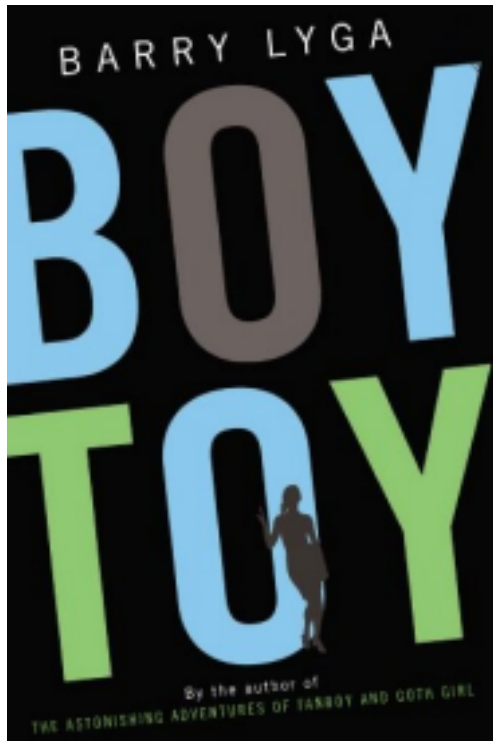


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BOY TOY



Young

Adult

By Barry Lyga ISBN:

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities between a minor and an adult; sexual nudity; and excessive/frequent profanity.

4
/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

CONTENT WARNING

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"Do you want to kiss me, Josh?" Is that it?

..."I can't-I can't'-you're my teacher." I wanted to kill myself right then and there. After all this talk of me being so grown up and so not a kid!

..."I'm your friend, too. And friends tell each other things."

...I shuddered for the first time in my life. I just couldn't get the words out. But finally, eventually, tortuously, I told her about the dreams. I didn't tell her about the ones I had when I was awake, or at least, I didn't tell her that that's what they were. I told her about them and lied and said they happened when I was asleep.

..."Oh, Josh..." she said, only it was more like a groan, like she'd been hurt somehow. I could hear her breathing, panting like she was running a race or carrying some heavy, awful weight. She leaned closer to me, and I could smell strawberries and the wine on her breath. "Josh, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry..." ...I was trying to figure out what she was sorry about when she kissed me. Not on the cheek this time. Not for a second. Her lips against my lips. My head exploded. My heart stopped and started again in triple time.

...And rallied back just as I felt something warmer and softer and stronger than her lips pressing against my lips. Her tongue oh wow shouldn't that be gross someone's tongue but it isn't it is glorious pressing against my lips, prying them open, and then her tongue inside my mouth like in the movies-I realized, this is how they kiss in the movies and sparks flew in my brain, ricocheting in my consciousness and igniting me all over.

...I probed at her tongue with my own. Yow! It was like sticking a fork in a socket. My mind melted. Everything I was or would be boiled down to the tip of my tongue.

...Our tongues danced around each other. I tasted the wine on hers. Could she taste the Coke on mine? She traced the edges of my teeth, slid around the confines of my mouth as if seeking out every last trace of taste from me. ...I couldn't stand it. I had to-

...I pushed forward the tiniest bit and forced her tongue out of my mouth...following it back into her mouth with my own, our lips fused as if with glue.

...I followed her lead, exploring the inside of her mouth, dueling with her tongue, rooting out the flavor of the white wine and the even sweeter taste of her own saliva. It should have been gross. I always imagined it would be gross. But it wasn't.

...She leaned back a little, breaking contact. We were still so close that a movement from either of us would mean touching the other, but I froze. It was like an electrical field had come up between us and to disrupt it would mean...I don't know. I was afraid to find out. I was dying to find out.

...I was woozy. So was she. She was still panting, having trouble catching her breath.

..."Was...was...was.." She gulped air and laughed. "Was that what you wanted?" Her voice was low, not a whisper, just low. "Was that what you wanted, Josh?" ...I fought for breath, swaying back and forth.

..."son't pass out on me, Josh," she said, her voice still low, like it was for me and no one else in the universe. "Was that what you wanted?" There was a

	<p>desperation in her tone. ... "Yes," I managed to gasp. ...She sighed like someone who's been given an unexpected gift.</p>
176	<p>"Listen to me very carefully," she said on the way. "What we did was fine. We care about each other, and when people care about each other, they kiss. You know that, right? ...I was a little annoyed. I wasn't a baby. "Yes." ..."But you know I could get in trouble for it, right? I mean, I could lose my job. I could go to jail." Her fingers strummed on the steering wheel. ..."I know." ..."So-and I know I've said this before-you can't tell anyone what we talked about or what we did. OK?" ..."Uh-huh." ..."Promise me, Josh. Promise me you'll never tell anyone." ...I promised. Why would I tell anyone? If I told anyone, they would know what I had thought and seen. They would know I'd lusted after Eve, know that I'd spied on her while she slept, that I'd dreamed about her even while awake. I couldn't tell anyone. ..."OK." We pulled into my driveway. The house was dark, the driveway bare. I started to open the door, but Eve stopped me with a hand on my shoulder. The dome light dimmed and we were in darkness. ...She looked around for a second, then leaned toward me. I met her halfway and she kissed me again, a shorter but no less electric version of what we'd shared in the apartment. ..."To keep you warm tonight." She giggled. I don't know why-I felt like I'd be warm forever.</p>
	<p>I would go home with Eve after school and we would spend an hour or so on the sofa, kissing. She taught me what she liked, training my lips and tongue, an education in when to thrust and be aggressive and when to tease, passive. Her hands roamed my upper body the whole time, tracing electric charges over my chest and stomach and back and shoulders. Everywhere she touched me felt supercharged. I put my arms around her, touching only her back, exulting in glory of her body pressed tightly to mine. ...If George was working late, we would cook dinner together, like we were married or something, and have another brief make-out session on the sofa while dinner cooked, stopping with the buzz of the oven timer. Sometimes she unbuttoned my shirt of (if it was a pullover) pulled it out of my waistband and skipped her nails lightly across my chest, a sensation I can only describe as--- indescribable.</p>
	<p>1 It was a Friday afternoon, and Eve seemed particularly aggressive, moaning deep in her throat as we kissed and clawing at my back through my shirt. The lights were off, the room lit by candles placed on the coffee table. As Eve pulled back from me, her face was a gorgeous painting, sections drenched in black, others lit in a flickery orange. She was gasping, and so was I. Her hand lingered on my belly, stroking gently back and forth. ...I waited for her to get up and go into the bedroom, like she usually did. Instead,</p>

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	<p>she leaned in and nibbled on my ear (another thing I never would have imagined could feel good...but did) and whispered, "You poor thing.." ...I liked the way her voice went husky and breathy when we were alone. "What do you mean?" ..."I think I've been torturing you. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to." ..."What?" My head was spinning as her tongue found its way into the shell of my ear, flicking lightly, sending sparks down into my brain. ..."It's so selfish of me," she whispered, and her hand moved farther south. When she touched my belt, I hitched up a breath and jerked involuntarily. "Shh! Shh! she said. "It's OK." ..."I'm sorr-" I started to say, but then her hand went lower, touching me through my jeans. Oh, God! She knew! She knew I had an erection! I wanted to melt away from embarrassment then and there." ..."Don't be sorry. What are you sorry for?" It had to be a rhetorical question, because she shoved her tongue into my mouth just then and I was helpless as she found my zipper and pulled it down. ...If I'd thought that the feel of her tongue on my ear or her nails on my naked chest were phenomenal, then I had absolutely no ides what to expect and no way to be prepared when her hand slipped into my fly. There was nothing tentative about it-her fingers didn't brush against me gently, they sought me out and grabbed. I groaned into Eve's mouth, was greeted with a groan in return. ...It only took a few seconds for her to navigate the fly of my boxers and then her fingers were on me directly. I saw explosions of light against my eyelids as my eyes squeezed tightly shut. Before I knew it, she had me out in the open and broke our kiss. ...I looked at her as she looked down into my lap. "Well," she said. "Well." ...And started to do to me what I had been doing to myself two, sometimes three, times a day. Only it was so much better. ..."Can you..." She stopped. Stopped talking, that is. ..."What?" I was shocked I could even speak. ..."Never mind," she whispered. "I want to be surprised." ...I didn't understand, but seconds later I didn't even understand how to breathe as a kaleidoscope of stars exploded behind my eyes, leaving fire trails like bottle rockets. ...Eve giggled a little and murmured something that sounded like, "That answers that."</p>
1	<p>The next day, on her sofa, she did something different. She fished me out of my fly and then, to my astonishment and complete disbelief, leaned down and took me into her mouth. I thought my eyes would melt out of their sockets.</p>
4	<p>On the side where she had bared her shoulder, her robe was still slipping down, until she was exposed on that side from her throat to midbelly, a perfect triangle of naked flesh that included one breasts. I started. I'd seen Zik's magazines, of course, and I'd seen the Happy Trio, and I'd seen R-rated movies at Zil's house, but I'd never in my life been within arm's reach like this. ..."And this?" she asked in a husky voice. "So you like this?" ...There was only one answer, but I had no voice with which to give it. "Come</p>

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	<p>here," she said, putting her arms around me again, her hands at my neck, pulling me toward her, pulling my head down, pulling my mouth to her.</p>
204	<p>I knocked at Eve's door. She opened the door in her slinky robe, her hair falling around her face and down to her shoulders.</p> <p>...She pulled me into the apartment and slammed the door, pressing herself against me, slippery and soft in the rove. She nibbled at my ear, breathing into it, gasping out her words. "Oh baby, I missed you. I missed you so much. I need you so bad."</p> <p>..."Me, too."</p> <p>...She dropped to her knees and unbuckled my belt, then skinned down my pants and underpants. I was ready for her already, and she dived down, darting her head like a starving bord. I hissed out my breath and clenched my fists and leaned my head back against the door.</p> <p>...She stopped. "Watched me," she groaned. "Watch." And she took my hands and put them on her head. I gripped her hair and looked down. She looked up at me, our eyes locked as she descended again.</p> <p>...Later, we lay intertwined on the sofa while I played video games. She dozed, her robe open from throat to waist, her chest warm against my naked thigh.</p>
206	<p>That afternoon, after our usual session (she called it "petting," and she was letting me touch her freely now-a stand-up triple, easy), she snuggled up to me on the sofa and let me copy her notes into my notebook so that I wouldn't fall behind. ... "Why don't you let me make you feel good, too?"</p> <p>..."Do you want to, Josh?"</p> <p>..."It just doesn't seem fair. You do all these things for me and I don't-" ... "But do you want to, Josh?"</p> <p>...I got frustrated. Why didn't she understand? I wasn't talking about what I wanted to do or didn't want to do. I was talking about what was fair. About me always getting and never giving anything back. Feeling guilty for that.</p> <p>..."Yes. I want to."</p> <p>...That afternoon and for the rest of the week, she taught me her body. She was a very good teacher, and I suppose I was a good student.</p> <p>...A week or so later, she asked me if I wanted to see the Happy Trio again. ... "I want to do that," I whispered.</p> <p>...Eve sat upright. "Are you sure?"</p> <p>...I kept staring at he screen. Eve paused the DVD and made me look at her. "Are you sure that's what you want?"</p> <p>...I swallowed. Was she saying that we could...She was married..." ... "Yes," I whispered. I realized I was shaking. I had something else to say, something I could barely bring myself to say. I wanted to tell her that I wanted to do it with her, but I knew that was too far. Too much. She was married. Married people have sex with each other. I knew that much.</p> <p>..."Yes," I said again. "But I don't know how."</p> <p>...There were tears in her eyes. She held me tight to her and kissed me deep and long. "That's OK." Her tongue flicked at my ear. "I'll teach you." ...And she did. From then on, we moved our sessions from the sofa to the bedroom.</p>

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...I learned every curve, nook, and niche of her body, every inch of smooth skin, every bump and turn. I learned what to touch, when to touch it, how to touch it, and for how long. I learned; I watched.

...I never, ever stopped thrilling to the sight each time I saw her naked. Every time, it was new. Never boring. Never old.

...She taught me how to make love and she taught me how to fuck and she taught me the difference. We ended up doing more of the latter than the former. ...One time, in the panting aftermath of our afternoon session, she lay on the bed in unconscious imitation of that Playmate from Zik's Playboy an eternity ago. ... "What are your numbers?" I asked her.

...She looked at me sleepily over her shoulder. "My what?"

... "Your numbers." I gestured at her chest, her waist.

... "Oh." She laughed. "Why do you care all of a sudden?"

... "Numbers are important."

...She relented at the seriousness in my expression. She took my hand and made me touch breast, waist, hip as she recited "Twenty-four, twenty-six, thirty-five." ... "Are those good numbers?"

...Her eyebrows shot up. "Well, I like to think so! What do you think?" And she sprawled out on the bed, unashamed, completely open to me.

Profanity	Count
Ass	35
Fuck	60
Shit	55