

And Father Makes Three

by Andrew Stancek

The door opens; the father takes two steps in, sees the blonde and his son naked on his bed. The blonde cackles, waves; her breast jiggles. Mirko clenches his fist, pounds the mattress, ready to smash her face, his father's, to run and keep running.

“Don't let me interrupt,” the father says. “My home is your home and all that. A chip off the old block, Mirko. I'll just close the door, pour myself a shot, stay in the kitchen.”

The blonde laughs so hard she gets the hiccups. “Nothing fazes your Dad.” She reaches out for Mirko's disappearing hardness; he has lost all interest. Another door closes, he thinks, another place I won't be welcome. His father whistles The Torreador's Song in the kitchen; Mirko smells bacon. The blonde scratches her thigh, turns over, hums along. “You sure you don't want...?”

Mirko scrambles for underwear, T-shirt. “Another time, maybe?” he says. He stops, looks at her pose, her amused look, considers the thin wall. Too much. Tail between his legs again, damn it. Tip-toeing out, he hears the blonde calling. “Palo, it's the two of us after all.”

