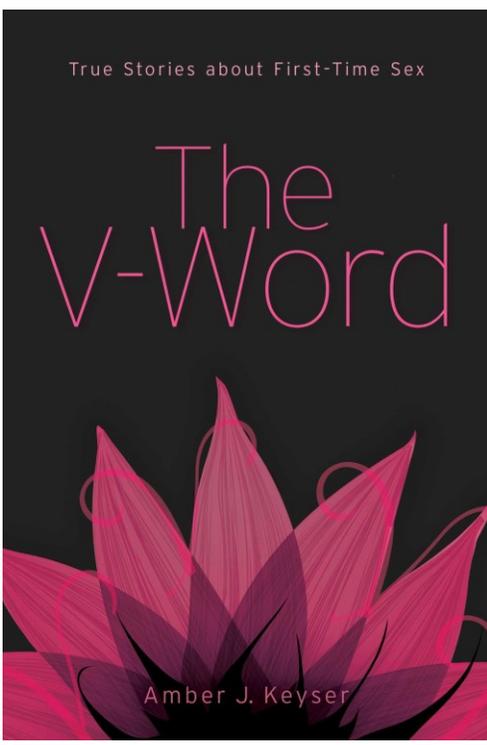


THE V-WORD



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities and sexual nudity.

Young Adult

By Amber Keyser

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CONTENT WARNING

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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3	<p>Girls get hot. That's the truth. It's not just the guys with their constant boners. It's us too. We get turned on. We fantasize. We touch ourselves. Sometimes we touch each other. All this wild girl horniness is perfectly normal. Humans are lots of things—thinkers, nurturers, fighters—but we are also sexual beings. Our bodies are magnificent. I don't mean what they look like. I'm talking about what they do and how they feel. Fingers seek the soft-hard-rough- smooth skin of the body. Limbs entwine with arms-legs-hands. Our bodies provide us with so much pleasure, sensations that many of us come to know at a very early age, as I describe in the first story.</p>
5	<p>I had a kid's body—no hips, hardly any breasts, hardly more than pubic hair peach fuzz. I'd never had a period or a boyfriend or a date for a middle school dance. It was the summer after eighth grade and I was abuzz with physical desire. I'd known for a long time that it felt good to touch myself, and years earlier I'd played kissing games with neighborhood girls, but now, as I careened toward puberty, my body was a constant source of wow. When it came to sex, I had zero experience but a lot of book learning. We had moved the summer before seventh grade. Among my mother's discarded books on a garage sale table, I found my textbook—an explicit memoir by a sex-loving prostitute. Heart racing, I'd pinched it off the table and snuck it to my room, reading and rereading her bawdy accounts of sex with both men and women. Her uninhibited attitude painted sex as a healthy and positive part of adult life. If it felt good and everyone wanted to do it then anything was a go. By accident, I discovered just the right way to ride my bike so that the seat vibrated against the mound of my crotch. It seemed my panties were always damp, and I masturbated often—in the bath, in the hot tub, in my bed at night. I imagined what it would feel like to have oral sex. But in this stew of horniness, I also worried that something was wrong with me for thinking about sex so much. I watched the girls at school that everyone said were doing it. Were their bodies constantly on fire like mine? Or was I freak? But arousal was constantly sneaking up on me. I crushed on actors in movies, characters in books, and Jason, a gawky boy who lived down the street. At school, Jason and I ignored each other—he, no doubt, because of my bottom- rung social status, and I because that's what you do to avoid humiliation in the halls of middle school.</p>
7	<p>We paired off, our friends upstairs and me and Jason in a guest room with white carpet, a red bedspread, and tacky furniture detailed in gold paint. His lips were as soft as I remembered from the playground, his face pre-shaving smooth. We had our clothes off in moments. How did that even happen? My memory is a blur of color and texture. We slid into the cool sheets like otters sliding into the water. What I remember is wanting everything. His touch sent sizzling waves coursing over my body. This was nothing like when I masturbated. This was the best thing I had ever felt. My skin was electrified where we touched. Thigh to thigh, chest to chest. His arms around me. My hands in his hair.</p>

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	<p>He smelled like boy and awesome.</p> <p>I slid down under the covers, my cheek against his taut belly. And there was his penis. Hard inside but shockingly soft and smooth on the surface. I put my lips on the velvety end of his penis and took him in my mouth. After a while— who knows how much time passed—we changed places.</p> <p>And his mouth was hot and wet on the slit of my vulva. The new best thing ever. When we were face to face again, we did not talk. We did not think. We did not consider protection or consequences. We were far too absorbed in good-yes-slick-hot-more-now</p>
12	<p>So we drink cherry brandy. We talk about whatever. But we know talking is a waste of time, so we go up to my bedroom.</p> <p>"Let's get naked," he says, which I think is so funny and wonderful! Because it's so honest. When someone suggests it this way- Let's get naked!—you can say yes or you can say no; there's no gray area, there's no language hiding intention.</p> <p>This is how everything looks, then: We're both in my bed, tangled up together on top of the quilt. His jeans, T-shirt (white) and flannel shirt (blue) are tossed on the floor. His boxer shorts (white with green stripes) are pushed down a little. I'm in my bra (black satin) and my Levis are on the floor. My underwear are cotton bikinis, bought in a pack of six. My bed is a single and fits both of us, though his feet hang over the edge a bit. We're touching each other in places we've already touched (under the bra and boxers and undies) but because we're alone it feels gigantic and luxurious, like we're just discovering America.</p> <p>Except, soon it's 9:26 PM, according to the clock on my nightstand. He's still sixteen and his parents expect him home by ten.</p> <p>I straighten my bra, put on my shirt, get up to go pee. When I come back he's sitting on my bed, wearing his jeans, putting on his T-shirt. Seeing him dress is unbearably sad but I pull on my own jeans, resigned to our night together being over.</p> <p>Then, as he's putting his flannel back on, even though he needs to get home, I kiss him again. Reach down to feel if he's hard.</p> <p>He's always hard. I think that's magical.</p> <p>I push his flannel off his shoulders. Wrench his T-shirt off. Kneel down between his knees.</p> <p>We don't say anything.</p> <p>We pull his jeans down around his ankles. He's in his striped boxers again, his white tube socks pulled up his calves in that dorky boy way.</p> <p>My hands are on his thighs, touching the blond hairs there that I think are almost pretty, feeling how flat and strong his muscles are. There is nothing on my body like that. I am soft and smooshy despite my efforts to be fit and pretty. But he works very hard to be strong and fit and athletic. Harder than I am willing to, actually, but he thinks nothing of it. I'm almost jealous that his body is so unlike mine. But not quite jealous, because I am touching his body as if it were mine, and being together means I can have it whenever I want now, like it belongs to me, From where I kneel, I don't worry what I look like. My hair covers my shoulders and chest and the workings of my face. My body folds beneath him, shadowed. I don't look up so I don't know if he is watching or just feeling what I'm doing.</p>

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	<p>We pull down his boxers and a second later I feel him in my mouth. Under my palms his thighs are trembling, but what I'm doing is solid and clear. Honest. I hear the sound of him sucking in his breath, then a sighing noise from deep in his chest. Every sound he makes tells me how it feels.</p> <p>I feel everything too, and not just with my brain, which is reeling with excitement and a kind of crazed curiosity. Physically, I am right there with him. Feeling through his body how good it feels. Tasting everything, smelling everything. These aren't tastes or smells I can name but they're familiar. Like I should have known them. Like I'd always known them.</p> <p>Like things that are private and exclusive.</p> <p>Like being an adult: an acquired taste.</p> <p>Sweet, salty, sour, bitter. The way his body tenses. The way he breathes, soft, then hard. It's perfect. It feels like something I'm creating, not just a thing that's happening.</p> <p>When he comes, which is just a few minutes into it, I swallow it all—the sweet, salty, sour, bitter. All Of it.</p> <p>For a little while, neither of us move. I don't say a word, I don't even look at him. I press my hands on his thighs like I'm going to stand up.</p> <p>That's when he scoops me up and holds me tighter than anyone ever has before and he says, "God, you're so great. I just love you so much."</p>