

# The Girl Next Door to Andy

*by* Jerry Ratch

Then there was this short little girl, Jo Ann, who had a daughter and was divorced, who lived next door to my buddy Andy. She told me right after we did it one night that she had always wanted to have sex with me when she was growing up, as a teenager, I mean. And one night we touched when we were sitting next to each other on Andy's front stairs and I put my hand on her bare leg and just let it stay there for quite some time.

"Shall we go across the street to my basement?" I said.

"Uh-huh."

And we both got up and held hands as we walked across the street in the dense nighttime summer heat, and went down into my basement where the mattress was and stripped off all our clothes while kissing. She was as wet as they come, and I slipped inside her and hit something sort of hard.

"What was that?" I asked.

"My IUD. You could feel it?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry. I guess I'm sort of small."

But that night my girlfriend Jolene called Andy and told him she was coming back over to see what I was doing. We had already had sex earlier, and for some reason she was suspicious that I wanted her to go home early, saying I wanted to go have a beer with Andy. So all of a sudden there was Andy knocking on my basement window, saying, *"You've got to get her out of there fast, Jolene's angry and coming over. She thinks you're seeing somebody else."*

And up the basement stairs we both flew, as the girl was trying to put her clothes on. And I had to help push her small, delicate panty-clad ass over the back fence with her tits still hanging out and

swinging, at the exact moment that Jolene came driving up my driveway.

Jolene pulled me back downstairs and yanked off my clothes and demanded we have sex, yet again. That made three times in one night! And I was just never that hungry, to tell the truth. I was positively pooped out after that night, but I went out to have yet another beer with my pal Andy anyway, to try to fathom what the heck I was doing with my life.

