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338	<p>Art leaps back up, takes my hand, and then pulls me onto the bed with him. He kisses me, his tongue exploring every inch of my mouth, his body grinding against mine, sweaty and hot. He's hard, and I am too. He turns me over onto my back, positioning himself on top of me so that his hardness rubs up against mine. He whispers my name into my ear, and I whisper his name in his, until our names cease to have meaning, sounding more like moan than anything else, He thrusts faster and faster , until my name becomes more scream than moan, and then he rolls over to the side of me.</p> <p>..."Wow," he says. "Guess I won't be wearing these pants tonight."</p> <p>...I notice the gooeey stain on his black jeans, and the wetness on my won blue jeans. "Oh," I said. "I didn't know that you..." I leap off the bed and go to the bathroom, I squeeze some shampoo from a tiny bottle onto a washcloth, get it all wet, and the rub the wetness off my pants. I wash my hands, perhaps too aggressively. I look at myself in the mirror. I tell myself I am okay, that nothing risky happened.</p> <p>..."You okay in there?" Art asks. "You do realize having two pairs of jeans and two pairs of underwear between us is, like, as safe as abstinence, right?"</p> <p>..."I know," I say. And then, closing the door, I add, "I'm going to shower before we meet everyone downstairs."</p> <p>...I turn on the shower, take off my clothes, and get inside. As I touch myself, I imagine Art thrusting on top of me, screaming my name. I close my eyes and let the hot water wash all evidence of my passion away.</p>
385	<p>"Okay," I say. A wave of excitement passes through me at the thought of us naked together.</p> <p>...He starts first. He peels his tight ripped jeans off in the blink of an eye, and then his tank top. And finally, with a smile, his underwear. He waves his underwear around in the air and tosses it at me. I duck and laugh.</p> <p>..."Your turn," he says.</p> <p>..."Yean," I say, ever part of me thrumming with anticipation.</p> <p>...I can feel my arms shaking as I slowly take off my black jeans and my T-shirt. I pause before taking my underwear off. I search his eyes for the reassurance I need. "Art," I whisper. I want to tell him I'm scared, I like feeling it on my tongue. "Art." And then again more decisively, "Art."</p> <p>...We lie naked next to each other, and we kiss for what feels like either a split second or an eternity. It's a kiss that stops time. There is no past or further, just this moment, just this kiss.</p> <p>...Time starts again when he removes his lips from mine and kisses the back of my ears, my neck, my shoulders, my chest. He works his way down. "I want to kiss every part of you," he says. And he does. When he takes me inside his mouth, it's almost over.</p> <p>..."Wait, slowdown," I beg him. And then, when he does, I just repeat, "Wow. Wow. Wow." I must sound like an idiot, but I don't care. I don't feel like an idiot. I feel like me.</p> <p>...I pull him back up when I can't take any more, and I do the same to him. I kiss and lick every inch of skin on his body, tasting the expanse of him, drawing him into me. The moment my lips heave his neck, I miss it already. Then when they leave his chest, I miss that. I want all of him, all at once, all the time.</p>

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	<p>... "I love you," I whisper, my breath heavy.</p> <p>... "Me too," he says, laying me on my back and finding his way on top of me.</p> <p>... I turn to the bedside table and gave a condom. I give it to him with a smile and a nod. "Wow," he says. "Wow, I didn't think..."</p> <p>... "What?" I ask, mischievous. "You thought I'd remain like a virgin forever?"</p> <p>... He beams. A hand on my cheek, he says softly, "Quien es est nino?' Who's that boy?"</p> <p>... I realize I'm a new person now, the person I've been waiting to be. I feel it's only right to quote Madonna back to him, so I kiss him once more, then whisper, "I'm a young boy with eyes like the desert that dream of you, my true blue."</p> <p>... His smile radiates love. "True blue," he repeats.</p> <p>... He tries to open the condom wrapper but fumbles with it. He tries his teeth. I grab it from him and tear it open. I try to put it on him, doing my best to block out why the condom is necessary, trying to forget all those images of death and disease. My hands shake as I place the condom on him. "I think you're putting it on upside down," he says, laughing.</p> <p>... He smiles. I smile. We have a layer of protection between us now. He squeezes some lube onto him, then onto me. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me, or deeper into me, because he's in me now. We thrust and grunt and sweat until we almost fall off the bed.</p> <p>... "I need to catch my breath," he says. Then, with a smile, he adds, "I think this is the first team sport I like."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1