

SAUCE*BOX

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Libida.com what women really want

Blood

by M. I. Jack



I don't remember where or how I met her. Or how it was we first had sex. What I remember most is her skin.

It was sort of middle European bronze, a light, light toffee. It seemed to be burnished so it gave the impression of being translucent, covering something you could almost see beneath it. It wasn't without blemishes. There were a couple of darker birthmarks and a mole or two but they seemed only to add to the fathomlessness.

As she would sit astride me that skin would stretch over her belly and extend above me to her breasts.

They were one of the rules - I never touched her breasts. If I reached up to hold or caress one she would impatiently brush my hand away.

So there they were. Not big, not small - a little more than a handful each, I guess. There was a seductive crease under each of them, betraying their weight. They swayed rather than jiggled with the rhythm of her movements. Her nipples seemed always pert, erect, as if on guard, sniffing for danger.

I knew the rule although she had never stated it. I wasn't able to resist, though, and each time I would try to hold those tits but

each time she would perfunctorily push my hands away.

That was another of the rules. No talking. Or, at least, no unavoidable talking.

I would answer the door and she would be there. I would say "Hi" but she would just walk past to my bedroom. Sometimes I would wake to find her naked, sliding under the blankets. "Had my housemate let her in? Did she come in the window?" I would wonder. My housemate never mentioned her.

As I would follow her into my room she'd already be getting undressed - shirt, shoes, socks, jeans, knickers. Quickly, efficiently, as if she were at the doctor's surgery for some sort of medicine, injection or regular therapy.

Of course, I followed her lead and also undressed. No lingering glances or strokes, No "how's your day been?", "want a glass of water?", or "you're looking good".

We'd slide into bed and, before I had even positioned myself or begun to cuddle or kiss her, she'd push me on my back and straddle me. She'd dribble some saliva onto my prick, make sure it was evenly coated with an even rub all round the member and then ease herself onto me.

Then she would sigh.

That was almost always her first utterance. An expression of release. Like the first drink at the end of a long stressful day or arrival at one's destination after a long, noisy train trip. Just the sort of sigh I could sense she felt all the way to her spine.

I would begin to wonder what sort of day she did have. What she wanted to happen that night. How she wanted to feel after it.

She would begin to move. A slow, studied rise and fall as she slid herself up and down my cock. She would push our pubic bones against each other hard, as if she needed me further inside her although I would feel myself against her cervix. Sometimes I could even feel the string of her IUD.

And then up, her labia sucking at my balls, trying to pull them into her as she let my dick come almost out.

As I watched her above me I would wonder who she was. How did I meet her? How come I didn't even remember her name? Had I ever known it? Why did she keep coming back? Was I that good or was I the only person she knew who would do her this favour?

Slowly, steadily we would both slide into our orgasms. They weren't pyrotechnic, thrashing about Hollywood comings. Mine was a flushing, like warm chocolate, flowing through my whole body. For her I don't know. There were no pantings or screams. Just another deep sigh, as if from her whole body.

Afterwards we would lay together, her smiling for the first time, me wondering. And the blood.

There was always blood. And plenty of it.

All over my dick and balls, in my thatch, down my legs to my knees and, somehow, up to my belly. And she would be the same, blood all down her thighs and through her pubic hair. And that special smell of blood mixed with sex, the harshness of iron against the

voluptuousness of absorption.

I never had breakfast with her. We didn't even have a coffee together the next morning. We never discussed world politics or the price of bread. With the dawn she would shower, thank me and leave.

That went on for eight months. Eight fucks, ruled by the blood. And then it stopped.

She just stopped arriving. I never saw her again. I didn't learn her name or anything else about her except that one urgent need. I still wonder why me? Did I help her or was I bad for her?

And I miss the blood.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTE:

M. I. Jack writes erotica and other fiction in Tasmania – that bushy triangular bit at the bottom of Australia.

Haikuotica

by Ken Blasko



She spreads over me.
Blood churning, bones trembling,
I'm in remission.



Lips crimson and full
pursed in anticipation.
Enter with pleasure.

and one more not haiku...



er paired lips
parked squarely between her
double-wide and double-chinned face
were singularly splendid
curves of desire.

Further Excerpts from el café de la noche

by Terrie Relf



this was a puzzle Carlo
wanted to solve.

"I'll take the assignment," he told his publisher. "I've got a digital cam, too. All the latest gear."

Samantha gnawed on the end of a pencil.

"All right. But I want you to know it's only because you don't fit the profile."

"And that profile would be?"

She took off her glasses, rubbed between her eyes. "I thought that's why you wanted the story. Twenty-five to thirty, max. Prime physiques. Students. Trans-ethnic. No history of alcohol, drug abuse or depression, no hate mail, no phone calls to work or family. Just gone. That profile."

"Ah—yes. I was hoping you had more to go on."

"Well, there are a few leads. Vague ones at best. But here's a list of contacts. Try that café first. The new one on First and G. Café de la Noche. Bunch of weirdos, but some of the guys were last seen there."

"Got it."

After her usual perfunctory smile, Samantha resumed alternately writing and chewing her pencil.

Dismissed, Carlo went back to his desk, packed his tote bag with digital cam, batteries, disks, note pads, and a few energy bars. On his way out, he stopped in the men's room. While washing his hands, he studied himself in the mirror.

"So buddy, you don't fit the boss' profile—guess she needs more than just a cornea transplant." Smirking, he blew himself a kiss.

Chapter 6

When Carlo arrived at el Café de la Noche, he thought it was closed. There wasn't even a barrista behind the counter even though the moniker outside read: "Open all night" in crimson letters.

"Hello? Anyone here?"

He studied the paintings on the wall. There was one painting that compelled him. It was a huge canvas of a woman lying on a saffron-colored chaise, her head tilted slightly, as if listening for someone's arrival. Her long, reddish-brown hair was draped over and around the opposite shoulder, covering the arm, the rounded hip, then finding rest upon her thigh. She was wearing a light summer shift of a robust peach hue, but Carlo couldn't tear himself away from her eyes.

Even rendered in 2-D, they were mesmerizing; wisps of dark cinnamon lashes partially veiling iridescent black eyes.

"That would be Bettina, although she prefers being called, Tina."

Carlo hadn't heard the other man's approach. Hadn't even felt his presence. How

long as that guy been watching me? Creepy.

"She's—she's—"

"Unavailable."

"Figures. She must be the owner."

"Yeah, but she has a partner. He hasn't been around much lately. Just went on another vacation to Spain. You looking for a job?"

"Maybe, but what I'd really like is to do a piece on the café. I'm a writer for Café Culture."

"Never heard of it. You go to school?"

"School? Just graduated. It's a new pub. We're on the first issue. I'm working on a major deadline here. Got a few minutes?"

The barrista motioned toward a table in the back.

"The name's Damon."

"Carlo."

Damon watched Carlo set-up his gear, smiled reassuringly from time-to-time. I can smell the fear on this guy. Must be his first interview or something. He couldn't—nah! He couldn't have heard anything.

Damon studied Carlo intently, tried to pierce his thoughts. Nothing. The dude's like a blank or something. Strange.

"Everything ok?" Carlo held his finger over the "record" button on his cassette player.

"You're looking a little pale, man."

"Naw. I'm ok. Just haven't eaten anything for awhile. Been busy today."

Carlo looked around the empty café.

"Must have been the afternoon rush."

"It'll pick up again—which is why I think I'll take you over to see Bettina instead. If she's going to ok this, you'll have to meet

her anyway.”

Carlo glanced over at the painting of Bettina again, smiled. “Let’s go.”

* * *

“So, my little demon, what—or should I say, who—have you brought me?” Betina eyed the growing bulge in Carlo’s pants, sucked on her lower lip so hard she nearly drew blood.

“He says he wants to interview you,” Damon pushed Carlo closer to Betina, who was lounging on her sofa, reading the latest novel by Doug Clegg.

Sit. Damon commanded him mentally, but Carlo didn’t respond.

“Why don’t you sit with me?” Bettina glared at Damon, then patted the cushion next to her. “Make yourself comfortable. Damon? Offer our guest something to drink.”

I was hoping to have a drink of him myself.

Ah-ah-ah. I heard that. Really, Damon, and deny yourself his other attributes. I’d like to watch this time.

But ‘Tina!

No buts. I insist.

Damon cleared his throat, “So dude. Wanna beer or something?”

“Sure. Dark if you have it. A Guinness would be great.”

“Guinness coming up.”

“And put one of those adorable little shamrocks on it for Carlo.”

Why all the fuss, ‘Tina.

You brought him to me, remember. You’re bored. This should cheer you up.

But the guy’s like a blank slate. He doesn’t

respond to my commands.

We’ll just have to seduce him the old fashioned way then—get him drunk and take advantage of him. That’s what your generation says.

My generation! Damon laughed aloud, and Carlo grinned at him. “What’s so funny?”

“Private joke. Now tell me about yourself. Carlo wasn’t it?”

“Back in a few with those beers.” Damon sauntered toward the kitchen.

Bettina smiled seductively, lowered her eyes to his broad chest, the orange t-shirt straining with the muscular flesh beneath it. Carlo felt his nipples harden, then the telltale heat rising from his groin up his neck into his face. How embarrassing. I’m blushing.

Why yes you are. And I find it thoroughly delightful!

Bettina studied the effect of her thoughts penetrating his. All he did was grin sheepishly.

She leaned against him, circled the tip of her burgundy tipped finger around an erect nipple. Carlo moaned, closed his eyes, sunk deeper into the couch.

“Here’s your beer, dude. Looks like you’re already intoxicated, though.”

Carlo opened his eyes slightly, extend his fingers to grasp the beer bottle. Damon placed his hands around Carlo’s and the bottle, tilted his head suggestively.

“Yes, Damon, why don’t you sit next to Carlo here. You don’t mind, do you, Carlo?”

“Not at all,” he said, as Damon slid next to him on the couch, releasing Carlo’s hand, placing it on his thigh, slowly sliding it up

toward the fleshiest part. Carlo took a hit off the bottle, rested it against his cheek before taking another hit, setting it down on the coffee table, turning to Damon.

Carlo placed his hands on either side of Damon's face, who's eyes narrowed before leaning forward to surround his mouth with his own. The things I do for a story. But he enjoyed it. It'd been a long time since he'd done something like this on the fly.

"Ooh yes, boys, that's it," Tina coaxed them, tugging Carlo's shirt up in the back, working it up to his nipples, which she grazed then pinched. Carlo moaned as she sucked and nipped on his shoulders, then his neck. She rested her lips against his carotid artery, felt its pulse, basked in the exquisite torture of knowing that all she needed to do was sink her teeth in slowly, gently, to taste his life's blood.

Carlo straddled Damon, reached down and unbuttoned his 501s, eased them down enough so that Damon could slip his hands down the back to cup his ass. Damon worked Carlo's Jeans down further, the process punctuated by Tina's heavy breathing. They both turned toward her, leaning on the arm of the couch, one knee bent up, the other to the side, her dress opened to her navel. She slipped her hand into her panties while they watched, arched her back to work them deeper inside. "Ummm...don't stop boys. You're just getting going."

Carlo managed to get his jeans off while Damon unbuttoned his black, raw silk shirt. Carlo knelt in front of him, unfastened the

leather belt, unbuttoned, then unzipped his dockers, which Damon squirmed out of. Carlo placed his hands on Damon's inner thighs, pressing them apart, bent his head down to take Damon's thick cock in his mouth slowly working his tongue and lips down the shaft expertly.

Damon thrashed and moaned, his eyes squinted tightly as he fought the urge to come right away. It was exquisite. Carlo was exquisite. Oh how he wanted this guy—now.

Carlo heard Tina whimpering, and he turned his head to watch her working her sopping wet fingers over and around her clit, sliding them occasionally into her engorged pussy.

God I want to lick and suck you too, Tina.

Tina cried out as she came, stiffening as she arched her back, then released, shuddering. Still trembling, she rolled over, eased up on her knees, so that her sex and ass were spread before them.

"Aw Tina, do you have to do that? You said you just wanted to watch." Damon leaned over, smacked her on the ass, while Carlo slathered her pussy with his tongue, sucking on her lips, pressing first one then two fingers into her ass, working them in a little, then pulling out, she eased closer to him, pressed against his fingers until he worked them deeper inside her. She shuddered and collapsed again.

"Now's your turn, baby," Carlo turned Damon around, surprising Damon with his strength. "Is this what you want, babe?" Pressed his hard cock against the other man's ass slowly easing it open.

"I thought I was going to do you first, dude. Who's in control here?"

Carlo laughed mischievously. Why you are. This is what you want, right."

My generation! Damon laughed aloud, and Carlo grinned at him. "What's so funny?"

"Private joke. Now tell me about yourself. Carlo wasn't it?"

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTE:

WritersMonthly.US
<<http://www.writersmonthlyUS.com>>
has just released *Lap Danced* by The Muse, a collection of poetry by native San Diegoan, Terrie Leigh Relf. Terrie Leigh Relf was born in Coronado, California, and grew up in La Jolla, California. She currently lives in South Park, one of San Diego's burgeoning "artsy" communities. Relf is WritersMonthly.US' Poetry Editor and writes the "Poet's Workshop" column. She also writes the monthly "Mistress of Rhetoric" column for *The Espresso*, *San Diego's Magazine of Coffee and Café Culture*. An internationally published and award winning poet, Relf also writes fiction and non-fiction. In addition, she is a freelance editor, copywriter, content provider, book doctor, writing coach, and English Instructor at San Diego City College.

Her work has appeared extensively both on and off-line in such publications as *The La Jolla Light*, *ComputerEdge*, *Moxie Magazine*, *Personal Journaling*, *The Espresso*, *Driftwood Highway*, *Asunder Press*, *Sol-Magazine*, *Musings*, *Sex and the Single Alien*, *Guillermo Bosch's Saucebox*, *CityWorks*, *Manifold*, *Nightingale*, *The Walt Whitman Hypertext Poem Project*, *The T.S. Eliot Hypertext Poem Project*, *Aoife's Kiss*, *The Fifth Dimension*, *Martian Wave*, *Sol-Magazine*, *Poetic Voices*, *the Pennine Poetry Works*, *Writers On-line*, *Frogfest*, *Star Leaper*, *Electric Wine*, *Transparent Words*, *Pegasus Dreaming*, *In Buddha's Temple*, *Lucy Westenra*, *Blood Coven*, *The World Haiku Review*, *Star Fish*, *Writers Hood*, *Vision Magazine* and others.

She will appear in *Artemis Exodus* and *Drone to Mars*, two anthologies from Promart Writing Labs, due to be released later this year.

Relf has co-authored two screen plays and is near completion on a vampire saga novel with Henry Lewis Sanders. Currently, she is working on three new poetry collections: *Sitting on Einstein's Lap and Other Poems of Place*, *Ad Astra! A Collection of Science Fiction and Speculative Poetry*, and *Frogs Croaking: A Collection of Haiku, Senryu, and Other Short Verses*. She is also nearing completion on *The Missing Piece of Sky*, a collection of Sci-fi, Speculative, and Fantasy short stories, and *el café de la Noche*, a vampire novel.

Sirens & Troubadours

by Sean Farragher



I am dangerous,
we are dangerous
we settle in
books that roll
into movies. You
are Lolita and I
am the beautiful
man watching
the beautiful you
from across
the room. My hands
are on your heart
and my lips
are settled
to your sex
as you open your
legs and show
me your climax
as the scene ends
with my sleep
and your ironic smile.

You the star, Lolita,
want to be seen
as the pearl of life
and the envy of
a false mother
who is past
beauty and hides

her pain so well
in her ambition
to make you
invisible and yes
available to taunt
her man into her bed.

You steal him
from her with just
one glance of your lips
as he watches
you bend from the waist.

2.

I covet you, he says:
you want more
than your Mother
conjured as she
took me inside
too soft to matter.

I will never be
ready there and
she afraid of
my mouth or
fingers will suffer
infinite frustration.

I am a lodger in
a house where you
rise on my skin
succubus possessed.

When I'm not invisible
making love

as carnal specie
inside words.

I carry you to beds
of letters where
the eyes are full
like merry Tempest
and the moisture
of your vulva on fingers
and your blood in
my hair from cuts
carved in arms
to brand us together
to fasten locks —
spirits of gray crows
and blue parrots dance
with red seabirds
to carry unfettered
wings backward
into space's time again.

We rock madly
in this embrace
of intercourse,
fornication, lust;
there I said it,
and you scream,
"fuck me"
at my face while
you slip down
my spiral sex
at your pace.

Here is the edge
of our faces gone
mad where you

applied makeup
before a mirror
and while I suckle
your childhood into
my greedy tongue
and breathe where
you pump to leap
into my fist —
I become more
than you. You
summarize I when
I creep into your skin
we are free of any
prudent reasons for No.

You are not a child—
You are demons we share
blessed forever
with semen, amen.

Eating Out

by *Guillermo Bosch*



will never understand why he chose me. Despite what he told me that day, I know I am not beautiful. Attractive, yes, but not beautiful. My tits are too small. Nice nipples, yes, that's true, and they grew long and hard when he nibbled on them with his hard white teeth, or sucked on me with his wide full lips, like a baby, yes, my baby. But my nose is too long, my mouth too narrow, my green eyes set too far apart. Of course men notice me; they do. They look, consider, sometimes they even stare, contemplating a move, but then they turn away. I believe they think I will require too much work, too much work for too little reward. They are mistaken. Somehow he knew that.

I was sitting at a small table in front of an old cafe on the wide boulevard that cuts across the lower part of town, down along the river where the ancient oak trees form a cool, natural canopy from the relentless summer sun. It was hot, very hot. I was reading a book, that new erotic novel—the passage describing when the young, curious Loretta cautiously enters the bedroom of the swarthy duke Don Carlos while he lies naked, asleep, his heavy black and gold brocade covers tossed aside to reveal his thick, curly black hair, his sneering, arrogant lips, his bare, well-muscled chest, his boyish waist and

powerful, rounded buttocks. She studies his body, frightened, expectant; she reaches for the knot on her blue silk gown, unties it and lets the material slide from her soft shoulders across her ripe, full breasts, down the curve of her hips, past the soft blonde hairs of her delicious mound, further down along her perfect legs onto the cold stone floor. For a moment, Loretta stands there naked next to the sleeping Don Carlos, but even in his slumber, the duke senses her presence. He stretches and turns onto his back. The moonlight from the tower window illuminates his thickly veined penis — hard, rigid, engorged, pulsing with explosive Latin blood. The young Loretta groans, places one hand on her swollen right teat, the other she rubs against the golden hair between her legs. When one small, clear drop of fluid forms on the tip of the duke's throbbing cock, Loretta leans over his body to more closely inspect the duke's magnificent erection. Her hot breath disturbs the soft black hairs covering the duke's scrotum. He awakens. His menacing eyes lock on Loretta's flushed face, her wet tongue not more than a few inches away from his throbbing organ...

“Are you alone?” A young man's voice broke through my reverie. I looked up. He was standing there, smiling, looking down at me, at me! The sunlight filtered through his shoulder length, wavy blond hair. The clear blue sky was reflected in his azure eyes. He had long lashes, an earring dangled from his right lobe, and I saw the stern face of an American Indian chief tattooed onto his upper left bicep, just below the edge of his soft brown leather vest which

hung open to reveal the sun bleached hairs on his well-defined pecs. He wore dark cotton shorts, loose, but not so loose that I could not see the bulge his cock made along the zipper line. His powerful thighs tapered into beautifully shaped legs. He wore open sandals, and I was able to see his elegant toes. I felt a thin layer of sweat form along my upper lip. I could only stare.

“Are you alone?”

I remained afraid to speak. Afraid to move. Were my hands trembling? Were my legs pressed too tightly together, holding in the sweet juices already stimulated by my reading? Who did he see? What did he see? I fought for control, any control, even a little might be enough to slow my racing heart.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I didn’t mean to startle you.” He turned to walk away.

“No,” came out of me, then, “Yes, I am.” He turned back toward my table, quizzically.

I cleared my throat. “I am...alone.”

“Good,” he said. He sat down without being asked. Not across from me. Next to me. To me! “Would you like something to drink?”

“Yes,” I said, trying to catch my breath, not quite able to believe I had been able to bring him back.

“Something cool?”

“Yes, something cool.” A slight breeze passed over us, rustling the leaves on the trees. I let my legs move slightly apart under my long, thin skirt. When the warm air caressed against my wet pussy, I almost fainted. I closed my eyes.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

I kept my eyes closed. “It’s so hot.” I said. “Yes,” he said, “Yes it is.”

He wanted to talk. I didn’t. I listened for awhile, but I don’t remember a word he said. I do remember his fingers, his long, expressive fingers which moved through the air as he spoke, his fingers which lightly touched my arm as he looked into my eyes.

“You’re a very beautiful woman,” he said.

I heard the lie, but I looked into those deep blue pools, and they didn’t blink. The sun glistened on his hair, on the curled blond hairs on his chest around his nipples. I smiled at the oh-so-serious Indian chief with feathers in his hair whose eyes squinted when my young man flexed his muscles. I saw the bulge grow in his shorts. He wiggled his toes. It was only a little lie, and we all lie, a little bit, sometimes, to get what we want, and I knew he wanted me.

He lived above a restaurant near that small green island where the river splits into two directions, one branch flowing to the north, the other slightly south. The smells of exotic cheeses, grilled vegetables, and broiled new potatoes wafted through his open window as I watched a barge loaded with the course yellow seeds of newly harvested grain choose the southern branch and maneuver toward the loading docks. He stood behind me. He put his fingers on my shoulders, releasing the tension, pressing into my flesh. His moist, flat tongue licked the tendons along my neck. He nibbled my earlobes, and he whispered into my ear. I sighed and arched my back so that my ass was up against his wide, hard cock. I spread my legs and let the wet fluids from my

soaking cunt drizzle down my thighs. I felt his fingers slowly move across my back to the waistband of my skirt. He grabbed the elastic in both of his hands and ripped the fabric apart. As the light material drifted to the floor, he knelt down, forced my panties up into my crack, cupped my cheeks in his powerful grip and bit each of them before he kissed and licked the tiny red impressions his teeth had marked upon my butt. Then he held my panties tight between my legs and carefully, deliberately, slid them back and forth against my clit and my asshole, gently back and forth. The feeling erupted within me before I could stop it. I grabbed the windowsill. I shuddered, moaned. My legs collapsed under me and I sank onto his floor twitching furiously while he kneaded my buns and rained kisses against the small of my back.

I smelled rosemary and thyme, sweet onions and curry. He turned me over and pulled off my shirt. My broken buttons rattled across the floor. He unhooked my bra and tossed it over his shoulder. I held my arms across my chest, anticipating his disappointment. A tugboat signaled from the harbor. Two customers—a man's voice and a woman's voice—left the restaurant and walked down the sidewalk. He crawled toward my feet, took my toes in his mouth and sucked on each of them. He licked the webbing between my toes. He held one ankle in the crook of his arm and licked along my calves. His tongue swirled in wet circles around my kneecaps. I felt his hair against my inner thighs, then against my pussy as he licked away the juices which flowed down my legs. He raised my calves into the air, spread them apart, then bent them back against

my thighs, then he pressed my thighs against my abdomen and my chest and he held them there with his forearm while his other hand spread the lips of my cunt and he flicked his tongue across my still quivering clit. Once. Then he looked up to smile at me. Twice. Then nothing. Three times. Four times. I wiggled, I squirmed. He took my swollen clit between his lips and sucked while he pressed one, then two fingers inside of me. In and out. In and out. Oh, good Lord in Heaven, that time I came in waves, the third one a giant breaker that sent me crashing beyond the limits of my known desire.

I was a white tiger, a lioness, a panther. Somewhere down below us the cook was preparing raw, red meat. I was on all fours, over him, on top of him. He was my prey. With one quick swipe of my paw, I removed my lover's vest. I unhooked his shorts with my sharp feline teeth, and pulled his zipper down. He was naked beneath his shorts. His stiff cock sprang free, uncut, angled upwards toward his chest, bent slightly to the left side. I pulled back his skin, uncovered his dripping, pink head, and teased him as he had teased me—fluttering my tongue across the tip, pulling back, licking his shaft, then easing away, brushing my lips against him, lightly scratching with my fingertips across his stomach, his lower abdomen. I could feel his hips rotating in rhythm to my movements, his stomach muscles tightened, his ass tightened, but I was not ready. I grabbed his prick and squeezed tightly, licked my way up to his chest, and dribbled saliva onto his nipples, sucking and biting him, making him hard there as well as below where his cock remained trapped in my

taut fist. He whimpered; he whimpered! He begged me to release him. His blue eyes beseeched me, but still I was not ready.

I turned him over onto his stomach. The sun was setting across the river; the light, softer, more delicate. I straddled him, my knees on his shoulders, his head between my legs, my hands on his back, my eyes on his near perfect ass. I heard the dinner crowd arrive. Their idle laughter made me smile. The rich flowery scents of expensive perfumes and musky colognes drifted through the evening air. I raised my right hand and smacked him full force against his bottom. He tensed and tried to raise his head which only pressed his soft golden curls ever more tightly against my inner thighs. I bright red welt appeared on his right cheek, a perfect replica of my palm. Again I brought my hand down upon him, and again he raised his head. I looked down between my legs and saw his blond hair caressing me, rubbing against my pussy. I saw my newly placed brands rising in sharp relief against his rump. I trembled, struck one more blow, pressed my thighs against his ears and felt the searing pain as his earring pierced my flesh. I pressed even harder, taking the pain inside, feeling the power of it course through my nerves, and proceeded to jerk my cunt in quick sharp spasms against his beautiful flaxen hair. Then I collapsed against his back, the cheeks of my face flush against the inflamed cheeks of his ass.

It was dark outside when I rolled away from him and stretched my body out on the cool, wooden floor. Purple, yellow and green reflections from the neon lights downstairs glittered in the window panes. He was standing over me,

the multicolored lights refracted through the individual strands of his wild, tousled, cum-matted hair. I heard the pops of Champagne bottles being uncorked. He was breathing heavily, stroking himself, being aroused by me lying naked in front of him, paying homage to me, homage to me! His legs were spread, his knees bent, but try as he might, after waiting so long, he was not able to let go. I felt sorry for him. I locked my eyes onto his. I willed him to look into mine, to see the fires within me. I dropped both my hands to my mound and pressed my shoulders upward toward my face. I arched my back and saw his neck muscles tense, his jaw was clenched, the veins along his temples bulged. I placed one, two, then three fingers inside myself, and gyrated furiously, pushing my pussy up in the air toward him, watching him watch me, watching his hand slide, faster and faster across his slippery organ, faster, faster, yes, even faster, and then, just as he came I knelt before him, letting his white, hot rain splash against my tits, and as he fell to his knees in front of me I brought his head to my chest, his lips to my swollen nipples, and watched in ecstasy as he drank from my tiny tits the milk of his own cum.

As I gathered my things he lit a cigarette and said, "Where are you going?"

"Home," I said, "And you shouldn't smoke."

He stubbed out his butt in a brass jar lid. "I want you to stay with me," he said. He was so cute, so vulnerable, so hurt that I would leave so quickly. I walked over to him and kissed him on the forehead. "Take care of yourself," I said. And then I was gone.

It felt good to return to my own place, to unlock my door, to stroke my gray cat, to close the curtains, to undress, to draw a hot bath and soak in soothing desert salts, in the oils of Lavender, Geranium, Ho Wood and Rosewood. I left the bath, and scrubbed my skin until it tingled. Then I stepped into the shower and washed my hair with Black Malva shampoo. I chose a Rosemary/Mint conditioner. I went over to my grandmother's pine chest of drawers and pulled out my old, soft, cotton nightgown, the one that covers me from my neck to my ankles. I fluffed my pillows, and laid down on top of my eiderdown comforter because the night was still warm. My gray cat curled herself up next to my hip and went to sleep. I turned on the night light, opened my book and began to read about Loretta and Juan Carlos. I only finished a few paragraphs before I fell asleep.

I know you understand it was I who chose him, but I need to be subtle. After all, I am not beautiful. Attractive, yes, but not beautiful. My tits are too small. Nice nipples, yes, that's true, and they did grow long and hard when he nibbled on them with his hard white teeth, when he sucked on me with his wide full lips, like a baby, yes, my baby. But my nose is still too long, my mouth remains too narrow, my green eyes will always be set too far apart. Men still notice me; of course they do. They look, consider, sometimes they even stare, contemplating a move, but they usually turn away. I believe they think I will require too much work, too much work for too little reward. They are mistaken.

Beautiful Ugly (notes from Angela's sketch books, February 4, 1992)

By Sean Farragher



Angela Leven: When the male and female strippers had lined up against the gray mustard colored wall, some nude, others in garish feathery costumes, one very large man passed in front, and behind, fingering this or that. He even lifted the tip of one breast, and finger fucked another between her things when he asked her to assume this position or another. Finally, at the end of the line, he rested his hand on one of the male dancer's shoulders. He seemed too comfortable there, Angela wrote in her diary.

"Numbers four, five and six step forward," the large man's Assistant barely spoke.

The morbidly obese man, picking at his face, having dropped his connections to the male stripper who seemed almost an end to line, said, "no, give me five, six, and nine. Fuck these shits," he said.

"Two are skinny and one is almost as much the fat slob as I am. Get them the fuck out of here."

The Assistant Director paused; thinking it appeared as if the fat man had impatiently pushed his way into the face of the much smaller man.

"Did you hear me, you sad shit," he said.

“Get them the fuck out of here. Five, six and nine only.”

Angry, shuffling himself about, the fat man sensing he was about to fall off the stool, balanced, and jumped down to the floor catching himself on the breasts of the small dancer who had been watching Billy as if transfixed. She reached out to help, but before Billy could grunt himself up on the rungs, accomplished too easily for such a large man, he rolled his belt up over his belly, and wheezed. Instantly, he was out of breath again. The small dancer with the slight breasts, pointed, bizarre, reached over to Billy and hugged him. Billy seemed out of sorts. He did smile at the child-woman. Within the landscape of mercy, Angela scribbled again over the hasty gesture drawing of the small woman; “we marry odd attractions when we step out of the stage and onto the pavement. Who is the victim and who the perpetrator,” Angela wrote in dark strokes above her sketch of the fat man kissing her breast.

Angela wrote quickly in her notebook, kept with her sketchpad. She seemed almost a fury as she wrote five or six times, “MY BREAST;” as cut the paper with the black ballpoint she loved. Kept the pen on a wire necklace, and it often fell between her breasts only to be retrieved by Aaron at times when he teased.

Having been commissioned by the fat man to sketch the strippers, Angela also kept had detailed notes about the sessions. It will make a great book she thought and besides the extra money, the juxtaposition of the fat man and the dancers, as they posed against the

other, broke the spatial plane, she thought.

It makes me laugh. Don’t get me wrong. It’s not his suffering or the hurt the dancers feel. It is the imbalance really.

Angela having always desired truth, wrote, and painted it. She also realized that she her husband, Aaron, had a very rich client who loved the mixture of porn and art.

Continuing her notes, Angela wrote, “He weighed 400 plus pounds and had a sad innocent school boy face. He was miserable and almost pretty, but fat as a cow.

Meet Billy Baker;” Angela wrote in the margin next to a picture of the man dressed as Satan complete with tail. “Runs a Porn shop, she wrote against another sketch. This one showed the fat man poised on one foot looking into an old-fashioned movie box presumably at some new porn. Angela wrote the Letters XXX over his head instead of a nimbus. “Had a sister Dolores, who disappeared, they say,” she wrote across another sketch. This one showed the fat man and an old lady presumably his mother, as Angela had written under the sketch, “His mother was murdered during holdup at 1975 convenience store.”

Continuing, she wrote more, “now, Billy hangs with male and female whores, and bangs a transsexual bitch variously called Rachel or Richard.”

Writing under her own self portrait, Angela continued the narrative, but first she circled what appeared to be her symbolic image five times, “he told me, the bitch keeps me fat so I cannot fuck. I love proving the prick wrong.”

“All of this,” Angela wrote in the margin next to a sketch of the fat man playing with himself in his bath, “makes me more than miserable.”

“There is more inside the story,” she continued on the next page, a blank one without images, “but chapter one is too long now, she added, and actually, what is more important, and quite amazing, is how little anyone cares about anyone. Why should anyone care about Billy? Yet they do,” Angela wrote, “they fucken do. I saw one of the models rub his shoulders after she had sucked him off. Witness to this tableau, Ah yes, I am the witness. More later. Makes me glad I have Aaron and I no longer wonder how it is possible nothing matters? Nothing”!

End of Angela’s February 4, 1992 Notes.

Madonna

by *Guillermo Bosch*



adonna of the mosque
Allah’s child hidden
behind your torn book, protected
from my lust inflamed
by your bare ankle,
your naked wrist...
I cannot speak,
nor even dream of
a kiss from those
rose red lips, nor dare
to pull that flowered scarf
away and let your unbound
waves of dark hair fall
out along my arms which
lift you up, then lay
you down upon this
multi-colored, woven rug
where I, in silent adoration,
kneel before your golden
thighs...and in your sighs, I
hear the muezzin’s call to
prayer before this temple
where I tremble in delirious
anticipation while the dying
sun descends behind
gray forbidden mountains
and fierce desert winds bend
over bare willow trees spread
out along this dusty river
road we follow together
toward a green oasis where I
touch the Evening Star and you
lie focused on a rising Crescent Moon.

The Frangipani Grove (revised by the author)

by *Modesté Balthus*



was hurriedly putting the finishing touches to my hair when the servant girl, breathless and panting, dashed into my room to announce that my father had returned with our new house guest. I waved her off, delirious with the notion that I was that much closer to indulging in that secret passion from my childhood, one that I had been dreaming about ever since my father had left on one of his literary retreats to Delhi.

I glanced at the mirror on my way out, pleased with my reflection. I wore the traditional Kerala attire of understated elegance: a gold-bordered, cream-colored sash, wrapped sarong-style once around the waist and a figure-hugging cotton top which accentuated the thrust of my bosom and left my lean midriff exposed. The only jewelry I wore were a single string of tiny gold beads, a few gold bangles and tiny ear studs given to me as a child. I had tucked my defiant curls into a bun and adorned it with a single strand of closely-woven sweet-smelling jasmine buds.

My brisk footsteps traced the familiar path along the wide inner corridors hugging the shady central courtyard of the sprawling 200 year old family mansion. In no time, I arrived

at the living room where we normally received our guests. I was accustomed to seeing a steady stream of writers and scholarly types from all over the subcontinent, visit upon us. My father, a novelist of ample repute loved to entertain and engage them in conversation. Some of our houseguests, inspired by the tranquility and peace of the Kerala countryside, graciously accepted our hospitality and remained with us for weeks to complete their works, soaking and drinking in the atmosphere. On that day however, I was more anxious to get over the formality of serving tea well before sundown so that I could make my escape, the planning of which had consumed the major part of my day.

Unfamiliar sounds of loud, thunderous laughter greeted me as I approached the threshold of the living room and I was soon to be surprised at the scene that greeted me. My father had, for the first time, invited a Caucasian houseguest. I quietly appraised his handsome built and was struck by the pale color of his skin which glowed against the dark, woody interior of the living room. I stood politely by the door and grew slightly uncomfortable as I sensed the weight of his intense and piercing stare through blue-green eyes that reminded me of precious stones I had seen at the jewelers in town. His handsome face revealed a naughty, playful streak as it creased into a generous smile in my direction. I instinctively dropped my gaze and receded into the comforting shadows that had prevailed in the corners of our capacious living room for as long as I could remember.

My father introduced the gentleman as Tom, “Thomas Morton from Norway, land of the Vikings and the fiords!” he announced theatrically, with a wave of his hand. I hurried into the adjoining kitchen to see to the preparation of tea and promptly returned with a tray of savory plantain crisps and two stainless steel tumblers of steaming hot masala tea. I served our guest first, as was the custom, stealing a fleeting, closer look at his face and noticing for the first time, his luscious pink lips nestled in the thick, brown fuzz of a short, trim beard. Close enough for a split second to almost feel his breath on my face, I felt a strange, tightening knot of arousal in the pit of my being.

I offered the tray of tea and crisps to my father next, and it was then that I noticed the object of my desires lying unceremoniously near his feet. It was wrapped in newspaper and tied together with crisscrossing lengths of white cord: the gift my father had promised to return with. My father smiled as he picked up the bundle and handed it to me, signaling my permission to leave with a dismissing wave of his hand. I clutched my precious cargo and sped for the door. Our guest looked on in amusement while my father summoned for the houseboy to show him the guestroom overlooking the coconut grove and the backwaters.

I observed with some anxiety, the approaching colors of dusk and almost broke into a run, tugging at the pins that held my hair in place and leaving a trail of jasmine buds in the wake of my footsteps. I eventually managed to

free my hair which immediately rendered my spirit buoyant and effervescent. Tendrils and tendrils of wild, untamed curly, black hair tumbled lightly around my face and shoulders. I headed for the secluded side gate of our walled compound and in no time arrived at the frangipani grove where I had planned to enjoy my childhood ritual in solitude. Here lay the secluded playground of my innocence where dreams were dreamt and tears, shed. It was an enchanting place and by the time I arrived, the amber rays from the late afternoon sun were sneaking through the canopy of leaves and casting a ghostly ambience on the grove. The air was thick with the heady tropical fragrance of frangipani blossoms abundant on the trees and sprinkled generously on the ground.

Wasting no time, I did what came naturally to me amidst such quiet and haunting beauty. I peeled off my clothes and threw them in a heap on the grass near an ancient tree with its gnarled branches and roots. Completely nude, I stretched my limbs in carefree abandonment and reveled in the child-like thrill that accompanied my incorrigible act. Somehow, it felt almost elemental to be unclothed amidst such breathtaking natural beauty.

I sat on a bulging, exposed root and tore open with gusto the wrapping around my bundle, finally unveiling the heavy fruit. One whiff of the fragrant fruit and I was immediately transported to the days of my childhood and the secret decisions I had made about the consumption of that particularly rare variety of mango. That was no ordinary fruit to be

consumed ordinarily. I believed that the only way to relish it with passion and ceremony was to eat it while in the nude and let the juice drip and flow over naked skin. It was to be a deliciously tactile and sensual experience, nothing less.

I closed my eyes as if in meditation, and punctured the speckled, yellow-gold skin with my first bite of the fruit. I smiled gleefully as micro jets of the yellow juice squirted all over my face and dripped down the corners of my mouth and chin. The taste of the fruit was just as I remembered it, the sweetness was celestial and the texture resembled that of custard. It melted divinely in my mouth. I lustily chomped huge chunks of the meaty fruit and watched in fascination as the juice drained down the soft, undulating curves of my breasts and abdomen in little yellow rivulets that merged and separated at various points on my golden-brown contours. Much of it dribbled from my chin and formed a ticklish, meandering path through the valley of my breasts and towards my navel, where they collected in a little, yellow pool.

I was in a blissful state, my pleasure complete, until I sensed a stirring in the bushes behind me. I froze as a pair of pale, masculine arms curled around me from behind and grabbed my thin wrists, locking them in a firm grip. The fingers of both my hands dug deeper into the flesh of the half-eaten mango in an instinctive bid to prevent the precious fruit from slipping off. I felt the warmth of the intruder's body as he leaned heavily on my exposed back, his bearded face pressed

closely against the side of my own face. I knew it was him, our new houseguest, and the realization was swiftly accompanied by an overwhelming sense of shame, anger and outrage. I tensed my muscles and tried to twist my wrists free as he chuckled mischievously and whispered 'Aren't you going to share this with me, sweetheart?'

Against all attempts at resistance, he stubbornly guided my hands, still gripping the pulpy mass, towards his mouth and bit a huge chunk of the flesh as I looked on in disbelief. I watched transfixed as cascades and cascades of juice and pulpy debris dribbled down his bearded chin and bathed my left shoulder and breast.

My initial feeling of embarrassment quickly gave way to curiosity. I was mesmerized by the rare and compelling sensuality that the man exuded, his curious charisma that I was finding so hard to resist. His fingers loosened their grip on my thin wrists and glided over my chest, nonchalantly grazing my nipples and causing me some embarrassment as they burgeoned in response. All thoughts of resistance faded and was replaced by a heart-thumping excitement as his hands gently caressed my breasts. I savored his ceaseless ministrations and sunk deeper into the cozy hollow of his embrace, my shame temporarily suspended for the thankful fact that I was still facing away from him. He tweaked and pinched the turgid berries of my nipples until they hurt slightly. I moaned in a state of drunken pleasure as he lifted me effortlessly and placed me sideways on his lap. My suspi-

cions were soon confirmed as I faced him for the first time in the grove. He was naked too, his body, the perfect picture of raw masculinity and vitality.

I nuzzled against his chest in quiet submission as he silently traced patterns of whirlpools all over my juice-stained breasts, smearing the liquid all over and leaving a searing path of arousal in its wake. Cupping my face in his roomy palms, he brought his feverish lips to mine until they were sealed tight. Our tongues reveled joyously within, writhing and twisting in a crazy tango of mounting passion. His hand in the meanwhile slid down, softly caressing my abdomen and lingering tantalizingly in the wispy curls that covered my mons sparsely. Scurries of pleasure raced through my body as I parted my thighs, yielding shamelessly to his ministrations. I arched my body upwards in gentle urging but he teasingly did not go any further. His hands instead, hastily plucked the forgotten pulpy mass of mango from my relaxed, unguarded clasp. I watched wide-eyed as he squeezed the remaining flesh on the almost bald seed and then to my horror, threw it to the ground. I sprang instinctively from his lap to retrieve it but it was too late. I was to be denied my final orgasmic pleasure: that of sucking on the seed.

I turned around to confront him but my anger soon subsided as I watched him, totally engrossed in a strangely arousing ritual. My attention was drawn towards his beautifully shaped manhood which had soared into a purple hardness which emerged proudly from a thick nest of copper-colored hair. He was

grasping his swollen, glistening erection and slathering it with mango pulp and juice. I was spell bound by its throbbing magnificence. The mushroomed head looked enticingly rosy and deliciously moist.

His blue-green eyes twinkled and smiled at me in invitation. It was hard to conceal, but by then, I was dense with desire and craved oral gratification, having lost my mango seed. I succumbed and knelt between his strong and steely legs, burying my face in the warm nest of his crotch. I was immediately intoxicated by the nice, male scent that was to be distinctly his. Nuzzling against the tumescent hardness of his organ, I branded its entire taut, thick and turgid length with searing little kisses and playful nips. I reached below for his writhing sac, eventually coddling it within my cupped palm. I licked it in one long sweep of my wet tongue, from the churning sac right up the length of his quivering shaft, tasting the sweet mango dressing on it. I painted a few more lashes of my tongue up and down his penis before finally sealing my lips tightly around the pulsating circumference of his engorged penis head. I felt his fingers weave through my untidy curls, clasping my head as I let my tongue swirl silkily around the moist, bulbous head imprisoned tightly between my lips. Occasionally I would flick my tongue teasingly at the puckered orifice at the tip where I tasted the exotic combination of salty-sweet pre-cum and mango juice. I looked up just in time to catch a low moan of pleasure escape his lips as I repeatedly took the entire length of his shaft deep into my throat and pulled it

out through my pursed lips, occasionally halting to set my teeth gently on the flesh.

His eyes closed in near delirium as I quickened the pace and increased the suctioning pressure on his throbbing organ. Small eddies of pleasure give way to a fiery excitement within me as I watched him in the throes of ecstasy and unable to stand the tension any longer, I released his tortured organ and straddled his hip. Positioning myself accurately, I drove the rock-hard length of his erection straight into the steaming, wet entrance of my hungry depths. As soon as I had it gloved deep inside me, I felt the warmth of his large hands as his fingers curled around my hips in a vice-like grip that anchored me firmly to where we were fused. In febrile haste, his fingers dug deep into the small, tight cheeks of my buttocks, massaging and separating them while he skillfully propelled his pelvis upwards, wedging his sac deep into the cleavage of my butt. His thumbs in the meanwhile spread the creamy moist folds of my labia in a feverish search for the hooded apex of my sensations. He rubbed it until the erect, angry red nub of sensitized nerves set off a throng of sensations that drove me wild. I grounded and churned my pelvis against his pubis, bucking and thrusting in wild abandon as his hands reached for my breasts squeezing and kneading them. I felt my energies ebbing, flowing inexorably towards my loins where the muscles of my vagina were pumping and squeezing in the throes of a massive, mind blowing orgasm. Soon, the spasms triggered an equally explosive eruption of warm, molten semen from his rock-

hard penis, one that roiled and spewed frenetically into my hot, suctioning depths.

I collapsed on his chest and we lay entwined in silent embrace as the last rushes of release emptied themselves and the quivering, palpitating spasms ceased. A satiating peace returned to our exhausted, sweat drenched bodies. The cloak of evening darkness descended upon us and a stray breeze drifted through the silent grove.
