

Flash Fiction #3 By Richard E. Geis
Copyright 2005 by Richard E. Geis. Adults Only
rerwingeis@cs.com

TIME ENOUGH FOR NOTHING

I swear to fucking God, she popped into existence beside me with a puff of garlic-smelling air and a loud fart sound. She wore sandals, jeans and a clinging yellow t-shirt with *Bing Crosby Forever* printed on the front.

Her big, natural breasts pushed out the t-shirt and her nipples poked out even more.

I had jumped with shock and surprise and slid away on the Venice, California beachside wooden bench. I had reached automatically for the Glock inside my jacket, then pulled my hand away.

I looked around, but nobody else seemed to have noticed her arrival. She glanced at a high tech multi-dialed watch on her left wrist and said, "You are Robert G. Gice, and this time is July 19, 2006?"

I got tense. "Who the fuck're you?" She had an odd accent. "How did you appear like that?"

She smiled. Her teeth were multi-colored---like a fucking rainbow! And I noticed her eyes were weird---orange irises! She said, "I'm from the far, far future. Our research---now that we have perfected time travel---has shown us that you are crucial to our existence."

I just stared at her. She was solid. I touched her hand. I wanted to feel those magnificent tits. I said, "What?"

"You must shoot an elderly man who will walk past in a moment. His death is vital to our history."

"What?"

"You are a professional killer, aren't you?"

Yes, I was, but how could she know? I wouldn't admit that to her. I said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

She scowled. She looked south along Ocean Front Walk. "He's due in a minute! You must kill him!" She pulled a sheaf of \$1000 bills from a pocket. "We created these for you, as pay for the killing. And..." Her orange eyes widened. "There he is!" She pointed.

I looked. An old geezer in shabby clothes was ambling toward us about a block away. He was reading a book.

I said, "Why do you want him dead?"

"He's a scientist! He's about to invent a theory which must not be conceived for another ten thousand years! If he isn't killed now he'll

destroy us!”

“Why don’t you just walk up to him and kill him? Why me?”

“Because our scanners show you doing it! And they show me with you!”

She was breathing fast, and her incredible tits were rising and falling...

“So what happens if I don’t?”

She wailed, “We don’t know! We just know that I traveled to here at this time, and you shot him!”

The old man was closer.

She pushed the wad of thousand dollar bills at me. They looked real. She was trembling. She said, “Please! I’ll do anything!” She blurted, by rote, “I’ll fuck you, I’ll suck you, I’ll kiss you!”

At that instant an L.A. police car turned into Rose Avenue from the Speedway. The officer in the car could see us at the bench. I moved my hands wide on the bench back. I shook my head. “No way.”

She gasped, “I’ll fuck you, I’ll suck you, I’ll *kiss* you!”

The old man was passing right beside us. The girl trembled violently and hissed at me, “You must do it! You did it!” She screamed, “For Gosslirty’s sake!”

The old man turned his head and frowned at us for disturbing his reading. He went on.

She sank to her knees beside me, wide-eyed, terrified. “What have you done?”

“Nothing. Who or what is Goss---”

She faded out of existence, silently, with an expression of agony.

The cop in the patrol car had been looking down, probably doing paperwork.

I waited, wondering. The wad of thousand dollar bills was still in my shirt pocket.

The old man went on, and on toward Santa Monica.

Had I destroyed the future?

A different, sexy girl popped into existence beside me, wearing a silky green dress which was formed to emphasize her large, pointed tits.

I jumped with surprise.

She slid close and I felt her warmth and her delicious perfume. She said, “Don’t be alarmed. I’m here to please you. I’m here from ninety-five years in the future. I’m your reward for five years. After that another girl will arrive to serve you for five years...and then another...”

“Just for not shooting that old geezer?”

“Yes. And to guard you against---”

BLUR.

I had just settled onto the beachside bench in Venice, California, when a tall, voluptuous bikini-clad young woman popped into existence beside me.

I jerked with surprise. “What the fuck?”

“Come with me now to your apartment. I want you to---”

BLUR

A large dog with a lights-flashing collar popped into existence---

BLUR.

A blue-skinned midget---

BLUR.

BLUR.

BLUR...

END FLASH FICTION #3