

THIS IS KIND OF AN EPIC LOVE STORY



Young Adult

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Book Summary:

A high schooler's childhood friend comes back to town, and they begin to have a romantic relationship.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alternate sexualities; and alcohol use by minors.

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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5	I have to look away, or I'll end up remembering the days when her dad wasn't home and I'd come over and that tongue would be soft and wet against mine, and we'd make Tobey Maguire proud with our best dry-humping techniques, legs and hands and mouths all tangled together in a pile of horniness—and then, before we could hit the place of no return, I always stopped. Said that we should wait. Florence joked in the mostly serious kind of way that I was the only guy she knew that would ever willingly not have sex.
20	"But it's definitely not going to happen if you just sit around wishing you could have sex."
21	"New kid is cute," she says. Elbows my side. "Is this a potential candidate for Project: Nate Loses His Virginity?" ...But she's already up and walking away (her butt looks really great in those pants, not that I'm staring at her butt at all).
29	I get that for a lot of people, it's not something to hesitate over—all the TV shows and movies with horny-as-fuck guys jumping at any opportunity to have sex for the first time makes me feel like I'm a freak for saying no . . . but that just wasn't me. Yeah, I wanted to have sex with Florence—but a bigger part of me wanted to wait. Make sure we were both ready.
41	Even when we were just lying in bed together, not kissing or dry humping or anything, it felt like we always fit together perfectly. ...He stares up at the ceiling, this glossy look in his eyes, and when the scene of fifteen orgasming Parisians flashes, he laughs with everyone else.
47	We just lay there for a second, grinning, and I leaned forward and kissed him.
66	Just the thought of no parents in the house, being left alone . . . there's something about the idea that makes me a little too excited, and I hope to God Ollie doesn't notice, because there'd be nothing more humiliating than Ollie seeing my halfway hard-on.
86	She doesn't pull away when I lean in, and I think she might be leaning in a little too, so I press my mouth to the corner of hers, and it's like pressure's been building these past months, and finally just explodes in my chest as she lets her lips cover mine, soft and wet, and I'm ready to fall back onto the bed with her—but she pulls back.
92	I look at my wall, where the drawing still hangs beside a movie poster of The Godfather. She was the first friend I'd had since Ollie, and I didn't want to lose her—but at night, in the dark with no one to judge me but myself, I messed up the sheets in Flo's honor. Though I guess she wouldn't feel too honored to know that. Especially when she told me she wanted to have sex at least a hundred times. Why would I jerk off thinking about her, when I could actually be having sex with her? Was I too scared I'd somehow ruin our relationship? I wasn't sure how things were going to be different after we had sex—wasn't sure if she was going to stop loving me, or if I'd start to love her too much. ...Sex. With Flo. The thought gets stuck in my head like some song on repeat. I try to focus on writing, because that's what I want to do with my life: be a professional screenwriter, not a professional masturbator. ...I feel guilty as all hell—and speaking of hell, I'm pretty sure there's a level reserved for ex-boyfriends jerking off to girls who said they want to be friends. I'm getting pretty into it when there's a knock on my door. I almost fall off my bed and yell that I'm coming

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	(automatically wincing at the pun), and with my one good hand struggle to pull up my pants and smooth out my sheets and pump out a good amount of Purell that I keep on my desk for these special occasions. ...Can Ollie tell I was just jerking off?
96	He looks uncomfortable on my bed. Maybe he can tell I was jerking off after all.
110	“And, you know—I’ve been thinking—if you want to try having sex . . . Maybe we could be each other’s firsts. Just to get it over with.” I shift in my chair, carefully, so she can’t tell I’m trying to adjust my pants, because yes, I am the pathetic sort of guy that gets a boner just at the suggestion of having sex. “That’s—nice of you, Ash, but you don’t have to do that.” “I know,” she says. “Of course I don’t have to. But I want to. I wouldn’t mind it with you, anyway. It’s not like we have to be in love. I like you, and respect you, and think you’re cute. If you like me, respect me, and think I’m cute too—then, why not?”
126	Flo admitted she’d started to get a crush a couple of weeks before anything happened, but one night Lydia was walking her to the bus stop, and she kissed Florence. Florence kissed back. It was just a kiss, but it was enough.
141	I don’t want to ruin that by getting a hard-on. He’d probably notice it, and things would get weird.
144	She stops walking, squinting at me. “You have a thing for Ollie? What kind of thing?” A boner, usually, but I’m not about to say that to her.
188	“I really hope that it works out,” Ashley says. “That you become boyfriend and boyfriend, and you become high school sweethearts, and you get married and have really beautiful children.”
194	Ollie leans forward and kisses me, pulls back just enough for me to feel his breath on my lips—I grab him, pull him against me, our mouths pressed together, and we fall sideways, his hands in my hair and on my shoulders and under my shirt, one leg in between mine so I know he can feel exactly what the hell is going on there while my mouth trails away from his and to his neck, my hands wrapped around his back to press him as close to me as possible—
196	I nod, and he smiles before leaning forward. He kisses one corner of my mouth, the way Amélie kissed Nino, then kisses the side of my neck, the way Amélie also kissed Nino, then right above my eye, the way Amélie kissed Nino too, which makes me laugh and has him looking at me expectantly, so I do the same. The corner of his mouth. His neck—I let my fingers touch his collarbone, and that hollow—I want to kiss it too, but I have to finish first, so I kiss right above his eye and feel his eyelashes against my chin.
203	Besides that, I like Oliver James—want to spend time with him whenever I can. Maybe going over doesn’t necessarily mean having sex.
206	We’ve cuddled loads of times—usually right before making out. But I get why he’s being weird about it. My body (i.e., my dick) screams at me to just say yes, there’s no reason to even hesitate, just say YES. But the word gets stuck in my throat, and the silence hits such new levels of awkwardness that the craziness of it all just makes me laugh. ...His leg presses in between my legs, and I know he can feel what’s going on there—but he doesn’t move away, just adjusts himself so I can feel what’s going on with him too, and legs and hips start moving in that automatic way they do, and he lets out this little sound that just about kills me.

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	<p>He starts to lean forward, still looking at me tentatively—like he wants to make sure this is okay. I could push him away. I could tell him to stop. But I don't. His mouth is on mine—slow at first, then harder, lips opening, and I pull him closer, pressing against him while he's on top of me—and shit, I know this isn't a good idea. I know this can't end well. He pulls his mouth away and looks at me, gaze flitting across my face. Pulls his hands out from beneath my shirt to put his fingers in my hair. "You okay?"</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>I'm not sure he believes me. "Is it okay if I keep going?"</p> <p>I nod again.</p> <p>That's what he does, his mouth moving down my neck, my chest, my stomach, his hands wrestling with my jeans until he gets them unbuttoned and unzipped, tugs them down, laughs when they get stuck at my feet. He stops laughing, just grins at me as he leans down to kiss me again, his hands sliding beneath my boxers, smiling against my mouth as I fumble with his jeans, struggle to get them off too, until mini-Oliver and mini-Nathan are pressing up against each other, and Ollie's not smiling against my mouth anymore—he's breathing hard, making enough noise that I'm really freaking happy that his mother's out of the house, especially since I'm being just as loud, if not louder. He lets go of me, and before I can even mourn the loss, his mouth is on me, and my hands are in his curls, my back lifting off his bed, his hands tugging me up and deeper into his mouth, and holy shit, we've never done this before and I feel like I'm about to come instantly, which would be humiliating—</p> <p>...He says it out loud. "I really want you."</p> <p>It's kind of obvious what he means. I know I want him too—want to know what it feels like with him, want to get rid of all the space in between us, and at that thought alone my heart feels like it's about to implode—but I hesitate.</p> <p>I can't actually believe I'm doing this again, but I pull back. "I don't know."</p>
209	<p>He shakes his head with a slow-growig smile and kisses me again, this time without the same kind of frenzy we had before—kisses and moves his hands over me slowly, and I try matching his gentleness, until we're moving against each other, his face buried in my neck, me gasping in his ear, until his sheets are messed up and we just lie there together. We grab tissues from a box of Kleenex and wipe ourselves down. Ollie grabs his camera from his desk and plays around, straddling me and everything and snapping photos while I try to hide my face, both of us laughing just a little too loudly, until he puts the camera down and we end up going for another round.</p>
225	<p>TIME PASSES BY, LIKE IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO DO, UNTIL IT'S the night of Gideon's annual Halloween party of drunken revelry. I get permission from my mom to go, since it's on a Friday, and it's only once a year.</p> <p>...The hallways are packed and there's the sickly sweet scent of spiked fruit punch and maybe a little vomit too, and the living room has people jumping up and down and screaming the words to a song while Theo and Winona make out in their personal corner.</p>
227	<p>Her words are slurring. I'm pretty sure this is the first time Ashley's ever been drunk.</p> <p>...You've been talking to Ashley Perkins about whether we're going to have sex or not?</p>
229	<p>You read articles and websites about it?</p> <p>He shrugs. "I wanted to be prepared."</p> <p>We sit on the edge of the bed. I hold my hands tightly together.</p> <p>"If it's not great," he says, "we can try again, and keep trying until it does get good. And if it</p>

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	<p>never does, maybe that's okay too. We're not in a relationship just to have sex."</p> <p>...He leans forward, kisses me, and I realize that Ashley and Gideon might've locked me in this room with Ollie just so that we could have sex right here and now. We fall down onto the bed together, and this—the kissing, the hands beneath shirts, the fingers fumbling with zippers—this I'm familiar with, comfortable with, but it's when Ollie sits up and tells me it'll take some preparation that my heart starts to hammer against my chest.</p>
234	<p>OLLIE TELLS ME THAT HE WANTS TO TAKE MORE PHOTOGRAPHS of me, so I end up walking the walk up the hill to his house, but I'm nervous as hell, because I'm pretty sure the next time we're alone together we're going to have sex, so I'm a little scared right now. Okay. More than a little scared.</p>
235	<p>She squints at me, like she can totally tell I'm planning on having sex with her son.</p>
236	<p>I think he's actually watching the movie, but I sure as hell am not. I can't focus on anything but him right now. Until I finally decide to just muster up the courage and do what I'd really like to do. I lean over and kiss him on the cheek. He looks at me with a smile, like he's been waiting for me to do that for the past hour. He kisses the corner of my mouth, and suddenly the laptop is shoved out of the way and he's on top of me, kissing my neck, his hands on my pants—when I sit up.</p> <p>He's breathing hard. "Are you okay?"</p> <p>I nod, but I'm nodding too fast.</p> <p>"Don't worry," he says. "I know what to do."</p> <p>And he pushes me back to the bed, tugs up my T-shirt, lays kisses all over my skin, kisses that have me catching my breath, until he's got both my pants and my boxers down, and my hands are in his hair, and I don't want him to stop—but he pulls away and starts to pull his own shirt off. He looks more nervous about it now too, and he sits in front of me for a second, until he kisses me. This kiss is slower. I'm on my back again, his leg pressing in between my legs, his mouth on my neck, my chest, my stomach—my skin's burning up.</p> <p>He sits up, breathing hard. "Are you okay if I'm on top?"</p> <p>It's a scary thought, but I'm pretty sure I want him to be. I nod and we're still kissing—he pauses and reaches for his nightstand, opens up a drawer, and pulls out a tube of lube. For some reason, the lube is what makes me more embarrassed about any of this. He kisses me again, blocking my view, so I can't really see what he's doing, can only feel his hand slippery and warm, pressing into me, literally inside of me, and it really effing hurts—</p> <p>"Are you okay?" he asks. He's watching my face closely, intently. I almost want to say no—it hurts, and I'm freaking out. But a part of me doesn't want him to stop either.</p> <p>I nod. "Yeah. I'm okay."</p> <p>He buries his face into my neck, his finger moving around, and I can tell he's trying to be gentle—and the more he moves it around, the more I get used to it, the more it starts to feel good. His mouth is by my ear, breathing against it. He asks if it's okay if he—and he can't really say it out loud, but I know what he means. I nod. Ollie pulls away, seems to swipe a condom out of midair and rolls it on. A wave of nerves washes over me.</p> <p>He pushes in slowly, and the pain grates. I almost try to push him away.</p> <p>He pulls back to look at my face. "Does it feel good?"</p> <p>I try my best to smile and nod so that it doesn't look like I'm grimacing.</p> <p>He watches me. "It doesn't feel good at all, does it?"</p> <p>I hesitate, then shake my head, and we're laughing a little together, but I put my hands on his back so he knows I want him to stay. "You can keep going. Maybe it'll start to feel good.</p>

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	<p>Just—you know, move slow.”</p> <p>He keeps going slow, but it never really feels good, though I guess it doesn’t hurt as much by the end. We both end up on our backs, just breathing heavy, Ollie’s cheeks and chest red. I’m so completely sore that pain springs up my back whenever I move, so I just stay exactly where I am.</p> <p>He looks at me like he’s worried. I take his hand, and he smiles and rolls onto his stomach. “I can’t believe we just did that,” I tell him.</p> <p>“I’m sorry you didn’t like it,” he says. “I tried to make you feel good.” “I know.” I shrug, then immediately regret it, wincing. “It’s not your fault. Pretty sure it was going to hurt, no matter what you did.” He still looks a little frustrated about it, so I pull him down for a kiss. “I’m willing to bet it’s going to feel a lot better next time.”</p> <p>He can’t help but grin at that.</p>
288	I can’t help but lean in a little to kiss him and pull him closer.

Profanity	Count
Ass	28
Dick	3
Fuck	48
Goddamn	1
Piss	22
Shit	85