

“Fantasy for a Hot Summer's Night”

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She stepped to the window to find a breeze. Any hint of surcease from the heavy humid air. A gas lamp in the street and a full moon provided the only illumination to a room filled with the mysteries of women's things. Crickets chirped when they found the energy.

She turned from the window gasping for breath, clutching at the jet buttons on her high-necked gown. The heat pushed in from the street. Her fingers trembled as they loosened the dress from neck to bodice to waist. She tore at the stays that trapped her body in their suffocating cage, then stepped out of the sweaty bindings of her small clothes.

The heat pulsed in her blood; driving, demanding. The light from the lamp reflected on her glistening body as she ran her hands through her upswept hair, raining jewel-tipped pins and tortoiseshell combs onto the Persian carpet. Her hair tumbled about her body, sticking in inky rivulets to her buttocks and breasts.

She inhaled. A pungent scent wafted on the languid air waxing and waning with the pounding of her blood. She searched the room, eyes darting from marble vanity to porcelain bowls to silk pillows. She spied the object of her desire lying quiescent, half hidden by the shadows of the canopy on her mounded bed.

She swayed across the room, not noticing the pricks from the sharp pins or the bruises from the jet buttons. She circled the bed and stretched across the wilted white cover, reaching for her release. The heat crested like a wave.

She ran her moist hand lovingly over cool pebbly skin. Her scarlet-tinted nail traced diminutive circles around an indented navel then moved slowly to strip away the barriers keeping her from her luscious target. She peeled clingy white material from plump-moist lobes, rolling the satiny stuff between her fingers then dropping it, forgotten, to the silk sheets.

Eyes closed, she sniffed the musky aroma of the revealed fruit. She rubbed gently at the erect node, savoring the firm flesh. Suddenly she plunged her finger into the sweet dark core. Juice burst from the skin and she slowly withdrew her finger to lick it. Her lissome tongue wrapped around her finger letting no trace of the sticky moisture escape; catching even the small drop glistening by the corner of her rouged mouth. Her lips pursed in a moue of pleasure.

Becoming impatient, she plunged her finger into the nectar again; eyes wide in anticipation. She curled a razor nail and burst the lobes apart. Digging out a pulpy section, she raised it to her lips, sucking on the meat, letting the sticky moisture dribble down her chin as she shuddered.

Slowly, she sucked piece after piece of juicy flesh. The heat subsided. A fresh breeze moved the lace curtains in the window, drying sticky remnants of orange-red moisture on her body. The moonlight revealed an abandoned husk scattered on the carpet. Sated, a slow smile dawned over her face revealing sharp pearly teeth between full red lips.

Author's note: This story had two inspirations – a short erotic movie that revealed a piece of fruit as its subject and a challenge from my writer's group to write a story that would fit on a post card. This doesn't quite fit on a postcard (unless I use minuscule type) but I hope the visual eroticism of the original movie short comes through. You tell me. Did it work?