

It suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't actually confirmed with him that I would be getting deflowered, despite being in his bed at two o'clock in the morning, and if previous encounters were any indication of how tonight would go, I was not in the clear. The question is how exactly does one request sexual intercourse? This was not one of the useful things taught in health class, and the difficulty I had experienced getting to this point made me understand that this was something that needed to be handled delicately. As I listened to him bid his party guests goodbye in the dorm living room, I considered my choices. I could just come right out with it (*Hey, we should, like, totally have sex!*), or I could simply straddle him (*is that rape?*), or I could just start suggestively rubbing his arm until he got the message.

Option 1 was out, since nothing that ever comes out of my mouth is ever sexy and would probably diffuse any sexual tension. Option 2 was out because straddling him would put me on top, a position which would immediately reveal me as the prude virgin that I was, a fact that I intended to keep hidden. I had a feeling that any boy faced with the prospect of deflowering a collegiate virgin wouldn't actually go through with it based on the fear that she would inevitably become attached to him.

That suspicion is probably why losing my virginity ended up becoming such an ordeal for me. As a new freshman on campus, the veritable mass of upperclassman males coming at me from every direction both annoyed and vaguely disgusted me. I was of the opinion that thirsty boys were not going to be adequate in bed. If they were, indeed, good in bed, then they wouldn't need to chase girls. It's common knowledge that if you're putting it down, word gets around. Some couples enjoy the awkwardness of their first time, giggling as they attempt to navigate each others' bodies and getting over the inevitable embarrassments that occur, but, to be honest, that should only be for couples. Why would you want to be awkward with someone you're not in love with if you don't have to be? If I could be spared that, I was definitely going to try. I was already going to be working from a disadvantage since I had never had sex, so I needed someone who could pick up the slack. Someone who was experienced, who wouldn't know I was a virgin, but also wouldn't notice my awkwardness and hopefully wouldn't go around discussing my inability to perform during the actual act. Virgins can be bad in bed, sure, but virgins pretending to already be, well, *popped*, should not be.

I was banking on my years of basketball, fighting with my older siblings, and various other contact sports to keep the actual event fairly painless so that I would be able to pretend like it wasn't my first time, but my lack of interest in masturbation put me at another disadvantage as I had never had anything even resembling that particular organ anywhere near lady land. I was going in blind, but still determined.

So, there I am, sitting in his bed, fully clothed and waiting for him. After what seems like an eternity, he comes in the room, turns off the light, gets in the bed next to me, and lays down with his back to me. I'm still sitting up, looking down at him, confused. *Damn, I should have undressed.* It appears as though his invitation to sleep over had been, in fact, an invitation to sleep. No. Cuddle sleep-overs are a total no-go for me. Those beds are tiny, he's a big boy, I am by no means a small girl, and I've always been a thrasher. If I'm sleeping, I'll sleep in my own bed, thanks. Problem is, option 3 is a lot easier to do in theory than in reality.

I suppress a frustrated growl. I seem doomed to ride the struggle bus around struggle city for the rest of my days. At this point I should just throw in the towel, planting a flag on the mountain be damned, but I had just spent the last month climbing this mountain, and I am not about to let someone else yodel on it. I stretch out my fingers to touch his well-muscled shoulder and then chicken out. I can tell by his uneven breathing that he hasn't fallen asleep yet, and I wonder if he thinks I'm weird for not laying down. I shake those thoughts from my mind. Of course *I'm* not the weird one; *I'm* actually trying to have sex here. He's the weird one.