

The Cream of Sheba

Bradley Stoke



Tony leaned back from his desk, the one hand, or more specifically the two fingers, with which he had been typing feeling numb. His other hand, however, wasn't so much numb at the fingertips as it was at the wrist. The penis he held in his hand, jerking up and down in his languidly flicking wrist, was hovering somewhere between achieving full arousal and subsiding back to its more normal torpor. In front of him was the old PC he'd bought years ago and never felt the need to upgrade. The CRT screen displayed his recently typed words, which had come almost directly from his semi-erect penis and found their way into the default Times New Roman font of MS Word 95 via only a brief traverse through his brain. Ancient dried semen stains were splattered on everything: the keyboard, the carpet, the fabric of the crappy old PC World swivel chair where he sat, and even on his Logitech mouse.

Tony regarded the words he'd written in the hope that they might propel him into a realm of fresh inspiration and take his turgid prose soaring into new heights of second- or third-hand sexual passion.

Joe's prick thrust again and again into the busty Venusian cunt, her extraplanetary cum dribbling down the shaft, while her massive mammaries bobbed and wobbled to Joe's hard, virile thrusts! "Ooooh!! Aaggghhh!! Uuhhh!!" she shouted in orgasmic desire. "You're the best fuck I've had since the Uranians came. I think I love you, Joe!"

Tony smiled with satisfaction, his penis twitching as it responded to the images it had inspired. His story, 'Women Come on Venus', was going pretty well, if he didn't

mind saying so himself. He was a fucking poet. He liked his own coinage: 'extraplanetary'. If it didn't exist in the dictionary, it fucking ought to. And 'massive mammaries'! He deserved the Booker Prize for his prose. Now, what he needed to do was try and get his character, Joe, to fuck some of the other Venusians. He'd got him to stick it in Amarinda, the Venusian with the huge tits, the big thighs and the long tongue (which was about all the characteristics he'd given her). But there were other Venusians to fuck. All with big tits. And all up for it.

He wasn't sure how far his talent for invention might be stretched by inventing all these space age alien names. 'Amarinda' was pretty good. A pretty cosmic kind of name. But what names should he give the other outer space bitches? Perhaps he ought to consult his old John Norman paperbacks. Or perhaps those novelisations he owned of Dr Who, Star Wars and James T. Kirk era Star Trek. They were a reliable treasure trove of inspiration. At least for that kind of inspiration he couldn't pump out of his testicles.

Tony scrolled up the pages of his story while wondering how he could get Joe and Amarinda to piss on each other, maybe get a dog involved, and whether there was an opportunity to incorporate leather or bondage into his plot. He settled at the top of the third page, his penis twitching in his grip, the tip of his glans slightly shiny in the light given off by the angle-poise lamp, and re-read the paragraph he had written.

Joe could see that Amarinda had whopping big boobies, perhaps 46DD, with a slim waist and full thighs. She pulled off her clothes really quickly and then took off her stockings with the suspenders. Joe's cock was as thick and stiff as

a Cumberland sausage, but straight and rigid, rather than curved round in a circle. The Venusian was gasping with desire as Joe approached her, his dick ready to thrust inside her creamy quim.

Tony repeated his breathless prose to himself. ‘Creamy quim’! Alliteration. Shakespeare had nothing on him. Perhaps he could pause for a quick smoke, he wondered, glancing at his open packet of Bensons. Or should he just let his muse transport him toward towering new vistas of poetic inspiration? Dripping as it would necessarily be in plenty of cum, jizz and female ejaculate (the name of which Tony wasn’t quite sure).

And then the door-bell rang.

Fuck! Who could that be? It was fucking nine or ten or something in the evening. And it was pissing down outside as well. Perhaps it was one of the guys from the office coming round for a pint in the Fisherman’s Retreat. If it was, why hadn’t he phoned Tony to warn him in advance?

The door-bell rang again, more insistently.

“Coming!” Tony called out, tucking his penis back into his trousers and buttoning up his flies.

He glanced at the screen where the unfinished ‘*Women Come on Venus*’ was staring at him. What would one of his colleagues make of that? He didn’t really want to know. If they knew he was a sex story writer who’d had loads of stories posted on the Internet, he’d never be able to live it down. And it wouldn’t do him any good to tell them that he’d once got a half-way decent review for a story. Nor that his stories

got loads of downloads. And they wouldn't be impressed by his account of the occasional e-mail he received from his readers, who praised him for writing the sort of stories they most liked to read. He'd just be known as a kind of pervert.

Tony hesitated over minimising the window in which Word 95 was displayed, but reflected that the wallpaper he'd chosen for his screen - a large breasted woman being fucked in both the front and the rear - was actually worse than a screen full of text. Tony shook his head, leaving the screen as it was, and scurried out of the living room and opened the front door.

"Fuck!" he cried, in genuine surprise. "Maggie! What are you doing here?"

"Why can't a wife visit her husband? Is there a law against it?" Margaret wondered, standing in the doorway, shaking her umbrella, the rain behind her having eased a little. "Are you going to ask me in? Or am I just going to have to stand out here in the pissing rain?"

"No! No! Come in!" said Tony as his wife crossed the threshold of his one-bedroom flat for the first time since he'd moved in just over a year before. He looked her up and down as she shook her long, dark bush of curly hair and undid the buttons of her shiny black overcoat. He'd not seen her for so long, he'd forgotten what a fine woman his wife was. And how painful it had been for him when she left him for that bitch from the insurance firm.

Margaret held up her overcoat, the drops of rain sliding down its shiny fabric and looked quizzically at her husband.

"Well! What do I do with this?"

"Er... I'll take it," said Tony, releasing it from her grip, his heart beating

thunderously inside his chest as he regarded his wife. Her bosom was just as proud and firm as he remembered, some kind of D cup, although, unlike the heroes of his fiction, he didn't quite have the aptitude of instantly determining their exact size. And those thighs of hers, full and womanly, narrowing from her slightly large arse down to her feet in the severe high heels she still chose to wear. It was obvious that living with a dyke hadn't damaged Margaret's dress sense one iota.

Margaret smiled at her estranged husband, her face as thick with eye-liner, foundation cream and highlighter as it ever was. Her lips now a shocking purple. And she still plucked her eyebrows. Maggie might be a woman in her forties, but Tony knew for sure she was still the head turner she had been when they'd got married five years ago, both on the rebound from their respective and equally messy divorces. And, as Tony needed reminding, she and he were still man and wife, even though they'd been separated for so long.

He turned round to hang up his wife's coat in the wardrobe he'd so carefully assembled from the IKEA flat-pack, while Margaret strode boldly and unaccompanied into the living room.

Shit! Tony hoped she wouldn't look at his PC. Please anywhere... anywhere at all... but not at his PC. Perhaps the screensaver had started up. Perhaps she'd think it was some kind of letter he was writing to a solicitor.

Tony hurried into the living room, glancing at his harassed expression in the hallway mirror as he passed it by, his round-rim glasses and greying hair making him look so much older and sorrier for himself than when he and Margaret had got married in the registrar's office.

And then, his worst fears were realised. His wife was standing by his desk, an unlit cigarette dangling from her right hand and leaning forward to read the words off the computer screen.

“Maggie!” Tony said, trying to retain some sense of normality. “Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?”

“Tea or coffee? What time do you think it is? Get me a whisky. You still drink whisky, don’t you? A Glenmorangie would go down fine.”

“Yes. Yes. I’ll get the bottle from the kitchen,” Tony said, anxiously looking at his wife. “But first, shall I turn off the computer?”

“What? And deny me the pleasure of reading the latest opus from the Cream of Sheba? That would never do. Just get me a whisky. And two cubes of ice.”

Tony scurried back to the kitchen. What did she say? ‘The Cream of Sheba’? Did this mean that she knew? That she’d known all along? Or maybe it was just part of the text of the story. He could pretend it was written by someone else. That he’d downloaded it off the Internet. That’d be better than confessing to the truth. And better perhaps than if Maggie saw the wallpaper on his screen.

“Here you are, dear!” he called as he came back, watching his wife who was now sitting on his swivel-chair and reading his prose, the cigarette lit and held in her right hand, occasionally flicking ash into his ashtray.

“Award-winning stuff this, Tone!” Margaret said with a sneer. “Listen to this. *‘When Joe reached the bottom of the ladder and his feet trod on the orange Venusian sand, thirty-three luscious babes emerged from their pods, with the most fantastic bodies Joe had ever seen. They all had waists like hour-glasses and boobs like beach-*

balls.’ What do you think of that?”

“Um... I dunno,” Tony remarked, uncomfortable at the sound of his own prose.

“It’s really strange, isn’t it? I mean, forgetting that Venus is like thousands of degrees hot and nothing could live there, it’s weird how this Joe just struck lucky. And *‘boobs like beach-balls’*. Sounds pretty gruesome to me. Is that the best way to describe breasts, do you think?”

“Erm...” blushed Tony. “It’s rubbish, isn’t it?”

“Rubbish?” Margaret commented. “Don’t be so hard on yourself. And what’s this? How does this Joe get to find out what this Amarinda’s bra measurements are? Was he working in the lingerie department of Marks & Spencer’s back on Earth? Even though it says here he was the most accomplished and intelligent pilot to have ever graduated from Earth Space Academy. Bloody hell, Tony! Where do you get the inspiration for all this? Blake’s Seven? Fireball XL5?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” stumbled Tony, his glass of whisky shaking in his hand after placing the other one beside the ashtray Margaret was using.

“Don’t be stupid, Tony,” Margaret sneered, puffing out a ring of smoke. “Don’t think I don’t know about your dirty little secret. *‘Cream of Sheba’*? When I first saw that on your PC a couple of years ago, it didn’t take much skill at googling to find all those stories you’ve written. And God! You’ve been a busy little beaver, haven’t you? All that Sheba cream of yours has gone a long way...” Margaret pointed at a stain on the mouse. “At least the cream you didn’t squander on the way...”

“I can explain, Maggie...”

“Don’t bloody try. As if it makes any difference. When I first read your stuff, I thought what kind of a perv am I married to? Sex with children. Sex with dogs. Bondage. Scat. Even rape. In fact everything except male homosexual sex...”

“It’s not what it seems...”

“Well, what is it then, Tone? And why not male homosexual sex? After you got together with that French guy, Armand or whatever, of all the things you might have written about, that’s about the thing on which you’d have been most authoritative. At least, I’m pretty sure you’ve never really had incestuous sex with twelve year old girls. Or pissed in anyone’s face, unless it was Armand’s. And however much you like dogs, I don’t think you’ve ever actually had sex with one. And yet, unless you post under a different pseudonym to gay sites, I don’t think you’ve written anything about men having sex with other men.”

“It didn’t really work out with Armand. And anyway, I’m not really gay...”

“You just fuck with one, do you? Well, you do like poking the women in your stories up the arse, like you sometimes did with me when we got a bit blotto, so I suppose you put your experiences with Armand to some good use. But, like I said, when I first saw your porno doodlings I was a bit shocked at first...”

“It’s a bit cutting edge, isn’t it?” Tony said with pride, despite his discomfiture.

“Well, that’s not what shocked me. And anyway, it’s no more ‘cutting edge’ than a lot of other stuff you see on the net. No, what shocked me was the poverty of your erotic fantasies, the narrowness of your views on women and all those bloody grammatical errors you made. And the typos! Don’t you ever use a spellchecker? And your plots! All I’ve got to do is look at the title and I know what the story’s going to

be about. ‘*Amy and the Alsatian*’. ‘*I Fucked a Cheerleader Babysitter*’. ‘*Arsehole Avengers*’. Christ, Tone! Is that what goes through your brain? And your stories with lesbians in them...”

“My lesbian stories?”

“Well, you don’t have any with just lesbians, but you have loads where the girls hit off with each other, before hitting off with the guys. You really have *no* idea, have you?”

“Is it because you read about the lesbians in my stories that you ran off with...?”

“Fuck no! What happened between me and Lucy was nothing to do with you. I might have left you one day anyway, but it wasn’t your pathetic stories with all those dykes gagging for a man’s dick in their mouth that made what occurred between me and Lucy happen. It wasn’t like you and Armand, from all accounts...”

“I don’t know what you’re getting at...”

“Got drunk and ended up waking up in a man’s bed. That’s how you described it at the time. But you still kept seeing him for about two months after that. Was that you getting your own back at me after I’d left you, was it?”

“Well, I don’t know whether...”

“Lucy was different. We were in love. Not that you know what that’s about, judging by your stories...”

“Hey! That’s not fair! When we got married...”

Margaret smiled wickedly. “Yeah! When we got married... You were pretty hot then. But was it love, eh? It was love I felt for Lucy, but I don’t know even now if

it was love I felt for you.”

“But I was in love with you!” protested Tony, surprising himself by the degree of sincerity that betrayed itself in his voice.

Margaret sipped on her glass of whiskey and coughed slightly as it burned the back of her throat. She smiled at her husband. “Well, you certainly couldn’t keep your hands off me, could you?”

Tony leaned over the desk in front of the PC screen whose words stared so accusingly at him and opened his packet of cigarettes. He pulled one out and lit it with a disposable lighter. How could he steer the conversation away from the Cream of Sheba?

“What are you doing here, Maggie? Why, after all this time, have you come to see me?”

“Well, it wasn’t to be first in the queue for your latest story, Tone,” Margaret smiled. “Your last one about that cheerleader gang bang was pretty disgusting, you know. What had she done to deserve it? And what do you know about cheerleaders anyway? You’ve never been to the States.” Margaret placed her cigarette in her mouth, a trace of lipstick on its filter, and blew out a cloud of smoke. “No, it’s me and Lucy. We had an argument. So, I thought I’d go somewhere else for a while till things calmed down.”

“An argument? What was that about?”

“Why the fuck should I tell you, Tone? Anyway, it’s not the first one we’ve had. And the little bitch thought *she* was the broad-minded one. It was her idea to play around a bit. So what if she got a bit jealous... But we’ll get together again, Tone,

don't you worry. We always do."

"But why come round to see me? You've had plenty of opportunities to do so, but the only times we've met since we separated has been in cafés and pubs. And there's always been Lucy with you."

"Yeah, we have, haven't we?" Margaret sneered. "But I'll be honest with you, Tone. I've come round to see you because I fancy a fuck."

Tony gulped. He wasn't quite sure he'd heard right. Even in his stories, his women were never quite as bold or direct as that.

"I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I fancy a fuck, Tone. Christ! Do I have to spell it out? I thought I could come here and we could make love together. I mean, you never had any difficulty in that department when we lived together. And sometimes, you know, a woman might want a fuck from her ex."

Tony wasn't sure that was such a universally held opinion, even from what little he knew. His divorced wife, Melinda, certainly wasn't at all keen, even though Tony had suggested it to her several times after they'd separated and before the divorce papers came through.

"Is it because you read my stories?" he wondered.

"Fuck, Tony! If you think I want you to stick your cock up my arse and piss in my mouth, while a bunch of other girls get ready to join in, then you really *are* stupid. If anything, it's despite those smutty little fantasies of yours rather than because. But, yes, at least I know by googling around that you're still keen on sex and not gone all monastic. And anyway, if you find the time to write all that porno wet-dream stuff, I

know you're not finding the time to actually give your dick any practice."

Tony nodded at the PC. "Shall I turn it off?" he pleaded.

"What? And deny me the pleasure of reading the Cream of Sheba's latest literary masterpieces? Come on! What else have you got on your hard drive? Anything likely to fire up a girl who just wants a fuck with her ex?"

Tony's heart leapt up with a thud from his chest to somewhere at the back of his throat where it lodged momentarily and deprived him of articulate speech. "Why d'you? Why do you...? With me? Why?"

"You're there. You're available. And anyway I didn't go after Lucy because you were a poor show in the bed department. It's the other things you don't have and that Lucy has in spades that made the decision for me. So, come on, big boy. You got some other hot little stories. Anything like '*Naked Gymnasium*', '*Buffy Fucks Willow*' or '*Sex Slave Daughter*'?"

Tony winced as Margaret recited the titles of his short stories. He remembered when '*Sex Slave Daughter*' had been nominated as best story of the month, though it had been beaten to the title by some romantic lesbian slush. He stood in front of Margaret as she swivelled around in his PC World chair.

"Come on, Maggie! Leave the PC alone."

"Or perhaps you've got some pictures you've downloaded off the Internet? You don't surf the same websites as Pete Townshend or the Royal Metropolitan Constabulary do you? No kiddy porn?"

Tony blushed again. "I'm not into that kind of stuff..."

"Doesn't stop you writing about it, though, does it?"

Margaret placed the palm of her hand flat against the front of Tony's trousers. She puffed at her cigarette and raised her eyes lasciviously up toward Tony's rather nervous face above her as he looked down at his estranged wife.

"Gives you a bit of a hard-on, thinking about it, doesn't it?"

Tony nodded. His eloquence vanishing into a gurgle of incoherence as one by one, Margaret carefully undid the buttons that secured the flies of his trousers. His wife placed a cool hand inside and felt the meat of his penis through the boxer shorts.

"Nice and big, isn't it?"

Tony nodded. This was a bit like one of his own stories, he thought, only what normally happened would be that the huge breasted seventeen year old cheerleader would then... would then... do exactly what his wife was actually doing. Which was ease down his trousers and underpants to his knees, take his swollen member in her hands and run her fingers up and down its length, from the aching testicles to the swelling glans, fully emerged from the constraints of his unmutated foreskin.

Margaret stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray, picked up her glass of whiskey and took two long gulps, emptying it down her throat. She smiled at her husband, before letting her right hand accompany the left in pumping his penis.

She smiled up at Tony, who regarded her with an as yet unabated expression of embarrassment.

"I guess I need something to disguise the taste of your cock, Tone."

She put her mouth to the tip of the glans, the tongue touching underneath where the stretch of skin from his retracted foreskin pulled down and her teeth gently above on the hooded rim. She removed her mouth.

“Still smells and tastes the same, Tone, doesn’t it? A bit like the cheese you write about in your stories. Never could work out what kind of cheese, could we? Should be blue cheese given what it inspires, but I guess it’s more like goat’s cheese.”

And with that, Margaret returned her mouth to the penis, which she deepthroated and gobbled with a skill that only someone more expert in these matters than Tony would have recognised betrayed a recent lack of practice. Tony looked down at his wife and glanced again at the words he’d written as the Cream of Sheba. His fantasies now seemed so small and trivial compared to the real life pleasures of the real thing.

It was only much later when Margaret at last slumped asleep by his side, in the double bed they’d once shared every night, that Tony was able to let his mind wander, as it always did each night, to the fantasies he realised on his word processor. But as he regarded his wife, even as she snored in that soft and still familiar way, he knew their love-making, however passionate, was really just a diversion for her until she patched things up again with Lucy. Although this encounter meant everything to him, he knew his wife well enough to know it might mean something to her, but nothing as much to her as it did to him. He still loved her, and this meant that Margaret was welcome to return to his bed again. Although he had no idea whether she would ever want to again.

And as to the other matter... as to whether the Cream of Sheba should immortalise this precious moment in prose... Well, Tony wasn’t sure. Now that he had actually met one of his readers, he wasn’t at all sure he was able to express to her, as he would have to do, knowing she would read his words, the true essence of their

coupling. Could he find the words to express the love he felt, the passion that his penis had only been his companion in the throes of their sweaty embracing?

Or would he return again to the virginal schoolgirls and bosomy aliens that he found so much easier to write about?