

Half-and-Half

by Jerry Ratch

Terry worked in a factory out in Northlake where she added a little squirt of milk and another little squirt of cream to those tiny half-and-half coffee creamers you find at every motel in the country. The owner of that factory hired only women to work there. Most of them were married and getting plump from sitting on their asses all day long gossiping about what sex position they liked and how many babies they'd had and with whom. When their boss, who was unmarried, hired Terry, he couldn't help but see the new sex in her face and the way she carried her body, because she had only recently gotten deflowered, but was now ravenous for it all the time, especially after working all day at the factory and listening to the women going on about it. Now she couldn't take her mind off it. And she had held onto her Catholic delusion about saving herself for marriage until the very day she turned 18. That was our first time together.

Every night when she came home we would go to it. I remembered one time when the factory girls had told her how great sex in the ass was, and that it was a good way to keep from getting pregnant too. We tried out that position as well, though it was a little too tight for me. But she seemed to love it as much as the missionary position and insisted on me going deeper and deeper. Until one night we heard the noise of someone hanging from the fire escape, peering in the bathroom window at her while she was mopping up what was dribbling out of her after we were done.

I can still hear the scream Terry let out. I came bursting into the bathroom in time to hear the man jumping to the ground and running across the asphalt of the parking lot at our building. But I didn't really get a good look at him. Just some tall thin man, definitely not a boy — a man, with thinning hair. We reported the incident to the Northlake Police. They said they would send a patrol

car around and let us know if they found anything. We definitely felt about 110% safer then. Definitely.

Mr. Half-and-Half wouldn't let up on her after that, at the factory. He kept mooning around after her, asking her if she would go out water-skiing on his powerboat at Fox River. He said he was betting she looked pretty terrific in a 2-piece bathing suit. I can testify to that myself. She had this pronounced mound of pussy hair that really stood out somehow. I don't know, it was just sexy as all get out. Don't know why. Just was.

One day at the factory he even went so far as to say something about it. That night when she came home after work, she was all flushed in the face over the incident. She didn't know what to say to him. We needed the work, so there wasn't much she could say or do, really. But it made her feel weird. And the guy was old enough to be her father too, more or less.

After that time, the initial moment of our downfall happened.

One night Terry came home and began saying the girls were all asking her when we were going to have a baby. I froze up, inside. I was still going to college part-time and working at my dad's gas station down in Chicago. And I was making plans to go to a writing program out in California if I could get in. A baby was definitely not in my plans. She had to understand.

But she wouldn't relent. All of a sudden she wanted a baby like everyone else at the factory. She was standing naked in the kitchen preparing dinner the first time she broke down in tears about it. I watched her breasts, which had grown considerably ever since we started having sex, joggling with her sobs.

Great sobs wracked her entire body when I told her I'd been accepted into the writing program out in California. I'd been drinking all night with my good buddy Andy, attempting to stand on our heads on the living room carpet because we were so drunk, falling over and trying again, before Terry got home from the factory job.

“Everybody wants me to have a baby except you. Even my boss,” Terry sobbed. “Why can't we have a baby? I want a baby now. Andy, it's time to go home. We're going into the bedroom and make a damned baby. Right now!” she shouted. “I want a baby now!”

It was the next weekend that we began moving her things into a small studio apartment we found for her down in Chicago, within walking distance of her new job as a nurse's aide at a hospital on the near North Side, not that far from where we first had sex in the apartment she used to have when we first met.

Our last time together, we did it right on the bare hardwood floor of her new studio apartment, when Andy went back downstairs for another load of boxes. I can still hear him banging on the locked door, wondering what the hell we were doing, as I was inside her and she was moaning, and sobbing, and moaning some more.

