

Cheesecake

by Daniel Harris

Eric was born with three testicles. If the obstetrician were male, maybe he would have done nothing, but the attending physician was an overworked female Hungarian refugee doctor working in a hospital staffed mainly by refugees from Hitler's Europe. On seeing the anomaly, she ordered the deformed testicle removed. The actual orb consisted of a normal testicle and an attached rudimentary third. After the inguinal orchiectomy, performed a month after his birth, Eric went from being a potential male hero to an object of derision by his male peers. When he was in college he investigated having a prosthesis inserted into his scrotum. At the time the options were limited and represented a possible danger to the health of the one good testicle, which had grown to the size of a lemon.

His fertility was confirmed when his college sophomore sweetheart became pregnant and was sent by her wealthy parents to Mexico to have the annoyance corrected.

In Vietnam the whores called him basketball because of his endowment. They considered him a good luck omen. His sperm count was more than double most healthy males with both testicles.

Over the years Eric had mixed success with women, most of whom never knew of his singularity, or questioned his fertility. The three women he married had no desire for children and through abstinence or chemistry never became pregnant.

Eric was a widow of seventy-four when he met Gillian. Gillian was eighty-four and in superb health with a good memory, her only deficit being deafness

Since Gillian had to read his lips, they made a lot of eye contact, which led to some innocent flirtations. Even after a bottle of wine, he couldn't begin to think of being intimate with Gillian. His vision of her naked was beyond his esthetic sensibilities.

After many failed relationships in the last ten years, he had given up on sex and any intimate female companionship. His experiences

with the senior female set never led to satisfactory sexual intercourse, or even interesting or rewarding discourse.

One morning they were caught on the beach in a thunderstorm. Returning to Gillian's condo they stripped in separate bathrooms and jumped into hot showers. The shower he was using was large and open to the bathroom. Gillian entered the shower when he had his back turned to the opening. She wrapped a towel over her face and slipped her hand between his legs and fondled his lone orb. He savored the feeling, and didn't dare turn to face the woman performing the fondling. He could feel firm breasts on his back. Gillian reached around his hip and began stroking his erection.

His cock became as hard as he ever remembered.

—Fuck me.

He did, standing in the shower. She was slippery and tight. Her moans were like a twenty year old. He came pressing her against the shower wall to keep her from falling off her quivering orgasm weakened legs.

The afternoon sun streamed through rose curtains into her bedroom. Gillian lay on her side with her right hand between her legs. Her face was beatific in the pastel light.

He slipped out of the bed to use the bathroom. When he returned she had thrown the covers off revealing, just as she had claimed, a voluptuous mature body with an age ravaged face. The sight of her body gave him an erection.

—Do me like a cheesecake, she said.

