

I heard you were a drinker

by Jerry Ratch

Once we got to my house, Lynda had everything drinkable in the house open and in everybody's hands before I knew it. She tossed down a bottle of my father's beer, then started on a bottle of whiskey that was open. She took a straight mouthful and offered the bottle to me with a look of daring in her eyes. "I heard you were a drinker," she said.

I took a swig myself and she took the bottle out of my hand and tilted it upward. Two or three large bubbles went up through the amber whiskey. Next she pulled me by the shirt into my parents' bedroom, throwing herself onto their bed and dragging me down on top of her. Her mouth found mine and she smothered me with her kisses. I had never experienced anything like this. I felt her bumping her pelvis up against my crotch, and I was growing hard. My hand went up underneath her sweater, then slid under her bra and I pulled the bra up over her breasts. I could feel her warm flesh under there. In one motion she yanked the sweater over her head, taking the bra with it, and in the pale light for the first time I saw the whiteness of those huge breasts. Each one was the size of my whole hand. You could feel the weight of these things in your hand.

Suddenly she leaped up and with her breasts swinging ran into the living room where everybody was yelling and dancing. She ran all over the room. I saw Miller gawking with his mouth hanging open, as Lynda ran around the living room with her breasts swinging wildly. I managed to grab hold of her and drag her back into the bedroom, got her pinned down to the bed under my weight and started sucking on her breasts. That seemed to calm her down for a while. I sucked on each one of her breasts for some time, then found her mouth, and we kissed heavily while she stuck her tongue nearly down my throat. *This girl is wild*, was all I could think. *She is hot, wild!*

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Then I heard Miller yelling from the living room, "Your parents are home! They're coming up the drive! We've got to get out of here. Now! Now!"

There was a tremendous tumult, and everybody scrambled for the front door because my parents had pulled in behind the house. Lynda threw on her sweater, holding her bra in her hand, and grabbed her jacket. We were the last ones to get out of the front door just as my mother was coming up the back stairs, yelling, "Jerry! What! What's going on here, young man? You wait just a minute, you!"

I shut the front door, and we ran for it. Lynda and I hopped into my car and cranked up the engine. I took off down the street, heading I didn't know where, but I didn't care either. I was exhilarated with the excitement of this girl, this young woman. I was laughing and she was laughing and we headed for the forest preserve near Hinsdale, where we could pull up a trail I knew and park the car.

