

Peach

by Claire King

Ah, shit, Man, she's a peach. I know her Daddy. Rough son-of-a-bitch. Old though. And rich.

She's standing outside the 7-11, skirt up round her ass. Ripe. She could be a whore but she looks way too classy. Plus she has a huge soda - I'd guess diet - and a Twinkie. I work kitty corner, at the Sunoco and I've been watching her since six-thirty. I'm getting off in ten minutes.

I drive the Chevy over, top down. I have to make four rights to get back over there. It's a pain in the ass. She smiles mad, like she's been waiting on me for hours. Crazy kid.

Want to get a beer? I say.

I'm fifteen, she says.

You don't look it.

There's oil stains on my arms and I stink from the heat, but I got Springsteen in the deck - always a winner. Just like that, there she is, sitting right next to me, Her legs open a crack in her little Barbie skirt. All that skin. I'm telling you man; she's a fucking grade A peach. What man in his right mind wouldn't?

We park up on the corner of Lafayette and Tenth. The place is still half empty, strip—lit in blue. The bartender looks at me funny.

Rags, he says. And he pours the beers. Oily Rags, that's what the sons-of-bitches call me in this joint. They're as close to family as I got, though.

The girl's at the jukebox. The whole damn bar is staring at her ass and she knows it. But she ain't playing it. She's put on some goddam sentimental shit. The regulars groan, but when she comes back to the bar she takes the cigarette from my mouth and puts it in her own. She sucks it hard, and she knows what she's doing. Jesus.

I'm a virgin, she says. Just so you know. I hold her hand and she relaxes a little.

I love Foreigner, I say.

Four beers later and she's falling through the screen door. I scoop her up, over the couch and I pull up that skirt. I'm still good to go on four beers. My cock is hard. Not that she'd notice either way. Who's your Daddy? I say. And I slap her ass.

