

The summer has been great so far and with only a few more weeks until Martin, Jeff and I start our Senior Year at Piedmont High and we're doing our best to maximize these final weeks. Most of the time we've been swimming, playing basketball, playing video games, and watching movies both at each other's house and the theater. Today we're at Martin's house to watch a movie. Jeff picked out a B movie called Invisible Invaders. We usually turn the volume down and add our own dialogue. It's juvenile, but fun. It's also probably why none of us have any girlfriends. It's just past one in the afternoon, so his parents won't be home for several hours. His home is a typical Chicago brown brick bungalow with a living room, dining room, small kitchen and two bedrooms on the first floor and two bedrooms upstairs. At the back of the house on the first floor Martin's family added on what we called the television room. It's a ten by ten carpeted room at the back of the house with just enough space for a large brown couch, a recliner and a twenty-five inch color television perched on a table much too small for it.

Martin's friend, Christy, came over to join us. She's hung out with us before, but never for any length of time. We've talked those few times and got along pretty well. She's about five foot seven with shoulder length brown hair, green eyes, and a figure that I could stare at for days. Of course she knew that and would tease me all the time by moving her body provocatively around me.

Christy positioned herself on the couch to my left between Martin and me while Jeff, who just left to use the bathroom, was sitting in a recliner off to my right. Christy is wearing a tight fitting plain light blue t-shirt with no bra and khaki shorts which show off most of her tan thighs when she sits down. Being a walking hormone, I can't help but stare at her and did everything I could to not be so obvious. It didn't matter. My wandering eyes were met with a smile from her before she turned to watch the movie.

“So, what are you boys up to this afternoon?” asks Christy to no one in particular.

“It’s Invisible Invaders and we just started it,” answers Martin.

“Lucky me. Where’s Jeff?”

“Emptying his bladder.”

I did everything I could to pretend like I was watching the movie, but all I wanted to do was look at Christy. Within a few minutes Jeff returned and sat back in his chair. With the lights turned off only small slivers of sun light found their way through the mini-blinds which were closed, so we could still see each other, but it gave our viewing more of a theater experience.

Christy grabbed a blanket from behind her on the couch and draped it over her shoulders looking at me as she did this. Then she moved a little closer to me so our legs were almost touching and in one motion grabbed my left hand and put it around her neck so my fingers were hanging in midair barely touching her t-shirt. Needless to say I was not only in shock, but also enjoying every minute of it. A moment later she pulled my hand, which was now covered by the blanket, against the top of her chest. I was so stunned by what was happening I just let my hand rest on her chest feeling her as she breathed. She continued to look straight ahead at the movie while Martin and Jeff both kept adding their respective dialogue to the movie.

“Of course you can’t see them...they’re invisible,” yells Jeff at the television.

“Yeah, and they’re invading your planet you numb nut,” adds Martin.

By this time I had forgotten we were even watching a movie. Up until this point the closest I had ever gotten to even touching a woman was when I kissed my friend Lisa Altman during the summer after first grade. She was my first and last physical encounter with the female sex. Of course I would never admit such a thing to my friends, but I’m sure they had some idea.

Needless to say, every ounce of me is full of anxiety and wonder as to what Christy was going to do next. Well, I didn't have to wait long. Using her right hand under the blanket she took my left hand and pressed it against her chest and smiled as she continued to look straight ahead. I felt like I was going to explode. I had to do something, but I was at a loss since this was all new territory for me and I didn't exactly feel like making a fool out of myself in front of Martin and Jeff. I just sat there enjoying the moment and watching her out of the corner of my eye. Then, her right hand "accidentally" dropped onto my left thigh where she gave it a squeeze and then moved her hand back onto her lap at which point I could see a big smile on her face. Obviously she was having just as much fun.

As we continue sitting there I'm gaining confidence and I want more. I'm plotting inconspicuous ways to get my hands more involved. Since I knew she wasn't wearing a bra the mere thought of moving my hand into other areas passed through me like a jolt of electricity. Just when I finally decide to make my move without being too obvious the phone rang. Martin got up and ran into the kitchen yelling for us to stop the movie because he doesn't want to miss any of it. Moments later Christy gets up from the couch and leaves the room with my arm hanging in midair. Jeff and I give each other an annoyed glance for different reasons and let the movie keep playing anyway. After about ten minutes I can no longer hear Martin on the phone and instead I peak around the corner into the kitchen and see Martin and Christy in a lip lock that seems to go on and on. He's running his hands up and down her body while she's pressed against the refrigerator. All I can do is sit there and wonder why this is happening. About ten minutes pass when Martin comes back in and Jeff leaves the room. Then after he's been gone a few minutes I strain my neck backward and then see Jeff and Christy enjoying themselves in a similar manner. I couldn't believe it. My thoughts went from excitement and lust to

disappointment. It wasn't long before Jeff was back in his chair watching the movie when Martin poked me and told me it's my turn. I knew what he meant, but I didn't really know what to do. In the kitchen Christy was still leaning against the refrigerator and she looked incredible. The dark lighting in the kitchen added all the more to her allure. She motioned me over and when I got close enough she grabbed both of my arms placing them around her neck with her face only inches from mine. My back was to the television room so I had no idea if we were being watched, but I also didn't care. She leaned forward to kiss me, but I backed away. Slightly startled, she smiled and tried again. This time I backed away and removed my hands from around her. I fought with myself not knowing what to do next while she stood there with a puzzled expression on her face.

“Is something wrong? Don't you like me?”

“Of course I like you.”

“Then what's the problem.”

“It's just that...”

“What? You seemed to like me on the couch, but now you don't want to kiss me?”

“No it's not that. It's just that...I can't do it.” I reduce my voice to a whisper. “You just made out with Martin and Jeff. They had their hands all over you.”

“So? Isn't that what you want too? I saw you watching us.”

“Yes...I mean no...I mean yes...oh I don't know. I guess that's what I wanted before, but not anymore. You mean more to me than that.”

I couldn't believe I said this. Here is this beautiful girl letting me fool around with her and I wouldn't do it. What's wrong with me? I'm looking downward unfocused on Christy's white gym shoes. I'm too embarrassed to look her in the eyes and yet I can't move. Finally, she

lifts my chin up with her fingers until I meet her eyes which now have tears streaming down.

She gives me a kiss on the cheek and hugs me tightly whispering “thank you” in my ear. After another kiss on my cheek she leaves out the back door with a slight smile.