

Green Fairies?

The waiter did a full presentation of the absinthe, complete with the dainty absinthe glasses and the sugar cubes. Paul told me that this kind of absinthe had been illegal in France for 100 years and now that they make it again, it is still not the same as the absinthe that stoked the creative fires of the likes of Van Gough and Verlaine. He had to do a lot of hunting to find a "legal" bottle; that is, one that was bottled before it was banned for good in 1915.

As the waiter was laying out the bottle and glasses Paul handed me a little wrapped parcel that I could tell was a book. Inside was a first edition, first printing of Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises", which was written not far from where we were sitting in the years 1924-25. This one had the initial publication date, October 1926. More important, Hemingway himself had signed and dated it, 1929. So it must have set him back ten or twenty thousand dollars. His understanding of me was so touching I almost cried. Meanwhile the little lady in my head was musing "So that's why he was so bent on visiting Shakespeare and Company this afternoon".

Paul was looking at me like an eager hunting dog waiting for approval. I gave it to him by rubbing my bare foot up and down his leg underneath the table and looking seductively into his eyes. The absinthe itself turned almost bright green once you added the sugar and water. It tasted very sharp and anise like, exactly like Pernod Pastis which happens to be my favorite liquor. We talked and sipped and pretty soon we had killed the bottle.

That is pretty much the last thing I remember until the Musketeer began fucking me. I clearly remember opening my eyes and finding myself naked, lying in our hotel bed next to Paul. I was hyper rationale. I knew that I had had too much absinthe, my head was totally clear and I didn't feel any effects from the alcohol. It was just that there was an extremely handsome man standing next to the bed wearing the full regalia of a body guard of Louis Quatorze.

He proceeded to slowly strip off mantle, sword belt and his pants, revealing that he was hugely interested in me. He reached across the bed and slowly and gently spread my legs. I was totally immobile and unable to speak. He eased himself onto the bed between my legs. I was begging him with my eyes, "No please don't do this, I'm married!!!" But without paying the slightest

attention he rubbed himself in my rapidly pooling juices and shoved that enormous thing slowly up into me. I was helpless.

As he hit bottom I moaned and rocked my hips up to meet him. He began the slow primal motion of fucking me and I was so totally overwhelmed by sensation that I could do nothing but move with him, moaning and gasping as I did. The little lady in my head was fanning herself and muttering, "I know what you think, but this is really not happening".

A thought proceeded to drop on me like one of those cartoon safes. Although I could turn my head and see, try as I might I couldn't move. I was actually lucid enough to recognize that not being able to move was a sign that I was in the middle of a dream. However, it was the female apparition standing over me that added a wholly new feature to that landscape – damned absinth!! I saw that it was a woman of exotic beauty, hungry green cat eyes in a beautiful heart shaped classically French face, with incredibly sensual red lips over perfect teeth. Her crown of red hair was thick and full and hung down to her waist and the completely naked body underneath was as ripe and luscious as Janey's. But the apparition's skin was milky white while Janey's is smooth and dusky. Her nipples were small and bright pink rather than brown and she was bushy natural down there, as if she had never heard of any of modern women's ideas about pubic hair.

The ghost or whatever it was approached the bed on my side. I felt the duvet slide off. Then my phantom visitor climbed slowly on the bed. Meanwhile Janey was lying next to me wildly bucking and yelling things like "Yesses!", "Fuck me... Don't stop!" and making a few other choice suggestions that I didn't know she even knew about. The fact that there was nobody actually between her legs was puzzling in the extreme.

But I really didn't have the time or concentration to think about what was going on with Janey, since at that point the entity straddled me and popped old Lucifer into the tightest, wettest hottest hole I had ever fucked. Janey is perfect that way but this dream girl was from another world, probably literally. As she impaled herself fully she let out a loud groan and then began a

slow grinding motion. Her smell was intoxicating. As she ground away she began to make an animal purring sound down deep in her chest, like a big cat. It was a sound that was as fundamentally sexual as anything I have ever heard.

Something inside me snapped. Forget infidelity! I had to fuck this bitch like I had never fucked anybody in my life. I reared up in bed, turned our position around and slammed her onto her back pounding her wet pussy like a man possessed, which I guess I was in more ways than one. She shot her long legs straight up in the air, scratched my back and began to wail loudly. In between those cries she was shrieking and gasping like she had totally lost control of her rational mind. I wasn't going to last long at that pace and if I was going to fuck my first succubus I wanted to experience every angle. So I flipped her onto her hands and knees and pounded her soft, round, full ass while playing with her huge hanging tits. Her nipples were rock hard and the ripples from the impact on her butt were getting me quickly to where I was headed, which was my inevitable climax.

She gyrated wildly around my cock, her pussy clenching and unclenching, just shrieking. I grabbed her hips and with one last thrust I buried myself in her and began shooting. I was locked in her for I don't know how long. And during that time she never stopped shrieking in ecstasy and bucking. In the meantime her pussy was milking my cock like she would never let go of it. Finally, when the last drop had been squeezed out of both of us we collapsed on the bed and I drifted back to sleep almost immediately. Even while I heard Janey's carnal cries and felt her violently bucking hips rocking the bed.

The lady in my head was repeating over and over, "This isn't happening" while my body was going absolutely berserk under his pounding. I had never felt such sheer animal lust in my life. My insides were churning out of control. My breathing and heart rate had gotten way beyond critical and I listened to my disembodied voice begging him to fuck me in ways I had only read about in books.

My consciousness had retreated to the safe room that all women have, where you can wait things out no matter what kind of nuclear holocaust is going on outside. It kept telling me that the fucking I was getting was not real, even though every muscle, gland and capillary in my body was on fire with flaming desire. I came loudly and then came almost immediately again. I thrashed and moaned and scratched him. I held onto the sheets and fucked back against him like an animal in heat. Then I came loudly again as I felt him shoot gallons of hot sperm deep inside my womb. I howled with lust. And then I woke up with the bed soaked underneath me and nobody there. I was just starting to sit up to survey the damage when I felt overwhelming sleepiness come over me.