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R E V I E W

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THE **GOTHIC** ISSUE

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# THE EROTIC REVIEW

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October 09 3

# THE EROTIC REVIEW

**G**othic tribes (the Visis and the Ostros) got matey with the Huns and Vandals and hastened the demise of the Western Roman Empire. Gothic architecture followed; then came Strawberry Hill's Gothick and a group of spooky English novels and paintings; later Pugin and Ruskin had their eponymous revival; Grant Wood painted his *American Gothic* in the 1930s and finally *those* Goths arrived, that 1980s subculture that came out of Punk and relies heavily on white pancake makeup, black clothes, piercings and other BDSM accoutrements in some of the more tender parts of the anatomy. The latter day Goth culture also spawned rock bands and, yes, at last, something vaguely erotic: Tony Scott's *The Hunger*, a stylish vampire movie with Deneuve, Sarandon and Bowie. In this issue Nichi Hodgson writes about another 80s Bowie movie, *Labyrinth*, with all the enthusiasm and expertise of a true fan.

Our resident Goth, the Sex Fiend, is on holiday. He's chosen his usual retreat, hanging upside down in some Carpathian monastery's bell tower by day and only venturing out to sample the local villagers at dusk. His bloodstained postcard (via Whitby) assures me that the average Transylvanian peasant's décolletage looks immeasurably better by the gloaming's dying light.

Shame that he's not with us to share a small ray of light that has brightened the otherwise Stygian gloom of our offices here at *Der Erotischer Überblick*. A man called Stan Madeley is the illuminator and he styles himself as a Richard Madeley lookalike. So far, so cool. Except that he has written to tell us that his resemblance to Mr Madeley is on the wane – this is possibly connected with the comb-over challenge that he currently faces. As a baldie myself, I can only sympathise. In a swift career change, however, he has designed a sex toy called *The Love Gherkin 2*. It looks like a real gherkin, has passed all of Bulgaria's stringent safety tests, has Velcro leg straps and can be plugged into the mains. It's given Stan's wife, Sandra, some unsurpassed clitoral stimulation. Stan's endeavour restores one's faith both in human nature and man's ingenuity and courage in the face of tonsorial adversity. I think I should ask him if he'll let me have the movie rights to his story...

But really, why has the *Erotic Review* chosen 'Gothic' as this month's theme? Apart from avoiding the potential awfulness of a Halloween issue, we thought October should be celebrated by something dark and atmospheric, like the month itself. Even as the gloom of postal strikes and world recession wins the day, there's a hint of pursuit, a suggestion of defilement of the pure, an *über*-romantic backdrop of cowed monks inhabiting shadowy crypts and crumbling mediaeval decay. Oh God, this is beginning to sound like a Dan Brown sequel. I hope you'll find our Gothic Issue just as addictive, but a lot more credible and better written.

# Ewan Morrison

GOTHIC LOVER

*Goths are just like you & me*



I once dreamt of a Gothic lover: a perfectly terrifying femme fatale whose feet I would crawl to and caress; a Pre-Raphaelite beauty whose silences would whisper of a dark dangerous island, called the feminine, forbidden to mere mortals; a woman of such timeless other-worldly beauty that I would be enslaved forever.

Tragically, I learned that the last place one should look for Gothic romance is among so called 'Goths.'

You may recall this particular subculture: it was the late 1980s and they were a hybrid of New Romantic and Punk; they dressed head to toe in black; they crimped their hair; they whitened their faces and blackened their eyes; they wore winklepickers and listened to bands with names like The Cure, The Damned, The Cult and Fields of the Nephilim. Most of the girls were obese, most of the guys were anorexic; most were vegetarian but they loved Vampire movies. My beloved was one of their breed.

For months I had followed her swaying lace dresses. I imagined that she spoke in some romantic, almost Shakespearean, tongue; I thought I would woo her with Baudelaire. One dark night in Rooftops nightclub, wearing every black garment I could muster, I plucked up the courage to speak to her.

'Excuse me, what's that you're drinking?... it looks like blood.'

'Whit yee sayin?' Her thick Glaswegian accent shocked my senses. 'Ye gonnae buyis a pint? Can ye get wan fur ma mates an' all?'

Four pints of 'Red Witch' later (A snakebite with blackcurrant) I sat among her Goth gang staring at the floor while the Cure played *Love Cats*. I asked her what her name was, expecting something obscure and Victorian.

'Debby.'

The coven decided to dance and so I followed, carefully studying their moves, staring at my own feet. Hours of repeated Red Witches and shoegazing later, the club was over and we were ejected. I had anticipated that my wooing would take weeks, nay months. I was having second thoughts when she turned to me.

'Gees a snog.'

The next morning I woke beside her and discovered many things. She worked in a shoe shop; she'd never heard of Baudelaire or Mary Shelley; she liked The Addams family, Rice Krispies and Embassy Regal, and was actually a big U2 fan, although she couldn't tell her mates. She liked me 'cos I was 'normal'.

We were only together once more and I never saw her without her make-up. Twenty years later there is an old Goth Couple that I see around the neighbourhood, and I wonder if the woman could possibly be her. Her hair is flecked with grey, and beneath her long grey-black skirt, she wears Nike trainers; her eye make-up is a few Cleopatra-like-lines scored over her crows' feet. Her partner wears black and is beer-bellied and bald. Between them, hand in hand, is a child: a blonde haired girl of about six, always wearing pink, bouncing along as she shops in the mall with her parents.

Maybe this was the dark secret behind the Goths all along – beneath the dark veils, they were perhaps even more normal than 'normal people', and that was something that was more terrifying to them than the blood and horror of the old Gothic tradition.

Goodbye Debby. Farewell my Red Witch 🌿



# Peter Clark

## THE HAIRY GRAIL

*The Darkside is pretty frigid*

I had a dalliance with a goth one time, many years ago. She was, it must be admitted, a bit lapsed, the jet black dye-job having been superseded by a blonde mish-mash of varying hues, but the rest of the look was still in place. Her face was alabaster pale, a veritable palimpsest of layered face paint, each layer corresponding to an unhappy period in earlier days. Her eyes were highly evolved, the green of the original irises artfully masked by oodles of mascara and false eyelashes that suggested man-eating spiders. One of them fell off once on my kitchen floor and, in a fit of panic, I tried to kill it with a broom.

The face was only the start of the problem with Vizzy – not her real name, of course, but you can see where it came from. Underneath that face, quite unnerving in its artifice, was a wardrobe that appeared to be modelled on the fortifications of a walled city in the Middle Ages. The ugliest selection of dresses always did right up to the neck and had no visible means of access. On one occasion, she inadvertently raised the portcullis, as it were. “Nice cleavage,” I murmured in appreciation. The next moment, a smelly bar towel was wedged in place to deter prying eyes.

Don’t get me started on the underwear. I say that because I really didn’t get started on the underwear. Between me and the scanties was a dress that could not be unfastened, not to mention a pair of absurdly rugged black tights that were 100% man-proof. I could also draw to your attention here the brassiere. Having gone through a tortuous procedure that should have resulted in immediate membership of the Commandos, I was confronted with an article of underwear that had no clips whatsoever. I am not boasting, but I can unhook a bra one-handed in the

dark. This one required a flamethrower, which I had forgotten to bring along.

Talking of the dark, Vizzy was disinclined to get up to any kind of hanky-panky unless all the lights were off. The last time we met, she announced that she wanted me to go down on her. This was a breakthrough in itself, as the only time I had suggested such a manoeuvre, I was rebuffed. The explanation for this was a previous boyfriend who had wormed his way between her legs and then scratched her with his fingernails.

My suggestion that his technique was faulty led to two months’ radio silence.

**...the tights had been discarded, doubtless being used for purposes of riot control in some turbulent metropolis.**

Anyway, I was quick to accept the suggestion, not least because the tights had been discarded, doubtless being used for purposes of riot control in some turbulent metropolis. I had also, by a feat of audacious legerdemain, managed to remove a pair of knickers that would have kept a big man warm in bad times.

We repaired to the bedroom. The blinds were down. She refused to remove the dress. It is possible that she had no more idea of how to get out of it than I had of getting into it. The duvet also had to stay in place. So my tunnelling was doubly difficult, with heavy dress and dense duvet pressing down. It occurred to me at some early stage that it would be easier to suck my own cock than go after this hairy grail, but I desisted because any laughter would have used up all the available oxygen.

Eventually, I got there. The duvet and the dress were bearing down upon me quite

frightfully, but I had invested too much into this project to let it go. My tongue, obeying its natural instincts, slithered from the mouth prison and went about its rightful business. All went well for about two minutes. A couple of comely squeals from somewhere above seemed to indicate that my technique was better than that of the other asshole, and it was not just a question of no fingernails. But there was a problem. My tongue was in a bad way. It was reacting to something. She was

loving it, I was hating it. Eventually (three minutes), I came up for air. "What the fuck have you put down there," I enquired mildly. "Nothing but a bit of body lotion," she replied. I decided at that point that the relationship was over. The true goth does not give it up easily. Their ways are a mystery, which is why they have such a stupid name. By the way, the reason for my oral discomfort was that she had doused herself with vaginal deodorant. Don't go there. 🍷

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# Susan Quilliam

## SUSAN QUILLIAM'S CASEBOOK

### *Terrified but turned on*

Dear Susan

*Ever since I can remember, I've been turned on by fear.*

*As a young girl, I would read horror stories at bedtime, then bring myself off under the duvet. In my teenage years, I trawled the library for descriptions of medieval tortures that would terrify but also arouse me unbearably.*

*Now, as an adult, I still adore the whole over the top maiden-dungeon-villain fantasy strand, and like nothing more than to be under my lover's control, not knowing what he'll do to me next.*

*But a few weeks ago, I ended up having a one-night stand with a guy who tied me up during sex. It was absolutely what I wanted - but when I told friends about it, they were horrified and said I was putting myself in danger.*

*My question for you is simple: do I actually have a problem? If so, given that this fear-sex link seems to be part of my make-up, what do I do?*

Marie

Dear Marie,

Should you be allowing perfect strangers to take you home and tie you up? No, no and once again no. It's a wild world out there and I'd be wary of any new best friend who suggests bondage before they know whether you take milk in your morning-after coffee. Consensual it may have been, but it might well not have been safe and hence it wasn't sane. But are you abnormal, unwise or misguided when you link fear and arousal? No, no, almost certainly no. The physiology of fear (pounding heart, dilated pupils, pumping blood blow, heavy breathing) is sufficiently similar to the physiology of lust - not to mention triggered by some of the same hormones - that the body can easily and happily slide from one to the other.

And with good reason. Philosophically it makes every sense that if we feel our existence threatened - whether or not it actually is being threatened - we respond with that most life-affirming of acts: sex. Socially, it makes sense to reach out to another human being; psychologically, it makes sense to seek a last burst of pleasure in our potentially final minutes, and genetically it makes sense to want to reproduce before we die.

And that's just the theory. For proof, see among others the classic scientific study of the 1970s which showed that male students who walked over a dangerous bridge were more likely to lust after the female researcher conducting the study. (To ward off any accusations of gender bias, let me add that the experiment was repeated in 2007 with the roles reversed and identical results.)

That said, not everyone brings forward this basic fear-sex link into their day-to-day love life; if they did we would be all buying each other instruments of torture on Valentine's Day instead of roses and chocolates. So how did all this begin for you? Perhaps a childhood game of chase-and-catch raised your adrenalin at a time when hormones were starting to nudge you towards puberty. Perhaps a teenage motorbike ride, clinging pillion to a male companion, left you breathless and trembling? You were delightfully scared, you got enjoyably aroused; voila, the two became inextricably linked.

And then you strengthened those links. In today's manicured world, we don't get regularly terrorised out of our wits (and our inhibitions) for real, but there are plenty of triggers around to serve the purpose. Horror films, white-knuckle rides, and as you mention, the whole panoply of dungeons, pain and damnation. Those 18th-century Gothic writers who developed the medieval



horror genre knew precisely what they were doing and so did their readers, laced and corseted though they may have been. Like them, you learned to create those breathless, adrenalin fuelled states that within them contain a kernel of primal sexuality.

Then, when the time came to bring real life sexual partners into your life, you seamlessly transferred those states, mapped across your night terrors so that they blended with your here-and-now lover. Result: a sex life that draws on your deepest psychological resources to create a peak experience for you and any similarly inclined partners.

Nothing to worry about, then, so long as you obey my first injunction (and that of your friends), not to do any of this with a stranger? As all this is natural and inbuilt, surely you can relax and happily carry on?

Well, no. I do think you need to stop and question what is happening. Because while your path to arousal may well have been as I described above, a simple Pavlovian linkage of two natural physiological responses, it may instead have been something a little darker.

Because here is the possibility that is scarier than any *Castle of Otranto* fantasy. Rather than your original fear-sex link coming from an enjoyable childhood game or a hormonally-fuelled adolescent lunge, it may have come from a genuinely terrifying experience which, in order to emotionally survive, you overlaid with arousal.

Children, so often powerless to control their frightening environment - the classmates who bully, the teachers who dominate, the family life that distresses - sometimes learn to control the fear itself by sexualising it. Terror, turned to arousal, becomes their friend. They survive early trauma by giving the fear surrounding it an erotic charge. And if that's what you did with some aspect of your early history, then you need to be careful.

No, don't panic. I am not suggesting there is necessarily some dark, deep abusive secret lurking in your childhood. But if your fear-sex link is concealing a trauma, and that

trauma isn't resolved, then something quite nasty may be happening. You may be seeking out risky experiences, not because they are a way to get aroused, but because they are the only way. You may be driven to seek out experiences that are more and more risky because you need more and more stimulation in order to get aroused. You may even be seeking out greater and greater dangers, to give yourself the wonderful feeling of being brave and strong enough to overcome those dangers. You may be deliberately putting yourself under threat in order to prove that you can survive.

Was that what happened when you sought out an irresponsible one-night stand? Was that what happened when you agreed to be bound and at the mercy of someone who might very well then have hurt, raped or even killed you? If so, then you need to sort this out, and quickly, or end up putting yourself - and any hapless partners whom you may urge on to increasingly risky behaviours - in danger. Get therapy, please, to tease out the strands of what is driving you on and lay it to rest.

Let me be clear. I'm not discouraging you from exploring your preferences further. You may already, though you don't admit it, be finding pleasure and fulfilment in submission, pain, edge play and all the fun things that members of the BDSM community knowledgeably indulge in - and if you do all this wisely, then you have my blessing. But don't dabble as an amateur; instead, make contact with members of said community who will teach you the essential safety basics of such play. And don't do it in a deliberate attempt to harm yourself. That's not erotic fear play; in my opinion, it's the height of stupidity.

Susan 

*Susan Quilliam is the author of The New Joy of Sex, the classic lovers' manual first written by Alex Comfort.*

# Frieda Klotz

## GOTHIC FETISH FOR ELDER GOTHS

*Our New York correspondent explores dark femininity's voluptuous power*



**I**t was London, rather than New York, that turned me on to the charms of gothic fetish. I was working at an academic institution. One of my colleagues wore 1940s attire, corset-like tops, with spiked jewellery flashing from under her clothes. Black was her favourite colour, and her face was a pale hue. Like many academics, she had been a goth in her youth. And like many academics, she was now into fetish. She told me she sometimes went to a club called Torture Garden, and one weekend, lured, I assure you, by pure academic curiosity, I went along myself.

The club was in Scala, near King's Cross. My friends and I had booked in advance, so we skipped ahead of the lines of prospective partiers huddling against each other in the cold winter air. Within, we saw girls in perfect vintage attire, closely sewn into their corsets, hair elegantly coiled around their ears. Men

a tenth anniversary ball, I was eager to attend. Goth clubs are not fetish clubs, of course, but there's considerable blurring between the two. In fact, it was this club and the people I met there (again, academics) that helped me come to a clear definition of gothic fetish.

I walked with a friend from the seedy Canal Street subway stop up Broadway to the club, M1-5. I knew I was in the right place when I spotted a woman wearing enormous fetish stilettos smoking outside. Indoors, attire was like Torture Garden but less extreme. Elegant, lipsticked figures, some in suits and top hats, browsed the art exhibition at the back of the club, and beautiful blonde women in vintage posed elegantly at the bar. Those gyrating on the crowded dance floor included playwrights, academics, journalists and IT workers. I later spoke to a journalist, also the chairman of Contempt. "People have

## Goth's 'dark femininity' is now highly sexual.

wore top hats and carried walking canes. Styles were eclectic. Black leather and PVC were also prominent, and so were catsuits and gothic crosses. Some clubbers dispensed with clothes altogether, preferring to twist a token item around their genitals or hang tassels on their nipples. Freaks and beauties of all kinds consorted in a visual feast of strangeness. And the fetish element – that was downstairs, in the play area. Handsome assistants, male and female, offered to whip clubgoers, and there was an assortment of stands and racks to which couples could attach themselves if they wished to 'play' in public. Tall, beautiful pairs slowly tormented each other in exhibitionist displays of romance.

It was an enchanting spectacle. So naturally, when a friend told me that a New York goth club called Contempt was having

the misconception that those in underground scenes live that life 24/7," he said. "It's just an interest like anything else. We're all very normal people."

Contempt's founder, Angel Butts, is in her late thirties, with speckled black-and-white hair, long talon-nails and horn-rimmed spectacles. She's pursuing a doctorate in sociology at Rutgers University. Her dissertation explores the concept of subcultural longevity, with particular reference to Goth culture.

There were no acts of bondage or domination on display at Contempt. As it turned out, the club was more goth than fetish because the organisers don't want to scare off the more mainstream crowd. Still, many of Contempt's clubgoers have an interest in fetish. Angel herself has written about Master-slave relationships in an article called 'Calibrating Body Ownership through

the Consensual Mastery-slavery Dynamic' (featured in the journal of *Sexuality & Culture*, since you ask), and she told me jokingly that she has "engaged in certain expressions of public sexuality and reserves the right to do so in the future." Many people at Contempt are Elder Goths – they were goths in their youth, and have now grown up.

The club's DJ, Jeffrey W, is a professor of English literature at George Washington University. He's tall with a nice smile and long flowing hair. Like Angel, his research interests intersect with his personal ones. His published books include one on supernatural fiction and another on *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. He also has a chapter in a book called *Goth: Undead Subculture* on 'Gothic Fetishism.'

There, he points out that "developing goth fashions, and attending goth events across the country has made it clear to me that this convergence of goth and fetish subcultures is occurring and that it is a significant development within the American goth scene." Not only has goth become more mainstream, but fetish has become a central part of the goth scene. "The trends [...] represent an important shift from [...] goth events before the 1990s, which tended to have more in common with punk and to be far less erotic."

The types of play that occur at US goth fetish clubs seem even more extreme than what I saw at Torture Garden (though I must admit I attended Torture Garden's more vanilla nights). In his chapter on fetish, Jeffrey W describes the practices that are common at a club called Bound in the Connecticut city of Hartford which he sometimes frequents: rope play, where the Dom incapacitates the submissive by artfully wrapping the sub in ropes, fire play, where

the dom stimulates the sub's body "with the often dramatic application of flame," and electric play, where low voltage electric shocks are given to sensitive parts of the sub. Mummification and cutting also occur. The Domme is almost always female.

Elder Goths don't sit in their bedrooms listening to The Cure, as Jeffrey W explains. This kind of goth culture is pure erotic kink. Flyers for goth fetish events show dominatrixes, nuns wielding whips, and naked women tied to each other with leather bonds. There are several reasons for the prominence of women in goth fetish imagery, but one is a new emphasis on the eroticism of female goths. As Jeffrey W puts it, the goth subculture has seen the "re-emergence of the female goth body considered as voluptuous (in corsets) and powerful (in dominatrix gear)." Goth's 'dark femininity' is now highly sexual.

When I went to Torture Garden, I found myself in a throng of academics. One of my friends, Andrea, is a pretty petite Asian neuroscientist from California, who wore a tiny, transparent black dress and came with her boyfriend, a UK scientist. She wasn't a goth in her youth but she loves Torture Garden, and I asked her what she gets out of it. "You have this feeling that you're in this fantasy land," she replied. "The main focus is carnality and beauty. It's liberating to be comfortable being sexual in front of strangers, and being so near other people having sex."

Both in the UK and US, goth fetishism has clearly taken hold. In many ways, it fits the deviant, subversive tone that goth culture has always taken. As for the academics, they've always been kinky. 



# Rebecca Riley

VAMPIRE, THE BUFFY SLAYER

Where have all the good vamps gone?



*'The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.'*

Andrew Marvell, *To his Coy Mistress*

Kander and Ebb's lyrics to the song, 'Cabaret', urge us to confront the unsettling truth that, 'from cradle to tomb isn't that long a stay.' Nevertheless, it must be said that some literary stalwarts manage to prolong this period almost indefinitely. I speak, of course, not of our own cherished beast-that-stalks-the-night, the Sex Fiend, but of that other wail-worthy demon lover: the super-strong, shape-shifting, polyamorous global myth – the vampire.

The vampire has hovered in the shadows of folklore and fairytale for as long as stories have been told, a useful metaphor for fears of pollution and defilement, passivity and control. "What is that happens in my sleep that leaves me quite drained, so that I quit my couch a pale trembling wretch more exhausted than before?", a young bride would ask her new husband, in her simple Corinthian way; bosoms heaving beneath a flimsy nightgown. Or "Mother," some strong-jawed son of Serbia might begin, a sticky shirt clutched in his hand, "Last night I thought a woman came to me..." "Yes?" his mother would snap, pausing with her broom to gaze at him apprehensively, having dreaded this conversation ever since Stefan's skin first erupted in adolescent boils.

Keen to turn it to another direction, she would attempt to distract him by asking "And how did she get to the attic without waking your father? Fly, did she?" "I – I suppose so," he'd shrug, wanting to return to the question of what this – stuff – was; "So where is she now?" the mother would triumphantly rejoin, "There's no woman I can see. In the corner, is she? No! A spider. Ooh – in that one? Wrong again – just a bat! Well, I don't know what c–"

"Perhaps... perhaps she turned into a bat?" He might frown, chewing his lower lip. And with a swift "Easily solved, then!" his mother would beat the creature to death with her broom, ensuring herself another five years of Stefan's labour on the farm before marrying him off to his cousin.

Ah, me! In those benighted centuries before *ER* was at hand, it was far simpler to imagine that a monster was responsible for the regular decline of previously healthy folk into febrile lassitude – for surely it could not be *you*, and never *me*, who might be responsible for such a condition. Beastly acts require beasts – *the vampire did it!* After all, we all know that sexual intercourse is a brief necessity that results in progeny, it's certainly not an unhealthy obsession that keeps young men and women cloistered in darkened rooms for hours on their own. Helpless to resist, the victims await the nightly visitation wracked with equal parts desire and fear... Dr Freud, they never knew ye.

It was in the horror stories of the nineteenth century that the vampire really took wing. We associate early gothic horror with the camp ghoulishness of penny-dreadfuls such as 'Varney', but the vampire's first outing in English was in the hand of Dr John Polidori, who used the story as a vehicle for his jealousy of a sometime friend, the lady-killing Lord Byron. After a summer drifting about Italy, tending to the fragile egos of Byron and the Shelleys, it is hardly surprising that the physician gave vent to his feelings in such fashion, though ironically it only amplified the mythology surrounding the barrel-chested Baron of Rochdale. He was now the ultimate bad-boy, a devourer and deflowerer, feeding 'upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence.' The groupies flocked thicker than before.

After Polidori, the 1820's and 30's saw

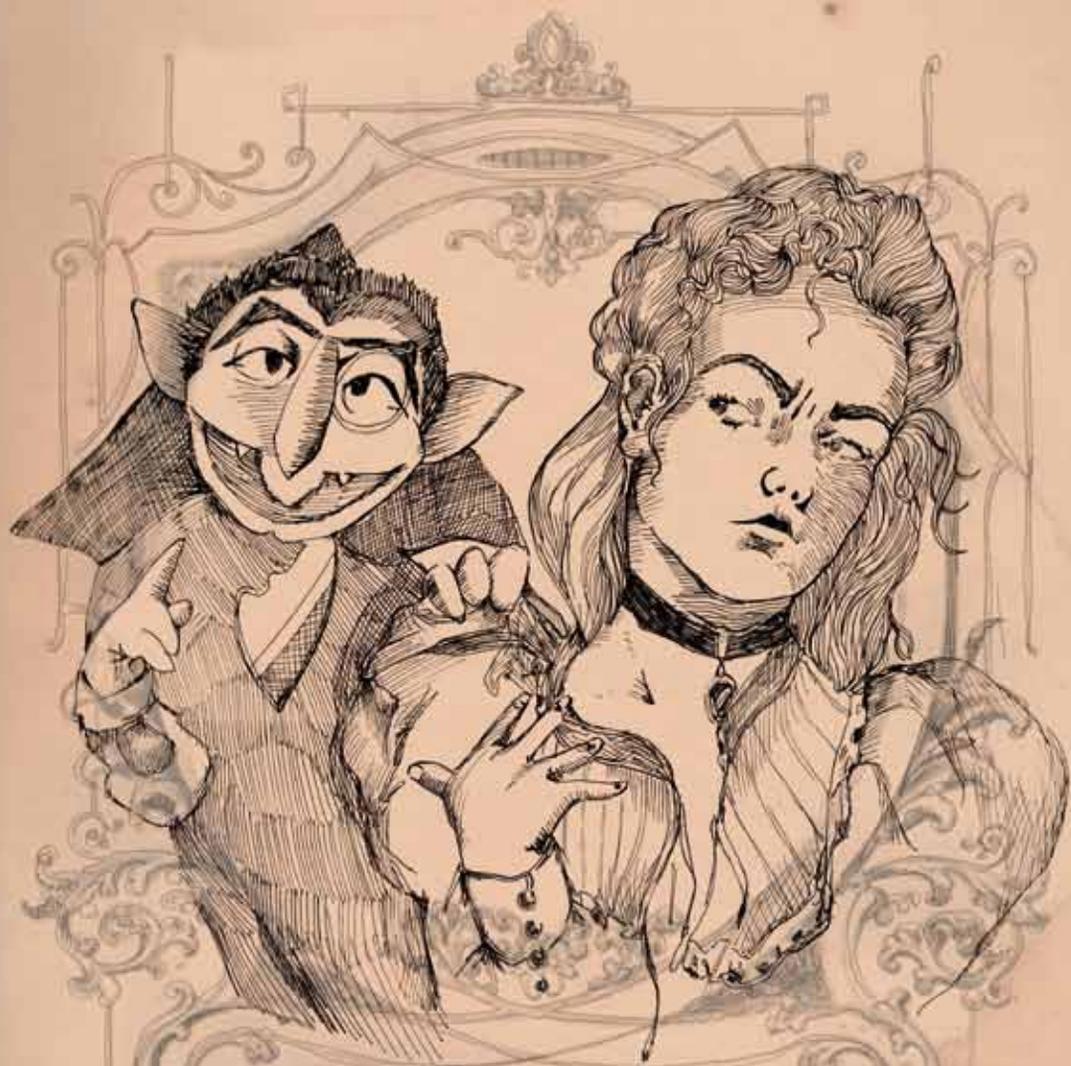
the vampire tackled by a legion of literary luminaries – Hoffmann, Gogol, Tolstoy, Baudelaire and of course Poe (incidentally, my own favourite Teletubby – who can forget the small, chubby figure in black, with his funny little raven perched on his head, lisping his catch-phrase ‘Nevva maw-eh!’). In 1872, twenty-five years before Bram Stoker launched *Dracula* upon the world, J Sheridan le Fanu gave us *Carmilla*, a languorous beauty who provokes ‘*strange tumultuous excitement*’ in her new friend, Laura. Before you know it, they are whispering girlish confidences and Laura is dreaming that ‘*warm lips kissed me, and longer and more lovingly as they reached my throat.*’ Naturally, once the menfolk find out, *Carmilla* receives the ultimate gift of penetration; Laura, alas, is left wistfully listening for a delicate female tread on the approach to her chamber.

Victorian gothic authors revelled in a blood-feast of Satanic Lords (‘*yeth, yeth, YETH, Mathter!*’), Fatal Women (‘*Due to her supernatural strength, I could not fend off her depraved attentions, her unnatural hunger which sucked me dry. Honestly.*’), Unseen Forces (‘*I don’t know what came over me!*’) and Folkloric Vampires (‘*Strange things go on in uncivilised parts.*’). Why? Many reasons: it’s a damn good story, and a useful mechanism for addressing social fears. The increase in immigration and emigration; the emancipation of the New Woman; dark rumours of decadent sexuality; the rise in STDs, particularly syphilis; over-population of the cities; the influx of Eastern European Jews into London, who it was felt would ‘feed off’ and ‘poison the blood of’ Londoners; the risk of mixed marriages at the outskirts of the Empire; the declining aristocracy. The combination of all these threats could be embodied in the tall, dark, handsome figure of the vampire: what if ‘our girls’, as *Dracula*’s Van Helsing calls them, became tainted by a foreigner and secretly passed this infection on to British men, corrupting and polluting them in turn?

So far so good (evil); but the worrying characteristic of the vampire is that he doesn’t play the game and look recognisably ‘foreign’ or ‘ill’. It is up to the patriarchal representatives – Van Helsing and his ‘Crew of Light’ in *Dracula*, or Laura’s father and the ‘General’ in *Carmilla* – to identify and despatch him with all necessary force. While the vampire is hampered by conventional ‘rules’ limiting his behaviour, the authors of vampire fiction do not hamper him by so many that he doesn’t get the chance to look, for a while, as if he could succeed. We play with the fear that the ‘good’, despite having innocence and virtue on their side, might just be overcome. And we might almost want them to.

The vampire, as we know, didn’t crumble to dust with the end of the nineteenth century, or even with the death of the British Empire. There’s not a decade of the twentieth century that didn’t see some new variation on the genre in high culture, low culture, comic, film, and opera; we had vampires for adults (Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie in *The Hunger*) and vampires for children (The Count, *Sesame Street*). And now we have vampires for teenagers. *Buffy, the Vampire Slayer* ruled the TV screen for six years until 2003, introducing us to a world in which dark, immortal forces embodied in big, strong chaps could easily be parried by a small, blonde cheerleader. That they were never that much of a threat is indicated by their names – ‘Angel’, ‘Spike’ – is that really the best they could do, with several hundred years at their disposal? They sound like ‘My Little Ponies’. *Ubi sunt* Count Vardalek, deflowerer of ‘gazelle-like’ lads; or ‘white-shouldered’ Ethelind Fionguala?

And now we have a new teen vampire sensation storming the book-charts and the cinemas worldwide, Stephenie Meyer’s *Twilight* series. If *Buffy*’s boys were too good to be true, Meyer’s Edward Cullen is even worse. Or rather, better. A considerate pretty-boy who is incredulous that he ‘could be scary’, admits that he has a ‘problem with my temper’



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and declares that he doesn't 'want to be a monster.' The milksop! Dracula throws men across rooms and forces women to lap blood from his chest. *That's* a real man (monster). We want the arrogant and unapologetic hunger of Carmilla (*'I live in your warm life and you shall die... I cannot help it.'*) We don't want a perennial seventeen year-old who waits for four books and completed marriage vows to bed his girl, and until then declares: *"If I'm going to be alone with you... I'm going to take precautions."* What kind of seventeen year old is that, anyway? – a Mormon. This is what we've come to: a Mormon Vampire.

It's not just the Americans, either, before you get smug: take the 2009 BBC drama serial *Being Human*. While Dracula would shudder to inhabit anything smaller than a schloss, Mitchell, the series' vampire, shows us how far the mighty have fallen. He eschews crumbling Carpathian castles or the magnificence of wind-swept Whitby for a *flat-share in Bristol*. With a female ghost whose problems he listens to with new-manly

sympathy, and a Jewish werewolf. Vampire and werewolf spend much of their time in a hospital – though not, as one might assume, for dietary reasons. No: they work there. As hospital porters. Need I remind you that vampires and werewolves are traditionally enemies? But that's no problem to Mitchell: he's 'on the wagon'. He is friendly with his neighbours and wears permanent stubble and a baseball hat; a horror denouement that really makes *me* shudder.

Well, perhaps every age gets the monsters it deserves. Cultural demons are always shape-shifters, revealing our paranoia; critics of the system; eternal transgressors. But let's stand up for standards: my sword will not sleep in my hand until we have rid ourselves of these toothless boys and found some real men and women to play with. Amidst the flutter of bat-wings and the howl of wolves, out of the coffin and over the threshold, I will come to cut off their milk-and-water blood supply. Call me Countess Orlinski, the Buffy Slayer. ❀

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# Michael O'Shea

MAKE MINE A STIFF ONE

*What we do with li*



A recent newspaper article suggested that ladies of pleasure have to work much harder today for their wages of sin than a few years ago. Whereas previously many of their older clients had brass in their pockets but no lead in their pencils, today, thanks to a little blue pill, they all get their pound of flesh. And if a few of them find their rediscovered sexual capabilities too much of a strain on their hearts... well, isn't that what every man hopes for – to go with a woman in his arms and a smile on his lips?

Impotence, whether temporary or permanent, has, much like the poor, always been with us. Until recently the medical profession dismissed the problem as a psychological one. Advice to patients being not so much to lie back and think of England as to lie back and think of a favourite model/film star/ pin-up girl. Most men, knowing that fear of failure in the bedroom can be a self-fulfilling prophecy, accepted that diagnosis. But that hasn't stopped some of them seeking miracle cures down the ages – no matter how weird and wonderful those 'cures' have sometimes been.

Centuries ago men ate vegetables such as leeks and asparagus in the hope that doing so would enhance their sexual prowess, and in India, garlic was thought to be a natural aphrodisiac. But while garlic does have many health-giving properties, improving sexual libido is not among them; and if it were, a man would definitely need to find a partner lacking in the olfactory department. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that Gilroy, a small town in California, not only has a garlic festival each year but also chooses a Miss Gilroy Garlic Beauty Queen. Obviously some of our American cousins still find garlic sexy.

Ancient Greeks and Romans, on the

other hand, had a penchant for eating any creature that even remotely resembled a penis, presumably hoping that the potency of said creatures would somehow be transferred to them; hence snakes and lizards featured prominently on many a classical menu. Sadly, even today, this mistaken belief still exists in some parts of the world, especially the far east; and the poaching of rhinoceri for their horns, and tigers for their bones and genitals edges both animals ever closer to extinction.

The most famous aphrodisiac of all time is Spanish Fly which, legend has it, works on both sexes. Allegedly, under its influence, men stand up and women lie down. It is, in fact, derived not from a fly but from a beetle, commonly known as the blister beetle, found all over the Mediterranean region. This insect's name is derived from its ability to secrete a caustic substance, cantharadin, which causes itching and blisters if and when it comes into contact with human skin. When crushed into a powder and ingested, the genitals swell and irritation occurs in the urinary tract. In theory this leads to an itch that can – indeed, must be – scratched. However, not only does Spanish Fly fail to do what it says on the tin, it is also extremely dangerous, causing kidney damage, stomach pains and, in some circumstances, death. This did not stop the notorious Marquis de Sade from administering it to two prostitutes in 1772, leaving them writhing in agony and barely alive; an offence for which he was sentenced to death in his absence. (If caught, would he have been well hung?) Nearly two hundred years later a lecherous Londoner repeated the crime, tricking two women into eating canthadarin-laced sweets. This time both women died and the offender was jailed for manslaughter.

Today there are still people who try

natural (but supposedly safe) products. Some swear by ginseng, while Epidemium, a herb commonly known as Horny Goat's Weed, is advertised on the internet. A more pleasant alternative is a dozen oysters washed down with champagne. They may not all work but, after a magnum or two, failure is only relative, and probably forgotten the following morning. (In fact oysters contain zinc which does produce testosterone, the hormone which fuels the sex drive.)

Instead of potions, some hardy souls prefer lotions, rubbing heat-inducing substances – black pepper, ginger, mustard and wintergreen to name but a few – into the shaft of the penis. This (or so I am reliably told) causes blood to rush to the place where it is most needed. The supposed result is a wake-up call to the sleeping member. What the result is for the unlucky partner, though, can only be imagined.

In addition to the above 'natural' cures there are also mechanical methods for improving or restoring sexual performance. The most permanent of these is a penile implant; semi-rigid steel rods inserted into the penis under anaesthetic, giving the recipient an ever-ready friend who can be folded away when not needed. This gives a new meaning to the American phrase 'getting wood', but is a non-starter if, like me, the man has a problem with the intricacies of assembling a deckchair.

Another system involves the principle of a vacuum pump. A plastic cylinder with a rubber ring attached near to the open end is placed over the penis and air drawn out, either by manual or electronic means. Nature, abhorring a vacuum, encourages blood to enter, with the required result. The ring is then slipped onto the base of the penis, trapping the blood until ejaculation occurs.

The most eye-watering method relies upon the injection with a fine needle of a drug, Paverine, directly into the penis. This procedure has to be carried out by a man with steady hands and a firm belief that 'a little prick never hurt anyone'. The danger is that an overdose of Paverine can result in priapism, a condition which somewhat contradicts the old adage 'what goes up must come down'. When this happens immediate medical treatment is required. Pity the poor sufferer who arrives at his local hospital and has to explain (or, even worse, show) his predicament to the receptionist.

But all of these tried and some not-trusted methods have been rendered more or less obsolete by the discovery of the wonder drug, Sildenafil; sold under its world famous trade name Viagra. Discovered as a cure for impotence almost by accident, Sildenafil allows for increased dilation of the blood vessels and, taken in tablet form one hour before intercourse, usually succeeds where all else fails. Unless a man suffers from low blood pressure the side affects are few – headaches, flushing and visual disturbances the most common.

However, for those who do suffer from low blood pressure Viagra is extremely dangerous and can prove deadly. Despite this, Viagra is prescribed in ever-increasing numbers in doctors' surgeries and is readily available over the internet. Sildenafil, therefore, would seem to be the answer to nearly every man's prayer. But is this really, as we are led to believe, the holy grail of eternal youth? Or has science gone a step too far? When elderly heads of state have liaisons with women young enough to be their granddaughters, then perhaps the day draws ever closer when the old joke comes true – and they really do have to nail the coffin lid down. ❀



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# Nichi Hodgson

OH YOU PRETTY THING

*Hodgson goes in search of the crystal crotch*



With his gloss-frosted lips, bat-wing shaded eyelids, and a five-inch high blond feather cut, he is a cross between my favourite Princess Swan Keeper and a haggard Toyah Wilcox after an over-zealous smack binge; and I am spellbound. Something in me stirs. I couldn't possibly tell you what or where. Not because my nine-year-old self is prudish, or even knowing about these things, but more because this strange scritch up and down my insides which occurs whenever the Goblin King appears on the screen is like nothing I have ever known before. A tender yet electric sort of internal itch. Like calamine-craving chicken pox on the wrong side of my skin. "What a pity!" His sardonic interjections, that lilting, slightly unhinged intonation, give the impression he will burst into song at any moment. And when he does, oh, the insolent thrill of it! I have been brought up on this voice, mainly courtesy of my parents' vinyl *Ziggy Stardust*, and when I hear Bowie's theatrical vibrato, the way he holds the beat back, then relinquishes it, catapulting his swaggering waul up to the next note, I go pink with delight. The sensation of Bowie's voice violating my eardrums is the aural equivalent, at nine, of eating a pickled onion; I scrunch my nose up to my eyes, wincing as I prepare to bear the tang, and then squeeze and squeeze some more as the vinegar douses my nose and throat. Pleasure. Pain. I do it again. I can eat five, six, seven pickled onions in a row this way.

I am, of course, reminiscing about the first time I watched Jim Henson's 1986 film, *Labyrinth*. A bricolage of Greek myth and Gothic-lite fairy tale, *Labyrinth* tells the story of Sarah (played by a pre-double dildo Jennifer Connolly - see Roman Polanski's *Requiem for a Dream*), an introspective teen

forced to mind her baby half-brother Toby on a Saturday night, all the while seeking solace in an inner fantasy realm of crumbling castles, mythical beasts and royal paramours proffering the keys to their Kingdom. On discovering her favourite teddy bear in her younger sibling's cot, the irate Sarah carelessly vocalises her wish for Toby's removal, and in doing so, unwittingly invokes the Goblin King (the divinely hammy David Bowie) who immediately does her bidding and leaves her with just 13 hours in which to solve the labyrinth, revoke her rash words and reclaim the oblivious baby from the Goblin castle.

Made in the decade of New Romanticism and the neo-Goth revival, *Labyrinth* encapsulated the theatricality of these movements in a fantasy land film, the Gothic elements of which ooze with nascent sexuality. The labyrinth itself, for example, where an illogical threat lurks round every shape-shifting corner. The goblins, their unsightly physiognomy contrasting with the lustrous looks of our heroine. The idea, that as Sarah frantically battles against time and the relentless challenges of a metamorphosing dreamscape to rescue her infant half-sibling, she is blatantly running to reclaim her symbolic innocent self, compromised when she conjured up the sly, capricious and bizarrely seductive King Jareth. That theme of dark sexual pursuit, of the virgin failing to preserve her own virtue (and secretly enjoying it too) motor the plots of numerous classic Gothic novels. *Dracula*, *The Moonstone*, even *Jane Eyre*. Of course, *Labyrinth* being a 'children's' film, there is no literal deflowering of Sarah, and with prescient early teen wisdom, she realises that being grown-up may not be all it's cracked up to be, and opts instead to keep the lid on her Pandora's box for the time being.

Of course, as a primary schooler, this sexual subtext is beyond me. And yet I am still in thrall to the riding-booted, ruffle-shirted, beautified flounce of Bowie. This is my first real taste of the Male Object, and I can't get enough. Half-way through the film, my parents look in on me and my oblivious little brother brumming his cars about, and relish the scene. Ahh. See how entranced she is by the puppet monsters, the pretty teen playing at *Questing Princess*. Wrong! I smile smugly to myself. Only I know the true cause of my beguilement: David Bowie's mesmeric cheekbones, his wicked bi-coloured eyes, and then there's...That Crotch.

Even now, I think about the first time I watched the ballroom dream sequence and feel overripe with lust. The scene, in which King Jareth is part Morpheus, part Orpheus and part Prince Charming, thrills because Sarah is the Innocent, suppliant to his authority, in both the literal and the etymological senses of the word. When hunger pangs cause Sarah to falter on her course through the great mazy wilderness, Jareth has one of the goblins assail her, Persephone-like, with a delicious narcotic peach. She is soon sedated under a broad-trunked tree, and from his castle turret vantage point, King Jareth's leather-gloved hands let lose a stream of glass bubbles filled with suggestive scenes of a masked ball. Containing the first frames of her fantasy, we wait for these to permeate, then script her dreams. If I am to identify with Sarah, then I know that something untoward is happening here. Not only is King Jareth old enough to be her uncle, he is also the benevolent Master, Teacher, and the Symbolic Father combined in one prepotent trinity. And yet, as she falters about wearing an expression of nubile wonderment in that bountiful virgin bride frock, her mega-volume hair laced with cake-icing ribbons and her rose bud lips in provocative semi-parting, the look he gives her is definitely not fatherly.

When they dance, even my pre-teen self recognises the way they lock eyes to be

somewhere on the dark side of Heaven. As Sarah is hypnotically twirled about in his arms, Bowie (and I say Bowie because we all know this role is actually a cameo for the *recherché* Pop Star during a dry period) lip synchs a stream of hyperbolic sentiment, vouching his eternal steadfastness and loyalty, even as the world falls down. But alas! The clock strikes 12 and remembering there are only 13 hours in which to rescue her spoilt half-sibling from goblination, she is flinging the erotic paeon back in Bowie's face and the mirrored walls are cracking from side to side and the love that dare not speak its name is unfurling its illicit fingers from around Sarah's teen-tight waist, and the Goblin King and his glistering frock coat and the lacy froth of ruffles at his fine throat have all vanished along with the ballroom fantasy. Self-sabotaging Sarah is spewed back into the sanctuary of her bedroom. No King Jareth. No Goblins. No quest to retrieve the kidnapped baby. Just relief among the trinkets and teddy bears. Until of course the sanctuary reveals itself to be yet another cruel illusion, and the bedroom melts away, and the reality of fantasy means she is in fact still flailing about the labyrinth: thrown out of a midnight paradise, forsaking and forsaken by sexual awakening, and fated instead to reclaim the Innocent, her summoning to the Kingdom of Cock postponed for a few more years.

I am puff-cheeked with disappointment. I would like to feel the sheeny weight of one of King Jareth's twinkling capes against me as we danced. Although then the breeches and what lies beneath might be a little too close for my tweenage comfort. I sit glumly through the rest of the film. She might as well rescue her teething, tantrumming half-brother; she certainly isn't going to be licking the frosting off her lips anytime soon.

I watch disinterestedly as she negotiates the Bog of Eternal Stench then defeats the Goblin army to confront King Jareth once and for all. Here, at the Final Reckoning,

the puissance of his ham-Gothic Majesty is truly revealed. On entering the fragmented Escherscape, all previous gratuitous shots of the Bowie bulge are surpassed by the sight of him now in pearl grey hose more figure-enhancing than any worn before. And then the final power play begins. "I am exhausted from living up to your expectations of me," he withers. I am confused. I think this is the first time my newly wired mind becomes cognisant with the concept of psychological manipulation, this crafty display of self-deprecation designed to make her feel guilty for abusing her power. Watching now, I smile darkly and relish his affected sub. *Oh, David.* Well, if you would insist on wearing such tight breeches...

But Sarah is immovable. Because now, the precocious little madam has come into her own and begun to recite the incantation which will restore order to her wayward daydreams and Toby to his nursery.

"Just let me rule you and you can have everything that you want," King Jareth pleads. Still confused, I manage to sense some inherently sexy contradiction in this mutual exchange of supplication and command. But Sarah will not be moved. Autonomy is the name of the game, and she has not conquered the seemingly indomitable labyrinth only to relinquish it.

"Just fear me. Love me. Do as I say. And I will be your slave!" Extraordinary. This exquisite, pantomimic being at your whim? How could she possibly refuse?! But she does. A pause the length of a heartbeat, and then, "You have no power over me!" And just like that, the Bulge metamorphosises into the barn owl and Sarah can look forward to a year or two's rest before the real battle of sexual wills – and bulges – begins.

I wonder how many times I watch the film

from childhood through adolescence and teendom. One, two, five, ten years go past and still I feel the same potent draw. Invariably, I pay more attention to That Crotch the older I get. At the girls' school I attend, That Crotch is a running joke, routinely cited through the years for entertainment purposes on long coach trips to yawnsome stately homes and choir competitions. Later, we consume Malibu in the cupboard under the Latin department stairs for the purpose of invoking sexual confessions, and discover that it is the whole psychosexual spangle of King Jareth that has entranced each of us all our lives, a combination of Bowie as Male Object, Master and Slave that penetrated our burgeoning sexual fantasies before we even knew we had any.

So let us all hail King Jareth, the pop-Gothic pin-up of my generation. Johnny Depp's adorably bruised Edward Scissorhands may have been a close contender, but he permeated our world, rather than sweeping us off to his. And besides, where was the tyrannical male in him? Prince was before our time. Michael Jackson we knew was asexual even before we ourselves had reached puberty. And we didn't encounter fictional erotic archetypes of domineering masculinity such as Mr Rochester until well into our teens.

By that point, Bowie's incomparable Goblin King had already left an indelible print on our pre-pubescent hearts, catching us when our connection with fairytales and our subconscious appreciation of their Freudian subtext was still ripe for the plucking. Besides, you have to hand it to the man. Who else could have made an oversized mohair cardigan and tights the colour of three-day-old tinned tuna the costume of tweenage fantasy? 



# Jack Cooke

## CREAMING SPIRES

### *Building an erotic future*

**T**he 21<sup>st</sup> century has a great plethora of fetish, from bondage babes to torture queens, swastika sex and looming dominatrices - the fetish menagerie is constantly burgeoning. Invention is everywhere. Spiked dildos, fluted dildos, arched dildos, dagger dildos. Nipple clamps, pube clips, clit clasps, fanny fasteners. It's all there but from whence did it come?

Sexual appetites and accessories have taken their cue from many mysteries but the Gothic and the Goth owe much to the erotic root that lies beneath the architectural edifice. The medieval mason laid a sensual foundation from which the dawn of the fetish broke, the Gothic architectural tradition has provided a rock hard Viagra for modern fantasy. We find the first horny heroines trapped in mist-wreathed turrets, anticipating the chrome-clad dungeons of the future. Today's Jenna Jameson is yesterday's Rapunzel.

Look at the Gothic cathedral. Is it not only a heaven bound babel but also the most multi-faceted phallus ever built? The pointy arch is the pert nipple made brick. The transept tower - a cloud busting erection. Rippling glass cladding? The essential Cathedral condom. Peak follow peak follow peak. One great big holy orgasm - one hundred thousand tons of plunging buttress and thrusting spire.

20<sup>th</sup> century Gothic is no different. Neo-Gothic. Neo-Erotic. Take New York, the big juicy apple. Gawp at the first skyscrapers rising from midtown Manhattan. Javelins aimed at God's G-spot, giant knobs desecrating lily white clouds. Gaze longingly at steel gargoyles dripping sex or sit back in foyers reflecting a thousand writhing girders. Ascend columns of incomparable girth, caress walls of rutting rustication.

The Gothic skyscraper is nothing less than a highly polished penis. It is as if the

first American millionaire of the 20<sup>th</sup> century opened his flies and the skyscraper shot forth, all 300 feet of it. New York from the air is a forest of the phallus, a city screaming sex, begging you to impale yourself on its corporate erection.

Gothic was and remains the erotic climax of man's architectural ambitions. No other style comes close to its allure. The Egyptians were miles off the mark. Pointy pyramids are a total turn off, unless, like Roald Dahl's hero *Uncle Oswald*, you fornicate on the very peak. Ramesses & Co. doused architecture's erotic flame with gallons of preservative, Pharaohs fixated on embalming their own erections. The Greeks were *far* too busy having sex to translate it into their architecture. Even Aphrodite's temple virgins were closeted in squat stone and horizontal chastity. The Romans? Caesars shuddered in the aftermath of the Greek orgasm, incapable of reinstating the erotic beyond the brothel door or the clay dildo. The Colosseum provides an exception, the inner sanctum does, after all, resemble an almighty anus. And with buckets of macho sword swinging, net trussing action - unending violence added a bloody sheen to the ring's sexually charged stone. The gladiatorial fraternity alone maintain a strong claim to the Gothic erotic.

The dark ages are simply impenetrable. Whatever Pagan fantasies were erected didn't hang around. Mucky sex brings forth muddy buildings and not a strand of decent erotic wattle survives. But then, oh glorious dawn, the curvaceous Romanesque, with its firm buttocks and firmer breasts, eased us into a new Gothic beginning. The French were there from the outset, as always squarely at the forefront of sexual engineering. With Chartres cathedral, a landmark of erotic architecture was erected and a revolution

instigated. No more would masons contain their lofty lust. The next five hundred years would unleash an architectural orgy.

If I have tried to translate the entire architectural tradition into one debased monologue on erotic mortar, well, kiss my lichen spotted ass. We adhere to art historians' ideals but we yearn to embrace architecture's erotic core. For all Gombrich's ecstatic praise of the architectural monolith, he lacked imagination. Let us spank St Paul's

swollen dome! Let us grasp the brooding penis that is Durham's dark bastion! Enough masturbating on the banks of architectural Mecca – the levee must be broken. It's time a more climatic history was written. If someone doesn't give our creaming spires their due, monuments may fall flaccid, peaks wilt away, and we'll all wake up in an asexual architectural future.

Thank god for the Gherkin.



## C.B. Liddell

### INTERVIEW: EROS WITH A SMILE AND A SNEER

*The sexy and cynical art of Makoto Aida*



When artists try to push our buttons, don't be surprised to find them groping for the highly sensitive crotch area, which has more than its fair share. This is certainly the case with Makoto Aida, who, in the past, has often been seen as Japan's artistic *enfant terrible*. In his attempt to get a strong reaction, the 44-year-old artist has so often hit the mark with his shots aimed below the belt that he is in danger of being perceived by the wider public as some kind of pornographic illustrator rather than a highly accomplished artist. The *Erotic Review* tracked him down to find out more about the erotic content of his work and whether he was happy to be viewed as the Japanese art world's equivalent of the smutty schoolboy chalking penises on the blackboard.

"I have also made many works that are not erotic and don't feature young girls, so please look at those too," he protests when I meet him; and, indeed, this is true. Among his other works, he has built a cardboard castle for Tokyo's homeless, done a series of mock children's paintings on such themes as *Save Nature* and *Be Punctual*, and even made a video of himself in the guise of Osama Bin

Laden, to name a few.

But, interesting as such art is, for some reason it pales in comparison with the more sexual side of his oeuvre. Paintings like *Giant Salamander* (2003), featuring two naked underage girls draped over the eponymous amphibian, and *The Giant Member Fuji versus King Gidora* (1993), an epic evocation of Japan's notorious tentacle porn have an immediacy that is hard to beat; as do projects like 2004's *Tokyo Style in Stockholm* festival, for which he painted a naked Japanese model to look like cartoon characters in a Swedish park, and his controversial series of paintings, *Dog* and *Edible Artificial Girls*, *Mi-Mi Chan*.

So, why does sex keep popping up? Is it an obsession?

"Well, it's not just me," he replies. "In modern developed countries because of the amount of sex surrounding us, people have become something like monkeys in a zoo, masturbating on and off. Whatever is in my paintings is, in a way, entirely natural, because people have made such things."

This is a convenient way of avoiding responsibility for the content of his art, content which in many cases would

give social conservatives sleepless nights and liberal feminists nightmares. *Giant Salamander* (2003), in addition to being a beautiful painting, created using traditional Nihonga techniques, features two girls aged approximately 12 to 14, posed so as to provide an 'ass shot' and a 'cunt shot'. Such convenient angling of female figures to permit intimate visual access is a common feature in the world of Japanese comics, where it is referred to as 'fan service'. But Aida rejects comparisons to Japan's 'otaku' (geek) subculture of obsessive comic, animation, and computer game fans.

"I don't think my art has helped perpetuate that image of Japan, but now that you mention it, perhaps I might try to do so from now on," he replies with a laugh. "Creators express the features and mental essence of their own time and society, but, I myself do not read cartoons or watch animation, and I don't play computer games either, so I don't think that my art can be called otaku."

But what about charges of paedophilia that works like *Giant Salamander* give rise to?

"That painting has lots of meaning," he says evasively. "But the atmosphere that girls give off from the ages of 12 to 14 is something very special. It is a miraculous phenomenon and there is a very limited time to appreciate it."

It is possible to regard *Giant Salamander* as an idealized view of prepubescent feminine beauty and to see the sexuality in it as latent and harmless, but Aida's other works present a more active and explicit view of sex. A series of watercolours from 2001 called *Edible Artificial Girls*, *Mi-Mi Chan* equates the sexualized female form with food. Clearly tongue in cheek, these pictures show one naked girl being squeezed to extract salmon roe from her vagina to flavour a bowl of rice, and another girl, singed and roasted, looking at us with a passive smile as she is sliced like a piece of roast pork.

Still with a touch of humour but a lot more troubling are his *Dog* series of paintings, which invoke the strong strain of sadomasochism

in Japanese culture and refine it to extreme limits. Painted with the clean lines and the purity of colour characteristic of traditional Japanese *Nihonga* painting, these pictures feature an innocent, fresh faced girl with a dog collar round her neck, whose limbs have been amputated and bandaged to render her completely powerless, dependent, and sexually available to her unseen master.

Her innocence is such that she seems oblivious of how badly she has been treated. Just as a dog will accept the fact that it has been castrated or had its tail docked then resume loving its master as if nothing has happened, the girl in these paintings seems equally devoted to her cruel exploitative master. This creates a powerfully sinister impression that recalls infamous examples of sexual abuse where a degree of passive cooperation by the victim was undoubtedly a factor, like the case of Josef Fritzl and his daughters or the 44-day captivity and murder of the Japanese schoolgirl Junko Furuta in 1989. Doesn't Aida feel any guilt about creating such brutally unromantic imagery?

"Perhaps a little," he responds. "But because I didn't make it happen, I don't think I feel particularly guilty. With this work I wanted to capture the atmosphere of the Taisho era (1912-1926). This girl is like a Taisho period beauty."

A Freudian analysis might see the amputation of her limbs as a comment on the 'passive aggressive' nature of Japanese womanhood, who symbolically enfeeble their limbs by wearing dangerous platform shoes or by decorating their hands with ridiculous fake nails, all to exert control over men, but not Aida.

"That's a very interesting theory," he responds. "But when I'm making such art, I'm the type of person who doesn't really think too much about things from the side of the woman." ❀



# portfolio: MAKOTO AIDA

GIRLS DON'T CRY

2003; c-type print; 100x69cm

This and the following images in this section  
are all courtesy Mizuma Art Gallery  
and © Makoto AIDA





GIANT SALAMANDER; 2003; penel, acrylic; 314x420cm; photo: Keizo Kioku (left top)

THE GIANT MEMBER FUJI VERSUS KING GIDORA; 1993; acetate film, acrylic, eyelets; 310x410cm (left bottom)  
photo: Hideto Nagatsuka

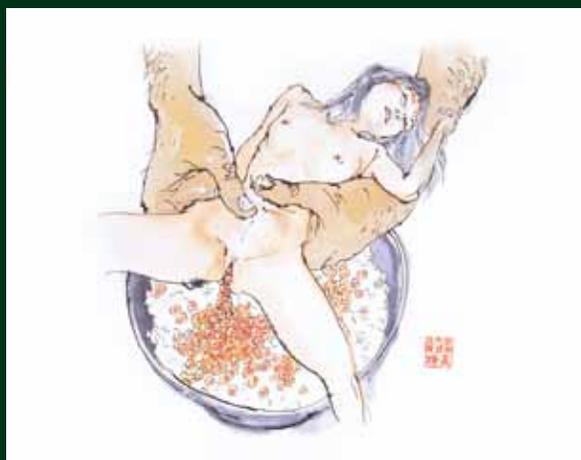
HARAKIRI SCHOOL GIRLS; 1999; design: Ujino Muneteru (above)



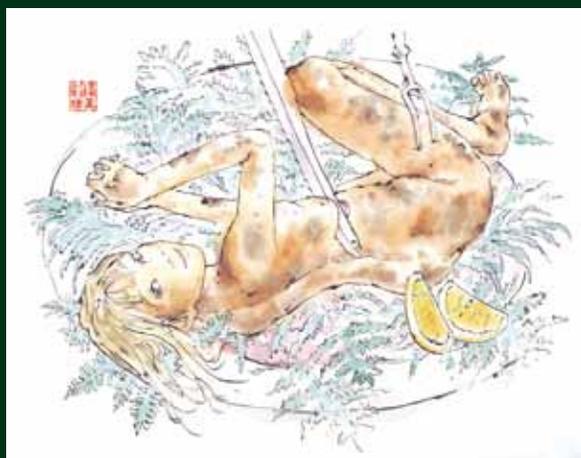
DOG  
1989  
panel, Japanese paper, acrylic, Japanese mineral  
pigment  
100x75cm



DOG (Snow)  
1998  
panel, Japanese paper, Japanese mineral pigment,  
acrylic, Japanese paper for torn-paper collage  
73x100cm  
photo: Kei Miyajima



Series of "Edible Artificial Girls, Mi-Mi Chan"  
BOWL OF RICE WITH FRESH SALMON ROE  
2001



Series of "Edible Artificial Girls, Mi-Mi Chan"  
ROAST MI-MI  
2001



BODY PAINTING WITH KOE IN STOCKHOLM (back); 2004; c-type print; 34x24.2cm  
created in collaboration with Koe



# Bruno Phillips

OF GOTHS AND POINTY WINDOWS

*Bruno Phillips is in a dark mood*

**M**y esteemed editor considers it bad form for we scribblers to address readers directly or to make reference to matters editorial, including our fellow writers. In giving his instructions for this issue he specifically excluded writing about 'Goths'. You know that rather charming movement that leathered up, did much piercing and had very kohl-heavy eyes. My daughter, like many other people's daughters, was one of them. Her boots and general demeanour suggested she would give one a right kicking at the slightest provocation but I have seen her in tears over dead butterflies. I may be wrong but I think the Goths must be the spiritual predecessors of the Emos.

Dark and gloomy they may appear to be, the Goths have provided me with some entertaining moments. The most poignant of these was one sunny afternoon in the King's Road Chelsea. There was some sort of disturbance across the street. Then, through the scattering passers-by appeared a running figure. Actually, the chains linking his ankles precluded more than a strange half jumping, quickstep hobble. It reminded me of some evil wight in a Gothic novel and would have been sinister if it had not been comical. Three skinheads closely pursued him. Then on my side, appeared a second Goth, similarly encumbered and with the usual garish Mohican haircut, who was shouting across the road 'I'm wiv yer Ronnie, I'm wiv yer!' The happening evaporated into the distance and I often wonder what was its denouement.

The episode was of course totally contrary to the brooding menace implicit in Gothic literature and art. There are too many great Gothic writers to cite but I must count Mervyn Peake, Thomas Love Peacock,

HP Lovecraft and MR James among the greats. There is a notable absence of overt sex in these better known works, except of the subliminal sort. Nonetheless, at the core of the Gothic idea, sex does indeed lurk as some monstrous daemon. It suggests vampires and maidens in dreadful peril. Under the brocades, flounces and petticoats, bosoms heave and thighs tremble at the prospect of unnamed assaults and impositions. These trepidations are the more appalling because they are apparently uninformed by any, shall we say, factual biological knowledge of what specifically may happen. The ladies do know, however, that the lower part of their bodies is involved where strange sensations occur when they fantasise the fate worse than death they might endure. These sensations are not entirely unpleasant. Hence Count Dracula's success in suborning ostensibly nice girls to his cause.

One can get some feeling for the implicit sexuality of Gothicism from visiting a variety of churches. Start with the Romanesque, Saxon or Norman. In each, however expressed, there is an ascetic quality. The workmanlike and chunky stone, the simplicity of barrel roofs and the sense that even the reredos, if present, is an impermanent afterthought speak of monks and functionality. The Gothic church is entirely different. Its arches soar, the fluted pillars and those framing the windows conjoin in vulvic points. And outside, high along the galleries of the building, the gargoyles grin and snarl from their perches. They promise and warn of the pleasures and penalties of fleshly sin. Their artisan creators were all tutors to Hieronymous Bosch. In the windows and interior panels, agonised and nearly naked saints lift hopeless eyes toward a distant heaven. Their flesh is

tormented with arrows and whips. Above them, angels and the various manifestations of the Holy Trinity float around like celestial social workers, wringing their hands and murmuring injunctions to 'have faith.' Once you have introduced the incense and the saints' side chapels, the whole building reeks of fornication. What else are those sinister 'Confessionals' for, other than to enable the guilty to wallow in their sins and the celibate confessor to experience the equivalent of a dirty phone call?

There is of course a direct line between the medieval origins of Gothicism, through the Germanic eighteenth century and its schloss to the very British Victorian era and our present fantasy of the Gothic. Apart from the swathes of Gothic buildings created in the Victorian era, think about Mary Lamb, Charlotte Bronte, Charles Dickens or even the Pre-Raphaelites and William Morris and the entire troupe of lunatics (quite a few of genius quality) whose florid and convoluted cultural effusions disguised a tormented sexuality. None of this was their fault. They were victims of the same ideas that had created gargoyles and the confessional.

In between the medieval and the Victorian we had of course the Renaissance and the Age of Enlightenment. It's no coincidence that these phases of intellectual and rational development had their architectural expression in Classicism. The great country houses and noble London Squares, the Churches of Wren and Hawksmoor, all speak to a determination to fight cultural and moral oppression based on spiritual totalitarianism. The churches especially, are lighter, airier and have a more secular feeling. They are better calculated to allow people to meet on equal terms to celebrate their cultural heritage free of threat. There is none of the brooding authoritarian menace intrinsic to the Gothic.

It can therefore be no coincidence that 'Renaissance' and 'Enlightenment' and 'Classicism' coincided with a period of relative sexual liberation. Fashion, drama and literature let loose the tits and bums of fun. But such is the perversity of the human spirit that we cannot just get on with a good

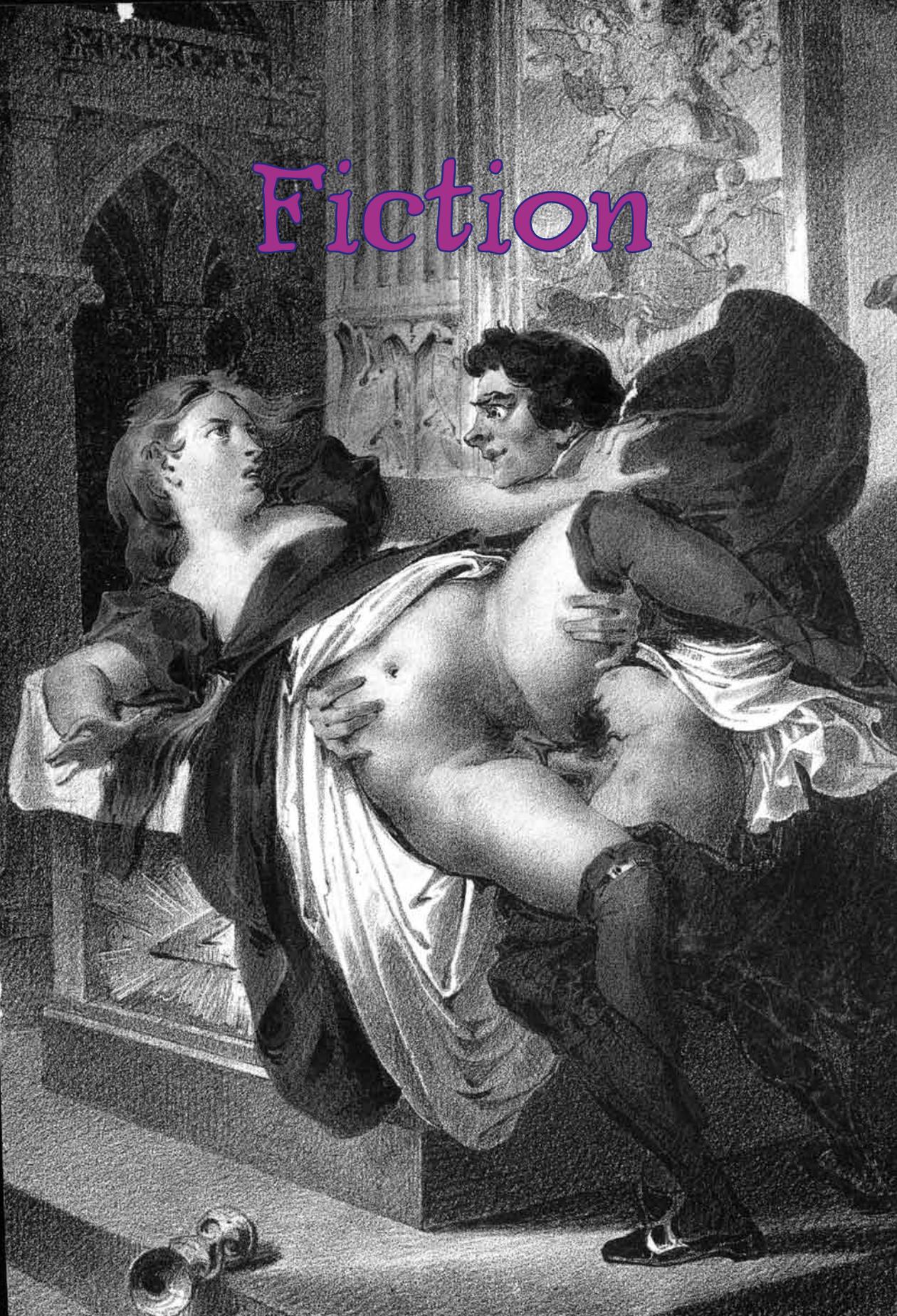
### ... a Heathcliffe of unimaginable depravity.

thing. Who cares about light and space and jolly romps with skirts up legs akimbo and britches down, cock stiff as a bar? What we want is innocent girls imprisoned in brooding mansions. They are subject to the whims of ruthless and sexually predatory myrmidons of both sexes, and a Heathcliffe of unimaginable depravity.

There are of course, exceptions to every rule. Mosques have no embellishment. Indeed art in general is circumscribed by rules that would have made Oliver Cromwell at least 'feel justified', if not keen to convert. In line with this our Western, 'Nonconformist' sects favour plain surroundings and properly managed sex more than the CofE. On the other hand, most very marginal quasi-religious groups appear to have reverted to a medieval notion about the 'world ending soon' and you must give us your money and fuck the Messiah in charge, who is called Ralph. That is, unless he is from outer space. In which case he is called Ralph-Zeno III.

These ideas are all the crazed children of Gothicism. They trade on the perception that if you control sexual desire you control humanity. Complexity, fear, pain and punishment are the mechanisms of power. And what do you know, we buy it! Which makes Ronnie and today's Goths, apostates at worst. Or at best, rather sweet if dysfunctionally dressed people pursuing their own fantasies.

# Fiction





# Julie Charalambides

## ONE DAY THE DEVIL

### Part I

**T**he devil came and sat on my windowsill one day. I didn't notice him at first but I heard a quiet "Hem," and looked up to see him looking at me, his little red head cocked to one side.

He coughed, softly, raising a claw to his mouth in an affectation of politesse.

"Can I help you?" I said.

"I wonder," he said.

I must admit I was rather disappointed. He looked so much like a devil, well, a little devil - not the Lucifer type, resplendent in blackness shining, but rather a gargoyle carved on a medieval porch, his pointed tail raised above his horned head, his naked body covered in crimson scales. But then there was his prick, no little thing that. At first I had thought it the coil of his tail but I recognised the huge glans, shiny and smooth, unscaled and quite the deepest red - the red of blood as it hardens over the wound.

"Ah," said the devil, lowering his eyes so two pairs were turned on his prodigious member, "Quite impressive eh?"

"Quite," I said. I folded my arms on the desktop and clasped my hands around the soft flesh above my elbows. I kicked the magazines from under my feet and crossed my ankles, glad of the modesty panel that hid them from the devil's view.

"You can touch it if you like."

"No thank you." I released my hands and lay them before me palms down. Freshly manicured the nacreous nails looked rather lovely against the black leather.

"Pretty ring. Not married though?" The question was rhetorical. "Well in case you're wondering I'm here to give you a break. A little proposition so to speak."

I leaned forward, slightly, "And what would that be?"

"I thought I'd grant you two wishes."

"Shouldn't it be three?"

"That's for fairies."

"But I thought you *were* a fairy, working undercover, so to speak."

"Don't be facetious, you know just who I am and why I'm here."

So I did.

"But only two wishes? Surely the devil can do better than that?"

"I assure you two will suffice. Besides you can't afford more."

"If you're after my soul, I gave it away years ago."

"Oh nothing so crass, what would I do with your soul? No, not your soul."

"Well what then?"

"I'm sure I'll think of something."

"And what if I don't agree to that something?"

"But you will," he said, "that's the point."

The devil crossed his arms over the rough mound of his belly and lowered his knees to a half lotus position, revealing two perfectly round testes, smooth and shiny like the membranes of overblown balloons.

"Pretty enormous, huh?"

"Uh huh." Unlike an ego these would not burst should I prick them but I so wanted to try. I scratched a nail against the leather inlay - it made a reassuring groove.

"Where was I?" said the devil, glancing at my flexed finger, "you distracted me."

"I said I wasn't happy with your price, whatever it may be."

"If you don't want to play, you don't have to," he said rather petulantly and looked out of the window. I sat back and drew my hands into my lap and waited.

"I'm not going you know, whether you play or not."

"I know," I sighed, "so I might as well play."

The devil turned to me with a beatific smile, I was glad to have made him happy.

He rubbed his little claws together so they rasped like emery boards, "Go on then, fire away."

"I want to know how it feels to be inside a cunt."

The devil plopped onto my desk, his landing cushioned by the soft coils of prick that fell before his arse hit the surface. Close up he smelt of cinnamon. He hooked his index fingers in the corners of his mouth and pulled it open so wide I could have crawled in. I popped my head inside the pink cavern and became aware of an unfamiliar aroma of roses in the familiar hole. I eased in my shoulders and one arm and slid my hand along the fat slippery wall, I felt it pulsing warm and viscous under my fingertips.

I drew back and wiping the stickiness from my hand onto my skirt said, "That's not what I meant at all. I do hope I haven't wasted a wish on that."

The devil's mouth collapsed, he looked quite affronted.

"I've been working on that for years and never had any complaints before, quite the opposite. I've been complimented on what I deemed to be necessary improvements. Just you taste those fingers now."

Mmmm, Turkish delight no less.

"But that's not it, not like that."

"Like what then?"

"I know how a cunt feels as a woman - I want to know how it feels to a man. In fact I want one of those to put inside it."

I pointed to the devil's prick.

"And I want one that works."

Now the devil was really affronted.

"And I want a real woman to put it in, lots of women to put it in."

"That old chestnut," said the devil, "that's not a problem. Any particular prick? Mine, although perfectly functional, is not available."

"I can have any man's?"

"Theoretically yes, dead or alive - it's all

the same to me, and to them - but do think carefully and exercise a little imagination. Casanova's a favourite but in spite of the sheep gut it's covered in pox and Valentino really didn't have much to speak of. Before he died Nureyev was very popular, his packet looked so huge in those white tights, but of course he was much more interested in the boys and his prick has a mind and direction of its own."

My thoughts ran rampant through imagined members, rigid with lust or rigor mortis. I was tempted by Johnny Depp's, he'd made such a pretty Don Juan and a suitably wasted Rochester. The Earl was a particular hero of mine, having exercised his metaphorical penis in copious verse and the real one in fucking, but the expense of his spirit was to waste in shame and he died horribly young, and horribly. Were the dashing Banderas' appendage as sexy as the rest of him I'd nab it, but he really hadn't shown much good taste in choice of parts or wife and in the end I plumped for a long ago vision of Richard Gere's as the all American gigolo.

"Didn't even flex it did we?"

"What?"

"Your imagination."

"Whose wish is this?"

"It's yours of course," sighed the devil and jumped into my lap. He looked up at me and said, "From now on it's up to you. You'll have Gere's prick but you can in fact be any man you fancy, I can handle the quick change. You can also fuck any woman who comes into your head but you will have to name her, call her forth, so to speak."

He winked at me and paled to pink and formed into the proverbial marble column veined with blue and crimson. Most importantly, it was already tumescent with desire and rose from the curls of dark hair in my very own groin. It was positively bursting with sensation and the still air of the office felt like waves of cool water crashing along the breaker, my lacquered nails running up

and down its satin ripples seared it with an almost pain. All I needed was a woman in which to plunge this marvel of nature and there she was before me, an erstwhile supermodel - all 6 foot of glorious white-smiled brunette, glowing with health and conformity, newly risen like Venus from the pages of *Vogue*. Or was it *Hello?*

Her chocolate mole melted under my curious tongue, her eyes mirrored our seduction. In them I saw the most beautiful men who had ever strutted the celluloid catwalks of cinematic glory, graced hoardings with the magnificence of their tanned torsos, their Armani-clad groins shedding the nectar of perfection like happy rain on the dingy streets and passers-by below.

I shoved my prick into her and was astounded at the vicious clench of muscle. I tried, not too hard, to pull myself from her and felt her drawing me back in. I felt nothing in any other part of me, only in the prick, only inside her. And then I knew a white line being carved up my spine and into my brain and a huge white explosion behind my eyes and then the breathless rush back down to the root of my prick and the contraction in my balls (they were part of the package) and the spasmodic spurts into the space at the tip of my prick which was not quite long enough to bruise the cervix.

"Ah well," I thought, "can't win them all."

I felt the prick softening and the walls of her cunt expelling it onto the magic white sheets beneath us and I called on the *belle* Catherine Deneuve, frantic to avoid Cindy's need for a digitally mastered orgasm and consequent post coital tristesse. Young Catherine however, came too soon and faded around her smile like a wisp of *Gauloise* before I could savour the exquisite iconography of her features. Marilyn was a life-long ambition. Her skin was elastic and luminous and I fairly bounced between those generous thighs. Her well-used cunt was as welcoming as kindness and as sweet.

There were so many and I fucked them all

in quick succession, their beauty blurring, their cunts contracting around my slippery prick which surged from tumescence to tumescence. The devil may have thought it a wonder of his science but I was not overly impressed with its speedy recovery. In the real world I had fucked a man who stayed hard as long as I needed (and I needed a lot of time and tumescence), the semen spurting from him like a tide, the shudders of his orgasm as effortless as flitching a fly from a horse's flank. Not that I was complaining now. The bed was soon drenched with absurdly fragrant emissions which formed a golden patina over the white sheets and glistened on the female limbs clenched and akimbo around and before me.

Then in a morbid moment (or was it nostalgia?) I wanted to fuck the Princess but when I called out her name a prissy goddess with a moon on her forehead and a cunt dry as a desert appeared and, unable to determine of the level of erudition, misunderstanding or wickedness that had brought forth a vengeful chastity to fuck, I called it a day.

The devil now sat in my lap, hotter than a Mediterranean summer. I lifted him onto the table and felt the sweat slip between my thighs, curiously hollow of his presence.

"What about Marlene?, so deliciously androgynous. And you really should have tried Cleopatra, hard and smooth as ebony inside, what that woman did for her art!"

The devil had stretched out his prick across the desk and a haze of heat shimmered above its long limpness. He drew his tail from behind him and began to use its broad end as a fan. I wiped the sweat from my forehead with the back of my hand and raised my arms to twist my damp hair into a knot that I secured with a pencil from the top drawer.

The devil turned his tail towards me and pushed the agitated air in the direction of my upturned breasts. We both watched in reverential silence as the nipples grew and pushed against the thin layer of sweat stuck silk - my bra had dissolved as magically as



the boudoir.

"I want a woman to make love to me."

"Oh, I like that one," said the devil, "Any particular woman?"

"I leave it to your imagination."

The devil smiled and closed his red eyes and when he opened them they were the colour of emeralds with amber irises. The rest of him had quite disappeared and slowly around these eyes the heavy golden lashes grew and the extravagant arches of eyebrows raised themselves. An elegant roman nose formed in the midst of an alabaster skin with pale roses laid upon her cheeks and the mouth was the voluptuous velvet pout of a Pre-Raphaelite muse, the hair a suitably copper coloured tumble of glory. If the head was a borrowed dream of painterly beauty, the body was a pornographer's feast - my own centrefold, my own self in apotheosis.

She drew her lips to mine and it seemed as if she would suck me in, but she didn't, merely kissed me. Then she rose before me and presented me with two pneumatic globes (but of course the devil would be a plastic surgeon) topped with dark plums of nipples that I rolled in my mouth like mellow fruits. I wanted to bite them off - I knew I could and that perhaps black grapes would follow, but I desisted.

The long nude fingers undressed me as she kissed every inch of my flesh, licked every inch of me with her unbarbed tongue, rubbed her smooth cheeks across my breast and belly, sweeping her hair over me like a silken flail and lapped at my cunt like ice cream. She tipped her long tongue into me and I thought of the pointed fan of the devil's tail and smiled to myself. She licked at my clitoris, taking it into her mouth as it strained to attain the magnificent proportions of my former prick, and I came. She rose to lay upon me impossibly light but warm and substantial and rubbed her cunt against mine. I came again and when I opened my eyes the devil was sitting between my breasts.

"Nice?" he said.

"Of course," I said, "Wasn't that the point?"

"Not necessarily," he said and leapt up on the desk. "What now?" He sat on the edge and looked down on my naked form. His prick dangled from his hairless groin - it hung right over my face, I could have sworn it was looking at me. It was so thick and sturdy I could have climbed it to heaven.

"It's your turn," I said, "I've had my two wishes."

The devil laughed, "So you have. Now let me think." He paused. "No, I'll let you think. What do you think I want?"

I raised my head slightly from the floor and licked along the crimson slit.

"Good girl," said the devil.

I tasted apple pie and opened my mouth to take the whole glans inside, my jaw accommodated the girth by unhinging and my lips tingled with the stretch but it was worth it, every pie and pudding that had ever tickled my tastebuds now danced upon my tongue with every suck. I reached up my hands to stroke the long smooth column that rose from my mouth and encourage the gourmet's feast of his coming but my fingers were joined in their sensuous ascent by the rough claws of the devil.

"Not yet," he gasped. He tugged so hard I nicked his prick as he pulled it back, and a trickle of liquorice slipped down my chin. But he did not cry out. He jumped to the floor and I raised myself on my elbows to watch him waddle down to my feet, holding the flag pole of his prick before him. He stood between my ankles and lowered his prick to the floor, the wet tip brushed against the lips of my suddenly wary cunt.

"You cannot be serious," I said, "It will never fit."

He laughed and the glans quivered, "Oh yes it will. Trust me, you'll enjoy it."

I lay back on the floor which had attained the texture and smell of marshmallows and felt the long slow push of his prick into me. It went on and on, as I knew it would. It didn't

stop at my cervix, it went through into my womb generating millions of little devils in its felicitous path. It invaded my veins and arteries, usurped my liver, stopped my heart, burst into every cell in my body and when it reached the skin it shattered the surface and I became a million iridescent bubbles floating in every direction and nowhere. And then he came and every bubble burst into a shower of tiny red flames that fell down upon me and reformed into the body I had always known.

The devil clambered back onto the desk, gathered up his once again soft prick and carefully wound it into a cushion on which he plumped his still bursting balls and smug bum. He crossed his scrawny arms and watched me seat myself in my chair, smooth

my skirt and appearance into decorum and draw the pencil from my hair which fell with remarkable aplomb into a neat curve on my left shoulder.

I looked at the devil, straight in the eye.

“Well,” he said, “I think we’re all square now.”

“I think so too.”

“So I’ll be off then?”

I must admit to a moment’s hesitation, only a moment’s, but time for the devil to raise an ironic eyebrow and say, “I can of course stay, in fact I do have another proposition.”

“Maybe next time,” I said.

“Have it your way,” said the devil.

So I did.

## Slàinte mhòr agad!

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# Fulani

THIS SHIT WILL FUCK YOU UP  
*A quiet evening in Whitby...*

We meet halfway up the Khyber Pass. Purple looks much the same as I remembered, Victorian velvet and lace with much silver and jet jewellery. The purple hair, violet eyeshadow and plum lipstick, and the tiny amethyst twinkle in her labret are the only clues that she hasn't walked straight out of the nineteenth century.

Did I mention her name is Purple? That's not what it says on her driving licence, but a name you choose for yourself is often more indicative of character.

She looks me up and down. Not much to look at, I'm fairly conservative in black leather trousers, black T-shirt and a black jacket.

"Haven't seen you for ages," she says. "Have you been keeping well?"

I shrug. "Writing, mainly. Horror stories, niche magazines. How about you?"

She plants the point of her parasol delicately on the ground, leans on it, looks me in the eye. "Good, thank you." Which tells me nothing. "We're on our way to the Elsinore. What are you doing later?"

I don't have any specific plans. Things never work out the way you expect them to here. Whitby Goth Weekend is always manic.

"Catch up with us about eleven," she tells me. "I'm planning on taking a flying trip. Random and Crow" – she indicates the two people she's with – "are helping me."

Random is my height plus six inches of stacked heel, with long falls and a net skirt over drainpipe trousers. The only reason I know Random is biologically male is down to his adam's apple. Crow is equally towering, and the PVC creation she's wearing doesn't cover a lot of flesh.

"It's been a long time," Purple tells me. "It'll be good to catch up, maybe *have sex* after the flight." Matter of fact, just like that.

*Having sex* in Purple's world doesn't mean the same as it does to most people. It's a highly mannered, exhibitionist, fetishistic, transcendental art form. It involves ecstasy, danger and horror, pain as well as pleasure, and it usually takes weeks if not months to plan.

Also it usually involves a minimum of four people.

She was my first goth and, as they say, you never forget your first. We have a long and complex past that sometimes bleeds back into the present, usually when she's hit a crisis, and occasionally if she's considering having sex.

I return to my bed and breakfast, catch up with online stuff. I was thinking I'd head back to the Spa, seeing I'm wearing the very expensive wristband-thing they use instead of a ticket, but things don't work out the way you expect.

Later, I'm heading down Skinner Street, in search of Purple. Normally someone in full Victorian dress would stand out. But in here?

She's not in the Elsinore. I pull out my mobile, thumb in her number. She answers – I think – but I can't hear a word she's saying. Combichrist blares at me through the speaker: *This shit will fuck you up*. Which is actually helpful, because I can hear exactly the same track, in sync with the phone, coming from the doorway of a club ten yards away. It's also, I reflect, likely to be a keynote for the events to come.

At this time of night, the club is getting full. The lighting is dim orange and blue, plus UV, and the dress code is many shades of black, with occasional bursts of bright neon. Purple and her accomplices (friends? lovers?) are at a back table, heads close together. It's the

kind of venue where conversation takes place in sign language, lip-reading, or shouted into one another's ears.

There is another way. You wonder why young people in clubs are constantly texting? It's to communicate with the people next to them.

- *So what's the flying thing?*

She frowns, hits the keys on phone with multiple fingers. She's as fast on the number pad as I am on a keyboard.

- *Body suspension with flesh hooks*

OK, this I know about in theory, it's a shamanic ritual in many cultures but not exactly cognate with *having sex*. Purple's mind does not work in a linear fashion.

I have about a dozen questions. But I know I'll get answers later. I settle for one.

- *Why me?*

- *Why not? BJD lol.* It's what she used to call me, back in the day when we were almost a couple. Big Juicy Dick.

- *You just want to shock me!* I accuse her. She should know better. I don't shock easily.

She reads the text, reaches into her capacious bag. Next thing I know, she's produced handcuffs and cuffed my left wrist to her right. I laugh out loud. The cuffs jingle, and my phone vibrates.

- *I am a bitch. xx*

Yes, she still is. But in an interesting way.

The DJ goes for a trad feel. Rammstein, a track called *Ich Will*. A rough translation from the German lyrics would be "I want you to trust me..." and later in the song, "I want your fantasy..."

Trust is a complex thing.

We leave the club. I doubt anyone notices the handcuffs, but they wouldn't even raise an eyebrow here anyway. A couple of women are cuffed to a dance pole, gyrating together slowly, and no one's watching them either. We walk across the bridge to the east side of the harbour. Lights twinkle on the water. It's a pretty town. My ears are ringing from

the club, but Random proves to be a good conversationalist. This would be Purple's first time. He and Crow had met her on Netgoth, they'd come to Whitby together, but she'd been talking about having someone else with her during the experience. Then I showed up. Random shrugs. "Synchronicity," he says. "Happens all the time."

In their rented room, the bed's been pushed to one side to make way for a tubular steel frame. Ropes lie on the floor. We drink from an already-opened bottle of Jaegermeister on the bedside table. Purple starts to remove many layers of petticoats, remembers about the cuffs and frees me. She turns, presenting her back to me so that I can unhook her corset.

Crow adjusts the lighting, lights candles and incense, waves a smudge-stick in gestures that suggest she's marking a sacred space. The act of 'smudging' is a New Age and pagan thing taken over from North American Indian and shamanistic traditions, and it's at odds with the elaborate cross she wears round her neck. You take whatever you can get in the way of sacred intervention; I guess people always have.

The iPod dock in the corner plays softly, Dead Can Dance. Random busies himself with ropes, wicked-looking hooks and antiseptic.

"How do you want me?" Purple asks. "From behind?"

Raven looks up from his preparations. "Later, perhaps," he smiles. "Right now, any way you're comfortable and I can get the hooks in will be OK."

I scrutinise Purple's nakedness. She's gained a pound or two since I last saw her, but she was stick-thin then so it suits her. There's one new tattoo on the inside of her leg, above her left ankle, but no new razor marks on her arms. She notices my noticing. "I stayed in counselling after that last time," she says. "It did help."

Did I mention there's history between us?

Purple lays face-down on the floor, on a highly-coloured quilt. It's quiet now, just the music, and all of us, I observe, have slowed our breathing, become calmer. I hold her hand as Random pinches the flesh of her shoulderblades, wipes them with antiseptic, inserts the hooks. I sense from the grip on my hand that it's painful as each one goes in, but she's silent. As Random completes each one, Crow unobtrusively attaches a rope to it.

Five minutes later she's swinging a couple of feet off the floor, level with our faces as we sit around her, cross-legged. Purple extends her arms, as if she's flying. Tears run down her face and drip to the carpet, but they're tears of ecstasy. There's a huge smile on her face. She *is* flying, physically, emotionally

## **I hold her hand as Random pinches the flesh of her shoulderblades, wipes them with antiseptic, inserts the hooks.**

and symbolically. The entire world around us seems remote, as if it has withdrawn to a safe distance.

Purple's breasts are hanging free and her nipples are engorged; her toes are curling. There's a slight tremor low down in her belly.

Raven reaches out to take her left hand in his right, puts his other hand on my shoulder. Crow takes Purple's right hand in her left, uses the other to unzip my trousers and casually stroke me. She discovers how hard I am. I didn't expect that. To be hard, or to have her explore my hardness. "Give her ten minutes after she comes down," she whispers to me.

"Are you with us?" Crow asks Purple gently. She nods. They break the circle and lower her, but not until they've taken a dozen shots on her camera. For her to remember.

Purple is in a trance-like state, completely relaxed, as though her body's taken its own vacation away from her mind. There's not even any blood when the hooks come out.

She curls into a foetal position.

The soundtrack changes to a more feral sound: Rob Dougan's *Furious Angels*.

Eventually she props herself on one elbow, looks up at me. Dazed, happy, floating above the clouds. Her eyes shine like polished tin. "That was... exquisite," she mumbles. "There was pain but it just didn't matter any more, because I was completely off the planet. That's some endorphin rush."

She uncurls, stretches, winces. Runs one hand over the carpet. "I'm back on the ground. Nice ground." I've moved to sit on an overstuffed armchair, because Random and Crow are lying on the floor, quietly wrapped around each other. They're more or less clothed but I can see what he's doing with his mouth and what she's doing with her hands.

"You do realise," Purple says, "I came while I was hanging there? I feel like I've been fucked and purified at the same time." She half-sits on her haunches, thighs wide. "That means I've got to have some dirty sex again." She stretches out a hand. I take it, and she pulls herself closer to me. "I know how you want me: on my knees." I yield to the warmth, depth and moistness of her mouth.

Some time later I hear a quiet rhythmic slapping that isn't part of the soundtrack. I open my eyes to see Crow suspended from the frame by her wrists and ankles, with ropes rather than hooks. Random is using a flogger with many thin braided strands. The lack of noise is significant. Big floggers with wider thongs dissipate much of their energy in sound; the flogging sounds more impressive than it feels. Here, the thinner strands are connecting with flesh and most of their energy is passed straight into Crow's body. Rosy dots and dashes mark her thighs, buttocks, stomach. Crow is tensing her arms and legs, moving sinuously. Her head is back, eyes closed. She's muttering something over and over. As she bends her legs and pulls

against the ropes, she raises her body enough that she flips over, from face-up to face-down on the frame. The frame bounces, but it's strong.

Purple releases my, as she used to call it, BJD from her lips and looks up. "I want to lie underneath her, so I can look into her eyes as she comes."

A minute later we're a kind of sandwich. Purple is underneath me, eyes reflecting candlelight, moving her hips to take me further and further inside her. Crow is above me, still suspended, and I can hear what she's saying. It's a kind of mantra.

"I am a slut... I am a slut..."

Purple's looking up, over my shoulder, and I know she's focusing on Crow's increasingly urgent rhythm.

"Slutslutslut..."

*Slut* isn't a bad word. She's reclaiming it, proud of it.

Purple is bucking, pushing at me. Her hands wave above her head, seeking something to hold on to.

"Please," she gasps, "hold me down."

She's been flying; now she needs the opposing sensation of constriction and bondage.

The handcuffs are where we left them, next to the frame. I cuff her wrists, behind the upright of the frame. I haul us more fully underneath Crow so that her arms are stretched. She pulls against the cuffs, sighs, and her body pushes up more insistently against my weight. She keeps eye contact with Crow, looking over my shoulder, until the very last moment. As she comes I see her eyes rolling up in her head. And then I'm a couple of seconds from the point of climax myself when something cold and metal scrapes along my back. The stimulus is sudden, surprising, and comes at the exact moment Crow squeals in my ear.

I realise, an indeterminate time later, that the metal scratching my back was Crow's crucifix. By then, Random has lowered her

from the ropes, manoeuvred her so she's resting across Purple and me. Her breasts are warm against my spine, her night-black hair flows across my shoulder. The fact that her thighs nudge against me and the regular rasp of her breath indicate that Random is taking her from behind.

I've never been used as sexual furniture before. It's not my style, but pleasant nonetheless.

Purple sleeps easily, still in the handcuffs. We leave the cuffs on, cover her with a quilt. The music has mutated to something a little darker – Velvet Acid Christ. Random, Crow and I talk quietly.

"I think," Crow observes, "there are too many voices in your head. Too many things you're trying to do. Purple said you're a writer? Maybe you should get out more, find some noise."

"If you're looking for something to really change your life," Random says, "a flesh pull will do it. It makes you more open, more resonant, more focused. If you're up for it, I'll be your noise."

I decline the offer.

It's dawn. Purple is still sleeping and I leave her in their care. I find coffee and breakfast, return to my own bed to sleep. I dream of being above the clouds looking down on butterflies that on closer inspection are made of metal hooks. It's a nice dream. It stays with me and I write it down.

A week later I get an email from Purple. It includes the pics we took. The subject line is 'This shit will fuck you up.' But everybody is fucked up, one way or another. I focus on Purple's face, how peaceful she is despite the hardware in her back. I remember the things she used to do, the counselling she had. The pics show me Purple, fucked up in a good way.

A couple of weeks after that I get an email from Random. The subject line is 'Ready for some noise?'

Maybe. We'll see.





# Ellie Wallis

LOW PROFILE

*Three's a crowd*

I remember. I was 10 years old and my sister and I were playing in our bedroom. As we tumbled around and chased and pulled at each other's clothes, the play fight started to get out of hand. My sister was scratching at my arms and face like a cat. Perhaps I had antagonised her, that was nothing unusual. I twisted away to get out of reach and found myself at the open window looking out onto the neighbour's garden. It was irritatingly well tended, everything trimmed and neat, unlike my parents' overgrown wilderness.

I turned round as she was about to pounce upon me again and hissed at her. We gazed down at the herbaceous borders between the houses. There was a young man; he was the gardener I suppose. I'd seen him working there. The point, as far as we were concerned, was that he had taken his cock out. There it was in the sunshine, held casually between his thumb and index finger. I looked at my sister; and saw that her face had turned scarlet. The boy had no idea that he was being watched. Now I think of it, it was no big deal. He was just taking a pee. But we watched in fascinated silence, staring at this small joint of meat as if it was some sort of magic wand, watching him direct the steam of urine at a clump of petunias, his eyes closed, his lips pursed in a whistle. Then, perhaps he sensed that someone was watching him because he looked up and we ducked our heads and then walked away. The point is that for the first time I experienced what has now become a familiar sensation. I felt that extraordinary warmth in my thighs and in my childish groin. That flush of blood to my throat, the acid rush of delicious guilt rising from my stomach. For the rest of the day my sister and I were subdued and avoided each other. Perhaps it was a sign of sexual awakening. I still think of it and wonder at how innocent we were.

The experience created in me a growing desire to watch others. It has now become a pleasure, perhaps an obsession. In the summer, I used to take long walks near my parents' home in Suffolk, wandering in the fields and lying down and waiting to spy on people. Down by the Alde, Walkers used to come and dip their toes in the water and jump in and splash about. I sometimes lay behind the long rushes, just hoping to see something. Occasionally, I would catch a local farmer at work, with no idea he had an audience. Just seeing the hard, working body was enough to create a feeling of intense excitement inside me. A squirming feeling in the pit of my stomach, flooding down. When I was like that, I wasn't in the same place anymore, nothing could stop me. The risk of being discovered made my hands work faster inside me. I wanted that ecstatic flood to come quickly and the risk made it so exciting. I became expert at handling my cunt. I would come, intensely, lose control and then scamper away, trying to look innocent in spite of my pink cheeks and the breathless, beating heat in my chest.

I have been trying to recapture the pleasure. I met a man, Gregory, he is tall and dark, something in The City. I swore I would never even look at a suit, never, certainly never touch one. What can bankers and men selling stock possibly mean to me? But he was kind and he would work on me with his tongue for hours at a time and so of course I was happy with that. And then I met Adrian. He carried a distinctive scent so potent that I imagined him as a wild mustang and from the moment he looked at me and smiled, I was enslaved.

One torpid Sunday I opened the door to him. He told me that he had been to Fire, which is the queen of all gay clubs, under

the arches at Vauxhall. I pulled off his damp t-shirt and lead him towards the shower, "How was it?" "Sublime, but all the time I was thinking about burying my head in your lovely wet pussy. What's wrong with me?"

This indeed was unusual for him. When we first met, he had told me straight away that he was gay. But then we grew close, and ended up in bed. We would drink and he would fuck me until I was breathless and exhausted. Now we were spending most of the week together. On this day, Gregory was late in the office. The two of them had met occasionally at parties. As far as Gregory was concerned, Adrian was just a gay friend. It hadn't entered his head to wonder about him. He certainly wasn't a jealous type, which was an attitude that bothered me.

As I lay on my bed waiting for him to finish his shower, I thought back to the last time my lovers had met. They were easy with each other, Gregory smiled and shook his hand, "So you're the other man," he said. Adrian seemed taken aback, almost shy. Something was stopping him from being at ease. Perhaps he was ruthless with his feelings like me, never showing any guilt. He left early, saying he had a big day at work, needed to sleep and wasn't in the mood; this was not his style. I began to have a feeling that perhaps he was interested in Gregory.

The shower stopped and Adrian came into the room towelling his body and shaking his wet head like a dog, spraying me; his cock, there in my face. I said, "Do you like Gregory?" He tied the towel around his waist. "Of course, you know I do, why do you want to know?" all a bit fast. "I mean *like* him. Look, if you do, its fine. I mean, he's a good looking guy." He sat heavily on the side of the bed, his head down. I caressed the back of his neck. "Maybe," he said finally. "I'm sorry, I can't help it. I felt something last time I saw him and I thought about telling you but I couldn't." I knew this was at least an exaggeration, but I forgave him because I was dreaming about my old obsession, which

was never far away.

I drew him to me in an effort to divert him and he slid up my body; quickly inside me, my legs around his waist, my hands between us, feeling him moving in my slippery, swollen cunt. He groaned. I knew then what I had to do. My rushing thoughts and the sensation of the muscular damp body heavy on me making me jolt and pulsate around him.

In the morning the seed of an idea had grown. I would arrange a proper introduction. Gregory would come to me later. He had worked the whole weekend and would be in need of some attention. Adrian had called to say that he wanted to talk more about what I said yesterday. I had felt his heart pounding while he lay next to me, his cum still hot on my breast, but what had stirred him was not the exertion of sex with me, it was the secret which now was shared by us. In a few hours he would revert back to his true self and his interest in men.

Gregory would come to me at 7pm and to make him anticipate the evening even more, I emailed him a picture of my pussy which I photographed though a bright pink thong. Gregory went wild for pink underwear and I smiled to myself as I realised how surprised he'd be when it wasn't me in pink knickers who would greet him, but my gay lover. I was beginning to enjoy myself.

I told Adrian to let himself into the flat around six. I said I would be home soon, but was held up at work. By the time I heard his key in the lock, I was kneeling inside the bedroom wardrobe, holding my breath. Adrian was pottering around in the room when I heard the knock on the door and my heart began to pound. Through the crack between the wardrobe doors, I saw Adrian walk across and turn the handle, letting Gregory in, looking around. "Where's Alice?" he asked, peering inside, looking disappointed. "Still at work, I didn't realise you were coming." Adrian, pulling away from the door. "I guess I'll just call her," and as Gregory lifted his phone to ring me, I sent the text I had saved, making

sure my phone was on silent. Adrian's phone rang and he read the message. "I brought you boys together. I know you love him and he feels the same way about you, I'm certain. He'll deny it but you should just tell him. I'm fine with that."

Adrian looked away from the phone and towards Gregory, who stood near the doorway, the phone to his ear. "Well, she's not answering. I'll just wait for her here if that's all right." Adrian walked to him, pushing him hard against the door, slamming it shut. "Of course, but I want to talk to you." From where I knelt inside the wardrobe I could see it all. My heart jumping as Adrian did what I'd told him to do. I could feel my power. Gregory throwing him off and holding him arms out. "Stop, what are you doing?" he said. Adrian stared at him and walked forward, grabbed Gregory's hand and forced it down his body. Gregory pushed at him but didn't move the hand. I began to feel shaky, my fingers in my knickers, my clitoris slippery and stiff. I watched Gregory close his eyes. His mouth open, gasping as Adrian moved to embrace him then lead him to the bed, I held my breath and pushed my fingers inside myself in anticipation of what I was about to see. I was breathless; frightened and excited

as I watched, my heart beating as they fell on the bed. Adrian kissing furiously, both men hard; two bulls goring one another. My body shook and I became light headed, my vision blurred, blood rushing through my ears. I felt for the dildo I keep with me, slipped it inside me, up through the wet folds of my cunt, deep inside myself, trying to keep silent as I sank my teeth into my hand. Sweat on my face as I came, almost at the moment that Adrian threw back his head and howled like a wolf. The men collapsing on the bed. It was over for them. Over for me as well.

Gregory dressed and left without a word. I was unsure whether to reveal myself. But I was aware that this might be a deception too far, so I waited until Adrian finally opened the door and walked out. I thought that I might tell him later. But I never did and I felt no guilt over what I had done. Anyway, my orgasm was so intense it was worth the risk; worth losing them both. Secretly watching others having sex is irresistible to me. I know it's dangerous and I might try to stop myself one day, but the power I feel and the rush before I come is too much to give up. What can I do? How could I achieve a greater high?

I don't know. I don't know.



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# KD Grace

## PHEROMONES

*Get a whiff of this...*



**C**hloe was twelve before she realised her ability to smell other people's lives was not the typical olfactory experience.

As a child, she watched cats and dogs greet each other with a good sniff and a lick to the bottom. The tongue only served to stimulate that wonderful scent signature that said, "Hi, I'm Fido."

"Nice to meet you Fido. I'm Fifi. Smell how friendly and unthreatening I am."

"I'm Tomcat, get the hell off my patch unless you're a female in need of a fuck."

Chloe also realised early that unlike her feline and canine counterparts, if she wanted to live in polite society, she had to sniff covertly. Discretion and a sensitive nose uncovered a world that would have made the best equipped voyeur envious.

By his scent, Chloe could tell if her landlord had been shagged and if it had been by his wife. Chloe could smell every detail of her flatmate, John's, sex life. His girlfriend, Kim, was an olfactory layer cake. Deodorant soap and perfume could never completely mask the fact that she worked at a chippie. All those smells fought a losing battle against the seashore scent emanating from between her legs, a scent that was always flashfire urgent.

That the natural perfume of the female body unconsciously elicited in men the urge to copulate was biology bordering on magic. John had no idea how much the heft in his balls and the stiffening of his cock depended on Kim smelling ready for sex. When her scent permeated the flat, his grew to a pungent thrum that Chloe could almost feel against the back of her teeth.

Even from behind closed doors, Chloe could smell the moment of penetration. Each thrust of John's cock stirred their scents, like rolling on rose petals, like crushing garlic.

When the immanent explosion happened, and John ejaculated, for one powerful moment, his scent dominated.

No matter where she was in the flat, Chloe's nose recorded the climaxing of perspiration and pheromones, pussy juice and semen. Coded within each scent was the delicious, most basic need to couple. She smelled it all, and no one ever knew.

Though Chloe was intrigued by the smells of others, she was never able to find anyone whose scent suited her. A lesser nose would not have noticed the minor differences, but for Chloe, they were glaring incompatibilities. As a result, sex for her was usually a solo act. It was the lack of a love life forced upon her by her nose that inspired Chloe to apply for the position as Dr Matt Engel's lab assistant. She hoped his research on pheromones would help her understand her gift and maybe help her find someone who smelled right for her. She hadn't expected it to happen so quickly.

Even while she waited in his office for the interview, his lingering smell made her mouth water and sent tremors down through her crotch. By the time he arrived, it was all she could do to keep from rocking against the chair for relief. She barely noticed what he looked like. It was what he smelled like that told her exactly who he was. Underneath his desert heat, animal fur scent was the tiniest acrid whiff of ozone, like an approaching storm. It sparked against the back of her throat and nose, exciting the feral parts of her. She wanted to sniff between his legs and bury her face in his arm pits to better take in that fierce male scent.

Unaware of her primal urges, he motioned her into his laboratory. "You're familiar with the t-shirt test? The subjects don't bathe for a couple of days, during which time they wear, and sleep in, the same t-shirt. Then we bag

it for testing. We're all drawn to the scent of the person who is genetically what we need to produce the best offspring. Care to sniff?"

Her stomach did a little flip flop before she realized he was talking about the bagged shirts, not himself. She blinked and tried to wipe the puppy dog look off her face. "Sure."

None of the bagged shirts appealed to her like his scent did. She stopped at shirt number five and sniffed again. "These are all supposed to be men?"

"That's right, why?"

She sniffed once more to be sure, but her nose was never wrong. "This is a woman's shirt." She smiled apologetically.

He turned the bag over and looked at the label. "You're right. All female test subjects are labeled with even numbers. It must have gotten mixed in by accident. How did you know?"

"I have a sensitive nose."

He studied her over the rim of his glasses until she felt uncomfortable and began to shift from foot to foot. "You can tell just by sniffing if the shirt was worn by a man or a woman?"

"Yes."

"Wait here. I'll be right back." He practically ran out of the room.

While he was away she sniffed the other t-shirts half-heartedly, but it was Matt Engel's thunderstorm smell that intrigued her, crowding out the laboratory odours of disinfectant and plastic. The electric part of his scent was heightened here in his space, not from sexual arousal, but from excitement over his work.

She paced the room, sniffing, inhaling, taking in his scent message. She brushed her arm against the high-backed wooden stool. It was where he always sat. She could tell by the smell. Her nostrils flared. She opened her mouth just slightly to take in the tingle of a smell she could almost taste. It was faint, but once she had sorted sex from the other more immediate scents, it was obvious. He had definitely come here, more than once,

she would guess. Breathing in deeply, she searched for the second signature, the scent of a woman, the scent of the blending, but it wasn't there. Like her, the good doctor appeared to be practicing sex for one.

Her own smell was heightened by the thought of Matt Engel sitting on the stool, head thrown back, cupping and tugging a weighty erection. The electricity of his scent would have buzzed like a high tension wire as he ground his arse against the seat, distended and uncomfortable.

Then it would have happened, the explosion of voltage, hot, sticky, animal-fragranced. Had his semen arced through the air to land on the spotless tiles of the laboratory floor? Or had he caught it all neatly, wiped the stretched length of himself, and stuffed the handkerchief back in his pocket.

Would the women he worked with have caught that pheromonal hint as he walked past? Would they have unconsciously sniffed the air? Their prehistoric ancestors would have recognised the scent of a virile male. They would have opened their legs and thrust their arses out, making certain he caught their scent too. She imagined the scent of a woman blended with Matt Engel's scent. Once imagined, there was no pushing the thought from her head.

With a quick glance at the door, she shoved a hand under her skirt, pulled aside the crotch of her knickers just enough to expose her vulva, and spread her lips. Then she hoisted herself onto Matt Engel's stool. She bore down, and with a quick rocking of her hips, slicked her scent against his. The blending of their two smells, even though it wasn't a proper blending, was completely intoxicating. Orgasm would have followed quickly if she hadn't caught his scent just before the latch of the door clicked.

"You don't mind if I test you, do you?" He burst into the room, his arms loaded down with bagged T-shirts.

"Please do." Surreptitiously, she rubbed her pussy-scented fingers on the back of the stool,



and she wasn't quite sure, but she thought he might have sniffed the air.

He brushed against her as he dropped the avalanche of t-shirts on the lab table. The weighted scent of his excitement swirled around her, making her dizzy. "Here, smell this one." He handed her a bagged T-shirt.

She opened it, sniffed, and wrinkled her nose. "Very pungent male."

"And this?"

"Female. On her period."

"You're joking, right?"

She shook her head as he handed her the next three shirts in rapid succession.

"Female, male, male." She sniffed again. "This one's had sex. I can smell female on it too."

"Unbelievable. How long have you been able to do this?"

"All my life."

"What else can you smell?"

"Everything. I've learned to block out unpleasant things. Most of the time."

"And you can actually tell when people have had sex?"

"Yes."

"When they're aroused?"

"Yes."

"What about other emotions?"

"Of course, but nothing smells stronger than arousal."

She wondered at his thoughts as he held her in a gaze of disbelief, his face lit like a child who had just seen Father Christmas. Did he think her a freak, perhaps a throw-back to a more sensate, more feral past?

*She could smell his excitement.*

The smile disappeared from his face as he realized. He dropped onto the stool. Suddenly his scent was augmented by the astringent tang of nervousness. His breath came faster, and she could see his pulse pummeling his throat. "You can smell me." His words sounded as though they had been evicted from his mouth against their will.

She nodded. Her own scent was now like a heavy blanket, wrapping itself around

him, tighter and tighter, desperate to get his attention.

"How do I smell?" His voice was little more than a whisper.

"You smell electric." She moved closer and sniffed, first the nape of his neck, then unselfconsciously she lowered her face to where his bicep rested tightly against his armpit. "Yes, you smell very electric."

"Is that good?"

"To me it is."

As she lowered her face for another sniff, he curled his fingers in her hair and held her to him. "I can't smell you." He swallowed nerves. "That's hardly fair, is it?" His scent sparked against hers. The lab reeked with the serrated metal smell of uncertainty and the overriding need to blend, and she was desperate to share it with him.

"You're a mammal. You can smell me. You've just forgotten." With unsteady fingers, she opened her blouse, then guided his face to the valley between her breasts.

He inhaled. She could feel the warmth of his breath, smell the caramel tang of awkwardness. "Your skin. It smells like a hot day." He cupped her breasts and pulled them closer to his face, nuzzling and snuffling. His thumbs kneaded the rise of her nipples. His scent spiked until the hot ozone of him was nearly physical.

"What else?"

He kissed a path over the mound of her left breast to where it joined her arm pit. "I'm supposed to be sniffing, not kissing." His words were tight, uncomfortable.

"Surely you've studied animals, how they lick, how they nip, how they taste. All that to stimulate scent. You of all people should know that our scent," she nodded to the t-shirts, "is our identity." She pulled away and lifted her skirt enough to straddle him on the stool. Then she settled over the anxious stretching of his penis beneath his trousers and rocked up and down its length.

He groaned out loud and caught her by the hips, watching in fascination as she slipped

the crotch of her panties away and rubbed herself against him. "I'm marking you with my scent, marking you as a strong, virile man, marking you as my territory. Surely you can smell me now."

He caught his breath in a gasp. "I can. I smell you. You smell like honey." He sniffed hard. "Honey mixed with damp earth and other things, so complex. I want to smell more."

Holding her to him, he stood, lifting her until her bottom rested on the cool metal of the lab table. Bagged t-shirts tumbled to the floor. He shoved aside her panties. She felt swollen enough to fill the whole room as she presented herself. He rested the flat of his hand against her spread labia stroking and petting her with his palm. With each caress she could feel herself slickening, she could smell her sharpening scent on his hand.

As though he were Houdini escaping a straight jacket, he shrugged out of his shirt. Then he wiped his hand, glistening with her juices, across his chest and down over the flat of his belly. He paused to open his trousers before rubbing her scent against his erection, which jutted from a mat of dark, fragrant curls. "Your smell, I want it all over me." He buried his face in her pussy, lapping and suckling in an upwelling of fragrance, an exquisite chemical reaction that made her smell like hot metal and honey against each mammalian flick of his tongue.

Wild for the scent of him, she pushed him away and began shoving and tugging aside unwanted clothing until they were both naked. Then he climbed onto the lab table next to her, and she took his cock into her mouth, breathing in the desert heat of him as she stroked and caressed his pubic hair to heighten the fragrance.

After a few minutes, he pulled her away and repositioned her until her bottom shadowed his face. She could hear him sniffing, inhaling, gasping her scent as he lowered her until his

tongue and his breath danced against her cunt. It was as though they were both lost in each other, licking and tasting, sniffing - - wet, gulping snuffling sniffs, buried deep in the most fragrant places, places that made every part of her buzz with the electric bloom of his scent.

"I've got to come," he said. "I can't wait any longer."

"I want you to come. I want you to come on me, to mark me like I marked you." She could feel the pressure building, she could feel him tense until he was like iron, as she sucked and tugged at the length of him.

She came as the first splash of semen exploded onto her neck and breasts. Caught up

**With each caress she could feel herself slickening, she could smell her sharpening scent on his hand.**

in the olfactory orgy, she cupped and rubbed and stroked his scent, spreading the sticky ozone of him on to her tits and buttocks and face. Then she wiped the slippery fragrance of her pussy over his chest and stomach and down his thighs, until they were blanketed in the scent of their blending.

In a tangle of arms and legs, they caught their breath inhaling the strong odour of mutually marked territory. A good sniff aimed in the right direction seemed much more effective than the complications of modern mating rituals. Perhaps Chloe was a throwback to a more sensate, more feral past, but as she breathed in the storm cloud scent of Matt Engel intimating more heat to come, that didn't seem like such a bad thing after all. ❁



# CJ Sims

## THE SECOND COMING *The beast of Bethlehem*

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer*

**T**onight's house-party is themed: *come dressed as the person you wanted to become when you were a child.* This is more cerebral than last night's *Sodom and Gomorrah*.

When I get to the party, the opening of the front door reveals familiar bedlam: thousand-pound -fragrances -suits -a-day drug habits.

*Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world*

I'm an hour in, on a couch next to a German heiress dressed as Wonderwoman. Her obvious *laissez-faire* Teutonic approach to sexuality, coupled with red knee-high boots and golden corset make her a pre-eminent target. I feel emasculated from last night's antics, but cannot avoid staring at the swell of her perfect breasts.

"You like them?" she asks me.

My cock is already hard. "Small, but perfectly formed."

"I find that men always want to press their cocks between them, their eager balls pressed against my chest as the straddle me, and rub until they shoot warm semen over my neck, chin and mouth."

"Men can become easily infatuated by the promise of such art."

She reaches down and slides a fingernail against the outline of my cock.

"You like?" I ask her, feeling myself twitch eagerly against her touch.

"Small, but perfectly formed," she observes. I smile and sip cognac.

*The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned*

Her place is taken by two American men with whom I am familiar: one dressed as Superman, the other an astronaut.

"How is the porn business?" I ask them.

"Fuckin' A," replies Superman. "We just finished shooting *The Porn Identity* in the valley. We cast Buck Rogers as *Jason Porn*. We're already planning a sequel."

"Let me guess: *The Porn Ultimatum*."

The astronaut turns to Superman – impressed countenances – then: "We're in post-production for *The Jizz Composer*. It's about a jazz musician who takes teen girls, three at a time and uses an array of instruments on them. It's fetish but it works the mainstream teen angle, too."

*The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity*

Ennui lends the pornographers wings and Gemma sits down in their stead: "You haven't moved from this seat in an hour," she tells me. She is dressed as a hooker: a black polyvinylchloride miniskirt hitches up to reveal a pink thong with the word *cunt* in silver lettering against her cunt.

I shrug then ask: "Is Claud here?" Gemma is engaged to Claud, who has also been my best friend since Winchester.

"He's here, flirting with a girl half his age." She stares at me then proffers: "If you want to fuck me: why don't you just ask?"

"I wouldn't ask your permission. I'd just take you: like shopping for groceries in a supermarket."

"I'm sure I'd suck your cock better than groceries."

"I'm sure you'd suck my cock like there's a cure in it; most boys and girls do."

Her outfit and disposition attract worker bees to her honeypot. The couch is surrounded

by the swarm.

"I have adopted the most wonderful puppy and named him *Burton*, after the explorer," she tells them.

Later, ostentatiously, she selects Batman and a man dressed as a woman, leading them from the room as if they were doting puppies.

*Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand*

I am approached by a young man dressed only in immodest black Adidas swimming trunks. He is tanned and appropriately waxed. His gym-toned abdominal muscles are attracting admiring glances. My hubris is provoked.

"Models," I tell him. "So much free time to work on your bodies."

"You're jealous."

I cast an approving eye down him and shake my head. "Much the better for me."

"You haven't even asked my name," he murmurs.

I watch as his cock hardens slowly in his trunks. "Let's get you to a bedroom and take those trunks off."

As I lead him into a guestroom and close the door a svelte blonde in a tennis outfit is sat against the feet of a high-backed chair, texting. Her thighs are tanned and scream, *lick me*. She looks up. "I can leave."

I shake my head. "Stay and watch, but it's a hundred bucks a ticket."

The blonde stops texting and stares. "I'm Lisa."

"I have no interest in names." I drop to my knees, staring up at the boy's sinuous body. Beneath us, Aphex Twin's *Didgeredoo* pulses against the floorboards. I lick my lips allowing the sheen of saliva to catch the light. Slipping my fingertips against the waistband of his trunks and rolling them down his legs. His cock jumps out, eager. I smile as the head, already slick with pre-cum twitches close to my face. I blow softly and pull his

trunks from his legs.

"That cock would look good in my mouth."

"Jesus, this is hot," Lisa murmurs. In my periphery I see her stretching out against the floor and licking her fingertips, sliding them down her body.

I hold my hand against the underside of the shaft, pressing the throbbing head against his stomach whilst I admire his balls, leaning in and circling each in turn with my tongue, then sucking softly against them, letting my warm mouth alternate with the cool of my breath as I blow on them. I slowly work the base of his shaft with my hand, applying bare pressure.

He is staring down at me, wide-eyed. I run the tip of my tongue against his inner thighs, lazily tracing a path down his perineum with a hungry fingertip, working him softly.

He is moaning softly as I circle the head of his cock with my tongue, letting the scent rest on my tongue. I look up as I slide my head down the shaft, feeling the hard cock twitch against my tongue.

I reach down and rub myself, already hard. My nose is pressed against the bottom of his tanned stomach, I slip my tongue out and graze his balls, before working him hard with my mouth, hand at the base. I tease his balls with his fingertips as he rocks back and forth. I can hear Lisa getting herself off, her sighs quick, loud, ass squirming against the carpet as she writhes.

He bucks hard. I press myself down against the entire shaft, saliva hanging in wads from my lower lip, slapping against my chin. His hands grasp at the back of my head, my finger working his ass, he comes hard, cock jerking against the roof of my mouth, warm semen spurting into my throat.

*The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi*

I am sat on the wall of the roof terrace as the party winds down, a soft breeze and light

rain drifts across the sky.

Claud is stood precariously on the wall's edge, rocking. In one hand a bottle of *Ciroc*, in the other, a *Silk Cut* low-tar cigarette. He is dressed as Darth Vader. "It took him four cunting years and three law firms to get permission for this cunting roof terrace," he says, throwing his arms wide.

"The English weather means it's only viable one fucking month of the year."

Claud nods, unconvinced. "What has Gemma been up to?" His tone is unusually guarded.

"Getting drunk."

"She has been fucking a man dressed as Batman, and a man dressed as a woman. She sucked their cocks, then took them in her pussy and ass. They came over her tits and she lapped up the cum like a hungry dog."

The city is most denuded when it is cloaked in darkness. "You came to this party dressed in your outfits," I tell him, angry. "You can't expect fucking monogamy. And Claud, come down from the fucking ledge."

"In any life," he tells me, "no matter how banal, there is a denouement. Our society has taken the positive idea of death and sullied it, kept it hidden, like the Victorians repressed the healthy idea of sex – you know?"

"Get the fuck down from the ledge," I tell him.

I cannot drag him down. He would fall. I have to sit and watch. He turns to look at me and says, "Thank you."

He throws himself off the terrace, three floors onto the street below.

Minutes pass patterned by screams; ambulance sirens. I descend the stairs. Wonderwoman: "I wanted to fuck you." All about us, emotional chaos.

I snort derisively. "Your signals you gave me weren't that...strong."

"Many years spent in English society has led me to internalise my emotions."

"Let me get your number."

*Troubles my sight: somewhere in the sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man*

Seven days later I learn that Claud left everything to Gemma in his will.

My brother is up visiting from Balliol. I am aware of myriad indiscretions he is committing beneath the dreamy spires. He has an anal sex obsession. It is costing him his precarious dignity. It is time to have the talk.

"Watching much internet porn, these days?" I quiz.

"Less than I used to."

Aware that he is lying, I say: "I like watching girls take it in the ass."

"Yeah..."

"I like how it looks so easy: you know, they go down on you and then you fuck them in the ass. I like the simplicity." I am staring so hard at him that he is forced to look away.

"Yeah..."

"Only," – I laugh – "it isn't that easy, of course."

"No..."

"Anal intercourse is like a sexual reaction pathway: it requires a catalyst. You can't just walk up to a girl and fuck her in the ass: that is rape. In porn films, the catalyst is off-screen: it's the two-thousand five-hundred dollars they pay the girl to take it in the ass on film. In our world the catalyst is drink; us tonguing their pussy down their perineum to their ass; a million other resonant acts and confident words. It's like a seed: you can't put it in the ground and immediately harvest the plant. It takes time, patience, skill."

*A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun  
Is moving its slow thighs while all about it*

Later that day I take Wonderwoman – now dressed in a trouser suit and called Andrea – to Hockney and Velasquez exhibitions in Piccadilly. At the latter, I pause by a painting entitled, *Las Meninas*. Painted in 1656, the

setting is the painter's studio in Alcazar, hung with copies of Rubens' paintings, in the very spots recorded in an actual inventory. Interspersed against the recorded fact, Velasquez has woven a fiction set around the reflection of the Spanish King and Queen in a mirror.

At dinner, I drink vodka and orange juice. I tell Andrea that the citric acid and fructose will make my semen taste sweeter. I take Andrea back to mine. We fuck in the shower. She sleeps over because she is socialite and has no need of mornings. It is early when Andrea and I wake up. I fuck her ass because I am the exception that proves my rule. When my cock slides slowly inside her ass, and I am sure to give her the whole length. She gasps; her breathing becomes shallow and quick. I watch her back arch.

"At least have the decency to pull my hair and spank me if you're going to ride my ass," she tells me.

*Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds  
The darkness drops again; but now I know*

I knock at the door having no idea what may scene may greet me. Her dog barks eagerly.

"You brought champagne, how thoughtful."

I look down at the bottle of champagne I am holding then I look up at her as she is walking back into her hallway. I watch her lie out on the couch and stretch her legs.

"Where are the glasses?" I ask.

"Fuck glasses." She watches me uncork the bottle. Burton is rubbing against my leg. I think he may be considering urinating on it. "He likes you."

I smile. "When I came over, I didn't have a threesome in mind."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Pulling you down onto all fours in front of a full-length mirror so that you can watch me fucking your ass, then spilling my load on you and letting you lick it up whilst you

thank me."

"Your mind is one of your few redeeming qualities."

*That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking candle*

I lead her to the bedroom. She says: "This is where I do my best work."

I pull her t-shirt off and suck at the champagne bottle, pressing my mouth to hers and slipping the bubbling liquid against her tongue.

Her pussy is, like any exclusive venue, perfectly presented. I look up at her as my breath warms her swollen clit, sucking at the nub and murmuring, sending vibrations deep into her flesh. I kneel and pour champagne over my fingers, sucking at them before slipping two slender fingertips into her engorged pussy.

After we fuck, I come on her stomach. She scoops up the semen with her fingers, licking lazily at her hands, swallowing noisily.

"I'm still thirsty," she tells me.

I drag her off the bed to the bathroom and slide her to the walk-in shower, turning on the taps. She looks up at me wide-eyed as I hold my cock and straddle her, sending a stream of warm urine onto her face and hair. She closes her eyes and licks at her lips.

"Better?"

"Much. Thank you."

*And what rough beast, its hour come round at last  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

Gemma relaxes against the pillow. I lean in to lick at her nipple with my warm mouth, then blowing softly, allowing the saliva to cool against my breath. She shivers and her eyelids flicker open and closed.

I slip my fingers out and admire the sheen of her upon my skin. I run the tip of my tongue against each finger and then allow her to suck both of them.

"How do you taste?" I ask her.

“Like pussy.”

Later, we lie there, before: “I was pregnant last year.”

“I don’t see a kid anywhere: what happened?”

“I wasn’t sure it was Claud’s. I aborted.”

In the aftermath, Gemma falls asleep. In the gloom I dress. I emerge into the lounge to find Burton looking up at me, his head cocked, eyes playful.

“Yes, Burton,” I whisper softly, “I have something for you.”

He follows me with blind trust to the kitchen. We are – apparently – already friends. I take a biscuit from a Christmas tin, then I sort through the drawers and find a carving knife. I slip the blade behind my back, offering the biscuit. I hold the back of his neck as he gulps eagerly at the crumbs, then slip the blade out and rip the sharp steel hard across his throat.

“In any life, no matter how banal, there is a denouement.” ❁



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# Anna duBois

## HOW NANCY FOUND HER VOICE *Something lurks in the cupboard*



**N**ancy lived in a perfect, flower-dappled house with a colour coded back garden and immaculate carpets that matched her straight but dull blonde hair. She was the chemistry teacher at a girl's school, a short, brisk walk from her home in south London. Her husband Nigel owned an antique shop. He was one of those domesticated men that wheeled around their six-month-old baby in the supermarket as if it was his greatest indulgence. He would do it with a nauseating liberated air, she thought, patting the child's feet while uttering sweetnesses into its gurgling, balding man-face. Of course Nancy was partly to blame, with her cloying, asexual domination of him and her fastidious mothering of the little boy. Nigel meanwhile, simpered on castrated beyond repair, short of a good skewering in the perishables section with some sort of long, hard vegetable.

But Nancy couldn't be bothered. She had gone off her husband's penis and his tender, conscientious sort of screwing. In her quiet moments, sitting in front of the class after having dished out some group work to the girls, she would wonder at her aversion to Nigel's cock. She thought the problem stemmed from the fact that her husband's knob was so damn timid, gently prodding her back in the morning, apologetic and tender, like some sort of geriatric knuckle.

That, and the fact that she had taken to dreaming, almost always about a buxomly Spanish woman who bore some resemblance to a woman she'd met at a party with Nigel, an editor of a craft magazine, who had had a charming but very bad squint. The dream would focus almost entirely on her voluptuous

tits, which were festooned with the palest most beautiful array of freckles, and Nancy would be kissing them, sucking on her nipples like a baby, while someone prodded her gently from behind in her ass, taking care to ply open the orifice slowly, without entering it at all. While in reality it resembled Nigel, nudging away again like a forlorn puppy, in her dreams, she was descending the Spanish woman's waist, tracing the curve like the edge of a swimming pool with her fingers while her tongue knotted in her belly button.

**The bottom half of the woman changed into that of a black man, a French-speaking black man very specifically from the Congo, with a cock so massive it would have set off the terror alert at Heathrow.**

But then the dream took a sudden turn. The bottom half of the woman changed into that of a black man, a French-speaking black man very specifically from the Congo, with a cock so massive it would have set off the terror alert at Heathrow.

As soon as she saw the offensively beautiful weapon, he began thrusting deeper, gliding in and out of her ass like a well-oiled battering ram, the top of his prick ringing from her spine ecstatic, dog-like yelps, until she came in a blazing hot wave that seized her from her anus to her tits and back again (many times) while the sounds of gunfire rang in her ears. It was all very confusing, and quite concerning - especially the bit about the guns and the terrorists and the Congolese.

Nancy was terrified of African men in the way that posh white women generally are. She didn't like their smell, like sweat and damp wood, their moist lips or the way their eyes roved as if always on the hunt for hungry pussy. It was as if their entire demeanour

was dedicated to raw, filthy animal sex. But, like her contemporaries, she found them in more honest moments - curiously alluring - especially now given her current cock problem. She had also overheard, via Gemma Hargreaves and her short-skirted posse in the fourth form, that black men knew that most women liked to be "treated nasty in the sack" (this is what Gemma said with her gentle lisp and moistly parted lips). After that, Nancy found herself so flustered she was tempted to take some time out in the backroom with a nicely warmed test tube and some vegetable oil.

But that night, she had to content herself with the dream. And when she woke up chasing the tail ends of it, with the bed clothes soaking and Nigel snoring gently beside her, Nancy resolved that should she one day find a black man between her legs, girlhood fear and instruction be damned; she would bloody well lie back and close her eyes and think of potassium sulphate and water, the luminous little explosions going on in her brain, while she waited - no, begged - with her comfy shoes and stretch-knit panties cast asunder like fleshy little blimps from the earth, to be deliciously, viciously impaled.

Of course, her obsession got worse. While Nigel was walking the baby in the park, she skipped yoga and went to a sex shop. She made her way to the back and stood staring at the impossibly huge purple-black silicone cocks for so long the shop assistant had to nudge her carefully away. "Don't worry," she said, patting her arm. "They aren't really *that* big."

She was a young girl with Balkan eyes, and so many piercings she resembled Nancy's pin cushion. The girl had pale, almost blue skin and dyed blonde hair. The overall effect was that of having been dipped in peroxide, then hastily studded.

"Oh no," said Nancy. "You don't understand... You see, I really hope they are."

The girl stepped back and smiled, then eyed her up and down. Nancy was wearing her polyester brown suit with a lime green polo neck underneath, and a gold brooch at her neck - of a rose with a silly, knotted stem. Her hair was raked back in a tight bun and she wore no make-up, which accentuated her straight nose and short upper lip, her wide, naive blue eyes and her freckles.

"Well," she said. "They are 50 pounds but they are worth every penny."

Nancy didn't hesitate. She grabbed all the required plastic - the deep violet cucumber-sized one hanging up on the left of her, and the other in her wallet on her right - and she paid up and walked out, humming a tune from *Les Misérables*, the juice already starting to seep into in her pants.

With the baby asleep and Nigel yodelling in the shower, Nancy crept to her cupboard to check on her new pet. She had hidden it behind the safe, a tall metal box that held in it all her heirlooms (and there were many, if you included all the pure silver cutlery), and Nigel's antique gun. But when she pushed aside her suits and reached for the plastic bag, she found only a bare, cold wall. She gasped, inched closer into the cupboard and ran her hands further down towards the floor. Her coats, many of them covered in plastic, rustled. She panted, let her fingers sink to the skirting. Nothing. She was squatting precariously and her arms were aching with all the lunging. But her penis was gone. Shocked, she lost her balance and tumbled into the cupboard, knocking her funny bone on the rubber toe of one of her garden boots.

"Nancy?" said Nigel from behind her. "Nancy, what *are* you doing?"

Flustered, she grasped for a handhold. In her scrambling, she dislodged something in the safe.

"Christ," said Nigel when he heard the thud. "I hope that isn't a gun...."

Nancy took a few deep, sage breaths.



She closed her eyes, squeezed down on her elbow.

"Nancy?" said Nigel. She could hear he had moved backwards, towards the bed. A laugh was creeping into his voice. Honestly, thought Nancy, I can't deal with his slack-jawed sniggering now. "Nancy, are you looking for this?"

She shot up, exploded out from the coats.

And there was Nigel, sitting on the edge of her bed wearing her stiff-knit panties, brandishing the gigantic black rubber cock in his hand, waving it gently to and fro like the national flag.

She stepped back. "What are *you*...?"

"No Nancy," said Nigel, standing up. "What are you...?"

"I can't believe this," she said. She felt the heat flood her face.

"You're blushing," said Nigel. "I haven't seen you blush since..."

"Oh shut up you pathetic little man," Nancy said. The words rushed out in a

back. Nancy tried to shout but it stuck in her throat. She was shocked; she was used to his pale compliance, the way he bowed over at the hint of an argument, leaving her in a state of frustrated triumph. Now, the cock in his hand like a cricket bat, Nigel was stepping up to plate.

"Turns out we may have more in common than you think," he said. He pulled her trousers off in one fell swoop. She felt the knot in her stomach tighten; she marvelled at his hard hands, far from his usual fumbling. When Nigel slipped her huge panties off his hips, his cock weighing outwards like a third hand, Nancy found her voice.

"What do you mean?" she said. Her begging, nasal tone pleased Nigel.

"Just you wait you little slut," he said. "First your turn, then mine." He leaned over, pressed the huge dildo up against her cheek. "First I'm going to skewer you like a chicken, then I want this big black boy up my ass like a soldier."

## And there was Nigel, sitting on the edge of her bed wearing her stiff-knit panties, brandishing the gigantic black rubber cock in his hand...

She felt her pussy tighten in agreement, delighted at the intimate convergence of their fantasies. Timidly, she opened her legs to him.

reckless, passionate rasp.

In two strides he was in front of her, and she saw that her panties pressed his bulging cock straight up against his chest so it peaked out from the top of them like a small pink button. Before she had time to laugh, he raised his free hand and grabbed her cheeks, squeezing them hard so her lips pouted up like a just caught fish.

"Enough!" he said. He pulled her by the face. She struggled to keep up and stumbled over her feet, then she fell on the bed, her shoes flying off behind her.

"So you like a bit of rough black, do you?" he said, standing in front of her. His pasty legs and narrow chest rose above her like some ridiculous rubber toy. She tried to get up but he pushed her back down on her

He bent down towards the blonde tangle, the pink, glistening lips and began to gently massage the slippery flesh, teasing her clitoris in steady, round strokes. Nancy groaned, and let her legs flop wider. She pulled off her polo neck and unclasped her bra so her pale freckled tits popped out like dollops of toffee-flecked ice cream. Nigel cursed at her - "you skinny little hussy," he said - then he reached for her nipples, pinching them between the fingers of his one hand, while rubbing the dildo between her breasts with the other. Slowly he began rubbing his own cock up against the inside of her slack, open thigh.

Nancy's cunt began to beg for it. She felt herself opening at the seams. "Give it to me,"

she said. "Give me your big black monster."

"Roll over," said Nigel. His voice was thick. Nancy noticed the little bead of cum on the end of his penis. She rolled over on the edge of the bed and began to rub herself.

Nigel watched her pink-tipped fingers spread her lips, swell them open. He began to nudge at her cunt with the tip of the black penis. She pushed her asshole up harder against it.

"More," she said.

Nigel breathed in sharply. "Quit the bossing you little bitch," he said. And with that his hand landed on her buttock with a terrific, joyous slap.

She groaned louder. He thrust the penis deeper, squeezing his own cock tighter, fucking himself with his other hand.

"Oh God," he said, feeling his orgasm grab a hold of his balls. He moved the dildo deeper into Nancy, watching how the rim of her cunt seemed to suck at it hungrily. Soon it was halfway up and she was writhing on the bed, her butt trembling with desire and glee while she rubbed her clit over her outstretched hand. She started to moan louder, feeling herself tipping over into orgasm.

Suddenly Nigel pulled the rubber cock out and plunged his own warm prick inside her. Nancy hesitated, but he dug his nails into her skinny buttocks in warning. She caved into his thrusting. Nigel smiled, then pulled the dildo back, pressed it up against her anus.

"Yes," she whispered. "Fuck me in the ass big boy."

The dildo was wet from her cunt, so it slid in surprisingly easily. "You are such a fucking slut," said Nigel. "Look at you." He began pummelling her with his big black cock, and Nancy soared up in agony and ecstasy, feeling the thrusting unravelling her from the

inside, unblocking a deep mysterious river of warmth. She was screaming like a banshee, cursing and slipping and gliding over his two magnificent promontories, when something fell inside the cupboard and the gun went off with a bang.

Nigel leapt up in fright, but the terror only sent him right over the edge. He couldn't take it any longer. He raised his voice into a terrific yodel then yelled: "*Vive le commandant!*"

He came in a burst of double-barrelled thrusting, and they collapsed onto each other, red-faced and clammy, and torn apart in their middles.

Nancy got up first to make some tea. Downstairs the kitchen seemed especially still. A dog barked tiredly, and suddenly a police siren marbled across the ceiling. She pulled the red-checked curtains aside. A police car had pulled up across the street. She frowned and quickly let the curtain fall. It must be those refugees across the way, she thought. But then there was a banging on the door, loud and violent. Flustered, she tidied her hair, rolled it up around a pin, and pulled her towelling gown up tight around her neck.

"Yes, officer," she said when he pushed open the door.

He stepped inside, resplendent in his uniform, six-foot-four and black as the night. His eyes roamed over her face and down her gown.

"We got a report of a gunshot in here," he said, his accent stealing the "h". "Are you okay?"

Nancy saw a brief glimpse of heaven. "Not really," she lied. "My husband is through there." She stepped aside, gesturing to the passage. "I've been expecting you." ❀



# John Gibb

## CALL OUT CHARGES

### STATEMENT OF WITNESS (C.J. Act, 1967)

*Statement of.....Paul Beresford...*  
*Age of witness....Over 21...*  
*Occupation of witness.....Police Constable 17*  
*160689.....*  
*Address and telephone number*  
*...Kensington Police Station...*  
*...19 Earls Court Road...*  
*...London W.8.....*  
*This statement consisting of ...4.....pages*  
*each signed by me, is true to the best of my*  
*knowledge and belief and I make it knowing*  
*that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be*  
*liable to prosecution if I have wilfully stated in*  
*it anything which I know to be false or do not*  
*believe to be true.*  
*Dated the 1st day of October, 1987...*  
*Signed.....P. Beresford Police Constable 17.*  
*160689.....*  
*Signature witnessed by.....*

**O**n Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> September 1987 at about 8.15 pm together with PS 16 Quinlan and other officers, I went to The Strand Palace Hotel, 372, The Strand, London WC2. Sometime later I went with PS Quinlan to Room M112 of that hotel. PS Quinlan then handed me a What's On and Where to Go in London Magazine – the 18<sup>th</sup> – 25<sup>th</sup> October 1987 edition which I now produce as exhibit H.C.1. In the classified adverts section on page 89 he drew my attention to the Sauna and Massage Column and in particular to the advert reading 'F1 Massage, for a beautiful service 24 hours – 7 day weekly tel 01 487 2531.

At about 8.30 pm using the hotel room telephone I requested the switchboard operator to obtain this number for me. A

few minutes later a female voice answered, "F1 Massage Service." I said I would like a massage, can you tell me your prices please? She said, "Certainly Sir, where are you? I said the Strand Palace Hotel, in my room. She interrupted me at this point and said, "we don't call there, the security's too tight." I said, there can't be any problems, I'm a guest, she said, "no they've got surveillance, they pull our girls and photograph them, it's too dangerous we won't come there." I said, look what's the problem, I only want a simple massage? She laughed and said, "if you only want a straight massage, you've got the wrong number anyway." I said I'm only in town for a couple of nights, can't you help me out? She said, "sorry love, not there, it's too risky for our girls, book into another hotel and give us a ring, you won't be disappointed." She then hung up. At 9.15 that night, together with PS Quinlan, I went to the Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, London W1. A short time later I went with PS Quinlan to room 110 of that hotel and using the room telephone, I dialled the F1 Massage service on 01-487-2531. A female voice answered, "F1 Massage." I said, hello, I'd like a masseuse to visit me." She said, "where are you sir?" I said, Room 110 Grosvenor House Hotel." She said, "sorry we can't call there." I said, why not? She said, "some of our girls are known to security. They stop us, it's too much hassle." I said, but I thought you visited hotels. She said, "not that one, the security's too tight." She then hung up. After a brief conversation with PS Quinlan, he drew my attention to a similar advert in the magazine which read, "A refreshing massage any time you wish. Tel.01-935 4820." I dialled this number and the same female I had spoken to on the phone a few minutes previously answered. She said "Massage." I said, good evening, I'm

at The Grosvenor House Hotel and would like a massage. There was a pause. I could hear clicking. The voice said, "Where are you speaking from sir?" I said, "The Grosvenor House." There were more clicking noises and then a different female voice said, "I'm sorry, we don't call at that hotel." I said, why not, I'm..... and the 'phone was hung up on me.

Later that same night, together with the same officer, I went to The Lancaster Palace Hotel, Bayswater W.2. At 10.30 pm I went with PS Quinlan and the Security officer, Mr Sprunt, to room 4051. The Security officer handed me the key to the room and then left. I again telephone the F1 Massage service on 01-487-3531. A female voice that I did not recognise answered the phone. I said, good evening, I'd like a massage. She said "Where are you sir?" I said, I'm staying in the Lancaster Palace Hotel Bayswater.

She said, "what name are you booked in under?" I said, Paul Beresford. She said, "our charges are £20 for the massage plus the masseuse's cab fares." I said, fine. She said, "what room are you in and I'll call you back, okay?" I gave her the room number and then replaced the receiver, a few moments later the phone rang and I picked it up. The same female voice said, "Mr Beresford?" I said yes. She said, "just confirming your massage, what type of girl would you like? English or Caribbean?" I said, what's the difference? She said, "It's your personal choice sir, but you'll find all our girls give a very good personal service, which will satisfy you in every way." I said Okay, I'll try a Caribbean girl. Will she take long to get here? She laughed and said, "no sir, about 20 minutes. Bye." She then hung up and I replaced the receiver.

At about 10.40 pm there was a knock on my room door which I answered. Outside the door in the corridor was a coloured woman aged about 30 years, medium build with tied back hair. She was wearing a fawn raincoat

under which she wore a dark coloured blouse and skirt. She introduced herself as Christine and later gave me a surname of Watson. As I opened the room door, she quickly stepped inside and said, "Mr Beresford?" I said yes, she then said, "close the door." I did this, she entered the room properly, looking round her all the time. She said, "Is this your room?" I nodded, she looked in the wardrobe then behind the curtains, she then said, "what's that door?" I said it was the bathroom. She went past me and entered the bathroom. She came out a few moments later and said, "is that your stuff in the bathroom?" I said yes. She said "what's so funny?" I said, you haven't looked under the bed yet. She said,

**"Mr Beresford?" I said yes. She said, "just confirming your massage, what type of girl would you like? English or Caribbean?" I said, what's the difference?**

"you must think I'm paranoid but we have to be careful." She then said, "can you lock the door?" I then went to the door and tried to lock it, fiddling about with the handle which I opened and closed a few times. She came up and told me to push the button in the centre of the handle which I did. She then went back into the room, took off her coat and sat on the bed. She said, "have you had a massage before?" I told her not in a hotel, she then said, "well it's £20 plus £15 cab fare." I nodded, she said, "can you pay now before we start?" I said yes and gave her £35 which she put in her handbag. She then told me to get undressed. She went into the bathroom and came back with a large hotel bath towel which she placed on the bed.

After doing this, she went to the room door, opened it and looked into the corridor. She then closed and locked the door and came back to the bed. She told me to lie on my stomach. She then took off her blouse. She had a black bra on underneath. I said, Oh do you get undressed as well? She said, "not yet,

this is just to get you in the right mood.” She started to rub my back, shoulders, buttocks and thighs with her hands. She said “what

## She said, “look, you’re a stranger in London and it’s you first time so I’ll let you have it for £100.”

other service do you want?” I said, what is there? She said, “you can have full sex with me, that’s why you rang up isn’t it?” she went on to say, “full sex is £150, I can only stay for an hour and then I’ve got another client.” I said, “£150? You must be joking.” She said, “look, you’re a stranger in London and it’s you first time so I’ll let you have it for £100.” I said, no way can I afford that. She told me to turn over and said, “I’ll do a hand relief for you for £50 and that’s the bottom line all right?” I said, but I’ve already paid you £35. She said, “that’s not mine, that’s the agency money and my cab fares. I only make money from the extras.” I said, I can’t afford another £50 let alone £100. She said, “look, you’re wasting my time. I won’t get anything from this.”

At this point, there was a knock on the door. She stopped talking and whispered to me, asking if I was expecting anyone. I told her no, and there was a further louder knock and a male voice said, “can you open the door please, this is security.” She told me to get up and put my trousers on, she then said, “tell him my name is Christine Watson, I’m a friend you rang up to meet you here. We’re going for a meal.” I nodded, she then grabbed my arm and said, “don’t mention the massage or sex or they’ll call the police and you’ll be in trouble too.” I nodded. There was another loud knock and I said, coming. The male voice said, “I’d rather you opened the door. I don’t want to keep shouting in the corridor sir.” Watson put on her blouse and raincoat.

I had a towel round my waist. I opened the door. Outside was the hotel security officer, Mr Sprunt. He said, “you’ve got a guest in your room sir. It’s not allowed. Would you mind escorting her back down to reception. I don’t know how she got up here in the first place.” I told him she was a friend who I had invited up while I got ready to go out. He said, “I’ll wait outside the door and see you downstairs sir.”

I closed the door. Watson said “Christ, he must have followed me up. Have you been here before?” I shook my head. I then got dressed quickly with Watson telling me to hurry up. We left the room together and with Mr Sprunt, who was standing outside in the corridor. We went to the lift and down to reception. On the way, Mr Sprunt asked Watson for her name and she said, “it’s none of your business, this man is a friend of mine.” I then left the hotel and walked with Watson to the Bayswater Road. On the way she told me not to say anything if I was asked questions back at the hotel or I would be in trouble with the Police. I said, why? I’ve done nothing wrong. She said “look, you were going to pay me for sex. The Police are always after us in hotels. That’s why we’re so careful. When I get back to the agency and tell them, they’ll cross it off the list so don’t bother calling from that place again. Book in somewhere else.” I said, what about my money? She said, “ring the agency tomorrow from another hotel and ask for me. I’ll explain to them that we were caught out and they might do you a discount. Okay?”

She hailed a black cab and got into it. It drove off east.

*Signed*  
.....P. Beresford.....  
.....P.C. 17 .....



# NJ Streitberger

NUNC DIMITTIS

*Time to kick the habit*



Sister Bartolomea stood before the Abbess, her head lowered in shame and humility.

“God sees all,” warned Sister Maria, the Abbess, “And he sees your sinful thoughts. Even before they have formed in your mind.”

The nervous nun had no idea how God could predict what she might be thinking before she thought it but she was disinclined to dwell on the question. Clearly, she had incurred the wrath of her Mother Abbess for some reason and was prepared for a punishment.

“You have defeated my best intentions,” said the Abbess, a furious frown carving lines into her forehead beneath the stiff white wimple. “I have only one recourse left, reluctant as I am to pursue it. You must attend the Father Confessor for correction.”

Sister Bartolomea nearly wet herself. The Father Confessor was the terror of the convent, the bogeyman whose very name was sufficient to keep any waywardness in check.

God help me, she thought. He sees that I am innocent. I have not sinned against Him.

“Return to your cell,” said the Abbess. “I will send for you. Spend the rest of the time in prayer.”

Bewildered and very frightened, Sister Bartolomea staggered back along the marble-lined corridors of the convent and entered her small bare room. She pushed the door to and immediately fell onto her knees before her simple wooden crucifix on the wall above her.

“My Lord, My Master,” she whispered. “Thou knowest my heart is true and pure. If you see all, I prey you may intercede on my behalf and not let harm come to me in any unjust manner”.

Receiving neither answer nor sign, she

prostrated herself on the cold stone floor and lay there, arms outstretched in imitation of the crucifixion for the next two hours. Eventually, she fell asleep.

Some time later she was shaken awake and found herself trudging up the stony winding path towards the forbidding castello at the end of the town. It was a place long abandoned by the original family, a Venetian nobleman and his daughters who had been spirited away during the war with the Ottoman Empire and never seen again. The place had been requisitioned by the Church, and now housed the Father Confessor, who had been placed there by the new board of magistrates to ‘question’ the goings-on at the convents across the land. An Inquisitor, by any other name.

Sister Bartolomea had been sent to the convent of Santa Susanna at the age of thirteen. Her father, a noble of middle rank and moderate means, had, in common with many of his peers, decided that it was more expedient (and less expensive) to give a daughter to God than it was to marry her off. Marriage involved a dowry and his finances had been insufficiently well-managed to cope with such a burden. The money he gave to the Abbess for retaining his youngest daughter on an irregular basis was infinitely preferable, though the Abbess was becoming increasingly irritated at the intermittency of his donations. Four years on from her arrival, Sister Bartolomea had developed into an exquisite young woman, whose beauty was only emphasised by the plainness of her nun’s garb. It was yet another reason for the Abbess to look upon her with displeasure.

Moreover, she had taken to her holy vows with alacrity, unlike many of her sisters in the community who conducted affairs and profitable liaisons with several men, in the

manner of courtesans in the outside world. Sister Bartolomea, in spite of encouragement from other nuns and, in truth, the Abbess herself, remained pure and chaste, frowning in disapproval and bewilderment at the artistic representations of sexual acts that were passed before her astonished eyes at the dining table.

She wondered at the strange events that led her to the iron-studded oaken door of the castello. She pushed the door and made her way across the courtyard to the main building, climbing the stairs to a large room lit by flickering torches high on the walls. A low rasping voice made her turn suddenly.

“Enter, child. Face the table.”

In the shadows of the wall, she glimpsed the terrifying figure of the Confessor, robed and hooded such that it was impossible to see his face. She did as she was bidden, and stood at the end of the table in the centre of the room. To her growing horror, she saw the buckled leather straps on either side of an altar crucifix. The Confessor walked towards her and came up behind her. He pushed her forward across the table and stretched her arms out towards the straps.

“Face your Maker. And pray for your salvation.”

Quickly, the Confessor buckled her wrists tightly into the straps, so that she was prostrated before the crucifix, bent at the waist with her feet just touching the stone floor.

She bit her lip and prayed as the Confessor raised her robes and pulled down her undergarments. She heard a soft swish and cried out as she felt the six knotted leather lashes strike her bare buttocks. The sting of the whip seemed to sluice through her entire body, making her blood sing. There was another and another and as her white flesh quivered, blushing at every stroke, her tears flowed freely, forming a pool on the rough wood of the table.

“Lord! Save me. I beg you!” she whimpered. “Forgive my grievous faults, whatever they be.”

After a while, the whipping stopped and the pain subsided into a strange, bubbling numbness. In between her soft sobs, she could hear her tormentor walking around behind her, and wondered what fresh torture was being prepared for her.

To her surprise and horror, she felt soft hands forcing her legs apart and hot breath on her private parts, cruelly exposed. She tried to shut her thighs but the Confessor held her ankles fast as he dipped his tongue into her swollen vulva, lapping like a thirsty dog at a puddle.

Unable to control herself, Sister Bartolomea cried out in ecstasy at the exquisite sensation of her tormentor’s tongue, which licked faster and faster, sending her into hitherto undreamed of realms of pleasure. She went to the peak of the mountain and then let herself go, bucking, sobbing and crying out in hot shame at the unimaginable sensation.

Exhausted, she sank onto the table, her flesh melting into the wood. There was a moment’s respite; silence reigned apart from her gasps as she regained her normal breathing pattern.

Then something hard prodded the wet orifice of her womanhood, forcing its way inside her. It was hard, smooth, cool and warm all at once. She screamed and tried to raise her hips but the Confessor gripped her hipbones with a firmness that brooked no movement. Pierced to her most intimate depths she thumped her forehead on the rough wood in an agony of self-mortification as the Confessor rammed in and out of her, withdrawing almost to the tip before entering her to the full, ripping her maidenhead and conjuring a tempest of pain and pleasure that wracked her body from her toes to her teeth. Blood flowed from between her thighs and from the gashes on her forehead as she continued to smash it against the table until she felt the climax rising in her and she was engulfed in a second torrential orgasm.

Back in her cell, Sister Bartolomea was left alone to reflect on her experiences. In a state



MF 01

of emotional, spiritual and carnal confusion she gave herself up to prayer and self-mortification, flicking her naked shoulders with a small, three-tailed whip until the blood ran down her back like tears. All to no avail. The self-inflicted punishment only served to heighten the craving within her that had been released at the hands of the Confessor. Utterly helpless in the grip of her fleshly desires, she waited until the community was asleep and crept out of her cell.

She climbed over the low wall and, holding the skirts of her habit above her knees half-ran up the hill towards the castello, lured by the flickering torchlight in the windows and the forbidden promise of what lay within.

### **Strapped to the table was another nun, her pale backside bared as the hooded Confessor, his robe undone, penetrated the girl as he had done to her.**

Entering the castello, she made her way up the stone stairs towards the main chamber, stopping at the door when she heard sounds emanating from inside. Pushing open the door she peered through and came across a scene that turned her bowels to hot ice.

Strapped to the table was another nun, her pale backside bared as the hooded Confessor, his robe undone, penetrated the girl as he had done to her. She watched in mounting horror at the tumescent member revealed itself at every outthrust, a glistening tube of glass resembling a narrow wine-flask. Never having seen a man's part in any condition, she was unaware that she was looking at the *pastinaca muranese* or "crystal turnip," a state-of-the-art dildo made of fine Venetian glass and filled with warm water.

A hot rush of jealousy flooded through her and she rushed into the room, grabbing the Confessor's arm and pulling him round to face her.

"No!" she screamed. "It's mine! This belongs to nobody else!"

As she gripped the glass member with both hands, the Confessor's hood fell back, revealing the shocked face of the Abbess.

"Holy Mother!" breathed Sister Bartolomea. "Is this some trick of the Devil?"

The Abbess snarled and tried to slap the maddened nun but Sister Bartolomea ducked and keeping a firm grip on the slippery implement, twisted it in her hands, snapping it off at the base, where it was strapped to the

Abbess's lower regions.

"No! Wretched child!" screamed the Abbess, hands clawing at the young nun. They were the last words she ever uttered.

Her mind in a tumult, Sister Bartolomea thrust the jagged broken glass into her throat, sending a fountain of blood jetting out across the flagstones. She sank to the floor, hands scrabbling vainly at the ugly wound, where her life's fluid ebbed away.

Ignoring the sobs and babbling cries of the young nun still strapped to the table, Sister Bartolomea dropped the glass member where it smashed into fragments on the floor. She removed her habit, divested herself of her remaining undergarments and wrapped herself in the rough hooded robe of the 'Confessor'.

She walked out of the room, down the stairs and into the world outside, no longer a nun and entirely unprepared for the adventures that lay before her. ❀

# THE EROTIC REVIEWS

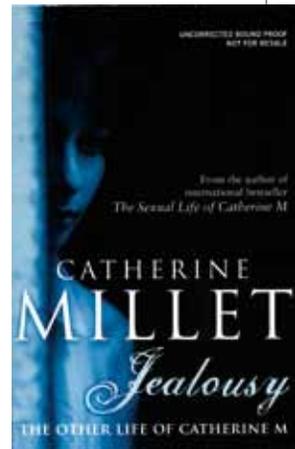
Michael R. Goss

STILL A FORCE OF NATURE

While delayed for three hours at New York's JFK airport a few weeks back, I observed an irate French passenger attack the Airline agent. A simple complaint about the delay slowly transformed into a philosophical debate about the ethics and philosophy of customer service, complete with expansive gesticulations and Gallic shrugs. In a similar way, Catherine Millet transformed the simple sexual act into another philosophical debate about the metaphysics of sexuality and relationships.

In her first book, *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*, Millet relayed a myriad of orgasmic sexual experiences continuing the long literary tradition of the erotic confession. From St. Augustine, Rousseau and Casanova to the Victorian proponents, Walter, of *My Secret Life* fame, Captain Edward Sellon and his *Ups and Downs of Life* through to more recent times of Frank Harris', *My life and Loves* and Henry Miller to a controversial 1970s precursor *Maud de Belleroche's L'Ordinatrice: Mémoires d'une femme de quarante ans*. Millet, behaving like a veritable 20<sup>th</sup> century Messalina, recounts her adventures in vivid, pathological detail, rather like a redeemed lapsed Catholic confessing all her carnal sins to a priest. She writes in a voice of almost existential detachment, but with florid prose, delighting in the sexual delirium, where reality blends with fantasy, reading much like much like Baron Denon's erotic novel, *The Voluptuous Night* (1830). Millet plays the role of every man's fantasy of a submissive woman, verging on clinical nymphomania, compulsively addicted to casual sex with multiple strangers in Parisian bars, clubs and public places. She would literally do anything with anyone, although, in reality, I really could have done without reading about her adventures with the guy with yellow teeth and being taken from behind while suffering a severe case of Delhi belly.

The third law of Newtonian physics teaches us that every cause has an effect and every action has a reaction and so, Millet's life of free love eventually had emotional repercussions in her own relationship with long term partner, Jacques Henric. Millet's new book, *Jealousy*, a counterpoint to *Sexual Life*, follows her through her teenage sexual awakening. We read her early masturbation fantasies and her first fumbling with lover Claude, through to the beginning of her bohemian relationship with poet and author Henric. Millet always stated, 'I had love at home, I sought only pleasure outside', but when she chances upon Henric's diary entries, notebooks and photos, she realises that she is the only one seeking pleasure elsewhere. She



books

reads of Jacques' adventures with Blandine and others, and becomes jealous while continuing her orgiastic lifestyle.

Millet struggles with the paradox of her libertine agenda against the green-eyed beast growing inside her, and muses upon the intricacies and minutiae of human relationships and existence. She said of herself "*I suffered terribly because I was torn apart by a contradiction*". In an act of penance, (her books are full of Catholic imagery), she imagines Henric having sex with other women to arouse herself during masturbation. *Jealousy* is a far more introspective and personally revealing book. We read about her, sometimes vulnerable, inner life and the awful tragedy and poignancy of her mother's death, which finally brings her life into a sharper focus.

Detractors of Millet's books are many. The critic Michel Schneider commented that writing about sex was neither politically or socially revolutionary, obviously neglecting the role satirical pornography played in anti-authoritarian propaganda before the French Revolution. He also resented the idea that the author should labour under the delusion that anyone should care about the nature of her sex life. Another critic wrote, "This woman who seemed to know everything about the mechanics of sex and nothing about tenderness or love in 70,000 words of self-indulgent, navel-gazing, lifeless rambling". Maybe the critics have a point. It is true that Millet does come across as a little self-indulgent at times, but what autobiography doesn't? Millet's writings do provide a document on the cutting edge of the sexual revolution of the seventies, and no doubt confirm the British stereotype that the French go at it like rabbits. She certainly does nothing to assuage that myth, and if I believed this to be true, I'd be on the next Eurostar with a bag of carrots.

Apparently the 60-year-old Millet has now 'retired' from her swinging lifestyle since writing about her past; as she said herself, '*What you put in a book is what you leave behind, whether you want to or not.*' When Frank Harris' *Memoirs* were compared to Casanova's he reportedly said '*Casanova! My dear man. Casanova is not worthy to untie my bootstraps!*' In the same way I doubt there are many modern women writers worthy of unhooking Millet's bra straps. 

***Jealousy: The Other Life of Catherine M* by Catherine Millet; *Serpent's Tail*; ISBN: 9781846687181; £10.99**

## Sophie Wilkinson

### SIMPLE SOLUTIONS

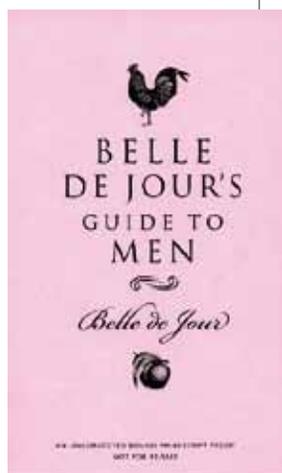
**R**eeling from the publicity created by the ITV adaptation of her various memoirs, ex-call girl Belle has written a witty, but rudimentary take on the rules of dating.

Writing in a conversational style, Belle deconstructs the myths that previous

dating guides have set up by encouraging women to become aware of their own preferences and expectations of relationships. She commands the reader to put emotional trickery and traditional dating methods on the back burner and to instead respect 'feminine intuition' when considering their love life. The advice given is a solid, refreshing alternative to the status quo of other dating guides such as *The Rules*. This etiquette book refuses to condemn women to a 1950s approach to dating. Instead, it rallies them to get 'un-fucked-up', leave all emotional baggage at the door and start treating relationships in the supposedly logical way men do.

The initial chapters are dedicated to the identification of a woman's individual needs, different types of men and how to combine these two to locate a veritable suitor. What follows are tips on courting, including a very useful chapter on 'Setting It Free'; how to terminate relationships before they turn into a hypothetical 42-page letter to an agony aunt. Mention of Belle's former life as a call-girl is kept to a minimum, with an entire chapter dedicated to warning women aware from being enticed into spuriously glamorous world of prostitution. 'Successfully Single - being a SPINSTER' is a very funny chapter, 'SPINSTER' being an acronym for 'She Prefers Independent No-strings Sex To Entering Relationships'. Here, Belle encourages women to enjoy their single status and to feel unconditionally entitled to get drunk and stay drunk on a regular basis, without being confronted with a concerned partner's disapproval.

For all its crass humour, De Jour's amusing diatribe does have its drawbacks. The layout is a mess. It misses its target audience of busy working women because it doesn't make for efficient reference material. She makes repeated use of erstwhile buzzwords such as 'fuggedaboutit' and 'meh'. For such vernacular to be printed in 2009 is the literary equivalent of hearing the Crazy Frog ringtone programmed into a middle-aged banker's Blackberry.



De Jour also makes another crucial mistake by misinterpreting singles websites as legitimate dating tools, instead of the last resort of overworked, unattractive people with the social skills of a builder's bum. These anachronisms inspire me to question the writer's ability to relate to her audience of 18-34 year old ITV fanatics.

The crux of the advice is undeniably useful: 'do as you would be done by' is indeed worthy of being extended into a dating guide. The writer does this by teaming these simple words of wisdom with personal anecdotes from the world of high class hookers, postmodern references and amusing tables translating manspeak into womanspeak, De Jour has created an entertaining, fluffy alternative to most dating guides, yet one lacking in erudition and erotic embellishments. ❁

**Belle De Jour's Guide to Men by Belle De Jour; Orion;**  
**ISBN: 9781409113843; £10.00**

## Jack Cooke

### BAYLEY'S BRIEF

The intensity of reactions to Stephen Bayley's new tome, *Woman as Design*, is such, that, one suspects the hungry lionesses haven't had a tit bit this good for some time. Bayley, design demi-god, has thrown himself squarely into the midst of the feminist den. Three hundred pages of blow up breasts and behinds are all accompanied by a man's adoring musings on the female form. To date some of the work's more generous praise has included epithets like 'lecherous...pervathon' and even better 'a coffee table playground for perverts.' The sheer depth and breadth of these accolades mark Bayley as the most maligned 'misogynist' since *The Alphabet of Manliness* was conceived. Taken together, the critics conjure an image of the author, stalking the streets, with his brain in his balls, sporting a chauvinist's grin to rival the horniest Cheshire tomcat.

The fact is Stephen Bayley doesn't take himself half as seriously as his detractors. The book is, in his own words, 'highly whimsical.' His design comparisons with the female form are intended to provoke fanciful rumination not violent gender debate. Diverse references from atom bombs to splayed shells, ripe fruits and inverted maps, are playful rather than antagonistic.

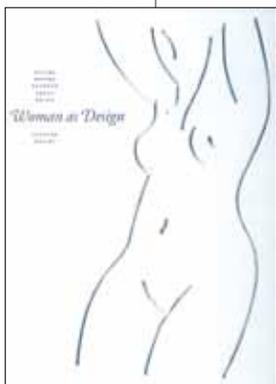
Take his allusion to the source of the mermaid myth as a bloated, blubber-laden sea cow – the manatee. The logic is ludicrous but the comparison exposes the idiocy of male lust rather than demeaning its object further. In spite of this, a recent conversation on *Woman's Hour* led to *Blueprint* editor Vicky Richardson accusing Bayley of 'seeing sex everywhere.' Horny sailors tossing off on overgrown seals, hopefully envisaging schools of aquamarine nymphs? Self-mockery is evident in too many of Bayley's conclusions to make this slander stick.

The layout is sumptuous, as one would expect from a design deity, glossy image gleams alongside perfect print. But far from being an endless reel of fetish photography, many of the illustrations are charmingly abstract.

Germaine Greer, forever a paragon of feminist thought, recently lambasted one of his more frivolous pictorial comparisons, that of two oil containers and a pair of breasts. Why not balls she cries? Well, why not? A man that alludes to the fact that the 'female snail's vagina is in her head,' during his introduction, is not embarking on a thesis to change gender perceptions. Some of the book's conjecture maybe superficial but hardly seems the invective of a born-again misogynist.

The book brims with intriguing detail and insights. Often Bayley departs his subject matter altogether to lead us on delightful red herrings. Potted biographies litter the book's hard shoulders, loading us with amusing anecdotes. Who knew the true intensity of Paolo Mantegazza's cocaine addiction or that Chevalier d'Eon, the famous cross dresser, became the first transvestite spy? Bayley may not have produced a cohesive encyclopedia but he continually entertains his reader.

Critically, Bayley's book does not have an overarching mission statement. Questioning whether or not he manages to 'reclaim images of the female body,' or accusing his 'thesis' of positing 'woman as product,' assumes his intentions are far more ambitious than in reality. A book conceived over pudding and admitting the



author's continued sense of wonderment, ignorance and awe of the female body, is not asking to be taken this seriously. He is not, in his own injured words, 'a knuckle dragging, sexist gorilla' but a boyish humorist, just as in awe of tits, fanny and frocks as the rest of the male population. Fortunately Bayley is a great deal more literate. This is not an airbrushed erotic fact file but an extended, prosaic love letter. If it is perversion, it's a great deal more original than sin. Sometimes obsessive and always funny, this is an ode to woman that exposes stereotype more than it objectifies the subject. The publication may have knocked him out of contention for metrosexual man of the moment, but he can still make us laugh, girls and guys alike. Greer provocatively suggested she write a counterpart: *Man as Design*. Why not challenge Bayley, 'the robust heterosexual,' to pen this homage himself? He might just surprise us. ❁

**Woman as Design: Before, Behind, Between, Above, Below** by Stephen Bayley;  
Conran Octopus; ISBN: 9781840915327; £50.00





# John Gibb

END PIECE

*Noncey Boy*

In 1966, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Roy Jenkins, introduced a travel allowance which meant that you could not take more than £50 with you on trips abroad. The only way round it was a scheme called 'educational travel,' where there was no limit. I was in my mid-twenties at the time and managed to get a job as chaperone to a party of sixth form girls from a Convent in Hammersmith. No references were required. I was just a friend of the gym teacher's husband. There were three of us in charge; my friend Brian, his wife Marge, a PT instructor, and me. The programme was ten days ski-coaching in Andermatt. The party consisted of thirty six school girls, six student female PT instructors and us 'adults'. One evening after supper, when Brian and I had been instructed to keep a close eye on the girls, they vanished. All of them. We retired to a bar for some Schnapps and a tactical discussion. In the end, we found them in a 'Scalextric' club in a cellar beneath the hotel. They had made contact with some teenage Italian 'scolaros' and were busy getting to know them underneath the table upon which a scale model of the Nüburgring Ring had been built. We found this highly amusing until Marge arrived and marched the girls straight back to their beds.

You can't even contemplate incidents like that today. Those in charge would have been checked, interviewed and vetted to within an inch of their lives. Brian and I would have been assessed, probably eliminated for drinking and being arrested after the Calcutta Cup for fighting our way into the Raymond Review Bar. The alternative; three worthy and sanitised functionaries arranging tight-arsed and heavily guarded trips up and down the beginners piste and thirty six bored and rebellious girls.

Five years ago I wrote a book on state surveillance. As I did the research, I became astonished at the voracious state appetite for information. It's not just the thousands of cameras on the streets, or the shopping cards or the DVLA database which,

predictably, has been made available at a price to the car insurance industry. It's the material gathered at vast cost for the doomed NHS database, the banks, credit reference agencies, criminal records, telephone records and material provided by commercial data brokers. The data collected is endless and is generally shared with the EU and the US. They know everything about us.

The latest device, fronted as usual by the Home Office, is the Vetting and Barring scheme designed to prevent abuse of children and vulnerable adults by paedophiles and "inappropriate" volunteers. The vetting will be carried out by civil servants at the Independent Safeguarding Authority (ISA). It is designed to prevent a repeat of the Soham Murders which occurred after a horrific cock-up when the police failed to pass on Huntley's references to the school. The Vetting and Barring scheme, due to come into force in November 2010, starts by classifying everyone who comes into contact with children – about 11 million of us – as abusers. If it's your turn to take a party of kids to the cubs, you must register. A civil servant, almost certainly a box ticker without specialist training, will then look into your background, check your criminal record, talk to your neighbours, employers and the police, sift through your relatives and either pass you as clean or condemn you as a potential paedophile. Appealing against the decision will be difficult and you can be certain that it will take years to get an inaccurate assessment off the database.

Child abuse gained its notoriety in the prison system where the nonce has long been considered the lowest of the low. Paedophiles are handy to serious criminals and fat women in sink estates because they provide them with some sort of moral dignity. The mass murderer is more acceptable on the wing than the nonce. But it seems that we're all nonces now, unless we can get a certificate from the ISA to prove otherwise. Had the government set out to make us think

twice before volunteering to drive children to swimming lessons or take our turn on the school run, they couldn't have done a better job. It is the government which sexualises children by constantly safeguarding them and highlighting their supposed vulnerability. No one objects when teachers and health workers or choirmasters are screened for a criminal past; six million are vetted already. But checking millions of volunteers is just incoherent political posturing. What about those who, because of the government's determination to drive a wedge between children and adults, only become dangerous after being cleared? You're only

checked once.

How could this ridiculous legislation have become law? Simple; it went through Parliament three years ago and no one said anything. Of course they're saying a lot now and the government will look at the legislation which will probably be watered down, although not by much. So my job at the *Erotic Review* almost certainly condemns me to a life without Scouts, Guides or Brownies and I won't be tried by a judge and jury but by some furtive little functionary in a faceless building in Darlington.

Dib dib dib. ❁

## Melanie Brightman

LAZONBY'S HEIRESS: CHAPTER XI pt 1

*Melanie's fiery filth marches on. Read – and be appalled...*



**A**lison started to perform her duties at Lazonby soon after she'd finished her leisurely late breakfast.

Mrs. Simpson was still in her room, Rosie informed Alison as she served her bacon and eggs, sausages, fried tomatoes and mushrooms; young Jillian was nowhere to be seen.

Alison was sipping her second cup of coffee when Hermione came into the dining room. "Good morning, Alison," she said quietly, smiling. "I hope you slept well."

Alison looked up at her employer; Hermione was neatly dressed in a smart tweed suit, hair carefully coiffed and face lightly made up. It was hard to connect this well-dressed, well-bred woman with the erotically sadistic female who had performed perverse acts upon the hapless bodies of her servants in her bedroom the night before.

"Good morning, Hermione," said Alison. "You look very well, very attractive."

"Thank you," Hermione laughed. "I've been lying in my tub for almost an hour; that always relaxes my body."

Alison smiled; there was no reason to tell Hermione what method she had used to obtain complete relaxation.

"You look as fresh and pretty as ever," Hermione sighed, enviously. "Are you ready to start work this afternoon?"

Alison laughed, finished her coffee. "I think it's about time."

Hermione rang the bell for Rosie, seated herself at

the table. "I'll see you in the office at two," she told Alison, picking up her morning mail which Rosie had left on the table.

\* \* \*

"And this is a list of the tenants," said Hermione, "with their address and monthly rent."

Alison peered over Hermione's shoulder at the hand-written list of names.

"Their houses all have names, not numbers," she murmured.

Hermione laughed. "This is Somerset countryside, dear. The houses and cottages are scattered all over – not neatly laid out in streets like in the city."

"How do they pay their rent, by check?"

"Some of them, but others are so old-fashioned that they like to pay in cash."

"Do they come to the Hall?" Alison asked.

Hermione shook her head firmly. "Never. We collect from them in person."

"You?" Alison looked at Hermione in surprise; she couldn't imagine this aloof woman knocking at cottage doors and collecting rents.

"Usually," said Hermione, "I used to send Jillian sometimes, but –" her eyes became vacant, "the dear girl always seemed to have problems..." she broke off, looked at Alison. "Where is that girl, by the way?"

"I haven't seen her at all today," said Alison, feeling herself blush as she remembered the sensuous episode in her bedroom the night before.

“Probably walking about the grounds,” she sighed. “She loves the outdoors.” She looked at the list of names again: “Well, Alison, it’ll be your job to collect rents now – that’s one of your duties here. Let me see,” she scanned the list, “you can walk over to Mr McEwen’s cottage this afternoon; he always pays in cash and his rent’s due right now.”

Alison looked at the address. “Three Hills Cottage,” she read. “Where in the world is that?”

Hermione got to her feet, strolled to the window. “Look!” She pointed to the end of the gardens; there was a gap in the line of trees and three small hillocks were visible. “It’s on the slope of the middle hillock,” Hermione explained. “You can’t see it from here; it’s a small white cottage with a climbing rose growing up the side of it.”

“What’s he like?”

Hermione looked at Alison. “Barney McEwen?” she laughed. “He’s an elderly eccentric – lived at Three Hills for as long as I can remember.”

“He lives alone?”

“Mostly,” said Hermione, thoughtfully. “He has relatives and friends staying with him from time to time. Well,” her tone became brisk, “you can walk over there, Alison; take this small receipt book, collect his rent, in cash, then come back.” She smiled. “That’ll be your work for today.”

Alison smiled at her employer; it didn’t sound like a big day’s work.

\* \* \*

The cottage was only a half-hour’s walk from Lazonby, but Alison was glad that she was wearing sensible low-heeled shoes; in any case, they complimented her light, cotton skirt and cream blouse, which was all she needed on this pleasant, balmy day.

She approached the heavy oak door, looked vainly for a bell, then rapped on the wood.

Instead of the door opening, a voice called out loudly: “Who is it?”

“I – I’m from Lazonby,” Alison called, nervously. “I’ve come to collect the rent.”

“Then come in,” the man’s voice shouted. “The door’s not locked!”

She turned the big handle, pushed, and the door swung open, soundlessly. Alison stepped inside, staring about her, nervously and curiously. The front door opened onto the main room, and in the center of the floor, a frail, elderly man was sitting behind a large desk. The cottage’s interior was well furnished in a simple, old-fashioned way with a predominance of books: books in bookcases, on shelves and even stacked up against the walls on the floor.

He fixed his eyes on Alison with a piercing stare. “You’re someone new; I haven’t seen you before!”

Alison approached him, diffidently. “I – I’ve just started working for Mrs. Simpson; I’m going to be looking after the rents and things.”

He smiled. “Well now, you’re a change from Hermione!” He drank her in with his eyes. “Pretty as a picture and soft as honey and cream,” he murmured, as if to himself.

Alison smiled, flushed at the compliment.

He slid open a drawer, took out a small pile of bills, counted some off and put on the desktop. “Here’s the rent, Miss –” he paused, “you didn’t tell me your name.”

“Jeffreys,” she said, “Alison Jeffreys.”

He nodded, “You’ve got a pretty name, too.” He waited, then: “You’ll have to come and get the money, you see, I’m paralysed.”

Alison drew in her breath, noticed the crutches beside his desk for the first time. “I – I’m sorry,” she mumbled, moving forward, “I didn’t know!” She picked up the money, counted it, pushed it into her small purse. “I’ll give you a receipt.”

“Don’t be sorry,” he said, “it’s just my legs the rest of me’s all right.” He laughed. “I get around; you’d be surprised how I get around.”

Alison moved beside him, bent over his desk to make out the receipt then felt his hand on the bare flesh of her leg at the back, just underneath her skirt. She flushed, squirmed herself, slightly, but went on filling in the amount on the receipt.

“Nice, firm young flesh,” the old man murmured, stroking the roll of flesh on her inner thigh.

Alison squeezed her legs together. “Mr McEwen – please!”

His hand went on moving, slid up her thigh all the way to her silken panties. “Barney,” he said, “everyone calls me Barney!” His finger moved inside the tight leg of her panties and he stroked the crevice of flesh where the swell of her buttock met the top of her thigh.

“Don’t,” Alison whispered. “Really Mr McEwen – it’s not right!”

The drawer in his desk was still open; he reached in with his free hand, took out a note, pushed it across the desk to Alison. “A small gift for you,” he said, softly. “Does that make it right?”

A fresh flood of colour suffused Alison’s face; she stared at the note, it was a fiver!

His hand was on the back of her panties, where they stretched so tightly across her bottom. He drew his finger up the silk-covered cleft. “Take them off,” he whispered. “I just want to stroke it, caress and feel it!”

Alison stood very still, staring at the five-pound note and trying to think straight. He isn’t hurting me! But this is so...

“I’m just an old man,” murmured Barney McEwen. “I’m here by myself most of the time – I don’t get much fun!”

His hand was high under her short skirt, pulling at the waistband of her briefs, sliding them down her legs.

Alison squeezed the cheeks of her bottom tightly together to impede him. He felt the muscular

contraction. "Don't do that," he pleaded. He reached in the drawer again, took out two more notes, placing it with the first.

Another ten, Alison saw. Her buttocks relaxed and her panties slid down to her ankles.

He squeezed the soft flesh with lecherous pleasure. "Sweet little bottom," he mumbled, "as nice as I've ever felt!" His finger slithered through the cleft, touching the small anal orifice, lingering a moment then moving on. "Lean over the desk," he murmured, his voice shaky. "I want to see it as well as touch it. Bend forward, Alison, let me look at your lovely wee arse!"

Her face was burning but Alison leaned forward, propping her chin on her hands as she leaned over the wide desk, letting her bare, rounded bottom project just inches from the old man's face.

He stroked the soft flesh lasciviously, making little liquid sounds of pleasure. He squeezed the pliable rolls on either side of the cleft with jerky, excited movements. His hand slid lower, touched the crevice at the top of her thigh – then moved inward.

"No!" Alison tensed herself. "No! Not there – you never said that you'd touch me there!"

His fingertip found the wet lips at the entrance to her vagina, and tried to slide in. Alison tightened the cheeks of her bottom; squeezed her thighs together and his finger was trapped.

"Go on, lassie!" he panted, struggling to move his finger. "Let me feel inside your cunt!"

"No!" Alison moaned, gritting her teeth, jamming her buttocks together.

"Just – just my bum – you said you wanted to touch my bum – not my... my pussy!"

"Here," he gasped, breathlessly, "have this – and this – and this!" His hand shook as he reached in the desk-drawer, took out notes and added them to the three in front of Alison.

She twisted her head down, watched in wonder. One, two, three, four, five ... She gasped; there must be seven or eight notes by now – and all fivers!

She relaxed her buttocks, parted her thighs, waited breathlessly for his reaction.

His hand had moved off her flesh; he was doing something that she couldn't see, in his lap. She could hear the rustle of clothing, then he spoke. "Now do what I want – any goddamned thing I want!"

Alison screwed shut her eyes. He's paid me! "But don't hurt me!" she pleaded.

"I won't hurt," he promised. "Stand up and turn around!"

Startled, Alison did as he asked, then tried to stifle a gasp of astonishment. He had unfastened his trousers at the front; now a long, slim penis projected straight up as he slouched back in his armless chair.

He grinned at her expression. "Squeeze your wet cunt onto that!"

Alison felt a crazy blend of fear and fascination.

The old man reached to her skirt, dragged it up at the front, staring at her pubic thatch.

"Brunette," he mumbled. "I like brown hairs round a young, juicy cunt!" He licked at his lips, then mumbled, "My granddaughter's a brunette!"

"Your granddaughter!" Now Alison's voice was shocked.

He nodded. "As pretty a little sixteen-year-old as you ever saw."

Alison's mouth sagged. "You – you do this to your granddaughter?"

He gave a cackling laugh. "Every month when she comes to see her poor old grandfather." He wet his lips, "She's got the tightest little cunt I ever fucked!" His penis twitched as he spoke.

Alison stared at him in horror. "You're a monster!" Her eyes were round, angry. "Doing that to such a girl – you awful creature!"

He cackled again, and then made his voice wheedling. "What else can a lonely old man do?"

"You – you –" Alison broke off, sighed. "He's a lecherous, incestuous old man, taking advantage of a young innocent girl and now, trying to do the same thing to me! She moved her lips, indignantly, but then had a crazy impulse to smile. He pretended to be so helpless, sitting paralysed in his chair, but he'd managed to find a way to get his erotic thrills by doing awful sensuous things to young, juicy young girls, he said! She sighed again. He has some kind of courage – and determination ... and, he's paid for his fun!"

"Now, take your skirt off," he said, impatiently. "Step out of those cute little panties and straddle me with your sexy young thighs – as you can see – I have a mind to fuck!" He gripped his penis at the base, and Alison saw the head swell. "My cock's all ready," he rasped; he met Alison's eyes, adding: "And I've paid for it!"

Slowly, averting her eyes, Alison unclasped her skirt, dropped it on the desktop; daintily, she stepped out of her panties and took a nervous step toward the old man in the chair.

He stared at her belly and thighs as she got closer to him; there was a sheen of sweat on her skin, making it glisten, appear more sensuous, erotic, desirable.

He wet his lips, reached forward, gripped her round the buttocks and pulled her closer, burying his nose in her soft pubic bush.

"You'll have to do it all," he told her. "As I told you – I'm I don't have the use of my legs." He watched as involuntary ripples ran across her belly and her thick pubic thatch seemed to bristle with electricity.

Alison felt herself trembling; more with anticipation than fear. The things that had been done to her – that had happened to her – in the last few days were keeping her body in a constant state of sexual arousal. Just the sight of the slim cock waiting to penetrate her pussy was exciting her anew.

"Stand with your legs on either side of me," he instructed, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Then lower your bottom until your cunt's over my cock, and then –" he took a wheezing breath, "jam it down

all the way down on my cock!"

Alison shivered as she took a jerky step into position; moving awkwardly, with her feet apart, inching herself forward, one leg on either side of his. He moved his hand down, under her crotch, fumbling at her wet vaginal lips. She jerked, made a low sound as she felt his cock head brush against her slit; the muscles in her thighs ached as she held them in this unnatural position.

"Now, let your cunt slide down!" he panted.

She bent her knees, feeling her legs trembling, lowering herself slowly. He gripped her buttocks, guided her until she was over his cock. Her pussy felt stretched open, her belly stiff and strained as her body went down.

"Ohhhh!" A long sigh of delight escaped his lips as her vaginal lips opened on the head of his cock, let the organ slide inside. "Press down," he groaned.

She relaxed her legs; her cunt slid lower, enveloping the stiff, slim cock completely.

"Oh my, that's good," he sighed.

"Now, you'll have to move up and down – I – I can't help you, Alison; you'll have to glide your cunt on and off my cock. Just bend then straighten your legs!"

The breath panted from Alison's lips as she started to do as he asked. It was new and strangely delicious feeling to be able to grip his stiff cock with her pussy, move it as fast or as slowly as she liked. She rotated her bottom gently, squirming her pussy from side to side, letting the long straight cock touch all the special spots inside her bubbling cunt. "Ohhh," she groaned, "oh, ohhh yess!"

He lay back in his chair with his eyes closed and a tense, excited expression on his face. He let a smile cross his lips when he heard Alison softly groan. "You like it," he whispered. "It's different, isn't it, Alison – it's nice!"

"Ohhh," she moaned, raising herself slowly, feeling the cock sliding against the sides of her sucking pussy, "so new!"

Next time she pressed herself down, Alison leaned forward, her face moving close to the old man in the chair, as she forced her clitoris to make contact with his stiff, throbbing but unmoving cock; the erotic friction raised her to a new height of excitement.

"I – I can't move my cock," he gasped, "but I can play with your nipples if – if you'd like it!"

Her breathing became ragged as she felt spasms rippling from her clitoris to her pussy; she rubbed herself with increasing urgency against his shaft, then she moved her hand from the back of his chair, where she'd placed it to steady herself during her sexual exercise, and groped at the front of her blouse.

He helped her unbutton it, and then cupped her braless breasts with trembling hands. "Sweet, luscious tits," he murmured as he kneaded them in his hands. Then, forcing his head forward and taking a nipple between his lips, he sucked at it hungrily as Alison raised and lowered her body, increasing then decreasing the tension on the stiffening tip of her

nipple.

"That," she hissed, "Ohhh, that's so good!"

The muscles in her thighs were beginning to ache from her strained position and constant raising and lowering action, but the thrills, running from her nipple to her clitoris then spiralling inside her belly were making her throat contract with sexual excitement. This is different, thrilling and excitingly new!

He let his mouth slip off her nipple. "How'd you like it?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "I'm not fucking you, Alison, girl – you're fucking me!"

A ripple of excited laughter ran through his body and Alison felt his cock swelling, swelling!

"I – I'm going to come, Alison," he gasped. "Your tight little pussy is hugging my cock so snug that I – I – Alison, urgh – urgh!"

She jammed her body forward, felt the swollen organ gyrating against her clitoris. His mouth groped, blindly, for her nipple, found it and bit. She squealed at the sudden pain, feeling her orgasm starting.

"Ohhh, my pussy," she gasped, "my clit – ooh – my breast!" She shook her whole body, wildly, pressed down with all her strength and felt the head of the cock jam against the top of her pussy, jerk, spurt and explode.

"All over me," she squealed as she climaxed, opening and closing her legs spasmodically, bending and straightening her knees. "Right up my cunt, all wet, all hot, ohh!" Her buttocks contracted, opened, jammed closed again and the walls of her vulva sucked at the jerking, spurting cock until all the juice was spent.

The old man sank back in his chair; his lips slid off Alison's sensitive, bitten nipple. "You're a juicy young cunt," he mumbled in appreciation. "You're a sweet, tight fuck, too – you've the sexiest cunt of the lot!"

Alison rested her cheek against the top of his head, still straddling him; her legs limp now, as the warm wetness slid down from inside her pussy and pooled at the base of his softening cock. She dragged in a gulp of air and said, "I've never done that – anything just like that – before!"

He reached behind her, stroked her sweating bottom. "But you'll do it again – " he smiled, confidently. "At least once a month – probably more, Alison – so much more!"

She drew her head back, looking into his face. "I – I don't know," she murmured. She turned; saw the small pile of notes on his desk. She thought: it was different and thrilling and wonderful – and he paid me for it, too!

"You'll come again, won't you?" he asked.

She giggled at the unintentional pun, and then blushed. "I'll have to collect the rent each month, anyway," she admitted.

"Maybe I'll start paying weekly," he said with a smile.

She laughed. Such an old devil!

His face became serious. "I want you to come and





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