



## Exit Here by Jason Myers

Page 5:

*Cliff: Livin' with his dad. Being a loser. Fuckin Natalie Taylor.*

Page 22:

*We were in the basement of a shitty Chinese restaurant that I'd rented out, and everyone was there. Tons of coke being passed around. Two kegs of Budweiser. Three strippers.*

Page 25:

*We did blow for the first time together. We both got laid for the first time by the same sixteen-year-old chick when we were thirteen, one right after the other, in the basement of an abandoned school just a few blocks from his parent's house.*

Page 30:

*After I jack off to one of the Sydney Steele DVDs I brought home with me, I do fifty crunches on my bedroom floor, then shower and get dressed.*

Page 35:

*And a poster for the Vincent Gallo movie The Brown Bunny, with a shot of Chloe Sevigny about ready to suck Gallo's cock.*

Page 40:

*..."Yes," Michael says. "The guy is completely fucked up. I heard that he went to Iowa City all cranked up and had sex with some girl and talked her into letting him cut her in the side with a knife."*

Page 62:

*My eyes momentarily slip down to Cliff's stepmom's cleavage. When I pull them back up, she grins at me, then nods her head, then pulls her bathrobe shut, and I wonder if Cliff is still fucking her like he was junior year and in the middle of last summer.*

Page 64:

*"I'm fucking Chris now," she says.*

Page 68:

*Jump back to Laua and I coming to her house one afternoon during our senior year, and finding her father and his twentysomething secretary fucking on the living room floor.*

Page 81:

Claire leans down again and does another one, and about five minutes later I tell her I'm going to split and she hugs me again and kisses me on the lips, then does it again using her tongue this time.

I get a boner, and Claire smacks my ass and goes, "I'm so fucking high," then starts giggling as she shows me out of her place.

Page 86:

...But as I stepped in front of the smeared glass panel, I was thrown by what I was seeing.

Cliff's stepmother, buck naked, perched on her knees, giving Cliff a blow job. Cliff had his hand cemented to the back of her dark brown hair, controlling her head's every movement, bobbing it back and forth like a bobblehead doll. It was intense.

I stuck around. I watched Cliff pull his stepmother's head back and spit in her mouth. Then I watched him nail her from behind, her hands braced against the yellow wall, clawing at the bottom of a Jane's Addiction poster. And when it was over, after he came on her back, spatters of white clumps slimming down the crease of her back...

Page 93:

Who are you?

"You fucked my ass in a bathroom at the Speedwagon Warehouse during that Lightning Bolt and 400 Blows show last summer."

Christina?

"Lila," she snorts. "You piece of shit. You choked me and slammed my head against the wall and came on my face, then gave me a fake phone number."

Page 96:

She straddles my lap and begins dancing, squeezing her thighs around my hips. It feels nice.

...But after the song is through, I gather myself and gently push her off of me like, Whoa. My dick is really hard.

Page 97:

"Well, you should be," he says. "Because you just missed out on some good ass."

...Cliff gets in my face. "Do you think I'm capable of fucking one of my friend's girlfriends?"

**WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT**

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Page 98:

..."Last December, they double-teamed some transvestite who'd apparently had her dick surgically removed, and when they found out that the girl had really been a boy once, they fuckin' killed her."

Page 101:

Opening the door to my bedroom, I find Katie lying on my bed in her underwear, smoking a cigarette, watching videos on MTV2.

She sits up. "You finally made it."

You shouldn't be in here.

"Don't be silly," she says, stubbing her smoke out. "I want you inside of me like now." She undoes her bra, and gets to her knees and crawls to the edge of my bed, her tiny tits firmly perking up.

I stare at her.

"Come over here," she smiles, motioning me to her. "What are you waiting for? You can do whatever you want to me. Anything."

Page 117:

We go to the bar and both do a shot of Jameson, and when I spin around, I see this superhot Asian girl Jasmine, who I went out with a couple of times during my senior year and had amazing sex with when Laura and I were taking some time apart.

Page 137:

It was later that night, in the motel swimming pool, when Natalie and I finally had sex. She was a year older and a grade up from us, but throughout high school we had always messed around here and there- when Laura and I were taking a break or fighting real bad- and it finally happened that night...

Page 158:

After I've washed up from cleaning, Laura and I go up to my room to hang out and it doesn't take us long to start fucking around. She pulls me on top of her and we make out like two junior high kids under the bleachers- heavy breathing, tongues in each other's ears, bottom lips being bitten- it feels super nice. I have a huge boner. But when I start pushing my hand down the front of Laura's jeans, she stops me and tells me that she's on her period.

...But I've got a mega boner, Laura.

She leans over and kisses me and goes, "Deal with it. Jack off."

You could help me out, I suggest after sitting up.

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Page 164:

The last time we were there: First night, Laura puking on me right as I'm undressing her so we can have sex. Getting so stoned the next afternoon that I passed out.

Page 184:

After Laura and I have apologized to each other some hours later and popped some Xanax, we discussed it we decide that we should fuck, being how it's been since Christmas and all and the fact that she isn't on her period anymore.

It begins next to her dresser and moves quickly to the bed, Laura in a pair of light blue underwear and me in a pair of black sweatpants.

...We strip each other down and she bites my neck and bites my chest and I lean over her sweaty body, and slide myself inside of her. She's superwet and moans loudly while I maneuver her arms underneath mine.

Page 187:

I run my hands along her sandy thighs. I kiss her. We make love. An hour later we make love again. An hour after that we make love once more.

Page 189:

While Laura and I are waiting for the drinks we just ordered with our fake IDs, Laura stares pressing her neck, wincing every time her fingers jab against it.

..."I think you fucked up my neck while we were having sex earlier," she tells me.

...Laura says, "It's always good to get it a little rough, ya know. That's how you like to screw me. You always have."

Page 193:

... And after almost all the booze I picked up the night before has been drunk or accidentally knocked over and spilt, the two of us are back in the bathroom, fucking and clawing and choking each other. And when I've finished coming all over Laura's stomach and chest, and when she's through cleaning herself up- shower, mouthwash, that sorta thing- the two of us lie in bed and listen to the Vince Gallo CD When.

Page 200:

What I did do was stand in front of a mirror next to my bed and got undressed and jacked off, imagining the gnarliest scenarios possible, scenarios full of young chicks and ropes and bruises and crying.

Page 212:

...Anyway, I was on the roof selling to this chick and she was telling me how she'd once walked in on her older brother fucking a blow-up doll, trying to get off as fast as he could because he'd punctured a hole in it and the doll was deflating.

**WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT**

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Page 215:

I need to do something with myself. Fuck someone or work out.

...I try jacking off to this gnarly Nicole Sheridan porno but I have trouble getting hard.

My mind is too busy. I'm sitting in front of a computer screen with my pants around my knees, pounding my limp dick.

...I type in the name Evan Rachel Wood on a Google search and this page pops up with a whole shitload of her photos on it. I double click on one of her in a pair of garter panties, a bikini top, and a pair of black leather boots that run all the way up to her thighs.

The photo triples in size and I squeeze a ton of lotion straight onto my penis and start going at it again.

I jerk harder and harder and harder but I cannot get a boner. Nasty thoughts begin to pound through my skull and I have to stop because it's so gross.

Page 217:

And when I'm through, she undresses for me and tells me everything will be alright, and then we make love, but even though it feels awesome to be back with her, to have her next to me silhouetted by the stars, there is still a certain emptiness here, and something still feels a bit off.

Page 193:

... And after almost all the booze I picked up the night before has been drunk or accidentally knocked over and spilt, the two of us are back in the bathroom, fucking and clawing and choking each other. And when I've finished coming all over Laura's stomach and chest, and when she's through cleaning herself up- shower, mouthwash, that sorta thing- the two of us lie in bed and listen to the Vince Gallo CD When.

Page 251:

I start climbing, and when I get to the top, Laura grabs me and we kiss again. She grabs onto the bottom of my T-shirt and pulls it over my head and off, then pushes me onto my back after taking the Beam from my hand. She straddles me.

I slip her navy blue top off and squeeze her breasts.

"They're a lot bigger than they were when we were fifteen." She laughs, then takes a huge pull from the bottle and leans down and starts kissing me. Jim Beam runs everywhere- down my chin. Over the sides of my face. All over my chest- and right before I close my mouth, Laura spits some more booze into it and I swallow it.

"I want you inside of me," she moans. "Get inside of me, Travis."

**WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT**

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Page 251:

I sit up and put my hands on the sides of her waist and roll her over, pinning her back against the cool surface of the slide. Then I unbutton my jeans and push them down. Laura does the same with hers. Then she wraps her hand around my dick and begins massaging it.

I lean closer to her, planting my hands above her shoulders, and we rub the tips of our tongues together.

"Spit in my mouth," she says.

I draw a glob of saliva to the front of my mouth and drop it into hers.

"Awesome," she swallows. "Now fuck me."

I push her legs farther apart and rub the tip of my penis around her vagina until she grabs the back of my neck, pulling me closer.

"Go ahead, Travis."

I slide myself inside of her and start thrusting her as hard as I can. Our skin going smack, smack, smack.

Digging her nails into my back Laura goes, "I want you to stay inside of me. Do not pull out."

Okay.

We fuck for like a half an hour, until I can't hold it anymore, and I come inside of her.

Page 291:

"I've always had a crush on you. I've always wanted to hook up with you." You're drunk, Claire.

"And you're fucking hot, Travis. I wanna fuck you!" She bites my ear again.

Page 310:

"You need to fuck one of Laura's friends, take some photos of yourself while you're doing it, and MySpace them to her."

Page 320:

..."Were you jacking off and watching yourself in the mirror?"

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Page 331:

Should I leave?

"No," she says. "It's fine. You're cut. I want you to stay and get me off."

Maggie leans over and kisses me and I awkwardly put a hand on her waist and push her on her back. We start undressing each other and everything seems to be fine until I slide my underwear off and notice how small and shriveled and soft my penis is. Maggi looks at me. "Are you going to be able to get that up ?"

With some help.

Sitting up, Maggie puts her mouth over my cock and gives me head for like twenty minutes, but nothing happens. I try jerking off. I spit on myself and she tries jerking it off. She gives me more head and I still can't get it up.

"Fucking great," she snaps.

An hour passes.

Nothing.

"Will you at least eat me out?" she asks.

Yeah. I can do that.

So I crawl in between her legs and stick my tongue on her pussy and start to give her head, but like five minutes into it, she shoves me away.

"What are you doing, Travis?"

What?

"That doesn't even feel good. You didn't touch my clit once."

I didn't?

...Then she squirts some lotion onto her dildo and starts fucking herself with it and I sit there and watch her. She gets off four times in like twenty minutes and when she's through, she throws the dildo on the ground, turn so that her back is facing me, and shuts her lamp off.

**WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT**

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Page 334:

Like thirty seconds of dead silence pass before Michael grunts, "Do you wanna come over and fuck them too? Is that what you're trying to ask? Because if you want to, then just come out and ask and maybe I'll say yes, and you can come over and finish them off."

Thoughts of my sister being fucked by two guys, one right after the other, smash through my head.

Page 342:

"I fuck him sometimes."

Page 377:

She takes my shirt off and kisses my chest and my stomach and then I push the dress straps off her shoulders, sliding the dress all the way down to her feet and she steps out of it, one foot at a time.

We kiss slowly and we don't look each other in the eye and then I grab the back of her thighs, her warm, soft skin squishing between my fingers. I lift her up. She wraps her legs around my waist, and I lay her gently onto the bed.

"Do you have protection?" she asks.

I close my mouth and nod. I unbutton my jeans and roll them off.

Claire grabs my shoulders. "I'm already wet. You can put yourself in anytime you want," she tells me, smiling.

Whatever you say, Claire.

I reach into my wallet and pull a condom out and slide it on and shake my shoulders out.

"Just relax, baby," she says. "Take your time."

Making fists with my hands, I drop them both into the pillow, right above her shoulders, and scoot close enough to rub the tip of myself against her.

This is when I look Claire in the eyes.

She smiles and she nods, and then I slide myself inside of her, and the two of us have amazing sex.

Page 291:

"I've always had a crush on you. I've always wanted to hook up with you." You're drunk, Claire.

"And you're fucking hot, Travis. I wanna fuck you!" She bites my ear again.

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Page 383:

What I do remember is that right when we got there, she started doing all sorts of crazy shit. She was taking coke hits, shooting speedballs, just mixing everything together. So started getting into it with her. We started going at it, going all crazy, getting really aggressive, but then I couldn't get it up and she pushed me off of her and told me to take a break. I grabbed the bottle of lotion sitting next to her bags, and I started stroking myself while she shot another speedball.

...I like spaced out for a minute. It was weird. But when I came to, I was hard and ready to go, so I went back to the bed and crawled on top of her.

...I mean, I heard her moan while I was inside of her. I heard her! But when I finished, I rolled over and passed out,...

Page 395:

I say, I tried to have sex with her but I couldn't get it up. I was too high on cocaine.

Page 397:

And I say, I thought you'd be superstoked, Dad. Knowing that your son is hooking up and fucking hot girls. I fuck lots of hot girls, Dad.

Page 399:

...Lying at the top of this tornado slide, imagining how this city would look in flames, I slip my bloody hand down my pants. I wrap my fingers around my penis and massage it until it gets hard. Then I begin sliding if furiously up and down. As fast as I can. Going at it at it at it.

Visions of Cliff jamming a rusted coat hanger between Laura's legs pound my head, and my eyes pop open.

...I tilt my head forward, my body covered in sweat, and I slowly lift the crotch of my pants and pull my closed hand out.

I clench it as hard as I can, so hard that it looks like the veins are going to pop out of it, and when I open my hand gain, a white and red stream of come slides past my wrist and down my forearm, and I sit up and find where Laura wrote our names and slish the rosy red slime across the heart she drew.

**WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT**

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Page 411:

...But then the screen flashes and a kid, probably our age, appears on it, hanging from a ceiling beam with a rope tied around his neck, masturbating.

Think asphyxiation.

Dave tells Michael to turn the volume up, so Michael does, and with clarity, I can hear the kid moaning as he jacks his piece really hard.

And Michael's like, "I wonder what he's thinking about," right as the kid shoots off this monster fucking load. I mean, if fucking sprays.

Just think about mayonnaise bursting out of a garden hose.

Both Michael and Dave start clapping until the kid tries to untie himself, but can't do it.

...He regroups for a moment, then tries to loosen the rope by tugging at it, but nothing is giving and then he really starts to panic. He starts ripping at the rope, like over and over and over again, but it's just not working.

His face turns all red.

His tongue is hanging out.

His legs are shaking violently.

And probably five seconds later, the kid stops moving altogether. The noises he was making quit coming.

He's totally dead.

***Those who push porn on our  
children are always on the wrong  
side of history.***

*Karen England*

President of Take Back The Classroom



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KEEP THESE  
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FREE.**

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