

My Hot Rod and the Redhead

by Jerry Ratch

I think the Air Force Colonel must have known, from the flushed looks on our faces, that I had just fucked his daughter in a roadside patch of ragweed on the way to their house somewhere outside Danville. I remember looking back and forth between him and his daughter like a raccoon who'd been caught with the contents of the trashcan in its mouth. You could tell he was used to weaseling the truth out of young men, but I couldn't quit salivating every time I looked her over, with her bare arms, that red hair that was everywhere, and those nipples protruding through the loose material of her summer blouse. And he kept looking at her too. It was embarrassing. Although his daughter seemed totally unconcerned, and looked positively glowing. I watched that chest rising and falling in the summer heat. And that red hair, that red hair. And the sweat beaded up on her forehead, among all those freckles.

