

FIRST KISS

I remember the hot summer days when the only thing stirring was the heat haze rising from the asphalt outside. I would stare out at the playground and try to think of ice and snow in a vain attempt to feel some sensation apart from the blistering heat and the sticky patch of sweat under my arms. The teacher's voice would drone on into the distance as she talked of faraway places and a time I knew nothing of and cared even less for. Somehow the perils of Burke and Wills and the early pioneers seemed so far removed from suburban Melbourne in 1976 as the hope of a sudden blizzard blowing in over the playground.

My imagination would drift instead to the girl sitting in front of me, Sue was her name and I was to indulge myself in fantasies that my mother would definitely have disapproved of. God only knew what the local minister of our church would have thought. I would doubtless have been consigned to the fiery pits of hell for my sins of the flesh.

With her long blonde hair that just nudged the collar of her shirt and sky blue eyes that beckoned me longingly I ventured forward. My throat felt as though it would choke the very breath from my body as she smiled reassuringly. Here at last was the moment I had been waiting for, the union of hearts and minds; it was a pity we weren't married first like the preacher insisted. But what was one night of pleasure to an eternity in hell?

My hands reached out and touched her hair feeling its softness against my skin; she lay her cheek against my hand and kissed it. I moved in closer and she smiled hesitantly, her shyness chased away my fear and in an instant we were embracing. My lips found hers and she whimpered softly as my tongue traced the outline of her lips. Her breast touched ever so lightly against my chest and I shivered inwardly, she reached down and slipped her hand around my buttocks pulling me closer as she backed onto the bed.

I couldn't believe this was happening to me as we fell onto the bed; she chuckled as I rolled off her and stared into her eyes. She drew her breath and eased her hand over my belly feeling the hardness between my legs. That thing the preacher said was a vile instrument of torture and must be controlled, right now it was right out of control. For an instant I thought of hell and damnation with the Devil's features bearing an uncanny relationship to my mother's. Sue cooed as my hand found her breast and softly kneaded it, it was the first time I had been with a woman like this and the experience was as new to me as it was to her. Perhaps that was why the occasions seemed so magical and mystical.

I slowly slipped the buttons on her shirt my eyes feasting on her ripe plump breasts and the white bra that barely constrained her breasts. God! Was that what they looked like? Her hands fumbled at my shirt pulling hastily at it as my mouth found her cleavage; I slipped the dainty looking cup over her breast and ran my tongue over the nipple. Sue whimpered and I continued my remorseless passage down to her navel. I was barely aware of my shirt being pulled from my back, as I undid the last few remaining buttons on her shirt and pulled it free.

She lay there before me, the cup of her bra pulled over her breast, a sly smile on her face. Silently and slowly she unzipped the skirt and slipped it over her hips. And God what hips she had the kind that sent a man into an orgy of ecstasy. She seemed to take a mild pleasure in watching my reactions.

If man is the perpetual voyeur, then woman is the enchantress who derives as much pleasure from the observing as man does in observing the object of his desire. My

breath caught in my throat as my eyes fell upon her panties, shimmering white panties that seemed to pulsate with a life all their own.

My own trousers fell away like an old worn out skin, her hand caressed the inside of my thigh and I quivered with delight. My hand touched the soft moist patch beneath her panties and she shivered involuntarily. Our lips met in a tender embrace and in an instant I knew that we belonged together. Like Romeo and Juliet, Bogart and Bacall we were destined to write our love in the stars. The thumping of the preacher's fist on the pulpit kept time with my rhythm as we eased into the throes of orgasmic love.

It was only as I reached the crescendo that would see our release from these earthly cares that I felt the sudden jolt in my head.

“Rosie!”

The hideous cry jolted me back to reality and I smelled the familiar odour of chalk dust. The blackboard duster lay at my feet where it had landed after bouncing off the side of my head.

The reality of my present reality crashed in about me as did the laughter of my classmates. Somehow though Sue's warm smile as she cast a sly wink in my direction made the moment of embarrassment all the more worthwhile.

Written by Alastair Rosie. Monday, 1997© .