

my own image breaking and falling

by Jerry Ratch

What went racing through my mind as Lynda was telling me about the farmer she was seeing out in Western Illinois with his 12 inch dick? She was only 5'2". *"It's so big I can barely get it all in me,"* she said, with her mouth part way open. That old look of innocence she was never quite able to pull off (completely.) I imagined her squirming underneath him, or taking it from behind.

It froze my world. I saw my expected future shattering like glass, like a breaking mirror, in which I was no longer there. My own image breaking and falling.

The girl had been my first lover. I thought we were madly in love with each other. Worse, I begged her to do it with me just one more time. She refused, and got out of the car. Well, someone, I guess, needed to retain a sense of dignity here! Thank God it was her, not me.

