**DELETED SCENE – THE END OF THE DONC**

A tragic attempt at experience ;)

I fell into it for a second, his skills making everything disappear. The feel of his stubble against my skin, his fingers flexing on my back, the sound of his uneven breathing while he ate my mouth; ohhhh wow. Nick Stark was clearly the inventor of kissing.

But then a tiny voice in my head reminded me that it felt different. That it wasn’t Josh. It didn’t feel like him or smell like him, and that made my throat get tight. He was probably somewhere, at that very moment, kissing Macy. I pulled back, embarrassed and pissed that the backs of my eyes were scratchy and my throat hurt.

Nick’s jaw clenched and unclenched as those eyes traveled over my face. “Well, I tried.”

I just nodded; what was there to say?

“Just know that if you want to try again,” he said, his voice quiet but teasing, “Like a Josh-exorcism type of thing, I’m totally here for you.”

That made me smile in spite of myself. God, I really, really liked Nick. I tucked my hair behind my ears and said, “You are such a great friend.”

“*Best* friend, remember?”

“Oh, yes, that’s right.” I grinned and he stepped away from me. It was just a small step backward, but it was like I missed him instantly. It was probably just because I was feeling vulnerable after the whole Josh thing, but I wanted more Nick closeness.

God, I was a mess.

He led me outside and onto the street. I was disappointed that we just walked back to his truck like a couple of normal schmucks. Apparently my awful reaction to his amazing kiss had eradicated my piggybacking options, and for that I was immensely sorry.

When we got to the truck, he opened the door for me before going around the vehicle and getting behind the wheel. As I buckled my seat belt, I said, “Sorry, by the way.”

He buckled his and started the engine. “There will be no apologies on the DONC. Besides, it’s a good ego-check for me. Girls crying for their ex’s when I kiss them totally prevents a big head.”

I laughed at that – hard – and he laughed, too. And when he cranked old school *Foo Fighters* in his truck and left downtown behind, I beamed like the world’s biggest geek. “Ohmigod, I *love* Weenie Beanie.”

It was like the perfect theme music for the end of the DONC, with electric guitars reverberating in the cab of the truck while Dave Grohl screamed. Nick drove too fast, but it wasn’t anything like my crazy-ride to school in the Porsche. I laid my head back on the seat, closed my eyes and smiled as I relived all of the crazy things I’d done that day.

I told him to drop me off at my grandma’s – because I refused to ruin the DONC with my dad’s Texas bullshit – but as Nick pulled into her driveway, I realized I wasn’t done with him yet.

Couldn’t be.

Because it was idiotic for me to let my sadness over Josh get in the way of a no-regret makeout session with the boy who all of a sudden seemed hotter than any other boy in the world.

I could do *whatever* I wanted – try whatever I wanted – and literally no one would know tomorrow, including him. It’d be crazy to let that opportunity go to waste, wouldn’t it? I mean, he seemed like a very experienced dude – sexpert - and I was, well, not.

It could be like a lesson, right? Couldn’t I technically do, like, *everything* because I would be re-set tomorrow? I glanced over at him as he pulled in. Was I brave enough to use him for experience?

*Be brave, Em.*

I was still a virgin, but not for any monumental reason. Josh was my first “real” relationship other than middle school nonsense, so until recently, there had been no opportunity. But with Josh, it’d gone from 0-60 faster than his stupid car.

He’d always wanted more and had acted like I was a child for slowing him down. He’d said it was “cute” the way I wanted to take it slow. Obviously, now that I’d discovered he was a cheating prick, I was glad we hadn’t had sex.

But.

When we’d been together, I’d been afraid. Afraid of doing something wrong, of not being good, of not knowing all of the secret things that people who’d already had sex knew. I’d had visions of his friends laughing as he told them about how terrible I was.

Rox had told me that was stupid, and Chris had suggested I read *Cosmo* or *Men’s Health.*

But now, I had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I could actually *have* sex, and with someone who’d probably had a lot of it. If he sexed like he kissed, he was like porn-star qualified for sure. I could do it clinically – watchfully - like a pupil. I could learn every little detail that would make me a sex goddess, and Nick would never remember it.

I could be the worst lay in the history of people getting laid, and no one would ever know.

Nick turned off his truck and laid his arm across the back of the bench seat, and before I even knew what my body was doing, it was happening. *Be brave, Em.* I slid closer to him and shifted my weight so with a quick move of my leg, I turned and was straddling his lap.

Facing him.

His Adam’s apple moved as he swallowed, but he didn’t say a word. Or make a move. His eyes were on me, intensely watchful, and my heart pounded as I set my hands on his solid chest and lowered my mouth to his.

He sat there, still like a statue, as my lips brushed against his. I didn’t want *that* reaction*,* so I bit down and gave his mouth a little nibble.

“I thought we already tried this.” His lips barely moved when he said it, but the hand that had been on the back of the seat was now on my lower back. I could feel his fingertips through my shirt, heat spreading from everywhere he touched.

“Nah.” My voice came out as a whisper as I spoke against his mouth. “That was dress rehearsal.”

“So this is the show?” He was still unmoving, but I could feel his heart under my hands and his breathing was a little unsteady like mine.

“Yep. Give me your best, Nick Stark.”

I started to lower my mouth to his, but he took over. It was like he’d just needed the command, and now that he had it, he was all-in. His mouth opened wide under mine and I turned my head, totally falling into the kiss as his hand left the wheel and cupped my cheek.

The fingers on my back tensed, stiffened.

What his tongue was doing, what his lips were doing, what his teeth were doing; I didn’t know those things. I was failing at my lesson, because making out with Nick was everything at once. His mouth moved and mine just chased, following with a desperation to mimic every hungry motion. Not to learn, but because he teased my mouth into raw wanting.

Our breath was loud in the cab of his truck, our kisses almost violent. I couldn’t learn the details when I was being swept away into the wild everything of the experience. It was like eating a good meal and trying to taste each ingredient separately.

Impossible.

I smelled his soap, heard the heavy in his breathing, felt the soft liquidity of his mouth and the shake in his hands as they moved under the hem of my shirt.

I sucked in a breath, sucked in my stomach, and put my hands on top of his, moving them up until I felt his fingers graze the top edge of my bra. I dared to open my eyes at that moment and his were wide open, watching me.

“What?” I was breathless as I spoke against his mouth.

He nipped at my bottom lip with his teeth as his knuckles traced the lacy border. “You’re just one hell of a surprise today.”

The tracing was making me lightheaded, the soft back-and-forth of his hands against my warm skin, and my eyelids got heavy. I managed to slur, “It’s the DONC, remember?”

We started kissing again, but his hands stopped moving. Just…stopped, and moved back up to my face. Which was – wow – so nice, but he wasn’t trying to wrap things up, was he? I mean, realistically, we were parked at my grandma’s – he probably didn’t know I wanted to have sex. I was certain car sex wasn’t the norm, but surely it would be welcomed, right? He was a guy, after all; as far as I knew, they’d take any offered sex. So how was I supposed to let him know without whispering *do me* in his ear like an oversexed bimbo in a raunch flick?

My face was hot as I kept kissing him, not really concentrating on the kiss anymore as I planned my next move. Maybe I should just take my top off. It seemed extreme, but this entire situation was extreme.

I kept kissing him – Mr. Finesse-Mouth – but I grabbed the bottom of my shirt with both hands, crossing my wrists. *Do it, do it, do it – don’t be a wuss, Em.* I clenched my fists in the hem as he did something with his teeth on my bottom lip that made me want to crawl up inside him. Lord above, the boy was an exemplary kisser.

*DO.IT.*

*1-2-3!* I lifted the bottom of my sweater and jerked it up, taking my mouth off of Nick’s just long enough to pull it up and over my head. In my mind I’d seen it as one fluid motion – and sexy – but in the tiny space I was occupying between him and the steering wheel, it was cramped, jerky and disjointed. His eyes were on mine, watchful as my head got stuck in the neck hole. He watched like he wasn’t quite sure what I was doing, and just as my face popped through the opening and I was ready to shake out my hair like a sex goddess, my elbow connected with his face.

Hard.

As in, the back of his head hit the headrest when it flew backward.

“*Shit!”* Nick’s hands shot up to cover his nose right as my shirt fell to the floor somewhere in the dark cab of his truck. I could see the moisture as his eyes instantly got watery.

“Oh, my God, I’m so sorry.” I tried to move back a little and give him some space, but the steering wheel dug into my back and the horn honked. “Shit!”

I crossed my arms over my chest, because yeah, I was sitting in his lap with no shirt on. My sexy idea suddenly seemed ridiculous and I’d probably never felt as awkward as I did at that moment, watching him cry as I straddled him while showing off my b-cup t-shirt bra.

He tried removing his hands from his face but blood ran from his nose. Like, a lot of blood.

It *poured* out of his nose.

“Ohmigod.” I scrambled off his lap, honking the horn again as I tried to move without racking him or bashing his face again. I reached down and grabbed my sweater, balled it up in my hand sat up.

“Here,” I said, shoving it against his nose to stop the bleeding. He said *fuck* through gritted teeth and winced at my graceless rendering of first aid.

“Thanks,” he eventually managed, putting his hand over the cashmere pullover and holding it against his nose. He looked over at me, irritation flashing in his eyes, and I’d never felt more stupid as I sat there in my leather pants with my arms crossed over my bra-clad chest. He said, “Christ. Here.”

He wriggled out of his flannel shirt, taking it off with only one hand as he kept my shirt on his nose. Every little noise was deafening in the cab of his freezing truck; the sound of his body rubbing against the seat, the sound of him struggling with the buttons, the sound of our labored breathing.

Oh, the horribleness.

My entire body was pink and splotchy when he thrust his shirt at me and I put it on. *As fast as I could.* It felt good to be covered with pre-warmed flannel, and I buttoned it up to my chin as he watched me in his newly-exposed white t-shirt.

I said, “Is it still blee--”

“Yep.” He cut me off, breathing in through his nose and clenching his jaw like it hurt. “What in the hell were you thinking, taking off your shirt in your grandmother’s driveway?”

I blinked and wondered just how red my face was, because it felt like I had sweaty July cheeks. I half-rolled my eyes and managed a quiet, “I thought I was helping you, I guess.”

His eyes narrowed. “With what? An arrest for indecent exposure?”

“Can you please chill?” I was a little surprised when the words came out of my mouth, but the mortification was speaking for me. He was supposed to be grateful I’d been whipping off my clothes, not irritated. “I just thought that was where, um, things were heading, okay?”

If possible, his look became *more* incredulous. “Like I’d really have sex with you in my truck at your grandma’s house. Jesus Christ.”

 “Well I’m sorry.” I grabbed my bag from the floor and pushed open his door, dying-dying-dying. “I’m so sorry I tried to have sex with you, okay?”

His eyebrows shot up his forehead. “Is that seriously what you were trying to do?”

*So nice that he couldn’t tell.* “No, I just thought it would be a great time to flash you.”

My brain chose that instant to remind me of the DONC, kind of like when your subconscious reminds you mid-nightmare that you’re dreaming. It was my DONC and didn’t matter – oh, thank God; I’d forgotten for a hot minute.

I still felt pissed about his attitude, but the DONC allowed me to shrug and say, “You seem like someone who’d be good at sex and I really wanted to lose my virginity in your truck tonight. Thanks for everything else, though.”

He looked shocked, like I’d topped every little bit of batshit crazy I’d tossed out in the course of the entire day, and I didn’t even have to work at a smile as I slammed the door, jogged up the steps and went inside my grandma’s house.