

CW: portals; virginity; first time; wormhole;

Take Good Care of Me
Christmas Special
Part 1

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Part One: The First Time

Billie

Okay. Tonight was the night. It had to be.

It felt like the entire world was against me. Everyone seemed to know everyone, and even the ones who didn't were so *good* at just... talking. Until now, I'd never really realised how much I had been missing out on.

In fairness, I had been... distracted. Rightfully, in my opinion.

But this was my opportunity to have a normal life. I had kept it all together for so long, barely ever doing... *that*. I'd been very good.

And this was my reward.

Because I might have been a freak of nature, and have been in the foster system since I could remember, and was probably able to do amazing or terrible things - if I ever wanted to, which I *don't* - but I was, most of all, a virgin.

An eighteen year old virgin in her first year of Uni.

And now that the first term, or semester, or whatever was over, I wanted to buck that trend. I'd been all good and studious, doing Psychology in the hopes of knowing how to better control my impulses and all that, but we'd just spent a few weeks looking at the different theories of psychological development, and I was ready to let my hair down a little.

I wanted to have sex. With someone. Anyone. Didn't matter. I was going to go to a party during the Christmas break, while most students had gone home so the crowds were a bit thinner, and find a guy I liked the look of, and take him home. And have sex.

Fuck, I was nervous.

I looked myself over, checking side-on that the dress I'd bought didn't look stupid. I didn't want to be overdressed, or underdressed, so I'd opted for what I thought was a classic *little black dress*, with a coat over my shoulders. Without the coat, the dress showed off a few of my curves - I wasn't busty by any means, but I had a thin waist I was proud of, and my butt was small but a nice shape. It could be hard for me to feel good about my body, but frankly this dress did me a lot of favours.

Then, I covered it all up with a massive coat and put on some chunky boots that helped to make the dress a bit more casual, checked that my hair, black and typically messy, was behaving, before ordering the Uber.

It wasn't often I got invited to these sorts of parties, but I figured that with it being the winter break they were low on numbers. After all, I was a known recluse and a bit of a hermit, so maybe they weren't really even expecting me to show up. It was a flat-party being thrown by a

girl in one of my working groups at Uni, Allie, and I had to assume I wasn't exactly a high-priority guest.

I spotted where there was a little blemish in my lipstick, and in the mirror could see where it was on my bedside table. So, I focused on the space under it, and the space in my left hand, and then - easily, but with a bit of effort, like cracking a joint - a small pitch-black circle appeared under the lipstick. At the same instance, one opening in my hand, and the lipstick fell through, landing in my palm. Another bit of focus, and they both vanished.

I fixed my lipstick, and thought about whether I would even make friends tonight, never mind seduce someone. Having paranoia about accidentally revealing my weird portal-making abilities hadn't exactly shaped me into an introvert, after all.

Lennox

Christmas was always shit.

It was a time for people buying too much shit, eating too much food and throwing the rest away, and making *merry*.

Yes, I was a Scrooge, or a Grinch, but I was usually right, too. Or, maybe that just the kind of opinion you develop when your mm was a drunk and your dad fucked off when you were four - didn't exactly foster an environment where Christmas presents were a priority. Christmas, for most of my life, had meant cold winters, blue lips, and seeing other kids having a fucking fantastic time.

Jesus, I really was a downer this time of year.

Still, I was going to try and make the most of it this year; I was away from home, and there wasn't exactly anyone back home begging for me to come back, so I could have my 18th Christmas in the warmth of my flat, with some chicken and roasted veg in our shit-but-not-that-shit flat. Plus, my flatmate was throwing a party before she went home, which usually I'd be pissed about - I wasn't much of a party guy - but this time round I was up for it. I could do with the break, really. Let loose a little bit.

It was a Saturday, and party-prep was in full swing; some people had already shown up, friends of Allie's, and they'd started their *ironic-Christmas* decorating, spraying frost on the windows, putting up a tree with fake presents they'd made out of wrapping up amazon boxes from the *real* presents they'd bought for each other, and - of course - a shit-ton of drink. Bottle of all colours and kinds, along with a load of mixers and fizzies to create unholy abominations that only us students could possibly stomach.

I wasn't much of a drinker myself, but I spied some cheap rum and a bottle of Pepsi on the kitchen table, and made a note to myself that later I could enjoy some shit rum-and-cokes.

'Lennox!' Allie called me from the other room. I went through, and saw her on a step ladder, failing to reach the top of their tree to put the ragdoll-angel on top. 'You're tall - can you do this?'

‘Sure,’ I shrugged, and she hopped down and passed it to me. She was a sprightly thing, Allie, always full of energy and smiles, her light brown hair falling effortlessly. She was pretty, but taken, and while her boyfriend didn’t love that her flatmate was a guy, me and Allie had fallen into a nice platonic friendship that was happily moderated by our third flatmate - Lukas. He was a year older, in his second year, and had a love of Pokemon and Twitch gaming that probably meant he should have been a lifeless shut-in, but instead he was quite a friendly, outgoing guy. I had no doubt that he was the kind of man who had an *extensive* hentai collection, but he cooked good pasta and paid his rent and bills on time, so I wasn’t going to complain.

Allie had been placed with us because the University hadn’t recognised her transition to female when applying for accommodation, which was shit, but it had quickly settled into a happy little group. Lukas, now, was home for the holidays, so even though he was the tall one and good with his hands, I was happy to help her out.

We dressed up the tree together, and just as I was packing away the step ladder into the store cupboard, beneath the boiler, we heard a knock at the door.

‘Lennox?’ Allie called from the kitchen.

‘I got it,’ I shouted back, and headed through the squeaky-floored corridor to open up the front door and see who the slightly-early guest was.

Before me stood one of the most beautiful people I’d ever seen, in a black dress and an overcoat, looking up at me with wide eyes and a shocked expression.

‘You here for the party?’ I asked, and she nodded wordlessly. I stepped to the side, and she scooted in past me, and just for a moment I felt her hand brush my leg, and I felt an oddly intense attraction I hadn’t felt before.

‘Shit,’ I muttered to myself before following her inside.

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