**First Time with Alyssa**

by Arthur Saxon

You pour a glass of wine for yourself, and another for Alyssa. She takes it with a nervous giggle. “Thank you,” she says.

As you sit down next to her on your threadbare sofa, you casually reach out and put your arm behind her shoulders. “Here’s to ... the future,” you say, raising your glass.

“To the future,” she replies, taking a sip. Then she drops her eyes. “Jon ... I know what you’re hoping for, this evening. And I ... I want you to know that I’m ... ready...”

You smile happily. “That’s great!” you say. “I’m ready too.”

“But...” Alyssa continues hastily, “before we ... you know ... I have a confession to make.”

“Oh?” you inquire.

“I’m ... a virgin,” she says apologetically. “I’ve never done it before.”

You stare at her in astonishment. “What?” you say. “How is that possible? I mean ... how come you’re only just telling me this?”

She bites her lip. “I’m sorry!” she says. “I was nervous about admitting it.”

“But,” you continue, perplexed. “How? You’re twenty-two years old! You’ve had boyfriends before...”

“Yes I have,” she sighs. “But I never had sex with any of them. Mostly that was my choice, but my last boyfriend, Terry ... he wanted to wait even more than I did! I thought it was because of his religious upbringing, but it turned out he was gay...”

“Wow,” you say, shaking your head. “I guess I don’t feel so bad about being so inexperienced myself. I mean ... I’m not a virgin ... but the only time I ever did it ... well, I’ve told you the story.”

She nods sympathetically. “Even so, you’ve done it! I feel so ... inadequate...”

“Don’t be silly!” you say encouragingly. “I think it’s great that you’re a virgin! We’ll be able to explore sex together. Starting ... this evening?”

Alyssa blushes, and nods. “Right now ... if you like.”

Your loins stir as a grin spreads across your face. You look at her pretty blue eyes, wide with anticipation, and then at her long golden hair, streaked with blonde highlights, as it cascades down over her shoulders. Your gaze drops to the bumps in her peach-coloured top, formed by the plump breasts that she showed you for the first time only two days ago. You cannot wait to see them again; they are so beautiful! Lower still, hidden beneath the loose pleats of a knee-length black skirt, are treasures yet unseen.

“Let’s...” you begin, but at that moment you hear the ‘bing-bong’ of your doorbell. Your brow furrows in dismay. “Who on Earth could that be?” you wonder aloud.

“You’d better answer it,” says Alyssa. “It might be important.”

Will you...

answer it?

decline to answer it?