

SAUCE*BOX

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'Twas the Nite
Before X-Mas
(or A Visit from Young Cumly
St. Dick)

by Savannah Skye

was the nite before X-Mas,

when all thru the house
There was something stirring,
but it surely wasn't a mouse
For young cumly St. Dick
was in the house
He was well hung,
and rode his Harley with care
So he could remain fair
and not muss up his hair

Meanwhile, the ladies were nestled
all snug in their bed
With visions of sugar cocks
dancing in their heads
As he stood in the hall
wearing red leather
With them in their teddies
waiting for him in their beddies.

Suddenly out in the hallway
they heard a loud clatter
They sprang from their bed
to see what was the matter
Away to the doorway
they flew like a flash
They came when they saw him,
in spite of themselves
For he was dressed in red leather
from his head to his foot,
with adornments of lovecuffs
and a fur whip to boot,

while carrying a bundle of joy toys
on his back
They knew in this moment
it couldn't be old St. Nick
For he looked like a s&m biker
with a pvc pack
Who was lookin' for a midnite snack
So they thought to themselves,
this must be young cumly St. Dick

For with a wink of his eye
and the size of his head
They knew they were going
to invite him to their bed
So they tore open their teddies,
and spread open their legs
'Cause they were sure that with the light
shining on their breasts
and the pink glistening between their thighs
Would give him cause to rise, while putting
lust into his eyes along with
dimples in his cheeks,
as he took quick peeks
They noticed that his nose
was big and aglow,
so as they hoped was down below.
His face was chagrin and wearing a smile
For he knew that his visit to them
was going to be worth his while

Besides all his physical charms,
he was sprightly, lively and quick
Then they knew in that moment
it was young cumly St. Dick
So they quickly spread eagled,

before his courses came
While they all whistled and called him
by his many names:

“Big one! Well hung one!
Sprightly one! Nice one!
Lover boy! Nice toy!
Come into our room...
For we have a lovely surprise for you!!!
Over to the bed...
Where we'll all give you head!!!
One at a time
with X-Mas reason and rhyme...
Now on boy on...
For you we will don!!!

As they all got into bed slowly
The women met a rising obstacle
coming from between his thighs
causing them all to have merrily sighs
Then one by one each lady
hopped onto his joy stick
All enjoying their sweet X-Mas treat
from cumly young St. Dick

He nary spoke a word
and went straight to his work,
Filling all of the ladies
with old X-Mas joy
and none of them were coy.
With each giving a nod,
as each enjoyed his sex toy
For he was slow and sensual,
with all the right moves,
putting all the ladies into lust's groove

After delivering to them
his gift of X-Mas
He sprang to his Harley,
to kickstart it's motor
He put on his helmet
because he knew riding safe
was always the best bet
Then in an instant they heard
the roar of it's engine
For young cumly St. Dick
was to be off in a bound
After promising the ladies
he'd come back around

While he rode out of site
on this old X-Mas nite
he exclaimed with glee...
“Happy X-Mas to all,
and to all a good ball!”





The Purchase by Modesté Balthus

Master Dremaer had arrived at Master Gregory's residence in great anticipation. He, like many of those in the small Gorean community of Masters had heard of Master Gregory's fine stable of well trained, young and nubile pleasure slaves and had come to acquire one of the best in his stable, a little exotic delight named Brown Sugar who was going for a high prize.

When he arrived at Master Gregory's home, the butler showed him to the spacious drawing room, heavily wooded and curtained. The 55 year old greying Englishman was heavy set, almost stocky and had a reputation for being extremely strict and firm with his slaves. He rose from the armchair where he was settled and motioned for tall and handsome Master Dremaer to sit across from him in another armchair.

As soon as they were settled, he rang a bell and a young slave crawled in on all fours. She was completely naked and in proud form as she strutted in like an elegant cat, her hips swinging seductively. Black curly tresses framed her pretty elfin face. She was a golden brown colour and shone with a sheen of oil that had recently been massaged in. Her eyes were large and child-like, almost Bambi-like in its innocence. Master Dremaer's gaze was fixed on this exotic creature from the tropics. As soon as she reached her Master's chair, she assumed the trained submissive pose that was the trademark of her prestigious training

under her Master. She knelt, upright with her knees spread wide apart, her pelvis thrust out and her hands locked behind her neck to thrust out her bosom.

Master Dremaer swallowed at the sight of her obvious arousal in full display. Her pubis was devoid of hair, making her arousal all the more obvious and her situation innocently erotic. Her swollen labial lips squeezed against each other to conceal their inner treasures behind the well-defined line that marked her slit.

"Isn't she a delight?" quipped Master Greg, as he leaned forward and kissed her curly mop. "Look at these nipples" he urged as he leaned forward and delicately strummed a very tense brown nub that was straining with arousal. She twitched. Her nipples were indeed exquisite brown jewels, swollen hard and set on firm globular breasts. She moaned as he played with them, closing her eyes in unconcealed pleasure, her pelvis bucking forward in small reflex movements.

Her Master then picked her up and placed her lightly on the broad cushioned footstool between them. She was still on her knees planted wide apart and facing her potential Master. Master Greg pulled her torso further back, coaxing her to lean back and relax on his broad chest. Her pubis, plump and crimson with arousal was now in full display for close inspection. Master Greg spread open the fleshy flaps of her pussy lips as Master Dremaer leaned forward in all seriousness. Her Master's large finger, found the hard little berry of her arousal swimming in a sea of

creamy juice. She moaned and squirmed deliciously as he tapped it free from its hood and it emerged swollen and glowing red to greet the gentlemen. He tightened his grip on her. "This one's deliciously sensitive here", he said, pulling at her hard protrusion. The only way sometimes you can get anywhere near touching it with your finger or tongue, or sucking it is by tying her up...but don't ever doubt it, she loves it!

Little Brown Sugar was gasping and twisting within his imprisoning embrace as her Master teased her clit relentlessly for the pleasure of his guest. "Tell me, is she always naked around the house?" asked Master Dremaer whose own arousal was obvious in his loose pants.

"Absolutely, it's a rule in my household for all pleasure slaves. "Not only that, they must always be in a state of arousal in my presence, a state of wanting," he said, as he mercifully released Brown Sugar, setting her back on the floor. "But!!! they are never allowed to touch themselves, Never!" he boomed in a powerful voice.

Brown Sugar sulked as he smacked her butt lightly. "She crossed that boundary just before you came and I've already told her, that for that she'll be punished in front of you, Master Dremaer".

An evil smile spread across Master Dremaer's face as he watched Master Greg. Brown Sugar was on all fours, resting, with her breasts hanging like mangoes. She stood motionless, a grimace upon her face as Master Greg, fondled the wet pleats of her pussy from behind, eventually sinking a fat finger

into her depths and wriggling it around as he spoke casually to his guest.

"I acquire them early, so they are easy enough to be trained and moulded to suit my needs. As a rule they are waxed when the first signs of hair appear. Repeated waxings ensure complete and permanent removal of hair. I like them looking so deliciously nubile and exposed. They are all well trained slaves and this one especially is a delight". His finger was still busy and the smell of sex was thick in the room. A soft moan escaped Little Brown Sugar's lips, as he inserted a second finger into her pulsing wet vagina..

"I entertain a lot", he continued nonchalantly, "and she is a favourite among my guests".

"How far are the guests allowed to go with your slaves"?

"I'm very generous", he grinned in response. "Most are trained to entertain my guests. This little one enjoys it tremendously. She's a natural". My little Brown Sugar is never told who or how many guests I'll be having. I love leaving her in suspense, it leaves her deliciously moist. She'll always have to check with me for approval when a guest beckons her to his side. He's allowed to fondle her as I'm doing right now and pick her up and cradle her on his lap but there are strict rules regarding my slaves being on their laps. They are trained to spread their thighs as wide as possible, facing me so I can watch my girls being fondled and even penetrated and impaled, yes even that is allowed if I so choose" he said, his eyes twinkling naughtily.



“And sometimes, at my Gorean functions in the dungeon downstairs, my Sugar is sometimes offered to several Masters at a time for their pleasure. On those occasions, she is restrained upon ‘The Table’ a tiny raised platform three feet by three feet which allows all her orifices and pleasure points to be accessed at the same time.”

With that, Master Greg, rose and summoned the butler who was ordered to bring in the punishment tray. Brown Sugar’s liquid eyes registered a curious mixture of fear and sexual excitement. With that, he picked up her petite form and carried her to the inspection block in the centre of the room. It was a tiny table. He lay her by her side and strapped her thighs together tight, urging her towards a foetal curl. Master Draemer stood by the table, assisting him at restraining the girl in her foetal position, bringing her knees as close as possible to her chin. She mewled as she saw the Butler arrive with the punishment tray. Master Greg soothed her with gentle words. “Now, now now, he reassured her, running his fingers

through her curls. There’s only one way of pacifying her as she receives her punishment”. Having said that he calmly unzipped his fly and his cock sprung out like a vigorous stalk from a thick nest of grey hair. Master Dremaer watched as she struggled, rooting desperately for his cock, finally seizing the bulbous head and suckling almost noisily on it, before finally settling to a quiet rhythm of satisfaction.

Master Greg smiled as he stroked her hair, “Works every time, look at her, she’s as

contented as a baby. I’m going to miss her,” he said, his eyes softening as he ran his fingers through her curls. Her pussy was pouting vulnerably, clenching and pulsing in synchrony with her sucking, squeezing pearly white gobs of cum around that seeped through her pouting pussy.

Dremaer considered the tray. A variety of plugs and other devices, all tapered and smooth, were laid out neatly on it. They all flared at one end obviously meant to be inserted and then remain of their own accord. He looked at Gregory casually. “Interesting choice of equipment. Surely, though, these aren’t just for punishment? I mean, you can have so much fun with all of her holes, you wouldn’t train her to associate one only with pain, would you?”

Gregory smiled. “No. But she is being trained slowly back there, because she is so slender and tight.”

“Excellent. I will show her a little technique I like to train slaves in which teaches them pain, pleasure, and self-control, all at the same

time.” Dremaer picked out an odd looking little plug with ridges which were almost sharp, but rounded on the edges so as not to cut flesh. “Just the thing,” he said, and Gregory smiled. “I wonder, however, if you hadn’t better slip on out of her for a moment. This may come as a shock to her, and I would feel terrible if she were to, ah, clamp down on you.”

Gregory laughed. “An excellent idea, if you’re planning on what I think you are.” He

pulled back and the slave's exquisite face pouted for a moment as her sucking was disrupted. "None of that!" He cuffed her lightly and she resumed her position. He then stepped back, doing up his pants again as he watched.

There was a small jar of lubricant on the tray and Dremaer applied a bit to the plug. "Relax, slave girl, or this is going to hurt." He applied it to the tiny opening between her buttocks, twirling it a bit first to spread some lubricant over her, then nudging her a bit to test her body.

"She is very tight, isn't she? Well, we'll fix that shortly." He slowly slid the plug in, smiling as the slave gasped with the sensation, so close to pain but so intense she pressed back for more. The plug slid in slowly and then was stopped by its flared base.

"I don't know if you know it, my dear, but that particular sort of plug is called a fig. The interesting thing about it is, if you're not tensed, it is very pleasurable. But if you tense up, it will press very hard along those ridges, and that will hurt. Dreadfully. The first few times you are struck, you will tense up. You won't be able to help yourself. But you must teach your body not to do that, and this will help. A little bit of this, and you'll be able to relax to take the largest cock up you, or even someone's hand if that's what they want, but you'll still have the control necessary to be a good fuck."

He smiled to Gregory. "Many masters don't bother to explain their actions to their slave girls, and they certainly don't have the right to

any such.

But I find that if they know what you're trying to do, they become conditioned much more quickly and it makes it even harder for them to fight, because they know what's going to happen, and they feel themselves sinking into it no matter how hard they try."

Gregory simply nodded, his confidence that Dremaer was a man worthy of the finest slave girls reassured. He waited patiently to see how the training would proceed.

Dremaer studied the smooth curves of the girl's ass for a moment, and then with no warning his hand whistled through the air and struck her right on the crest of her uppermost buttock. She gasped from the heat of the blow, which wasn't very powerful, and then screamed as the delayed sensation of her tightened ass around the fig made fire run along her nerves!

"Master! Please, no! Oh, it hurts! I'll be good! No more, please!" The girl begged beautifully, and in a voice that might have broken the heart of a stone. But the heart of a master could give a stone lessons. No matter how her beauty and need might make him weep for joy, when a master chooses to discipline a slave, she is disciplined, and well.

As she started to get her breath back from the scream, another blow lit up her nerves, first heat, and then unbearable pressure. As she drew in a breath to scream Dremaer shouted. "Relax, slave girl!" As he spoke his hand, which hadn't lifted after the blow, slid down and began to tease the tops of her thighs from behind, long fingertips teasing the

“Excellent. Now that you’re warmed up, here’s one for disobeying your Master.” The whip flew again, this time across her shoulderblades as she lay there helpless. Her slight body had no padding there and the pain was purer, resisting the transformation into pleasureable heat. A high, agonized scream came from her nearly breathless body, and she began to beg again when she managed to snatch a gasp of air. “Master! Please, no! Brown Sugar will be good! She will please! No more, Please!”

Instead of listening to her heartrending pleas, Dremaer stepped forward a bit and wiggled the plug experimentally. In mid-beg, she gasped and began to squirm, moaning, as the pleasure in her ass and the pressure against her cunt, deep inside, made the lines of flame across her back recede to the depths of her mind.

He pursed his lips thoughtfully. “Outstanding. Absolutely outstanding. She has already begun to relax again. If she can relax after that, she has great promise indeed.” He looked up at Gregory. “The response of her body shows her promise. The rest is details. I will take her. Name your price.”

Gregory almost looked surprised. “But don’t you want to try her? There is more to a girl than how she responds to a whip!”

It was Dremaer’s turn to smile knowingly. “She is teachable. I know already of the training she must have had in the arts of pleasure in the house of a man like you. That I have no worries about. All I wanted to know was whether she would bend or break if a man

tried to shape her. She will bend like a willow in the wind, and take any shape a man could desire. I will have her.” This last was not so much an agreement, or a question, as a simple statement, much as one might remark on the weather or some other inevitability.

Gregory smiled again. “You honor me with your trust. I will give it back to you, and then some. Take her. She is yours. After a time, send me what you think she is worth. Or send her back.”

Dremaer laughed. “Clever! You know in a month a man would bankrupt himself for a slave like this, rather than give her up. But I would never have come here had I not been assured of your honor, and I accept your generosity. Come and see her whenever you like. I will not hope to exceed your skill, but you might find her an interesting novelty when I am done with her.”

During this conversation, the slave had begun to wiggle helplessly, as the fires burning in her started to become unbearable. “Masters please?”

She begged helplessly, prettily.

Dremaer turned to her. “Later. I intend to savor you well, and often. But first you need to simmer a bit, and wonder what a man who’d do *this*,” and he wiggled the plug and stroked her welts to show her what he meant, “to you just to see your response, will do to you when he has you at his mercy, and his pleasure, and owns you utterly.” The slave began to quake uncontrollably as his meaning sunk into her excellent little mind, moans of need and delicious terror rolling out of her



and her juices beginning to roll down her thigh.

Dremaer turned back to Gregory. "The other thing in that bag is a fairly good bottle of wine. Can I offer it to you in exchange for a glass?" The two men walked over towards a small counter where a few glasses sat, leaving the slave to whimper, the heat in her body refusing to cool even slightly.



Wings by Lil' Eve

Wings of pleasure
beat their rhythm
shamelessly upon my flesh...
deeper he enters into me,
further the reaches
my senses expand .
with each great thrust
from his loins
he propels me ever closer
to the Holy Grail
of sexual oneness....
beyond flesh
copulating spirits rise up and soar...
and wings of pleasure
beat their rhythm shamelessly upon my flesh.,
we inhale the scent of bliss.



photo : Lil' Eve



Beneath His Skin by Terrie Relf

Urso watched from the shadows, his reptilian skin pulsing with unspent moisture. Angela was the one he loved, the one he wanted, and he would have her! It mattered not that she was human, that it was forbidden. They would leave this planet, return to his home world, and there they would build their nest.

After finishing the last lines of the chapter, Ana reached for the glass of Chardonnay, hoping it would soothe her parched throat. After a few sips, she re-twisted her dark red curls into a tighter bun, amazed at her reaction to this novel. There were just a few more chapters left, and she wanted to finish them before she went to bed. Her meeting with the author, Reece Haggar, was around noon at Cafe de la Noche.

But alien sex? Reptilian men? I must be ovulating, she chuckled even though she didn't think it was all that funny. How was she going to face this man and help him with his marketing campaign?

But imagine someone wanting you so bad that they would defy taboos and tradition to win—and nurture—your love? She sighed, glanced over at Carlo's photo on her piano. He looked good with his gym-sculpted flesh, trendy blonde-highlighted dark locks, and those brown bedroom eyes. But Carlo didn't have much substance. Love? It wasn't even in his vocabulary.

Urso would love her, would take his time,

and slowly peel away the barriers to her inner self. Her clothes would follow, shed like unnecessary skin. She could see his obsidian eyes boring into hers as they joined, his split tongue surrounding each side of her lips, her mouth, then wrapping itself around her tongue. His cool reptilian hands would glide over her bare skin while they coupled in the damp sand.

Ana took another sip of Chardonnay, did her best to ignore the heat resonating from her womb as she continued reading.

Chapter 12

The moon was still full in the sky as Urso walked along the shore, his bare feet savoring the sensation of cold, damp sand. Occasionally, he would look to the horizon's edge, imagine that it was filled with twin moons, a burnt orange sky.

He watched the waves for a time, how he loved the way they flowed together, then separated, each on their own path, each in their own direction.

But what direction would he take? Would he return home or remain here among humans, doing his best to masquerade as one?

Angela was the mate he desired. Would she refuse him if he were to remove this alien skin which prevented her from seeing him as he truly was?

No, he consoled himself, Angela would love him as he was. He knew her, knew that she wanted to join with him. She had told him as much when they'd walked along this very beach, their fingers linked together, tenderly.

"The time is not right," he had told her. She had hung her head sadly, such longing in her

eyes. But to join with her—to truly meld with her—she would have to see him as he was. The human skin was incomplete.

Riveted to the pages, Ana finished the last chapter. Stunned, she set the manuscript on top of her briefcase, poured herself another glass of Chardonnay, and scuffled down the hall to her bedroom.

....

Reece was already at the cafe when she arrived. She'd walked past him and toward the patio, when he called to her.

“Ana—“

She turned toward the sound, realized that it must be him. Who else would call her name at this strange place.

He didn't look anything like his bio shot. This man was tall, sleek in his dockers and cotton sweater. The bushy head of copper-colored hair gave him a boyish look. Perhaps that's what was different. It was his eyes that made her pause, though; they were a verdant green, and reminded her of the Japanese Pine tree outside her office window. His skin tone was unusual, too, as it resembled glimmering sand.

“May I get you something?” His voice bore a slight accent that she couldn't quite place.

“Yes, thank you. Double latte.”

She watched him as he rose from the chair, glided into the cafe. He placed her order, then turned to gaze at her through the glass. Smiled.

“Aren't you having anything?” she asked when he returned with her coffee, set it

before her.

“I've never developed a taste for coffee.”

“Do you want to start, then?”

He nodded, and Ana noticed how he avoided looking into her eyes while they spoke.

“I know this isn't easy, to have your work critiqued with a stranger, but trust me, I'll be kind.”

“Please—feel free.”

“Well, this may be out of order, but I couldn't help but notice that the afterward is blank. Where's the copy—or did you change your mind about it? I really think—no, I really want to hear what happens next.”

Reece sat up straighter in his chair, leaned toward her, extended a graceful hand to rest upon the blank space in the manuscript.

“What do you want to happen?”

It was Ana's turn to look away. She could feel the heat rise in her face.

“So, my story did have an affect on you?”

“Well, it's my first alien romance novel, if you want to call it that. The sci-fi books usually go to—”

“I want to hear what you feel about the book. Not all those technicalities. You're a reader before you're an editor, aren't you?”

“I couldn't put it down. I'm thinking trilogy, because they never do get together. Really together. But his fantasies, the energy between them—that's worth a million right there.”

She paused, watched as Reece bowed his head, placed his palms together at his heart, then closed his eyes. He sat that way for a few



minutes, then opened his eyes.

“Please continue,” he inclined his head toward her.

The action reminded her of a scene in the novel, where Sandar performed the same act before his beloved Angela while she wept, thinking that he didn't love her because he wouldn't make love to her.

“What's with the bowing? Are you a Buddhist or something?”

“Something like that. It helps me to focus, to collect my thoughts.”

“Ah—well, of course I want them to be together. But a sequel. What a deal that would be for you. I see a film, too. This could really set you up.”

Ana was surprised at his lack of response. “Aren't you excited? I mean, isn't that why you contacted our agency?”

Reece flicked his tongue along his lower lip, allowed it to rest there a moment, before withdrawing it.

“I suppose I am excited, as you would call it. But tell me, would you join with him? With Sandar? Would he—does he—appeal to you—knowing what he looks like beneath his manufactured flesh?”

Reece leaned back in his chair.

“Wow—I suppose I would. But he's not real. I mean he's just a character in a novel—but yes, yes!”

Reece took her hand, listened while she babbled on and on. It didn't matter what she said now. All he cared about was that she had said, “yes”.



kiss haiku

by Savannah Skye

I aint my ecstasy
With your colorful kisses -
Your mouth as paintbrush



Ye Olde Gold Bar

by Savannah Skye

You lay on the shelf so innocently
wrapped in your shiny gold foil
Whilst stealing my unguarded
heart from afar
Even though I know that eating you may
soon put my mind in a toil
And maybe even my health's course
you may mar
I shall choose to eat you anyways
Since your dark chocolate caramel nougat
Will take their consequences on me much
later in this day
Right now though,
those thoughts I will forget
So that I can eat you in sweet delight's time
While I sit on my behind
and let my tongue ponder
Your sensual taste that's perfectly sublime
As I let my thoughts wander
On this night that you
and my mouth shall meet
Where it will completely devour
your sweet taste treat.



Ken and Joanne

by Jolie du Pre'

Vernice dug her weeder into the moist dirt and loosened the roots of the lamb's-quarters. This weed will take over my entire garden if I let it, Vernice thought as she pulled its roots out of the ground. Hers was a show-piece without the help of a landscaper, but gardening, to Vernice, meant more than that. "If everyone gardened, we wouldn't need therapists," she would say.

Digging in the dirt, amid her many perennials and annuals, under the rays of the bright sun, she relaxed and she could focus her thoughts inward. This was her opportunity to meditate, and for Vernice, meditation and sanity went hand in hand.

She thought about her marriage. Sex with Dale, her husband of 30 years, bored her. When they made love, she often fantasized that she was somewhere else, somewhere like the Crystal Palace. She'd never been there, but neighbors' Judy and Paul had.

Two days earlier, Judy confessed that she and her husband Paul were swingers and that the Crystal Palace was their favorite place to swing. There was a time when Vernice would have been appalled at such a revelation, but as Judy described foursomes in the hot tubs and orgies in the bedrooms, Vernice sat intrigued, because lately, she often thought of what it would be like to have someone, other than Dale, touch her.

While Vernice pulled more lambs-quarters,

she began to envision a recurrent fantasy. She, and two men, lie naked on an uncovered bed. Dale, one of the men, licks her nipples, while the other man, unknown to her, licks her vagina. Their simultaneous manipulation brings her to intense orgasm.

Vernice removes her gardening shoes, flings her gardening gloves to the ground and hurries to her bedroom. She pulls off her pants and panties, falls on her bed and vigorously masturbates her wet crotch. She imagines Dale's mouth on her breast, and the tongue of the unknown man on her clit, as she orgasms. Laying motionless on the bed, she looks at the clock. Dale will be home soon, she says to herself. What would he think if he saw me lying here like this? She smiles, puts her pants and panties on, and returns to her garden.

That night, Vernice tried to suck Dale's penis the way he liked it, but after a couple minutes, she loses the desire to continue. She pulls Dale's penis out of her mouth and shoves it into her vagina. With several strong thrusts of her hips, she makes him come fast and ends it quickly.

Later, while Dale sleeps, Vernice gets out of bed, and searches the Internet for the Crystal Palace. "We are the ultimate swing club for couples" the web site reads. I'll never get Dale to go with me, she says to herself.

"What are you doing?" Said Dale, startling Vernice.

"I'm . . . uh . . . what are you doing up?"

"Wondering why you're not in bed. The Crystal Palace, that's where Judy and Paul go."

“You know about it?”

“Yeah, Paul told me about it a few months ago. Why . . . are you interested?”

“Yes!” Vernice exclaimed.

“Okay! It sounds like you really want to go. So, let's go,” said Dale.

Vernice expected resistance from Dale, but it didn't happen. Could he sense her boredom? She wonders. Is he bored, too?

The next Saturday night, Vernice and Dale drive to the Crystal Palace, a private, ranch home on an acre of land. Christine and Don, the owners, greet them at the door and lead them to the large, finished basement, to join the other guests.

Vernice and Dale held each other's hand and nervously looked around. Everyone seems friendly and approachable, but Vernice knows that she and Dale are shy, and she wonders if they've made a mistake in coming.

“Hi! We've been watching you.” Vernice feels a tap on her back and she turns around. “My name is Ken and this is Joanne. You're new to the club, right?”

Ken and Joanne are a beautiful middle-aged couple, and Ken is one of the most handsome men that Vernice has ever seen. Vernice looks at Dale who's staring intently at Joanne and her large breasts. “Yes,” said Dale, “we're new.” This looks really exciting. There seems to be lots of couples here our age, but we don't know how to go about this.”

“Well, why don't we all sit down and have a drink and talk,” said Joanne. “The music's not too loud. We can hear each other.”

Vernice and Dale talk with Ken and Joanne

for two hours, after which they feel comfortable and completely at ease.

“We came here in our motor home. It's really nice. Would you like to see it?” Said Ken.

“Where do you park it?” Said Dale

“In the lot of the restaurant next door, I worked out a deal with the owner.”

The motor home is cozy and nicely decorated. Vernice sits next to Ken, and across from them, Joanne sits next to Dale. Dale and Joanne begin to talk to each other, and soon, Vernice and Ken talk as well.

Vernice looks over at Joanne and Dale sees them kissing. Then she watches Dale put his hands on Joanne's breasts. The sight of her husband with another woman initiates feelings of excitement as opposed to jealousy.

Ken pulls Vernice's face toward his and kisses Vernice passionately on the lips, lips that have not been kissed by anyone, other than Dale, in more than 30 years. Vernice feels her clitoris swell as Ken's tongue darts into her mouth.

Vernice's hand falls on Ken's crotch and she can feel that his penis is rock hard. Ken puts his hands on Vernice's waist and brings her in front of him, on her knees, between his legs. He reaches under her dress and slides her panties off. Then he touches her vagina with his fingers. “Ooh,” he says, “You're wet!”

Vernice nervously unzips Ken's pants, reaches her hand inside and pulls out his hard, erect penis. She lowers her head to his lap, covers his penis with her mouth, and eagerly sucks it.



Suddenly, Vernice feels her dress lift, exposing her bare bottom. Then she feels soft lips licking her vagina and tender hands on her behind. She becomes aware that it's Joanne and she freezes in amazement at how wonderful her gentle lips and soft touch feel.

She reaches back and caresses the top of Joanne's head, while she continues to suck Ken's penis. Then Joanne removes Ken's penis from Vernice's mouth, puts it in her mouth and continues the fellatio.

Vernice watches Joanne suck Ken's penis while Dale slides his penis into Vernice's vagina from behind. Dale thrusts hard into Vernice, and Vernice moans loudly as she reaches orgasm while she watches Joanne lap up Ken's semen.

Afterwards, driving home late at night, Vernice and Dale are silent. With the radio off, the only sound is the rumble of the tires beneath. As she had done with Ken, Vernice reaches over and places her hand on Dale's crotch. Like Ken, he's rock hard.

"Pull over!" She demands. What she was about to do she intended to do properly, and Dale knew it. She pulled his stiff penis out of his trousers, shoved it in her mouth, and sucked it, feverishly, without stopping, until he exploded.



photo : Lil' Eve



Waves by Lil' Eve

Rocking on the waves of this
duplicate dream...
surrogate ; substitute
fills me with his replica
I sway, I give way,
surrender to the surging sigh....and
He watches me, and he
fills his hands with a million
milky stars...and he watches me.



Braless, Breathless

by PleaseCain

He loved her going without a bra, but now ground his teeth, the blood coursing in his temples.

She had gorgeous tits, perfect in his hands, against his red cock.

Her eyes grew large when he first suggested it. They'll be able to tell, she gasped.

Just the outlines, he cooed, rubbing the nipples erect with his thumbnails.

She was strapped in when the guests arrived, but toward midnight, he spied something special as she went about filling champagne glasses; later, guests still present, they fucked on their bedroom floor.

He pushed her more: restaurants, trails, vacations, sheer tops.

He threatened and got her braless in her white T-shirt, locking it inside the car before they walked to the yard party.

He never could stand these asshole sailors from Great Lakes. They ogled her tits all right, but she flirted back. He warned her, and still she went and had a water fight, drunk and drenched, her arms stretched over her head in the lawn chair, nipples plain as day.

"Say goodbye to your jarheads, because we're leaving," he snapped, reaching for her wrist, but dozens of hands seized him.

He heard her distant laughter, while the first fists rained down on him.

FEAR: The Multiple Voices of Laurie Catherine Fallon

From Taxi Murders Sextet (TxM6)

"The Journal of Laurie Fallon: April 30, 1992"

by Sean Farragher



When I was ten, chased by men with white dark eyes, I submitted. Drawn to their landscape, they created my body; made it theirs.

No one including my mother protected me from that distortion. No one expected I'd want more than his or her indistinct pleasure.

Exposed to the electricity of semen I fell down my hair matted, I drooled like their leaking cocks. I cowered in dream and fact and pretended to desire what they felt. They only saw how I felt and not what my memory tarnished as I grew inside that awful guilt passed down. Handed vibrator and dildo by my mother and her lovers, I made them (men, women and artifacts) the first tools of that shared and compelling perversity.

This is ex-post facto commentary. It is how I see it now.

When I was a child, there was only the light on the stage; my imagination made the porno tapes and the crooked, myself included, weak. They became this new scripture that I crave and create with these journals. Bullshit always wins when a child plays, but now, no longer the child I yearn for the wisdom of unanticipated and unplanned play. I want that spontaneity.

The therapists say I was created and then erased into zero and now I need to be reconstructed. I disagree. I am the complex and vital line of my story. Read it and feel the texture of my sex under your mouth. Imagine those strange men and my mother looming over my beds.

On many night when I was taken, manipulated to satisfy, and to learn that “no” is not my word, my sexual partners could not reach. They could not chew or lick. I could only satisfy myself, but I hid in cardboard boxes and masturbated endlessly.

As an act of my remorse I spit out the pieces of cocks I suckled with their semen. I constructed a collage made of unkempt lips and broken teeth. Their lives, but not mine, became a distorted stew. In the curdling blood eye sunrise I was raped as I came. My legs buckled and my heart raced while my cunt opened: red-pink and throbbing.

Do not believe any of this. It is all fucken true just the same.

I demand to know: what makes pleasure actual? What are reasonable distinctions? Given the history of my abuse, why did I feel pleasure? How could I? Is there a distinction between abuse and the orgasm of pleasure?

As I write, why do I pause in this act of creation? Listen to my desperate scream. Have I accepted the silences? Yes, I know I must pause to breathe. Can I be open, reveal everything in the grit of truth. Does confession protect the innocent as well as the victims or their abusers?

At fourteen, I chased boys just to find out where they began and ended. When I was seventeen I sucked cock for drugs and didn't mind that the scum running down my beautiful chin sometimes stained my usual white shirt a darker yellow than the unpainted wall in my room.

Shit, I am 26, but I feel as if I am always 12 watching that shit Billy jerk off in the shower. Yea, he made me watch. He promised not to fuck me if I watched him let the “creepy coils,” as I thought of them, run down the back of his hands or — my hands — and on to his legs.

Once I told this shrink that when I want to come I have to think of that fucker Billy for some stupid reason. I also told that mother fucking money-grubbing quack that I think about dying every day. No, the “therapist” as Momma called him was not that bad. Shit, he made me laugh sometimes, and he never came on to me even when I told him that he turned me on, and I just unrolled my legs and he laughed and said that it would not happen and that I should get a grip on my life, and that every man in the world doesn't just want to fuck your ass up. I cried when the psycho shrink told me that lie. I cried when I told him how Mama let Billy fuck me. She didn't care that I hated him, and that I only did it so she would not cry and whine how Billy paid the bills, and saying over and over again what Mama needed.

I went along and strange as it seems it got



better, and Billy got some great drugs, and Mama slept all the time, and in a few years, I was the Mama with Billy, and I didn't mind when he pimped my ass or photographed me sucking cock or jerking off on what he called a mother humping candid camera. I even became friends with Billy. I did.

Years Later, Billy got arrested for stealing cars and got sent up to State Prison, I was the only one who visited him. Seems odd that I cared doesn't it. How did I become the mother to the man? I was seventeen and he was forty and we just didn't understand the world, and really at the end of it, when Mama was sent to the nut house, and Billy and I lived together, it was almost Ok. Was I happy, really, but no, at least I could watch life and feel myself grow older and shit I never believed anyone was happy. I am afraid of being happy. I do not want it all. I want to feel like what I do matters, but does it?

Last year, when I took that class at Columbia I felt almost alive. I remember the professor asked us to write about fear as it applies to suffering in Crime and Punishment. Yea, I am a smart girl. Bet you thought all I knew was how to suck cock or smoke rock. No, I know things. I wrote that I fear being happy. "When you are happy, your life is over. There can be nothing more. Happiness twists inside out when you know it. Happiness becomes terror. It is easier to enjoy pain than to wonder when the pleasure will end."

Have I been honest here? Have I?

Yeah, I fear the words I write here. I fear the temptation to love. If I love perhaps fear and pain, love and pleasure will find their more ordinary balances, and what will I have then. Fucking nothing. On other days, sometimes, and this is why life is worth it, I love the quiet as I write down one word by another phrase. I cut those words into my skin like cutting lard with flour to make pastry. Yea, I like to taste that fluttering cake, almost as much as a kiss that is tender and a surprise. How I love to be tender? So little. Too late the tender connection that breaks my soul into its parts, and when I look at myself under the glass, I feel myself unravel. I love it. I fear that breaking up, like the end of sex when the cock slips out, and I try to hold it in with all the cum leaking down the inside of my legs wetting the bed, making it almost foul with a bad memory when I turn over and he pushes me there, in his sleep, and I cannot move. I usually kick the guy then, and he moves, but the moment is gone, and I wonder why I did anything at all.

Yes, I fear pleasure. I fear the pain that runs up my leg or under my breasts or inside my mouth. I hate that sickening pleasure; yet I anticipate and ache for it. I should never have known it.

Mama should never have let Billy teach it when I was ten. As he did, I made it into pain. Perhaps we all do. Maybe all life is that road of



fucken bullshit we connect as dots to make into our imaginary worlds.

Yes, when I come in that dream, when I connect to my pure child like body, when I am whole again, I am the girl again laughing with my chums at the candy store. We are just talking about boys as if they were future tense ghosts that someday could unfold from the air or drip from the ceiling into our actual arms.



Electric Ecstasy by Savannah Skye

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As you touch me
My velvet curve to your subtle sex
You know I want you

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As you lie next to me
My curved back to your hidden agenda
Can you hear my mind whispering to you

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As you touch
Your hand on the curve of my ass
Don't stop, my body needs this

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
Finally nude
Both me and you
Your touch is never too much

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
My breasts on your chest
A 4-way nipple fest
My breath into your breath

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me



As you lick
Your tongue on my nipples
Sweet pink ecstasy

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As I slide over you
With you under me
Round and round I go
When will I stop, neither you or I know

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As we kiss
Your mouth to my mouth
2 Breaths into 1 kiss

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As you lick
Heading south
Your tongue on my clit

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As we 69
My sex your mouth
Your sex my mouth
My favorite way to dine

Electric ecstasy
Waves thru me
As I release my bliss
With a wet kiss
From my sex to yours



“Thee Divine Way to Enjoy Thine”

by Savannah Skye

Doth has given to me
Thee divine way to enjoy thine
So with beauteous favor
I return pleasure in kind to thee
At the same level that your
giving tongue lends to mine
To ensure that we make sweet
in each other's oral vial
Whilst you take ransom
of my begging soul
Alas it will surely be worth my while
For your gifting tongue
doth please my whole
But soon my lips will miss
your lyrical tongue of sighs
That you now sing so
sweetly down below
Sighs that are sung
pleasingly between my thighs
Sighs that are satisfying and
gratifying for my ears to know
Doth has given such pure joy to me
With a beauteous and beguiling tongue
that has set me free.



Attitude by Lil' Eve

Sexy is about attitude little girl.
It's when you see yourself reflected
in the pools of passion that
have become your lover's eyes.
It's not about perfect bodies..
it's when imperfect bodies
come together perfectly.
Sexy is about freedom.
The freedom to be truly naked,
and really seen.
It's not just about what
you wear or don't wear.
It's about smiles and tears
and sacred moments of Oneness.
Sexy is about being able
to open and unfold and dance
to the sounds of another's song in harmony.
Sexy is earth's rhythm and souls vibrations
It's a scream and a sigh
it's when your man sings you a lullaby.
Sexy is tender and wild
it's being a woman and an eager child.
Sexy is laughter and
whispered words in the dark
and a feeling so good
you think you'll burst apart.
It's all the things that make you glad,
and refuge in each other
when the world is going mad.
Sexy isn't just how you look,
or what you do.
It isn't about packaging,



photo : Lil' Eve

it's about content.
Outer beauty is often hollow
and empty and superficial,
and at it's very, very, best, it's only transient.
It's about heart child.
Sexy is earthy and raw and real.
It's when you touch your skin
and the memory of his hands imprint you feel.
Sexy isn't about youth or age,
It's a timeless passion.
Sexy is more often sensed than seen.
Its how sexy people find each other in
crowded rooms,
how they make love on a dance floor,
how they recognize the
"Come fuck me look" in each others eyes.
Sexy is sacred and profane
and always full of wondrous surprise.
Its the fertile dance of
our shadow and our light
that brings us wholeness in the night.
Yes little girl....sexy is about attitude.



Beginners Luck

by *PleaseCain*

er mouth covers mine, stealing my breath, biting my lip, tongue circling like a shark. Only one thing I do turns her so wanton.

The first time was a week before our wedding. Tired, harried, bored with our fellatio-cunnilingus-coitus routine, I pulled out a pack of cards. "Strip poker?"

"I don't really know how to play."

She was drawing great cards, and combined with my clowning, her hesitation disappeared.

She was down only one sock; I was down to my jockeys. She played a straight, and I flushed.

The only thing redder than my face was my cock, springing hard and ready as I stepped from that last piece of clothing. And her red lips too, a breathless "O" as she surveyed my nakedness, her hands cradling my erection like a newly unearthed treasure, drawing me on top of her, her jeans and cowboy shirt chafing my skin, and for the first time I tasted that devouring kiss.

We have dispensed with the cards. On special evenings I undress and approach from across the room, to feel her fingernails on my shoulders and buttocks, to claim her special kiss.

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