Luke says, grabbing me around the waist and pulling me to him. "I missed you too," I say. "So much." I reach up and comb my fingers through his thick hair, which has gotten longer since we started dating, the waves a little messier.

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	<p>He pushes me up against my bedroom door. His chest meets my chest, his hips meet my hips. Our lips find each other. The kisses start out soft, then turn hungry and urgent. He kisses my ear and down my neck to my collarbone.</p> <p>"God, you smell good. I could eat you." He sighs.</p> <p>I pull my shirt over my head, revealing a new purple bra I bought with this reunion in mind.</p> <p>"Wow," he says. "Recent purchase?"</p> <p>"Yep," I say. "It's for you." I then step out of my shorts to reveal a matching purple thong.</p> <p>"You're killing me," Luke says, breathing heavily. "Turn around, let me see the full picture."</p> <p>I give Luke a little twirl, showing him my new ensemble.</p> <p>"Nice tan," he says.</p> <p>"Come here," I say, pulling him to my bed. I push the stuffed animals onto my floor, not so much because I need to make room, but because I don't need reminders that I'm about to have sex in the same bed I once referred to as my "big-girl bed."</p> <p>I lie down, still in my matching bra and thong. Luke whips off his shirt and then takes off his jeans and underwear in one fell swoop. He stands there wearing nothing but his leather braided bracelet, and I take in his body, dripping in flawlessness, I am aware how things have changed. I can now take the time to stare at him, every inch of him, for as long as I want. With the lights on, I lie on my bed, practically naked, and I'm happy to know he's looking at me as well.</p> <p>He lies on top of me, his body covering mine. He wraps his arms around me, puts his hands under my butt, and presses me up to him. We kiss and kiss and kiss, our bodies moving in a syncopated rhythm. He moves his hands from my butt up my back and starts to take off my bra.</p> <p>"I'll be right back," I say. I walk out of my room and close the door behind me. In anticipation of seeing Luke, I bought something other than the new underwear. My time with Danielle inspired me. I walk into the dark kitchen and open the refrigerator. I reach up to the top shelf, behind the milk and orange juice, grab the red and white metal can, and hurry back to my room.</p> <p>Luke is lying on the bed, his erection waiting eagerly for my return.</p> <p>"Whatcha got there?" he asks, referring to the hand I hold behind my back.</p> <p>"Ta-da!" I say, revealing the brand-new can of Reddi-wip.</p> <p>Luke's eyes open wide. "What do you plan to do with that?" he asks, his eyes twinkling knowingly.</p> <p>I sit on top of Luke, straddling him at his waist. I remove the red cap, point the plastic tip at his torso, and spray the white creamy sugar in a small mound on his chest.</p> <p>"Ah! That's cold," he says with a laugh, and when the tip of his tongue peeks out, as it always does when he laughs, I spray a dab of whipped cream on it and then suck it off his tongue.</p> <p>"What's gotten into you?" he wants to know.</p> <p>"The sexy purple stuff, the whipped cream.</p> <p>You've been planning." "I've been thinking about you a lot," I say, and I spray the whipped cream in a straight line from his chest down to where his body hits mine.</p>

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	<p>I lean down and lick him, using my tongue to cover his chest and stomach in the sugary goodness and then lick him clean. After I've worked over Luke's entire body, he takes the can from me and returns the favor.</p> <p>He removes my bra and thong and instructs me to lie down. Luke is very strategic about his placement and has impressive control over the spray can. He puts a tiny dab behind my ear and licks my neck. He then squirts a little pile on each of my boobs and takes his sweet time making sure he gets all the whipped cream off my skin. It is nearly impossible to stay still when he draws a thin line down my side from my ribs to my hipbone. Instead of licking it clean, he delicately uses his tongue to make little waves in the white stream. I can barely stand it. I practically beg him to have sex with me.</p> <p>"What's your hurry?" he asks teasingly.</p> <p>"I can't take it anymore," I admit.</p> <p>He puts the can down, swiftly puts on one of the condoms I placed on my nightstand, and lowers himself onto me. While he kisses me tenderly, he enters me. Our bodies are sticky from the whipped cream and every time he moves up and down, our skin clings together as if trying not to let go.</p> <p>"Can we take a shower?" Luke asks when we're finished, indicating the mess of leftover whipped cream and sweat that is caked between us. I check the time and see that we still have plenty of time to ourselves.</p> <p>I take him into my bathroom and hang two towels over the shower door. We step in and allow the hot water to wash away the remnants of the evening.</p> <p>"That was incredible," he says. "I didn't know food and sex could be such a good combo."</p> <p>"You've never experimented like that before?" I ask.</p> <p>"Nope," he says. "Can't say that I have."</p> <p>"Well, aren't you lucky to have me around to show you a thing or two?" I say with more than a hint of irony.</p> <p>"I'm very lucky." He says it so sincerely that it seems he's no longer talking about whipped cream.</p> <p>"Glad you enjoyed it," I say.</p> <p>"You're full of surprises," he says, picking up the shampoo and squeezing some into his hand.</p> <p>"I have another surprise," I say. He looks at me as if to ask, What else can you possibly have up your sleeve? Here goes. "You were right." I soap up my body and reach out to him to spread soap on his shoulders and arms.</p> <p>"I was? About what?" he wants to know.</p> <p>"That sometimes sex is just sex, and that's okay," I say.</p>
277	And I didn't think anything could be better than Luke naked.
278	<p>"I also love you out of this dress," he says.</p> <p>I sit up and turn my back to Luke so he can unzip me. He takes his time lowering the zipper, revealing my braless back and pink underwear. He lifts my dress up and over my head and then lays me down on my stomach. Luke lies above me, resting on his elbows, and kisses me. He kisses the back of my neck, my shoulders, and my back. He works his way down, kissing every inch of my spine. He kisses across the waistband of my underwear, covering the entire span from hip to hip.</p>

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	<p>Continuing to slowly lower himself, he covers my butt with tiny, soft kisses. The feeling is astounding, like being brushed with velvety flower petals. With every kiss, I grow more relaxed and more turned on. I want him so bad, but waiting for it and knowing it's coming is exhilarating.</p> <p>As he moves down my legs, kissing as he goes, he pulls my thong down with him. Slowly, slowly he goes, caressing the backs of my thighs and calves with his luscious lips. When he gets to my feet, he is at the bottom of the bed. He removes my underwear completely, then stands up and takes off his tuxedo, shirt, socks, and underwear. I stay in position, keeping my head on my pillow, but I recognize the sounds of the clothes being discarded and the condom wrapper opening. Luke comes back to lie on top of me, his naked front to my back. I can feel him, hard and warm, between my legs. He rocks gently against me and I respond instinctively, meeting his movements. The rhythm, the tempo, the pace all perfectly in time. He lowers himself so his breathless voice is right in my ear. "You're the sexiest girl out there." The words have an immediate effect on my body as I turn over and open my legs, making room for him to enter me. He starts slowly, moving ever so gently. But as the pleasure mounts, we move with more intensity. My hands clutch the pillows tightly and the sensations build inside my entire core.</p> <p>Luke reaches under me with one hand on my butt and manages to flip us both over so that he's lying on his back with his head against the pillows and me on top of him. I straddle him and squeeze him tight with my legs while I hold on to his shoulders. I find the rhythm with my body to match Luke's breathing. I love having control of the movements, and I love knowing that the way I sway on top of him is causing the sounds of pleasure I hear escaping his lips. I want to feel our bodies pressed together, I want us to be entirely connected, so I lower my chest to his while I keep rocking my hips.</p> <p>His face is above my shoulder, his warm sweet mouth at my ear. I hear his breathing get heavier, and my breaths quicken to match his. The feeling between my legs becomes almost too much to bear as his heart beats against my chest, pounding harder and harder. The heat, the rhythm, and the gasps between us escalate and I am about to shatter into an orgasm when I hear the faintest of whispers.</p> <p>"Oh god."</p>
283	There will definitely be sex, or everything but.

Profanity	Count
Ass	5
Piss	4
Shit	4