

Title: Reality Check

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Rating: Adult

Characters: Frank Connor/Helen Martin

Spoilers: Yes

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Author notes: Missing scene for the 2011 movie *Few Options*. Thanks to Tanaqui for betaing.

Summary: After twenty-two years, all Frank wants to do is leave the past behind and start a new future.

Reality Check By Scribblesinink

Frank hesitated a moment before rapping his knuckles against her door. Though she'd asked him to come, he still felt a little unsure about what to do, and he didn't say anything after she answered his knock, just met and held her gaze. She looked lovely, he thought, taking in the plain jeans and top and simple make-up. Lovelier, actually, than when he'd first seen her and she'd been wearing heavy, glittering eye shadow and fake lashes.

She looked more like herself.

As if the thought was a signal, they both moved at the same time: he dipped his head, she raised herself up, and their lips met. He knew there was no turning back now. Not this time. He didn't have that much self-control left. But he didn't need to; she wasn't drunk or stoned, and this was why he'd come, wasn't it?

She parted her lips, giving him access, her hands coming up to twine around his neck, and he lifted her off her feet. As he walked them across the threshold, the taste of her intoxicating, a part of him miraculously still had the presence of mind to shove the door shut behind them.

They made it to her bedroom somehow, shedding various items of clothing along the way. He inhaled deeply. It had been twenty-two years since he last touched a woman, last smelled one—and that had been his mom. Giving an inner shake of his head, he pushed the thought of his mother—the guilt—to the back of his mind: she had no place here.

His hands fumbled clumsily with his belt, his fingers seeming too thick to manipulate the buckle. Helen had no such problem: she deftly snapped open the button on his pants and pulled down the zipper, leaving the rest to him while she dealt with her own clothes. Stepping out of his jeans, he drank in the sight of her— full, round breasts, flat stomach, lean dancer's muscles—before his gaze traveled all the way down to the small triangle of coarse, dark hair at the junction of her thighs. That surprised him a little; from the skin mags the inmates had traded around when the guards weren't watching, he'd gotten the impression women these days shaved themselves as naked as babies down there.

He liked this better, though. More real.

He reached out slowly, noticing his hand was shaking. He was afraid to touch her, afraid that if he did, she'd disappear and he'd wake up back in the five-by-nine cell with bare concrete walls and iron bars where the fourth wall should be that had been his home for half his life. Again, Helen seemed to understand and took the initiative, placing her palm flat on his belly. He inhaled sharply at her touch, stomach muscles fluttering involuntarily. His cock, already hard, sprang the last bit to full attention, pulsing almost painfully. "Helen—," he croaked, knowing he wouldn't last long if she touched him there.

"How long's it been?" she asked softly, gaze scanning his features.

He gave a slight shrug. "Twenty-two years."

Her eyes widened a bit at that, though her mouth curved wryly. "No prison romance?"

He took her hand away. "I don't wanna talk about it." It came out a bit more harshly than he'd intended—but, come on, he'd gone from his cousin's garage to the cheapest flea-ridden motel he'd been able to find and he really didn't want to think about places that were even worse. Especially not as he'd been on the verge of getting himself a one-way ticket back to one of them when she'd called.

"Okay." She dipped her head in acceptance, before her gaze shifted from his face downward to his crotch. Her brows furrowed, half amused, half annoyed. "Best we take care of that first, then." She muttered the words almost to herself. Before he could reply, she'd lowered herself on her knees and taken him in her mouth.

He sucked in a gulp of air at the contact, almost choking on it; as he'd expected, the sensation was more than enough to send him over the edge. He grabbed her head to steady himself, and, with a cry, exploded into her mouth before he had a chance to give her any kind of warning.

Once his knees seemed able to hold him again and the room had stopped spinning, he released her. "Sorry."

She shrugged as she climbed back to her feet, licking her lips, smiling faintly. "Better?"

He nodded, not quite trusting his voice to say more.

He used his recovery time to explore her body at his leisure, palming her breasts and rolling her nipples between thumb and forefinger until she moaned quietly. He licked and kissed a trail down along her belly, until he reached the triangle of hair. Again, he took a deep whiff, the scent at once familiar and half-forgotten. She spread her legs for him and he gave her an experimental lick along the length of her pussy. She gasped, and this time the sound of pleasure seemed genuine.

"You're so beautiful," he muttered against her skin, and she hiccuped an incredulous little laugh, but he meant every word.

He felt himself already growing hard again, and he raised himself up on hands and knees to

meet her gaze. Her eyes were dark, pupils wide, and though he knew she must be capable of faking a lot of things, he didn't think she could fake that. He felt his own mouth curve upward in a grin.

"Come on," Helen beckoned him to crawl up further as she reached out to grab a condom from the nightstand. Slapping his hands away when he wanted to help, she expertly tore the wrapper and rolled it on to him. "Twenty-two years is too damn long."

Sinking deep into her heat, Frank could only agree.

Disclaimer: this story is a transformative work based on the Monarch/Curb Entertainment/Kingswood Productions movie *Few Options*. It was written for entertainment only; the author does not profit from it. Please do not redistribute elsewhere without the author's consent.