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A Diary of Women: Dreadful Imposition

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From the "Novels" of James Mechem

A Diary of Women: Dreadful Imposition

I caught a glimpse of her huge breasts from across the room. I wanted a better view of them so I followed her outside. She got in her car. I got in the passenger side. She hauled off and slugged me, opened the car door, pushed me out, and drove off.

The next night I saw her again and I went up to her.

"It's you!" she said. "What do you want, more of the same? You ever try that trick again and you'll get it. Next time, I'll run over you."

"I want to go home with you," I said.

"What do you think I am?"

"I don't care what you are. I've got to undress you!"

"YOU HAVE GOT TO WHAT?"

"Don't scream like that. I've got to undress you. I caught a glimpse of your breasts last night and I've got to see the whole of them."

"Brother, you try what you tried last night again and you've had it. As for the other, why didn't you say so?"

We went out and got into her car. She drove me to her home. When we got inside she took off her clothes and stood in front of me. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes," I managed to say.

"Now what do you think?" she said.

"I think I'd like to marry you," I said.

"Why didn't you say so?" she said, putting on her clothes.

We got in her car and drove to a justice of the peace and for ten dollars by the authority vested in him, he pronounced us man and wife. We went back to her house and consummated the marriage.

In the morning I got up and told her I had to go to work.

"So you work, do you? What sort of work do you do?"

"I'm an assistant to a carpenter at the moment."

"And how long have you had that job?"

"This will be my third day."

"And how old are you, by the way?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"And I'm thirty," she said.

"I'm not going to work after all," I said.