

More L.A. Stories from the Land of One Night Stands, #3

by Jerry Ratch

Talk about one night stands! Then there was Pamela, down at school at Irvine. A skinny daddy's girl who was seduced by a male poet the year before I got to the writing program. He must have licked her heart clean, then kicked her out of bed so hard that her heart flopped right out of her skinny body. She would come over to my grad student apartment at Verano Place late at night when no one would see her and lie down naked in my bed on her back, with her hands frozen at her sides like a deflowered virgin in the Gauguin painting "The Loss of Virginity," almost breastless, and wait for me to lick her sopping until she almost came, but she could never quite get there, I could tell, because the little Catholic school girl inside her told her not to let go. And *do not consider* touching the cock that was waving in her face, no matter how much she wanted release from this magical demon that had a hold on her mind, body and soul.

Then she would call up her daddy and tell him she was on her way home in the bright red Mustang he had bought for her, probably to soothe her broken heart.

The mound of hair on her pussy was like a pony's main (how she loved her daddy's horses!) long and dark, bunched up, smooth and clean, which had never been touched once since her first lover, the poet from the year before. And no matter how hard we tried, or how hard I tried, to be more clear, she could not ever come again. But night after night she would return. I don't know why, or what she was trying to overcome. Probably her first love, and that was all.

Then suddenly it stopped, and I was able to move on. And she released me from the magical hold that swelling mound of pussy hair had on me. Thank God, or Jesus, or Daddy or whatever! (And I was not a religious man at the time.)

