

The Velocity of a Clitoris

by Dave Clapper

"Have you ever considered the velocity of a clitoris?" she asked, as she moved her hips back and forth above me.

"No," I grunted.

"Probably just as well," she said, and continued her motion.

Unfortunately, the question had a similar impact on me that a command not to have thought about rhinoceroses would have—once suggested, I could think of little else. My brows knotted as she rocked, oblivious. She didn't even immediately notice that I'd stopped thrusting. When she noticed, she cocked her head and raised her left eyebrow.

"What?" she said.

"It's not really the velocity that's at issue, is it?" I said. "Isn't friction the more important factor?"

She looked blank. "What are you talking about?"

"You asked me if I'd ever considered the velocity of a clitoris."

She looked genuinely puzzled. "I did?"

"Yes, you did." My penis fell out of her, limp. She looked down at it, her lips a moue. She took it gently in her hand and ran her thumb over the tip.

"Sometimes, words just come out of my mouth when I'm fucking," she said. "I don't really know what I'm saying. Just ignore me if you can. Okay?"

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"You're kidding, right?"

"No, really," she said, and started kissing down my chest. "It's sort of like Tourette's. Hell, maybe it is Tourette's. But it only happens when I'm fucking." She took my cock into her mouth and rolled her tongue over the head.

"Seriously?"

She nodded her assent, which, combined with her activity of the moment, had an interesting effect. She murmured her approval, and released me with an audible and very wet pop.

"You ready to go again, big boy?"

Rather than answer, I reached under her armpits and pulled her back up my body. Velocity, friction, whatever—I intended to give her clitoris a bit of stimulation.

Several minutes later, as our breathing became more ragged and our moans more intense, she asked, "Have you ever considered the gestation period of a rhinoceros?"

