

Mannequin

by Jack Swenson

Hands

He was house sitting, and he invited her over for dinner. They swam in the pool, and then he went into the kitchen and got busy. After dinner they sat in the den and listened to music. He liked jazz; she liked rock. He put on an album by the Rolling Stones. They sat and talked and drank for a time, and then he got up, took her by the hand, and led her into the bedroom. "You're taking advantage of me," she said. "No," he said. Afterward he told her she had lovely hands. "You could be a model," he said.

Day Trip

One day they drove to Monterey. He had a hangover, and he didn't feel like going anywhere, but he went because she wanted to. They ate lunch at a nice restaurant, went shopping, and took a walk on beach. He had a couple of beers with lunch, and afterward he felt better. On the drive back, she gave him a blow job as they were passing a slower car. He wondered if the driver or his passengers, a woman and two kids, saw what the girl was doing.

You, Sir

Her parents were gone for the weekend, so we did something she said she had always wanted to do. I went over to her house with a bottle of champagne in both hands. We swam naked in their pool, and then we went upstairs and fucked in her bedroom. The room had been decorated for a little girl. They hadn't changed it when she became a teenager. Having sex with her there made me feel like a child molester, I said. She said it made her excited.

Later we sat outside by the pool and talked about this and that. She was going to graduate from college the next year. "What then?" I asked. She shrugged. She wasn't sure, she said. Maybe she would get married and have a baby. "Not with me," I said. I reminded her that I had had a vasectomy. She said she didn't mean

she was going to have a baby with me. "Oh," I said. She laughed and gave me The Look. It was a look she gave me every time she thought I was taking her for granted.

