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(More) Lord of The Manor

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Part I: The Banquet

The mood was one of gaiety and effervescence in the palace. We were in the midst of celebrations to usher in the New Year and the entire Kingdom was enjoying a week long holiday of festive celebrations and entertainment. The palace was ablaze with flickering lights from a thousand torches and oil-filled mud lamps that lined the ledges. The richly embellished pillars in the palace were adorned with colourful buntings and streamers. The many pretty courtyards within the walls of the palace were abuzz with a myriad cultural happenings, all taking place at the same time. All the guest rooms in the palace were occupied by visiting royalties and dignitaries who had arrived from far and wide to witness and partake of the celebrations.

My father, the king, expected me to be by his side tonight as he entertained his noble guests to a grand feast in the Mogul style. The servants assigned to take care of me, fussed relentlessly over my hair, my clothes and jewelry but I was fidgety and impatient, resenting their insistence that my hair had to be tucked in neatly and adorned with tiny buds of fragrant jasmine. At last I was ready. Swathed around my hips was a diaphanous white silk

so thin and delicate and above it for accent, fine gold chains and strings of pearls wrapped my hips. A tiny white bustier, encrusted with beads and fragments of mirrors, just about concealed my budding, young breasts leaving my shoulders bare for the feathery caress of long, delicate earrings. Loops and loops of chains of varying lengths, with fine filigree work on them, draped my chest in glittery display. Colorful glass bangles lined both my wrists and made a delightful tinkling sound as I moved.

I was escorted to the banquet hall where my family and our guests were engaged in delightful before-dinner banter. They were all dressed in the regal splendour that befitted the lavish occasion. I was shown to my seat next to His Royal Highness and just across me, sat our most distinguished guest, an English Lord who had traveled the furthest to join in our celebrations. The dining table was groaning with a sumptuous spread of food and around it the guests, all dressed in the colourful National costumes of their origin, waited patiently for dinner.

I stared curiously at our English guest, whom I later learnt was called Richard. He was an interesting gentleman of fair complexion and fine features. His clear, blue eyes were so captivating and alive and just as I was gazing at him, he looked up and broke into a broad smile that lit his winsome face. I returned the smile, somewhat shyly. His shoulders were broad and his robes hung handsomely on his ample frame. There was no doubt about it, there was something over-

whelmingly regal and commanding about his dress and mannerism. Dinner soon commenced. I watched him as he engaged in animated discussion with another dignitary who sat next to him. He was a joy to watch, he laughed easily without reservation and his humour was infectious. As the dinner progressed, more wine was served and the guests were either becoming louder and more uninhibited or quieter and more reflective. I glanced at Lord Richard across the spacious dining table and noticed that he was quiet and eyeing me with interest. We spoke with our eyes for awhile...he into my dark pools of black and I into the pristine blue serenity of his. I sensed passion and intensity in his gaze, it spoke many tales of conquests, wars fought and won and hearts stolen.

Part 2: The Bedroom

The dinner soon came to an end and the guests spilled out of the banquet room and retreated to their rooms. I was accompanied back to my room, a little tipsy from the wine. I entered my chambers and the guards summoned the two chambermaids to get me prepared for bed. They fussed and hovered over me again, trying to carefully remove my ornaments for safe keeping but I was feeling playful, refusing to allow them to touch my jewelry. I gladly allowed them to free my hair, allowing it to tumble down my shoulders. They chided me affectionately but eventually gave in to my whims and helped me out of my clothes without touching my ornaments. The gossamer silk that draped my modesty and

the beautifully crafted bustier were soon off and it was a singular pleasure to feel the cool sensuality of fine metal as it rolled over my lush, naked, skin with every small movement. I stared at my nubile, brown form in the mirror, nude except for the finest jewelry that draped the contours of my petite brown breasts, each crowned with a succulent brown nipple, the nodules of which peeped naughtily through the loops of chains.

A sensation of delicious wetness drew my hands instinctively to my pubic mound. Curiously caught in the transition from girlhood to maturity, my pubis was puffed with sparse distribution of delicate wisps of dark hair. The slit of the pussy was clearly visible between the slightly swollen lips that flanked it invitingly. I threw myself on the bed and asked the chambermaids to leave me alone after fetching me my favorite bed time story book. They glanced at each other, smiled knowingly and left me to my own devices after handing me the thick, leather-bound volume of the classic 'One Thousand and One Arabian Nights'. I rolled on to my tummy and flipped through the yellowed pages of the book to my favorite story.

This was the one of the princess who was visited upon by her lover in the night while she was still asleep. Her lover was so taken by her beauty that he penetrated her in her sleep with a single powerful stroke of his manhood, tearing through the thin material of her pantaloons. The pages of this particular story were well thumbed because I had returned to it many times...the story never

failed to stir powerful mental images that aroused and pleased me immensely. I shut the heavy book and nudged it off the bed. I rolled sensuously in the luxuriance of silk sheets, urging, pressing and rubbing my pubis against the rich textures around me. I moved my petite butt close to the enormous mirrored headboard, propped myself into a semi-recline with cushions supporting my back and pulled my knees to my chest, spreading them wide to expose my secret, feminine space, glistening pink and swollen with arousal. I pried open the tight petals of my womanhood, laying bare the slick, rosy insides which were oozing with viscous juices.

My fingers traced the wet cleave up and down until it triggered gentle pulsation that climaxed into my first wave of orgasm. I curled into a tight ball and turned to my side, moaning in ecstasy as I sensed the quivering subside. I writhed and twisted my passion-wracked body to increase the contact of my skin against the rich textures and surfaces around me. Grabbing a bolster, I twined my slender legs around it, undulating vigorously against it in a curious rhythm. In a fit of frustration, I pushed it away and unclasped a long string of pearls from around my hips and looped it between my thighs, at my crotch. I lay on my side and pulled both ends taut, bolting at the feel of the pearls as they sunk between the reddened lips of my pussy. I poised myself for what was to follow, closed my eyes and drew the string of pearls along my slit.

A bolt of electrifying sensation coursed

through my body as my clit was kissed a hundred times over with each pearl that slid hard against it. I increased the speed and friction until I felt my pussy knotting and tightening, eventually exploding into a powerful series of contractions that left me moaning and gasping in pure pleasure. Pearly white cum smeared my inner thighs as my contractions slowly subsided. Exhausted, I rolled to a comfortable position surrounded by a nest of pillows and cushions and drifted to a peaceful slumber, my legs wrapped around a bolster for comfort.

Part 3: The Visitor

Faint, distant whispers drew me out of my sleep. Stirring awake, my head swirling in confusion, I sensed strong arms extricating the bolster from between my legs and lifting me effortlessly to the edge of the large royal bed. Who could it be? I wondered, still drowsy with sleep. The servants? I was disoriented. I strained to focus and caught a glimpse of them in the mirrored headboard. In my hazy state of confusion, I could only make out the form of gigantic proportions towering over me. I placed my limp body face down and perpendicular to the edge of the bed pinning me down lightly and proceeding to pull apart my thighs, spreading it wide open.

Panic-stricken, I struggled to get up only to realize that the extreme stretch and position of my legs had immobilized me. fingers cut deep into the flesh of my thighs in an effort to resist my attempts. I stared in disbelief as he disrobed. I strained to take a better look at

his face but he was in the shadows. I bolted in stunned disbelief as he dropped to his knees, out of my view and the next thing I knew, I felt fingers, hungry and searching exploring my secret spaces.

The stimulation immediately made me wet, sending shivers of pleasure through my body. I quieted instinctively, almost holding my breath as he pried open my lips, exposing the petite bud of my clit. I heard what seemed to be a cry of sweet discovery look at my nub of pleasure. I squirmed as scurries of sweet sensations spread from my loins. It felt strangely erotic and thrilling to have fingers belonging to someone other than my own, exploring my most private spaces. The excitement was building and my heart was pounding. My movements again were interpreted as an attempt to escape and their grip tightened on me speeding further action. I could sense that breathing was getting heavier, were excited and aroused...I could sense it in voice.

I steeled myself for what was to come, tense and scared on one hand and excited on the other hand. I was aware of my juices oozing out of me and fingers once again, pulling the lips of my pussy open. Tensing my thigh muscles I jerked once again when I felt the hungry lashes of an expert tongue painting and licking my clit, teasing it to a hard erection. I moaned and writhed under the weight of grip but I was overpowered and exhausted from the effort, eventually surrendering to the ministrations of his passionate lips as they closed in around my clit, sucking and pulling at it rhythmically as my whole body quivered in

the throes of an orgasm. It seemed to last forever and I felt as if I was going to faint. Finally, he released the tormented little organ. He rose to his feet .

I felt helpless and yet aroused beyond anything I'd ever felt before. My whole body seemed alive and my skin tingled with arousal. I held my breath as I felt the unmistakable butting of his engorged manhood on my swollen and sensitive pussy. He slid the smooth, moist knob of his shaft up and down my quivering furrow, and I felt fingers digging into the firm globes of my buttocks, nearer to my thighs, separating them. In one explosive moment, I bolted when the thrust his erection past the tight entrance to my pussy, tearing through the tight, wet tunnel in one powerful stroke that saw my body jerking with the impact. He let out a loud gasp of release as I moaned, pain mingled with erotic pleasure that almost blew my mind.

I tried to lift my upper body and immediately sensed hands sliding to the front of my breasts from both sides, lifting me to my knees. Still firmly plugged within me, he moved me to a position closer to the mirrored headboard and I gasped in stunned surprise at the reflection before me. Wrapping his arms snugly around my slender form, still impaled on his penis, I realized that it was Lord Thomas who had earlier feasted his eyes on me over dinner that day. He smiled mischievously, moved his lips to my ears and whispered in a , "Your guards, were easy to bribe."

I sensed my blood boil at the impertinent

remark and overwhelmed by anger, thrashed violently in an attempt to free myself, fighting like a wild cat. The writhing and struggling only served to stimulate and excite further and laughed. Lord Richard drove his penis deeper in a sustained upward thrust reaching almost to the hilt while he squeezed and rolled my nipples between his fingers till I screamed, almost dense with desire. His embrace tightened in an attempt to quiet me and he rocked me gently, urging me to be quiet. I stared, mesmerized at the reflection in the mirror. Inching a little closer, he dipped slightly backward and with his hand, drew my attention to my nubile pubic mound, tracing his finger along the wet furrow to where my lips parted to accommodate the entry of his huge shaft, purplish-red and throbbing from arousal.

My eyes followed the trail of his finger as it curved over the surface of the enormous bulge of his testicles, which seemed alive, knotting and twisting within the sac. He nudged the sac against the swollen parted lips as if to try and urge it into me. Still firmly held and on my knees, I felt as if I was in limbo, my mind filled with flashes and erotic images...I undulated instinctively, reveling in a joyous dance of pleasure as , pleasuring me beyond my wildest fantasies. I returned thrust for thrust, feeling the climax building made loud sounds of pleasure and I felt my loins filling to bursting point as the Lord's erection grew and swell. I felt a sudden tightening of my vagina which simultaneously triggered an explosion of thick warm cum that filled my

pussy. I collapsed limp as a rag doll, almost fainting from exhaustion.

The Lord, unperturbed and still tense with a quiet but intense strength, pulled out his erection which was still rock-hard in a long, slow and sustained slide, leaving me curled on my side, his cum dripping from my still quivering pussy. I watched as he stood in the light, my eyes riveted on his magnificent organ which soared proudly from his crotch, heavy , hard and powerful in its appearance. He dressed quickly, returned to the bed and with one sweep of his arms gathered my puny form into his arms, kissing me gently on my forehead and rocking me back to the peace and serenity of restful sleep. Early rays of the morning sun sneaked into the room through the windows as I drifted back to sleep, lulled by the hypnotic rhythm of the Lord's gentle rocking.

Ribbon

by *Kenny*
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tepping down. And out.
And into my world.
A gift's ribbon, unfurled
Your cool, silky ends
glide down and around
in a warm embrace.

The Fantasy Garden

by K.Cavuoti

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walk barefoot through the garden. I am wearing a simple, white cotton slip of a dress. I have never seen it before. The grass is soft and warm and tickles the soles of my feet. Surrounding me are lush gardens of beautiful flowers, every color you can imagine. Bright purple, sunflower yellow, royal blue, vivid orange, all grouped together in perfect harmony. The silence is only broken by the occasional sound of a bird singing or an insect whizzing by. The sun is shining down leading me along the path, as if lighting my way. After many curves and twists I reach a small bridge. On the other side I can see more flowers, spread across a sloping hill, and a large willow tree standing proudly at the top flourishing in the beauty of the garden. I leave the path and walk lightly through the myriad of flowers that grow brighter and more beautiful with my every step encouraging me along the way. Butterflies dance in my stomach and my heart starts to race. The willow tree continues to beckon me, its long graceful branches.

Under the bridge is a stream of clear water lazily its way over the smooth pebbles and rocks in its path. The water shimmers like diamonds wherever it is kissed by the sun.

Hesitantly, I start over the bridge, instinct telling me the willow tree is my destination. When I get to the end, I am compelled to reach out for me. They part like soft velvet theater curtains and I walk through the opening into the softly-lit shelter. I have unknowingly floated through my dreams into my deepest fantasy. Under the sudden coolness of the willow tree lays a man, sleeping. He is familiar to me, yet I don't know him.

Without a noise I walk to him, kneel down onto the soft blanket of grass, and boldly kiss each set of his long, dark eyelashes. Without fully waking, he moans happily, and reaches for me, pulling me down to lay upon him. My body folds into his. His strong hands trace up and down my back and his hot breathe on my neck warms and tantalizes me. Trembling with desire, no longer able to keep my passion intact, I put my lips to his and we share a long, hot kiss, our tongues dancing together in pleasure. His arms wrap around my waist pulling me in closer, as if attempting to join our bodies into one.

Our clothes disappear, wisps of fabric no longer necessary. While we continue to kiss, I roll first to the side, then onto my back, pulling him with me. I reach down to touch him as his lips move from mine down to my breast. His tongue begins its exploration, amazingly finding all of my pleasure points. He licks and teases every part of me. My heart is pounding so hard that I feel dizzy, yet I continue to stroke him until neither of us want to prolong the moment any longer. Lifting my hips, he enters me, forceful with passion, and I

moan. My fingers entwine themselves into his hair. His hands are under me, pulling me up by my bottom, raising my hips for deeper penetration. This sudden movement heightens my pleasure as our bodies rub together. As I begin to spasm in pleasure, I tighten around him, causing him to thrust deeper and harder, and we both climax together. He lays his head down on my breast, and satisfied for the moment, we drift off to sleep.

Nightmare

by Adam Clark

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We had our first big fight
Words were said that made her sad
Which made me feel even worse
Nothing i can do will make it right
Nothin i can do will make the tears cease
all i can do is say i'm sorry
And pray with all my heart
That she will forgive me
Because i love her with all my heart
until the end of time
Then the alarm clock goes off
It was a dream
A horrible nightmare
Then i roll over and kiss you gently
And wrap my arms around you

Lab Work

by Jewel Niles

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I walk into the lab at precisely 7am remove my jacket and don my lab coat. I make my tea as I listen to the buzz and hum of the computer boot up. I quickly log on and start my review of the latest test results. I push back an errant strand of hair that falls forward onto my face; defying the bun I worked so hard to construct this morning. Soon I hear the door open and shut and look up to see you walk in. I smile and greet you, with a gentle "Good Morning". I look back at the computer screen, scrolling down to continue with my perusal. I hear you shuffle about as you make your tea.

As my eyebrows knit together over a particular intense evaluation, I feel your hands on my shoulders. Your breath near my ear, you say, "Is that all the greeting I receive this morning? Last night was incredible and I must say you were very naughty for not waking me before you left."

I smile and lift my head to look into your eyes. The same eyes that had darkened in passion just hours before in the night whilst undressing me. "Good morning darling heart" as I kiss the hand lying on my shoulder. I felt your lips nibble at my exposed neck and your

tongue darting out to taste my skin.

“God you taste good this morning.” I hear you murmur from my neck. As I start to feel stirrings of arousal, I hear the click of the door open as a lab tech enters the lab. You straighten and stare at the screen as if going over the review with me. Your hands drop from my shoulders and I feel the loss of your warmth. I grab the tea mug and take a drink, calming the sudden dryness in my mouth.

You return to your office and the day continues for a few hours. At about 10 am, I state that I need some records from the storage room and will return shortly. I walk the distance down the hall, smiling at the hard working faces as I pass by. I use my key to enter the room and the door clicks softly behind me as I turn on the light. The records room was a mess and it takes me a moment to find the correct stack of papers to start leafing through.

Suddenly I feel hands on my breasts pulling me back into a strong chest. I gasp as I glance backwards and see your smiling face. One hand settles on my stomach pulling my bottom hard against your hips, as the other fondles and kneads my breast through the soft fabric of my shirt. My nipples instantly harden against your hand and I softly whisper your name, as I feel you harden against my bottom. The papers flutter to the floor as one hand rises to pull your head against my neck from behind, and the other flutters against your thigh.

As your mouth ravishes my neck, nipping and soothing with your tongue, I feel your

hands gently releasing several buttons on my blouse revealing the black lacy bra. Your hands delve into the cups and pull my breast from the top to spill over into your hands. Your fingers working magic on my nipples as I grind my hips back into the hard proof of your need for me. I can feel the wetness between my thighs, wetting the black scrap of silk between my legs. I feel your hand pulling the skirt up my thighs, tracing the top of the stockings at my thighs before allowing your hand to cup my feminine mound and feeling the wetness below. I hear you moan softly as you feel the proof of my arousal for you.

You spin me around and kiss me deeply, molding me to your body. Our tongues dancing together in a rhythm that our bodies long for. You pull your head up and whisper, “I need you now.” You take my hand and pull me to the back of the room, where sheltered from the view of the door, you reach behind me and unzip the skirt which falls to the floor. I kneel before you and unzip your trousers and hook my fingers under your briefs pulling both down your legs to release your aching manhood to my view. It springs hard and pulsating to my view. I grasp it in my hands slowing rubbing up and down its length, watching a drop of pre-cum gather at the tip. I dip my head and lightly lick it from you and I feel you straighten and groan with the touch.

You pick me up from the floor and sit me on the edge of some boxes piled next to us, you roughly pull the black scrap of silk down my legs and push my legs apart as you place the silk into your lab coat pocket. As I recline

on the boxes, my wet aching slit is almost level with your face. You run a finger from my belly button to the curls below, probing and finding entrance to my hot, wet tunnel. My breath catches in my throat as your fingers trace the tender lines of my lips in search of my clit. As you plunge a finger deeply into my wet tunnel, your thumb unerring finds the tiny erection hidden below. Rubbing in circles around my clit, your other hand finds my nipple and rubs the same pattern around the hardened nub. I bite my bottom lip as exquisite feelings flood my body, erasing all reason, just concentrating on the feelings you are arousing in my body.

Soon your hand leaves my now dripping sex and I moan my disappointment, only to be replaced by a small scream as your mouth encompasses me. Your tongue diving into my tunnel, my hips thrusting upwards to bring you deeper inside me. Your tongue moves upwards over the folds of my flesh seeking and finding the aching nub of my clit, throbbing for want of you. Your tongue slides over it flicking it back and forth, my breath expels on a long moan as I feel the beginning of my climax gather inside me. My legs tighten over your shoulders and my hips thrust ever higher, wanting and needing. I feel your tongue flick faster and faster over my clit and in one deep gasp of my breath, my reality shatters as I orgasm. Your tongue dives deep inside me tasting the juices pumping from me. Just as suddenly, you pull me from the boxes, sliding me onto your shaft as my muscles tighten around you in orgasm, you drive deeply inside me.

The feeling of you deep inside me, filling me,

throws me into another orgasm much stronger than the first, and I can feel my pussy grasping your shaft, tightening around it. You groan as you place me on a shorter stack of boxes, pushing me backwards to support my back as you grasp my hips and drive into me. Pulling almost completely out of me and plunging deep inside me, filling me. Over and over, you plunge into my wetness, deeper, until I can feel you touching my cervix. I groan my pleasure as you labour above me. Grasping my breast and pinching the nipples as you hold my hips, driving into me. Faster and faster you move, until with one last plunge, I feel your cum hotly wash inside me. Pushing me over to yet another shattering orgasm.

I feel you rest on top of me, gathering your strength and deeply breathing. I run my fingers through your hair and lightly caress your shoulders. You lift your head and smile at me, kissing me softly. You back away from me and gently lift me down from the boxes. I can feel our mingled liquid run down my thigh. You bring a soft cloth from your lab coat pocket and gently rub between my legs, making me gasp from your ministrations. The soft flesh still tingling from our lovemaking. You straighten your clothes and hand me my skirt. As I pull it on, we hear the door open to the storage room. Startled I look into your face and you put your finger to your mouth. Urging me to silence.

You turn me about and pull the zipper up, as my trembling fingers would have been unable to complete the task. You motion for me to stay still and walk towards the front of the room. I hear your voice calmly greet the other person in the room and you both leave. I lean shakily

lean against the boxes slowing my breath and willing my legs to stop shaking. I leave the room and enter the ladies room across the hall. I dampen a towel and finish cleaning myself up. I run my hands through my hair and will it into a semblance of the carefully created bun from this morning. I realize I still am pantiless and just a quickly realize that they are in your pocket.

I walk back to the lab and walk across the floor to your office. You are sitting behind your desk, one hand at your face and one holding some papers. I enter the office and whisper my state to you. You smile and open your hand below the desk for my inspection. Inside your palm is a bundle of black silk. You let me know that it will stay close to you today, so that you can relive the moment and smell my excitement of you at any point during the day.

I smile as I return to my desk, anticipating the evening together.

Pressing

by *Terrie Relf*
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press against the night sky
taste earth's trembling
star after star opens to reveal
a universe
pulsing

Gymnast

by *John Sheirer*
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know someone who is very interested in meeting you," a married female friend of mine said to me the other day. "She's smart and funny and pretty," my friend continued. I started to tune her out a bit, I confess, because I've heard those same words many of times before, then ended up on typically disastrous blind dates.

"And she used to be a gymnast," my friend said. I perked up at that news (literally and figuratively).

What is it about hearing that a woman is or has been a gymnast that makes men pay closer attention? If we hear that a woman is an astronaut, a governor, an award-winning writer, a veterinarian, a CEO, a web page designer - we nod and fight off a yawn. But the word "gymnast" makes us stir from head to toe and, especially, halfway in between. I once heard a man at a health club describe a particularly flexible woman in an aerobics class as "gymnasty"

I suppose for most men, it's a sex thing. In our fantasies, a gymnast must be able to bend herself into unbelievably delicious positions, one minute hanging from the ceiling, the next tumbling all over us. Our job would seem to

be just lying back and enjoying the show from as many angles and viewpoints as possible. There's something exquisitely thrilling about having your private parts used as a personal balance beam.

For me, however, it's a psychological thing. What intrigues and attracts me about a gymnastically inclined woman is getting close to all that energy and intensity. When I watch gymnastics on television, I don't concentrate of the obvious legs or breasts or butts. I watch the eyes. There is so much focus and concentration and power in the eyes of a gymnast that is far sexier than any other body part.

"Okay," I tell my friend, "you can give her my phone number."

I can't wait to look into her eyes. I must confess, however, that I'm also looking forward to seeing how far she can bend - backwards, sideways, forward. The possibilities are endless.

Bio: John Sheirer's poetry, essays, and educational materials have been published widely in print and on the internet. His most recent work can be seen on Ethical Oasis, Nights and Weekends, Naked Humorists, and The Irascible Professor. He teaches writing, public speaking, and literature at Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield, CT.

In Praise of Fantasy (a pantoum series)

by Terrie Relf
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n Praise of Fantasy I

Every night when I go to bed
I slip fantasies into my mind,
click search, then play,
while I touch myself.

I slip fantasies into my mind.
Sometimes I have to rewind
while I touch myself,
because the scene bears repeating.

Sometimes I have to rewind,
click search, then play,
while I touch myself,
every night when I go to bed.

In Praise of Fantasy II

Sometimes the nights get lonely,
so I play a fantasy or two:
alien sex parlors or Zorro-to-the-rescue,
then an orgy with android men.

So I play a fantasy or two;
It's much safer than the local pub.
An orgy with android men
can be quite scintillating.

It's much safer than the local pub:
alien sex parlors and Zorro-to-the-rescue,
orgies with android men...
Sometimes the nights just get lonely.

In Praise of Fantasy III

I was at a weekend party;
everyone was getting drunk
The music inspired a mood—
Old 80s tunes and funk

Everyone was getting drunk,
and I had a good time watching.
Old 80s tunes and funk
Three people freaking.

I sure had a good time watching
The music really inspired a mood.
Old 80s tunes and funk
I was the weekend party.

In Praise of Fantasy IV

I went to a really cool party,
where I wish I'd met someone.
When all the guests paired off,
I was the only single one.

I wish I'd met someone,
but the good ones were taken.
I was the only single one;
Odd numbers don't even.

The good ones were already taken,
when all the guests paired off.
I was the only single one
heading home from a really cool party.

In Praise of Fantasy V

Erotic webs like mega zines
have words splayed across the page.
Zoom-in, zoom-out, turn the page...
Will the possibilities ever wear out?

Words? splayed across the page.
Images? 2-dimensional.
The possibilities may soon wear out
like cheap come-ons and one-night stands.

Images, 2-dimensional.
Zoom-in, zoom-out, turn the page.
The possibilities are worn out
Give me Erotic webs and mega zines!

Manual Required

by *Enid Grempler*
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It was a slow day for me sales-wise.
Actually, it was a slow week. None of my
regulars had come into the store at all. So I
had to rely on new customers, none of whom
wanted to buy anything over three hundred
dollars. Which meant that my commission
check would be pathetic this month. And my
manager would be on my back again, about
my productivity for the quarter. Even though,
this was only my third time not making it in

two years—the bitch was relentless when it came to money. There were times when I wanted to tell her to fuck off, but I needed the job. I've got to think of a way to get her off my back for a while, I mused to myself.

I was rehearsing what I would say to her this time around when I saw Amber coming towards the counter. Her face was flushed. "What's wrong with you?"

"Did you see those two guys who just left?"

"Yeah, I saw them."

"You won't believe what that asshole in the suit said to his friend right in front of me!"

Since I didn't have any customers to wait on, I decided to play along.

"Tell me," I said.

She leaned in and whispered, "Dude, she's wearing a thong."

"Are you being serious?"

Before Amber could answer, she darted away to help one of her other customers. I decided to check out her retreating form. Spellbound, I watched as her tan pants clung to her supple ass. Feeling a familiar tingle in my pussy, I headed off to the ladies room to increase my productivity for the day. As I made my way towards the back, I thanked my lucky stars that I had decided to wear a short skirt. Knowing that I only had about fifteen minutes' tops, I suddenly wished that I had my favorite vibrator, Big Blue with me. Big Blue could get me off in ten minutes - seven if I were in a hurry. Regrettably, I would have to settle for a manual release this time around. Once in the ladies room, I quickly locked the door. I shed my panties faster than a snake discards its skin. As my fingers made contact

with my swollen clit, I could feel my cunt clench with anticipation.

I slid in two fingers. But that was not enough for my greedy pussy. So, I slid in two more digits. I could feel my orgasm burgeoning at the surface ready to spread like gossip does in a small town - impulsively and like wildfire. Normally, I would have rubbed my clit, but because of time constraints, I would have to rely on the letter treatment to bring me to climax. So I made my middle finger and forefinger into a V. Plunging them into my pussy and ass made it feel as if there were a thousand fingers and tongues touching and licking my body. My orgasm was so overwhelmingly powerful that I bite my lip to keep from crying out.

I desperately wanted to savor the feelings washing over my body. But, I had to get back to work. Reluctantly, I cleaned myself up and returned to the front of the store like nothing happened.

When I got back to the counter, Amber was nowhere in sight. So, I went back to thinking of excuses for missing productivity. I was bending down to get something out of drawer when I heard her.

"You are not going to believe what happened while you were in the bathroom!"

I was ready to tell her that I didn't care.

When she said six words that every salesperson loves to hear, "You just had a big sale."

"I did?"

"Yeah, some woman named Keller ordered 20,000 dollars worth of office furniture."

After six long months of back and forth, one of my regulars had come through for me.

“How did you manage to pull that off?”

Thinking about my trip to the bathroom, I smiled broadly and said “Ancient Chinese secret.”

Curls for the Girls

An excerpt from *Café de la Noche* -
a novel-in-process

by *Terrie Relf*
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“Dude, the girls love it when you rub your head against their pussy,” Sam winked, then twisted the cap off his third beer.

“If you say so. I could use a little action tonight.” Damon ran a tanned hand over his freshly shaven scalp. He liked it. Nice and smooth.” Looks good, doesn’t it?”

Sam rubbed his own shaved head, took a swig off his beer. “Let’s bale.”

Even though it was late May, it was still cold at night. Their cab crept slowly through The Gaslamp district, passed by clubs with lines around the corners, then stopped as a group of women jaywalked across the street.

“You can let us out here.” I can feel their heat pulsing.

“Eight bucks,” the driver stuck his hand between the two men.

Sam leaned over, handed him a ten.” Keep the change, dude. Where we headed?” Sam zipped up his black leather jacket, tugged at an

earring. “There better be some hot babes there”

“They’re all hot where we’re going”

Neon lights flickered on-and-off. Damon’s eyes scanned each club as they passed it. One trendy bar had a line around the corner. Another had a jazz band, their saxophonist wailing.

“Dude, I’m getting thirsty.”

“We’re almost...there it is.” Damon grabbed Sam by the collar, guided him through the alley behind Café de la Noche.

“Stairs! Dude, is this some sort of private club or something?”

“Something like that. There’s only a small cover fee. It won’t hurt your wallet.”

“They better have good brews, dude”

“Sam, have I ever let you down?” Damon’s eyes narrowed to dark slits as he watched his friend take the steps two at a time.

“Impressive.”

“Yeah, curls for the girls, dude. I work out.”

The loft was packed. Sam exhaled, whistled softly. “Dude, you don’t lie.”

Damon pushed him gently toward a woman wearing a short, red plastic jumper. Her curly black hair was drawn into dozens of small frosted tufts.” Go to it. I’ll catch you later.”

“Wanna dance.”

The woman took the sucker from between her glistening purple lips, mouthed, “Sure,” then slid the candy back in.

Damon weaved in-and-out of the dancers toward the back of the room. He could feel her.

Tina was here.

“Over here my little demon.”

Her laugh was unmistakable.

Tina was sitting on a cranberry silk chaise, twirling a lock of her now burnished copper hair around and around.

“Some day, I’m going to paint your portrait, my wicked one.”

She pouted playfully. “Promises, promises. Come, sit beside me. I like your new look.”

Tina rested her hands on either side of his shaved head, slid them back to curve around his neck, then drew him closer and closer until their lips were almost touching.

“I’ve missed you. Where have you been?”

“Keeping up appearances, you know. Going to art class. Working at the café. That sort of thing.”

“I see you’ve brought a little friend with you.”

Damon turned around to see Sam with the lollypop girl in tow.

“Dude, this is Patrice. I’m going back to her place,”

“Nonsense!” Tina made an attempt to smile graciously. “I have a guest room. Make yourselves at home. Damon, will you show them the guest room.”

He raised an eyebrow at her. “It will save me the trouble of tracking his ass down later.”

“No drinking and driving. Have another beer, Sam. On the house.”

“Dude, we’ve got to come back here again.”

“Since you’re a friend of Damon’s, I hope you’ll be one of our regulars.”

“I’ll be back in a few, Tina.”

“I’ll follow you. You wouldn’t deny me a little taste now would you?”

Screaming Kiss

by *Kenny*
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hours, days,
it seemed like a lifetime.
Climbing, crawling
beneath and insider her.
Feeling her warmth
from light years away.

Warm, closing,
towards her like a rock
screaming to earth.
Then I crash, slowly
gently. Reaching her
soft, gentle surface.

(Even More) Lord of the Manor

by *Modeste Balthus*
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can’t remember what exactly awak-
ened me from my exhaustion. Could it have
been the subtle evening fragrance of roses in
the air around the courtyard or that sharp

tang of an approaching storm that lingered forebodingly? Perhaps it was just a growing awareness of the sore muscles of my legs, arms and buttocks still stretched taut on the punishment frame that stood in the centre of my Master's private courtyard garden of roses. I opened my eyes, only to confront my nubile nakedness. The welts and bruises embroidered my honey-gold skin in places where the relentless whip had amorously curled and embraced me like a passionate serpent.

The rush of memories of the early morning brought fresh tears which stained my cheeks. The humiliation of my public punishment for defiance was alleviated only by the rare presence of my Master who had ordered it and witnessed the spectacle. I had put up a vain struggle, fighting and kicking as the guards ripped off my clothes while he watched from afar, unperturbed, his gaze penetrating. I had obviously incurred his wrath this time for him to seek to witness my chastisement. I was ashamed of my nudity, still perplexed by the sudden swell of my breasts and the growing sensitivity of my pussy.

Despite all my wild efforts, the shackles snapped around my thin ankles and leather straps bound my wrists, hoisting my body upwards and stretching it to an 'X'. My toes just barely touched the frame. I was tautly suspended, my smooth pubescent lips so vulnerably parted to expose my secret flesh.

I hung my head and shut my eyes in denial, my mind in a swirling daze of anger....and then it came upon me again...a warmth that suffused me, spreading to fill me and imbue me

with a sense of serenity and calm, a protective warmth that sealed and preserved my spirit, keeping its essence intact. The feeling was all encompassing, the heat welling in my sex and my breasts, yet it was so totally incongruent to my situation and my fate. I opened my eyes, only to feel the same trepidation that had gripped me moments ago. The Captain's bare chest, slabbed with muscles, gleamed with sweat. He swung his whip tantalizingly before me, while everyone waited with bated breath for my Master's command. I steeled the muscles of my body, stretching myself taut in preparation for the onslaught of the lashes. Physically defeated, I knew my only salvation would be to retreat into my mind ...so I focussed, my gaze shifting it to the tall, handsome figure of my Master, the centre of my universe. I willed all else around me to dissolve into a nothingness...only he and I existed.

The whip struck me with lightning accuracy as soon as his lips mouthed the command, almost stunning me with its tantalizing lick, propelling my body forward in an arc. I winced but soon regained my composure dancing with the rhythm of the whip's teasing, reveling in the way it swung my pelvis forward and thrust my hard-tipped breasts arching towards my Master who was not lost on my defiant little game of seduction. His eyes were fixed on the fruit of my sex. The lips of my fleshy labia were pulled back in a pout to expose my crimson flesh of arousal. The pearly white wetness, welled within my moist pleats with each lash that hurled me forward.

All too soon, with the language of his eyes, the punishment was called to an end and everyone was ordered to leave. He walked with heavy, measured steps towards my limp body and lifted my chin towards his face, his fingertip digging playfully into the dimple on my chin. I felt his other hand slide between my thighs and cup my plump, ripe pubis, squeezing and squishing it and holding it within the warmth of his palm. In a voice tinged with authority, he mockingly announced that he had just begun with his programme of discipline to tame my wild spirit and that I had seen nothing yet. With that sweet threat, he gave my pussy one last squeeze, pinched my lips together, wetting his fingers with my juices.

A smile sneaked upon his face before he turned around and walked briskly towards his bedroom which opened to the courtyard. I was to remain shackled to the frame, in full view from my Master's room until I saw the error in my ways. At least those were his parting words before he retreated into his chambers.

Insects creaked and chirped as dusk descended on the tiny courtyard. The servants glided by, lighting the torches in the garden, scarcely paying any attention to my moans. Tiny green lizards skittered across the springy grass as if they were on a warm skillet. A few feet from where I was strung taut, a garden pool cast a lurid glow across the lawn, its surface skirled like mercury as the silvery moon cast its light on it. As the cloak of night descended, a dim glow escaped my Masters chambers and shadows danced on the walls of his spacious room. I waited longingly for him, yearned to glimpse his form by the doorway.

To be continued...