

Rachel Is Waiting

I sit beside him on the sofa, letting him unbutton my shirt and pull it out of my pants. He massages my chest and pinches my nipples until they get hard. I like Karl, but I'm not in the mood now and I don't have much time. Rachel is home waiting for me.

Karl slides his hand down the inside of my thigh and, against my better judgment, I lie back on the cushions and spread my legs.

"Where does Rachel think you are?"

"Working late."

He grins. "Then we have time."

"No, I don't. She'll worry if I'm too late." But I don't close my legs.

"Do you want to do it here or go up to the bedroom?"

"I don't feel like doing it now," I say. But his hand rests against Pinocchio's nose growing in my pants and he knows I'm lying.

"You're so young and beautiful," he breathes, sticking his tongue in my ear. I've told him a million times I hate that. "Can't I convince you?"

Now I wish I'd gone straight home. I'm depressed and all I want to do is talk. But it will be easier to give in and go up to his bedroom. Then I can leave. "Okay, but it's got to be quick."

Upstairs, he turns on the fan. He tries to pull me onto the bed and undress me. I know what he's up to, but I stand by the bookcase with my feet nailed to the floor. He kneels in front of me

and unbuckles my pants, pulling them all the way down. He fumbles with my underwear and then gets to work. Karl takes pride in how fast he sucks off men.

After a while I begin to enjoy it and stop reading the titles of the books on the shelves. As usual he moans more than I do. I come in time with the clock striking the hour. Six good spurts. It's nice to come and not have to worry about where it goes. Besides Karl is very particular about his carpets.

I zipper up, my legs wobbly. I giggle with relief.

Karl remains on his knees as if he expects more. He's balding more than I remember. "I want to fuck you," he says.

"It's too hot. Maybe next week." Right now the thought of him inside me makes my skin crawl. I have no desire for him after I've come.

He walks with me out to my car. "I'll call you," I say, opening the door.

Standing on the sidewalk, Karl seems like any other 50-year-old man who might walk by. I think of my semen in his belly.

"Go home and make a baby this weekend," he teases.

"I've done enough damage already!"

He leans in the car window. "Have you thought anymore about what I said?" I start the car to keep the conversation from getting serious. "You always have a place here."

I turn away before he can kiss me. The neighbor across the street is watching us from his porch.

On the way home, I relax for the first time all day. Even a rushed blow job is better than none, I think, laughing now, no longer depressed. I know I'll get through the weekend.

The sun is beginning to set, but the early September evening is still hot.

I'm home by 6:30. Rachel is standing at the door watching for me. "Jenn and I waited dinner."

Jennifer opens the screen door and skips down the brick walk toward me. "Daddy, where have you been?" She pretends she's angry and shakes her finger at me. "We've been waiting for you."

I kneel down and take her in my arms. "Give us a kiss." I don't want to let her go.

I feel her soft lips against my neck. "I love you, Daddy."

Over her shoulder, I watch Rachel smiling down at us. Her arms rest protectively across her swollen belly.

Jennifer leans back to look me in the eyes. "Guess what?" Her face shines with awe. "I felt the baby move inside Mommy!"