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Mother's row house had a two-story add-on. Sister and I shared the upstairs add-on that was just off our two bedrooms. My old bunk bed divided the space. Fiona put on some of my old boxer shorts and a t-shirt. Her breasts floated under the shirt and I guessed where her nipples might be. The lower bunk would be Fiona's assigned bed for the night.

Mother yawned, rolled her hands into fists and spent a moment trying to push the sleep from her eyes, but instead she just pushed it in deeper.

“I’m going to bed. Be good.” She went into her room at the end of the hall and quietly pulled the door closed behind her. Mother’s room was twenty feet away from mine. She was a light sleeper, and even my walking to the bathroom next to her room might wake her up. I would have to mask any noise by turning on the air-conditioner. My air-conditioner only fit into the window of my room that separated the original part of the house from the add-on. The windows on the add-on were vertical and didn’t open all the way. The exhaust would blow hot humid air into the add-on, forcing Fiona into my room, which was cold. I sat in bed thinking of her in the room next door. *I should just go in there and get her. What if that’s not the right thing to do? She’s upset about the fight with her mother so maybe I should just leave her alone? But I’m not going to get another chance like this. Maybe tonight is the night I have sex?* I could hear the sound of the door slowly opening and the creaking of floor boards as Fiona carefully stepped over to my bed and slipped under the covers with me. My heart raced. We kissed and dry-humped for hours. I could taste cigarette mixed with cherry lip gloss. Her breath on my neck gave me a tingling sensation. Her full breasts pressed against my chest. The anger I harbored for her vanished. It would come back, but while she was in the room with me I couldn’t remember it. I couldn’t remember anything. Mother wasn’t there, Sister wasn’t next door, I wasn’t dyslexic, or retarded. There was nothing but me and her. Fiona had nowhere to run. She gave me my first blowjob and I thought things couldn’t get any better than that. At least I knew then how Dash had felt with her.

The blowjob kept me at bay. Why did I need to lose my virginity? With a blowjob, I didn’t have to work and she wouldn’t get pregnant. I only felt half guilty that I didn’t return the favor. The guilt was related to the uneasy feeling right after I came. What are you supposed to do? Hold her? Talk? What should I say? “Thanks” just didn’t seem right. My mind was blank, so I said nothing and fell asleep holding her.

But even the mighty power of the blowjob would fade and my lust for more would drive me to the next thing. Fiona was still holding out, at least with me.

The row house was packed with friends, some from school and some of the neighborhood boys who skated plywood ramps in the alley behind Mother's house. We were drunk on Milwaukee's Best. Mother worked late again and had no clue that her house had been turned into a bar for underage kids. It was a weekday so we knew Mother wouldn't be bothering us. I noticed Fiona in the doorway. She was dressed in white lace and looked good, just like a cheap Madonna. She came over to me and took me by the hand and I saw an odd smirk persist throughout the room, as if everyone knew what was about to happen. One flight down into the basement, there was a guest bed on the far side of the room. The walls were painted a sky blue and the cement floor was green. Fiona led me to the bed and undid my pants. She broke free from my kiss, her lips caterpillared up my neck, stopping at my ear, "You know you can do anything you want to me," she whispered.

"Really?" I asked. She smiled and pulled my pants down to my ankles.

Mother had given me my first condom. "I don't think you should be having sex, but if you do, use a condom," she had said. "I don't want to be a grandmother just yet and you don't want any sexually transmitted diseases."

I had been carrying that condom around since. Now it was finally going to be put to use. I pulled off its wrapper. It was in bad shape, but I didn't care. I put it on, then put it in. Standing off the edge of the bed with my clothes and shoes on, there was no romance. I slipped out. She helped me stick it back in. I really didn't know what I was doing. I thrust my hips but was out of sync with her. She gave me a penetrating look, and I knew for sure that she had done this before. I found the rhythm. She laid her head back down and closed her eyes. I must have been doing something right. It happened fast. I didn't want to come, but I couldn't stop it. The orgasm felt like what I thought heroin must feel like, but shorter. If I were going to become addicted to something, it would be the orgasm. I lost myself, forgetting everything, the world, and her. There was nothing but a good feeling rushing over me, pumping through my veins, pumping through her. I melted into her, into the mattress, through the cement floor, past the foundation, through the soil. Sex became my new obsession. A few moments passed and slowly everything came back into focus, my basement, Fiona under me. I could taste the sweat on her breast, and I felt alone. I was drunk and it was over in a flash.

“Thanks,” I said and, as soon as I did, I wished I’d come up with something more profound.

“You’re welcome.” She was still under me. I felt like I was crushing her so I pulled out and stood up. I pulled my pants up, and waited for her to gather herself. As she pushed her breasts back into her bra, I realized I hadn’t taken it all the way off. We climbed the stairs together.

When I walked into the room where my friends waited, I received applause from the party and was relieved it was over.

Now that I had had sex, I was experienced. I was a man. I felt superior to all the virgins I knew, and I understood why all the non-virgins acted so smug. Something else happened, too. I started to realize that Fiona wasn’t the only girl in the world that would have sex with me, that in fact there were going to be plenty of girls and they didn’t care if I was dyslexic. I was sure Fiona was having sex with other people. I could do better than her.