

Flash Fiction

From the Changeling Bar and Grill

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A collection of flash fiction -- 100 word short stories -- written by Changeling authors and staff late one night at the Bar and Grill.

* * *

Huntress

Shelby Morgen

Crouched low, she eased out of the shadows, waiting. One more step. "Gotcha!"

"Oh, fuck!"

"That's the idea big boy."

Wasting no words, he tore open her civvies, groaning as hot, full breasts spilled into his hands. In one fluid move, she rolled him to his back and ripped his zip-suit off. Taking her time, now, she sank onto his rigid cock. Tight, wet pussy wrapped around a molten core. Oh yeah. This was how it was supposed to be!

Tired of slow already, he slammed his hips up, burying his cock balls deep.

"Welcome home, baby."

"I missed you."

* * *

Trapped

Emma Ray Garrett

He tastes of salt, sweat and I breath him in, burying my face against his skin. He groans, unable to ask me to release him.

The first press of my warmth and heat around him brings a gasp. The second an unconscious thrust of hips. I suck, taking him deep. I shiver with power. His head tosses as I slid my hands up, over taut abs, to the tiny nubs awaiting my touch. A hard pinch and the hot, thick explosion of his strength flows into my soul.

He quiets. I let him rest. For I've only just begun.

* * *

Spaceport

Shelby Morgen

"How much?"

"For you, cowboy, only hundred credits."

"You been watching too many old Earth vids." He clicked Receipt.

She went straight for his cock, pulling him deep in her mouth before he was even hard. Expert fingers massaged his balls. The cool plastile of the dental damn quickly warmed to her lips. He closed his eyes and leaned back against the cold baridium girder. Pictured fields of herbaceous materials growing wild. Sun on his face. Sweet woman riding his cock. Hot. Slick. Sticky-wet bodies slamming together.

He spilled into her mouth, his orgasm as hollow as his dreams.

"Next!"

* * *

Entranced

Emma Ray Garrett

Flesh quivers and lungs heave as the light fades from sight. There's no time for thought when instinct takes over and the mind shuts down. Adrenaline rushes through my body, bunching muscle, tightening tendons. I taste the flavor of fear, blood tinged

with honey, as the unknown bears down on me.

“Let go.”

Those words, spoken in a harsh, broken whisper, begin the cataclysmic slide into oblivion. The power that's been building deep inside my body explodes and I fall.

He holds me tightly, unwilling to let go this prey he's chased so long. And I smile, satisfied.

* * *

The Wrestling Match

Marteeka Karland

Bang!

Alecia and Teeka jumped into the tub of jello, grabbing at one another as the slippery, cool, cherry concoction was everywhere when the starter gun fired.

String bikinis didn't last long as the two women struggled for a hold on the other as the patrons of the bar cheered them on.

Teeka grabbed Alecia's ass, as her boob accidentally found it's way into Alecia's mouth, and the wrestling match turned a bit erotic.

But then, anything goes at the Changeling Bar and Grill.

* * *

Stuck

Marteeka Karland

Jake had never seen such a tight, rounded little ass.

Jessica had her head stuck between the rails of the fence and seemed to be stuck. The short shorts she wore rode dangerously high into the crack of her pussy and ass.

“Need a little help?” He asked.

“I can't get out! My boobs are stuck!”

“I'll be happy to help... for a price.”

Without waiting for an answer, Jake squeezed those lovely globes before pushing aside her shorts and plunging himself inside her hot little ass. She squealed and bucked against him as he rode her hard before coming inside her puckered little hole.

Jessica looked over her shoulder. "Next time, pick a fence without splinters..."

* * *

Death Lust

Lexxie Couper

Death never really planned to fall in lust. The closest She'd ever come was fantasising about Brad Pitt and fooling around with the idea of Claiming the actor earlier than the Divine Force intended so She could introduce him to some of the more... darker... aspects of sexual pleasure.

She didn't think Angie would mind that much, after all, the beauty had trodden those darker paths herself more than once. But when She saw Eric Quinn emerge from the pool, his lean, sculptured swimmer's body streaming with water, his pitch-black hair slicked flat, his ass tight and toned and bitable, his sharp green eyes dancing with devilish mirth, Her heart - that still, cold organ - skipped a non-beat and Her pussy gushed with molten cream.

What a shame he wasn't due to be Claimed for another decade...

* * *

The Kiss

Marteeka Karland

"I need you."

"Yes. Now."

Their whispered words were audible for their ears only.

He found her breasts and tweaked one nipple as he sucked the other.

They moved together fluidly. Chest to Breast, belly to belly, pussy to cock. Sighs

and moans tickled the air as they lost themselves in each other. The bed creaked softly with their movements and tender lovemaking.

Each was just about to reach the ultimate climax when they heard the sound they'd both secretly hoped never to hear at this particular time.

"Mommy? Are you kissing daddy?"

* * *

Save A Broom, Ride A Witch

Alecia Monaco

"Leela Donovan?"

The broom repair man was a hunk. Maybe her broom breaking down wasn't bad luck, after all. "I'm Leela." She smiled. "Come in."

"I'm Todd." He stepped inside her cottage. "What seems to be the problem?"

"I need something stiff between my legs, and my broom is broken."

He grinned, and without a word, unzipped her dress.

They fell onto the bed, him lapping at her breasts. She flipped him over and sank down onto his shaft, slowly grinding her clit against him until they both came.

The witch sighed, content. With Todd around, who needed a broom?

* * *

Body Shots

Marteeka Karland

"Compliments from the lady at the end of the bar."

Mathis took the shot of tequila and raised it to the exotic looking woman sashaying his way.

When she reached them, Mathis didn't wait for an invitation. He stuck the lemon in her mouth, licked the top of her breast, sprinkled salt on her wet flesh, licked the salt from her creamy skin, downed his shot, pulled the fruit from her teeth and kissed her

deeply, taking the tart flavor with him.

His tongue danced with hers as he slid his hand up her thigh and under her skirt...

Only to discover that *she* was really a *he*.

* * *

Hunter's Kiss

Alecia Monaco

The arrow struck, forcing the deer to the ground. The hunter peered at his kill, watching the animal shift into a woman.

He joined her, claiming the woman's nipple with his mouth, groaning as she wrapped her legs around him.

Staring into her brown eyes, he slid his shaft into her, slowly pumping his hips. She matched him, digging her nails into the earth as he drove himself into her.

After he spilled himself into her, he rolled away before turning back to ask her name.

She was gone. He caught one glimpse of a doe fleeing into the forest.

* * *

The Competition

Lena Austin

Her body shuddered with every swirl of his tongue on her clit. An orgasm was forthcoming, and she wasn't sure who'd come first. She looked down at her lover's body, her moustache ride nearly at an end.

Her lover, blond and muscular, concentrated on his work, using his tongue and teeth to provide the ultimate pleasure.

She felt the orgasm building, body becoming a bucking bronco for a wet, slippery ride to the finish.

The man beneath her pussy lifted his lips away from her clit. "Oh God, dude!

Whatever you're doing, don't stop!"

Damn. Her lover had won the competition again.

* * *

Sacrifice 1

Camille Anthony

Inhaling her fragrance, he verified her innocence. "You do this willingly?"

"Yes. I've loved you from afar."

He leaned down and severed her bonds. He led her into the river and across. The chill water quickly rose to lap at her heated pussy.

On the other bank, he sank to one knee, buried his head between her legs. His penetration was swift and brutal, but necessary.

Biting back tears, she watched her lover transform.

He dried her tears. "A unicorn mating is never easy. Only a virgin's blood on our horn frees our human form."

She smiled. "Now fuck me!"

* * *

The Sex Lasts Longer

Kate Douglas

She touched herself and groaned. He slipped behind her, wrapped one powerful arm around her naked waist and slipped two thick fingers between her warm, wet lips. She whimpered. He found her clit with his thumb and stroked her into oblivion. She should have struggled. Couldn't. Instead, she spread her legs and pressed her head back against his chest. Felt the thick length of his cock enter from behind. Cried out, grasping him with her velvet glove and milked his seed. Shivering, she climaxed. Legs trembling, she turned her head to see who it was who fucked her so well.

* * *

Welcome Home

Daheap

Turning to shut and lock the door, he felt her jump through the darkness and with amazing accuracy she landed directly on his already bulging cock. Wrapping herself around him, she reached through her naked thighs and undid his Levi button fly. Thank God he never wore a belt.

She thrusting her warm slit onto his thick, hot shaft. Grasping her ass in his calloused hands he gently lowered the pumping mass they made to the dark corner of the carpeted floor, whispering, "I Love You."

She hugged him even closer, intense release exploded within her folds. "Welcome Home."

* * *

The Changeling Bar and Grill is open every Friday night through Sunday afternoon on the Changeling Press Readers loop --

www.groups.yahoo.com/group/ChangelingPress