

# Friday Freaky Flash Fiction 2

(November 20, 2009 Friday Flash Fiction Challenge)

By Cincinnatus ([Leo\\_and\\_Beth@linuxmail.org](mailto:Leo_and_Beth@linuxmail.org))

Copyright 2009 All Rights Reserved.

Story Codes MF Flash

She sighed to herself, sipping her coffee. Ordering it had been a pain, like it always was. The people behind the counter had a tendency to mumble and not look at her when they talked. And the odd inflection of her voice always put them off guard.

She looked up, and saw a handsome man talking to her from across the room. Using his hands.

"The lady at the counter didn't really know how to deal with you did she?" he signed.

One advantage of ASL is that you can have a conversation from across the room without shouting, or most people knowing what you're saying. They had a full conversation without him coming to her table, but left the shop together.

They meet again for dinner after work, and got along great. She felt so at ease with him, even if he only knew ASL because of his job. Plus he was tall, handsome, and built like a tank.

And he had a sexy, deep voice. She could feel the low frequencies and harmonics in his mouth, as he kissed her that night mid orgasm; his satisfying girth pulsing inside her.

Then: "So, have you ever done it with an alien?" he asked. "Before this, I mean."

She looked at him, her mouth agape, and her hands fumbling to form a response.

He smiled and laughed, then pulled a passport from the pocket of his pants. It was black, from Australia.

Turns out she was the first person who hadn't treated him like a freak or tourist. Never once said "Gudday, mate!" or some such.

He loved that ASL had no accent.