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105	Trey planted a big, not-brotherly kiss on her lips.
121	Finally she admits, It was Erica. She made me touch her in bad places. It didn't hurt me, though. But she said if I told, she'd make me sorry.
122	He was supposed to keep me safe. No one saw when he came to me, put his hand over my mouth, and said, If you tell, I'll make you sorry. Understand? He was all over me. He was on top of me. He was inside me.
126	I didn't do anything to her, but she did plenty for me.
129	Surely Darla notices the state of her high or the stench of meth sweat.
144	"At least I'm an ex-whore," joked Roselli. ...Rosselli, who has admitted a youthful flirtation with crystal meth, was a vocal supporter of the new requirement for legal prostitutes to pass regular drug tests.
145	Ambitious sex totally rocks. Especially when it leaves her damp hair splayed in silk cords across your chest, and each of her breaths lifts the cherry tips of perfect breasts. Another go-round rocks exponentially.
162	Sex and stress- not to mention weed- make a guy hungry.
163	They didn't find Ron, but they did find three grams of crystal meth, sitting right out in the open on top of her dresser.
164	A twice-convicted felon in possession of a substantial amount of ice?
177	I'd be mad too. Tiffany is a total slut. Almost every guy here has gone all the way around the world with her!
192	His tongue, when it comes, is gently. Inviting. My own tongue is accepting and... ...We are kissing. Tongue on tongue.
199	He chugs cheap beer, and the smell of weed has become a daily welcome home in the two weeks since I've been back.
206	...he yanks me into his lap and our lips weld together. Heated. Urgent. This is not a kiss of friendship. This is a kiss born of lust, and I have never known anything like it. This is unstoppable, no holds barred. This is beautiful. Crazy. A beginning. Betrayal. Addictive. Aggressive. Alive. This is something to be afraid of.
207	He lifts my shirt up over my head, kisses down my neck to the V between my breasts. Pauses. ...I answer, I unclasp my bra, offer myself to his mouth, his tongue, his teeth. ...One hand rises to touch my still exposed right breast. ...It's how I've been kneeling, legs spread across his lap, for twenty minutes.
214	I'm so lost I barely notice when my shirt comes off again, or how the cool breeze plays strange melodies up and down superheated skin. The sharp tang of Kyle's desire rises into the chuffing wind, and when my lips journey his body, they come away with a thin lick of salt. We are moving quickly toward what I didn't come here for, but I am powerless to stop him from unzipping my jeans and peeling them off me before sliding out of his own. Am I ready for this after all? The only things in the way of "all the way" are red cotton boxers and a pair of barely there panties. Ninety-eight percent of me is ready to say okay. I close my eyes against the azure glare. Kyle moves over me, expertly tries to convince the last two percent. Riffs of pleasure trill through my veins. Excite me. Frighten me. Delight

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	me. Off go the boxers. On goes the latex. But just as he pulls at the panties, I remember that other girl, in that other town, how she watched, terrified, as the man who was supposed to protect he chose instead to harm her.
215	...trill through my veins. Excite me. Frighten me. Delight me. Off go the boxers. On goes the latex. But just as he pulls at the panties, I remember that other girl, in that other town, how she watched, terrified, as the man who was supposed to protect he chose instead ...
218	But when Kyle lowers himself over me, the kiss that finds my lips is brimming with promise. He lifts my wrists above my head, pins them purposefully to the ground with one strong hand, as if I might complain about his other hand, voyaging over my body, lingering in all the right places. It already knows me. Such intimate awareness deserves trust, and so I open myself to it. And to Kyle. He takes complete control. Instinct or experience? No matter. My body surrenders. Reacts. Invites. He is not gentle. But I am not afraid. And as we rise and rise in symphony, each note completely new to me, I think I might never be frightened again.
225	When she kissed me back, I delivered the coup de grace, making love to her on a bed blanketed thickly with petals.
226	Not only that, but she wanted to host the day for her dad (who, I'm pretty sure, would much rather spend it boinking his boss),...
227	I'm well on my way to a major buzz, here at my buddy Jason's. We're talking Jager, Heineken, and some fat blunts. It's one hell of a party. Nikki's at work, so I'm basically om my own, surrounded by stoners smoking weed. And, in a big bowl on the coffee table, are assorted meds, confiscated from who-knows-where. It's a regular designer potpourri of sleep inducers, mood enhancers, pain reducers, and, for all I know, laxatives. Everyone is welcome to play the pharma game. Only one rule applies: You have to take three.
228	"Leave the damn bowl alone," while the dimwit half asks, "What harm could three little pills do?" To pharm or not to pharm? Ah, what the hell? I close my eyes, reach into the capsule stew, grab three anonymous pills.
247	I'm thinking a serious buzz is in order. Beer will not do.
248	What may do is the pill potpourri still in my pocket. Who knows what they might really do, if anything. I reach for possible Nirvana, swallow it down with two gulps of beer.
254	In health class, Mr. Vega said most self-proclaimed virgins will resort to self-satisfaction. Just his saying the word "masturbation" out loud bellowed embers in my face. I have never...could never...At least I'm pretty sure I could never. Mr. Vega also said that the best way to know what you like is to experiment without a partner. What I like? That's up to me? And anyway, I'm afraid if I happen to figure out what I like, I might never stop doing it. OCD masturbation.
257	Bryce and me nibbling each other for appetizers while the bird roasts and the pies cool on the counter, perfuming the kitchen with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bryce leans me back over the Formica...scratch that. Fantasy, remember? Leans me back over the shiny black granite, kisses me. And not in a nice way. And I kiss him back,

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319	<p>She pulls me down a narrow alleyway, backs me against a splintered garage door. I pretend to protest, but we both know claiming I don't want this would be a lie. Shush, she pleads. Don't say a word. Just let me take care of you. She kisses me again, encourages my hands along the hilly contours of her body. And in one long, sinuous movement, she is on her knees. In total control.</p>
326	<p>Okay, Leah would tempt most any guy with a working pecker.</p>
338	<p>Autumn (me?) has no control as it invites Bryce onto my bed. He pushes me back against my pillow. Peels away his shirt. Unbuttons mine. Stares down at me with love (lust) harbored in his eyes. Wow, he says, before kissing me again. Only this time, his lips move across my neck, down over my collarbone. To the soft mounds beneath. I want to say, "Wait." But it won't let me. I can barely catch my breath, but this time for all the right (wrong!) reasons. My heart jackhammers in my chest. Bryce must hear! His lips stop traveling my toros, long enough to encourage me out of my jeans. His come off too, and I might stop to fold everything correctly, but it insists I just leave our clothes heaped together and take a good long look at Bryce. Except for sex ed pictures, I've never seen a penis before. But I'm def seeing one now. "No," I want to say. But it reaches out. Touches Bryce there. Likes how the skin feels. Likes the heat. "Stop," I want to say, but it makes Autumn (me?) do things she doesn't know how to do. I realize suddenly that it means to make her go all the way. This is like watching a movie, only I can't find the remote. No way to pause. No way to reverse. Off go my panties. Now everything moves slow motion. Finally I find my voice. "Wait. I'm not sure..." It doesn't let me push him away, but it does let me say, "I'm a virgin." That slows him down but he doesn't want to stop. Instead he becomes gentle. You want to, don't you? I want to say, "Maybe not," but it maintains control, kisses him. "Yes. I want to." I won't hurt you, he promises. Let me make you ready. He touches that place. Kisses that place. It moans. No, Autumn moans. No, I moan. And I see that it is really me. Really me here with Bryce, wanting to give him all of me. I'm scared. But he has made me ready. "I love you." The words spill from my mouth just before a bright flash of pain. Breathe. He is in me when he promises again, And I love you. Did it hurt? Can I keep going. He waits for my answer. "Not too much. And yes." He starts to move. Slowly at first. Rhythmically. I follow his lead and together we move faster. Into the tornado. Rocked by an apple-scented maelstrom, skin to skin with the person I love, every vestige of doubt vanishes in white-hot bolts of lightning. No pain now. No sense of wrong. Everything is perfect. For a while, legs knotted, his fingers twisted in my hair. A foreign scent lifts from our skin. After-sex perfume. Not altogether unpleasant. Eventually he says, We should probably clean up. Ever showered with a guy before? For some crazy reason, embarrassment attacks. I've just gone all the way. And suddenly I'm worried about him seeing my naked body? "Never."</p>
344	<p>By the time I get there, the bathroom is rain-forest steamy. We step into the shower together. Hot water streams over my bruised, used body. Bryce picks up the soap. You wash my back and I'll wash yours. He washes more than my back. And I do the same for him. It's all so decadent, all so someone other than me. I'd</p>