

The Bright Flower of Morning

“Are you sure?”

He’s looking at me as though he’s half hoping I’ll say no. I’ve known him a long time, known his name at least. Been aware of his presence at least, through most of my life, through school, youth clubs, parties. I’ve never had a proper conversation with him, never fancied him, never dreamed it would be him. And yet tonight at this party here we are, alone in a bedroom. I’m in my bra and panties; they don’t match, I never expected anyone would see.

He was unfastening his belt when he stopped to ask that question. I nod and he continues to undress. A small voice inside me is saying tell him “No”, say you have changed your mind, get dressed, leave. In response to the small voice, I shimmy backwards onto the bed. His trousers are off and he slips out of his boxers. I cannot see his cock, it is hidden by the length of his shirt which he has made no attempt to take off. He looks vaguely ridiculous with those pale, barely muscled legs sticking out below his tartan shirt, like some ill conceived fancy dress Scotsman. He clammers onto the bed and on top of me. He puts a hand on my breast and pauses once again, “You’re sure this is what you want?”

God! He's giving me enough chances to change my mind. Something I don't want. Given enough opportunities, it's likely I'll take one of them.

"Just do it," I say, as though he were a dentist about to pull a tooth. Just let it be over. I shimmy my knickers down and pull one leg out and then he is on top of me proper. I feel it; warm, sort of rubbery and tacky against my inner thigh. From his face, I had thought he was not particularly turned on, but he obviously is. I am momentarily extremely flattered ... then the moment I had been anxious about; would it hurt? The spearing of my maiden hood is lost in the general discomfort of the moment, my right leg is trapped by the bedclothes I can not move it wider, his knee is pressing painfully into it, and his elbow into my side. His weight is crushing against my belly, and he begins to heave backwards and forwards. It is only then I realise he is already inside me. I don't know how long this goes on for, how many times he thrusts. I am not counting. Neither of us says anything. Then he is off me and sitting on the edge of the bed. He grins at me, red faced. I slip my legs over the edge and sit beside him. Then I see for the first time, he is wearing a condom, the end now stretched by the weight of the stuff trapped in its end and swinging from his shrunken cock.

"You were amazing!" he says, and he leans across to kiss me. I don't want to be a bitch, so I kiss him back.

"Thanks," I say, though I know I was not. "So were you." From the look on his face, I think he believes me.

We dress and go our separate ways. He no doubt, to tell someone what he has done, and me to the bathroom to clean up.

I look at myself in the mirror. I look deep into the eyes of that person, measuring her, judging her. And I tell myself I can live with this. I will no longer have to blush when the girls ask me if I am still a virgin. I will just look them back in the eye and say, "Course not!"

I tell myself there were worse ways to lose one's cherry. But that small voice is there again, telling me there were better ones too. This isn't the way I had dreamed it would be, and that is a dream that can never be dreamed again. Another nail in my adulthood. I take some clean tissues from my bag and run them under the tap. Then I clean myself up. There is no trace of him on the tissue. The condom has seen to that. What is there is all me. The tissue is tinged pink with a trace of blood. I stare at it for a moment, then flush it away. The water froths up then subsides, taking everything with it on a journey to somewhere else.

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