

The second first time
by Carol Sandford

"There are very few times that I have felt 'small' in my life. I don't mean my height, nor do I mean what I have got packed away 'down below'. I mean belittled. I mean scorned at - tormented - ridiculed beyond the point of nastiness. I mean hurt, deeply, ashamedly, and everlastingly. I thought I would never recover from what should have been the biggest moment of my life. Well, it was the biggest moment of my life.

Scrap that, it was the 'second' biggest moment of my life, the one I will always consider to be 'The one', but I'll tell you about that one later.

Y'all wanted to know about my first? Well my first time was with a woman called Penny - Penelope Straken. She was a blonde, (a true one at that. I should know, I inspected it with an intensity only matched by a scientist with a microscope.) She had the biggest, bluest baby eyes that I had ever lost myself in (all but my own of course) and the longest set of legs that climbed all the way up to one of the best asses I'd ever seen on a lady. She had the best chat up lines I had ever heard, (they had also been the crudest, guaranteed to make even the hardest of men blush - and I still do when I think of the encounter that I thought would haunt my soul for the rest of my living days) and she was at least 20 years my senior.

My friends told me she was a certainty - a guaranteed experience, and man, did I need the experience. I was due to start Starfleet Academy in the fall, where, I had been told, were some of the hottest, keenest babes on the planet, all out looking for a future captain to snare, and I was determined - DETERMINED that I was not going to the Academy as a greenhorn; A novice. A virgin. I was going to get laid, and then I was going to get laid again - just to make sure I'd gotten it right the first time. I am a man of the world. I've seen the movies. I've seen the pictures. I've heard 'the talk' Nine times out of ten, a man's first time is his worst, but the second time - hallelujah!

Ms. Straken - She was not a 'lady of the night' as you might be thinking. She was - my friends mom. I know you may think that that is pretty low of me, but hey, these were hard times, and HE wasn't going to the Academy. He was going off to irrigate the desert - or something of that nature. And besides, he'd told her about me - and my predicament. Was it my fault he was out when I called round to visit one day? Was it my fault his mom was gagging for it, practically dragging me into the house, her intentions preeeeetty darned well clear?

What was I supposed to do. Turn her down!?! Say, 'I couldn't possibly, you're my mates mom' ? Say, 'I'm sorry, but I'm too shy'? Not on your life!

I'll give her her due, she treated me for what I was; A total innocent. Every step of the way, she guided me through it all. I became a dab hand at whipping a brazier off in 3 seconds flat. I learnt more about the female form in half an hour than I'd ever learned from marathon sessions of watching vid's and looking at sleazy pictures. (Hey, I'm just your average man. I have hormones. I have urges - just could never get around to actually 'doing' anything about them)

I also discovered that there are times when one should contain themselves from...saying things... Okay, from shouting things.. Okay, I 'fess up, I howled like a f***** banshee. I howled so loud that the neighbours called the rescue services. I howled so loud that I didn't even notice that the woman beneath me - the same woman that had seen it all, done it all and knew it all, was so mortified, that she pushed me off, using her knees, non-too-gently against my spent, very sensitive, highly heightened groin area. Then she called me a pervert.

Now, I could have (and did) put up with everything that followed; the police car screeching to a halt outside, lights blazing, sirens wailing. Her son - my friend - coming home and thinking there was a fire, racing through the house only to find me, buck-naked, hunched up in a fetal ball, looking pathetically helpless and so obviously guilty of possible the worst act in the universe (there are worse, but unfortunately not to him, not right then)

But to be called a pervert. To be ridiculed with such a harsh, extreme, crude word when I thought I'd done nothing wrong. When I thought that that was the thing one did when he'd reached the pinnacle of making love. The climax.

The ultimate kick-ass moment. I swear, I died, on the spot, right there and then.

Luckily - and I use the word loosely - that happened to me after the third time that we had somehow, miraculously had got down and got even dirtier. It took a long time for the term, 'pervert' to dissipate from my brain every time I so much as looked with longing at a pretty girl. It took me a whole two weeks. It took me juuuuuuuust long enough to forget by the time I got to Starfleet academy. And then I gave the word 'pervert' a whoooole new meaning, only this time, it wasn't me doing the howling. I soon earned myself a reputation, but man, what a reputation. I had girls queuing up for a piece of my action. I didn't become 'Will-the-thrill Riker for nothing, y'know?

I thought I had it all. I thought I had my craft - my art, near to perfection. I had the gift of the gab, the stamina of a lion, the looks of an Adonis, a goal, a brain, but most of all, I had 'respect' It could have all quite easily gone the other way for me, but I'm a nice guy. I treat my ladies nicely, I look upon their bodies as cherished temples. I whisper what they want to hear, and I don't make promises - to no-one. I am a gentleman. I was proud of how I conducted my life back then, and I wonder what would have happened if that 'first time' had happened differently. If 'that word' hadn't been uttered in disgust.

To think that if Penny hadn't have shredded my exuberance into a million pieces, I could have still been trooping around the galaxy howling like a banshee every time I had the good fortune to 'get laid'

Which brings me to my 'second first time'.

I had never come across a woman that had turned me down. But then again, I had never come across a woman that made me stop in my tracks, trip over my thoughts, keep me silent, and shrivel my libido to nothing more than insult to the male form.

Deanna Troi became an enigma. A 'had to have', at all costs. Only she wasn't having it. (well she did, but not just then) She had been the first woman who had turned me down flat, crushing my chauvinistic, relentless, amorous drooling beneath her holier-than-thou gaze. I 'had' to wear her down. I just 'had' to have her.

Can you imagine how hard it was laying buck-naked against her, with only one thought in my mind, one bodily function just 'itching' to fill her warm, innocent, tender body? I truly believed there and then that I had been born to procreate with the woman in my arms. I had never, EVER, even remotely felt that way about another human being before, (the green lady with the extra eye and questionable female anatomy didn't count) and up to that moment, Deanna had given me not one inkling that she felt the same way.

Not until I rescued her in the jungle. Not until she'd gotten far enough away from her mothers prying mind and the rest of the planets prying eyes, that she finally, and wonderfully, showed me what making love was truly about. The years of proving to myself, and to any woman that got within grabable distance that I was a master at my game, got thrown to the heavens, and then set to detonate.

Once more I became the novice. Once more I took a woman in my arms and forgot everything but the bare essentials as she - my Deanna, my Imzadi, took love-making to a higher level. That night I was reborn. That night, I think I howled at the moon again. But y'know, I didn't care, and nor did she.