

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



SCRATCHED

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by

MARC NOBBS

Carol was drunk, but she didn't care. It wasn't her fault—a bottle of Chardonnay and two rum cocktails did that to a girl. Jack and Gary had promised it wouldn't turn into a business dinner—but that's what they always said. Carol usually spent dinner gossiping with Gary's wife, Tina. But the babysitter had cancelled at the last second, and Tina had stayed home instead. So Carol was all alone with two would-be global tycoons. Who could blame her for drinking a bit more than usual?

"If we go for Towcester Street, we'll get a fifteen per cent yield," said Gary.

"And a whopping big mortgage," said Jack. "Whereas we can afford Cirencester Road without a mortgage."

"But it only has a ten per cent yield."

Jack breathed deeply. "It certainly is a big decision."

"Big decision."

"Why don't you just get both?" said Carol.

Jack looked at his wife as if he'd forgotten she was there. "Sorry?"

"It's what I do when I can't decide. I get both."

"Darling, we're not talking about shoes here. Why don't I get you another cocktail? Waiter!"

Jack and Gary plotted world domination. It didn't look like they'd be leaving the restaurant any time soon, even though the meal was over and the bill had been paid. But Carol had a cunning plan. At least her Chardonnay-soaked brain told her it was cunning.

"Honey," she slurred. "I'm going out to get some air. I'll meet you back at the car." If she left, Jack would be sure to follow soon, and she could go home to bed. If Jack didn't follow, she could make him feel guilty for weeks for leaving her waiting. *Who said alcohol impairs your judgement?*

The restaurant was in the heart of the city's Cultural Quarter. The multi-story where they had parked was ten minutes away—easily a long enough walk to clear her head and prevent a hangover. Carol strolled. She wasn't in any real hurry. None of the clubs had closed yet, so the streets didn't seem as dangerous as they would when filled with drunken yobs taunting each other and fighting over glamour-model wannabes in fake Burberry jackets and white stilettos.

She passed a bistro—less exclusive than the restaurant she had just left. Young couples sat at small tables in its large, street-facing windows. Their faces were flushed with the happiness of early love. One couple held hands and stared into each other's eyes across the candlelit table. Another fed each other ice cream. A third couple kissed—a deep, lingering, passionate kiss. Carol caught herself watching them.

"How long has it been since Jack kissed me like that? I miss being kissed like that." Carol often talked to herself. Sometimes she felt like she was the only person who listened.

She watched the lovers until they broke their kiss, and then she set off for the car park again. It was a warm night. Had Carol been wearing an overcoat, she'd have taken it off, but she wasn't. All she wore was a powder-blue satin summer dress and her favourite lacy underwear. The white bra and French knickers set, and her tan stockings, made her feel very sexy.

"Shame Jack never notices how sexy I look. Or feel. He hardly notices me at all, the miserable git."

She neared the edge of the Cultural Quarter, where the restaurants and bistros gave way to bars and nightclubs. She came to the entrance of Swingers, a notoriously rowdy bar. An attractive young woman shot out of the door and past Carol. An equally young and attractive man chased her.

"Hey! Watch it!"

The pair took no notice of Carol. They disappeared into the alleyway at the side of the building that was even more notorious than the bar itself.

"I wonder what you're up to? You ought to get a room—you'd be much more comfortable."

Carol glanced down the narrow gap between buildings as she passed it. The young girl had pushed her partner up against the wall and knelt before him, fumbling with his trousers. Beyond them, Carol could see another couple. The woman had her hands on the wall to support herself while some young stud rammed into her from behind.

“Lucky cow.”

Carol speeded up. It seemed to be taking her twice as long to return to the car park as it had earlier in the evening, when she’d gone back to retrieve the handbag she’d left behind. She was getting hornier by the second. It had been over a month since Jack last climbed up and thrust his cock into her. And, even then, he’d not finished the job. He’d took his pleasure—what there was of it—rolled off, rolled over and gone to sleep. Carol had had to finish things herself.

She stopped walking and stared at the sky. “It’s not much of a cock, but I do wish he’d use it more. Is that too much to ask? For my husband to make love to me once in a while?”

Carol needed sex. She needed to get laid. She needed a damn good fucking. So she made a decision. Whatever it took, she’d make sure that, when they got home, her husband would give her what she needed. She plotted her campaign and paid no attention to where she was going. Luckily, her feet knew the way and stopped when they reached the car park.

“Did we park on five or six?” she asked the moon. “It was five wasn’t it? I’m sure it was five.” She climbed the stairs and stumbled out onto the fifth level. Through her drunken haze, she searched for Jack’s car. The car park was cold, damp and dimly lit. Several of the fluorescent strip-lights overhead were smashed. It reminded Carol of a set from one of the slasher movies she’d watched in her youth. She half-expected a masked axe man to jump from the shadows and start chasing her. There were only a handful of cars left—a shabby blue Ford, a new BMW and a

sleek, black Aston Martin Vanquish, crouched in a corner, like an exotic predator trapped in a concrete cage. “Well, look at you. Aren’t you a beauty? All sleek and sexy. I understand why those models in Jack’s calendar drape themselves over you like that.”

She ambled over. The closer she got, the better the Aston Martin looked. The pristine paintwork shone, even in the poor light. Carol admired every curve and every line of the machine. It was perfect.

“I know plenty of boys who’d kill to drive you. But the closest they’ll ever get is watching thingy-me-wotsit off the telly. Dickless wonders, that’s what they are. I mean, who’d buy you, huh? Some knob-head with no knob who couldn’t fuck a girl right in a million years, that’s who. You’re just a big, shiny replacement penis.”

She ran her hand along the front wing and was surprised by the lack of an ear-shattering alarm. She put both hands on the car and pushed down, bouncing the suspension. Still no alarm. “Someone’s gonna be really pissed off when they find out your alarm’s not set. Mind you... Gives me an idea. You’d prefer me draped over you to some skinny, no-tits, bikini-girl, wouldn’t you?”

In Carol’s mind, the car’s grill widened into a smile and it flashed one of its headlights as if winking at her. She slipped off her shoes and clambered onto the bonnet. She imagined a photographer directing her like he would the models. She posed for him and blew kisses at the camera. She lay on her stomach and propped herself up on her elbows. Her dress gaped. The make-believe photographer was mesmerised by her

breasts. She caught him staring and smiled. She sat up and pushed her breasts together, offering them to the photographer.

That's nice, baby. That's nice. Work it. Work it. The photographer reeled off snap after snap.

Carol lay back on the cold metal, stretched her arms above her head and kicked her legs in the air. The hem of her flimsy dress fell and revealed her slender thighs and lacy stocking-tops. She put her feet back on the bonnet and let her legs fall apart. She pushed her breasts together again.

The photographer loved it. *Work it, baby. That's it. Give it to me. You look great.*

Carol squeezed one breast hard. She slipped her other hand down her belly and into her knickers. She rubbed her clit. Gently. Gently. A bit harder. Harder. Almost there. Almost there.

Someone coughed.

Carol was so caught up in her fantasy she hadn't heard anyone approach. She almost fell off the car. She sat up and looked towards the sound. A middle-aged man, with a wicked gleam in his eyes, grinned at her. She slid onto the cement floor, feeling foolish. She adjusted her dress, trying to regain a small amount of respectability.

"It didn't have a hood-ornament when I left," said the stranger. "Not that I'm complaining. As hood-ornaments go, you're one of the best I've ever seen. Certainly better than a three-pointed star or a leaping cat."

Carol smiled weakly, but didn't know what to say. She looked at the floor.

"I do hope you haven't scratched it." He bent down to examine the paintwork.

"I can't have," she said. "I took my shoes off. I can't have. I didn't mean to. I just couldn't resist." Carol held her hands in front of her and twisted her wedding ring around her finger. She screwed the ball of her foot into the floor.

"I understand," said the stranger. "She's a beauty, isn't she? I doubt I'd be able to resist either, if I were you. Oh, no... look at this."

She looked at the bonnet where he was pointing. An inch-long, silver gash in the black paint stared back at her. "H... How?"

The stranger pointed to her head. "What's that?"

Carol felt the back of her head. She'd forgotten all about her hairgrip.

"Don't look so worried," he said. "It'll be easy to fix."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yeah. It's just a tiny little scratch. Isn't even worth bothering the insurance company with. I'm sure we could settle it just between us."

"Settle? You want me to pay for it?"

"Something like that. Let's call it compensation, of sorts."

Her jaw dropped.

“I’ve had a really shitty day,” he said. “And this... Well, this just tops it off. So, how about I relieve a little tension and fuck you right here on the bonnet? Then we’ll call it even. Forget all about the damage? Although, you’ll have to take your hairgrip out—we wouldn’t want to make it worse.”

“What? Are you mad? Anyone could see us.”

“I thought you couldn’t resist. Besides, from what I’ve just seen, you look like you could use a good fuck.”

“My husband could arrive any minute.”

“Exciting, isn’t it?”

Under the façade of Carol’s middle-aged respectability, a reckless teenage girl screamed to get out. The adventurous girl that Carol had once been. Before she met Jack. *So what if he catches you?* teenage Carol whispered. *It’ll be interesting to see his reaction. Will he be angry? Jealous? Aroused? Maybe he’ll show some of that passion he had for you before you got married.* She hesitated, but when she looked up, she saw the stranger’s challenging smile. “Why not?” she said, as much to herself as to the stranger.

She grabbed the hem of her dress, pulled it over her head and threw it onto the concrete. Her bra followed. She watched his eyes. They were drawn to her nipples, which had hardened as the night air hit them. He stepped closer and passed under one of the few working strip-lights. Carol saw him clearly for the first time. He had the weathered face of someone who worked outdoors—dark, heavy-set eyes and bushy

eyebrows. His forehead was furrowed, and he had age-lines around his mouth. His greying hair gave him a quiet, distinguished look.

He reached out and cupped her breasts. His hands were rough on her smooth skin. He bent down and drew a nipple into his mouth. She moaned as the stranger aggressively sucked. The stubble on his chin rubbed against her flesh and sent shivers down her back. She held his head tightly to her chest. He deftly hooked his thumbs in the waistband of her knickers and slipped them over her hips. She wiggled her body so that they fell to her ankles. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

The stranger mauled her breast with one hand and rubbed her clit with the other. He flicked her nipple with his tongue. Carol's mind spun and she lost all sense of the world around her. She gasped when he rammed two fingers into her cunt. He'd caught her off guard, and she lost balance. She put her arms behind her and leaned against the car. The strength in her legs failed as he ravaged her slit and caused tremors in parts of her body that had, until now, lain dormant.

She was a whirl of conflicting sensations: cold, hard metal against her hands; wet, warm mouth on her breast; strong, hard fingers in her cunt. Her emotions were equally as messed-up: fear of being caught mixed with thrill and excitement; a twinge of guilt for cheating on her husband offset by wanton lust.

Then all the sensations stopped.

The stranger stepped back and undid his trousers. Carol watched and waited. Watched the huge bulge in his shorts. Waited for the

fucking. When he was as naked as she, he stepped forward. She lifted herself onto the car and spread her legs in invitation. She rested her feet on the bumper. She whimpered as he stroked his cock-head up and down her slit. Gaspd when it brushed her clit. Moaned when he thrust into her. He filled her. Stretched her. She'd never felt so good—so full. He moved slowly, rhythmically. Each stroke sent wave after wave of pleasure to every nerve ending in her poor, over-stimulated body.

He pulled out.

“No! No! Put it back. Please, put it back.”

He pulled her down from the car and spun her around. She knew what he wanted. He put his hand on her back and bent her over the bonnet. The metal shocked her nipples. But then she was filled again, and the cold didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the cock buried deep inside her.

“Oh, yeah. That's right. You're fucking me right. So good. So good.”

She had nowhere to go—she was trapped between his hot, hard body and the cold hard metal. Each thrust rubbed her nipples against the car. Her whole body was on fire. He scratched his nails down her back. She was sure he left marks.

“Ouch. That hurts!”

He thrust into her harder. “You scratched the paint—it's only fair that I scratch you.”

“Oh, yeah. Harder. Harder. That's it. Oh... Oh... Yeah.”

Her gasps and cries grew in volume, until she erupted in ear-splitting orgasm. Her cunt clenched around his cock—clenched tight, as if it would never let go. His thrusts were no longer slow and rhythmic. They were rapid and erratic. He must have been close. He held her hips tight and, with a final shove and predatory roar, he emptied himself inside her. His warmth spread through her. He kept coming. He came so much that Carol felt his seed leak out and trickle down her leg.

He fell forward and pinned her to the bonnet. He growled in her ear. “Oh, yeah. You’re a wonderful fuck.”

His words made her feel nasty, used and humiliated. But, at the same time, she’d just had the most exciting, exhilarating time of her life. She shivered, partly from the excitement and partly because she was only now realising how cold the night air was. She tried to push herself up but he was too heavy for her. Her struggle pushed his shrinking cock out of her with a pop. His seed flooded out.

He stepped back and let her up. Her legs were unsteady and she had to use the car for support. She noticed the silvery pool beneath her, glistening in the artificial light. She stood and retrieved her clothes. When they were both dressed, the stranger smiled at her. He stepped forward and kissed her for the first time.

“Thanks. I enjoyed that.” Then he walked away.

She watched him pull his keys out of his pocket and unlock the shabby blue Ford a few yards away. He climbed in. The engine stuttered a few times before it exploded into life. He waved at her as he drove away.

Carol jumped when she heard Jack's voice. "Sorry I was so long, darling. You know how Gary can be. You forgot to take the keys with you. I hope you weren't too cold."

He took the keys out of his pocket and pressed a button on the fob. The Aston Martin beeped back at him. He glared at her. "I don't fucking believe it. You forgot to re-set the alarm when you came back for your bloody handbag. Didn't you, you stupid fucking cow!"

"Okay. No need to swear. It's only a car for God's sake."

"Only a car? Only a fucking car? This is over a hundred thousand pounds worth of handcrafted, precision engineering. How many fucking times do I have to tell you? You have to be careful with it. Jesus Fucking Christ, Carol."

He walked towards the car and slipped in the pool of semen. "Oh, for fuck's sake. Some wanker's been jacking off over my car. This is the last time I park here! This place is full of fucking weirdoes."

He caressed the bonnet, and then froze. "There's a scratch! A fucking scratch! I'll have to take it down to the fucking garage tomorrow. Shit, I don't believe this. It's gonna cost a fucking fortune."

Carol watched him mourn his damaged paintwork.

I wonder? the reckless, teenage Carol said to her older self. *Do you think he'll notice the scratches on your back as quickly?*

e-mail comments to **marc.nobbs@googlemail.com**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marc Nobbs lives in the Northamptonshire countryside, just a stone's throw from where Princess Diana is buried and the Gunpowder Plot was, well, plotted. It's far cry from his inner-city roots, but that's what an education does for you.

He works full-time for a firm of solicitors, counting other people's money and wishing that all those zeros represented his own millions. He cries like a baby every time has to write a six figure cheque with someone else's name on it.

Marc is originally from Wolverhampton in the 'Black Country', and despite having escaped that god-forsaken place, he still lives in hope that he may one day see his beloved Wolverhampton Wanderers pick up a trophy. (It's a very vain hope) He studied at the University of Wales in Aberystwyth and he's still not entirely sure how he ended up in Northampton.

Marc started writing erotica in the late Nineties. He has been selling his stories for cold hard cash since late 2005.

When he's not writing erotica, reading erotica, or working, Marc enjoys DIY and gardening (at least, that's what his wife tells him), and shouting at rubbish footballers who aren't worth the money they get paid. He also enjoys beating his father-in-law at chess.

For more information about Marc and his upcoming releases, visit his website



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