

FLYING BLIND

I met the girls the previous night at Tony's party. Tony was a stock broker who lived in the apartment next door. Wednesday's he had a standing hump day party for his friends, clients and some of the neighbors. A consummate salesman working downtown had its rewards. The parties drew yuppies as much for networking as hooking up. Rather than complain about the noise I became a regular.

In the mid 60's I was a nerd engineer working in Northern California, away from home in New York, on a classified military project. I tried to keep a low profile and avoid any social interactions that might lead to discussing what I was doing there with a crew cut in the age of Aquarius. My reticence, left me with few friends and not much opportunity for romance. The parties just reminded me of what I was missing.

Lola and Jill showed up at the party together, dressed as if for work in an office which I expect they had just left. We chatted only to the point where you would usually start filling each other in on your background. As if on cue the party was interrupted by one of the guys who wanted to turn a ball game on TV. I used the opportunity to slink away to my apartment.

The next day about 8 PM there was a knocking on my door and its Lola and Jill asking about Tony who wasn't home. They had stopped by for something they left in his apartment. I offered that they could leave a note on his door and wait for a while at my place to see if he might be back soon. They agreed and I offered them some drinks. The alcohol loosened us up. I turned on some music and we took turns dancing. As the night went on and Tony failed to show up, the intimacy between us grew. There was some flirting, that led lingering embraces.

I am wondering how this is going to play out when Jill asks if she could go to the the bedroom and “get more comfortable.” I nod with all the restraint I could muster, and Lola follows Jill into the bedroom. After the longest ten minutes of my life they call me in to join them. They are on the bed under the covers and tell me to turn out the light and close the door. It is pitch black when they call me to the bed. It is the last words to come from them.

My first thoughts in the darkness were about the mechanics of making love to two close girls I barely know, in the dark. Would I be overwhelmed by touches, odors and wordless sounds, heightened by the lack of visual distractions. What kind of feedback could I expect? How was I to know when to slow down, when to speed up, when to proceed and when to back off. Was it my kiss? Was it her kiss? Where they responding to me or each other?

We little more than started when darker thoughts started running through my head. As if in a scene out of a Woody Allen movie I began to neurotically reflect on what was happening. Was I simply being used for anonymous sex? Would the women have any interest in me under normal circumstances? Was one of them disfigured,? What about a rash? Or was it just dumb blind luck with nothing to worry about?

Then the door bell rang.