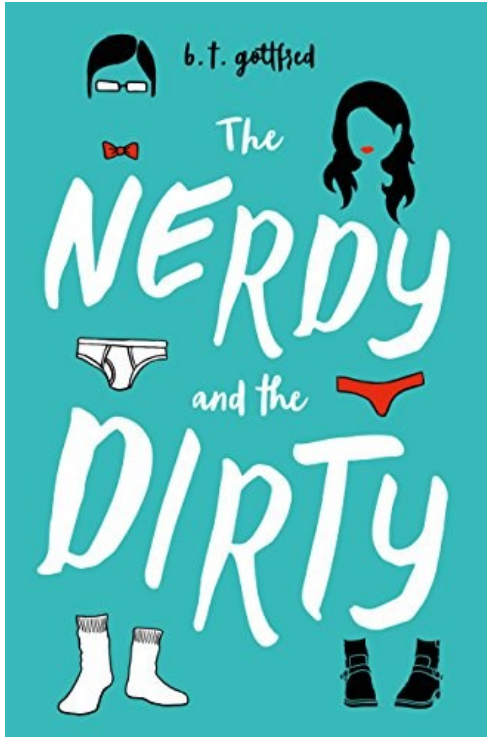


# THE NERDY AND THE DIRTY



*Young Adult*

**By B.T. Gottfred**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### **Book Summary:**

A teenage girl who is in an emotionless relationship, frequently indulges in masturbation; and a sixteen-year-old male outcast whose never been kissed, have a forbidden romantic relationship.

### **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains explicit sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity; controversial religious commentary; violence; drug use; suicide commentary.

**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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9	<p>We still have sex.            ...I'd rather masturbate. I don't tell Paul I masturbate.            ...A Catholic girl who masturbates is like Satan. So I don't tell anyone I do it.</p>
13	<p>After every time we have sex, really every time, Paul says, "God doesn't want us to do this until after we're married. Don't you think we should wait?"            ...But really I'm thinking that God, if he/she/it exists, and that's a big if, doesn't give a fuck whether we have sex or not.</p>
16	<p>My mom screwed me up by staying alive.            ...She got huge boobs before anyone and her parents lived in the rich Covered Bridges section of Riverbend.            ...She's still the queen in eleventh grade, sort of, but she got fat last year and there's a big difference between a hot chick with big boobs being a bitch and a fat girl being a bitch.</p>
17	<p>...tell him that I masturbate every day and that I think Catholicism is bullshit and all the other real stuff I think and feel.</p>
29	<p>I'm not sexist. I just know girls aren't as smart. My dad said it's because they can't always think logically. Logic is the most important skill one can have to succeed in life.</p>
37	<p>After I texted Paul good night, I got under my covers, took off my underwear, and then put a pillow between my legs. I can orgasm about fifty different ways- with my fingers or the faucet in the tub or even just rubbing my legs together if I concentrate- but using a pillow is my favorite.            I don't like looking at porn. Not real porn anyway. Sometimes I'll look at magazines like Vogue or the Victoria's Secret catalog. I'm not a lesbian. Lesbians are cool. I'm just not one. See, I don't imagine doing anything with another girl. I imagine I am that girl, that beautiful model, and how sexy everyone thinks I am. Imagining everyone finds me sexy turns me on more than anything.            Once in a while, I'll think about a boy when I masturbate. Never Paul. I made myself do it once, but I couldn't orgasm.            ...I can't even tell my own head some of the boys I've imagined. Like I know I'm a freak, but I should be put in jail for having some of these thoughts in my head. Teachers and Iris's dad.            ...But sometimes when I'm masturbating, faces just come into my head and my body just shakes and I don't stop it. After I orgasm, even I want to confess I'm a sinner.            ...As I was lying there on my bed, thinking all this, the music playing, pillow between my legs, I started to imagine Benedict. Fuck. See? I just can't stop cray</p>

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	<p>things from happening in my brain.            ...My body shook, twice, and I fell asleep two seconds later.</p>
48	<p>Now I'm sitting next to the robot in the dean's office and I can't even look at him because he's so weird and I, of course, can't stop thinking how I got off thinking about him last night.</p>
49	<p>But of course sitting next to him and thinking about the dirty thoughts I had last night starts turning me on because I can't control anything about myself and then I feel like such a freak I want to kill myself.</p>
52	<p>"If we hadn't had sex, I would totally break up with you, Pen!.."</p>
53	<p>I mean, I like giving Paul blow jobs sometimes. But I hated doing it now.            ..."Watch the teeth, baby," he said.            Yeah, I can't hurt him like that. So I hurt him by thinking of someone else while I did it.</p>
63	<p>S.E.X.            I think about it. Yeah. A lot. I know this.            ...But ALSO, we all feel ashamed about thinking about it and doing it and talking about it. So this thing "sex" that makes it possible for humans to actually be alive is something we are taught not to feel good about. How screwed up is that?            (Well, not everyone has been brainwashed into feeling like crap about sex. There are people on HBO and stuff that seem perfectly comfortable talking about it on camera. But most everyone else is. Like my family and my friends and teachers and politicians and priests and TV news people and anyone else kids might look for advice.)            And then maybe because our bodies want to do it because of nature and our minds don't want to do it because of religion or morals or whatever, sex becomes confusing, which can make it more exciting, and that excitement makes it even more confusing and back and forth until no one really wants to talk about it in a real way and so everyone just guesses or judges or represses.</p>
64	<p>Or maybe because if they thought about it as much as I think about it, they'd get horny as much as I get horny and then everyone would masturbate as much as me and no one would do anything else and all of society would stop functioning. Like now. No way could I do homework now. No, no, no, no, no way. My head's got all these thoughts and images and my body is throbbing and fu-u-u-u-u-u-u-ck, I'm going to look at his pictures on Facebook, aren't I?</p>
65	<p>HOW CAN THAT SOMEONE TURN ME ON SO MUCH?!</p> <p>I keep swiping through his pictures while my free hand- not even knowing what it is doing- digs under the top of my jeans, doesn't even unbutton them, maybe if I had unbuttoned them I could have stopped or closed the door or gotten under my bedcover or SOMETHING but instead I just keep swiping through the pictures and touching myself. My underwear is drenched and it is so gross, like the more animal and disgusting I am the more my body gushes. FREAK.</p> <p>Of course I keep touching and swiping pictures and touching and then I stop on this one close-up of just Benedict's eyes and the top of his nose and I feel like he is in the room with me and it is eerie and I hate it and I keep looking at it. I mean, those eyes are not the eyes of a human!</p>

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	<p>...I'm moaning, I don't even know I'm moaning, IF I KNEW I WAS MOANING, I WOULD HAVE STOPPED.</p> <p>But I don't know, and my body is lifting off the bed, not really, but sort of, and this orgasm is going to be the best orgasm of my life and am I crying? I don't even know, but my body is humming, yes, humming, crying, moaning, humming, and body shaking and MOANING and....</p> <p>...My body finishes, my moans stop, all joy stops,...</p>
68	<p>But for years, I'd have dreams of mom coming into my room while I was sleeping, holding this dead fetus, asking me if I wanted to hold my baby brother.</p> <p>...I kept waiting for my mom to break in and give her horrible, masturbating daughter back to God.</p>
70	<p>There was a rumor she tried to kill herself and was in an insane asylum.</p>
77	<p>The priest knows I masturbate.</p> <p>...I'm not going to talk to anyone about how my crazy Catholic mother caught me masturbating!</p>
79	<p>You want me to pretend to believe in you, God? You got it. You want me to think you know everything, Jesus? Fine. Done. I'm yours. I'll never masturbate again. I'll never think about sex again until it's time to make a baby so that baby can join your legion like me. Fine. I surrender.</p> <p>...Didn't talk about masturbating.</p>
81	<p>...like Iris or that sophomore Peggy with big tits.</p>
86	<p>"...Even her boobs are just as big." We both held back a snicker because, obviously, Robert and I are embarrassed to think about boobs.</p>
91	<p>It made me wish I was dead, but what could I do but survive this week in the woods with my mother and then go back and promise to be an amazing (and mute) good Catholic girlfriend who still gave him blow jobs in his car?</p>
93	<p>When I was showering before dinner, I thought about masturbating because I have this weird enjoyment of getting off under hot water when it's super cold outside.</p>
96	<p>Because this kid, this Benedict, was BY FAR my most bizarre sexual fantasy obsession and I've had a lot of bizarre sexual fantasy obsessions. A LOT.</p>
113	<p>Two, I've been sexually fantasizing about the biggest dork in high school.</p>
118	<p>And that sent us all into a breathless fit of laughter, which, I don't know, I hadn't experience since maybe the first time I smoked pot freshman year.</p>
122	<p>Screw it, I'll just get in bed and masturbate a million times.</p> <p>...Not that I wasn't turned on. I was.</p> <p>..But I didn't feel like masturbating.</p> <p>...Having bizarre sexual fantasies was normal for me!</p> <p>...I'm just gonna think about telling him things, telling him about how my parents are nuts, tell him how religion is bullshit, about how I want to be real like him but I can't. Tell him about my sexual fantasies, about how I fantasize about him...</p>
123	<p>...(my mom wouldn't let him stay in my room because she thinks I'll be a virgin until I'm probably dead)...</p>

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124	Sitting there with my mom, relaxed, well rested, enjoying breakfast, even enjoying us talking about silly stuff like TV shows, my head flashes back to a couple of nights ago when she caught me masturbating and she flipped the hell out and I told her to fuck off and then some ugly shit must have gone on between her and dad and I wished they were all dead.
125	It feels so awkward, like last night didn't happen at all or the opposite extreme, like we had sex and can't even look at each other, only then I see him stop and, I don't know, talk to himself maybe.
136	...I decide this time I'll give him my "fuck me" eyes.
137	I can't really imagine beyond that because just before I can give Benedict my "fuck me" eyes, he says:...
147	Everything- from the cold air, to my sweat, to our silence- felt erotic. Sensual. Foreplay. This on top of the insanity I was escaping. I couldn't take it anymore. My body was flooding. So I squeezed as I skied and without making a sound, I came.
148	Thus, even though I've never had sex with a girl, I know a lot about it. I've read a lot. I've watched a lot of videos. When I say videos, there are some educational shows, but mostly I mean pornography. I've studied them. Yes, obviously, I then masturbated. I'm not a robot. ...I don't talk about masturbating because, even though I'm socially awkward, I'm not that socially awkward. So I've had, obviously, erections. In my penis.
149	But even though I've had many erections at home, in my bedroom while I masturbated, and some uncontrolled ones when I woke in the morning or even at random times during school mostly due to how my penis had positioned itself in my pants, I don't believe I've ever had an erection like the one I had right now. ...I've like girls before, but I've only liked them with my mind before. Not with my penis. ...But right at this moment, my penis was so hard- that's the slang term for erection- that I thought it would drain the blood from the rest of my body and I would pass out. ...My brain, even though it almost always translates things literally, instead translated her words from "I broke up with my boyfriend" to "I want to have sex with you in that warming hut." And because I have seen lots of videos of people having sex, I then pictured Penelope and me having sex in that warming hut. This is strange to say, but I've never pictured having sex with a girl my own age before. Only the porn actresses in the videos. It was easier because I had seen those girls naked. It's much harder to imagine girls my age naked. ...but I've never had sexual thoughts about them. Normal teenagers must think about sex with their classmates all the time.
150	But Penelope, with her eyes and her words, had made my brain allow for the logical thought that I could, possibly, have sex with her in that warming hut. ...My erect penis. ...And, above all, my penis hurt because it had so much blood inside it. ...And my ski pants were tight and that made it hurt even more every time I moved my legs to chase her.

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	<p>...I've never kissed a girl, or had sex, or anything, obviously, but I wanted to do all the things with Pen no matter how much pain or torture I had to endure to make it happen.</p>
151	<p>So, as I said, I've studied sex in books. Watched a great deal of sex online. I've masturbated a very healthy amount, even for a teenage boy, I believe.</p> <p>...I can only stand here thinking about Penelope in that warming hut. Thinking about kissing her. Thinking about taking off her clothes. Thinking about her taking off my clothes. Thinking about her touching my penis. Thinking about touching her boobs. Her vagina...</p> <p>...I'll be honest. The vagina scares me. No matter how many pictures or videos or diagrams I have looked at, it never stops being mysterious and intimidating...</p> <p>...but being afraid of her vagina doesn't make me stop thinking about having sex. No, in fact, I think about it more and more.</p> <p>...I liked the thought of having sex with Penelope.</p>
153	<p>I knew he was thinking about having sex with me. I felt like a goddess. Like the goddess of sex.</p> <p>...This is so stupid to think, but I'm thinking it and I'm loving how powerful I feel and I'm turned on again except I don't want to masturbate. I mean, I do, but I'm not going to.</p>
154	<p>I have never masturbated without pornography, but my penis told me if I didn't masturbate I probably would die.</p>
155	<p>...I had to use my younger sister's lotion, but mine was at home -in my desk drawer and this was an emergency and emergencies require compromises. Obviously people have masturbated for thousands of years without pornography, but now that it was so available on the internet, I just assumed no one ever masturbated without it anymore and never would again. But, as stated, this was an emergency.</p> <p>Since I had been imagining having sex with Penelope in the warming hut, I started concentrating on that scenario as I, ummm . . . I'm not sure how much detail is appropriate here.</p> <p>I suppose there's no point in pretending I'm not doing what I'm doing; so I'll just be frank. I was using my right hand to stroke my penis while my left hand pressed against the wall of the very small shower to steady myself because my legs didn't feel very sturdy and I had never masturbated standing up before. Much easier to be sitting at my desk. Maybe because, of this, It was taking longer than I thought it would. (I was going to use all my sister's lotion.) Considering the long buildup and the Sensation that my entire body was primed to combust, I just assumed this would be a rather quick operation.</p> <p>Or, perhaps, I was enjoying it too much. That's possible. I really liked thinking about Penelope and touching my penis at the same time. My growing awareness of what normal people say makes me feel ridiculous for stating such a thing, but I can't help but acknowledge facts sometimes and this was very much a fact.</p> <p>At first, I enjoyed trying to picture what Penelope's body might 100k like naked, trying to match her body size and type with girls I've seen in pornos. But then those girls' faces would enter my brain and this Wasn't pleasurable at all. Not compared to envisioning Penelope's face. So that's what I did instead. I stopped</p>

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	trying to imagine her naked and Just saw her face up close, like we were under the tree we crashed into.
156	<p>There's, obviously, a maturity to Penelope, a sexual maturity. (Yes, I know she's had sex with Paul, but I don't want to think about that right now!)</p> <p>...Obviously having this degree of erection for this length of time has made me the opposite of logical. But I couldn't stop. Couldn't stop thinking all these things about Penelope, imagining her eyes, and her skin, and her scar.</p> <p>Until I orgasmed. In keeping with being honest, I orgasmed a lot. Despite all the disadvantages of doing it in the shower, cleanup was very easy.</p> <p>...I go mute around Penelope for long stretches and then jerk off for forty minutes in the shower. "Jerk off" is slang for masturbating.</p> <p>Theodore would never use the term "jerk off"! He probably doesn't even masturbate!</p>
157	<p>The way she said it, with that raised-eyebrow look of hers, I had this feeling she knew what I had been doing. If there is a worse feeling than knowing your younger sister knew you were masturbating in the shower, I'd prefer death over experiencing it.</p> <p>...He said, "Benedict, please don't masturbate in the shower again at the resort. You can do that at home, if you must, but not here."</p>
158	My boobs are kinda small, but I can make them look huge with the right bra and a tight-enough top.
160	<p>But then his dad, who I knew was sort of famous, said loud enough that I didn't even need to read his lips because I'm sure the whole dining room heard it: "Is that who you were thinking about in the shower, Benedict?"</p> <p>Oh-my-god. This sort of made me proud (and yes! Turned on! Because I'm the freakiest freak to ever freaking live!) but- oh-my-god- who says that out loud about their kid?</p>
166	Even though I had spent a great deal of time fantasizing about having sex with Penelope this afternoon, I didn't think about sex at all. Only about kissing her.
168	<p>If felt so unsexual I might not masturbate ever again.</p> <p>..Gave him my "fuck me" eyes, dressed in my "fuck me" skirt, and, yeah, it worked because it would work on all men but I don't want Benedict to like me for that!</p>
171	<p>But then he opened his mouth a little, which made his lips wet, and I wet them more with mine, and then his right hand scooped across my lower back and lifted me up- like in the air!- and my legs looped around him. And we just kissed, no tongue at first, just rapid mini-kisses, lips against lips, and, yeah, I could tell Benedict had maybe never kissed anyone in his life, but the passion in him was just erupting from inside and the combination of his passion and inexperience made each kiss feel special. Made it feel like each time our lips touched something unique was being said between us.</p>
173	And, obviously, kissing Penelope is more than emotionally uplifting. It is also extraordinarily physically pleasurable. And not just because my penis is erect. In fact, right now, that's more distracting than pleasurable.
177	Since I spent most of the time straddled on his lap, I could feel his hard-on. I'm a sexual freak, so of course I was aware of it.

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	...What if telling Benedict about my weird sex obsession made him rethink not listening to his dad?
180	I didn't really expect to have sex with her. Of course, I lay in bed last night thinking about it. For hours. ...But I am sure that I would feel like a pervert if I asked to have sex with her and she said she didn't want to.
181	What if, while I stayed up thinking about having sex with her, she stayed up thinking she made the biggest mistake of her life kissing me?
182	And lots of sex. ...My penis liked it too.
183	This is probably Penis Benedict thinking. This was definitely Penis Benedict texting:
184	This is not true, obviously, but my penis has been hard since breakfast and I'm unable to think anything but crazy things. It would probably be best if I stopped obsessing about my penis. It can't be healthy. I doubt other normal teenage boys think this much about their penises. But how can I not think about it when it hurts And feels good at the same time? I really, really hope my sexual thoughts stop by the time I get to the warming hut. As experienced as Penelope is, she's not some sexual freak who thinks about it as much as I'm thinking about it. If I only talk about my penis, she'll think I'm very dumb and boring.
185	So I took two giant steps across the length of the hut, picked her up, and kissed her and used my tongue and squeezed her int me and was so dizzy- because all my blood was in my penis, obviously- that I fell back to the floor of the hut, and Penelope fell back on top of me.
188	Pretend you're not thinking about what his penis looks like. Pretend you're not some sex-starved chick waiting in a tiny hut in the middle of the woods hoping he steps in here and rips off your clothes.
189	He walks in. Oh. Wow. Those eyes...into me, he, my, how do I say this...his eyes, Benedict the dork's eyes...they are...he has...they're "fuck me" eyes. Like mine. For me. He steps in, picks me up, and kisses me. Tongue, hands, my legs around him again, my mouth, my lips, they want to be inside his lips and mouth, and his eyes are open and mine are and we fall, stumble, and we're on the ground... I'm on top of him, kissing him; he's leaning up, into me. Everything tingles. Inside, yes, of course, but outside too, my skin, my head, my eyes...but I can barely feel him because of those ski pants of his, which I would take off, but I can't, he would know I'm a crazy sex freak- but maybe he is too!
190	But I cannot just tell her my penis is excited by her.
194	Penis Benedict said: I AM IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN TRAPPED IN THESE TIGHT SKI PANTS. I KNOW YOU WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN BUT THIS IS TORTURE.



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195	<p>If it wasn't Benedict, I'd assume he was giving me the universal guy code of "Please touch my penis," but Benedict couldn't know that. He couldn't. Yes, I could feel him. I knew how hard he was.</p>
196	<p>"...And I'm just gonna say it, it makes me throb, down here..." I drifted my hand down to my groin, just grazed it, his eyes followed down, held there, then came back to me.</p>
197	<p>"...I was very scared to talk about my penis because I thought you would think I was a dork or a jerk for taking about my penis. But you talking about your vagina makes me feel like I could talk about my penis..." ...And now: "So, Benedict, I can't believe I'm going to say this, I'm not sure if it's hot or dorky or whatever, but I want to tell you all my thoughts, all the dirty thoughts." ..."I want that. Penis Benedict wants that very much." ..."...We're cray and we're alive and we have penises and vaginas and I'm going to undo your pants now and I'm just talking, talking, talking, talking like I think in my head except I'm saying it out loud and a boy is hearing me say it as I unbutton his pants and unzip his pants...and..." "I can help pull them down," he said. "Yes, help me pull them don, and I'm just going to touch your underwear because I know that fees good for you, doesn't it?" His face went to this blank, serene place. "It feels so good." "God, I love you, Benedict, I love talking like this, I love being here like this, I love touching you. Is it okay if I pull on your underwear?" He nodded. "And here's your penis...it's..." And I almost couldn't say it because it's the freakiest thing I've ever though in my history of freaky things, but I was beyond the walls I been trapped behind my whole life, I was free, and once you're free, you can't stop being free, so I said, "It's beautiful, Benedict. You have a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful penis..." and...</p>
199	<p>I came. Four seconds! How embarrassing! It took forty minutes in the bathroom yesterday! Took all the hot water! Took all the lotion! ...But the touch of her hand against my bare penis was too magnificent. And not just her hand, her telling me how beautiful my penis was. ..."...This is the first time a girl has ever touched you. We've had, like, twenty-four straight hours of foreplay. It would be weird if you didn't go fast. Second, it turns me on that you're turned on by me. That my touch..."</p>
200	<p>"Umm, so even though I orgasmed so quickly, you are still turned on?" ..."Fantasizing about me?" "Masturbating." "You masturbate?" I asked.</p>
201	<p>"...It makes me feel much better about masturbating in the shower yesterday for forty minutes thinking about you." "But you're a boy; boys are supposed to masturbate." "So should girls! I know I am very inexperienced. But I have read a great deal about this and studies show that it is very healthy for girls to masturbate. ...I'm the luckiest boy ever to have an evolved girl like you to be the first one to touch my penis. A girl that wasn't as evolved would have made me feel bad about</p>

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	<p>coming so fast, but you made me feel good about it..."</p> <p>I kissed him. Had to. I leaned into him again. I knew he was done. If this was Paul, the TV would be on already. But I was still so horny, maybe if I rubbed against him...</p>
202	<p>He said, "I don't want to make you messy, so I am going to pull my underwear back up so that it can clean my...semen up."</p> <p>..."can I touch you like you touched me?"</p> <p>Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. But all I could do was nod. He laid our coats and pants on the ground, making a sort of bed. Then he lifted me up and laid me on it before moving on top, his arms on each side of my shoulders. Then he leaned down and kissed me before maneuvering back between my legs and reaching for the button on my jeans. It took him a while.</p> <p>"I'm very nervous," he said.</p> <p>"It's okay. You being nervous turns me on."</p> <p>"Why does me being nervous turn you on?" he asked as he inched down my jeans.</p> <p>...My jeans were off. Underwear still on. Both our shirts were still on. He gazed down at my bare legs.</p>
203	<p>"I am surprised by how much I enjoy touching you. It's not very logical. It should only be enjoyable for you to touch me."</p> <p>...Then as he said this, he pulled down y underwear, exposing me to him. It felt vulnerable, him sitting up, between my legs, staring at my nakedness.</p> <p>..."Is it still okay that I touch you?"</p> <p>I nodded again. He reached his hand there, but then hesitated. "Penelope, I don't want to do it wrong, I would hate if I did it wrong."</p> <p>"You can't...I mean, yes, it can be done wrong...but just go slow. Do everything slow. Like you were touching my legs. Just go slow and you will be perfect."</p> <p>He did. Go slow. Using two of his fingers, he brushed against my pubic hair. It felt nice. I wanted more.</p> <p>I said, "You can touch me more."</p> <p>"How?" he asked.</p> <p>"More inside."</p> <p>"But I thought the clitoris was outside."</p> <p>..."Because I love that you not only have read enough to know the clitoris is on the outside, but that you actually said the word 'clitoris.'"</p> <p>"I'm glad you love this. But can you show me where it is?"</p> <p>"Why not? You know where it is. I do not. It feels much more logical for you to show me where it is instead of me guessing."</p> <p>..."I'm socially awkward, but I'm still very smart." He laughed at his own joke as I took his fingers in mine and guided them past my hair, past my...</p> <p>"There," I said as my body tensed and released from the sensation. "Can you feel it?"</p> <p>"Oh, yes, it's not that small. Comedians make jokes about how hard it is to find, so I was very nervous I wouldn't have been able to find it on my own."</p> <p>"Most guys don't even try, so they pretend it's hard to find."</p>

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204	<p>"No, Paul never tried to find my clitoris. He never asked. I never asked him to find it either. I wasn't real to him like I am with you, so I don't want to blame him, but no, he never tried to touch me the way you are touching me."</p> <p>"So I'm doing a good job?"</p> <p>"Yes."</p> <p>"So this will make you have an orgasm?"</p> <p>"Benedict, no..."</p> <p>"Then you should tell me how to do it so that I can make you have an orgasm like you made me have an orgasm."</p> <p>"I've never orgasmed with a boy before, so I don't know if I can."</p> <p>"But it feels good?" He was so concerned about me.</p> <p>...Then he just went and said, "Can I try giving you cunnilingus?"</p> <p>...Then OH-MY-GOD, he put his fingers, the fingers that had been rubbing me, into his mouth.</p> <p>"Benedict!"</p> <p>"What? I'm tasting it."</p>
206	<p>"You're a bigger freak than me." I shouldn't have said that. All I ever wanted was someone to tell me I wasn't a freak and now I'm calling a boy who may be my sexual equal one. "I shouldn't have said that. Or I should have said, I love that you are. I love that just put your fingers in your mouth. I really do. I'll probably masturbate thinking about you doing it tonight. You're just so comfortable, Benedict, so confident.."</p> <p>"You have made me feel confident about myself."</p> <p>"You have made me like myself," I said. Saying that made me feel even more vulnerable than having him kneeling between my legs.</p> <p>Maybe he could sense it because he leaned back into me, kissing me. Calming me.</p> <p>Then he said, "So you have never had a boy lick your vagina before?"</p> <p>"No." I tried not to laugh, still did a little, but I tried.</p> <p>"I know you are very experienced sexually. You know I am very inexperienced. It would mean a lot to me if this could be the thing we experience for the first time together."</p> <p>That was beautiful, but . . . "I'm scared...."</p> <p>"Scared of what? "</p> <p>"I don't know. . ." Just tell him. "That you'll think I'm gross, Or that I smell. Or that it's not as good as the ones you've seen... "</p> <p>"Your vagina is the first one I've seen."</p> <p>"Then the ones you've seen online. All those actresses are perfect' with perfect vaginas. . . ."</p> <p>"You're perfect," he said.</p> <p>"I'm so not perfect."</p> <p>"You're perfect to me and your vagina will be perfect to me."</p>
207	<p>"...I get crappy grades, I smoke, I drink, I this scar..."</p> <p>..."Yesterday, when I masturbated in the shower, I started out imagining having sex with you. But it was hard to imagine your body because I'm a very literal thinker...."</p>

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	<p>... "...but I was very horny and perhaps being horny makes me think in metaphors, but when I was in the shower, I was thinking, 'Her scar is like the best brushstroke on a beautiful painting.' And right after I thought of this, I had an orgasm."</p>
208	<p>"You can do it. You can go down on me."          ... "I know. I want you to."          ...Benedict positioned himself again between my legs and began inching backward. He pushed up my shirt on his way downward, kissing my belly button. Then he kissed my pubic hair.          Then he kissed the inside of my right thigh.          Then the inside of my left thigh.          Then he looked at me, his head framed by my legs, "Hello," he said.          ... "Are you still scared?" he asked.          "Yes, but also very, very, very turned on."          "So, I've studied this, obviously..."          "Obviously."          "And in all the porn videos male actors go very fast with their tongue, but the online articles said I should go slow. And you said I should go slow with my hand..."          "Go slow." I braced myself as he leaned his head in. And...it tickled. At first. Then. Oh. Yes. Okay. He wasn't really going near my clit but his tongue was so light and delicate compared to a boy's fingers...made me feel light and delicate and, oh-          "I found it," he said, his mouth still on me.          "You did..." Which was great, then too much, then-          "Go around it too, Benedict...everything around there..."          He nodded then my body just melted downward, like burner on a pan...not everything, though, no, his tongue was sending gentle waves from its tip to my tip, and my pelvis raised ever so, and...</p>
209	<p>It was that Benedict wanted to be down there, for the excitement of doing something new, and to please me and only me...that he didn't just see my scar, but that my scar turned him on...          ...I rose and I shook, and I moaned, and I came....          Still twitching as the orgasm subsided, I finally opened my eyes and looked down at him smiling up at me.          ...And there, still between my legs, with my wetness on his mouth, with that grin of his, he didn't look cool, or sexy...he looked fucking adorable.</p>
210	<p>SHE ORGASMED. ON MY MOUTH.          As I lay there, on my stomach, with her vagina six inches below my face and her bare legs on each side of my head, I tried to remember my old life.</p>
211	<p>"Penelope, look at Penis Benedict." I pointed down to my groin.          "He is erect again. Just like you get turned on giving me pleasure, it is apparent I get turned on giving you pleasure."</p>
212	<p>And then, Penelope yelled, "I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU!"          ... "I want to have sex very much too. I didn't want to say it first because I was afraid you wouldn't want to..."          ... "Me neither," she said. She lunged into me, kissed me, then pulled my shirt over my head. I pulled her shirt off, then she undid her bra and-</p>

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	<p>"There are your boob," I said.            She laughed. "Usually that's the first thing boys see, not the last."            "Can I touch them?"            "Oh-my-god, Benedict, you've already licked my vagina! Of course you can touch my boobs!"            ..."No, I love that...it's...We don't have condoms..."            "Oh, I have some." I reached into my coat to the zipped pocket and pulled out two condoms.</p>
213	<p>"...I think back on this day and think it was the smartest thing I ever did, having sex with you." I then took her hand and put it on my penis. "Penis Benedict doesn't need one hundred years. He already thinks this is the smartest thing I will ever do."            Penelope took my hand and put it between her legs. "Vagina Penelope agrees."            She put on the condom because she knew how to do it right. I liked watching her do it. Then she lay back on our bed and coats and I got on top of her, my body pressing into her.</p>
214	<p>"Scoot up a little and I'll help," she said. As I did, she reached around and grabbed my penis, guided it inside her.            I'm not sure I had ever thought about how it would feel. I guess I thought it would be like masturbating but masturbating inside a girl's vagina. But it didn't feel anything like that. I didn't really concentrate on what my penis was feeling at all. So I asked, "How does it feel for you?"            "Very good. How does it feel for you?"            "It feels...very good...obviously...but I'm mostly feeling..."            ...Then she said, "Are you close to coming?"            "I think so."            "Can you wait a bit longer?"            "I think so."            "I want to come at the same time..."</p>
215	<p>"I'll need my fingers to help...Is that okay?"            "Of course! Why wouldn't that be okay?"            "Other boys might think..."            "I'm not other boys, Penelope."            She reached between our bodies, and I could see her body respond to her touch and I just had to say, "That is very , very, sexy...very sexy..."            "I love that you think it's sexy..."            "It might be too sexy because it's going to make me..."            "I know...two more seconds...I'm close..."            "I can't..."            "One more second...." she said, and grabbed the back of my head and we locked our eyes together and...</p>
216	<p>We came. Together. Our eyes open.</p>
217	<p>I heard Penelope's mother scream first, "OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! THEY'RE NAKED! OH MY GOD! THEY'RE NAKED! OH MY GOD!"</p>
222	<p>I also kissed her. I also fell in love with her. I also had sex with her.</p>

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227	I never opened the car on the highway. I'm too pathetic to even kill myself.
233	This was where we usually had sex. ...I don't know if I could have sex with him... ..."Stacy told me to come over and her parents weren't home and we got drunk,..."
239	(Except Robert, but Robert wouldn't want to be my friend when he found out I had sex with the one girl he ever told me he liked.)
244	I told him I had sex with Benedict.
245	I left out the details like Benedict making me orgasm.
246	"Your father worked late and then he would go out drinking with the waitstaff." ..."...This man then pushed you both into your apartment, allowing your mother to put you in your crib before he forced her to the floor and raped her."
248	It would be even funnier if Gator knew I spent the day having sex for the first time in a warning hut with Penelope Lupo and then being caught naked by our parents...
258	Yeah, so I just watched his tornado brain- AND YES, I WAS GETTING TURNED ON BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT-...
273	Penis Benedict wanted to have sex, but I didn't.
274	Penelope rubbed my chest with her hand to which Penis Benedict said, REALLY? YOU EXPECT ME TO GO TO SLEEP WITH HER DOING THAT? I think Penelope heard him because she reached her hand down there. "I love you, " she said and then we had sex. Quietly but as if we had done it a thousand times even though it was only the second time.
278	Benedict and I have sex a lot- a lot- and I never thought about any other guys (or girls) while I had sex with him until suddenly I did a couple of times, and I worried that meant I loved him less but it didn't feel like I loved him less so, what the hell, I told him and he said, "I've read a lot about this..." Of course he had. "...and it's very normal. Just tell me when your doing it next time and perhaps it will make it exciting for me too." And I still think about sex all the time but maybe just a little less than before. ...but decided sex- doing it, talking about it, thinking about it, think and talking about other people doing it- makes us feel alive.
282	"How about The Dork and the Nympho?"

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Bitch	10
Cunt	2
Fuck	48
Piss	4
Shit	27