

One Last Hurrah, #1

by Jerry Ratch

She was about 35 or so and noticeably pregnant. She was near hysteria when she knocked on our apartment door, right across the street in L.A. from a convent. But she took one last desperate wild look at me, standing at the door. I saw the animal in her eyes.

“Mister, I need a drink. Can I please have a drink?”

I glanced at my roommate, who shrugged. “Come on in,” I said.

Then she took me by the hand and towed me directly back to the rear bedroom and shut the door behind her. Immediately she hiked up her dress, and there was that belly hanging out. She pulled me right down on the bed on top of her and began squirming all around, reaching down to unbuckle my pants.

“Hurry,” she said, “before I am changing my mind.”

And that was the only time I've ever had sex with a pregnant woman. She was weeping the whole time. I thought maybe I was hurting her, but what the fuck did I know?

After it was over she rushed into the bathroom where I could hear her moaning. I thought I had really damaged something, and it scared me.

But when she came out of the bathroom, she seemed more composed, and went for the front door of the apartment without saying a word. We both watched, amazed, as she walked directly across the street to the convent. She knocked on their big door, and when it opened a nun took her right in without asking more than her name, it seemed. She was obviously with child, after all. And this probably wasn't the first time they'd seen that.

