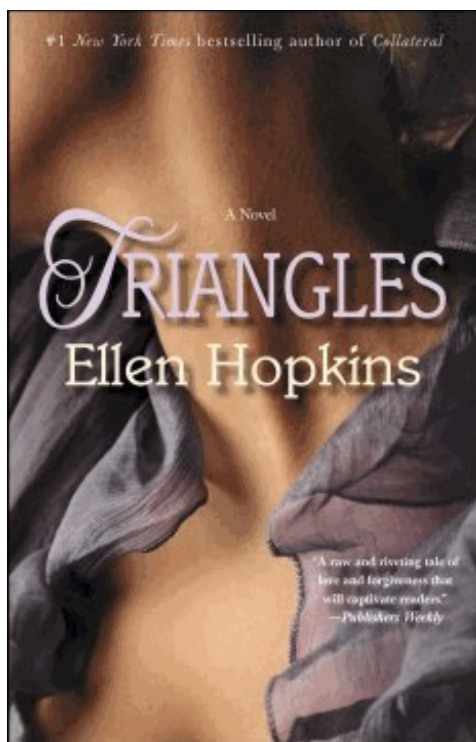


# TRIANGLES



## Book Summary:

Three women with different relationship statuses, discover more about themselves while having sexual relationships with mutual acquaintances.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually obscene sexual activities including sadomasochism; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol abuse; drug use; controversial religious commentary; and alternate sexualities.

*Adult*

**By Ellen Hopkins**

ISBN: 1-45162634-7



**5** /5

**Aberrant Content**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	Once upon a time, I might have slid a leg up over Jace, reveled in the way he stirred, hot and hard before the rest of him surfaced from dreams.
8	<p>Did I ever tell you that sweaty women turn me on?          "Thus, your addiction to beach volleyball?" I go over for a morning kiss, sex is the farthest thing from my mind.</p> <p>Jace. However, is totally in the mood, as advertised by the twitch of his hard-on. Come on. We haven't had a morning go in a while, and I don't have to be in the office until nine. He coaxes me toward the unmade bed. Pretty please?</p> <p>I start to protest, to say something about having to change the sheets, but it's simpler just to give in for the ten whole minutes it will take to make him a satisfied man. And me a dutiful wife. He leans me, stomach against the rumpled spread, over the bed, tugs down my shorts. I close my eyes as he slips two fingers inside me.</p> <p>See now? You're ready for me. Strangely, I am, and when he pushes more than his fingers inside, the sex is comfortable. Easy. No work at all. It doesn't even take ten minutes until I feel the familiar tightening of his thighs. Jace comes. I don't. He punctuates his final thrust with a soft Oomph. Pulls away, sticky, starts again for the shower.</p>
12	<p>The angel of making men horny meets up with the angel of making women stupid. "Let's create a problem for some lame earthly couple," he says.</p> <p>(Making Men Horny Angel has to be a guy. Why would a woman angel bother with making me horny?)</p> <p>Uh, you mean, like rip a condom and SNAP...baby?</p> <p>...So off they go to see God, who's kicking back with a bottle of brilliant red wine and a couple of cute Waiting on God in Short Togas and Crooked Haloes Angels. God, who is not so amused, booms: IT'S BEEN A CRAP CENTURY AND I'M REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD FOR GAMES. PICK A RANDOM PAIR OF COLLEG BEER PONGERS AND GIVE THEM A GIRL. AND JUST FOR KICKS, MAKE HER LIFE A CLUSTER SCREW. LOUSY CHILDHOOD. MISERABLE MARRIAGE. AND HEY, WHY NOT TOSS IN A SMART-ASS GAY KID AND ANOTHER ONE WHO NEVER WALK- IN FACT, ONE WHO WILL NEVER GROW UP? MARISSA JOY SNYDER TRASK? FUCK HER!</p> <p>All I can say is, he must be turning cartwheels up there. Sipping champagne. Smoking cigars.</p>
15	<p>I might have considered abortion. Had I known a thing at all about spinal muscular atrophy, I would have run, full speed, to the nearest gated clinic.</p> <p>...Shane just got "gay."</p>
17	<p>Now, what his interests are outside these walls, I really can't say, though I'm more than a little sure they revolve around marijuana. I can smell the barely masked scent of it now, leaking out from under his bedroom door.</p>
19	<p>I'm smoking weed and checking out a little guy-on-guy action.</p> <p>"Wha...?" For the first time, I look beyond the smoke, resin, and incense-stained saucer to the computer screen, where one very buff and obviously very gay guy is doing unmentionable things to another very buff and obviously even gayer guy's oily backside.</p>
20	<p>That's top-quality weed. Want me to turn you on to my connection?</p>

Page	Content
26	Breakfasts in bed, followed by protracted post-French toast lovemaking.
30	Holly, who is on her third very strong mojito, has hitched a leg over Grant's knee, effectively airing out her crotch. Hope she's wearing panties. But if I were taking bets, I'd guess no way. And I can also imagine where Grant's fingers are creeping. Half of me is grossed out. The other half really wants to look. Holly acts all innocent, like nothing's going on under the table. But everyone here, including Average Guy, who is sloppy drunk and leaning toward belligerent, knows otherwise.
32	Four mojitos. Approximately one per hour. I actually feel okay driving home, though I'm pretty sure I wouldn't want to get pulled over right now.
34	Unless you want to consider underage drinking, plus marijuana and ketamine. ...A little weed, Mom. I don't indulge in the hard stuff.
36	I get another whiff of sex. ...I get the urge to run after here, pull her to me, daughter to mother, confide that sex isn't the way to make a man love you. That love and sex can, in fact, remain independent of one another. Maybe even should.
40	His fingers snake into my hair, pull my face into his and when his mouth covers mine, rum and mint flavor his tongue. The kiss I return is not gentle, and when his body rocks against mine, he is hard against the throb growing faster, faster, between my legs. He is strong. My heart pounds as he wraps my right leg around his hip, lifts. Beneath my short denim skirt, he finds nothing but skin and hot, wet pulsing. His fingers start there, work their way inside. My body screams for orgasm, but not like that. "Fuck me, " I beg. His eyes, feral, meet mine. He smiles, props me up on his knee. Unzips his fine silk trousers, brings the swollen knob of his cock just outside my thrumming slit. Stops. "Say please."
53	<b>A HIGH SCHOOL HOOKUP</b> That's what we were, me a stoner and Steve a defensive lineman jock who liked getting buzzed when he wasn't knocking down quarterbacks. ...It was normal. And so was sex, of the unprotected variety. I had an unforgettable senior year- cherry popped just before Christmas. Pregnant by Easter.
54	He came home, relaxed with a beer or ten. ...Meds for the pain. Addiction to meds.
56	Minus the fake tits, of course, and plus a few zits.
57	She keeps blasting away at something on screen... "Wait. What are you shooting? Not kids?" Don't worry, says Chad. They're not American kids. They're Muslims.
70	<b>WE SHED ALL PRETENSE QUICKLY</b> Before we finish the first drink, it's clear we're both ere for sex. When the under-the-table foreplay becomes too intense, Grant pays the bill and we walk down the street to a cheap motel. Okay, it's a dive. It doesn't have hourly rates, but by the looks of things, it should have. ...Grant is already out of his clothes. ...Instead, what I get from this stranger is the same sex waiting at home.

Page	Content
	Missionary. Ordinary. He comes. I don't. Done. I leave him there, dozing. Walk back to my car, past hookers and drug dealers. Feeling cheaper than the room.
71	<p><b>SEX WITH A STRANGER</b></p> <p>Is an eye-opening experience. Just when you think you know all there is to know, come to find out you ain't learned everything yet. No strings means doing things your way, but only if you happen to be the top. When you're not, it means accepting the particular brand of sex you're being offered, mostly without complaint. That's when things get sticky, and not just literally. Saying stop can be problematic when your partner is headlong into orgasm. Asking for longer or gentler or once more, with feeling, is quite often disappointing. Sex with a stranger can fill in the blanks, but whether or not you like the turn of phrase depends on the stranger.</p>
77	<p>He's worn the scent as long as I've know him and it conjures powerful memories of sneaking off to an Oregon barn for long, lustful (but sex-free) make-out sessions.</p> <p>Sex-free, because we were only fourteen, and though the examples set for us by our hippie parents was uncommitted rutting, somehow both Drew and I believed in love.</p>
79	"He smokes weed and watches gay porn..."
92	Like telling your parents you're spending the night at your girlfriend's, when in fact you're going to a drug- and booze-soaked party with your horny boyfriend.
107	"It's not even ten in the morning, and you're drinking? Not only that, but getting drunk right there beside your daughter's bed? Are you crazy?"
112	<p>Mom and Dad rated the scruffy tent so they could have scruffy sex on their scruffy air mattress.</p> <p>...Which makes me wonder how many bears prowled close by Marissa and me while Mom and Dad indulged in a little growl-and-howl nookie.</p>
118	Then again, I do have an excuse, because while she has easy access to regular sex, I almost definitely do not. I haven't slept with a guy in six months. I'm getting a wee bit antsy.
119	I really need to get a [sex] life.
120	No sex, not even amazing sex (and it was that), is worth the kind of verbal abuse that man threw at me. To top it all off, I found out he's married but he expected me to stay with him. Uh...right. I put an immediate end to it. To us. To amazing sex, or any sex except the battery-operated kind. But while that might take the edge off, it only whets my appetite for a more impressive menu. Solo orgasm isn't even a decent appetizer.
121	<p>Porn princesses ser Hand Job and pretzel snacks, along with fifteen-dollar drinks. Order appetizers from column one:</p> <p>Girl-Girl</p> <p>Massage (Give or Get)</p> <p>Oral Delight.</p> <p>Every thing is a la carte, with entrees from</p> <p>Around the World:</p> <p>Full French</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Asian Wet            Neapolitan            While your main course is prepared, you can enjoy a            Vibrator Show.            Front-row seats run a little more, but you don't want a            Half-and-Half            view. Finish your meal with a            Whipped Cream Party            Champagne Party            or maybe just a little            Love at the Y.</p>
122	<p>Can't believe you can get stuck writing sex scenes. Then again, since most (make that all) of the sex I've had for the past couple of years has been pretty uninspired, trying to write a believable orgasm is taking a lot of imagination. Jace said he hoped I'd pick up pointers from my current reading.            ...Can't remember the last time he went down on me. Cunnilingus is barely even a memory. Maybe I need a girlfriend. One with an active tongue. I've never been with a woman.</p>
128	<p>And while sex is most certainly enhanced by love, love isn't necessarily better just because it comes with a penis.</p>
133	<p>Other than the usual "safe sex, please" warnings, I try not to probe too deeply into that part of his life. I don't need, or want, the details. Would I feel differently if he were straight? Maybe. But seems to me a father would be more interested in his son's sex life than a mother would. I don't think Christian wants to know the details of our gay son's sex life either, though.</p>
135	<p>He spent the morning working in the study, then started on the whiskey at lunch.</p>
140	<p>HE SMELLS OF WHISKY-BEADED SWEAT            But permeating that is the scent of male. Testosterone or pheromone, wherever it is carried, it cannot be ignored. Though his back is to me, I reach for him, and when he turns, I throw myself into his arms and we are kissing with a ferocity that only strangers share. His hands snarl into my hair, pin my head to the pillow as his mouth travels my neck, teeth and tongue working in unison, to the taut knots that are my nipples. He grows rigid against my leg and I sigh but say nothing, afraid words will wake me from whatever dream this has become. One hand comes loose from my hair.            It moves down between my legs, finds undertow. One finger, two, go inside me. Three. Plunging. I am close but fight cresting with all I have. He licks along my torso and his face seeks the V between my thighs, tongue joining fingers. This is something remembered. But when he pushes inside me, the intensity of his thrusts is nothing I've ever known.</p>
148	<p>Acoholics tend to be assholes.</p>
156	<p>I can hardly concentrate on bodice shredding and passionate lovemaking in a corporate boardroom. But I try.</p>
159	<p>I am tipsy as hell when I sputter, "I heard lots of those girls are lesbians."            Some are, though many are bi. Being with other women is easy. Fewer demands.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Better orgasms. At my doubtful look, she says, What? Don't tell me you've never...really? She rocks up onto her knees. Want to? I know nothing about being with a woman. I rely on her- and instinct.</p>
160	<p>She is bold, kissing me without clear invitation, or maybe I did invite her somehow. No matter. I can't help but kiss her back. Her pout is yielding, her tongue, the gentle flick of a serpent, testing. And she tastes of berries. "Lie back," she says. She lifts my top, licks me from my navel upward, her hair a soft trickle over my belly.</p> <p>It smells of summer- hyssop and rose, a hint of grass. I close my eyes, give myself up to the carousel whirl- slick gloss lips and practiced tongue, circling. Circling. Lifting me close and closer to the horizon. And when she goes down on me, there is an eloquence no man could match, and I understand why she said being with women is easy. Naïve about how to give back, all I do is try. I reach into my psyche, tap some ancient well of instinct. In the same way that she carries me skyward, I sample her sat, bring her to climax, find immense satisfaction in reciprocal flight.</p>
161	<p>You can have sex for hours, with multiple partners, orgy-style, get off until you're downright sore. But rest up for a day or two, restore bodily fluids, rebuild desire, you'll want some more.</p>
162	<p>I had pretty much given up on sex, after such a large span of time with zero interest from my husband. Then, one transcendent evening brought it all back to me- the power in a kiss; the coax of skin; the brilliant bolt of love in crescendo. ...Guess I could look at it as a one-night stand, something I've never done. Does every one-night stand make you feel so used the next day?</p>
168	<p>When the car draws parallel, slowing to assess Shelby and me, the smell of marijuana is overpowering. Five teens are inside.</p> <p>...Hey, do aliens dig weed? He takes a big drag, exhales out the window and the driver punches it.</p>
202	<p>He smokes (tobacco hourly and pot when he can afford it). He drinks (way more than the two per day that are supposed to be kind of okay for you).</p>
210	<p>Missy and I, silent, outside the window as Mom and Dad loudly "discussed" the emotional toll of communal sex and possible outcomes.</p>
212	<p>Hangovers and jogging do not mix well. Can't believe I got so toasted last night. Can't believe I did half the things I did last night.</p> <p>...He hugged me close, put his mouth against my ear. Thanks for coming. His voice a low growl, and my body responded with animal interest.</p> <p>I tried to ignore the hollow longing, but by the time our first round was drained and another on its way, it had swollen into something I couldn't ignore.</p>
215	<p>Have you and your husband ever tried swinging?</p> <p>...No. You know. Sex, with another couple. Or maybe a three-way? Another woman, another man, whatever.</p>
216	<p>His emerald eyes traveled over me with panther like zeal. The hungry cat in them only amplified the desire, pulsing like a heartbeat just in front of my pubic bone.</p> <p>..."If Jace even suspected I've considered having sex with someone else, he'd insist on marriage counseling."</p>



Page	Content
	Bryan smiled with feline intensity. So you have contemplated sex outside your marriage? With multiple partners?
217	He could take me, right there in that bar, with everyone watching. At least, I think I would have let him.
218	He chose Truth, and I asked, "Have you ever cheated on your wife?" Lies come easily to men, so I was surprised when he admitted, Many times. But I've never had an affair. Third mojito polished off, I sort of sputtered, "What's the difference?" Emotional attachment. My turn. Have you cheated on your husband? "Once." I would say it was a fib, but Grant will never count. I did add, "With a woman," omitting the part about her being a mutual acquaintance.
221	For instance: No sneaking out, particularly if said activity is meant to accommodate unsupervised parties, and most especially if said partying will be enhanced by the illicit use of drugs and alcohol, which invariably lead to unsavory outcomes, perhaps the very worst being unprotected sex.
231	And, you, know, homosexuals not really being "men," cannot be judged equivalent to their stiffer-wristed brethren. On religion, well, some Christians are willing to make room for a Jew or two in their inner circles. But Mecca-facing prayer must be met with flaming cross.
240	How come their pants are still on? I'm looking for G-strings. She slurps her mojito and signals to a cocktail waitress, who makes her way over. ...Eventually, the pants do come off. And they do, with the very next number, a solo by a guy with not much hair anywhere and piercings that look like they hurt. I turn to Holly to ask if she would ever wear a ring through her nipple, despite knowing the obvious answer- of course she would.
242	Being called up onstage by men with ripped torsos, who jerk off their pants two inches from your face, encourage you to touch the bulge in their Speedos before returning you to your up-close seat.
243	"Is it true these guys are gay?"
245	The older lady seems much more in her element, totally getting into the whole simulated oral sex thing.
248	Big voice: Check out this spread! Deep voice: You talking food or pussy? Squeaky voice: Make me a drink, baby. Taunting voice: You can drink this, darlin'.
255	Then he opens a high cupboard, reaches for a large bottle that turns out to be Irish whiskey. I glance at the clock. Not even ten.
256	Do you screw your boyfriend at school? ...What is it about "gay" that upsets you? ...I'm sure it doesn't concern you in the least, but homosexuality is a sin.
300	I reach for his zipper. Mouth. Tongue. Skin. Serious skin. Red champagne haze. Over me. Under me. G-spot deep inside me.
301	THE G-SPOT Arguably a woman's favorite trigger, yet few have any idea what the G stands for.

Page	Content
	<p>...Back in the forties when no medical professional worth his new sulfa drugs believed women had orgasms, good ol' Doc G begged to disagree. Such an argument (not to mention eyebrows) he raised when he said a girl could ejaculate!</p>
304	<p>But when I call, she launches her own story- Aussie Robin and champagne brunch and sex on the beach.</p>
308	<p>The room isn't the fanciest, but it's clean and the bed is decent, something we barely discern before we're kissing again. Kissing longer. Deeper. With intent. Passion. So much passion.</p> <p>...He stops kissing me. Take off your clothes.</p> <p>He stands back away from the bed, watching me shed my dress. When I am down to lingerie and stockings, he says, Come over here. He sits in the overstuffed chair. I want a lap dance. I have no idea how to do a lap dance, but what the hell? I stand in front of him, moving my body to imagined music. Blues. Billie Holiday. He reaches for me, tugs me so I'm straddling his legs That's it. Beautiful. He gentles his hands behind my shoulder blades, coaxes me forward and unhooks my bra. Lets it fall. Slips a hand under each breast, lifting them gently and framing my nipples with the Vs of his fingers. The motion unexpectedly ingenuous, as if he's touching a woman for the first time. And now his tongue teases into the folds, circling the marble tips. I bit the bottom lip against the moan trying to escape- too much a cliché for this moment. And the thing that shifted, whatever it was, slithers sideways again, reveals an emotion closer to love than lust. His hands fall away, to my thighs. They push me down, into his lap, only his jeans and my panties between the thing I want most right now, stiff and pulsing. He kisses me again, and my body screams to have him inside me, but he says...</p> <p>HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TIED UP?</p> <p>It is the most intense experience of my life, and when I get home I'm glad the house is fast asleep, so it can go into my journal.</p> <p>Oil of cloves</p> <p>To offer up ever slender thread of control is frightening. Exhilarating. I am naked when he lays me, trembling, on the bed. "I won't hurt you. Not if you're very good." He uses my stockings. One for my hands, which he crosses at the wrists, stretching them over my head. The other he wraps around my eyes. I'm swimming in a dark sea where something unseen waits for me. "Don't move." It's hard to comply when his teeth rake my neck in a vampire style kiss, lower to my nipples. His bite is half brilliant hurt, half surreal pleasure. The scent, lifting from his hair, is spice. Cloves, I think. It's sharp, sexy as hell. "Open your legs." His face dives between them, and his mouth claims what he finds there. And when he says, "You can come now," I am beyond ready. "Now that you're wet, I'm going to do something I've always wanted to." He slips one finger inside me. Two. Three. At four, the pressure becomes terrific. But when I squirm, he gives my arms a warning tug. "No. Hold still." I do and he works his entire hand into that narrow place. And over the flashing silver pain, I shudder orgasm. "That's my girl." I wish I</p>



Page	Content
	could see his rigid cock, fevered, and poised to push inside me. One wicked thrust and I come again. And again. And now, so does he.
311	<p><b>ORGASM</b></p> <p>Few things represent so well the inequality of the sexes. Picture Adam, running around the garden with a nice breeze-induced stiffy, meaningless until that lecherous serpent got involved. Before it became about intent, erection felt good, and that was all. Then his companion found some off-the-wall forbidden fruit. One little nibble and Eve became the object of Adam's-no-longer-innocent stiffy's desire. And here's the rub (so to speak). He-man- got off pretty much by whim.</p>
314	<p><b>NOT THAT I BELIEVE IN GOD</b></p> <p>Growing up, Andrea and I were given no clear understanding of a possible Creator.</p>
317	<p>Wander over to his desk.</p> <p>Lighters.</p> <p>Rolling papers.</p> <p>Marijuana crumbs.</p>
323	I dare take a chance on believing there might be a future for Robin and me, totally on the strength of three days of great synergy, most of it involving food, wine, and sex?
324	<p>...but apparently American women are more into male strippers than Aussie women are.</p> <p>...But, hey, Tahoe was just a date. One that turned into delectable sex.</p>
332	It was supposed to be fun. Innocent flirtation. A little sex on the side, maybe. It was never supposed to turn into this all-encompassing need to be with him. To hear his voice. Return his kiss. Feel the heat of him on me. Around me. Over me. Inside me, where I absorb him.
345	A half-full tumbler of scotch in one hand, he marched straight to Shane's room.
346	AIDS is God's way of saying "gay" is a very bad choice.
358	How he left for work. Phoned to divert her from his booze-soaked clothes.
364	Maybe it's just because I've turned into a regular pervert.
366	He takes one look, whistles through his teeth. I think I just changed my mind about sharing you. He kisses me with such intensity I want to climb into his lap, urge him inside me right here on the front seat, like a couple of kids. Instead, I move his hand to my exposed thigh. It begins a slow upward crawl, explores the edges of my stockings. Garter belt? He exhales. Oh, you are my kind of girl. What else are you hiding?
367	My scooped-neck blouse is stretchy lace. One quick tug and the tits of a stranger spill out. (Someone who calls her breasts "tits"!)
368	He pulls off my blouse with a practiced hand, and before I can think about what might come next, he has lifted my breasts from the confines of my bra. "Lovely," he says. "Don't you think so?" he asks Lorraine. In answer, her lips, cool and silk-smooth, wrap around my nipple. Oh, God. This girl is not like the other. She is not gentle, her actions almost like a man's. Lorraine licks and pinches, right, left, and Micah moves into director mode. "Sit up on the table, facing me," he says. Then,

Page	Content
	<p>to Lorraine, "I want you in panties only." The two of us comply. Micah eases a hand up under my skirt, slides the thong of my own panties to one side, and as his thumb begins a slow, slippery ride, Lorraine stands over him, facing me. And now I kiss a girl for the second time. She tastes of orange peel-bitter, sharp. I bury my head between the plentiful rounds of her breasts: Inhale. Her skin is warm and softly scented with ginger.</p> <p>And now, as if I've done this a hundred times before, I move my mouth to taste her nipples. They are larger than mine. Luscious. My partner's hands pull me backward to lie across the table. He kisses Lorraine as Micah's tongue finds the sweet spot between my legs. It all becomes a heady mix of men. Tongues. Hands. Fingers. The unique brine of woman. The heat of cock. Condoms. Don't forget those. And, God, orgasm. Mine. Hers. Theis. I think other people are watching. Touching themselves because this foursome is amazing. Beautiful people doing incredibly sensual things. Segue to dirty, nasty things. And...</p> <p>And for a second- but only a second- I flash on Jace, at home with the kids. The disquieting thought makes me ask myself: what kind of wife and mother has group sex with strangers in public?</p> <p><b>PUBLIC SEX</b></p> <p>Is a curious thing. Many who participate aren't exactly porn-star quality. Not every swinger is one of the beautiful people, and yet, not only do they bare it all for strangers, they do it with panache. Imagine you and a fifty-something beer belly, doing the dirty, live, in front of an audience while the one you love performs with someone who bears a faint resemblance to your great-aunt Jo.</p>
394	<p>One very big problem now is having sex with Jace.</p> <p>...Better get in and see your doctor before I have to whack off so hard my pecker gets blisters. He smiled, but I don't think he was being funny.</p>
395	<p><b>WONDER WHAT HE'D THINK</b></p> <p>About the Holly who flashed her boobs for a free drink before offering herself up like a sacrificial piece of ass at a club called the Topaz.</p>
400	<p>shit</p>
400	<p>Dylan says he'll pay for an abortion.</p> <p>..."Mikayla, I know the idea of an abortion is distasteful. But you're only seventeen. Having a baby would...impact your life."</p>
424	<p>She doesn't have much time left if she chooses to terminate. I don't think she will, despite my best advice.</p>
431	<p>In those hours when need unfolds you from deep creases of sleep, leaves you shivering beneath sheets of darkness, body and brain merged into a river of primal rage, rushing headlong toward cataract, a torrent that only an all-night, sweat-slicked fuck can assuage, would a kiss satisfy?</p>
438	<p>Not that I ever believed five years together could have been only about sex.</p>
439	<p>He isn't worth a second glance, but she sizzles in a skirt that barely curtains her pubic region.</p>
440	<p><b>AND WILL I EVER WANT HIM</b></p> <p>To touch me again, in the way every husband should touch his wife, and every</p>

Page	Content
	<p>wife should long for? Part of me wants to try. To see if I can have sex with Christian without thinking about his hands, traveling collarbone to hips down Skye's (narrower, longer) torso, pausing to caress her (larger, higher) breasts. Lowering his mouth to her (tauter? pinker?) nipples, circling them with the tip of his tongue before moving on. And lick her (flatter, browner) belly as she arches her (straighter) back, opens her (sleeker) legs inviting his face to plunge between them, inhale her peculiar pheromone perfume. To sample her unique favor, savor its taste it he wet of her orgasm without first seeking his own And when at last he lunges into her, hearing her moan, no scream, until she comes and he comes and they come together. Can Christian and I ever have sex without doing a threesome with her?</p> <p><b>THREESOMES</b> Are often awkward- the indelicate weave of body parts tangles in too many ways. ...three mouths, uncertain of what needs to be kissed; three tongues with a plethora of places to lick and spaces to explore.</p>
447	<p>I didn't really want to leave, wanted to see him naked. Realized how smashed I was. ...I closed the door behind me. Left his nakedness to my imagination.</p>
452	<p>First feel-up. First fuck.</p>
456	<p>Recalled the faces of good friends and boyfriends and sneaking off campus for a smoke and making out in a backseat or two.</p>
458	<p>She lives just outside of Vegas. Has been married twice but not to my birth father, who is, in fact, Paul Driscoll, who did, in fact, have sex with someone other than his wife, several times, according to Sarah, and one of those times resulted in me.</p>
463	<p>Jeez, Mom, do you think I'm a total stoner?</p>
480	<p>Finish the pizza. Drink more beer. ...What I need now is comfort sex.</p>
481	<p><b>COMFORT SEX</b> Sometimes you just want a loud, long, licentious fuck. Anything goes. No sound allowed but the soft-speak of sheets and unbidden vocalizations. But that kind of sex is often best enjoyed with not expectation of repeat performance. A five-star dessert, compared to sugar-free Jell-O- the everyday low-cal, low-carb treat that, with rare exception, will not rank near the top of anyone's "most desired" list. Segue to "most requested," you might find the daily lay, no real effort required except the post-activity cleanup. But every now and then, sex becomes about remembering you're wanted. Knowing your alive. Folding yourself into someone's skin and suckling their life force to rekindle your own. Resurrection within the fusion of orgasm.</p>
486	<p><b>I STILL WANT A DRINK</b> Liquid courage, I've heard it called, and I'm in dire need of a shot- or two- of nerve.</p>
510	<p>And yes, I fell in love with a couple of women along the way, but that kind of love- the kind rooted in sex- burns out fairly quickly.</p>

Page	Content
528	We've been to dinner a couple of times. No sex (yet), no strings, no promises.

Profanity	Count
Ass	8
Bitch	6
Cock	3
Fuck	18
Piss	3
Prick	2
Pussy	1
Shit	10