

The Pixie

by Jack Swenson

I lean over and whisper into the ear of a young blond with freckles on her nose. "Wanna go swimming?" I ask. The tavern is on the outskirts of the city, and there is a creek in back. "Sure!" the girl says. We duck out the back door and walk hand in hand along a short trail down to the shore. On the bank of the stream, we take off our clothes and dash into the water. I'm not wearing a thing; the girl is wearing her panties. We wade ashore and sit in the sun on the bank, breathing hard. I look her over. She has perky tits. I can see her bush through the thin fabric of her wet panties. The girl says her name is Jody. I tell her my name is Jake. Jody picks up a stick and scratches a heart in the sand. She adds the initials J.B., then looks at me. "What's your last name?" she asks.

