

# Prick-Tease

*by* Jerry Ratch

“Pull out, pull out, you dimwit!” Cheryl B told Andy. “I told you to pull out before you came, if you ever expect to climb up on top of me again! God, Andy, what's wrong with you?”

Cheryl had flaming red hair and was what we now call “Plus size.” She wanted him to come on her belly. For some reason, that seemed to excite her. Plus, she didn't want to go getting pregnant.

This was in the summer of 1964, after I came back from my spring semester downstate at Urbana. I don't think you and I had even met yet. There was Cheryl B, whose brother was brilliant and joined the CIA right out of high school (none of us knew what the heck those letters even stood for back then, we were so ignorant of world-wide issues.) And then there was her best friend, Michelle, or Melanie, something with an M, I remember. This girl was a true beauty, like a model with really long legs. She was stick thin, without breasts, unlike her friend Cheryl who had big ones that Andy couldn't wait to get his hands on.

But M was funny about doing it. She had a steady boyfriend, I don't know where, with whom she had plenty of sex, so she wouldn't go all the way with me. But man, everything else was a go! I would have her panties down around her ankles day after day in the front seat of my car in broad daylight, parked right behind my house. And we would make out like crazy and she would let me put my fingers inside her and she would get to moaning so much it kind of sounded like she was sobbing. She was so wide I could get four, count them, 4 fingers inside her at once. And it sounded for all the world like she was coming and coming, or at least about to. But you know, I don't think she ever did, or could.

I can just imagine what happened to her real boyfriend when she went home and got a hold of him. The lucky fuck!

But for me, it was all so unfulfilling. She was what in those days we called a prick-tease. And my buddy Andy was getting the brains fucked out of him, and living it up.

And that must have been when you and I first met, out in the street, when you hopped out of Louie Weezer's car. I knew what you were thinking. I knew what I was thinking. We both looked in each others' eyes and thought: "Very fuckable."

And that was where it all began, you and me.

