

Diminishing
Ashley Chantler

Alan checks that the woman beside him is asleep (she's called Jane or Jill), then fiddles with his floppy cock. It didn't used to be like this: in his 'boner prime', Jane or Jill would still be awake, making various noises that he trusted and could mimic in the pub with his mates.

He looks at the alarm clock and sighs. Tomorrow is his sister's birthday and there's a meal at Eden that she won't enjoy. She started to go mad when their mad mother died.

The fiddling has done nothing.