

Becky

by Jerry Ratch

There was one girl, I remember, who was different when I was a senior in high school and still virgin. This was a sophomore girl named Becky. She was in my P.E. class. Basically all we did in that class was exercise the whole hour. We wore dark blue tee shirts and dark blue trunks. Becky had piercing dark eyes, and I remember vividly the day she first laid those eyes on me, when she first came into class. She wouldn't stop staring at me.

I was doing about a hundred sit-ups and needed a partner to hold down my legs. She practically flew over to my feet to be my helper. She sat on the gym mat with me and held down my legs as I counted through the sit-ups. It grows painful as you get up into the seventies and climb into the eighties. "Keep going, Jerry," she breathed. "I know you can." She smiled when she said this. Her eyes were huge, and wild with excitement, somehow. I mean, this was just gym class.

But it was one of those odd moments in America when you get to see the opposite sex with most of their clothes off, other than at a swimming pool in the summertime.

One thing led to another and she wheedled out of me the fact that I drove a very fast '55 Chevy, and she begged me to come pick her up and take her out for a ride. When she got into the car, I asked, "Where do we go?"

"Well, you said your folks were out tonight. Why don't you take me over to your house? I'd like to see where you live."

"Why?" I asked. Remember, I was still virgin then.

"Because you got to see where I live, right?"

"Right."

"Let's go over to your place then." And she slid right over in the seat next to me and put her leg up against my leg, and I could feel her heat right through my Levi's.

When we got inside my house, she turned off every light but one in the living room. And she took my head in her hands and put her lips right on mine and we began making out.

"Wait a minute," she breathed. "Help me get out of this, will you?"

She had that skimpy shirt up over her head so fast I felt my head spinning. Then she unhooked her bra, and in the light were these small firm teenager breasts, riding very high on her chest. The next thing I knew she had my pants unzipped and my cock waving out in the open like a flagpole. And she started masturbating me until I came all over the back of her hand, when she moaned out, "I have my period, Jerry."

That was the first girl that ever put her hand on me. Just so you know. But I got scared like a rabbit, like a turtle. I took her home and never took her out again. Though she would call me and beg, over and over. And even in gym class I never let her hold down my legs again.

