



**Old Bull**  
Xavier Leret

**Published:** 2009

**Categorie(s):**

**Tag(s):** Short Fiction Xavier Leret [www.xavierleret.com](http://www.xavierleret.com)

## **New Section**

Xavier's new novel Heaven Sent is now available You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>

## Old Bull. Xavier Leret

Harry is in bed with Helena. There is only a sheet on the bed. Under the sheet Harry and Helena are naked. Helena is asleep. She is a lot younger than him. Harry is drinking a large vodka and tonic. Helena wakes up. Do you want an egg for breakfast, he asks?

She says nothing.

Shall I get them to send one up?

She still does not answer. Right, he says defeated. He drops his glass. Fuck.

She looks at him. I'll get something, she says. She goes to the table in the corner of the room. She takes out a cigarette from a packet lying there. She puts it to her lips and lights it. Harry is watching her. She walks into the bathroom. There is flannel beside the sink. She picks it up. She sees herself in the mirror. She looks at herself. She is tired. She walks back into the room.

Harry has got out of bed. He has a big mature adult male walrus of body. He walks over to the table and pours himself another drink. He watches her as she begins to mop up his spillage. You don't need to do that.

It'll smell, she says.

It's vodka. It doesn't smell.

She finishes cleaning up his spilt drink. Harry takes a cigarette from the packet and lights it. He takes a long drag. I'd better be off.

OK. She sits on the side of the bed and watches him. They both smoke a cigarette.

Let me leave you some money, he says through a cloud.

She looks at his flaccid groin. Leave it at the table.

You sure?

Yes.

He looks at her breasts. They seem less somehow. You should get out more. You're looking pale. When was the last time you went out?

I went out yesterday, Harry.

Where did you go?

She looks at the floor. Shopping.

You should let me buy you something.

That would be nice, Harry.

What would you like?

A surprise.

I could get you some new clothes.

She takes a drag of her cigarette. Something to go with what you already have.

She looks his chest before his face. Get me some pants, Harry.

He takes a sip from his glass and then smiles. What is it with women and pants?

They'll make you happy, Harry.

What kind of pants would you like?

I don't know. You choose.

He looks at her. Ok.

Helena gets up from the bed and walks into the bathroom. She rinses the flannel out in the sink. She at looks at herself in the mirror.

Harry appears in the doorway. You're a pretty girl. You're in your prime.

Am I?

Yeah.

You have a perfect little body.

Have I?

Yeah. I like its shape. You must work out.

I'm all natural Harry.

You got nice tight tits. Perfect.

Are they?

Yeah.

I think they could be bigger.

That's what I like. Never been into big tits. I've never wanted kids, so I have no use of big tits.

I wouldn't mind bigger ones.

They won't work for me, so don't bother.

Don't bother what?

Getting the op. You got nice tits, you don't want fucking udders.

She looks at him through the mirror. He slaps his thighs to get up. I've got to go to work.

Why don't you stay?

I can't.

You could stay a little longer.

I wish I could.

We could do something nice.

He smiles at the thought. She watches him and smiles, we could lie in bed all day long, she says.

He drains his glass. I'd better go.

He goes back into the bedroom and begins to dress. He puts his shirt on and then a pair of boxer shorts.

She stands in the doorway. Here, let me. She picks his trousers up from the chair in the corner and then walks over to him. She holds out the trousers. He steps into them. She pulls them up. She begins to do up his zip and then starts to fondle his groin.

Stay.

No. I've got a headache.

She pulls his penis out.

I ain't got time.

She starts to kiss it.

He looks down on her. Oh go on. If your quick.

She holds his flaccid cock in her hands, what is it with you and mornings?

It was a long night.

Have a lie in Harry.

I can't.

You can be late for work.

He breathes out.

It'd be nice, she says cheekily.

I'd better go.

I've some way to go yet, Harry.

I can't concentrate.

What's there to concentrate on?

At my age, babe, everything takes that little bit more.

I've never noticed your age Harry. He looks at her. You're not old. I'm just young, she says softly.

He sits down on the edge of the bed and breathes out and lowers his head. If you listen carefully, sweetheart, you'll hear my cock creaking.

She smiles. It only creaks a little bit, Harry.

Yeah, well, there you go. He looks at her sharply.

Oh go on, Harry. Go on. Fuck off. I want to go to bed. Leave ya money at the table.

Come on. Don't be like that.

Like what, mate?

Like that.

I'm not doing anything.

Well that's the nail on the head, love.

Ya going, or staying?

Kiss my cock and we'll see.

Fuck off, Harry. I'm going back to bed.

He walks over to the table and pours himself another drink. He looks back at Helena lying on the bed. Christ, sometimes I forget how young you are. She turns away from him. He looks at his glass. He looks up and smiles. How about that old whore's breakfast, he asks?

She breathes out, bites her tongue. Finally she turns over on the bed. Go on then, give us your cock.

You could be more enticing.

So?

I'm trying to be nice.

I'm not your wife, Harry.

It doesn't work on my wife.

Then you ain't trying hard enough.

You don't know her.

Well, maybe you should try harder mate.

Get her some flowers.

Do what?

Get her something else, then.

Like what?

Get her a pair of nice pants. Something like that.

He bites his lip.

A nice pair of silk pants. She'll appreciate it.

She might, but I won't.

Why not? You ain't seen her, love.

That ain't the point, Harry. It'll make her feel different about herself. It'll make her think that you see her as she sees herself inside and that's different to the thing we look at in the mirror everyday. It'll make her feel special. And if you do that to her, it'll rub off. It'll rub off on you.

He looks at her for a long while and then his eyes drop to the floor. But she looks like shit, sweetheart. Those pants will fall off her.

I like a tight body.

She's not tight she's a stick, love. She doesn't do anything. Doesn't go out. Spends all the time on the computer. There's nothing left of her... We can't go anywhere nice for our holidays. I don't want to see her on a beach. Always fucking Scotland.

I'd like to go to Scotland, she says.

No you don't it's fucking cold. I'd like to go to Spain.

He stops and pauses and looks into the corner of the room

Why don't you leave her?

Can't afford it.

Why not?

House prices have shot up.

He reaches for the pack of cigarettes, takes one and puts it to his mouth. He looks at the floor for a moment before he lights it.

She taps his pillow, why don't you come and lie down?

I've got to go to work.

Until you finished that fag.

He heavily breathes out some smoke. He then crosses the room to sit down on the bed.

Lie down Harry.

He lies stiffly down. You should try and relax.

I've just got a lot on, love.

Let me give you a massage.

I've got to go.

It'll take a minute. Turn over.

He looks at her and then begins to turn over.

Harry... the fag, mate.

Eh? Oh yeah. He quickly turns over like a boy and puts the cigarette out.

Take your shirt off.

He takes his shirt off and turns onto his stomach. She climbs onto his large back and begins to massage his shoulders. How's that?

It's nice.

Your such a big man. Got the shoulders of a bull. A great big bull, Harry. A real bucking broncho.

He smiles to himself.

She kisses his back. Is that nice?

Oh aye, love. You've got good hands.

Have I Harry?

Yeah, you should be a doctor.

I can't be a doctor.

A nurse then.

I don't have any qualifications.

You don't need qualifications. Just walk into a hospital, give a doctor a massage and you'll be in. They'd be daft not to employ you. You're a natural. There's more to health than they let on, so don't let them tell you otherwise. You know how to touch the soul and that's a gift, can't get that from an aspirin. You'll give years to a man's life but you'll have to keep that arse of yours under raps, it's not good for a weak ticker. Ah, that's good, baby, you got good hands, a real fucking natural.

With Helena on his back he gets up on all fours snorting and grunting and shouts, there's still life in this old bull yet!

## About The Author

Xavier is a writer, filmmaker and playwright.

Films include *Unarmed But Dangerous* starring Frank Harper, Mat Fraser, Terry Stone and Faye Tozer. It tells the story of a Kung Fu master who has no arms. *Unarmed But Dangerous* is currently on worldwide release through Anchor Bay Entertainment. His first film, *Mine*, was selected as a breakthrough movie for LUFF 2007.

Plays include *Renaissance* (a Millennium Award Winner), *The Fantastical Adventures of Leonardo Da Vinci* (a commission for the International Festival Of Perth), *Thirst*, *Alice*, *Caligula* and *Swing*.

Xavier's new novel *Heaven Sent* is now available You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>

He lives with his wife and three children in a quiet spot of the UK.

You can find more of his work and work in progress at [www.xavierleret.com](http://www.xavierleret.com)

## From the same author on Feedbooks

### About Fred (2009)

John learns that his young daughter is being groomed by an uncle. A very twisted tale of revenge, abuse, pornography and murder.

This is dark. Bring a torch.

Xavier is reading 'Turn The Porn On' for the Bordello Blush event - THE BOOK CLUB BOUTIQUE - Sat 13th Feb. Location: BLACKS. 67 DEAN ST. SOHO. London W1D 4QH

Doors open at 8. Great club, big open fires, live music and sizzling, tingling, writings.

### Pictures (2009)

A woman in a guesthouse by the sea shows a man photographs of her son from the moment that he was born. As the night continues she discovers why her guest is running.

Xavier's new novel Heaven Sent is now available You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>

### Turn The Porn On (2009)

An old man lies dying in a hospital bed. All he wants is for the nurse to turn some porn on. He wants to feel alive just once more before he dies.

Xavier's new novel Heaven Sent is now available You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>

You can read sample chapters here on Feedbooks.

### Abort (2009)

An account of an abortion.

### Old Bull 2 Janet (2009)

Harry gets his wife Janet some sexy underwear. It doesn't work out.

Xavier's new novel Heaven Sent is now available You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook for the smash down price of

\$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>

*Heaven Sent (2011)*

Sixteen year old Carlo has no experience of the world. He desperately wants eternity to provide an alternative to the strict moral imperative of his Catholic parents. When Daizee Byatt, a girl from the other side of the tracks, crashes into Carlo's life, the course of his future veers off the road. This is the story of what Heaven Sent. Heaven Sent is dark, so bring a torch – but at its heart it is a beautiful and moving love story that somehow retains an innocence against some unfathomable and unsavory odds. An astonishing, breathtaking and romantic tale that is unlike anything you will have read before.

This is the first eight chapters of Heaven Sent by Xavier Leret. You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook of the full novel for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>



**[www.feedbooks.com](http://www.feedbooks.com)**  
Food for the mind