

A Good Match

Bradley Stoke



Wicked! That's what it was. Well wicked!

Darren dabbed a trickle of blood off his lip. Nothing to worry about. Least it hadn't got onto his shirt. Fucking seventy quid he paid for that. And he didn't relish explaining to his mum how come he'd got some distinctly biological stains on it. Not like his Fred Perry that time. Fucking ninety quid it cost and it never looked so good again.

But it was wicked. Brutal! He and his mates had shown those Man C cunts. If they'd not had the back-up that appeared from fucking nowhere, the cunts would be fucking dead now. And when he and his mates scarpered, he noticed one of the Man C cunts waving a fucking chain. Just like in *A Clockwork Orange*. And that was one fucking movie.

Darren laughed to himself as he remembered the geezer he'd chinned and the plexus punch he'd administered to the fat bloke in the poncey Armani. When he fell to Darren's feet, perfectly placed for a few kicks in the groin, well, that was a fucking blast that was. He'd have fucking left him with busted goolies given the chance.

He held the tissue up to his eyes. The blood stains were fainter now. Mother Nature could always be relied on to stop the flow, just as it was always there to start the taps running after a bit of radical administration.

But where were his mates now?

Fucking gone they were! Every last fucking cunt. It was just him in the North London streets, all on his lonesome, and not ready for another ruck with a bunch of poncey Mancies. He'd rather be lashing out the medicine than taking it.

So, where to now?

Certainly not back to the stadium. There was too much chance he would be

picked up by some stragglers from the Man C crew. And although it had been a good match, a two-nil victory to the home side, there wasn't much to do at an empty football ground.

Darren heard the heavy percussive beats from a bar across the road, accompanied by flashing lights, the excited chatter of the evening crowd and the clink of lager bottles. Yeah! That's what he could do with now. A Grolsch would set him up right.

He checked that the blood on his chin was dry, sensibly choosing to leave the scab intact, and strode over the road. He admired his reflection on the plate glass door as he pushed it open. He looked like a million dollars. Or more precisely the 350 quid the suit cost him. He rudely pushed his way to the front of the bar, through the other people waiting rather more patiently than him for a drink.

"Oi!" he shouted to the barmaid, whose back was turned to him. "Have a heart! I've been waiting bleeding ages! And I only want a Grolsch."

She turned round. Pretty little bint she was.

"Oh! I'm sorry. Do you want it cold?"

Works every time, Darren snickered, accepting the ice-cold bottle of lager with the top levered off.

"Keep the change!" he announced with a winning smile, handing her the exact money.

And now what?

Darren leaned his back against a mirrored pillar, not wishing to show himself up by sitting down although there were a couple of spare seats. He couldn't see the telly, not that he'd be able to hear anything over the booming garage, so Darren was

forced to look ahead of him and think.

Not something he liked to do very often.

Only a week or so till his wedding to Trace. Darren wasn't sure he was looking forward to that so much as to the Stag Night on the Friday before. That'd be fucking brilliant. The lads and he would go off to some lap dancing joint and there'd be plenty of beer and curry. But if the cunts dared to do what they did to Kev on *his* stag night, trussed up like some fucking turkey with not even a pair of boxers to hide his shrivelled manhood, well, there'd be some dead bodies in the manor not long afterwards.

Everyone said Trace and he were well suited. They'd been going out, off and on, for two years now, though Darren had only proposed marriage to her when he heard she'd also been going with Phil. And Phil was one of the few geezers on the manor you couldn't mess with. By staking a definite claim on Trace, flashing that diamond ring he'd got for 300 quid on the high street, Darren had shown he could swing with the big dicks. I mean, you mightn't be able to tackle Phil head on, but you could stake your territory. And if your one and only was pedigree tail in the district, then people just had to give due respect.

Of course, his mum and dad were delighted too, although Darren couldn't help wondering that might be because he'd have to move out of the family home and his parents would only need to worry about his sister, Sue, and that black sprog of hers she'd earned after one night of stupidity with the yardie crew.

Darren scanned the bar for tottie and smiled as he assessed the talent. One in particular took his fancy: a tidy little number with plenty of trim midriff on show and a pretty face. Her hair was just long enough to brush her shoulders. She had very

nearly finished the small glass she held delicately in her hand at the end of a long and sensuous bare arm. Opposite her was her bloke, dressed in a nylon bomber with a black short-cropped baret much like Darren's own. When she smiled her face was a startling and delicious array of white ivory. Her eyes sparkled under a high forehead.

And then the bloke left her to make his way towards the loo, his neat black jeans and white trainers flashing with each stride.

Now was the moment.

Darren strolled over to the girl, a broad grin on his face.

"You look like you need a refill. What you having, love?"

She looked startled. Her smile vanished and her eyes narrowed. No longer sparkling. More anxious and clouded.

"You what?"

"You heard, love," Darren said, his grin, if anything, broader than before.

"What's your poison?"

The girl was flustered. "I don't know what you think you're about. I'm with Trev. We were just about to go on somewhere else."

"Don't be soft. I'm only being friendly, love. What's your name anyway? I'm Darren."

"Shell. Michelle, really. But don't think I'm gonna..."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Shell," said Darren. "You know when you see a bird like you, well, you just can't not do nothing."

"What do you mean?" wondered Shell, looking flustered and nervous.

"I don't know if anyone's ever told you, but you're a girl in a million."

"Really?"

“Course you are. A red blooded geezer just can’t stand over there when you’re in the room and not want to pass a compliment.”

“What you on?” Shell giggled, softening to Darren’s practised repartee.

“What the fuck are you doing, mate?” asked the rather more aggressive voice of Trevor who’d returned from the loo. “You hitting on my bird?”

Darren turned around, still smiling, and faced down his rival in love.

“And if I am?” he asked quietly.

Trevor looked as flustered as Shell.

“You just fucking take your fucking hands off her.”

“I ain’t touched her, mate.”

“Don’t be fucking stupid. Just fucking move off. Fuck off!”

“You threatening me?”

Trevor looked Darren up and down. The two men were pretty equally matched. Neither of them especially big, but both fairly fit.

“Just fuck off, cunt!” Trevor said, choosing to raise his voice to a level sufficiently loud for the rest of the bar to turn their heads around to see what was going on.

“So, what you gonna do?”

“I’ll fucking kill you.”

“What did you say?” asked Darren quietly and apparently reasonable.

“Just fuck off or I’ll fucking kill you!”

That was good enough for Darren, though less would have been sufficient really.

He clipped his fist across Trevor’s mouth, bursting the lip with the single

punch. And then, as Trevor fell back from the blow and just about to launch out with a punch of his own, Darren followed through with a cuff to the ear and two or three upward thrusts with his fist into Trevor's chest. As his victim fell forward, Darren added a few more punches in the face to the punishment. When Trevor fell backwards into some people who'd foolishly not moved out of the way, Darren slid his leg under Trevor's legs to bring him heavily down onto the floor.

"You cunt!" Trevor whimpered.

"You bastard!" echoed one of the men whom Trevor had fallen onto.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Shell gasped.

"Come on, love!" replied Darren, who took advantage of the confusion to grab Shell by the arm and drag her out of the bar, while behind them the other customers were responding variously and with no coordination to the swift and conclusive outrage that most of them hadn't really seen.

"It was him who fucking started it!" yelled Darren, as he slipped through the door, gripping Shell tightly by her arm. "You saw it. He was fucking mental, he was! He should be fucking certified, the cunt!"

It wasn't until Darren had strode several yards down the street, dragging a bemused Shell with him, that his abductee began struggling to get loose. No doubt she was as confused as anyone by Darren's speedy attack to easily gather her wits.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing? That was my bloke you fucking chinned. Fucking let me go!"

"Don't be fucking stupid! You don't want to get involved with plod. Anyway, I was just defending myself. The cunt said he was gonna kill me. It was either him or me!"

“He wasn’t gonna do nothing.”

“Don’t talk wet. How was I gonna fucking know that? Look, love, I’m sorry for what I done to your bloke. What say we stop for a drink? You know, I don’t want you to think I’m some sorta wide cunt, looking for a fight and all. There’s a pub over there. We’ll stop there. And don’t get too pissed off. I’ll buy you a drink and everything. It’s the least I can do.”

Darren lessened his grip on Shell’s arm, sensing she was relaxing after his apology.

“Well, just one. If it was, like, a genuine mistake. Then I’ve gotta get back. Trev’ll be wondering where I am.”

Perhaps, wondered Darren. But when the paramedics arrived, he’d have a lot of other things to worry about. Darren glanced at the trace of blood on his fist. Trevor probably wouldn’t start worrying about where his bird was for quite a while yet.

Darren guided Shell into a quiet little pub down a side street he knew of where most of the clientele were really too old to get involved in a ruck. He kept his grip on her arm while he ordered a Becks for himself (there was no Grolsch here) and an alcopops for Shell. Then they sat down in a corner where Shell couldn’t easily scarper whilst keeping up a line of chat that was mostly just to keep her mind off other things.

He told her he worked for a software house and how he was some kind of sales rep. He told her he’d just been to a football match and had had to run off when some hooligans picked on him and his mates. He told her that she was a tidy girl and that he’d not noticed her bloke, Trev. He told her he’d been done not too long ago when a friend of his had got into a fight and he’d been arrested as an accessory to the crime. He told her that he would rather risk anything than lose his job if got arrested

again.

“Some of my mates are a bit too ready with the old fists,” Darren asserted. “But they’re mates, you know. You’ve gotta stick by them.”

He gazed into Shell’s eyes, clearly melting under Darren’s patter, her wrist no longer needing to be held and her mouth puffing away at the ciggie she’d pulled out of her handbag. He wasn’t exactly going to tell her that he’d actually stitched up his mates, seeing the fuzz arrive and shrinking into the background before they’d made their presence felt.

“Yeah! You gotta stick by your mates, ain’t you?” Shell agreed.

“But what about you, love? Where d’you work?”

Only when Shell was well into an account of her life in the office and her boring job on the reception desk did Darren judge it was safe enough to stand up and get some more drinks, making sure of tipping an extra measure of vodka into her glass. That little bit extra always helped.

It wasn’t until a lot later that Darren and Shell left the pub. He was still pretty much together, having held back his intake, while Shell was ever so tipsy and very easily persuaded to invite him back to the bedsit she rented. At this stage, Trevor was pretty much totally forgotten and Shell was quite happy to thread her arm into Darren’s own.

“We make a good couple, you’n’me,” Shell remarked, unprompted, seeing their reflection in a shop window. “A good match.”

Darren looked at the same reflection and took the opportunity to slightly straighten his open-necked shirt. She still looked tidy, though the alcohol had made her chin a little slack and her eyes unfocused.

“Yeah! Like we were meant for each other!” Darren echoed, using a line that had worked pretty well with Trace.

“You think so?”

“Course I do, love!”

The way to Shell’s flat was far enough to warrant a taxi which pleased Darren as he was worried whether some of the Man C crowd might still be around. And then along one of the anonymous roads between a run-down housing estate and a row of shops. They got out of the taxi just outside a tall Victorian block by whose door was arrayed about a dozen door-bells and associated intercoms. Two flights up and Darren was wondering whether he’d have to accept the offer for coffee he’d wheedled out of Shell or if they could just get straight down to business.

His balls were aching and his trousers were too tight to disguise his desire from anyone who cared to check.

Shell hesitated by the door to her flat, a key in one hand and a rather silly smile on her face.

“Coffee, is it?”

Darren saw his chance. Always act first and think later. He leaned forward, put a supporting arm around Shell’s waist and his lips close to her face.

“It’s up to you.”

Shell giggled. She let Darren peck her face with kisses and opened her mouth wide enough for his tongue to enter. At last! Something liquid! The two mouths grappled together until Darren’s jaw ached enough and Shell’s hand had established the truth of his intentions.

“Yeh! Later, maybe?” Shell agreed.

The door opened into a room dominated by a TV and a bed. The walls were pasted with posters of film actors and empty mugs were scattered about on a table and cupboard. But Darren concentrated his attention on Shell's skirt, easing it down her slim legs while his other hand grappled with the clasp of her bra under her short knitted top. And all the while his tongue and lips monopolised her face as bit by bit he divested her of her clothes.

And then he paused. He didn't want to crease his suit or tear his shirt. He stood back, letting Shell finish unclasping her bra and with practised ease pulled off all his clothes, not bothering to unlace his shoes. Then he stood in front of her, still wearing his socks, and his penis erect in front of him and pressing against her belly.

"I dunno..." she hesitated, standing in only her frilly knickers.

"Fuck it, love! You know you want to!"

"Yeah. S'pose I do!"

Finally, they were on the bed, both of them starkers, and Darren, ever the gentleman, knew that for it to be real good he had to get Shell a bit wetter and a bit freer between the legs than his probing fingers told him she was. He knew it was a bit soft, but it got the girls every time, as he eased her slowly onto her back and plied his tongue and teeth to her crotch.

Tidy it was. Fucking tidy. Maybe she'd even trimmed it some time, you couldn't tell. The lips were thick, not at all ragged, and her clitoris was a tiny little thing that he had to really slobber around to loosen from its folds and allow his tongue a chance to find. And as he licked, he could hear Shell gasping with that urgency and passion he recognised from Trace and from all the other birds he'd shagged over the years.

It wasn't long at all until it was Shell who was begging Darren to enter her, that twat of hers dripping with juice, a strong smell of earthy passion filling his nostrils, which he did with slow leisurely strokes that pushed her up and up, her head pressing against the headrest of the bed. Darren's eyes met with those of Mel Gibson who featured on a poster just behind her fanned-out hair.

As always, when Darren was in the action, he liked to imagine other birds. Imagining the tits and arse he'd seen in all the pornos he'd rented, and then to compare them with the bird in his hand. He was fucking lucky. This bird was a fuck of a lot better than most of them, although her tits were smaller and she made small gasping noises rather than the full grunts and yells of the porn stars. Whatever his mates said, real birds were better than the porno talent. And this one had a real grip to her snatch, that squeezed his prick with each leisurely but progressively more urgent thrust.

But he didn't want to come too soon. He could feel the urgency in his aching testicles transmitted to his prick, urging him to release its juice into this unprotected twat. But that wouldn't do. Slow down a bit.

The sweat and passion and exertion were tiring him, but he wanted his spunk to leave a message in the best place. And a place he bet the ineffectual Trevor had never been. In the thrusts, and twisting, the entry and teasing withdrawal, Darren let his finger wander. And it slithered down the trail of fanny batter to the puckered little anus which he slowly penetrated with an exploratory circuit of his finger. She gasped appreciatively as she felt the extra incursion.

She was right and ready, Darren thought, letting his penis slip out of her slippery twat, and then, with a quick plunge and no warning, straight into her arse.

The next moment or so clearly confused Shell. Perhaps she wasn't too sure exactly what this new sensation was, especially as he kept a trio of fingers embedded to the knuckle in her front, while he thrust urgently and hard into the tighter and undoubtedly muckier hole.

And then she gasped in apparent disbelief: "Are you fucking my arse, you bugger?" It was at this point Darren finally let nature take its course and release all that stored goodness his aching balls had struggled to confine.

"What d'you think?" he remarked, his penis shrivelling but still erect enough to keep inside her.

"Fuck off! I didn't give you no permission. Fucking get out of me!"

"Gladly! Anyway, it's done its job!"

Shell collapsed on the bed, her legs wide open and a splatter of semen on her thighs and dampening the sheets. Darren knelt above her, his penis still twitching while he wondered whether he had it in him to do a proper porn star money shot, perhaps over her tummy, or even (and this was something he'd only once persuaded a bird to let him do) right on her face and eyes.

"You fucked me up the arse, didn't you?" Shell asked drunkenly, as much out of disbelief as from anything else.

"Yeah! You like it?"

"No one's done that before. Not Trevor. Not no one."

"Good, weren't it?"

"No. It fucking well wasn't!" Shell said more angrily, sitting up. "I didn't ask you to fucking do that! You fucking leave now! You just fucking go!"

"You don't want more?"

“No fucking way! You just fucking put your fucking clothes back on and fuck off! I don’t want to fucking see you again!”

There was a pause as Darren noticed tears welling up in Shell’s eyes and a look of disgust on the rest of her face as her hand probed between her legs. At this point, Darren hesitated. He could, you know. It was well within his power. The bird wouldn’t stand a chance.

But Darren was too intelligent for that. It was a mug’s game. The plod would get involved and it’d well and truly fuck things up. And with his wedding next week, well, it was the last thing he should do!

Almost meekly, Darren collected his things and got dressed, while Shell rubbed her bruised and battered vagina and anus.

“Sorry, love! Just got carried away, like!”

“Just fuck off! Don’t fucking say nothing!”

Darren trotted down the stairs of the block of flats, easing the door behind him and plucking his mobile out of his pocket. He had kept the card the taxi-driver had given him so he knew how to catch a cab home. He punched in the number while striding along.

That was a fucking blast! That Shell had been a fucking good screw.

Darren thought about Trace, reminiscing on her rather more prominent bosom and her looser twat. He felt good. In only a week’s time, there’d be another expression to describe what he’d just been doing. And it wasn’t ‘playing the field’ or ‘sowing the wild oats’.

It would be ‘adultery’.

Darren smiled. He could hardly wait!