

Marilyn, of NYC

by Jerry Ratch

I remember another one night stand in NYC with a girl named Marilyn. We'd met up at Bread Loaf Writer's Conference in Vermont. It was the Summer of Love, and a number of us student writers were planning a trip out to San Francisco to participate in that festival of life we heard was happening out there.

So I went with Marilyn to stay the night in her apartment down in NYC off the Bowery, which was seedier than all get out at the time. And we slept together that night and balled our brains out half the night.

But the next day when we went out to see the sights of the East Village, head shops all over the place, bums lying passed out on sidewalks, not unlike today actually, when we got back to her apartment, there was a message on her phone machine from another young writer with whom she'd slept, up at the writer's conference, an up-and-coming young novelist from Michigan. He told her he had acquired a case of the crabs! Crabs, for God's sake!

Well, we both rushed to the bathroom and took down each others' pants and sure enough there were the little critters scuttling about over our pubic hairs. Oh, fuck! Yuck!

So we ran out to a drugstore, but the medicine for this kind of thing was so expensive that we decided we would head back to her place and just shave each other down there.

She shaved me first. She lathered me up with soap and with a razor very carefully shaved off every last pubic hair I had, including my balls (very touchy there!) It looked like a bald turtle with no shell was living down there. But my cock grew excited while she was doing this and she couldn't help putting my cock in her mouth and giving me one enormous blow job.

Then it was her turn. I carefully shaved every last hair off her pussy, like a surgeon using a scalpel, and had to be ever so delicate around her labia as she was bent over, up on her knees, and

I could see the cream literally oozing out of her, and it was so thrilling that I fucked her from behind over and over until we'd both come about three or four times. Marilyn's pussy would get going like a bump and grind machine, like it had a mind of its own, and just couldn't stop until it had sucked every possible ounce of come out of me.

When I left New York, I knew I would be in trouble when I got back home to Chicago and my girlfriend would take one look at my shaved naked turtle parts. I thought I knew what she would say about that. But I was wrong.

All she did was to go home and shave herself as well! That was one of the oddest reactions, ever, in my life.

