

That Little Chin Beard

by Jerry Ratch

I worked for Century 21 and wore a mustard-colored blazer with a crest and a tie and plaid mini-skirt like a little schoolgirl and it would turn on the husbands. It made them unusually horny. I purposely wore white bobby socks. They would corner me in the backyard behind a piece of fence or in the oily garage or musty basement and move in close and lift a curl of blond hair off my neck and smell me, always they would smell me, because I wore a perfume I knew they couldn't resist, and that was how I made so many sales my first year in real estate. I won an award. I was that good. Those poor bastards never knew what hit them. And their wives would just smile!

So, tell me — how did you do it? I heard you were good as well. I think, no, I know! At least, I can imagine. Did your little beard help, at all, do you think? I was always in awe of that beard.

