

# almost

by Jerry Ratch

The only time Terry and I came close to fucking, when she was still underage, I mean, was once when I went to see her at somebody's apartment where she was baby-sitting. She invited me over to have pizza, I think. Of course, I brought beer. And we started making out as soon as the little kid was asleep, and before we knew it she was on top of me on the couch and we got into it so hot and heavy that I slipped her jeans down over her ass, then her panties, and I had my hard-on between her legs and she was breathing so heavily and got so wet that I began rubbing the tip of it along the wet lips of her pussy, which was absolutely creamy by now, and then all of a sudden I think she must have seen Jesus or something and leapt up from the couch panting like a lizard (as they say somewhere in Missouri, I think) and kind of whimpering or crying and she was saying things like *"Jesus! Jesus, what am I doing?"*

And that was the end of that. That night, anyway. Until she reached the legal age of eighteen, when we went to her apartment near Lake Michigan and did it in earnest for the first time, which took three full hours, as I remember, to get it inside of the incredible tightness of an honest-to-god virgin. And she bled (for real) and she was squirming and moaned and cried out in pain, and then it was wonderful, just wonderful, though there was blood everywhere. Thank God I never had to live through that again! That's all I can say.

