

My First Time

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October 31, Halloween night. The haunted house will be closing for the season, and what a season. The final night was another night of record breaking crowds. The Jayceeshadtakena gamble and it had paid off. Now I was older than most of the other actors by a least a year or two, but my real world my experiences made me seem much older in their eyes. Most of them were still in senior high and some in Junior high, but they accepted me as one of them. Those that did not care for my presence were carbon copies of the people I knew from my school days and were just as forgettable. The line of people waiting to enter was the longest I had seen since I joined the project. I had met Laurie on closingnightwhile roaming outside in my vampire persona. My job wasstartling those waiting in line for admission. She approached meand informed me that was looking for the Jaycee thatwas in charge of the actors andidentified herself as a friend of his. Ever the gentleman I escorted her inside to the control room and an instant attraction was felt by both of us. We talked and flirted whenever our paths crossed that evening and they seemed to cross a lot either by accident or design. Webecame comfortable with each other and I even became bold enough and stole a kiss or two.It should be understood that I was still a virgin at this point in time and kissing was my only experience with the opposite sex. The house is finallyclosed and the after party began. Beer had been purchased by someone of age and everyone was happily indulging in this forbidden beverage. Intermixed withthe malt liquorsmell was the sweet and cloying scent of marijuana waftingthrough the house. I had taken a seat in the Hell room, the place I had worked my first night and I was chatting with some of the actors as we drank. They were summoned outside and I was left alone untilLaurie stepped over the railing and took a seat in my lap and placed her lips on mine and a long passionate tongue kiss followed. "Oh baby boy, you're such a good kisser," she said in the way of a compliment. We were interrupted about a dozen times by the revelers sol took her by the hand and we headed for the Dracula room. It would be the only placethat would afforded us some privacy, unfortunately it was occupied. I then remembered a place that I am sure no one else would remember and as it was not on the beaten path and would assure that we would not be disturbed, the cellar. I had discovered it one day when I arrived early and was exploring the house. Now at this time it was used for storage and not visited often. I knew there was an old mattress and box spring down there and a few single

light bulbs provided only minimal lighting. It was dim and a little dusty but Laurie did not seem to mind and hand in hand she eagerly followed me down the old wooden stairs. We were soon on the mattress and wrapped in each other arms with our lips locked together. Then came the fumbling with zippers, belts and buttons as we attempted to bare ourselves, well part way. The first glimpse of her silky bra encasing her breasts caused my heart to race and being invited to caress them had me poised and ready for action. Her jeans were removed to reveal the tiniest and silkiest pair of bikini panties I had ever seen that were not in the pages of some lingerie catalog. Now there was only one problem, I really didn't know what to do next. I had heard my older and more experienced buddies relate their sexual exploits and techniques, but that was of no help. There was no Internet to provide graphic videos which could have been used as a teaching aid. Now despite the amount of alcohol consumed my mind was not foggy and these new circumstances brought forth a rush of adrenalin which momentarily washed any effects of the alcohol away. Thinking quickly so as not to embarrass myself I whispered to Laurie. "I like the lady on top." Laurie gave me a big smile and obliged my request and threw a leg over and straddled me. The connection was made and to this day I don't know how long we were down there. We emerged with smiles on our faces and discovered to our delight that the party was still in full swing. The beer continued to flow and Laurie and I continued to hug, kiss and caress each other most of the night. As the party began to break up the crew was called for group picture and some farewell speeches by the organizers. There was more hugging, kissing and some tears as we bid each other good-bye and somehow I lost track of Laurie in the melee and was unable to locate her. Her Jaycee buddy informed me that she had to leave in a hurry but gave him her phone number on a matchbook to pass along to me. He added that she would really like to hear from me. About a week later I picked up the phone and dialed the number, but the phone kept ringing. I must have called every other day in November and December, but the calls went unanswered and no answering machine ever picked up. I finally gave up around Christmas. She had chased the boy in me away as the song said and I longed to thank her. It's a pity that I never got the chance.