

Brixton Babe

I let out a low growl when I see June's stockinged legs. Hungrily, my finger traces the pencil-thin seam from the heel of her impossibly high red stiletto, up along her shapely calf past the contours of her perfect thigh . . .

Her amber eyes never leave mine, never blink, a coquettish smile painted on her lips.

'Man alive, why did women abandon stockings?' I mutter, careful not to let my words be heard.

'Lights out!' barks the prison guard.

I kiss the calendar girl's bare rump.

'Till tomorrow, babe,' I say, then turn over and close my eyes.