

## **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 my thundercloud of water droplets, suspended, precarious, unpredictably on the precipice of explosion. Lust is my unruly master, bubbling up through the under boards, slithering in between the cracks, swiftly traveling up my legs, settling inside my loins, over powering my will to resist. I embrace lust as it warms and passes across my breasts, reminding me of the potency of my body. To lust is human to love is divine. When I'm not having sex, all men are impotent to me. My lust runs rampant. My love runs home to Samuel.

I farted, rather loud and unexpectedly, enough to rattle the Venetian blinds in the kitchen window. It must have been the organic oat bran granola I ate heartily at breakfast. No matter. I was happily alone, in our empty house, devoid of noise, save the incessant humming of the refrigerator. Deliberately, I slid off my wool slacks, taking down my panties simultaneously. I brazenly stood in plain view, aware of goose bumps forming on my legs. The cold air blew in through the cracked window.

I zeroed in on our kitchen table, a sturdy round base supporting a circular, royal blue tabletop with wood grain grooves like claw marks. I positioned the chair on which I would sit, pulling it out one half foot. Looking out the window, I unclasped my bra, releasing the girls from the confines of their harness, igniting my excitement. I

elevated my top, leaving my bra hanging on my shoulders, the cups and straps dangling. I farted again, laughing aloud. The release of pent up gas would not deter my lust, in the least. Laughter is a fuel for lust. I brushed my nipples fast, snapping and hardening them into rubies but as yet, not engorged with the blood of arousal. I fully opened the blinds as my hand slid down to my stomach, caressing my belly, and around to my buttocks. It was there, that feeling of wetness. My eagerness was held 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 fully-fledged fantasy. I am proficient at conjuring up fantasies, 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 that simple, cliché-like imagery is the ideal starting point.

*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 slowly elevated my knees, hoisting my legs over the table, hooking my ankles to the edge, splitting open my sweet tasting, bountiful fruit.

*"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 led him in, abruptly shutting the door. He was incredulous. My nakedness prevented him from forming words. I undid his belt buckle, unzipped his jeans, and deftly slipped inside my hand before a short gasp could be emitted. He was flaccid, so I squeezed hard. "Your timing is perfection," I said. I led 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 said 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 extraordinarily 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 because I love to stroke and pinch 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 substance softer exists that I know of.

*He whipped out his hard cock. One hand slid up to my neck. He secured his grip, teasing me, while rubbing the head of his cock*

*on the outside of my pussy. "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 harder the table's edge. The sensation was glory to my brain, firing the pistons of an engine. His hips were strong as he pushed as his hand crushed my breast in his palm. He leaned into me.*

*"You want to be nothing more than 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 rightly belonging between the sheets, and not to be used as a method of 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, 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, making way toward our house. I spread wider. One hand parted my 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 posterior. He pulled out. My heart almost stopped. "Keep going!" He unclasped my hands, turning me over. He looked into my green eyes and plunged his tongue into my mouth, discovering every crevice. The taste of my swollen pussy was on his lips. He re-inserted himself, 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 is nothing left inside you but my come." He spoke defiantly. I loved behaving as 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 nipped 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 on to each delicate limb, released out of the pores of leaves. The sexuality of spring air and its myriad smells saturated 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 your body, mind and soul. I exploded. I struggled to keep open my eyes. 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 own scent filling the air. The letter carrier stopped dead in his tracks; the mail fell to the pavement as he watched me peak. He put his hand to his crotch. I was born to be 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.

The metamorphosis of my fantasy moved into the realm of reality as 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, smiling broadly. He dropped his mailbag and walked in, without speaking, as I placed his hand in between my legs.

"I'm soaking wet," I said, inching toward the kitchen table. "I absolutely adore it from behind." He removed his hat, leaving his tie and shirt in place, as his zipper descended. I am a shark, perpetually moving. When he

fully displayed himself, I could not withhold my shock. My mouth draped open.

"Your...your...your cock is extraordinary...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 as he panted, as he thrust like a 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 aggressiveness. He pounded me with such force the table's edge reached the wall, knocking in tandem to our pushing. My hearing responded to the bewildering sounds of our sex as my brain lit on fire. I climaxed and kissed him.

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

"It wasn't my idea to retire...you've had your eye on me?"

"Yes indeed I have...dreadful, though...you're retiring... thwarted, future passion is no different than no passion at all...at least I can now say from experience you are a man of very special talent." As I dressed, he displayed his nakedness, reclining in the oak chair, content, allowing me to drink his image. His 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 loose around your shoulders, highlighting those brilliant green eyes, like lion's eyes, with yellow flecks...so 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, those full breasts...my word.”

“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 implore to suckle those exquisite protrusions...I could devour your slender fingers and toes. Your skin is the softest grain of white sand...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 poppy leaf, formed into a small pout, about to burst into a bowl of cherries.”

“Makes you want to kiss them into tomorrow,” I said.

"I've met so many women whose lives are sad. Not yours. You glow as though your body was designed 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 between 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. Perhaps I'll be that smile on your face before you die."

"Actually, I'm your cliché...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?" he asked.

"Magdalene."

"Your parents did you a favor." He touched his soft cock.

"And yours?" I inquired.

"Walt."

"Just plain old Walt?"

"My mother adores Walt Whitman."

"She has good taste...Whitman is one of my favorite 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 would cross 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 was starved. I thought about the letter carrier's large phallus. Mother Nature is a master artist, growing her species in countless flavors. And surely she blessed men with sky-blue eyes to easily seduce 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, scratching out 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 coming into the driveway. As he neared our doorway, I answered our telephone.

"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...dull-witted, thick as old bark, stupid people."

"What's wrong, Auntie? 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 John McCarthy, 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 judge school the politics of lust. The maid did it, you know."

"The maid gave birth to all eight children?"

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

She was an absolute doll, my Aunt Aileen. I loved her to smithereens. Despite being ill timed, her phone calls were 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've 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."

I hoped our dinner with the boys 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.