Wanna Ball?

by Jerry Ratch

There was still another one night stand, in 1971. That would have been this girl who'd been a student of mine at this little Midwest college. She came out to Laguna Beach one time, and we saw each other at this party and she asked if I wanted to “ball,” as she put it. Yes, I said immediately, because I was famished and really wanted a lot of sex because I had just finished a three month project writing this long 22 page poem called The Suburban Poem and was really hungry for life.

She was skinny and stripped off her clothes and her narrow tits hung low on her body in the lamplight of the room. She explained that she had done it once for money with some guy in St. Louis, just to see what it was like to be a whore. Then she climbed on top and reversed herself so that we were in the 69 position, and we ate each other until she was sopping. Then she turned around and we did it with her on top with her tits swinging in my face, and it was so hot between us that she turned facing away and we did it that way yet again, and we each came three times, I don't know how, but there it is. She said she was on pills, but you never really know. Then I got up on my knees and finished her off doggie style, just for good measure.

She said she'd always wanted to fuck me when I was her teacher, but knew that my assistant Allison and I were doing it back in Illinois, and since Allison was now out of the picture, what the heck, you know? Now I understood why people went into teaching!

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