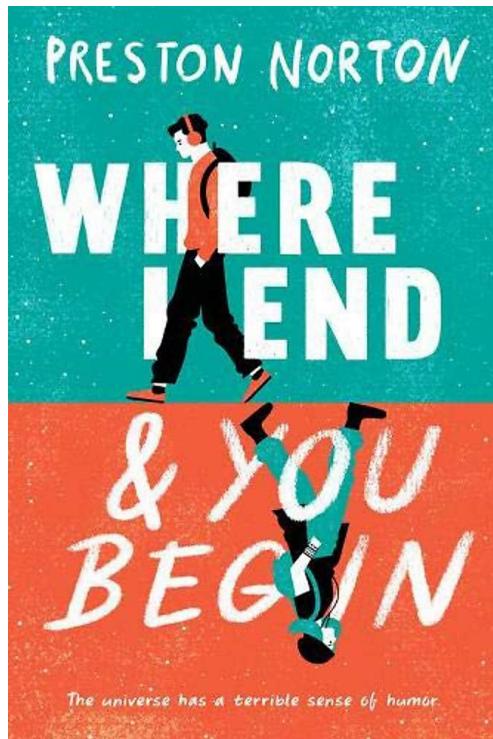


WHERE I END AND YOU BEGIN



Young Adult

By Preston Norton

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3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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3	<p>“Didn’t sleep last night,” I said. My tone was flat. Unaffected. Completely resigned to my fate.</p> <p>“Man, tell me something I don’t know. Forget sleeping pills. You need some good ol’-fashioned chloroform.”</p>
4	<p>To demonstrate his madness, Holden clenched his fist, aiming his fury at a low-set construction stop sign—clearly a symbol of capitalist socioeconomic oppression.</p>
5	<p>He’d had at least seven girlfriends over the course of his high school career and probably twice as many flings.</p>
6	<p>“Shut up, you atheist schmuck. God knows you need a fucking miracle.”</p>
10	<p>Maybe we’d sneak into school on a Saturday and smoke pot in the teachers’ lounge.</p>
14	<p>“Was he trying to put his creepy moves on you?” I felt myself flush red. “What? No!” said Imogen, appalled. “Did he try to bank-rob your virginity?” said Wynonna. Okay, now I was fuchsia, swiftly encroaching on magenta. “Wynonna!” said Imogen, wide-eyed. “Can we not talk about my virginity?”</p>
26	<p>“Oh yeah?” said Holden. “I’d rather be friends with my own wiener!” “Oh, I’m sure you already are.” “Oh snap! Good one, Wynonna. I am totally friends with my own wiener. We’ve shared the best of times, he and I.”</p>
32	<p>They were the newest members of Ms. Chaucer’s theater class. At least, that was the case until a couple weeks ago. That’s when the drug bust happened. ...They were all on prescription drugs—namely medication for ADHD and narcolepsy. In fact, Ms. Chaucer was selling them prescription drugs—Adderall, Ritalin, Moda, you name it. If that wasn’t batshit crazy enough, there were even a couple Ryans sharing an eight ball of cocaine! Although Ms. Chaucer swore to god, she didn’t sell them that. ...It later came out that Cicily Chaucer was kicked out of the Cats revival for attempting to sell cocaine to her costars. So, that didn’t bode well for the impending coke charge. As for that generous budget Principal Durden had been pouring into the theater department, Ms. Chaucer had apparently been embezzling funds for her prescription (and maybe not-so-prescription) drug-dealing campaign.</p>
40	<p>I liked to draw attention to myself as much as I liked to draw dicks on my own face.</p>
44	<p>I think the fact that I wanted to do it so bad sort of scared me. It brought up years and years and years of me feeling like I was packaged improperly. Not “female trapped in a male body,” per se. That was vastly oversimplifying the issue. Not even gender-fluid. ...I was less a “fluid” and more a deformed solid.</p>
50	<p>What we discovered instead were two boxes of condoms. One in the drawer between our parents’ underwear drawers—unopened and close to expiring—and the other in Dad’s gym duffel bag. Accompanying it was a nearly empty bottle of Neosize XL and a brand-new bottle of Sir Maximus. As if that wasn’t proof enough, one day while Dad was in the shower, we finally got ahold of his phone. You couldn’t unread the things that we read.</p>

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	<p>...It indicated a hint of prime-time television class, which Dad did not have in these texts. He sounded more like a plumber in a cheap homemade porno.</p> <p>Once we had eliminated any shadow of a doubt about Dad's faithfulness, we moved on to Mom's phone. We had to find out if she knew.</p> <p>What we found instead were dick pics. Sooooo many dick pics. It was dicks as far as the eye could see. Most of them belonged to Derek—tattooed, shaved-and-trimmed, endowed-to-a-fault Derek—but these were occasionally interspersed with the dicks of Sean, or Milo, or Terrence.</p> <p>Most of these only went as far as sexting. But occasionally they ended with a hotel address.</p>
55	<p>"One of us is clearly not okay because I'm currently rocking a GIANT. RAGING. BONER!"</p>
	<p>Oh.</p>
	<p>"Why?" said Wynonna. "Why do I have a boner? Is this some pervy Viagra thing?"</p>
	<p>... "It's called morning wood," I said, matter-of-factly.</p>
	<p>... "Oh my goddddd," she whined. "I'm not sure what's worse, your gross morning wood, or the fact that you make me sound like a total dweeb."</p>
62	<p>"Do me a favor, Nona," said the woman. "If you are sick, please quarantine yourself. I have some NyQuil in my medicine cabinet. Knock yourself out—as literally as you please."</p>
72	<p>"Or my gay friend. Although I'm probably not very convincing. I'm wearing day-old clothes, and I haven't showered. Your body smells like fermented heterosexual frustration. Hmm. On that note..."</p>
	<p>... "Would you rather we hop in the shower together, blindfolded, and scrub each other's bodies? Is that more appropriate?"</p>
73	<p>I could ask Wynonna if said hypothetical question actually took place. But that would be embarrassing. Besides, I just so happened to be in her bedroom—the most sacred and private place of teenagekind—and Wynonna was currently distracted, showering my naked body.</p>
84	<p>This was the part where I would have had a raging boner. However, since my equipment had been rearranged, I felt something very different happening downstairs, and it was kind of freaking me out.</p>
93	<p>The physical touch alone would have been enough to paralyze me. But then there were her breasts, pressed precariously against the pressure points of my spine in the ancient Chinese art of dim mak—the touch of death.</p>
105	<p>"Well, what I said was 'fuck you, too,'" said Wynezra. "But what I meant was, go buy a shirt that fits, you irrelevant fucktrumpet. No one wants to see your knobby little nipples."</p>
132	<p>Now, I'm no virgin when it comes to nudity. (Only when it comes to sex.) I've seen all of Game of Thrones. And after Game of Thrones, what is there possibly left to see?</p>
	<p>The answer is: a lot.</p>
	<p>Wynonna's body was weird. And I don't mean that as "unattractive." More like unexpected. Her tits had a bizarre shape (not as round as I expected), and her nipples had a strange color (brown, very brown), and then there was the so-called va-jim-jam. Except it was kind of hard to get a good look at it because it was covered in hair.</p>
	<p>Again, nothing unattractive about it. It was just... weird. Like I was an astronaut exploring the surface of an alien planet. Unexpected and intriguing.</p>
133	<p>Most of the T-shirts were boxy, however, and fit me weird. I assumed they were probably designed for men. (Fucking sexist corporate agenda, as Holden would say.)</p>

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138	Wynonna probably woke up in my body, was upset that she didn't have a crippling hangover, and set out in search of other mind-altering substances to slosh her consciousness into oblivion.
140	<p>My best friend was crushing on me. Even if I wasn't—strictly speaking—me. The sexual tension was there, and it was thick.</p> <p>On the other hand... I felt powerful.</p> <p>It's not like I was hungry for power. I wasn't aspiring to be some railroad tycoon-ing, newspaper magnate-ing, Donald Trump-ing orange megalomaniac.</p>
141	<p>"Did you two have sex?" he asked.</p> <p>"WHAT?"</p> <p>"It's fine if you did," said Holden.</p> <p>..."I think you were picking on Ezra like you always do. And I think you always pick on him because maybe you have a thing for him. And I'll just say it: Ezra is a pretty sexually frustrated guy."</p> <p>..."Anyway," he continued, "one thing leads to another. Suddenly, the sexual tension pops, and you guys just do it. Like, in the janitor's closet, maybe."</p> <p>..."Okay, maybe not the janitor's closet. It's not important where you guys did it. The important thing is that you did. You did it. You banged. Maybe Ezra lured you in quoting Romeo or something. Yeah, that's where you learned it! Ezra's smooth Romeo lines. You swooned over those words, and you memorized them in your heart, and then you banged."</p>
142	But maybe Holden was onto something with this "sex" scenario. It could explain my and Wynonna's irrational behavior.
143	"We had sex. Is that really more surprising than us having sex?"
147	<p>"Tell me."</p> <p>"Okay, well..." said Wynezra. "It starts with a B."</p> <p>"Uh-huh," I said, nodding, and racking my brain over every sinister thing I could think of that started with the letter B.</p> <p>"And ends with 'lowjob.'"</p> <p>..."Look, I just didn't want to say the word," said Wynezra, hands raised in a cease-fire. "But yeah, your sister gave Dick Tracy the ol' mouth-to-south. I saw them when I snuck downstairs to forage for food."</p> <p>..."WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?" I said in a soft, calm, falsetto scream.</p> <p>"Dude, I don't know," said Wynezra. She flopped on my bed, clearly losing interest in the conversation. "Sometimes girls do things. For reasons."</p>
148	<p>I ran my tongue along my teeth inside my lips, deliberating. It was the first time I had done it as Wynonna. The sensation of feeling someone else's teeth inside your mouth was possibly the weirdest thing of all. Even weirder than the no-dick situation, which was Alejandro Jodorowsky-weird.</p> <p>..."Don't take it personally. Imogen has an older brother, and she loves him to death, but she would never confide in him about... you know... stuff like that."</p> <p>"Stuff like that?" I repeated.</p> <p>"Sex stuff."</p> <p>I immediately wanted to ask Wynonna what sort of "sex stuff" Imogen had to confide.</p>

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149	I told Wynezra everything—from Holden “blushing,” to my attempted flirtation, to Holden’s accusation—all of which led up to the Great Untruth. That she and I had sex, and that’s why we were acting weird.
151	<p>“I had a boner,” she blurted out.</p> <p>“What?”</p> <p>“Multiple boners. Like, every single time he tried to talk to me—boing! There it was, pitching a tent in my pants. I had no choice. I had to run.”</p> <p>...The dick-owning gender had had millennia to adapt to the great wonders and inconveniences of the dick. And as a dick-owner—well, time-share-owner these days—I had picked up a few tricks.</p> <p>“You tuck it under your waistband,” I said.</p> <p>“You what?” said Wynezra. “How?”</p> <p>“Very sneakily. Like a ninja. You just slip your hand in, grab the rod, and slide it under your belt.”</p> <p>Wynezra looked astronomically skeptical. “That sounds complicated.”</p> <p>“Not as complicated as explaining to your crush why you have the Tower of Pisa in your pants.”</p> <p>...“But there are also preventative measures.”</p> <p>“Preventative measures? Why didn’t you start with that?”</p> <p>“Well, these measures are often frowned upon.”</p> <p>“Jesus Christ. Frowned upon by who?”</p> <p>“Uh...” I said. I had to pause and think. “For starters, probably Jesus Christ.”</p> <p>When Wynezra looked confused, I proceeded to slide my hand up and down an imaginary cock in front of me.</p> <p>“Oh my god,” said Wynezra. She shook her head. “No way. I am not choking your chicken.”</p> <p>“Hey, currently it’s your chicken,” I said, raising my hands defensively. “I will get no pleasure out of it. Only you. I’m just trying to help.”</p> <p>“And how exactly is masturbating supposed to help?”</p> <p>“It defuses all the sexual tension in your body,” I said. “Duh. I mean, you might still get a boner, but after you’ve masturbated, it’ll be much easier to look at Holden as a person and not five feet nothing of sexual desire.”</p> <p>...“Okay,” said Wynezra, relenting. “Fine. How do I masturbate?”</p> <p>“Ummmmmm...” I said, uncomfortably. “The age-old tools seem to be lotion, tissues, and your porn of preference. But... I would just say, you do you. I’m sure you’ll figure out what feels good.”</p> <p>...“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” she said. “Me... you know...”</p> <p>She mimicked my hand-sliding-on-imaginary-cock gesture.</p> <p>“If you get Imogen to like me,” I said, “you can choke that chicken seventeen times a day. You can choke it until I get penis cancer. Or dick-related superpowers.”</p>
169	Olivia was mourning the recent deaths of her father and brother. Her uncle, Sir Toby Belch, was drunk and exercising his inebriated sense of humor. (Jayden made for a fine alcoholic uncle.) The maid, Maria (Daisy), scolded Sir Toby for upsetting the peace—but, like, in a friendly, sexually charged sort of way.
185	<p>“You have a hard-on for the eighties. I bet you jerk off to John Hughes films.”</p> <p>...When she finally regained control of herself, she said, “I like that you can say I jerk off to</p>

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	anything, and it isn't even anatomically incorrect. And, for the record, John Hughes films are the sexiest. Anyway, that's not important. What's important is the addendum."
187	<p>"I want to bone you with Ezra's dick."</p> <p>My jaw dropped as the words scrolled across Wynonna's phone.</p> <p>"Got it," said the robot inside Wynonna's phone. "Do you want to send this?"</p>
220	<p>I honestly thought he was going to whisper something to me, so I looked at him.</p> <p>Then he kissed me.</p> <p>...Full disclosure: This was my first kiss.</p> <p>...After the initial impact of our lips, however, he started moving his mouth an awful lot, like he was trying to eat something that wasn't dispensing properly out of my mouth.</p> <p>He pulled away when he realized I wasn't kissing back.</p> <p>...I was about to turn back to the movie, but he leaned in to kiss me again. He didn't hold anything back this time. I quietly submitted to my fate and attempted to kiss him back. His hand touched my cheek, and it actually felt pretty good. And then his hand massaged into my hair, and wow, that felt even better!</p> <p>Then his free hand grabbed my very bare—very exposed—leg, and I felt a twinge of panic.</p> <p>His hand drifted onto my inner thigh, and glided up—very, very up.</p> <p>Holy fuck.</p> <p>I bolted up from my seat.</p>
221	<p>I wasn't even sure what I was specifically crying about. It could have easily been the way Holden was touching me, but it also could have been the way I felt this body reacting—churning in a very sexual way that was both familiar and alien—or it could have been that I had my first kiss with my best friend whom I had nothing but platonic feelings for, or it could have been that Wynezra was "making a move" on Imogen, and deep down, I didn't want that.</p>
222	<p>"I saw you kissing Holden," she said.</p>
223	<p>It was like someone lit a fuse, except that fuse separated in two, and reached both Imogen and me at the same time, igniting us like carefully timed fireworks.</p> <p>We kissed.</p> <p>Our lips met like waves crashing on a rocky shore—jagged, and rough, and alive. My hands were in her hair, ruining the freshly straightened curtains, and hers were on my face, cradling it like something precious. Imogen raised a leg, tucked it in, and slid it past me with impossible, balletic grace, until she was straddling me. She bit my lip. My frustratingly long fingernails scraped down the length of her back. Her hands ran down my neck, my bare shoulders, sliding down the curves of my chest. And then she grabbed my breasts, firmly, and squeezed them like she meant it.</p> <p>Oh. My. God.</p> <p>Something surged inside of me—an ecstasy I had never known. I lost all scope of the situation—who I was and what I was doing. My eyes became level with the rapidly forming hickey that Wynezra had left on Imogen's neck. My mouth latched onto it like a bull's-eye.</p> <p>"Ohhhhhhhh," said Imogen, and her eyes rolled into the back of her skull. And then she laughed. "Oh my god. Did you tell Ezra that was my spot?"</p> <p>Huh?</p> <p>"What am I saying?" said Imogen. "Of course you did. You're the only person who knows my body like that. Thanks a lot, traitor."</p> <p>My mouth let go—growing slack with realization.</p>

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227	<p>“Who the fuck says ‘thank you’ after you kiss them? She was being polite, and that was exactly what I told you to look out for—”</p> <p>...I turned around, ready for a continuation of the fight I had not signed up for, when she grabbed my face and kissed me.</p> <p>It was so hard for me to not kiss her back. Everything about it felt so right.</p> <p>...When she pulled her lips away, she was crying, too.</p> <p>...“That’s Wynonna,” I said. “We’ve been body-swapping ever since the eclipse. That’s why we’ve been acting weird. We didn’t have sex. That was a lie.”</p> <p>...“You two have sex one time, and suddenly you’re a couple of coconspirators? You’ve got each other’s back over a joke this... this... stupid?”</p> <p>...“How do you think I knew how to kiss you?” said Wynezra.</p>
231	<p>“They might not be—strictly speaking—busy with work,” I said.</p> <p>“Oh?” she said. And then her eyes widened. “Oh! You think they’re doing it with other people?”</p> <p>“I know they’re doing it with other people.”</p> <p>I went on to explain—in NC-17-rated detail—how I knew that.</p> <p>“Damn,” said Wynezra. “Derek’s dick sounds like a national treasure.”</p> <p>“Can we please not talk about Derek’s dick?”</p> <p>“Hey, you were the one going into graphic detail. I’m just expressing my admiration. But, um, that sucks about your parents. Do you think they know about... you know... each other?”</p>
232	<p>“You tell me if it’ll be trouble. Are you two going to be all over each other in the back seat? Will I have to pry your young, sexually charged bodies apart with a crowbar?”</p>
236	<p>“Tier one: hold hands. I didn’t think you’d actually let him hold your hand, but I knew you were trying to get me a date to prom, too, so I had a second tier: kiss. Like, make out for a little bit. And I thought for sure he wouldn’t get that far with you, and that’s when I told him Wynonna would want him to start... you know... getting a little handsy on the inner thigh.”</p> <p>...“Look, girls get horny, too!” she said defensively.</p>
253	<p>“Um. We were at a party at a friend’s house. Low-key, family-style stuff. I mean, everyone was bringing their kids, so... But there was alcohol. And I was drinking, and Josie was drinking, and—”</p> <p>“Josie was drinking?”</p> <p>...“I was in one part of the house with my friends, and she was in another part with her friends, and when we were finally wrapping up and getting ready to go, well... Josie was sloshed. And I’m kind of a heavyweight when it comes to drinking. I thought I was fine, and we only lived a couple minutes away. If Josie was sober—if she had a clear mind—she would have told me no. She would have stopped me. We would’ve gotten a ride, or taken an Uber, or literally done anything else. But she wasn’t. So, I drove.”</p>
259	<p>“It would be kind of tragic to have a name like Fabian and not be gay.”</p>
260	<p>Wynezra handed me her—my—phone, opened to a picture.</p> <p>It was a nude of Willow.</p> <p>A very private—very intimate—nude. One that was clearly never meant to see the light of day.</p> <p>...“There’s more.”</p> <p>Before I could object, she swiped her finger across the screen and shoved the phone in my face. It was the top of Willow’s head. You could sort of see her face, but it was pressed against the pelvis of some dude. A long, surfer-tan arm with wristbands was gripping her</p>

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	<p>hair, holding her in place. But this wasn't just a picture. There was a play button in the very center. I didn't dare press it. "Remember that blowjob I told you she gave Thad? Well, apparently he made a home movie. And since I know you're wondering—no, she didn't know she was being filmed. I don't think she even knows this film exists." ..."Jayden texted both the pic and the video to me just a couple minutes ago. But it was a group message. It went out to, like, a dozen people."</p>
265	<p>The nude pic Wynezra showed me—the one Jayden sent to her and a dozen other people—had actually gone around school last month. ...You see, while Willow and Patrick were dating, Patrick asked for a nude. She sent it to him. Then, months later, she broke up with him. Patrick was not happy about the breakup. As revenge, he turned the picture into a meme. But instead of a joke, it had an address—my and Willow's home address—and he sent it to several boys at school, including Jayden and Thad. From there, a rumor was born, spreading around school about how easy Willow Slevin was. That you could just show up at her house, and she'd give you a blowjob or whatever. ...Jayden was actually jealous of Thad's blowjob. He told Willow that Thad filmed her, and he had a copy of the video, and he would spread it around school if she didn't give him one, too. Willow told him to go fuck himself. That's how Wynezra and a dozen other people ended up with the video and the original nude. ..."She sent the picture to Patrick," said Principal Durden. My jaw about fell through the floor. "They were dating!" I said. "The little fucking weasel pestered her for a picture, and she gave it to him! He's the one who spread the picture. Willow's the victim here!"</p>
267	<p>We had just entered Memorial Hospital of Carbondale from the parking garage elevator. The walls were utopia white, the tile floor was speckled in colorful geometric shapes, and—in regard to Wynezra's observation—I was eyeing everyone in scrubs or a lab coat like they were raging nymphos. ...What did I think Memorial Hospital of Carbondale was? A porno? Where every flat surface was fair game, reflex hammers and stethoscopes were bondage toys, and the climax happened inside a giant X-ray machine? My parents obviously weren't doing it here. But they did have sixty-plus-hour workweeks, and they were meeting their lovers somewhere. The way I figured, it was either here or Tinder. They didn't have time to meet anyone anywhere else. ...Finding my parents was easier than I thought it would be. All I had to do was go to the well-lit front desk of the well-lit lobby of Memorial Hospital of Carbondale—where lighting was more important than sex-in-the-workplace regulations—and say, very politely and very urgently, "Excuse me, we're having a family emergency, and we need to speak to our parents, Mark and Janet Slevin, they're doctors here, and they're our parents and this is a very urgent family emergency."</p>
272	<p>"I don't want to know why. That's not the issue right now. The issue is that you're in this play with at least three boys that have been sexually harassing you—God knows if there's more—so if you're not dropping out, I want them to drop out."</p>
279	<p>That's when she lifted her shirt, and let the tits do the talking.</p>

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281	It was the nude. The blowjob video. Months of sexual harassment literally knocking on her front door.
293	<p>By fifth period, I hated myself.</p> <p>By sixth period, I was thinking suicidal thoughts. Nothing concrete or calculated or planned. It was chaotic. Desperate. A relentless thought spiral that went something like this:</p> <p>I hate myself, I want to die.</p> <p>I hate myself, I want to die.</p> <p>I hate myself, I want to die.</p> <p>I knew I wouldn't actually harm myself. But if I did happen to just... cease to exist... it would have felt like a mercy.</p>
296	<p>"You're a girl!"</p> <p>"I'm a girl!"</p> <p>"I'd hug you," said Holden, "but..." He glanced trepidatiously at my tits.</p> <p>I hugged him anyway. I squeezed him like I was stranded in the middle of the ocean, and he was the only thing for miles that floated.</p> <p>And then I felt something nudge my thigh.</p> <p>Something that was level with Holden's pelvis.</p> <p>Holden and I yelped and broke apart simultaneously.</p> <p>"I told you!" said Holden. "I told you. I'm the same height as your tits. You can't hug me if I'm the same height as your tits. Not to mention you're Wynonna, and I like Wynonna, and... Oh my god."</p> <p>"What?" I said, while simultaneously trying to incinerate the memory of Holden's nudging penis etched in my mental archives of traumatizing experiences.</p>
299	<p>"Look, maybe this is a breach of confidentiality, but bro-to-bro, she was super turned on."</p> <p>"What? Really?"</p> <p>"Remember all that stuff Ezra told you to do with Wynonna? Except it backfired because Wynonna was me?"</p> <p>Holden's eyes expanded with realization.</p> <p>"That was Wynonna telling you to do that. Because she wanted you to do that to her."</p>
324	<p>"You do realize," I said, "that you might be going to prom with Wynonna in my body."</p> <p>"Oh, I know. That's actually a good thing. Otherwise, I might have a boner all night!"</p> <p>I laughed.</p> <p>"I'm serious!" he said. "And I still have to redeem myself for throwing my farts in her face. I'm pretty sure rocking a woody all night would be a step in the opposite direction."</p> <p>... "Laughing at my misfortune. My life is being ruined by boners and farts, you know. This is not a laughing matter. This is serious."</p>
328	<p>She strutted seductively toward him, like a practiced male stripper. Holden was paralyzed in place. Even as she grabbed his hand, lifted it gracefully to her mouth, and inserted the very tippy-tip of his index finger between her lips, and proceeded to suck gently.</p> <p>... Wynezra released Holden's finger from her lips, winked, and smacked him on the butt.</p> <p>"There's more where that came from, Colonel."</p> <p>Holden—in a state of sexual crisis—discreetly adjusted his slacks. Imogen sighed dreamily.</p> <p>"This is so hot."</p>
337	Meanwhile, Holden was silently having an existential crisis because he had accidentally made out with his best friend in the janitor's closet.

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338	<p>Fact: During Shakespeare's time, all the roles were played by men. The male roles, the female roles, the female-pretending-to-be-male roles... All men.</p> <p>That was just the sexist state of things at the time. After all, who could trust a woman to accurately portray her own gender? Absurd!</p>
348	<p>"Yeah!" said Holden, nodding his head, getting more and more pumped by the second. "The Evil Corporate Agenda! Hell yeah!"</p>
374	<p>"Do you think I'm"—he hesitated—"gay?"</p> <p>"Oh!" I said.</p> <p>"Because I think I'm just a little gay," said Holden—anxious, vulnerable. "But before you go getting weirded out, it's not that I have a thing for you, per se. It's mostly just Wynonna in your body."</p> <p>... "It's okay," I said. "I'm a little gay, too."</p> <p>... "I think I'm a little lesbian, too."</p>
384	<p>Otherwise, I might have hunted down Mr. and Mr. Hoxsie and told them what misogynistic pieces of shit their son and his homophobic best friend were.</p>
385	<p>He strung several slow songs together—slow songs with just enough innuendo and sexual tension to keep things interesting without alarming the authorities.</p>
392	<p>"She didn't guilt me into it. I asked you because I wanted to ask you. That was my decision. All mine. You think I'm pretending to like you? Ezra, have you ever even thought to ask me if I'm bisexual?"</p>
398	<p>"You have to let me make one with you."</p> <p>...Okay, so I didn't get through with the explanation, because suddenly, I was me, and I was in a dark classroom, on top of some poor teacher's desk, and Holden was beneath me, and I was making out with his face. Actually, that was putting it lightly because his tongue was all the way down my throat. I gagged on it.</p> <p>"Sorry, sorry," said Holden. "Too much tongue?"</p> <p>I was still gagging. I was pretty sure he licked my uvula.</p>
403	<p>"Is this the one where Dracula's a heroin addict?" said Willow.</p> <p>"Uh, morphine, actually," I said.</p>
404	<p>"Can I kiss you?" she said.</p> <p>She literally asked me permission for this. Like I might say no or something.</p> <p>"As an experiment," she added, after I failed to respond. "In the name of science."</p> <p>"Well, if it's for science—" I started to say.</p> <p>And she kissed me.</p> <p>I'd tell you how it was, but this was the sort of kiss that seals space and time and reality in its sphere. I was on a different planet. In an alternate dimension where anything was possible, and nothing was hopeless. When her lips finally broke away from mine, I didn't even know who I was anymore.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	46
Bitch	14
Cock	4
Dick	15
Fuck	183
Goddamn	10
Piss	2
Pussy	1
Queer	1
Shit	154
Tit	9