

The First Time (His Lopsided Smile)

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The story of a boy and a girl and their first time together.



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He smiled at me with those eyes
that were as bright as a jack-o-lantern
on Halloween night
coaxing with that lop-sided smile of his
that I had come to love.
All I could see was that spittle on his lips
and desire in his eyes.

â Well have you decided yet?â
He asked in that silky sexy voice.
I sat like granite
watching those luscious lips move
as he spoke to me
not really hearing the question asked
not really caring.

As a moth smitten by a brilliant flame
I bobbed my head up and down at him.
I knew I appeared
much as one of those stupid little dolls
people sometimes buy
at one of those cheap little five and dimes
when overcome by boredom.

He drove his Dadâ s beat up Chevy truck
to some seedy little overpriced motel
just outside Houston
and I sat there just watching him drive
with his lop-sided smile
not realizing I was starting to worry

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about this outing we were on.

We went inside our rented little room
with the chipped paint on dirty walls
and a foul stench of mold
that just made me want to turn around
but it was the smile
which I loved so much that held me there.
Oh how I loved it so!

He must have sensed the dread rising
in my throat like spoiled undigested food.
He took my hand in his
and whispered, "Please just don't worry."
I should have run
but it was that smile that held me captive
and drained my will.

He patted the trashy full size bed
beckoning to me, reassuring me
and I like a child
I walked slowly toward that smile.
Like a soul possessed
I sat down next to him shaking slightly
not knowing why
I would even find myself there this night.

He pulled the baggy from his flannel shirt
and split the stash right down the middle
and handed me my half.
I sat holding it examining it and waited
till he had taken his.
The whole time he sported that lopsided smile
I loved so well.

I placed the drug into my mouth and waited
for whatever revelation might come my way
and prayed for forgiveness
because I knew what I was doing was wrong.
There would be repercussions
but seems I no longer cared or wondered
what if any.

The walls, ceiling, and floor came to life
and a hundred black giant freakish bugs
started toward the bed
but he never noticed them as they advanced
if he did he didn't care.
Each one had a different blasphemy etched
across its body.

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**They crept ever closer ooze dripping steadily
from razor sharp teeth which gnashed
and I screamed.**

**I watched him there as those nightmarish things
feasted on his body.**

**His eyes were fixed and all I could remember
was that lop sided smile**

I came to hate.

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