



"Getting It" by Alex Sanchez

Concerns: Sexual relations between children, pervasively vulgar, mature adult topics, sexual harassment language and more

"Sorry." Carlos returned his face to hers, more confident now, feeling like he was getting the hang of it. And when she tapped her tongue against his, it seemed like the most natural thing on earth.

As their lips pressed and parted, their breaths came harder, chests rising and falling. And Carlos became keenly aware of Roxy's breasts squishing against him. He tried to pull away, fearing she might think he was trying to cop a feel. But the breasts seemed to chase after him.

Suddenly, Roxy pulled her mouth away and gasped, "Do you want to see them?"

Carlos blinked, a little dazed. This was too much like a scene from his fantasies to be true. So he simply said, "Um, okay."

"Not bad!" Playboy patted Carlos on the back. "At least you got some oral."

"Um, not exactly," Carlos confessed. "Her ma came home."

"Holy shit!" Pulga exclaimed. "What did she do?"

"Mostly yelled at Roxy. She told me not to go over there if she wasn't home."

"Parents suck," Playboy proclaimed.

"Yeah," the rest of them agreed.

During the remainder of the ride, Carlos's thoughts focused on Roxy. How would she act toward him now that she'd dived into his pants? Surely she'd have to acknowledge him at least a teensy bit more.

At lunchtime, he gazed expectantly across the cafeteria. Roxy chatted and laughed with her friends, but she barely

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Hands quivering, Carlos fumbled to unclasp his ~~sexxy~~ belt buckle. Why wouldn't the damn thing open? Fortunately, Roxy's fingers worked more nimbly. Carlos raised his hips and tugged his jeans down to his knees.

"Your underwear, too." Roxy sighed impatiently. "Hurry!"

Carlos hesitated. He'd never let anybody see him in such a state of excitement. What if Roxy thought his thing was too small? What if she laughed at it?

Don't look, okay? he wanted to tell her. But he didn't want to sound like a kid. Instead, he closed his own eyes.

As he tugged his briefs down, Roxy giggled, but not as though she were laughing at it—more as if she liked it. "Mmm ..."

Emboldened, Carlos cracked one eye open. Roxy hovered above his lap, grin-

skin on skin. Had anyone known greater joy? He wanted to borrow the phone and call his own friends.

Except, he would like to see the breasts first. Fingers quavering, he nudged Roxy's T-shirt up. She good-naturedly aided him along, guiding him like an angel with perky breasts.

"Kiss them," she whispered.

Carlos gazed up. "Huh?"

"Kiss them."

Carlos gulped, slightly terrified. But how could he refuse? Leaning forward, he gently pressed his lips onto her breast. Roxy gave a soft moan.

Carlos glanced up to make sure he hadn't hurt her. But her face displayed no sign of pain. With increasing agility, he planted a tender kiss on her other breast.

Roxy squirmed and moaned, her flat, smooth stomach arching beneath him.

Feeling nearly like a pro now, Carlos began moving his mouth slowly from one breast to another, lightly brushing his lips across the pliant skin till Roxy suddenly gasped.

"Are you okay?" Carlos quickly pulled away.

In response, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and head, pressing his face so tight against her breasts that he could hardly breathe. But he didn't mind. He'd gladly have given up breathing for the rest of his life.

While pressing the phone to her ear, Roxy reached for Carlos's hand and laid it on top of her breasts again.

Who is she talking to? Carlos wondered.

"Don't worry about that," she spoke into the phone. "Oral is oral, it's not ~~sex~~. It's like kissing—except you're kissing something else."

She darted a devilish glance at Carlos and said to whomever she was talking, "Listen, I've got to go. I'll call you later and tell you about it, okay?"

What exactly will you tell them later? Carlos wondered as Roxy hung up. He wanted to ask, except she suddenly took hold of his wrist and slid his hand underneath her shirt.

Shit, she's bra-less! As his fingertips touched her naked skin, his heart slammed against his chest. He was touching Roxy Rodriguez's breasts—