

First Time

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They say you never forget your first time and, I can tell you, I won't be forgetting mine any time soon. I guess she was eighteen, maybe nineteen at the most, and I didn't even know her name. If I close my eyes, I can still see her: long, blonde hair framing a pale face as she walked slowly across the room towards me. Since I'd never done it before, I didn't really know what to expect. I mean I'd heard stories from other guys, and seen a couple of movies, but it's not the same as actually doing it, is it? As she drew close, she moaned softly, letting me know she wanted me as much as I wanted this to happen. My heart racing, I wiped the sweat from my hands and stepped tentatively towards her. She moaned again, louder and more urgently, her mouth slightly open, arms reaching out towards me, ready to embrace me. That was when I knew the time was right. I stepped forward again, this time with more confidence, closing the gap between us as I swung the baseball bat I was carrying. There was a dull *thunk* as it connected, sending her tumbling to the concrete floor but within a flash she was back on her feet, snarling angrily through clenched teeth. As I swung the bat again, I smelled the distinctive scent of her rotting flesh. She went down for a second time, and this time I made sure she'd never get up again. When I close my eyes, I can see her lifeless body lying there in the deserted warehouse, blonde hair streaked with blood, the left side of her face unrecognisable. I swear as long as I live, I'll never forget the night I killed my first zombie.