

Flash Fiction

Bradley Stoke



Doll

“Take this, Doll!” he cried thrusting into her cunt. Its tight, hairy lips gripped his prick as his buttocks pistoned.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He locked his mouth to hers. It suctioned his tongue, while the object of his affection juddered under his manhood. Her limbs waved frantically about while his sweat trickled onto her full bosom.

And then Lucy, Lovely Lucy, resisted him even less than before. She was deflating under his passion.

Shit! Shit! Shit!

A breath of air brushed his ear.

The stopper had popped out.

Lovely Lucy had become nothing more than a sheet of rubber.

Heaven

She pinched her husband's penis, which twitched and shivered under her touch. Her mouth pursed around its purple glans, and its full length tickled her tonsils.

He stirred, and brought a gnarled hand onto her thin, greying hair, and caressed its strands. The folds of his stomach rubbed against her pendulous breasts.

This was heaven, she surmised, as his penis grew and swelled inside her mouth: its rich, excited odour assailing her nostrils.

She was as content as she could be. Nobody had said that old age was supposed to be like this.

Infidelity

She pistons her crotch up and down onto my groin, a squelch for each thrust, and my penis deep inside her. Her outstretched hands grip my sweaty shoulders. Her hair lashes my cheeks as she gasps with the passion of our lovemaking.

A pause precedes the inevitable orgasm.

“What would your wife say if she saw us now?”

I turn my head to one side and see, for the first time, Sylvia framed against the hallway: one hand on the doorknob and the other on her horrified lips.

“Why don’t we ask her and find out?” I reply.

Opsidaisy

“Oops!” she cried, as she bumped against his shoulder in the street just outside Starbucks.

The paper coffee cup fell out of his hand and dropped onto the pavement, spilling the frothy café latte like a brown smudge. It flowed over the kerb and into the gutter.

“It’s nothing,” he protested. “Accidents will happen.”

“Nonsense!” she said. “I’ll get you a refill. I quite fancy a coffee myself. What can I buy you?”

“Oops!” he cried, as passion overcome prudence.

It was foolish not to use a condom, but the moment was too precious to waste and the risk was outweighed by desire. His semen squirted inside her and it was already too late to do anything about it.

“Don’t worry,” she gasped, desiring only that they should resume their lovemaking. “I’m sure nothing will come of it.”

“I’m hope you’re right,” he said, his penis again stiffening deep inside her.

“Opsidaisy!” they cried, as they hoisted between their outstretched hands the bundle of joy that linked them together.

Their child was the unexpected but no less loved outcome of their accidents. She tightly grasped her mother's hand and nibbled affectionately on her knuckles.

Her mother patted her huge round belly.

The second child would not be an accident like the first, but sometimes accidents can be the best things that can ever happen.

The little girl chuckled as her parents exchanged affectionate smiles.

Red, White and Black

Red, White or Black? Which should it be? she asked as she examined her colour-coded lingerie. White in the top drawer. Black in the middle. And red, that special colour, in the bottom.

White for work and business. Black for most dates. Red for a special occasion.

Which one?

Not white. Brian was too good a catch.

Black? This wasn't the first date.

She remembered the pleasant frisson of his hand on her buttocks. The tickle of his moustache on her lips. She wanted more. Much more.

Red, it had to be!

The Forest

She lay naked on her back in the Spring sunshine: the warmth and sunlight on her golden skin and the caress of the grass underneath.

She felt a gentle tickling on her vulva and bent over to see the cause. In amongst the folds and contours was the perfect form of a ladybird: three black spots on a shiny red carapace.

The insect climbed the folds, ascended her clitoris and balanced on the golden strands of her pubic hair. It struggled up and tumbled into the forest below.

She smiled. She was happy to provide it with mountains and valleys.

The Garter

His hand reached up, clutching the five dollar note as the girl's leg came close. Her perfect form pneumatic and tremulous. He pulled back the garter's elastic, feeling it pinch ever so slightly on his fingers.

For just a brief moment, he could enjoy the warmth of her pale freckled thigh on his knuckle. He would treasure the sensuousness of that moment. It would tingle in his memory with a delightful burn.

And then the garter snapped back in place, and he watched sadly as she gyrated and swiveled away from him on the tall, soulless metal pole.

Twenty Minutes

Starless and Bible Black?

No.

Joe slid the King Crimson album back into the sleeve and smiled at Becky who was lying on the futon, idly running lipstick around her nipples. Like Joe, she was totally naked and the pale areola of her nipples became redder and stiffer with each circuit.

The room was strangely silent in the pause and bleating lambs could be heard outside Joe's cottage.

The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway?

Becky arose from the bed and knelt beside Joe. She pressed her lips on the tattoo of the naked woman etched when Joe was in the Navy and trailed her fingers over the scar on his cheek.

"Hurry up!" she pleaded.

"We've got to have the right music, you know..."

"Fuck it, Joe! I don't know why you have to play vinyl anyway."

"Better fidelity," he asserted.

"What does it fucking matter?" she asked.

She opened her mouth and licked the breasts and hips on the fading tattoo, now older than she was.

"Vinyl only lasts twenty minutes. Why don't you play some CDs? You get

seventy or eighty minutes of that. Time enough for a real session!”

Joe winced. Twenty minutes these days was pretty much his limit. Especially with someone so energetic.

Becky settled back on the bed.

Shit! Why couldn't he put on some decent music? Some garage, say. Seventy minutes of the So Solid Crew would suit her fine. Not twenty minutes of Led Zeppelin or Dire Straits!

She placed the discarded King Crimson album cover on her lap, sitting cross-legged against the wall, as Joe sorted out his aging record collection. She tugged free some Rizlas and shook loose some grass from a plastic sachet.

Men were fucking useless!