

Part I: Chapter 1

Her: Lust is an entity that crosses the species barrier - - Human, animal, insect or flower, none escape its clutch. Lust is a looming thundercloud, charged, suspended on the edge of explosion. Lust is a projectile, penetrating the heart of my bare core. I embrace lust as it warms my breasts, reminding me of the potency of my body. To lust is human, to love is divine. My lust runs rampant. My love runs home to Samuel.

Samuel wasn't there. Alone in the bedridden possession of lust, I swooned and pitched and rolled. My stomach fluttered at the prospect of behaving freely. Slowly, I slid my slacks and panties down to my ankles. Far apart, I spread my legs and stood before the kitchen window. Cold air blew in with the taste of anticipation. Goose bumps spilled across my skin.

Our table was sturdy and round with a royal blue top and wood grain grooves like claw marks. I positioned the chair, pulling it out one half foot. Looking out the window, I sat and unclasped my bra, releasing the girls from the confines of their harness. My excitement grew as I elevated my top, leaving my bra cups and straps dangling on my shoulders. I brushed my nipples fast, snapping and hardening them into rubies but as yet not engorged with the blood of arousal. One hand dropped lower and caressed my smooth belly and flesh.

It was already there, that feeling of wetness. I tried ever so hard to hold my eagerness in check.

Ecstasy is the softness of a probing tongue. Ecstasy is the touch of a fingertip exploring. Ecstasy is an anxious mood held within rapture, wrapped inside a full-fledged fantasy. Proficiently, I can conjure up a fantasy at any time of day, in any place, during any activity. A fantasy by its very nature should be fantastic, propelling mind and body to journey into a nether realm. But the plain, practical truth is a cliché is the ideal way to begin.

I heard a knock. I peered through the eyeglass, a young man with a clipboard. I answered the door with my top hiked up over my breasts.

Sitting on the chair, I elevated my knees, hoisting my legs over the table, hooking my ankles to the edge, splitting open my sweet tasting pussy.

“Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Crimson. I’m taking a census for the upcoming election.”

Looking up from his clipboard, his eyes turned to circles, widening with disbelief as I stood before him with lips glistened. I grabbed his wrist and pulled him inside, abruptly shutting the door. He was incredulous. My nakedness prevented him from speaking. I undid his belt buckle, unzipped his jeans, and deftly slipped my hand inside before he could protest. I squeezed his flaccid cock hard.

“Your timing is perfection,” I said, leading him to the table.

I have maintained a finely trimmed rooftop on my pussy for a reason. I don't want to look like a little girl. I'm a woman.

"I need your hot, wily, pointed tongue to suck me blind," I urged in a lilting voice. He dropped to his knees and placed one hand on either side, pulling apart my cheeks. His tongue was sublime, protruding outward, running through my pink flesh. I was drenched. He buried his face, turning up his head to expose his nose. I loved that extraordinary powerful feeling of watching his tongue part the sea of quivering flesh. His breath came faster. He grew harder. I rubbed my nipples.

"That's it! Suck harder, baby, so very much harder!" The young ones respond to that, mama talking to 'em. I braced myself.

I must be a hard-wired woman. How I adore stroking and pinching my perineum, inciting my liquid to leak. I inserted a licked finger into my back-end to further rev me up, moving in and out as my thumb massaged, coating my lips with slippery jelly - no softer substance exists, to my knowledge.

He whipped out his hard cock. One hand slid up to my neck. He secured his grip, and then rubbed the head of his cock on the outside of my pussy, teasing me wild.

"You need to have it bad, don't you bitch?" he said harshly. "You need a rock hard cock in your wet pussy to make you come over and over."

He inserted into me in one long thrust and I absorbed him entirely, curving my back toward his body. My hands gripped the table's edge. The sensation was glory to my brain, firing the pistons of an engine. His hips were strong as he pushed. He crushed my breast in his palm. He leaned into me.

"You want nothing more than to be a whore, don't you?"

My body jerked with delight.

"Yes. Yes. Yes, fuck me as a cow would another. That's all you are, a hard, raging cock... without my lust, you're nothing." I would have said anything to encourage him.

I love dirty talk. In my fantasies, smut rolls off the tongue of every man I engage. In reality, few are naturals; most are amateurs, unable to distinguish between the proper time and place. Dirty talk is a rarified art form that rightly belongs between the sheets and should not be used as a pick-up.

I slipped my fingers inside. *Almost there. Getting there.* My juices coated my fingers. I licked and tasted, dropping to my nipples. Dragonfly wings fluttered to mind. I touched and stroked, letting my fingers glide as my legs remained attached to the table's edge, like two frozen, over hanging icicles. I opened my eyes. Our kitchen, in the City of Ottawa, faced north, looking onto Besserer Street. I saw the letter carrier coming toward our house. I spread myself wider. One hand parted outer labia, while I stroked, rhythmically and smooth. My back curved. *Any time now.* My fantasy grew in momentum.

He was going at me for ten minutes. The sweat on his body trickled down his spine, finding its way to the crack of his ass. He pulled out. My heart almost stopped.

"Keep going!" I shouted.

He unclasped my hands, turning me over. He looked into my green eyes and plunged his tongue into my mouth, discovering every crevice. I tasted my pussy on his lips. He re-inserted, grabbing my breasts tightly. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling his body closer to me. I wouldn't allow him to escape.

“Stay hard!” I demanded.

“As you wish, wet whore. I'm going to fuck the taste out of your mouth until there's nothing left inside you but come.” He spoke defiantly. I loved it, loved behaving like an animal. He kissed me hard and ran his fingers through my pubic hair.

“My buddies are not going to believe this. Holy cow! I can't remember having wild sex like this in my life.” He bit me, holding one nipple between his teeth.

“You need to get out of here,” I told him, “before I tie you up.” I spoke matter-of-fact. “You'd like that,” I taunted, “wouldn't you? I could use you as my hungry, sex-slave boy.”

My senses came alive. I smelled the pungent aroma of soaked grass leaching through the trees, crawling upward onto each delicate limb, released out of the pores of leaves. The sexuality of spring air and its wet smells over powered my nostrils. I looked directly at the letter carrier. He had not yet caught sight the image of my flayed pussy. I was in full throttle, unable to stop, furiously rubbing, feeling the arriving orgasm, the fullness of my swollen lips. *Any time now.* I readied myself.

An orgasm is transitory elation. An orgasm is contentment. An orgasm is a fleeting moment of awareness. Our brain forewarns us. Our body telegraphs the arrival. And poof! Mere seconds feel like an eternity of peace, an eternity of spiritual oneness, emotionally connected to body, mind and soul. I exploded, struggling to keep my eyes open. I panted heavy and loudly as my legs writhed and shook, as the warmth washed over my limbs, as my fingers moved in frenzy. I smelled the essence of my scent filling the room.

The letter carrier stopped dead in his tracks; the mail fell to the pavement as he watched me reach my peak. He put his hand to his crotch.

I am a dirty girl. I had hoped he would find me in a compromising position. His route brought him to 369 Besserer Street at the end of every day. I could only hope that my fantasy would move into the realm of reality.

The letter carrier dropped off the post; the envelopes flew through the slot and landed with a crash in the hallway. I greeted him at the door, naked, flushed from bosom to toe.

“Come in, please. I believe this is your final week, correct? I've had my eye on you for years, you know.”

I spoke kindly. Sincerity has the power to elicit a genuine reaction.

“I have a retirement gift for you... do come in and make yourself at home with my body,” I said with an encouraging smile. He dropped his mailbag and walked in, without speaking. I took his hand and placed it between my legs.

“I'm soaking wet,” I said, inching toward the kitchen table. “I absolutely crave it from behind.”

Mr. Letter Carrier removed his hat, leaving his tie and shirt in place. He opened his zipper .

I am a shark, perpetually swimming forward. When he displayed himself, I didn't hide my shock. My mouth draped open.

“Your cock is extraordinary... my God it belongs in a museum... what a monster.”

I handed him a condom, freshly removed from its wrapping, and promptly draped my vulnerability before him.

And like my fantasy, he was on top of me. His cock drove into me and I gasped for breath. He panted, thrusting like a crazed demon, pushing and grabbing my arms for support. I sensed through his movements he gauged my body strength by ramming me as hard as he could, waiting for me to order him to back off. It never happened. I welcomed his aggression. He pounded me with such force the table's edge reached the wall, moving in tandem to our pushing. My hearing responded to the bewildering sounds of our sex, lighting my brain on fire. I climaxed then turned and kissed him.

"Such a travesty your manhood will go to waste," I admitted.

"It wasn't my idea to retire... you've had your eye on me?" he asked, still breathing hard.

"Yes indeed... dreadful, though, you're retiring... thwarted, future passion is no different than no passion at all. At least now I can say from experience you are a man of very special talent."

As I dressed, he flaunted his nakedness, reclining contentedly in the oak chair, allowing me to drink his image. His cock was truly a prominent man o' war appendage.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Your hair falls in child-like wisps across your forehead."

"Brunette, blonde, red-head... it doesn't really matter which one you decide on...an undulant river of women awaits thee."

"The style cuts an acute angle around your cheek. You must be gorgeous, lounging, with strawberry blonde hair hanging loose around your shoulders, highlighting those

brilliant green eyes, like lion's eyes with yellow flecks... your looks are disarming."

"I see...you're a silver-tongue devil, to boot, along with being a marvelous fucker. Flattery is equal to dirty talk, not everyone is up to the challenge," I replied.

"And your body is hedonistic, pleasure loving and toned," he continued, "Those voluptuous curves, those strong hips and full breasts...my word."

"On the contrary, I have droopy boobs, a belly pooch, imperfect teeth, and one eye that is slightly larger than the other," I corrected.

"Exactly...your beauty is natural, not enhanced by surgery. I bet if your nipples spoke what wagging tongues would they entice to suckle those exquisite protrusions. I could devour your slender fingers and toes. Your skin is like the softest grain of white sand...you're a secluded, naked, resplendent beach."

"You should charge admission for such flattery." I beamed.

"Are you at least 5'9?" he asked.

"Yeah," I told him, "that's absolutely spot on."

"Your lips are shaped like a rose petal, formed into a small pout, about to burst into a bowl of cherries."

"Makes you want to kiss them into tomorrow," I teased.

"I've met many women whose lives are sad. Not yours. You glow as though your body was born for love making."

"Steady now...you've made my knees wobbly."

I looked at his cock while he hooked me again with more erotic words.

"And your scent is intoxicating. I couldn't place it at first. I racked my memory until I realized what I smelled."

“If you guess right, I’ll blow your horn at some point in time in the future...consider it a promise.”

“The ancient scent of sweet myrrh, worn by queens of pharaohs... a man could fall asleep in your aroma... lay his head on your breasts and slumber away all ambition.”

“I’m really impressed, you know. I wear an essential oil called Moroccan myrrh.”

“I imagine you probably enjoy all kinds of food, especially bloodied, red meat. I’d like to take you to dinner,” he offered.

“That’s totally out of the question,” I answered. “You’ll have to take this memory with you. I’ll be that smile on your face before you die.”

“Actually, I’m your cliché...you just had sex with the mailman.”

“Well, a point in fact, the original cliché is milkman... but isn’t it far better to live above ground as a cliché than die a hackneyed mailman?”

“No argument there. What’s your name?”

“Magdalene.”

“Your parents did you a tremendous favour,” he acknowledged, touching his soft cock.

“And yours?” I inquired.

“Walt.”

“Just plain old Walt?”

“My mother fancied Walt Whitman.”

“She had good taste... Whitman is one of my favourite poets - ‘Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing within me’,” I quoted.

“Let me guess, from *Leaves of Grass*.”

“Of course... his champion book.”

I enjoyed watching him re-dress, pushing down and compacting his animal, curling it around his leg, tucked under his cheek, until there was very little bulge visible, if anything at all. After he departed, I locked the front door. If our paths crossed once more, I would be good on my word. I had no idea, however, how I'd fit that enormous prick in my mouth.

I thought of food and the letter carrier's large cock. Mother Nature is a master artist, growing her species in countless flavours. And surely she blessed men with sky-blue eyes to beguile women.

The intensity of our brief coupling brought my morning dream back into focus. Two wire-bound, personal notebooks are kept on the go, one beside my night table and the other in the kitchen. I love the books' smooth, heavyweight bond paper, with every sheet perforated and lined. For years, I have recorded my dreams, looking for hidden patterns, for insight into my subconscious, waking each night, rolling over, feeling blindly for my mini-flashlight in darkness, writing out words in chicken scratch, before falling back to sleep. And when inspired, I compose a poem or line of philosophical musings. I don't fancy myself a bona fide writer of prose and poetry. I'm more of an active observer, writing whimsical thoughts in black ink. Mostly, I dream about my hero and write about my beloved. My life is grand on some levels and small in others and everyone I touch is part of the journey.

(Dream - Tuesday, April 5, 2005): *I'm speaking with Pablo, who was visiting me. He left behind two paintbrushes. He was leaving on tour. I worried about him, how I was going to return the brushes. He was an old man.*

Hours passed. I set the table with linen and solid, white plates. I saw my husband's car pulling into the driveway. As he neared our doorway, I answered our telephone.

"Hello... the Crimson residence."

"Oh child...after all my years of thriving nobody on this bloody earth could tell me otherwise...we live in a world populated with intensely stupid people, child, dull-witted, thick as old bark, stupid people."

"What's wrong, Auntie? Is everything OK?"

"As right as rain, child, the poor wee monkey, tho', he was fried to death... must have screamed blue murder, the little bugger."

I wasn't certain to what she referred.

"Is that what you just said, an actual monkey?"

"Judge Joseph McGillikarty, child, in Topsail. His pet monkey jumped into the stove to warm up. The poor, simian idiot was broiled."

I let out a roar of laughter.

"That's the craziest thing I've ever heard," I said.

"The loveliest man you'd ever want to meet, to be sure. He has eight children, bless his vibrant loins. Evidently they never taught him in judgeschool the politics of lust. The maid did it, you know."

"The maid gave birth to all eight children?"

“Pull your mind out of the gutter child, she cooked the monkey, child, turned on the oven to pre-heat, the poor twit, and never saw the monkey jump inside.”

Aunt Aileen was an absolute doll. I loved her to smithereens. Despite being ill timed, her phone calls were always a guaranteed laugh. I smiled as Samuel walked through the door.

“I must run, sweetie, Samuel's home. We've got company coming this evening and I still have a few preparations to finish.”

“Oh yes, child, dash while able. Next time remind me to tell you how they got the stink out of the curtains. God bless.”

Generally, I preferred my own home cooking to eating out. I always looked forward to our dinners together with the Coffey boys but secretly, I hoped our evening would not be too long and drawn out. I had other priorities in mind. I longed for Samuel to do to me the things that only he knew how to do to me.