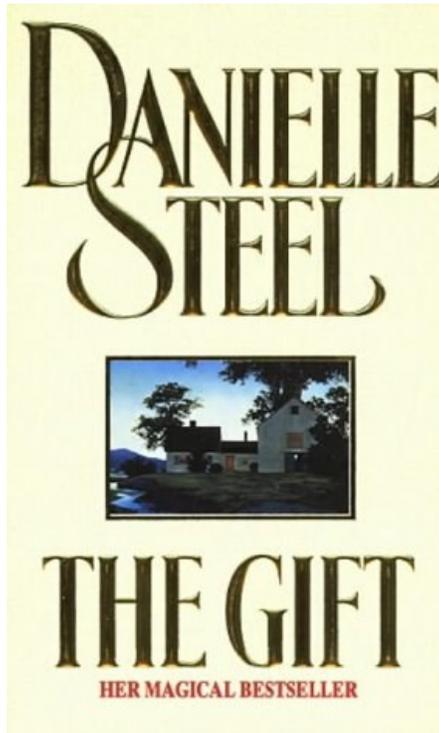


# THE GIFT



*Adult*

**By Danielle Steel**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### Book Summary:

A young teenage girl becomes pregnant and gains a new family.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alcohol use by minors; sexual activities; and mild profanity.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
15	<p>“You don’t look much older than fifteen now, you know,” he said almost shyly, and pulled her gently onto the bed with him. She came easily to him, and he slowly unbuttoned her blouse, as she slid off the velvet skirt she’d worn for Christmas. “I love you Liz,” he whispered into her neck, as she felt her desire for him mount, and his hands run smoothly over her naked shoulders to her waiting breasts and his lips came down on hers firmly. They lay together for a long time, and then at last they slept, sated and pleased.</p>
30	<p>It was easier for Tommy just to stay away from them. He hung around outside in the garden most of the time, sitting under the back steps and thinking, and he had started smoking cigarettes. He had even taken a couple of beers once or twice. And sometimes he just sat outside, under the back steps, out of the endless rain that had been pelting them all month, and drank beer and smoked Camels. ...And besides, he was sixteen years old now. A grown-up.</p> <p>“I don’t give a damn if you are sixteen, Maribeth Robertson,” her father said, on a March night in Onawa, Iowa, some two hundred and fifty miles from where Tommy sat slowly getting drunk on beer under his parents’ back steps, watching the storm flatten his mother’s flowers.</p>
31	<p>All those girls look like sluts in those low-cut dresses.</p>
35	<p>Although they weren’t supposed to drink at the dance, some of the boys in her class already looked drunk, and a few of the girls did too.</p>
36	<p>“Cars, girls...beer...having a good time...Dad talks about work all the time. It’s okay, I guess...as long as I get to work on cars, and don’t have to work in a bank or an insurance company or something. I guess I’m pretty lucky to work for Dad.”</p>
38	<p>You could still see her great figure, even under the ugly dress. What difference did it make anyways? He was excited about dancing with her, and feeling her body next to his. Just thinking about it gave him a hard-on.</p> <p>...She had only tasted alcohol a few times, but she was pretty sure the punch had been doctored. “Just a little happy juice,” he grinned, looking suddenly shorter and a whole lot worse than he had when he’d asked her. He was a real jerk and the way he looked at her was disgusting. “I don’t want to get drunk,” she said matter-of-factly, sorry that she had come, especially with him.</p> <p>...“Come on, Maribeth, be a sport. You won’t get drunk. Just a few sips. It’ll make you feel good.” She looked at him more closely then, and realized that he’d been drinking while he went to get their drinks. “How many have you had?”</p> <p>“The juniors have a couple of bottles of rum out behind the gym, and Cunningham has a pint of vodka.”</p>
39	<p>“Where are you going?” He looked worried. They hadn’t danced yet.</p> <p>“The ladies’ room,” she said coolly.</p> <p>“I hear they have a pint in there too.”</p> <p>“I’ll bring you some,” she said, and disappeared into the crowd. The band was playing “In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening,” and the kids were dancing cheek to cheek, and all she felt was sad as she made her way out of the gym, past a</p>

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	<p>group of guys obviously trying to hide a bottle.            ...He was obviously going to get drunk and she was not having fun. She should probably just walk home and forget the whole thing. She doubted if after a few drinks David would even notice her absence.</p>
41	<p>They walked easily back to the main entrance of the gym, like old friends, and as soon as they approached, she saw David, already hopelessly drunk, sharing a bottle unsteadily with half a dozen friends.</p>
44	<p>He opened the glove compartment then and pulled out a pint bottle of gin and offered it to her. "Would you like a little drink?"            "No, thanks. I don't drink."            "How come?" He seemed surprised.            "I don't really like it."            She started to decline, but as he insisted, she took a little sip, not to hurt his feelings. The clear liquid burned her throat and her eyes as it went down, and there was a hot feeling in her mouth afterwards, and she felt flushed, as he leaned over and pulled her into his arms and kissed her. "Do you like that better than gin?" he asked sensuously after he'd kissed her again, and she smiled and nodded, feeling worldly and excited and a little sinful. He was so incredibly exciting, and so unbelievably handsome. "So do I," he said, and kissed her again, and this time, he unbuttoned the prim dress as she tried to keep her buttons done up, but his fingers were nimbler than hers and more practiced, and within seconds, he was holding her breasts and fondling them as he kissed her breathlessly and she had no idea how to stop him.            "Paul, don't...please..." she said softly, wanting to mean it, but she didn't. She knew what she had to do, but it was so hard not to want him. He leaned down then and kissed her breasts, and suddenly her bra was undone, and the top of her dress was completely open. His mouth was on her breasts, and then her lips and then he was working her nipples with his fingers. And she moaned in spite of herself as he slid a hand under her skirt, and hound her expertly and quickly, despite her attempt to keep her legs together. But she had to keep reminding herself that she didn't want what he was doing to her. She wanted it to frighten her, and yet nothing he did scared her. Everything he did was exciting and delicious, but she knew she had to stop, and finally she pulled away, out of breath and out of control, and she looked at him with regret and shook her head, and he understood it.            "I can't. I'm sorry, Paul." She was stunned by all he had made her feel. Her head was spinning.            "It's all right," he said gently, "I know...I shouldn't have...I'm really sorry..." And as he said the words, he kissed her again and they started all over again, and this time it was even harder to stop, and they both looked completely disheveled, as she pulled away from him, and she saw in shock that his fly was open. He pulled her hand toward him then, and she tried to will herself not to, but she was fascinated by what he was doing. This was what she had been warned about, what she had been told never to do, yet it was all so overwhelming, she couldn't stop herself, or him, and he leapt into her hands as he pressed her hand into his zipper, and she found herself caressing him, and stroking him, as he kissed her</p>

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	<p>and laid her down on the seat, and lay on top of her, pulsating with desire and excitement. "Oh God...Maribeth, I want you so much...oh baby...I love you..." He pushed her skirt up then, and his own trousers down, with what seemed like a single movement, and she felt him pressing against her, searching for her, needing her desperately, as she now needed him, and with a single surge of pleasure and pain, he entered her, and barely moving inside of her, he gave a huge shudder beyond his control, and came less than a moment later. "Oh God...oh God...Oh Maribeth..." And then as he returned slowly to earth, he looked at her, as she stared at him in shock, unable to believe what they'd done, and he gently touched her face with his fingers. "Oh God, Maribeth, I'm sorry...you were a virgin...I couldn't help myself...you're so beautiful and I wanted you so badly...I'm sorry, baby..."</p> <p>"It's all right," she found herself reassuring him, as he lay still within her, and slowly withdrew, already getting excited again, but he didn't dare try for another. And he pulled a towel miraculously from under the seat, and tried to help her make repairs, while she tried desperately not to be embarrassed. He took a long swig of gin then, and then offered it to her, and this time she took it, wondering if the first sip had made her succumb to his advances, or if she was in love with him, or he with her, or what it all meant, and if she was his steady girl now.</p> <p>"You're incredible," he said, kissing her again, and pulling her close to him on the seat. "I'm sorry it happened here, like this tonight. Next time will be better, I promise. My parents are going out of town in two weeks, you can come to my place." It never occurred to him for a single moment that she might not want to continue to do that with him. He assumed she wanted more, and he wasn't entirely wrong, but for the most part, Maribeth wasn't sure what she was feeling. Her whole world had turned upside down in a matter of minutes.</p> <p>"Did you...and...Debbie..." She knew even before the words were out that it was a stupid question, and he smiled at her, looking for a moment like a much wiser older brother.</p> <p>"You are young, aren't you? Come to think of it, how old are you?"</p> <p>"I turned sixteen two weeks ago."</p> <p>"Well, you're a big girl now." He took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders when he saw she was shaking. She was in shock over what they'd done, and then she knew she had to ask him a question.</p> <p>"Could I get pregnant from that?" The very thought terrified her, but he looked reassuring. And she really wasn't sure how great a risk she might have taken.</p> <p>. "I don't think so. Not from one time like that. I mean you could...but you won't Maribeth. And next time I'll be careful."</p>
48	<p>Somehow she expected losing her virginity to mean more than just a "wonderful evening," and yet she had no right to expect more of him, and she knew it. She had been wrong to do it with him the first night she met him, and she knew she'd be lucky if it developed into something more.</p> <p>...But Paul hadn't "made her" do anything. That was the scary part. She had wanted to do it with him. That was the most shocking thing about it. She had wanted to make love to him. Once he had started touching her, she wanted him. And she wasn't even sorry now.</p>

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52	<p>“What about...about getting rid of it?” she asked bravely. She wasn’t even completely sure how one did that, except that she knew that some women “got rid” of babies. She’d heard her mother and aunt discussing it once, and the word they had whispered was “abortion.”</p> <p>...But the doctor frowned at her immediately. “That’s costly, dangerous, and illegal. And I don’t want to hear another word from you about it, young lady. At your age, the simplest solution is to have the baby and give it up for adoption. That’s what most girls your age do. The baby is due in December. You could go to the Sisters of Charity the moment it showed, and stay there until you have the baby.”</p> <p>...Maribeth nodded, feeling numb, but what could she tell them? That she’d made love to a boy she didn’t know on the front seat of his car the night of prom, and he wouldn't marry her?</p>
54	<p>“Why don’t you get rid of it?” he asked softly, and Maribeth looked at him sadly. “You mean, give it away?” That was what she was planning to do, and what the doctor had suggested.</p> <p>“NO. I mean have an abortion. I know a senior who did last year. I could ask around. Maybe I could scrounge up some money. It’s really expensive.”</p>
58	<p>“It would have been nice if you could have been a little more noble before you took your pants off. Look at your brother, he plays around with lots of girls. He’s never gotten anyone pregnant. Look at you, sixteen and your damn life is down the toilet.”</p>
91	<p>At eight-fifteen she and Tommy ate, and at nine, his father walked in, obviously having had a few two many drinks, but in very high spirits.</p> <p>...It was rare for him to come home drunk, but his life had been pretty bleak for the past seven months, and relief in the form of a whiskey or two hadn’t seemed so bad when offered by two of his employees.</p>
93	<p>He could have cheated on her but he didn't want sex with just anyone, he wanted what they had had before.</p>
108	<p>“Oh year, sure...hi, my name is Maribeth, I’m knocked up by a guy who married someone else, and my parents threw me out...how about taking me to dinner?”</p>
109	<p>His knowledge of sex was as sketchy as hers was, possibly more so. And unlike Maribeth, he had never done it.</p> <p>...“What was it like?” he asked, looking red-faced and mortally embarrassed, but the question didn’t horrify her.</p> <p>...“Was it terrific?”</p> <p>“No. Not for me. Maybe for him. But I think it could be...it was kind of exciting, and dizzy making. It makes you stop thinking of anything else, or making sense, or wanting to do the right thing. It’s kind of like an express train once it gets under way, or maybe that was the gin...but I think with the right person, it might be pretty great. I don’t know. I don’t really want to try again. Not for a long time, and not till I find the right person. I don’t want to do it again, and be really stupid.”</p>
112	<p>He held her in his arms, and they kissed and snuggled but it went no further.</p>
121	<p>The passion between them felt married too, except that neither of them ever let it go further than it should. It never went beyond kissing and holding and</p>

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	<p>touching.            . "I don't want to get pregnant," she said hoarsely one night, as his hands wandered over her slowly swelling breasts, and they both laughed. She didn't want to make love with him, not now, with Paul's baby in her...and afterwards, she wanted it to be different.</p>
146	<p>No work, no fun, no sex, no skating.</p>
172	<p>And as they sat there side by side like young newlyweds, Maribeth looked over at him and giggled and he pulled her onto his lap and kissed her.            ...They were surprisingly intimate, considering that they had never made love. But it was hard to remember sometimes that they hadn't She could feel him springing to life then as she sat on his lap, and she kissed him and felt him grow harder. He was after all only sixteen, and almost everything she did made him horny.</p>
173	<p>She followed him to his room, and they snuggled up in his bed, in her nightgown and his pajamas, with their arms around each other, giggling and talking, like two kids, and then he kissed her, long and slow and hard, and they both got aroused, but two weeks before her baby was due, there was very little they could do about it. He kissed her breasts and she moaned, and she fondled him, and he was so hard and stiff that he was actually in pain as she held him. And she kept reminding herself that what they were doing was wrong, except that they didn't really think so.            ...They had stayed aroused for as long as they could stand, and had finally agreed that they had to calm down and stop playing. All their antics had even started to give her contractions.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Shit	1