



A COLLECTION OF FLASH FICTION

FLASHES OF VICE

VOLUME 1

VINCENT DE PAUL

Acclaim for *FLASHES OF VICE: VOL I*

Using flash fiction, a style of fictional literature of extreme brevity which is also known as micro fiction or short short stories, Vincent has bequeathed his readers with *Flashes of Vice*, a collection of tell-them-as-they-happen-in-real-life stories.

The Sunday Nation,
26th January, 2014

It makes a good read.

Principal Education Secretary
Kenya National Examinations Council

Short and crisp as usual: brief but nice...

NaijaStories

... it's an impressive book ... The brevity of the stories is also commendable. Some stories are so short and great that one can complete reading them in under one minute.

Lighten Up
(www.nancyoyula.wordpress.com)

Flashes of Vice: Vol II

The book is nothing short of magnificent. It's astounding. The author has written exceptionally juicy tales, which are remarkable in more than one way. Oh! and the suspense is still on ... one feels the author has denied them their right to enjoy a few more words, when a story comes to an end.

Lighten Up
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It is addictive when you begin reading and you will continue going to the next story and before you know, you are reading the blurb.

Ronedion's World

One word, SUSPENSE!

Storymoja Africa

Flashes of Vice: Vol I

A Collection of Flash Fiction

Flashes of Vice: Vol I is a collection of flash fiction stories by Vincent de Paul, the first in a series of flash stories first published on Flashes of Vice (www.flashesofvices.com), the author's blog, published within a duration of one year.

Vincent de Paul is the author of the award winning collection of poetry, *First Words*, and *Holy Emotion* and *Holy Crimes*, all collections of poems.

These flash stories are works of fiction. Any references to historical events, real persons, living or dead, or real locales, organizations and institutions, are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places and incidents are product of the author's imagination; and any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, institutions, or persons living or dead is entirely coincidental and not intended by the author.

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“To run away from trouble is cowardice...”

Aristotle.

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Guilty as Charged

IN PRISON TWENTY YEARS, I got out today. No one would have said it was a sentence too lenient or an amnesty too early.

My mama always said, a mother would kill for her kids. *Should* kill for her kids.

One chilly morning, just as I was getting home from work, my anorexic, pathologically thin, model-beautiful preteen daughter rushed to me naked, crying.

What she had been telling me all along, and what I had been ignoring—because I trusted too much, leaving no room for doubt—came hurtling back to me. My self-proclaimed pathological liar-cum-womanizer-morphed-sexual-predator husband had raped her—for the umpteenth time.

I checked my daughter's insides; she was wet.

My beloved, wretched husband of thirteen years, whom I too had neglected due to my job demands, emerged from our daughter's room in a post-coital trance not even caring to spare me the sight of his rumpled pyjamas. What father preys of his daughter despite how immodest she appears?

All my sensei-inculcated tactics and many police-paid-hours in a Japanese dojo came instinctively. A round-house pirouette got him by surprise. Before he hit the ground, I had already put two bullets in his heart with my service revolver.

It was a high profile case with high-octane media frenzy. I was now part of statistics of rising cases of police officers killing their spouses. The only twist was that I did not end my life in the process of giving crime reporters a field day.

'Guilty as Charged' was my plea.

Twenty years I have lived with hard, die-hard incorrigible criminals caged like animals at Lang'ata Women's Maximum Security prison, people I had sworn to hunt.

That love for my Sweet Tracy has kept me alive in prison, but now I am out.

I would be glad to go back there if someone ever laid a finger on my daughter.

Of Lovers and Cheaters

“I DID WHAT YOU WANTED,” she said, staring at him in the eye. “I was angry at you for getting me pregnant, but I resented myself for letting it happen. I wished you to go away, but I guess I couldn’t let go.”

“Why do we have to go through this again, Rita?” he asked her.

“Because we were both responsible, and we both handled it badly.”

“Rita, I am sorry about my reaction when I found out about it all. But that’s behind us now, I hope.”

“Yes, it is, but there is a problem,” she took an exasperated sigh, wiped a thin film of sweat on her upper lip and continued. “I’m afraid I still love you. Hell, I love you.”

“Rita, we talked about being friends. That’s what I can offer.”

“Yeah, I know that, especially after you have had a romp in the sack for old times’ sake.”

“This shouldn’t have happened, and we both know it.”

“You are such a selfish bastard, as you always were. It hurt like hell when I terminated the pregnancy knowing that I had also lost you. ‘Where do I go? What do I do?’ I asked myself.”

“You’re a big girl, Rita; smart and intelligent. I am sure you will find a way.”

“You don’t seem to understand. It is LOVE, Steve. I’ve tried to move on, but I couldn’t. You always come out of the blue and get to me.”

“Please, I didn’t want this.”

“I may be that strong, miss independent, tough woman in public, but I am still a woman, a girl, deep inside, vulnerable and in need of love. Precisely said, I am plain weak, weak for you, Steve.”

“What makes you think I am any stronger?”

“I don’t know,” Rita replied plaintively.

“So, this is what all this meeting was all about, isn’t it?”

“For jove’s sake, I am a woman, in case you haven’t noticed, and I have needs.”

“God, Rita. Cessy is a woman too, and Jackie, and in case you haven’t realized, I’m surrounded by women. So, I know what the lot of you look like.”

“Steve, I have tried to move on, a few guys, one-offs, and nightstands. None of those men has given me a sense of permanence. God, you made me feel like a woman, and that’s what I want. I can see you in my room, in the tub; smell you as I do my hair. Cripes, I love you, Steve.”

“I’ve a family, Rita. A wife and a daughter I love very much.”

“What’s it that Cecilia has that I don’t? Shapely legs, probably. Big tits, obvious. Tighter squeeze, I doubt. From what I know of her, of which I doubt you know, I wonder what I lack. Plus, I have brains—which she doesn’t.”

Steve smirked. “That’s my wife you are lambasting,” he said, hackles beginning to rise. “And I love her so much. Will that do?”

“Yeah, and that’s what you told me for three years.”

“Look, I loved you, and I still do, in a different way. Cessy makes me feel safe, she’s perfect for me.”

“And you are perfect for me. You turned me into this fantasy girl I barely knew. I love that girl. That’s what I want.”

Her eyes were drooling. Wait a minute—do eyes drool? Well, Rita’s did.

She saw the look on his face and knew what was coming next. “See Steve, how weak I am?”

He trembled, and a tingling waltzed in his loins. “Please, we can stop this, when we both can.”

“What now? For old times’ sake, we’ve just had this truly ecstatic lovemaking I crave. Can’t we have another round?”

“Nothing more happens. This never happened.”

“But you just cheated on this Cessy wife woman you so much love.” She saw a frisson cross his face. “Don’t worry, I won’t rat on you, but I want you, just a piece of you, on any reasonable terms. I won’t ask for more, or demand you leave your Cessy. Heck, I’m too proud to play second fiddle. That won’t suit me. But Steve, honest-to-God, I love you.”

“What if I don’t want to see you again? You know I am running for governorship this year.”

“Your loss,” Rita said. “And I guess Cessy knowing of this is not on your mind?”

“Cessy and I have no secrets,” he told her.

“Then that’s your problem. Go and empty your dirty little secret to her, and to the priest, but you just cheated on your wife.”

“Don’t you blackmail me, Rita.”

“Not in the least, sweetie. If I were, you’d have already coughed a few millions by now,” she said and gave him the wink.

She winked again and that was all she needed to do. He pounced on her like a puma, climbed on top of her and slid smoothly into her.

Most Wanted

“HOW MUCH DOES A JUDGE cost?” my father asked me.

“That depends,” I said.

“Well, seems like that’s all justice is about in this republic.”

“What are you not telling me, Dad?”

He took a long sigh then said, “We lost the case, John. We lost.”

“What? What do you mean? No way!”

“Yes. Apparently, there’s no sufficient evidence.”

I was about to sob. “Everybody knew it. Everybody knows it. It was our land. It is our land.” I almost shouted at Dad. “And we all know that it was him who killed Grandpa. Why, Dad? Why?”

My father was his usual cool. “John, son, I hate to tell you this, but it’s the truth. Life ain’t fair, get used to it.”

I felt like I could kill somebody. Hell, I could, and would, kill somebody.

“Thank God you’re alive, John,” my father told me after a while.

“World of Richie Riches, they get their own breaks and everyone else’s too.”

“Yeah, I get it. The rich just get richer and the poor ...”

“Whine like you.”

That was ten years ago.

And this is now.

I have a bounty of over a billion shillings on my head. I rob, with violence, and kill the rich—government officials, media moguls, academicians, church leaders, bankers, police, judges, military gooks and all.

I am the MOST WANTED man locally and internationally.

That's the bad thing.

The good thing is that I do it for the common man.

And I never gonna be caught.

Trust me on that!

Church Hypocritical

THE RT. REV. BISHOP Alfred Rotich went straight to the Vatican after landing in Rome. It was the umpteenth time he was being summoned to the Vatican in the past one month.

A chauffeured limo bearing Vatican diplomatic plates glided down the Via della Conciliazione to St. Peter's Basilica. It avoided the main entrance used mainly by pilgrims and tourists and veered to the right.

Ten minutes later, Bishop Rotich walked the long corridors to the papal chambers. They were vast, with floor-to-ceiling oak doors, red carpet, polished marble tiles, and sparkling chandeliers.

He knocked on the double doors and a prelate yanked them open.

The Pope was there, seated behind his golden desk, seemingly in deep thought. The Pope rose from his seat to receive him and Bishop Rotich knelt, more of a curtsy than the customary Catholic practice, and kissed the Pope's Fisherman's Ring. "Holy Father," he said.

"Bishop, thanks for coming so promptly."

Bishop Rotich got to his feet. "At your service, Holy Father."

Pope Leo XXIII gestured for Bishop Rotich to sit. "I am certain you know why you were summoned?"

The bishop said nothing but looked at the Pope.

"I think you understand what you've already caused the church—shame, disgrace, disrepute—with your 'The Truth Should be told' crusade. Well, the rock of the church stood the test of time for over 2000 years. What makes you think you could shake that?"

“You have even gone to the point of questioning the Pope’s—my—infallibility. These secrets you purport to tell the world, have you thought of what they would do to the church, to the billions of Catholics out there?”

Bishop Rotich frowned, but said nothing.

“Revelations of such magnitude to the public would do great harm and havoc to the church than meets the eye. Rev. Bishop, the past is better left buried, as it has been, for with the dead is everything dark, grave and dangerous. Don’t open the Pandora’s Box.”

“Have you no courage, Holy Father? The faith of over 2000 years can’t be shaken by a startling truth. In any case, it should be strengthened.”

“I get it that you are not willing to stop your lunatic rave. Despite the warnings Mother Church has given you, you’ve continued with your insane allegations.”

Bishop Rotich felt pain like a sword pierce his heart. To the world he was a whistle-blower, to the church he was a heretic, apostate; but to him he was a shrewd servant of God.

He was telling the world things kept from them by the church, secrets closely protected by the Catholic Church dating back to the time of Christ, Vatican’s amorous scandals—financial and sexual—cult worship and all. The Catholic Church was either doomed, or its faith was going to be stronger than ever.

“With all due respect, Holy Father, I intent no harm to the church; however, don’t you think of how hypocritical we are, telling people to confess their sins to us, reveal their dark secrets to us whence we don’t confess ourselves, and are custodians of dangerous secrets?”

“And all these trappings of power? Christ Himself was a poor tramp with nowhere to lay His head. But look—all this vast wealth, do you really need it, Holy Father? We live in mansions of human anguish, crowned with pomp and live in gilded rooms while the flocks we shepherd languish in poverty.

“In your life, Holy Father, have you ever stayed awake the whole night with a sick child, his fever on the highs, hoping to get a cent to buy medicine, only to be told a God who lives somewhere unreachable wants you to offer Him money or whatever so that

you could be blessed? No, I guess no! The offertory we tell people to offer pays for this opulence. Do you ever think of how many people go hungry just to bring that cent because the church said God wants them to do so?"

"Bishop, Mother Church has a reputation to preserve, status and traditions to maintain."

"Don't you think it's time this charade stopped?"

"You leave me no choice, Bishop," Pope Leo said opening a drawer of his ornate desk. He took a sealed envelope with the Papal Seal on it and handed it over to Bishop Rotich.

"I know it is not my responsibility to do this, but I have to. That's why I asked to see you personally. I hoped, against all hope, I'd change your mind. But I guess we're done here, Bishop. You are excommunicated."

Bishop Rotich felt a jolt of electricity go through him. "Excommunicated?"

"As of now, the Roman Catholic Church does not recognize you. You know the rest."

Daddy's Girl

Friday 13th, 3:45 p.m.;
Central Police Station,
Nairobi, Kenya.

“STUPID POLICEMAN,” LOYCE OYUGA SCREAMED. “You don’t know whom you are playing with.”

“We msichana mang’aa, nani alisema tunacheza hapa?” the police man said.

“My father is the Chief of Defence Forces, and the Minister for Internal Security is my uncle. You are going to kiss your pathetic career in the police goodbye, and to cap it up all, you’ll go to jail.”

“Shut up!” Inspector Lina Mulusi of NACADA snapped, silencing Loyce, startling the Anti-Narcotics Unit detectives who had brought Loyce in.

Loyce had been arrested at the Jomo Kenyatta International Airport (JKIA) for being in possession of Class A heroin.

“All evidence is pinned to you. It is your bulimic belly that is securely carrying a truckload of the drugs, your designer clothes that were concealing your junk, Miss Mule,” Inspector Lina said. “Not your dad’s, junkie. And if the grapevine is anything to go by, your father is retiring tomorrow. If I were you, I’d be trying to persuade dad to chunk off part of his send-off package to get me the best criminal lawyer around. The judges might decide to get you a few years or a hefty fine, or both, which of course dad would pay, or you will rot in jail and no one will appeal.”

“How very gracious of you,” Loyce exclaimed. “You won’t be in that tattered uniform come tomorrow, bitch.”

Inspector Lina tried not to lose her cool.

Just then, Lina’s phone rang. It was a strange number, but she picked the call anyways.

“Inspector,” the voice was authoritative and stern than she expected. No one would have mistaken the Police Commissioner’s voice, but she chose to play hard. After all, it was her phone.

“Yes, who’s this?”

“I understand you have a suspected mule in custody.”

“That’s restricted information I can’t divulge to third parties, especially to strangers,” Inspector Lina said. “And I have got work to do, not to talk to intimidating strangers ...”

“Of course not. This is the Police Commissioner.”

“Yessir.”

“That’s the daughter of the Chief of Defence Forces you have there. I understand she was arrested in connection with drugs?”

“Yes, sir. She’s been charged. She is appearing in court on Monday. She is staying in our custody over the weekend.”

“Good, Inspector. Your work is commendable.”

“You are endorsing my decision to detain her?”

“Absolutely. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be doing your work effectively if I interfered.”

“Yessir,” Inspector Lina said. “And sir, may I ask you how you came by this info to call me?”

“Inspector, it’s not in your pay grade to ask me how I come about my intel, and I am the Police Commissioner, but I’d tell you anyway. I just got off the phone with the Minister for Internal Security. He’s your suspect’s uncle. He says he’s had enough of his niece. His brother, the CDF, runs to him whenever his daughter is in trouble. Turns out she’s the drug baron we’ve been hunting. She’s also a user and has drained the family for long. They now want her to get what’s coming to her.

“However, that’s not why I gave you the go-ahead. We won’t be doing our work if we let ourselves to be controlled by the powers that be. *Utumishi Kwa Wote*. Sounds familiar?”

“Yes, sir,” Inspector Lina said, her palpitating heart almost jumping into her throat. “Sorry for my earlier crude ...”

“Inspector, I did not promote you to be tossed around by every *body*, and anybody.”

“Yes, sir.”

The Police Commissioner hung up, but one question hung in the air, ‘How did the top cop get her number?’

Inspector Lina stared at the mule with disdain. Loyce’s face was a thousand shades of spite, arrogance, goad, malice and intimidation.

“We’re done here, Loyce,” she said. “You appear in court on Monday morning. Detectives, take the suspect to the cells and hand her over to Selina, the custody sergeant.”

Now, all the walls tumbled down and Loyce’s face turned from pale to a thick hue of blue. Just then, the reality of what was about to happen hit her, and her eyes pleaded guilty and cried meekness coupled with penitence, and would she be released? She would pay anything. God, going to those cells was an imagination she couldn’t allow.

“Please, I’ll do anything—anything—for you, but don’t take me there,” Loyce protested.

Inspector Lina just shrugged.

“Sorry, there’s nothing I can do.”

“Please, I’ll give you anything. I’ve got money. I’ll give you anything. Just name your price.”

“That won’t help. You’ve just added attempting to bribe a police officer to your charges,” said Inspector Lina.

Loyce’s eyes flashed, as though they had been struck by lightning in the cloudy sky of her mind. “Please, don’t do this to me. I can pay you. I will pay you. I promise.”

“No deal,” the inspector said. “At least I won’t be naked come tomorrow, my tattered uniform would be intact.”

About the Author

Vincent de Paul is an award winning author, freelance writer, ardent blogger, and an avant-garde poet. He has perfected and taken the flash fiction genre to a new level.

He is the author of the award-winning collection of poetry, *First Words*, and the most sensational love poetry loved world over, *Holy Emotions* and *Holy Crimes*. His other poetry collections are *Flights of Poetic Fancy*, and *Black Communion*, an anthology of New Age African poets published in Nigeria.

His debut novel, *TWISTED TIMES: Son of Man*, was published in 2015.

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Black Communion: Poems of the New Age African Poets (2013)

Flash Fiction

[*Flashes of Vice: Vol II \(2014\)*](#)

Novel

[*TWISTED TIMES: Son of Man \(2015\)*](#)

Flashes of Vice: Vol I is a collection of flash fiction stories, the first in a series of flash stories first published on **Flashes of Vice**, the author's blog published within a duration of one year.

The book touches on the vices affecting the society today: immorality, crime (kidnapping), payment of ransom, careless sexual relationships, murder, assassination, terrorism, etc.



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