

Grape Crush

“Did it hurt?”

“Hell yeah that shit hurt, at first, but life is pain. Get used to it.”

“Was it big? I bet it was big. He’s all tall and got those big hands and what not!”

“Shannon! I’m not going to answer that. Damn, you nosey girl.”

“Okay sorry, sorry, just tell me what happened.”

“We was home, right?”

“At your house, with everybody there?”

“Yup. My aunt’s in her room with the door open, but she’s knocked the fuck out ‘cause she worked a triple. My brother’s all roided out on Mountain Dew and “Black Ops Nine, the Forever War” or whatever shitty game he’s playing. But he’s lurking, you know?”

“Sneaky little bastard.”

“I know...and so Devin is all over me and I’m like stop, no, damn you thirsty boy, chill! I can’t even breathe. But in the back of my mind...something says ‘What are you lockin’ up shop for? For some drunk douchebag at Rutgers to smash and forget my name?’ And damned if Devin didn’t want it bad enough--- his thing was harder than trying to pass the Bar! You know how they get. So I made up my mind, told him to meet me in the bathroom, and then I left the couch.”

“The bathroom?”

“Yup. So, we in there now, and I peel off my jeans... and he lays his hoodie down, then his leather bomber on that little landing strip of floor. So our eyes are adjusting to the dark now...the ugly dusty rose porcelain, the pink shag carpet thing my aunt covers the toilet with, and her panty hose hanging to dry come into focus. Anyway, now I can make out his face. He is petrified. I’m like, ‘What’s wrong?’ He doesn’t say nothin’. He’s taking off his clothes, but slow, real slow.”

“Umph, with his fine ass.”

“Stop, you want me to tell you or what?”

“Ok, I’m shutting up, go ‘head, I can’t stop myself. Go ‘head.”

“So he’s all breathing hard, shaking and shit. He says, ‘Damn this floor is cold. You ok with it?’, he asks. I go, ‘Yeah.’ And it dawns on me...he’s been frontin’ all this time. He doesn’t have a *fucking clue* what to do!”

“Wowww... talked all that shit, and still got his V card? Serious?”

“Uh-huh. So, I talked to him, sweet like, and put my hand on his chest. His heart in there beating like Tito Puente on timbales!”

“Then what?”

“I played dumb a little... let him work it out. And it just happened...slow and clumsy, easy, and kinda goofy. No skyrocket and piano music like in the movies. And I feel these hot drops falling on my face. He’s *crying*. Not like sobbing or nothing, ‘cause I can see him smiling like it’s Christmas morning...but that’s how *happy* he was.”

“Aww, that’s sweet.”

“For a minute it was, then homey starts going at it. I just take a deep breath-let out a little- and hold it. I grit my teeth and bear down for like, thirty seconds.”

“That’s it?”

“I swear the whole thing lasted like, two minutes at most. I’m watching his face and girl, he is in the Great Beyond--- then I pushed him off ‘cause I just *knew* he was about to *pop*---and he hits his head on the bottom of the sink! Now we’re in there laughing hard, but quiet, like you and me in church last week. He’s holding on to both of his heads, all folded up in the corner.

“Well...*that* is not what I expected.”

“I know, me neither. We hear the shooting stop in the other room, and here comes Ryan’s little bad ass pushing open the door. Devin kicked his leg out and stomped the door shut. He’s like “Yo, hold up little man, I’ll be out in a second!”

“Why you got the light off in there?” Ryan’s asking.

Then Devin says, “Maybe I like to shit in the dark, man. Mind your business.” And then we’re waiting, like, all frozen...trying not to breathe loud. His game’s still paused, and my aunt’s back there, snoring crazy loud. Ryan just says ‘Fuckin’ weirdo.’ and walks away.”

“That was it?”

“Yup. I got up, put on my clothes real quick, no bra, panties, nothing... and told him to wait in there for ten minutes before he comes out.”

“And you just left him there...on the bathroom floor...his first time?”

“Yeah...and you forgot...*crying*.”

“Damn, girl! How does your body get blood from that stone in your chest?”

“Shit, he needs to toughen up... especially now that he’s a man. Now that he got his grapes crushed.”