YOU JUST RUINED IT FOR THE VIRGINS!

by Sparky_Young_Upstart

Summary

I would like (YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU!), if I may (YOU MAY NOT!), to take you (TAKE ME! TAKE ME!) on a strange journey...

OR: Riley takes Chase to the Rocky Horror Show for the first time.
On a late October evening at the Dino Bite Cafe, Ms. Morgan strutted around the corner while Riley raced after her.

“C’mon, Ms. Morgan, it’s not a big deal!” he begged, jumping a few feet to get ahead of her. “It’d only be two or three nights, and I know that a lot of people would appreciate it!”

Ms. Morgan rolled her eyes. “You can beg all you want but the answer is still no,” she snapped as she helped Shelby and Chase gather up menus. “This museum has a reputation to hold up, and I don’t want to get in trouble with the community by advertising sexual deviancy!”

That caught the other two rangers’ attention. “Sexual deviancy?” Chase asked with a frown. “What’s baby raptor got himself into now?”

Riley smiled. “I found out that there’s a troupe of actors trying to do a staging of the Rocky Horror Show in town, but they just lost their venue. I was hoping the museum might be able to host them.”

Shelby’s face lit up. “Oh my gosh, Rocky Horror? I love that show!” She turned to her boss. “I’m with Riley Ms. Morgan, you’ve gotta let them host it here.”

Kendall scowled. “Really? You too? Never mind. This is a family museum, and Rocky Horror is certainly not family-friendly.”

Chase was still perturbed. “Hold up. What’s the deal? Is it a play or something?”

The other three looked to him in surprise. “You’ve never heard of Rocky Horror?” Riley whispered.

Chase shrugged. “Well, I mean, I’ve heard the title, but I don’t really know what it is or anything about it.”

Riley and Shelby turned to each other wearing matching grins. “Virgin!” they whispered in excitement. Chase raised an eyebrow.

“Oh come now, we all know that that’s not true.”

Riley ignored his boyfriend as he approached him, throwing an arm around his shoulders. “Chase, I would like to, if I may, to take you on a strange journey…”

“How strange was it?” Shelby yelled from across the room, making Kendall jump in surprise.

“Strange enough they made a movie about it!” Riley called back with a snicker. Noticing that Chase still looked like everyone around him was speaking Greek, Riley decided to drop the theatrics. For the moment, anyway. “It’s a play. It’s a musical parody of 50s and 60s B-movies, but the big deal is that it’s all about audience participation. People dress up, throw stuff at the stage, yell at the actors, it’s great.”

“Sounds a lot like heckling.”
Shelby shook her head. “No way, it’s the reason everybody goes. Last time I went they even handed out bags of stuff for the audience to use in case they weren’t sure.”

Kendall cleared her throat, and the others turned to look at her. “You’re leaving out the fact that it’s chock full of extremely sexual content. Again: family establishment!”

Riley nodded. “Okay, Ms. Morgan’s right. Matt had to sneak me in when I went with him last year. Best night of my life, but still.” He sighed. “I just...” he turned to Chase. “I really wanted to go with you. Especially now that I know you’ve never been before.”

Chase shrugged. “Well, it certainly sounds interesting. And sexual deviancy is kind of my thing.” At this Kendall rolled her eyes again. “C’mon, Kendall, what’s the harm?”

Kendall looked like she was about to burst a blood vessel. “The harm? The harm is that children could walk in and see, or parents could sue, or the...the fluids.”

Riley raised an eyebrows. “‘Fluids’?”

Shelby gasped. “Ms. Morgan, you’re a slut.”

“I am a one-time slut, thank you, and once was plenty, okay?”

Shelby sighed. “Okay, look. It was mine and Riley’s idea, so we’ll make sure that nothing goes wrong.”

Riley nodded. “Yeah, we’ll help the actors with the set-up, and make sure everything gets tidied up after. I’m sure we can get the others to make sure everyone who sees the show is old enough.”

“And I will do those things too,” Chase added, “even though I’m still not sure what I’m getting into.” And he flashed his patented Chase grin.

Kendall took a breath. “Okay, okay, I guess I can trust you to keep everything from getting out of hand. Just make sure you clean up, alright?”

Shelby and Riley turned to each other with huge smiles. “I DON’T CARE WHERE YOU COME, AS LONG AS YOU CLEAN IT UP!” he cried.

“I DON’T CARE IF YOU CLEAN IT UP, AS LONG AS YOU CUM!” she shouted back.

Kendall grimaced. “I’m going to regret this,” she muttered as Shelby and Riley started giggling again. Chase chuckled too, though if he was being honest he was starting to get a little nervous too.

Chapter End Notes

ROCKY HORROR GLOSSARY: WHAT THE FUCK’S A...

Virgin: Somebody who’s never seen the Rocky Horror Show.
Slut: Somebody who has.
Museum: Believe it or not, my first experience was at the local natural history museum.
Triffid: They spit poison and kill.
I DON’T CARE....: Said after Riff Raff asks Brad and Janet to "come inside".
“You’ve got some experience in this, haven’t you?”

Chase sat on the edge of Shelby’s bed as his teammate applied fake blood to the prosthetic gash on his forehead. Those who were dressing up for the show had decided to get ready at her place, since it was the closest to the museum. Ivan and Koda were already there to make sure that the audience was all mature. They had opted out of going to the show itself, which was probably a good idea. Who knew how much sexual humour Ivan’s medieval heart could take? And nobody was too keen on having to explain every joke to Koda either. Ms. Morgan had taken the night off, as she didn’t want to be involved with things.

As such it was the two couples. Chase had spotted Tyler earlier with a stringy white wig and tattered tux; apparently he was dressed as a character named Riff-Raff. Shelby was wearing a maid’s outfit and a curly red wig, dressed as Magenta. Fittingly, she was Riff-Raff’s...girlfriend? Sister? The vagueness Chase received out of that question was slightly alarming.

Riley and Shelby had decided together that the best costume for Chase would be Eddie, the Ex-Delivery boy. So they took one of his leather jackets and dirtied it up, then bought some scraps of animal print to accessorize it. Now Shelby was putting the finishing touches on Chase’s head wound with a makeup kit they had grabbed at the shop.

“I was a theatre kid in high school, along with all the dinosaur stuff. Everyone came to me for makeup help.” She took a step back to observe her work. “Alright! You’re all ready.” She grabbed a mirror and held it up for him to see. It was really impressive, quite realistic.

“That is...amazing,” Chase said with a grin. Then it faltered. “We aren’t going to be the only people dressed up there, are we? This isn’t some kind of elaborate prank?”

Shelby giggled. “No, it’s fine. Ivan’s been sending photos.”

She pulled her phone out and handed it to Chase. He looked at her text history and saw several pictures of people in costume. Some of them looked like the ones his friends were in, others were new to him. There was a shocking amount of men in heels. Ivan had sent some messages as well, most of them along the lines of “Goodness gracious, what in the name of all that is holy is this performance even about?” It got a laugh out of Chase.

Tyler poked his head into the room. “You guys ready?”

The other two nodded and followed Tyler down the stairs. Riley was waiting for them, and when Chase saw him his heart almost stopped.

His hair was dyed hot pink, with a sparkly gold top hat on top of it. He had applied eyeshadow and lipstick to his face, and the rest was covered in pale white and pink makeup. He had an open gold
and black jacket on, but underneath just a sparkly corset. A corset! But going lower, oh man...a sexy pair of black pantyhose that left nothing to the imagination. Riley saw Chase and smiled.

“Like what you see?”

“I - I - uh - I - uh...damn.”

“I think that’s a yes,” Shelby said with a chuckle.

Riley held up a pair of plastic bags. “We’ve got all the props. Bubbles, cards, rubber gloves, newspaper and squirt guns, the works.” He saw Chase still trying to find words. “Don’t worry hun, we’ll let you know what to do with all of these.”

“Oh-huh,” Chase replied weakly.

Chapter End Notes

ROCKY HORROR GLOSSARY: WHAT THE FUCK’S A...

Riff-Raff: A handyman
Magenta: A domestic
Eddie: An ex-delivery boy (because he dies)
Riley Dressed as: Columbia, a groupie.
Bubbles: For the wedding.
Cards: For the sorrow, cards for the pain.
Rubber Gloves: To snap with Frank
Newspaper: To shield yourself from the rain.
Squirt Guns: For making it rain.
Stepping into the museum was like entering the set of *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert*. Chase wasn’t blind, he’d seen people dressed provocatively and in drag before, but the sheer volume of costumes before him was staggering. It was a major change up from what he was used to, and the strangest thing was that he and his friends all fit in with the group perfectly.

“Is this what it’s like at every show?” he asked.

Riley nodded. “Pretty much. Some people dress as the characters, some just go in the style. Last year I just had a hat, but Matt went full Frank N Furter.”

Chase looked over to Tyler. “What about you mate? Are you a virgin too?”

Tyler shook his head. “No, me and some friends from high school went a few times. This is the first time I’ve dressed up, though.”

“Well, if this goes well then maybe we can make a tradition out of it.”

Riley grinned. “That would be awesome.”

The group made their way inside, finding their seats near the front. Riley doled out the props to the group - he had instructed Chase on the way there when and what to do with them, and that there would probably be queues from the cast on what to do as well.

The seats filled, the lights dimmed, and the band began to play the score. Riley leaned over to Chase. “You excited?”

And even though everything around him was incredibly new and strange and surprising, he smiled. “Hell yeah.” And he leaned over and kiss Riley for emphasis. When they pulled apart, Riley snickered.

“You got some of my lipstick on you.”

“It probably helps me look the part anyway.”

Their attention was drawn to the stage as the audience cheered. A man dressed like a game show host walked out into a spotlight.

“Good evening Amber Beach!” he cried out. “And what a lovely evening it is! Why, just earlier tonight I saw a man clad head-to-toe in black leather wrangling a one-eyed monster. It wasn’t our power rangers, though, it was just some of our cast members getting frisky backstage!” He paused to take in the audience’s laughter.

*If only he knew that the rangers were here tonight,* Chase thought.

“Oh, but that’s how we roll here at the Rocky Horror Show. We push boundaries! We make people uncomfortable! Now, are there any virgins in the house tonight?” Several sections of the audience cheered. “Well, you’re in for a treat. Just so you know, there is some mature content here. You might find yourself asking yourself several questions, like: what is the true meaning of life and

“Allright, it’s about time we get things started, so everyone put your hands together! Make some noise! Thank you for cumming out tonight all over me! And welcome to the ROCKY HORROR SHOW!”

Chapter End Notes

ROCKY HORROR GLOSSARY: WHAT THE F**K’S A...

Priscilla Queen of the Desert: Completely unrelated to Rocky Horror, but it is an Australian film about drag queens so I imagine it’s be the first thing that Chase would think of.
Frank N Furter: A scientist (he's Tim Curry)
The guy at the beginning: The Narrator, who often pops in to provide clarity and commentary.
Apologies for being so late - I was hoping to have this up for Halloween, but clearly that failed. Gee-darnit. Also apologies for quality, as my attempt to combine a summarized version of the show with character beats and callbacks didn't turn out as well as I'd hoped, but I honestly couldn't think of a better way to write it out.

Next chapter's the epilogue. Yay!

For the first few lines of the opening number, it was only the girl onstage participating in the performance. It was oddly comforting for Chase, knowing that he wasn’t the only person a little lost when it came to what he should be screaming. Then the usherette got to the second verse and somebody from the back of the theatre called out “WHAT THE FUCK’S A TRIFFID?” And the floodgates were opened. It seemed like after every other lyrics somebody had a witty comeback.

“YEAH SKILLS!”

“RK-WHO?”

“FUCK THE BACK ROW!” “FUCK THE FRONT ROW!”

And as she finished her song she left the stage so that a wedding could take place (and Riley let Chase know that it was time to start blowing bubbles). Behind them, and obscured by various bits of scenery, a chorus of phantoms lurked. Chase wondered what they were there for, and soon found out when they called out “ASSHOLE” and “SLUT” in response to the leads’ names being said. The rest of the audience was right along with them, Chase included.

Something that Chase figured out early on is that nobody seemed to know all the same callbacks. Sometimes the whole audience would shout a line, and sometimes it was just a single person. For example, when the Criminologist said that “there were dark storm clouds -”

“DESCRIBE YOUR BALLS!”

“- heavy, black, and pendulous.”

In the next scene, though, Chase was startled when Shelby out of nowhere shouted “WHAT’S WHITE AND SELLS BURGERS?”

“Didn't we see a castle a few miles back?” Brad replied. And then Riley was forced to throw newspaper over Chase’s head to cover him from the rain people were making with their water pistols.

Before they knew it they were inside the castle, and participating in the...folk dancing. “C’mon, babe, get ready!” Riley whispered to him. Chase pulled his eyes away from the stage, where another song had begun.

“What’s happening?”
“Just, when they get to the chorus, stand up and start the dance.”

Chase frowned. “What dance?”

“It’s easy, you probably already know it.”

Chase gave him a look. How could he already know the moves?

“Let’s do the Time Warp Agaaaaaiiiin!”

Oh.

So Riley pulled Chase out of his seat, and the whole group danced along with the actors and the audience to the Time Warp. A jump to the left, a step to the right, a pelvic thrust and more. There were a few times when Chase collided with the people next to him, but it was all in good fun. And such a rush!

Honestly, it was a bit of a whirlwind. All manner of crazy things kept getting thrown at Chase it was hard to stop and think of them for too long. Riley would giggle beside him and nudge him in the hopes of getting a reaction, but without any foreknowledge all Chase could do was laugh at his boyfriend as he shouted out lewd remarks and all manner of puns. It actually started to make Chase a little left out in comparison.

Fortunately, the intermission arrived. Riley and the crew went out to grab snacks, but Chase offered to stay behind and keep watch on their seats. Once they were out of sight, he pulled his phone out and started googling.

Once back, the first few callbacks of the play came from the phantoms. But it didn’t take long for Janet to find Rocky alone and begin to seduce him. She sang through half of “Touch-a Touch-a Touch Me” before reaching the line that Chase was waiting for.

“And that’s just one small fraction -”

“TWO INCHES!” yelled Chase. And Riley. The two shared a look, and Riley absolutely beamed with pride. They didn’t have time to waste, though.

“- Of the main attraction,”

“THREE INCHES!”

The two were in stitches for the rest of the song. As the audience applauded, Riley leaned over. “You know, I’ll be expecting you to join me in the rest of the callbacks now.”

“Oh God, no, I only remembered like three others.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” Riley smiled again, but it wasn’t the sly grin that he’d been wearing all night. It was genuine. “You’ll be fine, and this is fun just being with you here.”

The rest of the play went excellently. Well, it did for the audience. The characters had a rough time, what with being seduced by darkness and drugged and forced into corsets. And dying - don’t forget that part. Riley, Shelby and Tyler dominated most of the calls, but Chase was able to hold his own along side them this time. As the play drew to a close, Magenta looked over at Columbia and Frank’s dead bodies.

“You killed them? I thought you liked them? They liked you.”
“DEAR DIARY!” Chase cried out.

“They didn’t like me!” Riff Raff replied angrily. “They never liked me!”

And the final lines were said, the final songs sung. The Criminologist left (“DON’T FORGET TO TURN OFF THE GLOBE!”), and the audience did the Time Warp again.

The four were exhausted as they stumbled out of the theatre, both from laughing and from shouting their asses off.

“Ugh. I need a drink,” Shelby said as she went towards the vending machines. Tyler lumbered after her. Chase hung back with Riley, his arm slung around the younger man’s shoulder.

“So, how did you like your first Rocky Horror Show?” Riley asked.

“I have to say, it was the best time I’ve ever had being deflowered.”

The two smiled and shared a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

ROCKY HORROR GLOSSARY: WHAT THE FUCK’S A...

SHOW US LIPS: The first callback, usually reserved for the movie rather than stage version. Said just before the lips appear.
YEAH SKILLS: "And passing them used lot's of skills..."
RK-WHO: "RKO, Oh oh oh..."
“FUCK THE BACK ROW!” “FUCK THE FRONT ROW!”: "In the back row, oh oh oh..."
The Criminologist: The Narrator, he's just credited as the Criminologist in the film because he doesn't interact to the extent that the Narrator does in the stage play.
ASSHOLE: Brad Majors
SLUT: Janet Weiss
The Time Warp: A famous dance - even if you've never seen Rocky Horror, you've probably heard this song. It's just a jump to the left, and then a step to the right. Put your hands on your hips, and pull your knees in tight. And it's the pelvic thrust that really drives you insa--a--a--ane!
DON'T FORGET TO TURN OFF THE GLOBE: Another callback for the film, where the Criminologist has a light up globe during his scenes and turns it off as the final shot. I don't see why it couldn't be incorporated into the stage version.
“Wait,” Ivan said with a frown, “that was it? A lewd stage show with heckling? Why, that was a basic Friday night in my day.”

Chase shook his head as he sat down on the Dino Lair couch. “Don’t play cool, Ivan. We all saw you freaking out over the costumes last night.”

“That was merely because they were so strange. They were more than just drag. Some of them went...beyond...into the realm of the uncanny...” Ivan stared off into space at this, as if seeking some divine answer for the things he still didn’t understand in this time.

Kendall was at her desk doing paperwork, a small grin growing on her face. “You know, despite all the madness that went down last night I have to admit, the profits we got from all the burgers people grabbed afterwards are pretty cool.”

Riley came sliding down the entrance and immediately jumped onto the couch beside Chase. “Babe! Last night was amazing.” He snuggled up close to him. “And I am very impressed that you found some callbacks of your own.”


Riley giggled. “I couldn’t get all the dye out! Whatever, you know you like it.” The two kissed. “We have to make this a yearly thing.”

Chase raised an eyebrow. “That would be awesome. What do you think Kendall?”

Their mentor didn’t even bat an eye at the mention of her first name. “If it rakes in proceeds like last night you can have one every week for all I care.” Then she gasped with delight. “We could expand the Cambrian Explosion Wing!” And she began crunching numbers with even more intensity and zoning out from any other conversation around her.

Ivan was still thinking. “Perhaps I should join you next year, if this is truly to become an annual endeavour. Which character, do you suppose, I should dress as?”

“Well, there are a few that could work,” Chase said.

Riley nodded. “We’d have to try multiple ideas, to be certain.”

The two looked at each other.

“I can get gold short-shorts.”
“I know where to buy fishnets.”

Chapter End Notes

ROCKY HORROR GLOSSARY: WHAT THE FUCK’S A...

Gold Short-shorts: The costume for Rocky.
Fishnets: Fishnet stockings, part of the usual Frank N Furter costume.
WHAT DOES THIS STORY LACK?: Meaning.

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