



A Slip of the Lip

The Erotica Readers & Writers Association's Collection of Kisses

photo by Eli Santana

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Introduction

Kisses have been described in literature throughout history, but rarely have they been given the attention they deserve. A kiss is often the first, truly intimate contact lovers have. In fact, it is often the event that allows the people involved to think of themselves as lovers.

Other animals may meet, mate and bond but only humans kiss. And, although there are many cultures that view other forms of contact as more intimate, western literature, photography and film have spread the romantic and erotic concept of the kiss around the world.

In erotic fiction, the kiss is too often described in passing on the way to more overtly sexual acts. This collection of kisses grew out of a challenge thrown down in the “Writers” section of the Erotica Readers and Writers mail list: write the best, most innovative and original description of a kiss.

Each of the pieces is less than 1000 words long. They are not meant to be complete stories, only the capturing of those breathtaking, heart pumping, adrenaline inducing moments when lips meet and - whatever lies you might tell yourself - there's no going back.

The old theme song from the 1942 movie *Casablanca* tells us that ‘*a kiss is just a kiss,*’ but we beg to differ.

Remittance Girl, *editor*

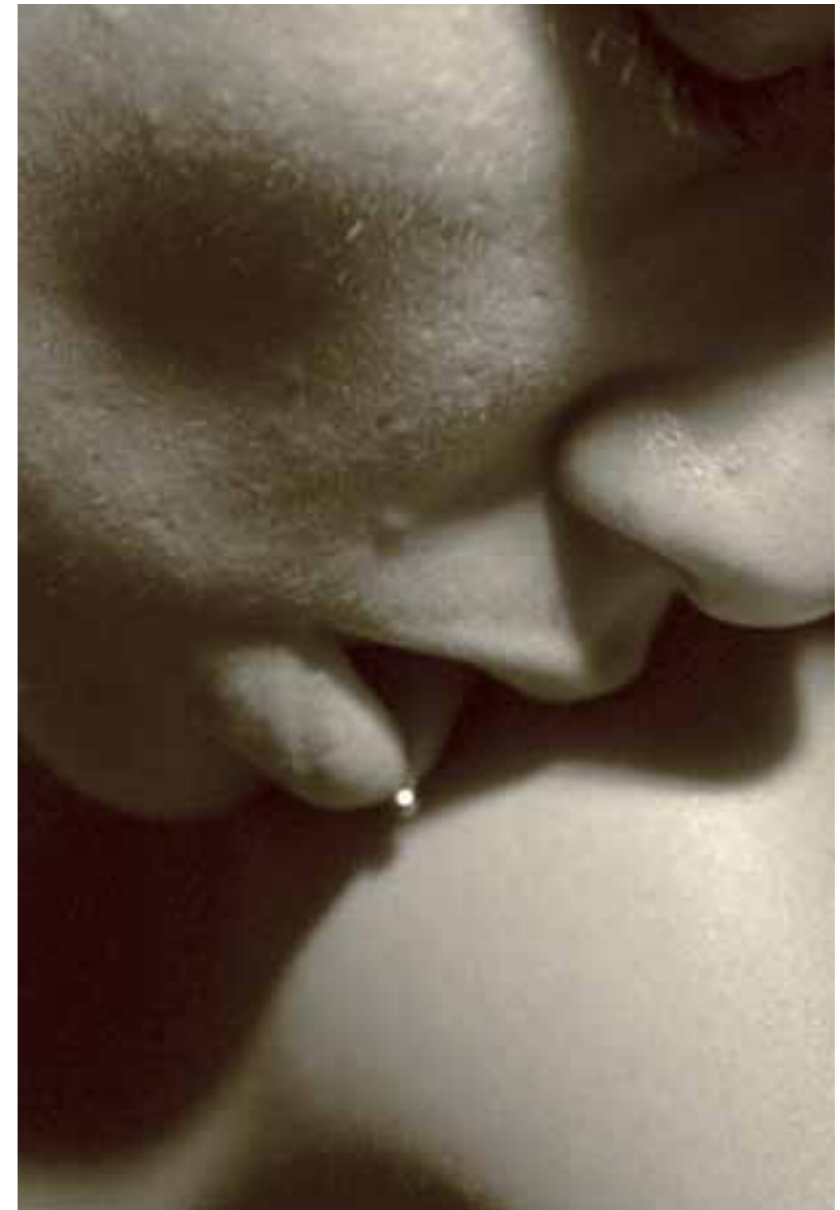


photo by Gael X



photo by Slayer MD

On Being a Sandcastle

by **Geoff Lemon**

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When I first tried to kiss her, I panicked,
aborted, and gently bit her elbow instead.
Her whole face was a laugh trying to squirm free.
She knew, so I knew it was ok.
I kissed her on the mouth, and a warm tide
came in.

Goodbye Kiss

by **Robert Buckley**

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The cottage smells of pine, and the lake, and beer. Someone is snoring. Pink sunlight angles through the trees and dances off the water casting a disco pattern over the walls as I stand amid a jumble of sleeping bags, guys and girls strewn about the floor like a trail of matchsticks that tumbled out of their box. Everyone had a great time last night; it'd been a long time since we'd gotten together like this. Old friends, along with some new faces. Lots of flirting, lots of teasing, lots of laughter, all good.

If I could have told her, but no. I was her best friend, she said, the dearest friend a girl could have. She said it in one of those effusions of affection that overtakes you when you're happy, slightly buzzed and feeling mellow. But, she had said it, so that was that. Friends ... all we'd ever be.

So, I'm leaving before they wake up and ask for explanations, I'm leaving so I won't be here to watch her fall in love. I tip-toe to the loft where she lies in her pine bed, clad in her underwear, a cami that leaves her stomach bare, bikini panties. I kneel beside her and watch her breathe, soft feathery breaths that lift her breasts and ease them down again with each exhale. I fill my nostrils with the scent of her. Her belly gleams under a sheen of perspiration. I'd love to kiss her there, but then I would want to twirl my tongue in her navel. That wouldn't do, not for friends - just friends. Instead I trace a finger ever so lightly along her thigh. She stirs, sighs, returns to slumber

Her lips part, perfect cupid's bows. I lean over and

press my lips ever so lightly, a brush of moth's wings, to hers. Instinctively she arches her neck, licks her lips; they pucker, sealing to mine in a soft moist kiss ... for just an instant, a tiny sliver of a moment. A last lingering lip-nibble later, I break our kiss. Her eyes open. Before she can emerge fully from sleep I whisper, "Just wanted to say goodbye."

Then I stand, no hesitation, and leave. Stepping over the sleeping bags I make my way to the porch, down the stairs, down the drive and into my car. I fire up the engine and back out onto the roadway.

She has come out onto the porch. She rubs her eyes, looks straight at me. Her mouth opens as if she is about to call to me. And for that precise moment we are locked in time. It passes. I shift into drive and pull away. It's better this way.

I still taste her on my lips.

Seven Minutes in Heaven

by **Annie Chanse**

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Her hands were shaking, and her breath was shallow. Her body felt like one giant, rubberband ball of tingling nerves. This moment was **the** moment. Sitting on the dank floor of the dark closet, she chewed on her lip, wondering what they would think if they knew what she knew.

It was silly really. A bunch of twenty-two year olds playing at being fourteen again.

“Let’s play seven minutes in Heaven,” one of the women had said.

They had all scoffed.

“That game hasn’t been exciting since my first kiss,” said another. They all agreed – men and women alike. But they had all agreed for whatever reason – boredom, nostalgia, whatever.

And now it was Anna’s turn, and Anna had never played the game before. In fact, Anna had never had a first kiss before.

And now here she was, in the closet, sweat beading on her upper lip.

The door cracked open, and in he came. He took her chin in his hand and tilted her face towards his. He leaned towards her. Feeling his breath sweet against her face, Anna swallowed hard and closed her eyes.

Their lips met, and Anna melted. She understood. Heaven. Absolute, perfect Heaven.

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photo by Scented Mirror

Heat Wave Kiss

by **Riccardo Berra**

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Halfway through the hottest July in decades, on a 'street like Hell's furnace Wednesday', Sofi insisted on taking Riccardo and Melchiorre out to celebrate her promotion. They sat at a bar frequented by students. Face flushed and shiny, she wore a denim miniskirt and a sleeveless lime green tee. A sequined parrot preened between her braless nipples; the tight fabric clinging all the more with the humidity. As usual, she drew frank stares from males and females. The butch bartender with Rita Hayworth hair and Arnold Schwarzenegger biceps had clearly fallen hard between pours. Riccardo glared protectively, but completely understood. He had to guard his own eye contact.

This being only part of the problem.

A doe-eyed Hispanic boy drifted past. Mel mumbled an excuse to leave.

"You think he ..." Sofi asked, amused, eyes alight with the music and alcoholized pheromonic energy of the place.

"We don't discuss our love lives."

She laughed as if he'd said something immensely funny and took a pull from her glass.

"There's something I need to say," Riccardo ventured. "It's delicate."

"What'd I do wrong?"

"It's your ah ... uniform."

"My what?"

Riccardo twisted his cocktail napkin into a fraying knot. "You're ... driving everybody wild -crews, clients, even Mel. You need to dress more modestly. Don't be offended."

"Should I be?"

"It's in your best interest."

"I get that. What about you?"

"Hmm?"

"Have I pierced that impeccable armor of yours?"

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me."

"What you're suggesting is beyond inappropriate."

"Maybe our generations live by different rules."

"No they don't. Just be ..." he gestured helplessly, "... less provocative."

"Okay! I get it."

She produced a cigarette, tapping it against the bar. The bartender came up, Bronx accent thick as the intimidating Rosie the Riveter arms knotted across her expansive chest. "Nobody smokes in my bar; not even the honky-tonk angels."

Sofi ignored her. “What’s wrong with my clothes?”

“Nothing, if you just want to draw attention.”

“Whose attention you think I’m trying draw, idiot?”

Riccardo wouldn’t take the bait.

“We work together.”

“That’s it?”

“I’m 45, married, kids, a business ...”

“And when you leave work, you deflate like some sad balloon. Psssssss!”

“I’m younger than your father. “

“Don’t say it!”

“You could be my daughter.”

“Don’t be idiotic.”

“That’s the second time you’ve said that. I don’t like it. I am older than you and your employer.”

“I know you. I do.”

“Stop!” They were drawing attention. He looked around, his voice now an insistent hiss. “Stop reading me. Don’t sit so close. And don’t ... be ... so ...”

“What?”

“Hell. Gimme one.” he pointed at the cigarette between her fingers. They sat tapping cigarettes agitatedly on the bar.



photo by Elgee Isaac

“Interrupting anything?” Melchiore’s wicked Banderas grin popped between them. “Of course not?” he chirped. “Don’t stay too late lovelies.”

He made a swift grab for Riccardo’s cigarette. Riccardo snatched it back irritably.

Mel kissed Sofi’s proffered cheek, then sailed into the night. Necks craned in unison, Riccardo and Sofi observed a rail thin figure step from the shadows into the streetlight’s glare. A cab appeared and he and Mel vanished.

“Aren’t we a couple of flamingos?” Riccardo quipped.

“I’m smoking this,” she sighed slapping two twenties on the bar. “Keep the change,” she ordered the bartender.

“Later, heartbreaker,” the bartender growled.

The sun was down a full hour, still the city rolled like a hound in the sweet rot of roasting garbage. The marquee across the street flickered indecisively between 92 and 93. Even the lampposts seemed like wilted daisies. Sofi groaned, lit her cigarette, took a sharp drag and handed it to Riccardo. Entering Gramercy Park, neither spoke, both relieved to be momentarily preoccupied with smoking.

Sofi leaned on the fountain’s lip, its concrete stubble animal warm against her bare thighs. She was a few puffs away from what she needed to say.

Riccardo broke the silence. “I thought I’d have to fight that bartender.” The bravado in his voice sounded excruciatingly lame.

“You never have to worry.”

Sofi ground the cigarette under her heel. Her tentative fingers grazed the coarse whiskers of his beard. “You can fire me tomorrow.”

He sighed helplessly. Her exquisite mouth loomed closer, breath of peppermint, beer and tobacco. Lips barely touching, barely moving against each other, barely anything--then done. Riccardo was sure he’d never tasted anything quite so delectable. Her eyes closed in rapture; reopened, luminous as the moon. The kiss was over before it began and the swelter rushed back into the tight vacuum between them. He took her hand, the gesture not amorous, but not casual anymore.

“Nothing happens tonight,” he said. “I need to think.”

“It’s possible, you know,” she said, “to think a good thing right out of existence.”

“That won’t happen.”

She placed his hand on the small of her back, kissing again, they moved to unheard music, a slow sultry number, hotter than the city murk that pressed around them, hotter than a lit cigarette. He was getting hard and she was pleased, hooking his front pockets with her fingers, jerking his hips into hers, desperately rubbing against him. “Take me back to the studio,” she begged. “Please. I’ll let you fuck me on your desk.”

Riccardo kissed her with no pretense of detachment; crushing her lips to his, her breasts to him. She moaned, clinging to him in anticipation. Her leg slid up his thigh. Gently extricating himself, he whistled a cab into existence.

She fumed as he opened the door. He leaned in and



photo by Carlo Nicora

kissed her tenderly. She grabbed his collar.

He paid the cabby. “West Village. Christopher and Hudson.”

Sofi crossed her arms and legs in a fullbody pout. His last image of her that night.

Sweat stung his eyes as the cab merged into the red snake of traffic.

He stared, trying to congratulate himself that he’d done the right thing for all the right reasons.

Nothing about that sounded convincing--not for a searing hot New York second.

<http://inside-apostrophe.blogspot.com>

Parting Kiss

by **Malcom Miller**

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My love for you
at times feels overwhelming
When we part and kiss
the surge of feelings makes seismic shock.
If parting is the time of strongest joy
as your sweet lips meet mine
in melting intimacy then
endings seem my only hope,
the one time when I know
what my heart desires most -
the message (true or not) that you love me -
since after that there's nothing.
How many times can I endure
the kiss and then the parting
before some part of my machinery breaks,
stressed once too often?
"We all want to be loved" I say
quite glibly, but inside the useless tears
fill up the bitter cup of loneliness,
the heart still reaching out in vain.

Brain is still struggling with its aftermath;
throws up hypotheses about genetic programs
deep inside that focus on producing children
and energise a constellation of reactions...
Baloney! Rack off, brain, this is no place
for intellect! Love is another dimension
where we learn and live and lust



photo by Idan Cohen

Your kiss and mine rang my being like a bell
that's still vibrating hours later!
I remember the feel of your mouth, your lips
on mine, and nothing more except
the closeness that I craved.

<http://texts4all.wordpress.com>
<http://love-adept.blogspot.com>

The Taste of a Kiss

By **Nyla Briget**

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photo by Ko An

Going to the local farmer's market had always been one of Lisa's favorite things to do during the week. The twenty minute drive out to the country was a welcomed escape from the rigors of everyday life and she could feel herself relax the minute she sat on the leather seat of her Ford Explorer. She loved starting her day off in the same way every week and had specifically requested Wednesdays off so she could drive out and get the freshest produce and cream possible. Lisa never considered herself a gourmet cook, but since the age of eleven when her grandmother began teaching her how to cook, she had always felt comfortable and in control in a kitchen. There was something about the creation of food that excited her. Mixing, blending, kneading, cutting and smelling all the different aromas that permeated the air when she added a touch of nutmeg here or a pinch of cinnamon there. It was an experience that beckoned to all of her senses and the reward at the end was always very pleasurable. Not the eating of the food, that was certainly enjoyable, but it was the moans, facial expressions and verbal appreciation of the people tasting her food that pleased Lisa the most.

She will never forget the first time Santiago took a bite of a freshly baked cream puff. The first thing he did was lick the little bit of cream that had squirted out when she had filled the cavity of the pastry. That little flick of the tongue making contact with her cream puff made her knees weak; it felt as though he had physically licked her. When the sweet cream made contact with his

taste buds, his eyes widened and the corner of his mouth curved up. Giving a low, approving moan, he opened his mouth and his perfect teeth sunk into its soft, sweet and creamy filling. His eyes closed as Lisa watched the remainder of the cream ooze out the sides of his mouth and onto the v-shaped areas where his lips met. Lisa inadvertently licked her own lips as she tried to ignore the heat rising between her thighs.

Santiago opened his eyes and caught hers as her soft tongue lightly traced the red, plump skin of her lips. He took one quick step forward, wrapped his fingers in her thick, brown hair giving it a firm tug and commanded her lips to part with his tongue. Her hands instantly wrapped around his strong neck pulling his mouth even harder onto hers and her eyes closed. She could taste traces of butter and vanilla on his tongue as it greedily demanded her own tongue's attention. She traced her thumbs along the hard lines of Santiago's jaw and could feel the muscles of his face responding to the primal needs of his mouth. She nibbled and sucked at his lower lip tenderly tugging on it and inviting his tongue to come out and play. Licking at the cream filling that had lodged itself in the corner of his mouth induced a loud, primitive groan from him and she could feel his hard cock against her thigh as he pressed his whole body against her. He ravaged her lips, sucking on them so hard at times she thought they would be swollen forever after. Santiago traced his fingertips lightly over her face, his mouth pulling back enough to allow his finger to gently outline Lisa's lips. She kissed the tip of his finger before taking it in her mouth and sucking on it. His eyes widening as his mouth parted in utter delight.

After their kiss, Santiago had broken the silence with three very simple words.

"I want more." is all that he had needed to say. Lisa then picked up the plate of cream puffs, smiled wickedly and led him to her bedroom.

As she got closer to the farmers market, the scent of newly cut grass mixed with the familiar fragrances of the country. The air was marked with traces of all kinds of scents emanating from different flowers and herbs. Lisa inhaled deeply, taking it all in and then began her careful walk along all of the different tables. She touched and smelled various kinds of fruits and vegetables as her mind concocted ideas for new entrees, desserts and sauces. Every new ingredient strategically chosen, every herb picked for its strength and flavor. All designed to come together in an explosion of succulent, luscious flavor. All designed to please her most important critic, because she knew that if Santiago was pleased, she would be in many different ways as well.

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Last Kiss

by **Angela Caperton**

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Goldie danced.

Footlights sparkled in sequined stars on the cheese-cloth-covered tits of her sisters, elegant on the stage. Shiny like diamonds. She remembered the sweat and perfume, the faces of the men – and their women -- out in the dark at tables like little islands. The air hung heavy with smoke; she still smelt it in her hair, even after all these years.

Mostly she remembered her last night in the Follies, when Sammy waited at the stage door with a real diamond and the promise he would love her forever.

Goldie remembered backstage, shoulder to shoulder with the other girls, all blondes, all young and gorgeous, legs and little breasts, all immune from any bad news about stock market disasters and bootlegger wars. She had known Sammy was out there, but she lingered in the dressing room after all the other girls had gone, all except the new girl, Annie.

She had caught the shine in Annie's eyes before the performance, the sheen of desire, and Goldie's pulse fluttered in response. And then alone, Goldie saw that Annie had anticipated her lingering. Goldie just wanted to talk to her, she'd said, and Annie smiled, replied with a delightful, low laugh that she didn't mind at all.

Goldie knew some of the other dancers liked girls, so the idea wasn't new, but she had never felt anything like this before. Annie's eyes burned blue as sapphires in



photo by V. Miramontes

the smoky light of the dressing room. Even after all these years, Goldie saw the blue as fresh and bright as a morning sky. Annie had removed her wispy top and sat, wearing only her step-ins, beside Goldie. Annie's breasts rose up to rosy little tips, and they stiffened under Goldie's gaze.

Goldie remembered Annie's breath, like sweet vanilla, the first, faint whisper of touch, a question. Is it okay?

Goldie had pressed against her, not even thinking, but not kissing like she kissed Sammy or even Big Al, open, not teasing. Their lips met and Goldie tasted fully of the sweet vanilla, rich as candy from the Woolworth's counter, caramel and honey. As she opened to Goldie, their breath exchanged for a moment like color-wrapped gifts under the tree at Christmas, then Annie's tongue, insistent as any man's but so much bolder and quicker, slid along Goldie's stroking and pressing, flooding Goldie with sensations and images. She smelled sun-kissed roses and the velvet of almonds, rich cream trickled down her throat and golden light flowed into her, through her, pushing against her bones and beyond her skin to shimmer like morning dew on spring grass. Goldie grew wet and she touched Annie's bare shoulder, the skin as soft as satin sheets, cool as glass, a porcelain dream.

Goldie's breath quickened. The rasping of her ancient, fragile breath cracked the mirror of her memories.

How could she dance when her legs would not move?

What was left but the ancient husk and the memories? Each breath was a gift, the days and nights indistinguishable now, not even a window in the room to count the sunrises. So long, she thought. Sammy, Louie, and Nathan, who had fathered her children and gone off to war, come back to the family business and sat by her side until he had grown old

and died.

So long ago.

She lacked the strength even to shiver in the cold room and she closed her eyes. The subtle tilt of the mattress told her someone sat on the edge of the bed. Goldie opened her eyes and beside her sat Annie, undressed just as she had been in the Follies dressing room, her breasts turned up, the nipples stiff and dark. The earth spun slowly under her as Annie bent to kiss her once again.

She tasted love in the kiss, the best moments of her life with Sammy and Louie and the worst ones, the bad years and the good with Nathan, but mostly she felt the heat, the sweet vanilla and violent spice of Annie's essence, promise and purpose, the taste of possibility that caressed her ancient lips. For a suspended moment she wondered if everything she had ever lived might be a dream, that this kiss and the memory of their first might be the seeds of a new life, that anything might happen.

Goldie stared, breathless, up at Annie.

Goldie danced.

"Are you death?" she asked, her heart tripping, skipping, failing the last steps of the long number.

"No." Annie shook her head. "Remember me," she whispered and stroked Goldie's thin white hair.

Annie broke the kiss before Goldie was ready. She turned away her cheeks burning, her lips tingling and warm, and she looked into the dressing room mirror, overwhelmed by what they had shared, the intimate beautiful kiss, by the crystalline sliver of time that had been just theirs for a treasured moment.

She stared at her reflection, hers and hers alone.
Annie was gone.

Goldie fluffed her hair, and painted her swollen
lips, then went out of the dressing room, out the stage
door, to where Sammy waited with a diamond shiny as a
star.

Eternal as a dream.

<http://www.angelacaperton.com>
<http://blog.angelacaperton.com>



photo by Gimme A Hug

The Piper Returns

by **Scarlett Greyson**

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It was his hands that kept my eyes sliding back across the bar. I knew those hands. And they knew me.

Trina's was the neighborhood nightspot. You know, the one where everyone goes after work to wind down, ordering micro-brews, manhattans, martinis and mojitos. The man in the corner was not from the neighborhood.

He nursed a tumbler of whisky, the golden liquid luminous and shifting as he swirled it. Broad shoulders filled the black button up dress shirt, sleeves rolled up to reveal a riot of color etched into his skin. Every so often his eyes swept the dim bar as he lifted the glass to his lips. Each time his tongue collected the lingering drops. His mouth curved when his brittle gaze snagged mine.

"Tee...Tina, you're staring!" I jerked, blinking in confusion at my friend. Nancy touched my arm, lips thinned in concern.

"I'm fine, I'm fine." I waved at Frank and held up my glass. His brow jumped in surprise but he tipped the bottle of expensive tequila over it regardless. The smooth, slick alcohol burned down my throat.

"What's wrong with you tonight?" Nancy hissed. I shook my head, eyes straying back across the bar. His lips twitched, and he lifted his whisky in greeting before tossing back the last swallow. Arousal slithered down my spine and coiled, dangerous and dark, in the cradle of my

pelvis. "Tina, you don't want to go there." Her warning registered in my brain but my body wasn't interested.

He stood, holding me captive from across the bar. Nancy's ineffective pleading hummed on the other side of my heartbeat. My breath quickened as he wove through the tables, a lethal tiger amidst the collected house cats. Frozen, I waited, prey caught in his hypnotic gaze.

He stopped, held out his hand. When I reached to take,, it his fingers wrapped my wrist instead and he tugged me against him. My hands flattened against his chest.

"I'm going to kiss you." His rough voice stroked down my spine.

"I don't like whisky." Some part of my brain had always thought that was important.

He chuckled, low and deep, and cupped my jaw. His thumb dragged across my lower lip, callus snagging and releasing the delicate creases. I trembled. The anticipation rolled out from my epicenter, silencing the bar.

Fingertips pressed into my nape, each imprinting my skin with his touch. My mind locked on details; lush eyelashes, the corona of blue about his pupils, a tiny hooked scar at his temple, the dark smudge of day-old stubble. He leaned in, holding my gaze, his breath teasing my lips open. I could taste peat, apple, and vanilla in that infinite stretch of time.

"Don't." It was, we both knew, an empty attempt at resistance.

His tongue teased inside my lips. As often as he'd kissed me, my body still jolted in reaction. My knees threatened to fail, and my hands crept up his chest and over his



photo by David Chief

shoulders. When he pressed his mouth to mine I moaned. Someone close gasped.

I couldn't help the shiver that traced my spine, following his fingers. He reduced me to my basest form, nerves controlling my limbs autonomous from my brain, wrapping around him, mouth opening to feed him moans and whimpers. The little voice that kept me in line screamed, voiceless, gagged by the play of his tongue against mine, the pressure of his lips stealing my ability to form words. Each tug, pull, push, sweep and tease urged me closer, working my limbs on invisible strings, a helpless marionette.

The kiss shattered shards of my protective psyche into the farthest, darkest corners of mind. There was no escaping him in the silence of that crowded room. It was a kiss that should have happened at the altar, not in a bar.

He pulled back. His cold blue eyes sparked. Anger burned behind them. "Outside. Now." The growled words made me shudder. My legs almost buckled beneath me when he let go and stalked from the bar. Nancy steadied me.

"Tina?" She shook me, forcing my glazed eyes to hers. "Tina? Who was that?"

I shivered, and my eyes tracked back to the front of the bar. Beyond the dark glass, a flame sparked to life and left a glowing ember hanging, a dark orange star that pulsed with his inhales.

"That was the man I was supposed to marry."

I left her, sputtering and stunned, and made my way towards the door. I'd run long enough. It was time to pay the piper.

<http://scarletgreyson.wordpress.com>

At His Mercy

by tCj aka Pillow Talker

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Together they would make a beautiful couple, but there is more than looks in any relationship. Neither shared any common goals for a binding future, but they decided fun could still be had by all. What had started as a friendship became a little more, but nothing permanent. Friends with benefits, it was deemed.

It started slow, a few hand-holds for comfort, small kisses hello and goodbye, but they both knew where they wanted it to lead and were constantly thinking about what it would be like.

Being a naturally trusting person, she never imagined any harm coming to her at his hand, and it helped that he had never, even jokingly, expressed any ill intent toward her. This allowed her to sink easily into his arms as they kissed passionately the way first time lovers will. Wrapped in his arms, the world seemed shut away, she felt safe; he was the friend that held her after every hard breakup, kissing him this way was the only logical next step.

Her mind whirled as the kiss deepened, and his arms drifted, one up to her shoulder, the other down to her ass. His hold was a possessive claim, leaving her little room to move. She relaxed her body to allow him to pull her closer. This small submissive gesture struck him deep, urged his kiss to become almost frantic with his need. It had been a few weeks for her, but he would be breaking nearly three years of involuntary celibacy. The forefront

of his mind wanted to treasure this night, but his mind was not in control.

Reluctantly he pulled away from the kiss, leaving the two gasping, eyes dark with the coming storm. He held her gaze, panting, not wanting to lose this night too early through eagerness, but even as he watched her face twist into a sultry minx-like expression, he could do nothing to still his mind from what would happen.

She reached up, then realized she had, at some point during the passionate kiss, been set down on the bed in front of him. At six foot, he towered over her standing, but from a seated position, she couldn't help but see his dominant side. He had made her lose her head with just a kiss - what would happen as the night moved on?moved on?

<http://fantasyrevealed.blogspot.com/>



photo by Brain Bitch

40 Lips

by **Sophie Orlee**

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“Happy birthday dear, Olivia. Happy birthday to you!”

The song had ended and I stared at my family and friends gathered around the fire; it was still hard to believe that we were celebrating my fortieth birthday.

“Thank you for being here. Since many of you aren’t far behind, let’s raise our glasses to the next forty.” With the toast complete, my wine glass needed refreshing. As I walked away from the fire, the air held a chill, typical for mid-September, causing me to shiver.

Except for the sliver of firelight that leaked through the kitchen window, the house was dark. As I reached for the light switch I felt the heat of another body behind me and I could taste the rich, smoke-filled flavor in the air. Before I had a chance to flip the switch a blindfold was placed over my eyes and then I was guided to sit in an overstuffed chair.

“Just sit, Livy; you’ll like this. My birthday present to you, baby.”

Ah, Jayse’s voice, my husband. Fifteen years later and his deep, rich honey tone still sent ripples through my body.

The patio door slid open and the rush of cool air met my exposed ankles. I heard feet shuffle into the room, and I had a sense of being surrounded.

“Stop trying to figure it out, Livy. Relax and enjoy what the wine and we can do for you.”

“We, Jayse! You said we! What’s that suppose to mean?” I didn’t mean to sound like I was panicking, but not knowing what to expect with a room full of people was very different than not knowing what to expect when it was just Jayse and me. I knew I could trust Jayse; he had proven that to me time and time again, but was everyone else just as trustworthy?

“You know everyone here; not one person would hurt you. Relax and trust us, Livy. This is a present you will enjoy and not soon forget.”

Jayse spoke with a firm, yet warm tone now. How often had he used that same tone while bringing me to pleasurable extremes that I never dreamed existed?

“Okay, I’m relaxing; really... going to relax... right, now.” Despite what I was saying, my mind was still wrestling with anxiety. Before I could give it a second thought I was silenced by a quick peck on my lips, immediately followed by another quick peck.

“One and two. Happy birthday, Mom! We are kisses number one and two! Sis and I are going to stay with Grandma and Grandpa tonight. You and Daddy have a good time.” Ah, my daughters’ melodious voices in unison.

“Thank you girls; be good, too.” Our thirteen and ten year old daughters telling us to be good; I had to laugh.

Familiar smells shifted my thoughts as the warm vanilla smell of my mother and carnation-like, faded pine scent of my father’s after-shave invaded my olfactory nerves. A quick peck on each of my cheeks followed.

“Happy birthday, dear. We’re kisses three and four. Your father and I will take care of the girls. You and Jayse have a lovely evening.”

“Thanks, Mom. If you need anything...”

“Yes, dear, we know, ‘just call’.”

The four left and what followed was a barrage of numbered kisses, kindly delivered to each of my cheeks along with well wishes for the remainder of the evening. The continual opening and closing of the patio door indicated my guests’ departure, and after a brief lull in the action, I had presumed everyone gone.

“Jayse? Is everyone gone now? Can I get up?”

“No, Livy. Just two sets of lips left. I hope kisses thirty-eight and forty will be memorable?”

A soft hand caressed my cheek at the same time I smelled the designer fragrance. Sweet fruits combined with a syrupy vanilla musk for an edible effect. Warm, strawberry scented lips descended to mine with a subtle caress before grazing my lips with an assured tongue. A gentle nip of my bottom lip before she plunged her tongue deep inside, gently exploring before pulling back with a soft tug of my lip.

“Happy birthday, darling. I trust Jayse can handle the rest.”

Sadie. We’d been best friends since high school. Her fortieth birthday was two months away and it looked like I could plan as creatively as I wanted. I listened to the door close one last time and the lock snick into place.

Jayse’s hands cupped my face as his callous thumb

traced my lower lip. A drop of dark lager must have landed on his thumb because it was the first flavor I encountered.

“It’s just you and me now, Livy.”

Despite Sadie’s kiss, my lips were still dry from sitting around the searing flames of the fire. Jayse must have sensed this as he traced my lips with his tongue. The added moisture felt heavenly as I smiled and felt his tongue plunge inside my all too eager mouth.

A small gasp escaped my hungry mouth as he explored my inner depths. His tongue was strong as it weaved and tangled with my own. Our dance was sensual but short lived. His exit was a slow bow as he dragged my lower lip, nipped, and then lightly licked the stab of pleasure pain. By the time he was finished I felt branded and well-primed for the next...

The blindfold was removed, and as my eyes adjusted to the still dark space I realized that Jayse was staring at me. The diminishing light of the fire was reflected in his blue eyes creating a bizarre shade of purple. I was completely mesmerized but pulled from my sated state as Jayse grabbed my hand and led me from the room.



photo by Gibbernoise

Showtime

by **Jan Kozlowski**

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I recognized him immediately, even in the flickering candlelight of this subterranean grotto, the man that launched a million orgasms. He was still high cheek boned and heavy-lidded, his classically handsome features and gray-flecked mane of hair as gorgeous as ever. Good to see he had moved beyond that weird Roman Emperor cut he wore in *Dusk Til Dawn*. No wonder the *Sex in the City* girls had named him one of their favorite masturbation guys.

He lay before me, dressed as I had always fantasized him, casual and classic in jeans and a dark t-shirt. I crept closer; very aware that time was slipping away. I reached out and brushed the tip of my finger softly along his famous jaw line. His lips fell open slightly, invitingly, and I waved buh-bye to my final shreds of dignity and control.

I levered myself up on top of him, sliding my body over his, feeling his Hollywood hard body underneath me and molding myself to it. God, we were a perfect fit. My blood pounded through my veins, sending bolts of lust and passion rolling through my body like a late August line of thunderstorms.

In the back of my mind I was aware of the clock winding dangerously low, but I was beyond caring. His perfect lips called out to me. How many of my favorite lines of dialogue had they formed? I lowered my head and boldly traced them with my tongue. No penetration, not

yet, just a tasting, an exploration of the most intoxicating kind.

I wanted this man more than I have ever wanted anything or anyone in my life. My lower body pressed into his, seeking friction, seeking release. I returned to his mouth, nibbling now along its edges, pausing only to tickle the corners with butterfly flicks of my tongue. His taste was complex; unbearable sweetness and metallic bitterness mixed with a hint of something foreign and dark.

It didn't matter; nothing mattered now except this moment. I could feel the small muscles in his body begin to ripple underneath me, waves of tiny tremors and surges that both excited and terrified me. There were only seconds left, I cupped his gorgeous head between my hands and brought my lips to his, feeling his entire body shuddering, responding, arcing up into mine as far as the straps would allow. His head strained upwards, his lips following mine, tongue questing, tasting me more hungrily than I had tasted him. His need, his desire was so evident, so enormous, so insatiable. And it was me he wanted, needed, and desired. After all those starlets and models, it was frumpy, middle-aged Brenda Spencer that he craved. My body bucked, spasmed and then flew backwards as rough hands grabbed me and hauled me out of the room.

"What the hell do you think you were doing in there?" the once famous director snapped.

I stared sullenly at him without answering, my body still aching from the abrupt physical disconnection. Back before everything had gone to shit, I would have peed myself with the excitement of being in the same room with this guy. Now he was just scrounging to make a buck and live another day, just like the rest of us. Although, I had to admit, true to form, he was certainly doing it



photo by Carlo Nicora

more creatively and further out of the proverbial box than anyone else.

“The agreement was for ten minutes of time with him, period. You were warned the drug only guarantees complete paralysis for that long, not a second longer.”

“Hey, you got nothing to bitch about, you got your ass load of cash. Odds are we’re all going to end up as zombie chow anyway. At least if he had gotten me in there, I’d have gone out knowing I was being eaten by the man who made the women of the world cum. I would think you of all people would appreciate that kind of an ironic ending.”

“Ironic final scenes stopped being important when Ebert came back and ate Roeper. Get her out of here. Tom, give our star another shot of nite-nite gas and send the next freak show on in. It’s show time!”

<http://www.jankozlowski.com>

You Must Remember This

by **Don Roper**

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“You will do this for me.”

She lowered her eyes from his gaze. Seemingly, her shoes required her undivided attention. She stared at them, her mind numb.

“Won’t you?” he insisted.

“I don’t know,” she said desperately. “Why do you want it so much?”

“You know why,” he countered. “Because.”

“Must I?” she pleaded, lifting her eyes to his face.

He forced himself to harden his heart. He couldn’t let her off the hook now.

“I really don’t want to,” she said, putting all her cards on the table.

He permitted himself an icy smile. “That’s the point, isn’t it?” he said. “If you wanted to, wouldn’t let you.”

She knew his twisted logic only too well. She tried so often to wriggle out of it, but he was an expert at blocking every loophole.

“Your resistance is what gives the whole thing its flavour. That, and my absolute certainty that you will do it, whatever your feelings. I’m a jealous god. I don’t allow free will.”

She looked down at her shoes again. I am a picture of misery, she thought. Why do I allow it? She sighed deeply.

“OK, let’s get it over with.”

Together they left the café and crossed the street. He left her standing outside, a prey to the disdainful glances of passers-by; what’s a pretty girl like you doing outside a sleazy place like this? He was haggling with the man inside the booth. Eventually money changed hands and he came back to her. Taking her hand, as if fearful she might run away at the last moment, he led her inside.

They entered a small booth and he shut the door. There was a single naked bulb hanging from the ceiling, and a smell she tried hard not to identify. By the wall was a chair. And in the wall was a hole, four or five inches across, about waist high. He placed her in the chair.

“When you see it in the hole, kiss it,” he said.

She watched and waited, trying to make herself feel nothing at all. She heard a sound from next door, and then something appeared in the hole. But it was not what she feared. Instead she saw a mouth. A beautiful mouth, the lips curved and full and perfectly symmetrical. Lips that were painted with bright red lip gloss.

She turned to look at him. He nodded. She turned back. Slowly she bent down, pursing her lips, and pressed them against the mouth in the hole. She closed her eyes. The lips under hers were moist, pliant, yielding, but only up to a point. They moved slowly against hers, the lip gloss oiling the friction of skin over skin, but underneath the skin she could feel the quivering flesh, alive, pressing back against her.

She took her mouth away for a moment, running her tongue across her lips. The lip gloss tasted of something. Was it cherry? She was aware he was watching her, but she didn't care so much about that now. She leaned forward and kissed the mouth once more. The warm, glossy lips parted and a tongue emerged, snaking its insidious way into her mouth, darting quickly like an eel into nooks and crannies. She curled her own tongue around it and sucked hard, feeling an answering tug in the pit of her belly.

She pulled away once more, needing to breathe. She stared at the lips framed by the hole. They were drooling, dripping with their own saliva and hers, mingled together. Suddenly she was afraid the lips might speak, and she couldn't bear that. It would break the spell to hear a voice. What she felt was too deep for words.

This time she was the one who pushed in her tongue. She was shameless now, she wanted to go in deep, she wanted to fuck the other one with her tongue. Mashing her lips against the other mouth, she felt their teeth click together. It wasn't pretty, it wasn't decorous. The other tongue fought back, the two of them wrestling, slipping and sliding around. She suddenly realised that her skirt was up around her waist, her hand scrabbling between her legs. Out of the corner of her eye she could see him watching intently. Well, let him watch if he wanted. Men liked that sort of thing. She was indifferent to his gaze.

She had an overwhelming urge to take one of the luscious lips between her teeth and bite. When she did so there was a grunt and she felt the other flinch, but the mouth did not withdraw. What was that phrase of Keats, something about bursting joy's grape against your palate? She fed greedily on the succulent lower lip, sucking it, slavering over it before biting it again. Was that blood she



photo by Driven by Boredom

tasted? I'm a bad girl, she thought. I deserve to have it done back to me. And, as if in answer to a prayer, her own bottom lip was sucked in and she felt the stinging pain of sharp teeth. Her thighs gripped her hand tight as she convulsed.

Outside, her shame returned. She couldn't look at him. She thought about asking questions, wondering if she'd ever seen those lips before.

"Don't ask," he said, anticipating. "I'll never tell you."

But she liked the way he put his arm around her and hugged her. He began to sing, in his lightly melodious voice.

"You must remember this, A kiss is just a kiss."

<http://discerningdom.blogspot.com>

The Fuse Box

by **Cervo**

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He had just lifted his mouth from hers. He could taste her lips with their now familiar mix of a little lipstick, a little Chapstick, a little Crest, and a lot of Nancy. The Nancy was the best part because he could never quite tell whether he thought her mouth was cool or hot to his tongue. It changed depending on where he settled his tongue in her mouth.

Her wet, freshly shampooed hair smelled of apricots. It reminded him that he loved the taste of her saliva, which was still sort of embarrassing. They had gone out only for a few months when he asked her to marry him, and he still could not figure out a way to say that to her, "I love your spit!" Hmmm... he didn't think that would ever come off right. So he told her over and over again that he 'loved the taste' of her, which also did not quite communicate what he meant. There really was no inch of her that he did not kiss and lick, and that would put him into a trance of sheer sexy happiness.

As always, even as his lips slowly disengaged from hers, he wanted to kiss her again. He wanted to tell her that, but every time he tried, what he said was awkward. She didn't mind. She would just purr at him and say, "Mmmm, that's nice." But that just didn't sound like as big of a deal as he thought of it. When he kissed her, his brain exploded, and a little jolt of fire shot from his balls to the tip of his cock. That's just nice?

The really important thing to him was that when

he was kissing her, he never, ever wanted that kiss to end, and Nancy seemed to understand that. They had just completed a really wet, sloppy record-breaker that went forever from its forceful launch over the long, long rolling sea of it, to its slow and ebbing conclusion. He was slipping down in the bed now to hunt out her nipples and tease them with his mouth until she wanted to be kissed again. Then the lights went out.

He muttered, "Oh fuck."

Ordinarily he would have remarked, "Who gives a fuck," and gone back to Nancy's nipples, but she had expressly asked to have the lights on tonight because she said she wanted to look at him naked while fucking her with "all his might." He was not sure exactly how much might he could summon, but since they had bought the little farm, he had gotten in a lot better shape as well as losing some fat. His might was hers to enjoy, so the lights had to be on, and now they weren't. He climbed out of bed slowly mostly because Nancy only reluctantly to let go of his cock -- and headed for the bedroom door. He could see Nancy in the mirror studying his butt.

"Cute," she said. "Genuinely cute." She continued under the covers to trail her hand over her pussy. "Be careful what you stick in the fuse box." She giggled softly knowing he was a little apprehensive about the antique monster.

He headed downstairs and through the pantry to the back door. Next to door hung the ancient fuse box. He could handle most things on the farm, but electricity still spooked him. Ohms? Watts? Amperes? Who knew? You plug things in and they turn on, or your Dad goes and does something to the circuit breakers. Fuses had sizes and they had to be screwed in and out. They were not always that cooperative about that either.

At 24, they felt pretty smug about owning an old farm in Pennsylvania and being able to live pretty much as they wanted. On the other hand, at 24 there were a lot of things like fuse boxes that he knew nothing about. Nancy was a stock analyst, a career she pursued online that actually provided them with a serious income. The farm did yield something as well but it did not match her job. If for no other reason, the juice had to flow in their house, or they would not have a house at all.

When he got to the back door, Seemore, the enormous basset hound, sat in front of the door pounding his heavy tail on the floor. He had acquired his name as a puppy by easing up behind ladies in skirts and gazing upward into his version of dog heaven. If they were wearing perfume, he was sometimes sneezed up their dresses.

“Okay,” he said, opening the door. He knew the dog would be back in a jiffy.

Then he saw the broom handle that had landed on the box. Seemore had probably knocked over the broom, and it had banged the box maybe loosening a fuse? He tightened a fuse or two and magically, the refrigerator kicked in again. Seemore scratched at the door. With the dog inside, he took a cookie from the package on top of the fridge, but put it back. He knew what he wanted, and it was Nancy’s mouth. He had back upstairs two steps at a time.

The only light on in the house was in the bedroom and he could liked the warm glow from it in the hallway. “Hi, Sparky,” she said as he landed next to her on the covers. He rolled onto her and slipped his mouth over hers. She had eaten a chocolate from a small store she kept by the bed. They shared the taste in her mouth.



photo by Mark Lorch

“Mmmm, tasty,” she said.

“But not nearly as good as you,” he said.

This time he knew she got the message because she arched against him as their mouths fastened hard together. As he kissed her, her whole body began to shake and she let out of deep, shuddering moan. Even without words, he had, he thought, made the right connection.

I Kissed A Girl

by **Laura Thorne**

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“Steph, you have to come right away!”

“What’s wrong? Should I call 9-1-1?”

“No, no...just come over. Now.”

“Okay, I’m on my way!”

I grabbed my purse and keys and dashed out the door. Reversing out the drive in panic mode, I began to wonder what it could be. I knew that Jessie had some health problems. That’s how I met her in the first place, just a week ago in our doctor’s office. The doctor was late and we had struck up a conversation while waiting, that led to lunch, and getting to know each other.

During that lunch we talked about everything. From boyfriends, to college, to what kind of shampoo we used. It was as if we’d been friends forever. Usually I took my time trusting friendships, but this one seemed different. Jessie had honey-blond hair and blue eyes, almost the opposite of my own dark looks. I had to stop myself from staring several times, she was that pretty. I noticed her looking at me too, and for a second her fingertips brushed mine as we both reached for the saltshaker. I felt like there was some kind of connection for a moment, but my mind refused to let me dwell on it. We exchanged addresses and phone numbers and made plans for a night out the following week before saying good-bye.

I barely recognized red lights and stop signs as I

hurried across town to Jessie, hoping that everything was all right.

I ran to her door, opened it and began calling for her. No sign downstairs, I flew upstairs. Still nothing. I began to search rooms when suddenly she was there, she grabbed me by the shoulders and her lips closed over mine. I was in shock, trying to speak, but nothing came out. I didn’t know what was happening. I felt the moist softness of her lips and her wet tongue probing, searching for entry past my lips. I tried to push her away, but she held tight. Her arms around me, one stroking my back, the other holding my neck, fingers tangling in my long hair. For a second I gave in, and let her tongue press against mine, then stopped, realizing what I had done. This was a girl. I can’t kiss a girl! The sweetness of her perfume met my nostrils, and again, I let her in past my lips. It felt so good. Just a few more seconds can’t hurt. No. No. Stop! This is not right! My tongue touched her smooth teeth. Then her tongue again touched mine.

The something that was telling me to stop was stronger than the urge to continue. I unleashed myself from her grasp, and managed to make my voice work. “Wh-what’s going on? Why did you call? Are you okay? What’s wrong? And lastly, “Why did you kiss me?” I couldn’t get the questions out fast enough.

Jessie backed away. “ I’m sorry, Steph. I had to get you here somehow - I had to kiss you! Last evening when we were at the bar, all I could think of was what your lips would taste like. I’ve been attracted to you since the first day we met. You must have noticed something.”

“I’d be lying if I didn’t say I think you’re pretty, and maybe there is some kind of chemistry, but I thought it was more like friends. I never expected this, Jessie. I mean, I’ve never kissed a woman before. I have no idea what’s



photo by Reshi

going through your head right now, or mine either, for that matter. I have to admit it felt good for a few seconds, but...”

“But what?”

“I think I want to be friends.”

“We can still be friends. We were friends before this, we can be friends again. This kiss is just the beginning.”

“The beginning of something I’m not sure about. I can’t deal with this right now. I think I better go.”

I saw tears in Jessie’s beautiful eyes. She reached out for me, but I backed away, turned, and went down the stairs.

I could hear her sobbing as I neared the door. I stopped for a second, mind and body in a swirl, still in the throes of that kiss - confused and tingling, I turned and walked back up the stairs. To Jessie.

Sugar High

by **Allison Wonderland**

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“I love you,” she says, but then her love shades into lust, and her irises, once gumball-green, are now concealed by the pitch-black hue of her pupils.

We cradle one another, limbs laced like a corset.

“Ditto,” I return, though even that seems superfluous just then.

She grins, but my smile smothers hers as our lips link, and linger.

The kiss sears my lips, smears her lipstick.

I taste teeth and tongue, the fruity flavor of her breath.

Like Pixy Stix and pink lemonade.

And I wonder if I can get a sugar high just from kissing her.

<http://aisforallison.blogspot.com>



photo by Pedro Simoes

Screen Kiss

by **Riccardo Berra**

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photo by Assbach

From the moment he'd called for her to their appearance in this art gallery, she'd reabsorbed every detail about him. His quiet intensity, his fashionable stubble of beard, bedroom eyes sweeping the room, his stylishly rumpled black suit with a grey silk shirt. Rugged brown hairs sprouted between the collar's two open buttons. Curious that Americans found this sort of masculine display unsophisticated. It made Vi rubber-kneed with desire. This Anglo obsession with denuding themselves puzzled her. When some little ditz expressed distaste for hairiness she thought 'Fine, keep your depilated boys; save the hairy men for me.' Now she was uncontrollably wet down in her own hairy patch, desperate to touch the manly tuft sprouting from his collar.

Then he touched her naked back and in that moment, Vi's attention telescoped to the few tingling centimeters of contact. How was it that he didn't have every woman in this gallery at his feet? Transfixed by his electrical touch and lulled by his resonant, sexy voice, she lost track of the words, attending to the tones and cadences like one who recognizes a favorite song's melody in an unfamiliar language.

Shifting her feet, she realized she wasn't just wet down there--her whole body oozed and dripped need. Lips pursed, eyes narrowed, conjuring his mouth closing on hers, his hand slipping beneath the elastic of her panties, finding her other lips, drenched and already parted in anticipation of urgent fingers hooking her hard like a fish

on a line, finding no resistance, just waves upon thrashing, endless waves of desire.

He'd only touched her back.

Only? Only?

She squeezed her legs together, rocking slightly on her heels.

“Vi?”

“Sorry. I ... need air,” her voice a hoarse whisper. “Come with me?”

“There’s a fire escape off the second floor.”

She stared uncomprehendingly.

“Just up those stairs.”

“Que bello.”

“I’ll only be a minute.”

Her chest constricted with the metal click of the tiny fire escape’s door closing behind her. Vi searched for the tiniest patch of open sky above the gloom and thrum of the city. ‘He sends you off to a fire escape by yourself and you just go.’

“Yes, I just go.”

She’d barely relaxed when she heard his hand on the door lever.

What she saw. He steps out onto the landing, eyes twinkling.

What he saw. Her face lit high key by streetlight at the alley’s end. Moonlight provides gentler fill and deep shadows. His mute query seals her expectant mouth. All the delirium rushing back again.

Screen kisses. She’d seen plenty of them. Italian dubbed versions of American romance classics. Lancaster and Kerr, Bogart and Bergman, Stewart and Hepburn. Kisses, kisses. Like all girls, she’d practiced on the back of her hand, on girlfriends, boyfriends, even tried it with Marco who’d simply pushed her away. Ex-lovers kissed to get her on her back or knees.

But who’d ever kissed her for kissing’s own sake?

Why had the films made such a fuss over it. She’d never understood and assumed they were just acting. Kisses. Who knew? All those parched decades fell away as if their lips alone could know and tell the whole story, the whole body ecstasy of two as one. Her tongue darted along the line of his teeth and met his tongue. His arm tightened around her waist, one hand fluttering, grazing her breast as men’s hands will do, the wordless question, ‘May I, will you push me away, do you like it?’ Vi answers, answers decisively, pressing the aching grateful breast into the cup of his palm, guiding the hand under her neckline to acquaint more directly with the soft naked curves of flesh, the nipples long since painful with want.

“What do you like?” “Oh darling. I adore ... everything.” Her breath shudders, whispered confession. “Feel me. Feel how completely open I am to you.” While he devoured her mouth, his inflamed member raged against the millimeters of fabric that separated it from where they both longed for it to be. Behind them, a sudden noise made her start away guiltily. A gallery assistant stood at the door, tapping the window, mouthing “Closing time.”

Riccardo reached for her once more.

“No,” Violetta purred. “Take me home and we’ll...”

“Darling, the time ... I can’t. I ...”

“Ah, no matter. Just know, the next time will be different.”

Different? How?”

“Different however you want it to be my darling. Different now that I know.”

“Know what?” What?

Coyly, Violetta tugged the tuft of chest hair she’d been admiring all night. Descending the stairs, she leaned into him and boldly trapped his penis through his trousers. Its startling heat coursed through the fabric. Air whistled through his teeth. She released him just as the assistant reappeared to escort them from the now empty gallery. Poor man, holding the gallery’s catalogue discretely over the conspicuous bulge in his trousers. Vi watched to see if the prim assistant’s eyes strayed to Riccardo’s tented front, but the girl took no more notice than what was necessary to see them out the door. Perhaps lovers like moths appeared nightly on her fire escape and it was her duty to shoo them off to their beds. Strange how the street air seemed so much cooler than the air two floors above. Vi flagged a cab with an unladylike whistle while he caught his breath.

Settling in, she rolled the window down. As he leaned in, Violetta pulled Riccardo’s face in for a honeyed reminder of their first screen kiss, this promise of all that is to come. Though chaste by the standard set on the fire escape this kiss came with the response he’d sought and

she’d made him wait for, though not near as long as she’d waited for him.

“It will be different, now that I know you want me.”

The cab swam off into the October night.

“It’s only *deja vu*,” Riccardo consoles himself, “if you don’t remember when it happened before.”

<http://inside-apostrophe.blogspot.com>

Physical Attraction: A Scientific Kiss

by **Fiona MacLaren**

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There was no way to admit to the desire, even to themselves. It didn't matter though. The desire was there, hot anticipation burning like magnesium in her stomach and loins. Too wrapped in trying to calm the quick-time rhythm of her heart, she missed seeing the pulse in his carotid playing hopscotch with his Adam's apple.

The distance between them closed, neither knowing who initiated the movement. Electricity arced between them like impulses between synapses.

Heads tilted in sync, hands came up to intercept—for an interminable second the incremental halving of the distance between two bodies achieved mathematical infinity until raw magnetic force overcame Zeno's paradox.

When two bodies collide it is proven that the crushing impact of their meeting is the same force that drives them apart. Instead, these bodies fused, melded, alloyed with passion, boiled at 1500K in a sizzling brew of pheromones and sensory data.

Overloaded brain circuits degraded into feedback loops, surging and recirculating adrenaline and dopamine into overheating pleasure centers.



photo by Obo Bobolina

Satellite nerve bundles were deployed to redistribute the flood but were quickly overwhelmed; tingling sensations in affected areas showing where circuit breakers had blown and were showering sparks over the ganglion network.

Finally, the main transformer blew. Magnetized elements reversed polarity and sprang apart. Sensory deprivation ensued; the aftermath was shellshock and sonic boom combined. They were bereft, like unbonded oxygen atoms, suspended individually in a vacuum.

What the Moon Saw

by **Shoe the Pixie**

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photo by Taylorpad 212

It was a hot, sultry evening as the carriage made its way north to Bristol; the sort of night that gave birth to strange, vivid dreams and stranger imaginings when one looked up to the huge, luminous orange moon. As the carriage bumped and shook its way along the coach-road, the landscape became wilder and more beautiful - moors replacing cultivated fields, and trees that hugged to the road, throwing odd shivering shadows on the road, distorted by its bumps and wagon-tracks. One lonely coach ambled down this road, though it had miles and miles to go before Bristol came into sight. The coachman expected that the first rays of dawn would light the road into the city, and he tucked his hands under his armpits to keep them warm. Inside the coach, a young woman read the novel perched on her knees by the light of one swinging lantern, one hand clutching her rosary and the other shoved up under her skirts.

The attack came suddenly. The coachman hardly had time to cry out before his body fell into the muddy ditch, and there were cheers and hoots as the carriage's door was wrenched open. A sandy-haired head popped in. There was an impression of a wide grin and white teeth, and then he spoke. "Ah! A woman."

Isobel was pressed back against the far wall, but she didn't resist when the highwayman took her hand and pressed a smacking kiss to her trembling fingers. She

opened her mouth but could not speak, and he took her silence as invitation. In a moment his muscled arm was wrapped tight around her waist, and his mouth pressed to hers. He did not kiss her tenderly, or sweetly: he kissed her as if he'd like to eat her up. It was not her first kiss, but it was the first that flickered with lust. She hadn't remembered to close her eyes, and when he pulled away he saw her looking at him dumbly. He gave a grin that he might have meant to be dashing, but it seemed sheepish and fond. She spoke then, and started at how shrill her voice sounded.

"Really...really, you mustn't!" He pulled back, the bravado gone out of him. She looked at her silk slippers and blushed. "I must get to Bristol by morning. I must! I..I'm to be married to a merchant." and waited for him to blush and apologise. He didn't. "It..it's a very sensible match, you see." she finished lamely, her eyes on his, imploring (though for what she'd no idea). Her hands clutched the French novel she'd been reading, hiding it under the edges of her skirts. He nodded then, but slipped like oil between her knees. She was about to protest, *oh really, sir, how could you!* - when she heard the splintering of wood and the scrape of his knife behind her calves, and realised that the only reason his chin (scarred, she wondered how) was resting on her knee was that he was opening the secret panel to get at her dowry. She sighed with relief, and mayhap a little disappointment. So, he wasn't planning to ravish her after all.

She heard the jingle of heavy coin as the loot was tossed out to his men but didn't look up - she was reading her novel again, by lanthorn-light. Then he was kissing her (quite suddenly) and with a whimper against his mouth her book fell from her hand to be crushed under his knees as he pressed close to her. His tongue slid along the seam of her lips and she sucked in a breath, and the shock of a

tongue that wasn't her own against her teeth almost made her bite it. His hands were sliding over her bodice now, and she imagined she could feel the heat of his palms even through the heavy brocade. His lips plucked at hers, his tongue stroked hers, he swallowed down her moans. Their teeth clicked. She felt he was somehow delving deeper and deeper into her, his tongue a wriggling fish that would follow the rushing stream of her lust to its source. She wondered where it led, but had a good idea: that part of her was feeling much less dry than was typical. He was stroking her now, one hand on her stockinged knee and the other palming one small breast through her bodice. She moaned into his mouth, tipped her head this way and that, trying to seal to him perfectly. Overcome by boldness, she thrust her tongue into his mouth. *He is just like a character in a novel*, she thought, and with that his conquest was complete.

It was later, much later, that the moon looked down to witness him helping her onto his horse. There was a white cloth blindfolding her eyes, but she didn't much mind. "And to think," he told her, tilting her head back to once again plunder her lips, steal her eager kisses. "To think, I would have left the dearest prize behind."

<http://www.tatterhood.net>

Separate Ways

by **Jayne Whitfield**

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They sang along to the soft tones of the radio, their voices mingled despite the tension arcing between them. Though they both gazed out on the breathtaking view, the waves crashed unheard on the sand, the moonlight shimmered unseen across dark waters. Gradually, the conversation ebbed. Silence became a living, breathing entity, its nebulous body expanding throughout the cramped space of the truck's cab.

“I’ve never spent an entire night just talking to someone...”

His words trailed off, falling like drops of rain into the puddled silence. His eyes found hers, eyes that conveyed so much more, so many things unsaid, so many wants and needs neglected. Nodding, she turned to peer out her window.

“Me either. Its been really...nice.”

Her words were barely there, the timid sound forced through constricted muscle. She wondered if she'd only imagined them. She picked absently at a string on the cuff of her shorts. Fear and anticipation built, mingling into a heady rush. He started talking again, his words soothing, a pressure valve. She laughed at his stories, shared her dreams. They moved closer together, edging over, slowly, inch by inch. Her bare skin pressed hard against the denim of his jeans. She sat motionless; she was afraid to break the spell. Would he pull away? Every molecule of her being



photo by Lin Pernille

strained toward him. Her green eyes searched his face, her heart a drum beat pounding out primitive emotions. Then he moved.

His hand ventured across the tiny divide. He toyed with the string she'd picked at earlier. His touch was hesitant, waiting for encouragement. Her stomach clinched. All it took was a smile and she gave hers freely. He reached up to brush a wayward curl behind her ear, coarse knuckles grazing her cheek. She felt as if she would spontaneously combust. Her eyes drifted shut, her lips opening a fraction in return. Heat from his body washed over her. She was transformed, a softly burning candle lit by the strike of his match. Desperate for cool reserve, she inhaled. His scent filled her- soapy ozone, as clean and fresh as the ocean outside. He leaned forward, the movement languid, fluid. His breath caressed her lips. Warm puffs of gentle air billowed between them, spilling across her sensitive skin. She shivered. His mouth had hovered over hers, separated only by millimeters, so close she was tempted to meet it with her own, tempted to let her desire surge into him.

“You are so beautiful.”

The whispered words melted into a kiss. The faintest brush of skin on skin ignited a riot in her soul. His mouth was hot, tangy with the spice of Corona and lime. She wanted more. She parted her lips and he responded immediately. She felt his tongue, warm and wet against her glossy skin, gently following the lines of her mouth. Desire surged through her bloodstream. Her hands found their way to his shoulders, her fingers teasing his skin before sliding into the copper mass of his hair. Her pulse pounded in her ears, the raging torrent drowning out rational thought. His fingers danced down her spine, light as a feather, rough from years of labor. She arched towards him, her breasts crushed between them, her hands sliding

under his shirt, exploring his chest. His hair tickled her palms and she smiled. His skin was smooth and warm. She found his nipples. The tiny buds were already taugth beneath her curious fingers. She skimmed them with her nails, enticing a moan, the sound sliding from his mouth into hers. His hands had moved to her hips, tugging and sliding her onto his lap.

Oblivious to the steering wheel pressed into her back, she straddled him. His mouth still claimed hers, his tongue probing deeper as she returned the kiss. Her arms snaked behind his head, forearms crossed, fingernails digging into his scalp. She strained against him, longing for the feel of him, so hard against her thighs. She heard herself moan when he pulled back. She felt bereft, denied. But he pulled her head back, a fistful of glossy black hair directing her movement, her throat exposed. She could feel his eyes on her. Was he drinking in the sight? Memorizing the moment? She had no time to decide, not before he moved his head down, tasting, nibbling. He kissed his way up to her ear. Goosebumps sprouted across her arms. She rocked against him, yearning. Instinct took over. His hands had slid down to cup her ass, his lips moved back to hers. Her teeth nipped at his bottom lip.

“Yes...”

She breathed the word into his hungry mouth. She was melting, willing to take it as far as he'd wanted to go. She felt his hesitation, a shake of his hand, an indrawn breath. She pulled away. Her eyes open, she hovered above him, fragile, near shattering. Neither of them moved for several deep, slow breaths.

Then he moved. His hands caressed her back, the movement soft and slow, no longer frantic, a smile on his face. She frowned back at him. He kissed her gently, just lightly brushing his lips on hers. She sighed and smiled.

He sucked in a ragged breath, adjusting himself. Back on her own side of the truck, she peered out at the inky blackness of the night. The moon had already set, the stars were hidden by clouds.

She sang along to Journey's Separate Ways as he drove her home. He kept one hand on the steering wheel, the other enveloping hers, no words between them.

<http://eroticintoxication.wordpress.com>



photo by Pedro Simoes

At the Faire

by **Tyna Culbertson**

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When I told him I felt overlooked at the Renaissance Festival where we spent our Spring weekends, I was just venting. It was what we did at our weekly lunch meetings, and we had it down to an art. “Sometimes I still feel like a little girl out there. A little flirting now and again would be nice, even if it was just a big tease.”

He listened and nodded thoughtfully. “It can be tough out there,” was all he said. Honestly, I’d forgotten all about the conversation by the time the weekend came. We typically didn’t run into each other in the lanes, our characters were too different. A French nobleman and an English peasant didn’t have much opportunity to interact. Imagine my surprise when I saw him gliding towards me in the middle of the day.

I looked around at first, thinking that he was actually looking at someone behind me. No one became apparent, but I kept looking. Before I turned back in his direction, I smelled his cologne. It was familiar, yet somehow new and exciting. My heart started to hammer, and I didn’t know why. Slowly I turned and looked at him through the tops of my lashes.

“Mademoiselle.” He said, bowing low and offering his hand.

“Mi’ Lord.” I slid my hand into his and he grasped the fingertips, pulling them close to his lips, holding my gaze until the last second, when he closed his eyes rever-

ently and pressed them to his soft lips. As he straightened himself slowly he turned my hand over and planted another light kiss in my palm, the tickle of his mustache made me catch my breath. I bit my lip and tried to steady myself as he started a light, breathy trail of kisses up my inner arm, pressing his lips firmly every few inches. I was sure he could feel my pulse racing when he kissed my wrist even though he did not react.

The farther up my arm he kissed, the closer he stepped. When he was to my elbow he curled my arm around his neck, and I slid my fingers into his hair. His free hand circled my waist and pulled me hard against his chest as his kiss moved to my neck. I sighed and tilted my head to the side, allowing him the best access to the tender flesh. Ever so lightly he drew his teeth over my neck in soft nibbles and I tried to suppress the moan that rose in my throat.

He kissed and nibbled higher until his hot breath was in my ear and he sucked the lobe hard, adding a light bite to the end. “Is this teasing enough for you?” His voice was a growl.

“What if I say no?” I challenged, a smile playing on my lips. He pulled back just enough to raise an eyebrow and smirk at me.

“Then I’ll have to try harder.” He said. His lips brushed mine, then pressed harder, forcing my own apart so he could slide his tongue into my mouth. He had tangled one hand into my hair, and started to dip me, thrusting suggestively with his tongue. He tasted like the honey sold at a nearby booth. I kissed him back with everything I had, moaning and holding on to him tightly, the kiss and the dip making me lightheaded. He slowly stood us back up and lightly tugged my bottom lip with his teeth, then pressed another kiss on my mouth.

With a ragged breath he brushed his chin across mine and breathed heavily in my ear. “What about now?” We were both trembling, and I could feel his excitement, even through all our layers of costuming.

I couldn’t form words, so I just nodded. I felt him smile before he stepped back from me with one hand on either of my shoulders. We stood there, panting and looking at each other for long heart beats before he grinned and picked up my hat, brushing it off on his leg and bowing again as he presented it to me. “Then my job is done here. Anon fair lady.” As he tried to strut off I was pleased to see he had a distinctly stiff gait.

I looked around and realized that fifteen or twenty complete strangers had watched the exchange, and several clicked cameras in my direction and winked. I shook myself off and raised my chin as I shoved my hat over my mussed hair and bobbed a curtsy in their direction. “Frenchmen!” I exclaimed and walked in the opposite direction he had taken. He was going to pay for this, and revenge would be sweet.



photo by F. Montino

Once Bitten

by **Remittance Girl**

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With the seething darkness at my back, the searing white stage lights turned the figures of the band into formless shards. The room felt like the biggest, loudest, most crowded womb in the universe. The vocalist paced, turned and paced again, a thing trapped and furious. She spat out her raw, percussive words, her voice snapping and tearing on the notes, like barbs stuck in her throat. Around me the bodies moved, swayed, took me with them into the conspiracy: witnesses to something gorgeous and utterly ugly.

Fingers snatched at my hand, intertwined and locked tight in that way that spreads the bones apart and make them hurt. I gave Lizzy an insane grin and squeezed back. The bass and drums throbbed in the pit of my gut and the back of my thighs tingled as the terrible, wonderful voice ripped my chest apart.

A sharp jostle on my right made me turn to see a tall, lanky scarecrow of a man. His straw-pale hair haloed by the stage lighting, his aquiline nose silvered by it. He stood mesmerized, like Lot's wife turned to a pillar. It made me smile, before I turned my attention back to the stage.

Again bodies around me jostled, and I stumbled. This time, turning to the scarecrow, I met his gaze. Jewel blue eyes on the verge of tears blinked and freed the moisture captured in the thick pale fringe of his lashes. "I'm sorry," he mouthed. The music was too loud to hear him, but I read the cherubic lips easily.

I nodded, as if nothing in the world could have hurt me at that moment. "It's okay," I mouthed back, not bothering to load the words with voice.

I was about to turn back to the spectacle when he reached up and caught my chin with long, effeminate fingers. For a second, I tried to pull away, but then his cold eyes froze me. As if I, in looking back, had also become a block of hard salt.

Leaning in, I felt his cheekbone brush over mine. "I should know you," he said. "Why don't I know you?"

The sudden lull in the music left a hiss in my ears and a void in which to hear the pale young man inhale. In the midst of all these bodies, he smelled me. With deliberation, he slid his moist lips back over my cheek and covered my mouth.

The shock of the intimacy was startling, as was the savage urgency with which he grasped the back of my neck and held me there. I was expecting to taste alcohol but there was nothing but a mild tang and the faint scent of violets. By the time my brain was working well enough to make a plan - which included pushing him away and yelling "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" - my lips were already parting, and my body was leaning into the kiss as if, for all the world, it belonged to someone else.

The music had started up again, pressing in on my skin, and the lights blazing from the stage were suddenly knifelike. I closed my eyelids, and there was nothing but his mouth; the lips that plucked at mine, sealing at the corner of my mouth, sucking softly and then, like a slow obscene intrusion pressing the tip of his tongue against it and trailing it across the slit of my half-parted lips.

I felt him laugh. His breath condensed over my skin. Then those cherubic lips engulfed mine, sucking so hard that my tongue slithered into his mouth like something oiled and sleek. His jaw moved, persuading, cajoling me to give over...something I had no name for.

The taste of his desire sang to my nipples and dipped into the pit of my belly. Blood rushed, engorged and pulsed with blind insistence. Even in the heat of the crowd, every follicle on my body stood up.

A delicious frisson of fear travelled along my veins. How could a stranger, in a matter of moments, change me from enthusiastic audience member into a leaking, aching slut who wanted nothing more than a dark corner in which to slake my lust in the shortest time possible? Unreasoning and voracious, I would have fucked him right there if I could have.

Then he lifted his head, his warm, wet lips disengaging, and it was over. He released me and I felt Lizzie's insistent tug at my hand.

She wrapped an arm around my neck and yelled into my ear, "Who is that guy? Do you know him?"

I glanced back, to ask his name, but he was gone.

<http://www.remittancegirl.com>



photo by Rachel A. K.

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