

'The virgin's prayer' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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# The virgin's prayer

1<sup>st</sup> May 1998

Dear Dawn,

This is my first dispatch from the battlefield and I'm going to tell you ALL about it!!! Take this letter to a private place! Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin!

What a day!!! In the morning I put on the dress, made the vows, kissed the groom, kissed Mum and Dad, kissed two other old people, er hi Mum er Dad (shudder!!) A hundred and eight more people lined up to kiss me and I almost forgot the main thing ... .. IT'S ALLOWED!!! So I tugged him away by the arm, LET'S GO!! Did you see us sneaking out? We hadn't even cut the cake!!

So we went up to the bridal suite and YIKES!!! Let me put it this way Dawn, some girls have been known to do things with candles (but you don't know anything about that do you Dawn, candles, PRICE'S HOUSEHOLD CANDLES??!!!!?) Well, girls LIKE THAT are giving themselves a false sense of security (even though one of my friends had to go to hospital and give a false name to the nurse because hers got stuck!!!! Which of my friends was that? Mmmm, I wonder!) So I said the virgin's prayer and lay down like a Christian to be mauled by a WILD BEAST but OH MY GOD!!! Perhaps I shouldn't say this to you Dawn. I don't want you to do anything rash but

having a <sup>shag</sup> (if I write it small enough no one will see it over your shoulder and anyway it's not called <sup>shagging</sup> when you're married!) MAKING LOVE is mega!!! I'm not saying any more about it or I'll sound like an ANIMAL but squeezing a big hairy male with my thighs while he pumps six and a half million little fish into your deep insides—ooooohhh!! I'm giving my thighs a good squeeze right now but oh gosh Dawn, you will tell me if this letter looks like it's been tampered with, won't you? You never know with a foreign post office. If you're anyone but Dawn Trotter you should know better than to open PRIVATE letters so naff off!!!

Dawn, do you mind if I am honest for a minute. I have been waiting years and years for a man to make mad passionate love to me but I never liked boys much, like those boys in Lymington Road, remember? Oh come off it Dawn, even you didn't like the way they crowded round your <sup>crumpet</sup> like flies. I actually thought men of his age had grown out of being boys. Can you imagine one of them with his nose up your skirt till death do you part? I'm dreading next week when I'll be <sup>bleeding</sup> (if I am not up the duff already or supposing I am?) Dawn, I am not frigid am I? I don't see how I could be! What about the time I snogged Patrick for a whole two hours without stopping?

Enough!!! We chose each other for life so there's no point in making a fuss. I sent them all a postcard except you. Look Dawn, I'll send you a postcard too, so you can show it to

everyone. I'll tell you about all night dancing and cocktails in the swimming pool. Don't reply to this letter. Dawn, you are going to tear this letter up and burn it! I mean NOW!! I'll never forgive you if you leave it lying around!!!

Bye for now. Hugs and kisses,  
Helen