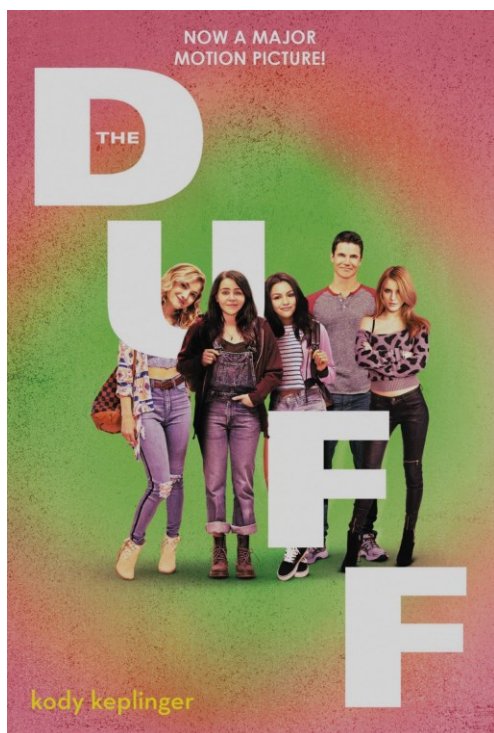


THE DUFF



Young Adult

By Kody Keplinger

ISBN: 978-0-316-12324-2

Book Summary:

A high schooler finds escape from her turbulent home life through a sexual relationship with a promiscuous classmate.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; alcohol abuse; alternate sexualities; and controversial social commentary.

CONTENT WARNING

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
1	Once again, Casey and Jessica were making complete fools of themselves, shaking their asses like dancers in a rap video. But I guess guys eat that shit up, don't they?
2	Then maybe I'll hit on this sweaty, oversexed football player. Maybe we'll have meaningful discussions about politics and philosophy while we bump 'n grind. Ugh. Yeah, right.
6	"What I'm saying is, girls—like your friends—find it sexy when guys show some sensitivity and socialize with the Duff. So by talking to you right now I am doubling my chances of getting laid tonight. Please assist me here, and just pretend to enjoy the conversation."
8	"The guy is a man-whore. I can't stand him. He sleeps with everything that moves, and his brain is located in his pants—which means it's microscopic." "I doubt that," Casey said with another sigh.
15	Because of her sensitive state, I decided not to remind her that Harrison wouldn't be interested because she had boobs—big ones.
28	"You see, Duffy, I'm not one to give up easily. I am determined to hook up with one of your friends—preferably the one with the fantastic rack." ..."It's all right. She'll be over here begging me to sleep with her soon. Talking to you will just speed up the process. Until then, you get the honor of my company. Lucky for me, it doesn't look like you're armed with a beverage tonight."
29	I kissed Wesley Rush. One second his hand lay on my shoulder, and his gray eyes rested, for once, on my face, and the next my mouth was on his. My lips were fierce with bottled emotion, and he seemed to tense, his body frozen in shock. That didn't last very long. An instant later, he returned the aggression, his hands flying to my sides and pulling me toward him. It felt like a battle between our mouths. My hands clawed into his curly hair, tugging it way harder than necessary, and his fingertips dug into my waist. It worked better than punching someone would have. Not only did it help me release the agonizing pressure, but it definitely distracted me. I mean, it's hard to think about your dad when you're making out with somebody. And as disturbing as it sounds, Wesley was a really good kisser. He leaned into me, and I tugged at him so hard that he nearly fell off his bar stool. In that moment, we just couldn't get close enough to each other. Our separate seats seemed like they were miles apart. All of my thoughts vanished, and I became a sort of physical being. Emotions disappeared. Nothing existed but our bodies, and our warring lips were at the center of everything. It was bliss! ...His hand slid up from my waist, trailing along my torso, and came to a stop right on my boob.
32	"She'll come home and they'll talk it through and have makeup sex—"
34	"Wesley Rush doesn't date, he fucks—everyone, for that matter. I just kissed him, and it was so stupid... stupid, stupid, stupid! It was a huge mistake."
50	He was tall enough to look down her shirt without any problem. Perverted bastard.
52	"I guess she's really trying to make her boyfriend jealous or something. She's dating a junior, taking an OHH kid to our dance, and telling everyone she has the hots for Wesley. She claims they fooled around after a party recently—I guess her boyfriend doesn't know about that yet—and she's thinking of doing it again. She said it was amazing." "He slept with her?" Jessica gasped. "He sleeps with everyone," I said, turning the car onto 5th Street. "If it has a vagina, he'll

Page	Content
	screw it.” ...Casey ignored her and said to me, “He might be a player, but he’s pretty damn sexy. Even you have to admit that, B. I bet he’s awesome in bed. I mean, you made out with him. Was he amazing? Can you really blame Vikki for wanting to hook up with him?”
53	“I guess she’s really trying to make her boyfriend jealous or something. She’s dating a junior, taking an OHH kid to our dance, and telling everyone she has the hots for Wesley. She claims they fooled around after a party recently—I guess her boyfriend doesn’t know about that yet—and she’s thinking of doing it again. She said it was amazing.” “He slept with her?” Jessica gasped. “He sleeps with everyone,” I said, turning the car onto 5th Street. “If it has a vagina, he’ll screw it.” ...Casey ignored her and said to me, “He might be a player, but he’s pretty damn sexy. Even you have to admit that, B. I bet he’s awesome in bed. I mean, you made out with him. Was he amazing? Can you really blame Vikki for wanting to hook up with him?”
59	Trying not to think of the cute twenty-two-year-old Latino she was probably screwing.
65	Before he could say my name, I closed the space between us. Quickly, my lips moved against his. The mental and emotional emptiness took over instantly, but physically, I was more alert than ever. Wesley’s surprise didn’t last as long as it had before, and his hands were on me in seconds. My fingers tangled in his soft hair, and Wesley’s tongue darted into my mouth and became a new weapon in our war. ...I was fully conscious of Wesley’s hand as it slid up my torso and moved to cup my breast. ...The mind-numbing sensation I got from kissing him was so euphoric—such a high—that I couldn’t stand to give it up that fast. ...Without speaking, without hesitating, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and threw it onto Wesley’s bedroom floor. He didn’t have a chance to say anything before I put my hands on his shoulders and shoved him onto his back. A second later, I was straddling him and we were kissing again. His fingers undid the clasp on my bra, and it joined my shirt on the floor. ...I unbuttoned his shirt as he pulled the alligator clip from my hair and let the auburn waves fall around us. Casey had been right. Wesley had a great body. The skin pulled tight over his sculpted chest, and my hands drifted down his muscular arms with amazement. His lips moved to my neck, giving me a moment to breathe. I could only smell his cologne this close to him. As his mouth traveled down my shoulder, a thought pushed through the exhilaration. ...But his mouth pressed into mine again, and that tiny, fleeting thought died. Acting on instinct, I pulled on Wesley’s lower lip with my teeth, and he moaned quietly. His hands moved over my ribs, sending chills up my spine. Bliss. Pure, unadulterated bliss. Only once, as Wesley flipped me onto my back, did I seriously consider stopping. He looked down at me, and his skilled hand grasped the zipper on my jeans. ...Before I could come up with any answers, Wesley had my jeans and underwear off. He pulled a condom from his pocket (okay, now that I’m thinking about it, who keeps condoms in their pockets? Wallet, yes, but pocket? Pretty presumptuous, don’t you think?), and then his pants were on the floor, too. All of a sudden, we were having sex, and my thoughts were muted again.
68	I was only fourteen when I lost my virginity to Jake Gaither. ...In the three months we were together, Jake never took me out on a real date. Once or

Page	Content
	twice, we made out in the back of a dark movie theater, but we never went out to dinner or bowling or anything like that. We spent most of our time sneaking around so that our parents and his sister, who later became one of my best friends, wouldn't find out about us. ...We slept together several times, and while I really didn't enjoy the actual sex, the sensation of closeness, of connection, felt comforting to me. When Jake touched me like that, I knew he loved me. I knew sex was a beautiful, passionate thing, and it was right to be with him. Sleeping with Wesley Rush was entirely different. While I definitely got more physical pleasure out of it, the closeness and the love were missing. When it was over, I felt dirty.
69	"What? Ashamed that you screwed the Duff?" "No." I was surprised by how serious he sounded. "I'm never ashamed of anyone I sleep with. Sex is a natural chemical reaction. It always happens for a reason. Who am I to dictate who experiences the joy of sharing my bed?"
70	"Why?" he asked. "Your reputation could only improve if people found out you slept with me."
75	But I really didn't know how to handle school on Monday. What did one do after having a one-night stand (or, in my case, one-afternoon stand) with the school's biggest man-whore?
76	I'll admit, my spy skills weren't exactly smooth, but I knew that Wesley walked past the classroom on his way to second block, and I didn't want to risk an awkward post-sex meeting in the hallway.
77	"So, you're Bianca? The freshman bitch that's been screwing my boyfriend?"
81	"We got started on it, but we didn't finish the paper." "Cause you were too busy making out," Casey teased, winking at me. Don't look guilty. Don't look guilty. "Making out?" Vikki raised an eyebrow at me.
83	I grasped the doorknob and noticed Wesley's eyes narrow with suspicion. I yanked open the door, checked that no one was watching, and gestured for him to go inside. Wesley walked into the tiny closet, and I followed, shutting the door stealthily behind us. "Something tells me this isn't about The Scarlet Letter," he said, and even in the dark I knew he was grinning. "Be quiet." This time he met me halfway. His hands tangled in my hair and mine clawed at his forearms. We kissed violently, and my back slammed against the wall. I heard a mop—or maybe a broom—topple over, but my brain barely registered the sound as one of Wesley's hands moved to my hip, holding me closer to him. He was so much taller than me that I had to tilt my head back almost all the way to meet his kiss. His lips pressed hard against mine, and I let my hands explore his biceps. The smell of his cologne, rather than the lonely, stale air of the closet, filled my senses. We wrestled in the darkness for a while before I felt his hand insistently lifting the hem of my T-shirt. With a gasp, I pulled away from the kiss and grabbed his wrist. "No... not now." "Then when?" Wesley asked in my ear, still pinning me to the wall. He didn't even sound winded. I, on the other hand, struggled to catch my breath. "Later."

Page	Content
91	I only wanted his body. No strings. No feelings. I only wanted the high. Did that make me a junkie and a slut?
92	I had major sex hair.
96	"Listen," I said, twisting the knob. "I have to go, but I was thinking we should do this again. Like a fling, maybe. Purely physical. No strings attached?" "Can't get enough of me, can you?" Wesley asked, stretching out on his back again with a smirk. "That sounds good to me, but if I'm so fantastic, you should spread the word to your friends. You say you love them, so you ought to let them experience the same mind-blowing pleasure... maybe at the same time. It's only right."
104	"Steady there," he whispered, his lips brushing past my ear as he eased up behind me. His hands settled on my hips, fingers toying with the hem of my shirt. "Focus, Duffy. Are you focusing?" He was trying to distract me. And shit, it was working.
106	Before I could manufacture any decent answers, he started kissing me, his fingers already locating the buttons and zippers of my clothes. We became a tangle of lips and hands and knees, and the issue was completely pushed out of my head. For the moment, at least.
130	"Not fair," I muttered. "Your sword was bigger than mine." "My sword is bigger than everyone's." I lobbed my controller at his head, but of course he ducked and made me miss. Damn it. "Perv." ..."Okay, you're right. I did leave that one wide open. But you know, boys that talk big never are." Wesley frowned. "We both know that isn't true. I've proved it to you plenty of times." He smirked, then leaned against me, letting his lips brush against my ear. "But I can prove it again if you want me to... and you know you want me to." "I... I don't think that's necessary," I managed. His lips were moving down my neck, sending an electric current up my spine. "Oh," he growled playfully. "I do." I laughed as he shoved me to the floor, one of his hands perfectly catching the space above my left hip where I was most ticklish. He'd discovered that spot a couple of weeks ago, and I was furious with myself for letting him use it against me. Now he could make me squirm and laugh uncontrollably whenever he wanted, and I could tell that he totally got off on it. Jerk. His fingers probed the sensitive spot over my hip as his mouth moved from my collarbone to my ear. I was laughing so hard I could barely breathe. Not fair. So not fair. I made a halfhearted attempt to kick him away, but he trapped my leg between his and proceeded to tickle me harder. ...Suddenly, I felt Wesley's breath hit the back of my neck. He'd gotten up from the floor and slid up behind me without me realizing it. His arms slid around my waist from behind, his fingers undoing the button of my jeans before I could stop him. ...I couldn't focus on a word Casey was saying as Wesley's hand slid beneath the waistband of my pants, his fingers moving lower and lower. I couldn't say a word. I couldn't tell him to stop or show any reaction at all. If I did, Casey would know I wasn't alone. But, God, I could feel my whole body turning into a ball of fire. Wesley was laughing against my neck, knowing he was driving me crazy. ...I bit my lip to keep from gasping as Wesley's fingers slipped to places that made my

Page	Content
	knees shake. I could feel the smirk on his lips as they moved to my ear. Asshole. He was trying to torture me. I couldn't handle it much longer. ...Wesley bit my earlobe and pushed my jeans even lower with his free hand as the other continued to make me shiver. "Casey, I have to go." "What? B, I—" I snapped the phone shut and dropped it on the floor. I pushed Wesley's arms away from me and spun around to face him. Sure enough, he was grinning. "You son of a—" "Hey," he said, raising his hands in surrender. "You said not to say anything. You didn't say I couldn't—"
135	"You can shower here," he offered. "I might even join you if you're lucky."
138	I started to stand, but his warm hand closed around my wrist. I turned around and found him looking at me. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against mine. ...Every other time Wesley and I had kissed, it had been a fierce, warlike make-out. A lead-in to sex. He'd never kissed me in such a gentle, greedless way, and it kind of freaked me out. ...He'd gotten drunk enough to pass out.
146	He went back to work at the end of the week, but I was sure I wasn't the only one who noticed the hangovers he took with him. It seemed like there was always beer or whiskey lying around the house now. He was always passed out on the couch or locked in his room.
148	"What would you do without me?" he asked one night. We were tangled in the silky sheets of his gigantic bed. My heart was still pounding as I came down from the high of what we'd just done, and he wasn't helping matters by putting his lips so close to my ear. ..."You..." I struggled for words as Wesley pressed his mouth into the crook of my neck. The tip of his tongue moved down to my shoulder and made my brain get all fuzzy. ...His laughter was muffled against my skin. "That's amusing," he said, his lips still grazing my collarbone. "Because I'm pretty sure your ex is out of town by now." One of his hands slid between my knees. "Yet you're still here, aren't you?" His fingers began gliding up and down my inner thigh, making it difficult for me to think of a retort. He seemed to like this, because he laughed again. ...I squirmed uncontrollably as Wesley's fingertips danced along the inside of my leg. I wanted so badly to argue, but he was sending electric currents up my spine. Finally, when I thought I might explode, his hand moved to my hip and he pulled his mouth away from my shoulder. "Oh, thank God," I whispered as he reached for a condom in the nightstand drawer, knowing what came next.
152	So what if she was as thin as my pinkie and had boobs the size of basketballs!
161	She thought I was one of Wesley's tramps. She thought I was a slutty chick he screwed around with.
165	He opened the door and peered inside. Then he looked back at me with that familiar smirk. "We'll have enough room." "Enough room for what?" Before I knew what was happening, Wesley had grabbed me by the hips and was pushing me into my bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind us, spun me around, and slammed me against the wall, where he began kissing me so hard that I thought my head might pop

Page	Content
	off. I was surprised, but once that wore off, I joined in. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back. He tightened his grip on my waist and shoved my jeans down as low as they would go without unbuttoning. Then he slid his hands under the elastic band of my underwear and rubbed his fingers along my hot, tingling skin. After a few minutes, he pulled his mouth away from mine. "Bianca, can I ask you something?" "No," I said quickly. "I am not giving you a blow job. No fucking way. Just the thought of it is disgusting and degrading and... No. Never." "While that's a little disappointing," Wesley said, "it's not what I was planning to ask you." ...He took his hands out of my pants and placed them gently on my shoulders.
166	"Fine," he said. I could tell he was using that I'll-be-patient-until-you-decide-to-tell-me voice. The one you use with little kids. Too bad for him. That would never happen. He was just my sex toy, after all, not my psychiatrist.
167	We started kissing again. This time his hands moved up my shirt and unhooked my bra. There wasn't much room in my little twin bed, but Wesley still managed to get my top off and my jeans unzipped in record time. I started to undo his pants, too, but he stopped me. "No," he said, moving my hand away. "You might not agree with blow jobs, but I have a feeling you'll enjoy this." I opened my mouth to argue but shut it quickly as he started kissing down my stomach. His hands began moving my jeans and underwear down toward my knees, one of them pausing briefly to squeeze the ticklish place above my hip, causing me to jerk once with a giggle. His lips moved lower and lower, and I was surprised by how much I was anticipating their final destination. I'd heard Vikki and even Casey talk about their boyfriends going down on them and how good it felt. I'd heard, but I didn't entirely believe it. Jake and I had never done that, and I'd always just assumed it was gross and weird. It was kind of weird at first, but then it wasn't anymore. It felt... strange—but in a good way. Dirty, wrong, amazing. My fingers curled in the sheets, gripping the cloth tightly, and my knees shook. I was feeling things I'd never felt before. "Ah,... oh," I gasped with pleasure and surprise and— "Oh, shit." Wesley jumped away from me. He'd heard the car door slam, too. That meant my dad was home.
169	"Bumblebee!" Dad said, and I could tell he was already smashed.
176	I pushed myself onto my tiptoes and kissed him—really kissed him. It was more than just a precursor to sex. There was no war between our mouths. My hips rested lightly beneath his, not pressed tightly. Our lips moved in soft, perfect harmony with each other. This time it meant something. What that something was, I didn't know at the time, but I knew that there was a real connection between us. His hands stroked gently through my hair, his thumb grazing my cheek—still damp from crying earlier. And it didn't feel sick or twisted or unnatural. Actually, it felt like the most natural thing in the world. I slid off his shirt, and he pulled mine over my head. Then he laid me down on the bed. No rush. This time things were slow and earnest. This time I wasn't looking for an escape. This time it was about him. About me. About honesty and compassion and everything I'd never expected to find in Wesley Rush.

Page	Content
	This time, when our bodies connected, it didn't feel dirty or wrong. It felt horrifyingly right.
183	"I can't do this anymore. I think we should stop, um, sleeping together."
187	"We've been sleeping together."
190	"He's been sleeping with you, right? So he must find you attractive." I snorted. "Look who you're talking about, Casey. Wesley isn't particularly picky when it comes to sex. I could look like a gorilla, and he still wouldn't hesitate to fuck me, but dating me is a totally different situation. He wouldn't even date a girl on the Skinny Squad—"
202	"Just trying to decide what to write about for the editorial assignment. Mr. Chaucer wasn't very specific. What are you going to write yours about?" "I'm not sure," I admitted. "I'm thinking of doing it on gay marriage." "Supporting or opposing?" "Oh, definitely supporting. I mean, the government has no right to dictate who can and can't publicly declare their love for each other." "How romantic of you," Toby said. I snorted. "Hardly. I'm not romantic at all, but it's basic logic. Denying homosexuals the right to marriage infringes on their liberty and equality. Pretty screwed up."
212	And he kissed me. Not a make-out kiss, but not just a peck either. It was a real kiss. Gentle and sweet and long. The kind of kiss I'd wanted to share with Toby Tucker since I was fifteen years old, and it felt exactly like I'd always imagined it would. His lips were soft and warm, and the way they moved against mine made the butterflies in my belly go berserk
218	"Knowing Wesley... probably a booty call," I grumbled.
220	"I've read Jane Eyre, which was definitely full of early feminism. I'm not saying that's a problem. Personally, I'm a total feminist, but it's a little sketchy for a teenage boy."
222	turned my head and pressed my lips against his, just as he started to pull back. It didn't go quite as smoothly as I'd hoped. I mean, his glasses kind of knocked me in the face for a second, but I pretended I hadn't noticed. His lips were so soft that I wondered if he used ChapStick. Seriously, nobody has lips that perfect naturally, do they? He must have been disgusted by mine, which probably felt rough and scaly to him. But if he was, he didn't show it. His hand moved up my arm and rested on my shoulder, pulling me a little closer. We sat on my bed and kissed for a few minutes, but the sound of my cell phone broke the moment. ...Before he could ask any more questions, I kissed him again. Hard this time. And even though he hesitated for an instant, he returned it. I fumbled to take off his glasses and placed them on the nightstand beside my bed before our arms twisted around each other, the kiss deepening. I pulled him down onto the pillows with me. There wasn't quite enough room for both of us on my twin bed, so he had to lie partially on top of me. One of his hands was in my hair, and the other rested near my elbow.
224	And we'd only been dating for a couple of days. Did that make me a slut? The fact that we'd only been dating for, like, four days and I was already rolling around with him in my teeny-tiny bed? Had my thing with Wesley totally twisted my perception of sex? Or did every girl do it?

Page	Content
	Vikki slept with most of her boyfriends on the first date. The whole school thought Vikki was a whore, though. Casey had slept with Zack only a week after they'd started going out. Casey had been fifteen at the time, and Zack was her first real boyfriend. She was naive and stupid, and she didn't hesitate to admit that it was a major mistake. ...I wanted to go farther with him. Because I liked him. Because he was cute and sweet. Because he wasn't ashamed to date me. I couldn't think of one good reason not to sleep with him. God, I just wanted to stop thinking. I kissed him harder, pulled him closer, trying to re-create that mind-numbing feeling I'd had before... with Wesley. But it wasn't working. I couldn't stop thinking. I undid the rest of the buttons on Toby's shirt and helped him throw it onto the floor. He was kind of scrawny with hardly any muscle—Casey would have called him “skinny chic” or something. Tentatively, his hands began to lift the hem of my T-shirt. He moved slowly in case I wanted to stop him. Just like how he kissed me, always worried he might have crossed the line. I hooked my leg around his waist and ground my body against his. No lines. Maybe there were no lines. Maybe I'd never had any to begin with. God knows how long we spent making out on my bed, pieces of clothing being removed at a snail's pace. I was already breathless by the time he had the nerve to pull my T-shirt over my head and toss it to the carpet. While part of me appreciated his patience, I couldn't help thinking, Took you long enough. I could feel his right hand inching—like a turtle—toward the clasp of my bra. At this rate, it would have been midnight before he got it off, and for some reason, I felt urgent and anxious. I wanted him to get it off. I wanted to feel attractive and desired. I wanted to stop thinking. So I pushed him away and sat up, my legs still wrapped around him. We both breathed heavily, gazing at each other. “Are you sure about this?” Toby whispered. “Very.” I reached around to undo the clasp, but right when my fingers grazed the hook, there was a knock on my bedroom door.
230	“Even if it is,” I cried, “what does it matter? You could sleep with anybody, Wesley. So what if I walk away? So what if I have feelings for you? I was just a screw to you! You would never actually commit to me. You could never commit to anyone, but especially not to Duffy. You don't even find me attractive.”
231	I was just another girl he'd slept with. One among many.
237	I shuffled my papers loudly, hoping that, even if I couldn't drown out their words, they would notice me and take the make-out session elsewhere. I mean, they weren't groping each other yet, but I knew both of them well enough to be sure it wouldn't take long.
238	Did Wesley really turn down a girl? A girl who was perfectly willing to fuck his brains out?
239	He leaned down and kissed me on the lips before asking, “Is it okay if I walk you to class?”
244	An arrogant, womanizing rich boy who put sex before everything else.
253	“God, what a slut,” the cheerleader said. “No telling who the father is. She sleeps with everyone.” ...Wesley was careful. He always used a condom. Besides, it was like that girl had said—Vikki slept with everyone. The chances of Wesley being the father were slim.

Page	Content
255	"He's just this stupid frat boy who gets a kick out of fucking high school girls." ..."And I didn't even give a shit. I just let him use me, and I never thought... even when the condom broke..." She trailed off, shaking her head. "Anyway, I'm glad it was negative."
256	Slut, bitch, prude, tease, ditz. They were all the same. Every girl felt like one of these sexist labels described her at some point.
257	We were all sluts or bitches or prudes or Duffs.
266	"Are you wearing a padded bra?" Jessica blurted out, apparently unaware of our conversation. "Your boobs look bigger."
277	He kissed me so passionately I thought we would catch on fire.

Profanity	Count
Ass	38
Bitch	26
Dick	2
Fuck	54
Piss	21
Prick	1
Shit	46