

**"DEAD BEARD"**  
(M/F; illustrated)

By

David Shaw  
[david@f-e-mail.com](mailto:david@f-e-mail.com)

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In response to a special request, this story was written in Cockney rhyming slang. A genuine Cockney is a Londoner born within sound of Bow Bells, so if you don't fit into that particular demographic you may have an occasional problem here. Not to worry, though, just go to the URL below and it'll get you straight out of the Von Trappe!

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My name's Harry Struggles and I do the best deals on top of the market Danny Marrs in Lambeth -- OK, so why be modest, I do the best deals in London. You need a Roller or a Jag or a BMW, you give Harry boy a bell and I'll fix you up chicken and rice, stand on me. Every jam jar in my yard is the goods, I don't deal in anything that's stoke on trent, and never mind the slander about car salesmen always telling pork pies. The stories I could tell about the strokes my customers have tried to pull on me would turn your hair white, straight up. But this is a story about my holiday -- who I did on my holiday, really, even though you may not adam and eve it. But it's gospel, every word, and I've got the pictures to prove it.

Having a good business and a few quid in the pedal and crank, I like to enjoy myself, and one of the best ways to do that is going on holiday right in the middle of winter. I love the smoke but it's hard to take when it's dark and boris bold, and the andy cain is pissing down. So then me and the duchess of fife pack our bags and head for the Caribbean to get ourselves some current bun and a nice all over peter pan.

This time I'm talking about, we've gone to an island we've never been to before and we're into our third day there. I'm rubber gloving it down on the local beach because all the good looking bints are lying around with just their alan whickers on and giving every guy around a harry dash at their george bests. The only bummer is that Monica, my trouble and strife, she keeps coming along with me to make sure I don't apple core with any of the local twists and twirls.



Anyway, I'm sitting there with a glass of bum and stroke, having a tumble down the sink, when a mother of pearl on her pat malone comes alongside. She has a nice pair of mystic meg's, so naturally I take a butcher's hook at them. Then I look a bit higher and cop her boat race and I know I've seen it before -- I never forget any airs and graces, you can't afford to, not in my business.

Then it clicks -- she's a bit older and she's changed the color of her barnet fair, but this is Dionne Longer, and who would have expected I'd ever see her again? Not after what she did to poor old Vinny -- and especially not after what she did to Lingers Longer, who is not poor, not old, and a villain you wouldn't want to cross in your worst tony blair.

Just to mark your card here, Dionne comes from a family in Lambeth which has been making a living out of small time lemon and lime since Oliver Cromwell was around. Dionne got herself involved with a real young thug called Vince Edmunds before she'd even left school, and Vince was ambitious. Soon got himself tooled up with a lady of bristol and began turning over arthur J. ranks all over South London -- like he said, they were where the bugs bunny was kept. And Dionne was involved in the blags up to her mince pies, driving the getaway bloater and all. They were a great team but once the old bill caught up with Vince it was Dionne's testimony that sent him down for a cock and hen stretch. He went off to do his bird lime for armed robbery but Dionne's big north and south had got her a free charlie pride back onto the streets and freedom. Vinny was a nutter, right enough and anybody who waves a shooter around is fair game, but Dionne was a real ronald rich to him.

Anyway, by the time I've sussed out who she is, Dionne's stripped down to her eddie grundies and showing off a lovely pair of raspberry ripples. She knows I'm clocking her like I'm well interested but she doesn't care, she's used to it on this beach. The one who thinks I'm totally alan border is Monica, and she's giving me the elbow already.

"Well, hello, Dionne," I say, and that grabs her attention because she doesn't remember me at all and being recognized anywhere could land her right in the pony and trap.

"I'm sorry," she says, and she has an accent you could swear was pure septic tank. "You must be mistaking me for somebody else."



"Come on, Dionne, don't make me steffi graff. I'm Harry Struggles, the wheelman. I sold Lingers the bourbon white Jag you got for your birthday. And drop the ham shank routine, you were born in Stockton Road, not the States. Or would you like me to phone Lingers' lawyer to double check my memory?"

"Lingers? I've never heard of anybody called that."

"That's odd, what with you being cash and carried to the geezer. Anyway, if you don't know why they call your husband Lingers it's because when he gets annoyed with somebody he sends them home with their fingers in a pickle jar. And that's a real useful reputation to have when you're a major dealer. I'd call him personally and tell him I've met you, only he can't take any calls, not with him being situated where he is. But I reckon he'd love to know where some of his china plates can find you."

Which was no more than the truth. Lingers Longer had gone for Dionne in a big way, even made her love and kisses Longer in a church wedding, spending bees and honey on her like it was going out of fashion. But the problem was that Dionne was very partial to being melvyn bragged by everything in strides, a hobby she didn't dare indulge in with Lingers around, what with him being totally radio rental and likely to cut her to pieces if she got caught having it away on the side.

Anyway, that was the story on the street, and that she'd given the peelers the good word on where her old pot and pan was stashing his stocks of bob hope. One thing I did know for sure and that was that Lingers was doing a long spell in one of Her Majesty's flowery dells with a lot of jack tars in the window. The other thing that everybody knew was that he was dead apple fritter about how Dionne had treated him and wanted to cause her some really heavy duty omar sharif.



Anyway, Dionne has decided by now that I've got her bang to rights and she's trying to work out the next move.

"Harry, yes, I remember you now. Sorry about that but you've put me in a right two and eight. There were a few problems back home and I just want to forget about them now."

"You mean like the problem of being married to a guy who's willing to lay out a lot of bread to anybody who makes you brown bread?"

"That's all just rabbit and pork, Harry, you don't want to take

any notice of that. Lingers knows I didn't have anything to do with grassing him up."

"Tell him that every weekend at visiting time, do you, Dionne? At least it's convenient for the bucket and pail here. Only one sea, one ocean and a few counties to go -- call a sherbert dab, do you? Or do you just have a friendly chat with Lingers on the dog and bone? Listen, if Lingers was anymore upfront about wanting you son and daughtered, he'd be running ads on the custard and jelly in prime time."

"Aw come on, Harry, why would you do Lingers any favors? The geezer's been a richard the third ever since he was a nipper. It's all over between us, I got a divorce in Mexico, all legit, stand on me. Look, I don't even wear his highland fling anymore." She flashed her bare finger at us.

"Jesus, but you really come out with a load of jackson pollocks!" Monica snapped. To tell the truth I couldn't care less about Dionne and Lingers, they're both bad news but something about Dionne has got on Monica's threepenny bits. "There was no way you needed to go into a court to tell jackanories about Lingers, you were his legal wedded boiler house. But you still went ahead

and dropped him in the brad pitt with the barnaby rudge."

"Aw, come on, love, you don't know what Lingers is like. While I was with him a hillman hunter stitched him up and Lingers used an Elsie Tanner on his Niagra falls. The poor bastard'll never have another woman in his life. You imagine what it was like getting into a born and bred every night with a mad lemon squeezer like that. I had to have it away on my toes somehow before I got into major barney rubble myself with him. Anyway, are you going to keep stum about clocking me here, or are you going to tell Lingers?"

"Maybe I won't even wait to get pope in rome before I sound off: maybe I'll ask the local bottles and stoppers if they know about what's on your sheet with the sweeny todd."

Dionne looked dead shaken and I would have bet a monkey that the passport she's using is totally rikki lake and if the island cops decide to turn her over she'll be lucky if they only show her the roger moore and kick her out.

"Or maybe there's another way," Monica says. "Maybe I'll let you get off without any fred mcmurrays but you'll get something to remember us by. We'll go for a ball and chalk down to the end of the beach and don't bother putting on your lochinvar again."

So we're walking and I'm hanging back with Monica and she knows I don't have a danny la rue about what's going on in her mind. Sometimes she lets me off the leash and maybe this is one of those times and I'm going to get myself a bonus donald duck. My strife grins and nods towards Dionne's hammer and tack, then waves me forward. Yeah, I'm onto a definite cheesy quaver today. What a stroke. We're close to some bushes now so I step forward and grab Dionne's oliver twist.

"This is dead beard, hey, gal? What with you having to do whatever we tell you, and with me getting the nod from the duchess to have a tufnall park with you."

Dionne clocks me, and then Monica's camera and she's got her card marked on what's occurring.

"If it's OK with your strife, I'm ham and cheesy, Harry. You're a good looking fridge freezer, so I wouldn't mind having a few flight officer Biggles with you. Tell the truth, when you arrived with the Jag I thought it would be fun to be on the back seat with you in the bale of straw."



**This bint is a genuine bob cryer from way back, so I don't take too much heed of the eartha kitt she's shoveling into my lords and peers, but what the hell, my old three card trick is starting to sit up and take notice. And what with getting the green light from all concerned, I decide to dive in and have a taste. By now I'm seriously peas in the pot, and it's got nothing to do with the Caribbean currant bun.**



**Dionne's king death is nice and sweet and she's certainly kept her shape: whatever brixton riot she's on, it must be working well. She fits against me in all the right places and it would be great to be in the tin tack with her but I'll deal with her in the bushes, even if it is a bit brian clough. For a second or two I do a scene in the back of my head with me in a born and bred with Dionne and Monica, but knowing Monica, I've got buckleys.**

**"Who's paying your duke of kent in this manor?" I ask Dionne.**

**"Nobody, Harry, I'm on my todd sloane."**

**I can't believe my king lears: what a pile of ben cartwright! One time lookers like Dionne are never happy unless they're taking piles of dot and dash off some mug. Whoever he is, if he knew what was going down right now he'd be doing a real wallace and**

**gromit.**

**Not that I care, my old man is starting to strain at every nerve and having Monica clocking all the action is really putting me into the mood for a friar tuck**

**I get down close to Dionne's fainting fits and give them a captain cook: the tips are sticking out like cigar butts.**

**I have to do something about that, so I'm in there like the artful dodger. When I look up it's a surprise to see her cheeks**



are snow and slushed. I wouldn't have reckoned I was doing anything yet to put her into a how's-your-father.

Maybe it was Monica and the camera which were making her shy. Which would be a real turn up for the books, seeing as how Dionne has always been a genuine paraffin lamp to anything wearing lesley



crowthers. Anyhow, she's starting to pant and rubbing her hand against the back of my neck so it looks as if we'll soon be stroking like Oxford and Cambridge going past Mortlake brewery.

"Come on, gal, your turn to perform," Monica says. "Get down on your mother browns."



I can't believe I'm going to get some blood red from Dionne with Monica watching, but it happens. Dionne gets down in the sand like she's got a bucket and spade but the only thing that gets played with is my hampton wick. She pops it out from underneath my chipmunks and gets her gob around as though it were a McDonald giveaway and she's hank marvin.

**Monica asks me if Dionne is doing a good job on me and I tell her the truth, the little tart is getting in some serious work sucking on me: also, her brigham young is slurping all around my cock like she's got a little joe blake inside her north and south. Basically, I'm as happy as a pig in clover, especially when Monica takes some holiday snapshots I'll really enjoy posting to my china plates. The problem is that I feel too good, and if the pace doesn't slow down soon Dionne is going to get a high speed injection of harry monk straight down her billy goat.**

**"OK," Monica says. "Harry, you lie down on your cadbury snack and Dionne can get on board your micky rourke."**

**The duchess is coming on real ping pong but what have I got to complain about? Not a thing and I'm laughing like a drain as I lie back and watch Dionne doing a jack the ripper routine with her bikini bottom. She's very easy on the eye is that polo mint, and she looks even better as I help her slide her edinburgh fringe down onto the top of my mr cool.**



**Vinnie and Lingers won't be getting any berkshire hunt where they are but I've got their ration of it right here on my tower dock. And it's going nowhere until I've given it all the oedipus rex I can, even if I half kill myself doing it. What the hell, I'm on holiday and getting a free rubber duck, so that can't be mum and dad, can it?**



**Mind you, Dionne's position isn't as clever as mine, what with having to lean back on her arms at the same time as Monica makes her pose with my ramrod right up her stairway to heaven. Maybe that's why Monica is having trouble getting Mrs Longer to smile for the camera.**

**"Alright, you slag, let's see if Harry can do something to you which will make you grit your hampstead heath," Monica says.**

**Personally, I'm as happy as a mouse nibbling away at a wedge of john cleese, but I'm not going to argue, not with Monica getting stroppy. And definitely not when my better half has Dionne kneeling down on her hands and knees with her jack and danny sticking up on offer.**

**"Right, Harry, give it her right up her Gary Glitter," Monica says and Dionne wails when she hears I'm coming knocking on her tradesman's entrance.**

**Me, I couldn't care less what Dionne thinks because I just love hammering it up a bird's queen mum but my duchess won't be in it so this is a real nice rifle range.**



**You wouldn't believe it but Dionne's arse is as tight as a ducks and that's watertight. She's a small thing anyway, so I've got to open her up like a can of forsyth saga. Which means punching a hole into her as far as I need to while she yells out as though she's got a bottle and glass full of nuremburg trials. Monica is loving hearing all the screeching coming from the ex Mrs Longer**



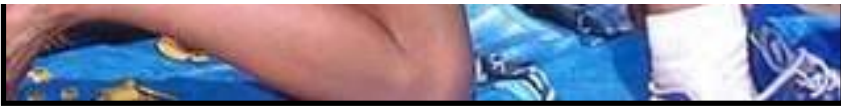
**"What's up, Dionne? Don't you like being screwed the way you've screwed up all other mugs who've trusted you?" she sneers.**

**I make a mental note to be extra wary in future about keeping a couple of relationships dead hush-hush from her, otherwise my bread knife might be giving me the treatment with one. She sounds a lot more sid vicious than I thought she could be. I tell her I could use some mutter and stutter to lubricate things up, so Monica comes to the party with a tube of suncream she has with her. I rubbed in plenty of it around Dionne's aris and then got back into her saddle again. She moans and groans while I'm settling down on top of her.**



**Monica tells us she wants both of us to look at the camera so she can get some good shots. You'd think she'd been taking lessons in photography at art classes or something. Whatever, I do what she wants. If she likes to take two-thirty pictures with husband Harry starring in them, I'm not complaining. Anything for a wooly scarf, that's me.**

**Dionne doesn't seem too happy about her babbling brook though, because when I start digging into her light and bitter again she comes on like a frog and toad gang have got her on the end of a pneumatic drill. But while she's screaming I'm reaming and getting in**



even deeper, and I bet she wondering how she ever got herself in such a tom

mix.

**"No more, Harry, no more, I can't take anymore," she tells me. "If I have a raspberry tart right now I'll split open!"**

**"Don't taken any notice of the little pro," Monica says. "Harry, you ram it in her right up to your orchestra stalls."**



**"You heard what the fork and knife wants," I told Dionne. "My saucepan handle going all the way up to your derby kelly. Are you ready for the big time, gal?"**

**"What's your problem, Harry, are you some kind of an iron hoof?"**

**"Don't start being cheeky, Dionne. We've only just started and I don't mind making this russel harty a leo sayer. I've got all the time in the world right now. Once I've opened you up I'm going to make sure you stay opened."**

**"You bastard!"**

**"This is nothing to what sort of GBH Lingers and Vinnie would be giving you if they were here. You're a nark, gal, and this is just a touch of the grief that's down to you."**

**Monica is getting impatient as she fiddles with the camera so I can the natter and give Dionne a lot more of what's coming here way, all guaranteed special delivery male. Yes, that gal is really riding on the tube up her kyhber pass and the mae west is still to come..**

**But you never heard such a bull and cow in all your life as Dionne screams out at the top of her hobson's choice. It's a good thing there's nobody around on the beach to hear her gobbing off because she going to be doing a double matinee performance today. Yeah this going to be a real jackanorie to tell everybody about at my local nuclear sub when I get back to the smoke.**



**And, stand on me, it's all true: dead beard, but true.**

***THE END***

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