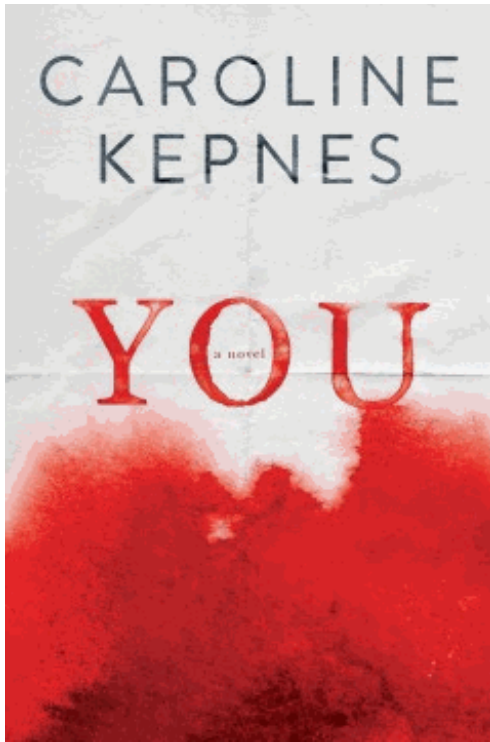


YOU: A NOVEL



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and excessive/frequent profanity.

Adult

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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13	I'm shaking and I'd pop and Ativan but they're downstairs and I don't want to pop an Ativan.
14	<p>Faulkner meant only to convince one-night stands that you mean it when you swear you never do this kind of things.</p> <p>...You sneeze, loudly, and I imagine how loud you are when you climax.</p> <p>...You giggle and holler back, you horny girl, "You too, buddy."</p> <p>...I bag the Dan Brown first like it's kiddie porn...</p>
15	I'll lean over and say, "Excuse me, miss but we're closed" and you'll look up and smile. "Well, I'm not closed." A breath. "I'm wide open. Buddy."
16	<p>"I'll tell you why. The Internet put porn in your home-</p> <p>I just said porn, what a dummy, but you're still listening, what a doll.</p> <p>"And you didn't have to go out and get it. You didn't have to make eye contact with the guy at the store who now knows you like watching girls get spanked.</p> <p>..."And the Kindle, the Kindle takes all the integrity out of reading, which is exactly what the Internet did to porn..."</p>
17	<p>"...even though all those nerds went home and jerked it to Taylor Swift."</p> <p>...Mommy. You're dirty, you are.</p> <p>...You smile and you're definitely not wearing a bra. You take the books out of the basket and put the basket on the floor and look at me like it wouldn't be remotely possible for me to criticize anything you ever did. Your nipples pop. You don't cover them.</p>
18	You giggle and I wish your nipples were still that hard.
22	<p>You put your tiny hands to work on yourself when the mood strikes, which it does, often, which reminds me of another joke in Hannah, where Mia Farrow teases Woody Allen that he ruined himself with excessive masturbation.</p> <p>...The trouble with society is that if the average person knew about us—you, alone, orgasming three times a night, and me, across the street, watching you orgasm, alone—most people would say I'm the fuckup. Well it's no secret that most people are fucking idiots. Most people like cheap mysteries and most people have never heard of Paula Fox or Hannah so honestly, Beck, fuck most people, right?</p> <p>Besides, I like that you take care of yourself instead of filling your home and your pussy with a string of inadequate men.</p>
27	I return the next evening (same suit, can't help it) and you walk around naked in front of the open windows. Naked!
28	I wonder if you were this way in Providence, parading around as if you want your rarified neighbors to know you naked, half-naked, addicted to microwave foods, and masturbating at the top of your lungs.
29	<p>You're just not called a nut because your pussy is a thing that all these people want to know about, whereas my whole being is abhorrent to your neighbors.</p> <p>...These people don't want to touch my dick with a ten-foot pole. Your pussy, on the other hand, is gold.</p>
30	...you grab that lime-green pillow, the same pillow you prop your head against when you nap, and you mount that thing like an animal. Release.
31	Your writing is coming along, and if you spent a little less time tweeting and spanking the kitty...But honestly, Beck, if I were in your skin, I'd never even put clothes on.

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32	<p>And he's walking up those steps like he owns them, like they were built for him and the door opens before he's there and that's you opening the door and now you're there, guiding him inside and kissing him before the door slows to a close and now your hands Such small hands are in his hair and I can't see either of you until you're in the living room and he sits on the couch and you tear off your tank top and climb on top of him and you grind like a stripper, and this is all wrong, Beck. He tears off your cotton panties and he's spanking you and you're yelping and I cross the street and lean against your building door because I need to hear it. Sorry, Daddy! Sorry! Say it again, little girl. I'm sorry, Daddy. You're a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. You want a spanking, don't you? Yes, Daddy, I want a spanking. He's in your mouth. He barks at you. He slaps at you. Once in a while Truman Capote walks by and looks, reacts, then looks away. Nobody will report this to the police because nobody wants to admit to watching. This is Bank Street for fuck's sake. And now you're fucking him and I return to my side of the street where I see that he's not making love to you. You're grabbing his hair—too much hair—like it might save you and your stories. You deserve better and it can't feel good, the way he grips you, big weak hands that never worked, the way he smacks your ass when he's done. You hop off and you lean against him and he pushes you away...</p>
35	You did not tell anyone that he was in your apartment, inside of you.
36	Before and after work, he'd duck into an alley and smoke a little pot.
39	You and your best friends Chanda and Lynn got drunk a lot.
42	You're so much more invested in being a writer- accepting compliments and drinking whiskey- than you are at writing.
43	"...All he does is get fucked up on overpriced drugs and launch pretend businesses."
48	And you're too drunk to be standing so close to the tracks.
50	He is more passionate about blowing you off than he is about being inside of you and this is what you want?
55	I'm so clean that it's almost disturbing, pimp-clean to your whore-dirty.
56	I want to take you onto the tracks before engine engine number nine grinds to a halt and swallows you whole and fuck the drunk out of you until the New York transit line swallows us both. It's too hot in here and it's too cold out there and it smells like burritos and blow jobs, middle-of-the-night New York.
59	Our first date ends and you're going upstairs and fucking the shit out of Benji but it doesn't matter, Beck.
64	You'd drop your panties to get in here, to live in here, forever. I drop my own drawers and cum so hard that I go deaf.
69	You want me. You want me here. You know that if we stay in these stacks I'm gonna press you against the F-K placard and give you a present...
72	You didn't tell Chana and Lynn about the way you think about me when you mount your green pillow...

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77	You are the townie and Benji is the tourist who literally enters you and uses you as a vacation from the wear and tear of the artisanal club soda business only to dump you before Labor Day.
78	I get it now, why dudes jerk off on trains sometimes. ...and look how much we share already and we haven't even fucked and I got you a present too.
83	I am pouring a baggie of crushed Xanax into a glass of water. He'll gulp. He's nervous. He takes the water.
84	...I'm moving papers around and listening to the Xanax overtake him. ...There's his drug purse, packets of heroin or coke or Ritalin or whatever the kids are doing these days and a plastic key card (I leave that).
85	I am not a no-hearted phony piece of shit performance artist cum Dumpster.
97	...that Mooney's too old and lazy to want his porn.
98	...Chana thinks she's pregnant even though the dude barely got it in... ...Chana is not pregnant, which makes sense, given that she didn't full-throttle fuck anyone.
101	...and you're decided which little tank top best accompanies which little bra and eventually all of it gets to you and you're on your green pillow because the only way to get bed head is to get in the bed and fuck yourself. It's true what they say about you chicks being dirtier than us dudes, you are. ...so crass that you tell your friends you're gonna rub one out before our date. Rub one out.
102	You're probably on your green pillow because it's almost time...
106	You laugh and you blush and I laugh and you stretch and you're in your red bra and your white tank and your Thursday-night jeans and your pink cotton panties teasing me as you reach for the sky and uncross your legs and lay back and rest your little head on the cement and I want to mount you right here on these steps, at this inappropriate hour, in front to f the motherfuckers checking you out and the Rasta hawking hemp bracelets and the angry bitches going home to read Doctor Sleep on their iPads. I want you here, now, and I can't get up when I'm this hard.
107	"How much weed did you smoke before you got here?"
112	"Lie down," I command. "Yes sir," you say and your cheeks flush and your nipples harden and your panties are soaked right now. You lie down. ..."No," I say and imagine if we fucked in here. ...I watch you smile and think about you naked... ... I walk around the table and sit right next to your head. You giggle and keep your eyes closed and you're not murmuring anymore and you're throbbing with want. I slouch and kick my feet up on a chair. My cock is inches from your head and your mouth and you can smell it and your nostrils flare and you swallow, nervous...
113	I walk around the table and sit right next to your head. You giggle and keep your eyes closed and you're not murmuring anymore and you're throbbing with want. I slouch and kick my feet up on a chair. My cock is inches from your head and your mouth and you can smell it and your nostrils flare and you swallow, nervous, and I look down at you with your eyes closed and your mouth just slightly open... ...We're both too turned on to make small talk...

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114	You see a high school graduate, who, in theory, should be trying to jump your bones. ...You're pissed and your green pillow's gonna take a fucking beating tonight and you're gonna think about me and you're gonna wait for it, and sick with want for it, for me...
115	When you quench my thirst, it will be after our first fuck, in your bed... ...I rub one out in your honor...
131	There is no way we are going to talk about purses before we have sex so I pretend to be curious.
132	"And what happens when I get another?" you say and I'm this close to throwing you against the wall and you're this close to grabbing me. The closer we get to the party, the more you want to slap the red emergency button and go at it right here, right now. I should kiss you but we're almost to the floor marked P for Penthouse. You move your purse to your other shoulder; you want me. I graze the palm of my left hand over the small of your back and you almost whinny. Your fingertips brush my leg as the elevator shimmies. I lower my head slowly. You anticipate. You dangle your fingertips, ready. And when my hand finally nears yours, you gas, lightly, as you open your fingers and latch on to mine. We are holding hands and your sweat is mixing into mine. Wow. It's time to kiss and I want to kiss but the doors open up and we're here.
134	A skinny Indian chick mad dogs me before she nosedives into a line of Adderall or coke...
136	She's anorexic and slightly tattooed with thick frayed hair and a big red blow-job mouth...
138	They're blowing lines off mismatched candy-colored plates. And the booze. There's tons of it. "What's your poison, Joe?" Peach wants to know, "Beer?" "Vodka," I answer and I smile but she doesn't. ...Some dude appears with a bag of coke and there's clapping as more Brown people flood the dining room. ...Too many guys have slept with you. I know because they look past you; you're a restaurant that's easy to get into.
139	You have to listen to Tom Waits when your stoned. Remember the class we took, that graveyard class and we took that field trip and we had those mushrooms?
144	When the elevator doors close and we're alone, you start to pull away. But I pull your hair and bring your mouth to mine. I know how to leave you wanting more. And I do.
147	So this afternoon, you and I will go to IKEA, where there will be no chance of us having sex.
149	There's powder on his upper lip and drugs have never looked so unglamorous. I know he's been taking a line here and there.
151	I don't want him to die high, pissing his pants, giving his shit away. There are two more bags that flew out of the blazer and I have to go in and get them so he doesn't overdose while we're at IKEA.
152	And I didn't ask her to suck my dick, Joe. ..."She did the same thing to me, rode my dick all night..." ...You didn't ride my dick all night...
153	You are "thrilled" that I am "up for a jaunt" and you promise to make it fun and you better try your damndest because the whole time you're talking to me, I'm just seeing your mouth as an orifice for Benji's cock...
156	...I wish I could kiss you to get Benji's cock out of your mouth and you play with your hair instead of holding my hand.

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160	I look down and I can see your black panties just below the bet of your white jeans. They've stretched out from all your monkeying around and you're hold my hand and breathing and you don't smell like IKEA and just like that, I'm hard.
167	It's actually possible that we can have sex tonight and I really didn't think we would get here this fast. ..."Entrez vous." You giggle and I walk into your lobby and it's happening, we're going to fuck. Your hair is damp and your pores are gone and there's no bra under that tank top and there are no panties under those low-slung, threadbare sweatpants and you're not wearing any socks.
170	This time you're not letting go and I'm getting hard and you've got me with my back against your window... You take my hands and you slide them onto your hips, guiding. You maneuver my fingers one by one beneath the elastic waist of your threadbare sweatpants and anyone outside walking by could see us and you bring my hands lower and your butt is soft and yet hard and round and I'm cupping your ass and you let go of my hands and reach up and wrap them around my head and it's on. You leap up and straddle me and I could walk from here to China with you wrapped around me and I walk across the tiny room and I have you against the wall and I'm kissing you and owning your ass and I like your heels in my back and your bed in a box and there's a horrible sound at the door, metal on metal and a whistle and your legs drop to the floor and you straighten my hair and there is someone at the door.
171	"You're not fucking the assemblyman from Craigslist?"
173	"She was doing shots of Jager at her party," I say. ...My hands were down your pants and now you don't even look at me when you talk.
177	...and you were taking pictures of yourself and your friends and getting drunk a lot.
178	...potheads need to buy pot and respond well to overtime.
183	...and I cum so fucking hard for you, Beck.
184	I eat both cupcakes and the icing is stale and it would taste so much better if I were licking it off your tits.
187	Not fucking you that night I built your bed, not, at the very least, trying to fuck you was clearly a mistake.
189	"...or her fucking cat or any of the many guys she fucked las week."
190	There's a pause and you forgot how much you want to fuck and you're trying to live by Peach Laws...
191	You're in a long pale pink skirt with two giant slits and you're wearing high-heeled brown boots- new, for me- the slits are so high I can almost see your panties and you have on a loose brown sweater that will be so easy for me to peel off of you. Your body is an offering, a payment for all those hands-off phone calls, those lunches. Your bra is pink, hot pink, so that I don't forget about your tits under your sweater, not for one second. When I hug you I smell flowers and laundry detergent and pussy juice and I wonder how hard you had to go at your pillow...
192	Your body and your hair and your lips and your thighs, everything, is for me. ..."This is bold, Joe," you say and you move closer to me, again. "Those slits are bold," I say and you spread your legs the tiniest bit and you want my help and I'm sliding my hand over your thigh and you're turned on (the trot of the horse, the color of the leaves, me) and you whimper again and push just a bit toward my hand and I get under your

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	<p>panties and you're a pillow-soft warm pond just for me and you say my name and I hold my hand there, just taking you in and you kiss me on the neck.</p> <p>...I use my other hand to move up and take your shoulder in my palm and we stay like that with eyes closed, taking each other in- your hand moving up my leg, painfully, beautifully slow-...</p>
193	<p>We're tucked into the darkest corner of Bemelmans Bar at the Carlyle and I own you and I'm torturing you, being so close to all these empty rooms, all these soft beds, and I'm not taking you to bed, not just yet.</p>
194	<p>You nod and you're nibbling my ear and if I asked, you would get down under the table, here, now. But I don't ask because I want your mouth on my ear. Your hands are on the move, prowling over my belt, that's right, there's room under there, that's right, that's your hand, that's my shirt. Pull it out, yes. You're reaching and you're wanting and you've got me in your hand, home, and they need a new word for this hand job because this</p> <p>Is.</p> <p>Magic.</p> <p>You're a ball of want and I have to open my eyes and see something unsexy or I'm gonna blow it and the room feels bright in the dark. I've never felt so safe as I do in your hands. I kiss you and you kiss me and this was well worth the wait and your magnolia is gonna take me in, won't be long now, you're sopping wet, ready.</p> <p>..."Beck."</p> <p>"I want you. Now." You sound all gooey and warm.</p>
195	<p>There's a pact you make when you slide into a booth and shove your hand down a man's pants, Beck. There's no tweeting when you're fucking and what am I gonna do with you?</p>
196	<p>You're not meant to glide alone in your slutty pink skirt all wrinkled.</p> <p>..."The fuck you looking at?" I say to the primary offender, a shithead at the bar who's still staring at the door you walked out of like he's planning on which part of your little whore body he's gonna fuck first.</p>
200	<p>I pick up your hand that was on my dick.</p>
203	<p>These pictures are fucking porn and I have to sit down because this is a lot to take in, to know.</p> <p>...She doesn't just love you, Beck; she's fucking deranged with obsession. I look closely and see streaky layers of lady juice and that's why they all have this filtered look. She touches herself and then you, herself and then you. It's been eons and no wonder the girl is so angry, so pent. The pictures offer the history of your body (thank you, Peach), and I see you at eighteen, maybe seventeen, in a loose tank top, no panties, asleep on your back, in a bed. Light pours in from the beach in the background and you are an angel, eyes shut, legs spread. I see you in a bikini dipping one toe into the water. Your ass is, ironically, a ripe, delicious peach. I see you on a beach at night, mounting some dude, naked. Peach has a good camera because I can see into your eyes and your nipples pop like buttons.</p> <p>...I spread out these photos and thank Christ the bed is big. I want to fuck every single picture. The one of you in high school, with bangs and the one of you in college, with hips and the one of you mid-fuck, the black-and-white version of you riding some guy. That's not me in that picture but it will be me and I'll grab your neck the way you like, and you'll cry for me and moan, Joe. I spew a tankload of hot cum into the nearest fucking thing I can find: a musty sports bra.</p>
220	<p>You tear the blanket off the bed—it hits the floor, it's heavy, I hear it—and you start to work away at yourself and you moan —you're loud, I hear it—and now I'm working and you're working and in my mind, there is no wall because I'm fucking you on that bed and you're bent over begging for it</p>

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	and we're in Bridgeport because we want to fuck in a motel and I'm pulling your hair and you're screaming— you are, Beck, you're loud and there's no green pillow for you to cry into—and when it's all done you turn on the TV and light a cigarette. I can hear it and I can smell it and I'm so heavy from doing it with you and not doing it with you that it takes a minute before it hits me.
225	You look gorgeous, of course, the Rose on our Titanic vessel to my crafty, upbeat Jack, and if we were in this together, oh Beck, I'd find my way under that skirt of yours.
243	"...I can see your panties." ...you're wearing pink seamless bikinis, size small, from the Victoria's Secret Angels collection. I pick up Larry and set him on your lap and pray that you don't notice that your panties are identical to the panties shoved in between the cushions of the sofa.
245	...and you're not wearing a bra, the way you weren't wearing a bra that first day in the shop...
246	...sound of the shower turning on wakes me up and you are no longer in my arms and you are naked, wet, there.
249	...in my shower, in my home and you let the water go at your neck and drip down your back and you take the bar of Ivory soap (my soap), and hold it between your breasts and move it down and let it fall and then you rub the suds on your belly, lower, lower until your hands are down there and then as on as they're down there they're back up on your neck and you're holding back and you're so hot for me right now and I should take off my clothes and get in the shower...
250	...got to sleep here and shower and soap up without making love to me...
255	The day after our sleepover without sex... ...My dick hurts, Beck ...Digital earmuffs are the physical opposite of oral sex.
256	"Wanna go for a ride?" you say and if you mean that you're gonna go for a ride on my dick, then yes.
258	But what you really need is an orgasm and I tell you to try them on. You are blushing, naughty and a door slams and someone's muttering get a room and we did get a room and your furry boots are off and you're unzipping your jeans and they're so snug that when you pull them down your panties start to go with them. "Come here." "Joe. Shh." I motion for you to come here. Because you are shy at heart, you pull your pants up and even start to zip them as you walk over to me. I look up at you and you look down on me and you start to crouch down and reach for my belt buckle but no. I grab your hand, firm. "Stand up." You do. And when I start to unzip your pants you step closer and wiggle and help me get you out of those pants and I get you all the way out of them and throw them at the mirror and finally, at long last, in the Young Sluts Department of Macy's in Herald Square, Christmas comes early. I taste you. I lick you. And when you cum you cum at the top of your lungs. I love shopping. Sex clears the mind and the orgasm agrees with you.
266	...wondering when our chemistry will erupt into a marathon fuck session in your bed that I built. ...Every day is Christmas and today you arrive in a slutty gray slouchy sweater that hangs off your shoulder and transforms your collarbone into a boner-inducing porno shot. ...I want to tell you this is why the guys in your class feel permitted to try and fuck you.

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267	It can't be long before we fuck and I shrug.
268	<p>...when he leaves and I take the opportunity to go downstairs and beat one out because working with you and waiting for you to get here so I can smell you and see you and be near you every day has me worked up like a fucking eight-grade kid with a slutty substitute teacher.</p> <p>My phone buzzes and you're fast and you have texted me: Knock knock And there's a photo and it's you, in a red bra... ...Knock knock I type: Yes? And here it is again, you, no face, just your tits shoved into a pink lace bra and your nipples are hard for me and I can't take it anymore and I finish and you text me again: ? And I refuse to give my dick to you in this way and you're starting to figure that out and you text another photo of yourself. No bra. And I give you what you want. I text: Bad girl. Come here. Now. You text right back lightning fast: Yes boss No punctuation just yes, the universal euphemism for FUCK ME NOW, and boss, the universal euphemism for I SUBMIT... ...and you slip out of your peacoat and you're in a fucking lace, see-through tank top and you smile at me. "Is this inappropriate?" I close Paula Fox and the Beck song "Sexx Laws" starts to play, an ode to handcuffs and illogically great fucking. You and I will make our own fucking song and I adjust so I'm facing you and the door is not locked and the sign says open and the streets are emptying out...and the Hannah was foreplay and the texts were first base and you move toward me, slightly I spread my legs, slightly, and you are standing on your peacoat in your fuck-me boots and I can't take it anymore and I break. ...I'm a rock and you're not wearing any panties under that skirt, you whore, and you tilt your little head and twirl your little hair and it's amazing how the most generic shit in the world can be so hot; half-naked girl in a bookstore, reaching for a Twizzler, chewing on it, slowly, begging for it, silently. "Well, maybe there's something else I can do for you," you coo and I shake my head no and motion for you to come here now and you have the Twizzler hanging out of your mouth and you put both of your hands on both of my knees and lean in and dangle the Twizzler at my mouth. I bite it. Finally.</p>
271	<p>I have just fucked you for the first time in our lives and it was not good and it did not go on forever and you did not scream. Where was that Macy's heat when I was inside you? And who's to blame for our quick fuck? Was it because we weren't in a dressing room or in front of an open window? Or was it me? Was I too hungry? Too eager? Did I hold you too hard? Maybe I'm better at eating you out than I am at fucking you, and that's a horrible and unfair possibility. We've only done it once. Do I get to do it again? Do you want to do it again? ...Maybe I jerked off too much and maybe you teased me too much and maybe I should have locked the door.</p>

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272	<p>You wanted to go at it by the register, but I said no.</p> <p>...We got down here (my idea, I have the key, I am the boss), and I unlocked the cage and ordered you in there and I locked it and you smiled and I told you to take your skirt off and you obeyed (I am the boss) and you weren't wearing any panties and I told you to touch yourself and you did and I willed the other Beck to shut the fuck up. You wanted the music on and so I left it alone (I am the boss and I am allowed to please you on occasion). You stood holding the cage door with one hand and working at yourself slowly with the other while I started getting undressed, and you watched me smiling one second, intent and ready the next. I told you to beg for it and you begged me to come in there and I took my pants off and you saw how badly I wanted to come in there and I told you to get down on your knees and you did and you reached for me (I am the boss, I am allowed to please you on occasion) and I unlocked the cage and you entered. You took me in your hands and in your mouth and you kept looking up at me and I knew it was time to fuck you and let you know that it was time and you leapt at me, an animal, and straddled me and commanded me downward (I am the boss and I am allowed to please you on occasion), and then.</p> <p>And then.</p> <p>And then I was inside of you and I came. I blew it. I came so fast and so hard and you said nothing at first and you didn't act like you wanted me to help you finish, you just went smack into gentle stroking my hair mode (the wrong kind of fucking touching), and you quietly told me: "Don't worry, Joe. I'm on the pill."</p> <p>..."You kids have a good night. I'll come back another time."</p> <p>There was something deathly unsexual and flattening in his words, his old man eyes and his pleasure at seeing us, young and hot and alive. He had more fun in that moment than you and I had in our first fuck and there was no getting around it...</p> <p>I wasn't surprised that you didn't suggest we go to your bed and fuck again.</p>
274	<p>And all was well in the universe because that smile was your gaping wet pussy that knew that I had more to give.</p> <p>...It was clear to me now that you were going to your shrink to talk about your problem, that you enjoy sex more when there's an audience.</p> <p>...and you wanted to tell her all about the best head of your life in Macy's</p>
276	<p>You were in this place and still you fucked me.</p>
279	<p>All I have is a shitty memory of our quick sexual congress, your eight seconds as a monkey locked to my dick.</p>
291	<p>In the dark, Mo told me she was going to steal my virginity. I tried to run and she pinned me down. I punched her, escaped, and told the teachers.</p>
296	<p>You stand before the fireplace with your legs apart as if you're about to be patted down- you are lit as the fire, alive- in black leggings and that gray sweater you wore to work the day we had sex. When you bend slightly to warm your hands over the fire, I have an uncontrollable urge to jump through the window and enter you.</p>
303	<p>...I like it here, the way people are so blunt about what they want- Oxy, Nico's dick, coffee...</p>
311	<p>...I can't tell if she pulls your legs apart or if you pull your legs apart but I know that your legs are apart and she is working on your lower thighs and you relax your head, back, and exhale, mmm, and your arms flap to your sides and she is getting in there, moving up your thighs. You are moaning, you are. She sits up and somehow gets herself between your legs. She parts your bathrobe and your body is naked under there and your nipples are popped and she rubs your hips and you say no but she tells you to be quiet and you are quiet and she kisses your left breast and</p>

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	<p>holds your other breast, firm, hard. You protest but she quiets you and you obey and she is kissing your neck and moving one of her hands down you and you aren't fighting her and you aren't doing anything, you are taking it and she is wrong.</p> <p>You are tipsy- whatever she gave you hits you harder in the daylight, after running- and heartsick for me and shocked over Benji and she is supposed to be your friend. Just moments ago you were a wreck, sobbing, and what kind of a friend responds to a friend in obvious emotional distress by taking advantage of her and sucking on her earlobe?</p>
321	<p>The last story you wrote was about a girl (you, duh, they're always you) who goes to the doctor and learns that she has a penis stuck inside of her. She calls every guy she's ever been with to see if he's still got his penis. The list of dudes is gross long (an exaggeration, it has to be) and they all still have their dicks.</p> <p>...She doesn't want to give him his dick; she wants him to leave his wife and come and get it.</p>
329	<p>The world looks different to me, like I put on 3-D glasses or smoked a joint or fucked the shit out of you.</p>
332	<p>I like her tits.</p>
333	<p>Karen Minty decides right there that she's going to have sex with me and I know it.</p>
335	<p>It's a miracle that the train is empty, not even the random bum or gangster or ho. It's a miracle that Karen Minty licks the place on my face where Curtis fucked me up and her tongue is sharper than yours and I fucking tear off her scrubs—she's wearing a thong—and she grabs at me and we go at it on the fucking subway at four in the morning and when Karen Minty cums, she screams—yeah Joe yeah I'm yours cum now NOW—and she digs her claws into my back and her eyes roll around in her head and when she finishes, her legs are still wrapped around me, vibrating.</p> <p>...She sticks that pointy tongue down my throat and she takes it back and she looks at me.</p> <p>...I will sleep tonight for the first time in a long time and Karen Minty will make me an egg sandwich and give me a blow job in the morning.</p>
338	<p>But I do feel bad when I'm caressing her ass in bed...</p>
341	<p>"You are OCD...on my pussy."</p>
342	<p>I still have it for the most part because Karen likes to cook, clean, and fuck.</p> <p>...#4 Karen Minty is a good fuck.</p> <p>The way that you like to talk shit about Blythe, the way that you like to tease- your nipples popping in the shop on Day One- well, Karen Minty just likes to ride dick. All dick; you can tell she's been fucked a lot and it doesn't bother me.</p>
344	<p>#7 Karen Minty has a great ass.</p> <p>...#9 Karen Minty mixes sexual favor cards in with her nursing school flash cards so that randomly, I'll flash her a card that says TAKE MY TOP OFF.</p> <p>#10 Karen Minty likes to fuck.</p> <p>After we fuck, I look at my list and realize that I left off #6.</p>
345	<p>...dick is the stick heard 'round the fucking world...</p>
351	<p>I could just keep eating Karen's eggs and Karen's pussy.</p>
369	<p>I'm not myself because I was just about to kill Nicky with a nightstick because he was trying to have sex with you.</p>
375	<p>"This has to stay right here for obvious reasons, but you have to know. She tried to fuck me, Joe."</p>
376	<p>...a professional under the influence. This time when I fuck you I am the mouse in your house and you can't get rid of me and you want to get rid of me because you hate how much you want me,</p>

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	<p>how I own you when I'm inside of you, how you'll never want anything but me- Nicky who?- and at some point your emotions all turn into one, your tears for Peach, your cunt throbbing for me, your tits humming because of me, all of you exists solely because of me and I fuck the Peach out of you, I fuck the Benji out of you, and the Nicky out of you, and I am the only man in the world at this time, I wake up first. I go into your bathroom, into your tub and I piss all over the floor of the shower and mark my place, my home, you.</p>
379	<p>You curl up into me and tell me I'm the best and I tease you about loving this movie and you giggle and snort and we wrestle and by the time they go to their champion shit or whatever, we're in bed, fucking.</p>
382	<p>...and then we get into bed and eat the cake and have sex and watch old home movies of your family on Nantucket and eat more cake and have more sex...</p>
387	<p>I wake up with my dick in your mouth at least once a week.</p>
388	<p>...I hear the water turn on and I walk into the bathroom and you're wet hot, mine. "Well, get in here already," you say. And I do. You fuck me like an animal...</p>
389	<p>When it's over, I jerk off in the shower like a lot of unhappily married men in this world.</p>
404	<p>#7 When she orgasms, she clings on to me with her entire body. Her tits respond to my touch. Respond. Her whole body is a response.</p>
409	<p>You'll wear yourself out soon enough, the same way you wear yourself out on my dick.</p>
413	<p>You still masturbate even though you have the honor of access to my cock.</p>
419	<p>I'm an imaginative guy and I picture a lot of scenarios, but what I find in the MacBook Air blows my mind: a screensaver shot of you and Dr. Nicky taking one of those motherfucking pictures they call a selfie. You're both naked in my bed, the one I brought back on the ferry, the bed I built for you, for us.</p>
440	<p>I don't consciously decide to trust you. My body takes over and I can't unlock the cage fast enough. You rub your hands over your body and you wait. I jam the key into the lock and I miss your touch and I enter your space, you. You do not run away; you run at me, lust. I lock my hand around your neck and inject my tongue into your mouth and you take it. You scratch me. I could kill you and you know it and your nipples are harder than ever and your pussy never felt this sweet, this tight—just vanilla—and we could go on like this forever. You orgasm truly, you're exploding and it's an exorcism and an exclamation point. You're speaking in tongues and I own you and I'm in you and I loosen my grip and explode and you own me, you do. Your back arches, wow.</p> <p>...The cage door is wide open and I'm half naked and I'd never be able to catch you if you ran up the stairs. If you grabbed my empty dick and kicked and tried to make a run for it, you would make it. The basement doors are unlocked so you could, theoretically, escape upstairs. But the front door is locked; you didn't work here long enough to learn where I stash the key. Still, if you wanted to, you could risk it all to run naked into the shop and scream for help. Someone would help you and someone would come for me but none of that is happening. Your body can't tell lies and your goose bumps tell the truth. You lick your lips and look up at me. You purr. "Joe. Wow."</p>
442	<p>When I make it upstairs I am genuinely surprised to find the books are where they were before we started reading. They survived the earthquake of our orgasm and the closed sign is where it was when we traveled into The Davinci Code and the bathroom is just as it was earlier today, before I fucked you to life.</p>

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443	I pick up the bar of soap and get a good lather going. I am sad to wash you off and the vanilla ice cream. But then again, I am excited to soil myself anew with your sweat and your cum, your juices and your saliva. The fan is loud and my dick is hard and I know what I'm gonna do now. I'm gonna wake you up with my mouth, I'm gonna eat you alive. ...I need to eat you and I need to eat you now.
451	My mother's Nirvana T-shirt that I was wearing the day you stalked me to my house, the one I've held on to my whole life, it's a mess of cum and vanilla

Profanity	Count
Ass	54
Bitch	20
Cock	3
Cunt	11
Dick	26
Fuck	395
Piss	15
Prick	4
Pussy	16
Shit	117
Tit	6