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Their First Time

by Sho Botham

Some like to people watch. Me - I have a rotten habit of picturing the bedroom scenes of my friends. Take, Felicity and James. They are definitely lights out types. Although I suspect they go at it with some gusto especially after drinking a couple of glasses of good wine with dinner.

Esme and Bertie are quite the opposite. I'm sure they would be up for it anywhere, anytime. I remember stumbling into their bedroom accidentally one night when they were staying over - blame the wine. In my drunken state I was still surprised when Esme stood up and turned to face me completely naked. Bertie didn't bat an eyelid that Esme was naked and didn't attempt to cover up. In fact, I'm fairly sure they got back down to it before I'd even shut the door on my way out.

John and Jessica are very outdoorsy people and I'm sure they find somewhere quiet outside that they can use instead of the bedroom. Jessica has a slim figure that looks wonderful in a swimsuit - or out of her swimsuit, I should think. I can't believe that John is terribly adventurous but Jessica strikes me as being quite a tigress in the bedroom or a field or a riverbank. When I think about these two, I'm sure their appetites, if you get my meaning, are not well matched. I could imagine Jessica being a bit of a swinger given the opportunity.

Talking of swingers, my two latest friends - I met them when I visited the Côte d'Azur a couple of months ago - really are swingers. That was how I met them. They were swinging with a couple I know to say hello to and they introduced me to Bob and Babs.

When Bob mentioned that they lived five miles down the road from yours truly, I had to invite them to join the group. This is their first time here at Koi House. I haven't told the others that they're swingers. I'm sure they will spread their talents around if they get the right vibes. From what I saw when I met them they are both overtly sexual with everyone.

I thought it might be fun to see if my mental pictures of the bedroom scenes of my friends changed with the introduction of some strong, sexual overtones into the group. I'm not expecting relationship-breaking dalliances. But perhaps some consensual sexual games might be on the cards. John might surprise me and turn out to be quite the swinger. That would be fun.

I'm sure none of the group realise that this old girl doesn't miss a trick and is perfectly aware of the occasional, supposed to be secret, rubbing of thighs or feet under the dining room table. I might be approaching my dotage but I still get a thrill when I feel sexual tension around the table.

My old Arthur, bless him, would've quite approved of my bedroom profiling. He always looked such a quiet, calm man. But in the bedroom he could swing from the chandeliers when he wanted to. I've missed that these past ten years - the excitement of a thrilling sexual life. Now I have to content myself with fantasising about what my friends get up to in the bedroom. Yes, I think Bob and Babs will be good for our little group. It's time my bedroom profiling had a boost.