

# RED, WHITE AND ROYAL BLUE



## Book Summary:

The president's son tries to keep his romance with the prince of England a secret.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains excessive/frequent profanity; obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol and drug use; and alternate sexualities.

*Young Adult*

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**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
9	"Ooh, and they're saying you got your asshole bleached."
10	...twenty-one-year-old heartthrob Alex was snapped sneaking into the W Hotel to meet a mystery brunette in the presidential suite and leaving around four a.m. Sources inside the hotel reported hearing amorous noises from the room all night, and rumors are swirling the brunette was none other than...Nora Holleran, the twenty-two-year-old granddaughter of Vice President Mike Holleran and third member of the White House Trio. Could it be the two are rekindling their romance?"
11	Alex thinks back to the week before, showing up at Nora's room with a bottle of champagne.
18	"I wish I were a viscount," June says. "I could have my sex waifs deal with my emails." "Are sex waifs good with professional correspondence?" Alex asks.
37	"...And they're not khakis, they're chinos. Khakis are for white people."
62	Her response comes within seconds: 94% probability of your dick becoming a recurring personality on face the nation.
109	"I'm already two whiskeys in. You've got some catching up to do."
110	Wow, Alex is drunk.
111	"...Henry has never watched a bunch of teenagers dry hump to this song!" ..."Please tell me nobody is going to dry hump me," Henry says. ..."Did that man just say 'sweat drop down my balls'?"
113	Alex loses track of things after that, because he's very, very drunk...
117	He test leaning into the kiss and is rewarded by Henry's mouth sliding and opening against his, Henry's tongue brushing against his, which is, wow.
121	That was just how horny teenage best friends were sometimes, like when they would get off at the same time watching porn in Liams's bedroom....or that one time Liam reached over, and Alex didn't stop him. ...On their fifth lap, he thinks back over his hormonal teens and remembers thinking about girls in the shower, but he also remembers fantasizing about a boy's hands on him, about hard jawlines and broad shoulders.
124	He drags his finger down to the LGBTQ+ tab and turns to the page he's looking for, titled with mother's typical flair: THE B ISN'T SILENT: A CRASH COURSE ON BISEXUAL AMERICANS.
127	But she's his best friend, and she's sort of vaguely bisexual.
130	"Yes, he was a good kisser, and there was tongue."
131	You're constantly making big cow eyes at your phone, and if somebody asks you who's who of hot people who want to fuck America's most eligible bachelor to literally watch Henry stand next to the croquembouche. And he kissed you- with tongue!- and you liked it.
132	Nora's eyes snap back up to him. "Oh, like, I thought we were already there with you being bi and everything," she says. "Sorry, are we not? Did I skip ahead again? My bad. Hello, would you like to come out to me? I'm listening. Hi."

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	<p>"I don't know!" he half yells, miserably. "Am I? Do you think I'm bi?"            ...I was in my junior year of high school, and I touched a boob.</p>
136	<p>He considers calling Rafael Luna and meeting him for beers and asking to hear all about his first gay sexual exploits as an REI-wearing teenage antifascist.</p>
142	<p>He reaches the nearest wall, shoves Henry against it, and crushes their mouths together.</p>
143	<p>In one frantic motion, Alex knocks the candelabra off the table next to them and pushes Henry onto it so he's sitting with his back against Alex looks up and almost breaks into deranged laughter—a portrait of Alexander Hamilton. Henry's legs fall open readily and Alex crowds up between them, wrenching Henry's head back into another searing kiss.</p> <p>They're really moving now, wrecking each other's suits, Henry's lip caught between Alex's teeth, the portrait's frame rattling against the wall when Henry's head drops back and bangs into it.</p> <p>...Henry gives as good as he gets, hooking one knee around the back of Alex's thigh for leverage, delicate royal sensibilities nowhere in the cut of his teeth.</p> <p>...He drops a hand onto Henry's thigh, feeling the electrical pulse there, the smooth fabric over hard muscle. He pushes up, up, and Henry's hand slams down over his, digging his nails in.</p> <p>"Time's up!" comes Amy's voice through a crack in the doors.</p> <p>They freeze, Alex falling back onto his heels. They can both hear it now, the sounds of bodies moving too close for comfort, wrapping up the night. Henry's hips give one tiny push up into him, involuntary, surprised, and Alex swears.</p> <p>"I'm going to die," Henry says helplessly.</p> <p>"I'm going to kill you," Alex tells him.</p> <p>"Yes, you are," Henry agrees.</p> <p>...What are you doing?"</p> <p>"Christ, I'm trying to make it"—he gestures inelegantly at the front of his pants "go away. "</p>
145	<p>"And then you are going to come to the East Bedroom on the second floor at eleven o' clock tonight, and I am going to do very bad things to you,..."</p> <p>...He's unsure of the dress code for inviting your sworn-enemy-turned-fake-best-friend to your room to have sex with you, especially when that room is in the White House, and especially when that person is a guy, and especially when that guy is a prince of England.</p>
147	<p>He settles for pulling Henry in by the sway of his waist, pressing their bodies flush. He kisses back, but lets himself be kissed however Henry wants to kiss him, which right now is exactly how he would have expected Prince Charming to kiss in the first place: sweet and deep and like they're standing at sunrise in the fucking moors. He can practically feel the wind in his hair. It's ridiculous.</p> <p>Henry breaks off and says, "How do you want to do this?"</p> <p>And Alex remembers, suddenly, this is not a sunrise-in-the-moors type of situation. He grabs Henry by his loosened collar, pushes a little, and says, "Get on the couch."</p> <p>..."Then why'd you do it?" Alex asks him. He leans into Henry's neck, dragging his lips over the sensitive skin just behind his ear.</p>

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	<p>...He hisses a little when Alex bites down lightly on the side of his neck.</p> <p>..."Yes, you preening arse, I've wanted you long enough that I won't have you tease me for another fucking second."</p> <p>Turns out being on the receiving end of Henry's royal authority is an extreme fucking turn-on.</p> <p>...Henry gets a grip on Alex's hips and pulls him close, so Alex is properly straddling his lap, and he kisses hard now, more like he had in the Red Room, with teeth. It shouldn't work so perfectly it makes absolutely no sense—but it does. There's something about the two of them, the way they ignite at different temperatures, Alex's frenetic energy and Henry's aching sureness.</p> <p>He grinds down into Henry's lap, grunting as he's met with Henry already half-hard under him, and Henry's curse in response is buried in Alex's mouth. The kisses turn messy, then, urgent and graceless, and Alex gets lost in the drag and slide and press of Henry's lips, the sweet liquor of it. He pushes his hands into Henry's hair,...</p> <p>...Henry melts at the touch, wraps his arms around Alex's waist and holds him there. Alex isn't going anywhere.</p> <p>...He manages to get the next two buttons on his shirt undone before Henry grabs it by the tails and pulls it off over his head and makes quick work of his own.</p> <p>..."Hang on," Henry says, and Alex is already groaning in protest, but Henry pulls back and rests his fingertips on Alex's lips to shush him. "I want—" His voice starts and stops, and he's looking like he's resolving not to cringe at himself again. He gathers himself, stroking a finger up to Alex's cheek before jutting his chin out defiantly. "I want you on the bed."</p> <p>..."Well, come on, Your Highness," Alex says, shifting his weight to give Henry a last tease before he stands.</p> <p>"You're a dick," Henry says, but he follows, smiling.</p> <p>Alex climbs onto the bed, sliding back to prop himself up on his elbows by the pillows, watching as Henry kicks off his shoes and regains his bearings.</p> <p>...The spot right at the dip of his waist below his ribs looks impossibly soft, and Alex might die if he can't fit his hand into that little curve in the next five seconds.</p> <p>..."Quit stalling," Alex says, pointedly interrupting the moment.</p> <p>"Bossy," Henry says, and he complies.</p> <p>Henry's body settles over him with a warm, steady weight, one of his thighs sliding between Alex's legs and his hands bracing on the pillows, and Alex feels the points of contact like a static shock at his shoulders, his hips, the center of his chest. One of Henry's hands slides up his stomach and stops, having encountered the old silver key on the chain resting over his sternum.</p> <p>...Henry looks up into his eyes, speechless, and Alex tugs him down into another all-consuming kiss, and Henry bears down on him fully, pressing him into the bed. Alex's other hand finds that dip of Henry's waist, and he swallows a sound at how devastating it feels under his palm. He's never been kissed like this, as if the feeling could swallow him up whole, Henry's body grinding down and covering every inch of his. He moves his mouth from Henry's to the side of his neck, the spot below his ear, kisses and kisses it, and bares his teeth.</p> <p>...He feels Henry find the waistband of his pants, the button, the zipper, the elastic of his underwear, and then everything goes very hazy, very quickly.</p>

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	<p>He opens his eyes to see Henry bringing his hand demurely up to his elegant royal mouth to spit on it.</p> <p>"Oh my fucking God," Alex says, and Henry grins crookedly as he gets back to work. "Fuck." His body is moving, his mouth spilling words. "I can't believe—God, you are the most insufferable goddamn bastard on the face of the planet, do you know that—fuck—you're infuriating, you're the worst—you're—"</p> <p>"Do you ever stop talking?" Henry says. "Such a mouth on you." And when Alex looks again, he finds Henry watching him raptly, eyes bright and smiling. He keeps eye contact and his rhythm at the same time, and Alex was wrong before, Henry's going to be the one to kill him, not the other way around.</p> <p>"Wait," Alex says, clenching his fist in the bedspread, and Henry immediately stills. "I mean, yes, obviously, oh my God, but, like, if you keep doing that I'm gonna"—Alex's breath catches—"it's, that's just—that's not allowed before I get to see you naked."</p> <p>Henry tilts his head and smirks. "All right."</p> <p>Alex flips them over, kicking off his pants until only his underwear is left slung low on his hips, and he climbs up the length of Henry's body, watching his face grow anxious, eager.</p> <p>..."I'm gonna take your pants off now," Alex tells him.</p> <p>"Yes, good, carry on."</p> <p>Alex does, and one of Henry's hands slides down, leveraging one of Alex's thighs up so their bodies meet again right at the hard crux between them, and they both groan. Alex thinks, dizzily, that it's been nearly five years of foreplay, and enough is enough.</p> <p>He moves his lips down to Henry's chest, and he feels under his mouth the beat Henry's heart skips at the realization of what Alex intends.</p> <p>...He kisses Henry's solar plexus, his stomach, the stretch of skin above his waistband.</p> <p>"I've, uh," Alex begins. "I've never actually done this before."</p> <p>"Alex," Henry says, reaching down to stroke at Alex's hair, "you don't have to, I'm—"</p> <p>"No, I want to," Alex says, tugging at Henry's waistband. "I just need you to tell me if it's awful. "</p> <p>...If he's going by the way Henry's body responds, by the way Henry's hand sweeps up into his hair and clutches a fistful of curls, he guesses he does okay for a first try. He looks up the length of Henry's body and is met with burning eye contact, a red lip caught between white teeth. Henry drops his head back on the pillow and groans something that sounds like "fucking eyelashes." He's maybe a little bit in awe of how Henry arches up off the mattress, at hearing his sweet, posh voice reciting a litany of profanities to the ceiling. Alex is living for it, watching Henry come undone, letting him be whatever he needs to be while alone with Alex behind a locked door.</p> <p>He's surprised to find himself hauled up to Henry's mouth and kissed hungrily.</p> <p>..."Not awful?" Alex says between kisses, resting his head on the pillow next to Henry's to catch his breath.</p> <p>"Definitely adequate," Henry answers, grinning, and he scoops Alex up against his chest greedily as if he's trying to touch all of him at once. Henry's hands are huge</p>

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	<p>on his back, his jaw sharp and rough with a long day's stubble, his shoulders broad enough to eclipse Alex when he rolls them over and pins Alex to the mattress. ...Henry is one talented bastard, a man of many hidden gifts, Alex muses half-hysterically. A true prodigy.</p> <p>...When he's done, he presses a sticky kiss in the crease of Alex's leg where he'd slung it over his shoulder, managing to come off polite, and Alex wants to drag Henry up by the hair, but his body is boneless and wrecked.</p>
156	<p>"...We're still...whatever we were before, just, you know. With blowjobs."</p> <p>"...So," Alex says, changing tracks by stretching languidly, "I guess I should tell you, I'm bisexual."</p> <p>"Good to know," Henry says. His eyes flicker down to Alex's hip, where it's bared above the sheet, and he says as much of himself as to Alex, "I am very, very gay."</p>
157	<p>Alex rolls his eyes. "For fuck's sake, man, you just had my dick in your mouth, you can kiss me good-night."</p> <p>...It's sooner than either of them expected- only two weeks since the state dinner, two weeks of wanting Henry back under him as soon as possible and saying everything short of that in their texts.</p>
160	<p>It's too easy to look at Henry's boots digging into the stirrups for leverage and conjure up a memory of bare calves underneath, bare feet planted just as firmly on the mattress. Henry's thighs open the same way, but with Alex between them. Sweat dripping down Henry's brow onto his throat.</p> <p>...He wants- God, after all this time ignoring it, he wants it again, now, right now.</p>
162	<p>"I don't actually care," he says, and grabs Henry by the stupid collar of his stupid polo and kisses his stupid mouth.</p> <p>It's a good kiss, solid and hot, and Alex can't decide where to put his hands because he wants to put them everywhere at once.</p> <p>"Ugh," he groans in exasperation, shoving Henry backward by the shoulders and making a disgusted show of looking him up and down. "You look ridiculous."</p>
163	<p>Without any further ceremony, he drops to his knees and starts undoing Henry's belt, tugging at the fastenings of his pants.</p> <p>"Oh, God," Henry repeats, this time with feeling.</p> <p>...It's fast and dirty and Henry is swearing up a storm, which is still disarmingly sexy, but this time it's punctuated by the occasional word of praise, and somehow that's even hotter. Alex isn't prepared for the way "that's good" sounds in Henry's rounded Buckingham vowels, or for how luxury leather feels when it strokes approvingly down his cheek, a gloved thumb brushing the corner of his mouth. As soon as Henry's finished, he's got Alex on the bench and is putting his kneepads to use.</p> <p>"I'm still fucking mad at you," Alex says, destroyed, slumped forward with his forehead resting on Henry's shoulder.</p>
166	<p>I seem to remember you really enjoy being "accosted."</p>
167	<p>It's recently come to my attention you're not quite as boring as I thought. Sometimes. Namely when you're doing the thing with your tongue.</p> <p>...His Royal Horniness,</p> <p>If I were trying to get fresh with you, you would know it.</p>

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	For example: I've been thinking about your mouth on me all week, and I was hoping I'd see you in Paris so I could put it to use. ...First Son of Cheese Shopping and Blowjob.
169	He's so drunk, and Henry's mouth is so soft, and it's all so fucking French that he forgets to send Henry back to his own hotel. ...Leaving your clandestine hookup directions to a Parisian cheese shop.
171	There's a lot of champagne and kissing and buttercream from birthday cupcake Henry's inexplicably procured smeared around Alex's mouth, Henry's chest, Alex's throat, between Henry's hips. Henry pins his wrists to the mattress and swallows him down, and Alex is drunk and fucking transported, feeling every moment of twenty-two years and not a single day older, some kind of hedonistic youth of history. Birthday head from another country's prince will do that.
174	When he sees Henry next at a gala in Berlin, and he feels that gravitational pull, chases it down in the back of a limo, and binds Henry's wrists to a hotel bedpost with his own necktie, he knows himself better.
175	"...I will staple your dick to the inside of your leg if that keeps it in your fucking pants."
176	"I'm sorry- who or what is a Tricky Dick?"
180	"...I was starting uni when she finished, and Philip was deployed halfway round the globe, and she was out every single night with all the posh London hipsters, sneaking out to play guitar and secret shows and doing mountains of cocaine..."
184	About Liam, about those nights, but also how he'd sneak pills out of Liam's Adderall bottle when his grades were slipping and stay awake for two, three days at a time.
190	She flings one arm out emphatically enough to upset an entire potted cactus on her dresser and says, "Because until now you weren't fucking the Prince of England!"
204	Henry says, peering down into his empty shot glass. "What's in these? Vodka?" ..."Oh, I haven't had vodka since uni," Henry says. ...He's something else- half-drunk and grinning in a \$2,000 suit and a kimono, and Alex can't tear his eyes away. He waves over a beer.
205	Three rounds of shots appear- one from a drunk bachelorette party, one from a herd of surly butch chicks at a bar, ad one from a table of drag queens.
206	"Yeah, yeah, " Alex says, double-checking the coast is clear before grabbing Henry by the belt and backing into the stall. "Tell me again later." "You- you know this is still not convincing me to sing, don't you?" Henry chokes out as Alex mouths along his throat.
210	It's a clumsy, sideways tumble into bed, both of them grabbing greedy handfuls of the other, Henry's pants still dangling from one ankle, but it doesn't matter because Henry's eyes are fluttered shut and Alex is finally kissing him again. His hands start traveling south on instinct, sweet muscle memory of Henry's body against his, until Henry reaches down to stop him. "Hold on, hold on," Henry says. "I'm just realizing. All that earlier, and you haven't gotten off yet tonight, have you?" He drops his head back on the pillow, regards

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	<p>him with narrowed eyes. "Well. That just shall not do."</p> <p>"Hmm, yeah?" Alex says. He takes advantage of the moment to kiss the column of Henry's throat, the hollow at his collarbone, the knot of his Adam's apple. "What are you gonna do about it?" Henry pushes a hand into his hair and gives it a little pull. "I shall just have to make it the best orgasm of your life. What can I do to make it good for you? Talk about American tax reform during the act? Have you got talking points?"</p> <p>..."You're literally the worst," Alex says, and undercuts it by leaning up to kiss him once more, gently, then deeply, long and slow and heated. He feels Henry's body shifting beneath his, opening up.</p> <p>..."I do actually. Er. Have an idea."</p> <p>He slides a hand up Henry's chest to the side of his jaw, ghosting over his cheek with one finger. "Hey," he says, serious now. "I'm listening. For real."</p> <p>..."C 'mere," he says, surging up to kiss Alex, and he's putting his whole body into it now, sliding his hands down to palm at Alex's ass as he kisses him. Alex feels a sound tear itself from his throat, and he's following Henry's lead blindly now, kissing him deep into the mattress, riding a continuous wave of Henry's body. He feels Henry's thighs—those goddamn horseback-riding, polo-playing thighs—moving around him, soft, warm skin wrapping around his waist, heels pressing into his back. When Alex breaks off to look at him, the intention on Henry's face is as plain as anything he's ever read there.</p> <p>"You sure?"</p> <p>"I know we haven't," Henry says quietly. "But, er. I have, before, so, I can show you."</p> <p>"I mean, I'm familiar with the mechanics," Alex says, smirking a little, and he sees a corner of Henry's mouth quirk up to mirror him. "But you want me to?"</p> <p>"Yeah," he says. He pushes his hips up, and they both make some unflattering, involuntary noises. "Yes. Absolutely."</p> <p>Henry's shaving kit is on the nightstand, and he reaches over and fumbles blindly through it before finding what he's looking for—a condom and a tiny bottle of lube.</p> <p>Alex almost laughs at the sight. Travel-size lube. He's had some experimental sex in his lifetime, but it never occurred to him to consider if such a thing existed, much less if Henry was jetting around with it alongside his dental floss.</p> <p>"This is new."</p> <p>"Yes, well," Henry says, and he takes one of Alex's hands in his and brings it to his own mouth, kissing his fingertips. "We all must learn and grow, mustn't we?"</p> <p>Alex rolls his eyes, ready to snark, except Henry sucks two fingers into his mouth, very effectively shutting him the hell up.</p> <p>...They're not as drunk as they were, but there's enough alcohol in their systems, and it doesn't feel as daunting as it would otherwise, the first time, even as his fingers start to find their way. Henry's head falls back onto the pillows, and he closes his eyes and lets Alex take over.</p> <p>The thing about sex with Henry is, it's never the same twice. Sometimes he moves easily, caught up in the rush, and other times he's tense and taut and wants Alex to work him loose and take him apart. Sometimes nothing gets him off faster than being talked back to, but other times they both want him to use every inch of</p>

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	<p>authority in his blood, not to let Alex get there until he's told, until he begs.            ...Alex leans down to kiss him, and Henry murmurs into the corner of his mouth,            "Ready when you are, love."            Alex takes a breath, holds it. He's ready. He thinks he's ready.            Henry's hand comes up to stroke along his jaw, his sweaty hairline, and Alex            settles himself between his legs, lets Henry lace the fingers of his right hand with            Alex's left.            He's watching Henry's face—he can't imagine looking at anything other than            Henry's face right now—and his expression goes so soft and his mouth so happy            and astonished that Alex's voice speaks without his permission, a hoarse "baby."            Henry nods, so small that someone who didn't know all his tics might miss it, but            Alex knows exactly what it means, so he leans down and sucks Henry's earlobe            between his lips and calls him baby again, and Henry says, "Yes," and, "Please,"            and tugs his hair at the root.            Alex nips at Henry's throat and palms at his hips and sinks into the white-out bliss            of being that impossibly close to him, of getting to share his body. Somehow it still            amazes him that all this seems to be as unbelievably, singularly good for Henry as            it is for him. Henry's face should be illegal, the way it's turned up toward him,            flushed and undone. Alex feels his own lips spreading into a pleased smile, awed            and proud.            Afterward, he comes back into his own body in increments—his knees, still dug            into the mattress and shaking; his stomach, slick and sticky; his hands, twisted up            in Henry's hair, stroking it gently.            He feels like he's stepped outside of himself and returned to find everything            slightly rearranged. When he pulls his face back to look at Henry, the feeling            comes back into his chest: an ache in answer to the curve of Henry's top lip over            white teeth.</p>
215	<p>Through his throbbing hangover, he's got a suspicion all these feelings are why he            held off on fucking Henry for so long.</p>
222	<p>"Why don't we talk about how there's a chapter of the Klan in every state? You            think there aren't racists and homophobes growing up in Vermont?..."</p>
233	<p>...ghosting featherlight fingertips over his collarbone, his ankles, the insides of his            knees, the small bones of the backs of his hands, the dip of the lower lip. He            touches and touches until he brings Henry to another brink with only his            fingertips, only his breath on the inside of his thighs, the promise of Alex's mouth            where he'd pressed his fingers before.            ...When they come back down, Henry practically passes out on his chest without            another word, fucked-out and boneless,...</p>
239	<p>"Because I slept with him last year, Alex, how do you think? You're not the only            one who makes stupid sexual decisions when you're stressed out."</p>
240	<p>God, whiskey makes him maudlin. He orders another.            ..."I'll have a gin and tonic, thanks,"...            ...Alex wonders for an insane second if his brain has conjured up some kind of            stressed-induced sex mirage,...</p>
243	<p>He lets Henry push him backward on the bed and kiss him until his mind is            blissfully blank, lets Henry undress him carefully. He pushes into Henry and feels</p>

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	<p>the tight cords of his shoulders start to release, like how Henry describes unfurling a sail.</p> <p>Henry kisses his mouth over and over again and says quietly, "You are good."</p>
247	<p>"You're literally putting your dick in the leader of a foreign state, who is a man, at the biggest political event before the election, in a hotel full of reporters, in a city full of cameras, in a race close enough to fucking hinge on some bullshit like this, like a manifestation of my fucking stress dreams, and you're asking me not to tell the president about it?"</p> <p>..."We don't have time to deal with this, and your mother has enough to manage without having to process her son's fucking quarter-life NATO sexual crisis, so- I won't tell her. But once the conversation is over, you have to."</p>
251	<p>The one after is: FEDERAL FUNDING, TRAVEL EXPENSES, BOOTY CALLS, AND YOU.</p>
260	<p>"I'll let you look at one boob," Nora tells him. "The good one."</p> <p>"They're both good," June says, suddenly distracted.</p>
268	<p>"...I want to get drunk and eat barbecue in peace."</p>
273	<p>Alex lies awake that night, drunk on Shiner and way too many campfire marshmallows,...</p>
289	<p>He feels before he registers being shoved backward into a wall, and Henry's mouth is on his, desperate and wild. The faint taste of blood blooms on his tongue, and he smiles as he opens up to it, pushes it into Henry's mouth, tugs at his hair with both hands. Henry groans, and Alex feels it in his spine.</p> <p>They grapple along the wall until Henry physically picks him up off the floor and staggers backward, toward the bed. Alex bounces when his back hits the mattress, and Henry stands over him for several breaths, staring. Alex would give anything to know what's going through that fucking head of his.</p> <p>...But he doesn't want to go home without having this.</p> <p>"C'mere."</p> <p>He fucks Henry slow and deep, and if it's the last time, they go down shivering and gasping and epic, all wet mouths and wet eyelashes, and Alex is a cliché on an ivory bedspread, and he hates himself but he's so in love.</p>
295	<p>Henry rolls his eyes and seals it with a smiling kiss, and they fall back into the pillows together, Henry's wet hair and sweatpants and Alex's naked limbs all tangled up in the lavish bedclothes.</p>
298	<p>"Shut your mouth," Alex says, grinning like an idiot, and he stops fighting Henry for the pillow and instead straddles him and kisses him into the mattress. He pulls the blankets up and they disappear into the pile, a laughing mess of mouths and hands, until Henry rolls onto his phone and his ass presses the button on the voicemail.</p>
311	<p>I could be in your bed, languishing away until I perish, fat and sexually conquered, snuffed out in the spring of my youth. Here lies Prince Henry of Wales. He died as he lived: avoiding plans and sucking cock.</p>
316	<p>17. Your equally huge dick.</p>
319	<p>"Oh, fuck my ass."</p>

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326	He pulls Henry in by the nape of his neck and kisses him hard, Henry's knee knocking against the center console as his hands move up to Alex's face. Even though the windows are tinted black, it's the closest they've ever come to kissing in public, and Alex knows it's reckless, but all he can think is a supercut of other people's letters they've quietly sent to each other.
330	"...And we drank that nice bottle of scotch from the mayor of Boulder?..."
332	I have had whiskey. ...but I've kissed your mouth, that corner, that place it goes, so many times now, I've memorized it.
343	"You told Rafael Luna that you're bisexual?"
393	Even if he was too old for Richards to want to fuck, he could play him.
395	"...Even if you expose him now, straight people always want the homophobic bastards to be closet cases so they can wash their hands of it. As if ninety-nine out of a hundred aren't just regular old hateful bigots."
396	"I am a changed man, unburdened by the demons of my past," Luna says solemnly, with a jerk-off gesture. ...It's his dad, in a T-shirt and jeans, a six-pack of beer in one hand.
398	They've woken up half-naked and warm, tucked in tight while the first autumn chill creeps in under the lacy curtains. Humming low in his chest, Alex presses the length of his body against Henry's under the blankets, his back to Henry's chest, the swell of his ass against- ..."Morning," Alex says. He gives his ass a little wiggle.

Profanity	Count
Ass	41
Bitch	7
Dick	28
Dyke	1
Fuck	158
Piss	8
Prick	1
Shit	82