

Senior Division, Short Fiction
John Robinson Blackmore, St. John's
Lub Dub Funk (an excerpt)

I rummage through my sock drawer and take out a scented candle; remove the plastic, set fire to the wick, and flick off the lamp. My roommate's mother had given us both a fat cinnamon vanilla after we moved in about a year ago, bless her.

I get under the sheets as Bernie comes in.

“No-clothes rule for this bed.”

She takes off her vest and bow tie, unbuttons her shirt and khakis before slipping out of them and joining me. When she lifts the covers, I wonder if I've danced away my deodorant.

She puts a chilly hand on my hip. I fumble with her bra strap.

“Naked, I said.”

She lets me struggle, kisses my neck. Moves her hand across my waist, down my leg, up to my shoulder. Lets gravity draw it slowly to my groin. She rolls astride me, sucking and nibbling. I turn my head with a sigh, then perform a B-O check. Inconclusive, but certainly not lethal.