

Erotique

The Wapshott Journal of Erotica

Issue 5



The Wapshott Press

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Butch Lee Rivers

Hat Trick

Boredom, after a while, becomes physically painful. I have watched so much Jeopardy that I am good at it, even at American history and anagrams. There came a point when I turned on the Xbox and there were no games I hadn't won. My life up until now had been a relentless cycle of hockey-school-hockey that had segued smoothly after college into the current pattern of hockey-work-soccer-hockey-workworkWORK. Now, all my time is free.

I tore my Achilles tendon playing hockey two weeks ago. It was the kind of freak accident that never happens, except when it does. A guy from the other team tripped over a divot in the ice and careened into me, slicing my skate laces as we got up and shook it off. I pushed off, my skate buckled in, and that was it. The surgery hurt way more than the actual injury, and now I'm stuck in a boot and a Vicodin haze for eight weeks.

I tried to go to work on crutches yesterday, and my business partner, Charlotte, sent me home. She said I was, for one thing, hopped up on goofballs, and for another, had not taken a vacation since Spring Break my freshman year of college, when I'd learned that I did not enjoy the beach, binge drinking, or random hookups I wouldn't remember in the morning.

"I hate vacations," I told Charlotte.

"Maybe you haven't found the right one," she said. "Stay home, watch ESPN Classic, play video games, reread Moneyball. I promise I'll call once a day and reassure you that the store hasn't exploded."

Charlotte and I co-own a hockey and figure skating supply business. Our physical store is the pro shop at the local rink, but most of our revenue is online now, selling custom jerseys to hockey teams and hand-sewn rhinestone-spangled dresses to ice princesses. We met on a blind date a few months after we'd both graduated from college and returned to the Chicago area. Within ten minutes, we'd both realized there was no physical attraction between us, but we hit it off anyway, and by dessert we'd worked out a business plan. I'd been managing my dad's pro shop and unenthusiastically studying for the LSAT; she'd gone from captain of one of the best collegiate synchronized skating teams in America to a miserable marketing internship. My buddies call Charlotte my work wife, but I'm quick to correct them. We've held it together for over a decade because we go home to separate lives at the end of the day, and besides, she has an actual husband who, unlike me, will fuck her.

Charlotte will not physically let me back in the store, so I am home alone with game shows, waiting for my friends to drop by. They can't do it often, because like me, they have jobs and hockey games, and unlike me, they have girlfriends or families. Also, it's January in Chicago, which is a valid excuse for everything.

Ruy is the exception. Ruy is the best goalie I know, so good that after two summers playing soccer with him, I taught him how to stand up in

Paulette Gaudet

Bernice Pegs Her Dare

The Capitol Club hadn't changed in ten years, and Derrick Cavanaugh wondered if that was good or bad or inconsequential. It had been quite the progressive bar when it opened—Turkish themed, with pillows on the floor (!) for seating—but now was just another Jagermeister-stop along the Pike-Pine corridor in service of the weekend Millennial wilders from across the lake and Issaquah. He trudged upstairs and squeezed past the throng at the Moroccan-tiled bar to step out onto the open-air balcony with its tiny wrought iron tables. Ten years ago, cigarette smoke might have tickled his nose out there; ten years ago, the sunset view of downtown Seattle would have been unobstructed by construction cranes. Derrick ran a hand through his hair, which had also been thicker the last time he was here. He had no idea why Bernice had chosen this place for her party, but there was nothing to do about it now; he opened a glass French door to the laughing group of youths splayed within, and forced himself to smile.

"Dare!" Bernice was supine against sage-colored silk pillows that set off her chestnut curls and creamy skin to incandescence. "You came!"

Derrick tilted his head and raised his palms in supplication. "Your wish is my command.

Happy birthday, darling.”

“Come!” Bernice rose effortlessly and took his hands, kissed his cheek. Derrick breathed in the quick scent of vanilla and cinnamon from her hair, and tasted a discordant tang of lemon from her earlobe. Bernice patted an empty pillow on the floor next to hers.

Derrick pulled up his trouser legs and sat. It was only by a miracle of gym time and innate physical grace that he was able to do so without falling over. He was reminded of all the things he’d vaguely disliked in youth and now openly hated, such as removing his shoes in the homes of non-Japanese friends, or agreeing to a group-order of garlic naan—instead of deliciously innocuous *plain!*—at Indian restaurants. He added *sitting on the floor in public* to this mental list, and crossed his legs as best he could.

“Dare and I used to date,” Bernice announced to the group, who nodded absently and continued thumbing through the drinks menu.

The florid-faced blond man next to him grinned and leaned back against his cushions. “*Date* is kind of a romantic word for what it was, don’t you think?”

Derrick closed his eyes and sighed. “Hello, Oliver.”

“It’s good to see you again, Derrick—where’ve you been?”

“Around.”

“Huh.”

“*Boys.*” Bernice touched them both, on shoulder and forearm.

Oliver shrugged her hand away. “What did you bring? Or is just your very presence here a birthday present, *Dare*, like a construction paper

Colleen Leah

Couplet

*We delight in the pastimes of the night.
But oh, what splendors are committed in light!*

“What’s that you’re reading?”

“Poetry.”

“Must be wonderful stuff.” Remarkable poetry indeed, to make the eyes sparkle so excitedly and the face flush.

“It is. Albernis of Gascony.”

“Who’s he?”

“A 12th-century French knight who went on Crusade, then came home and wrote this collection of poems in memory of a fallen comrade.”

“Never heard of him.”

“No, he’s not well-known except in certain circles. Not the sort of poet they tell you about in school. I spent hours this morning trying to find it in the library.”

“Why did you want to go looking for it? And how did you know to look for that book in particular?”

“It was recommended to me by one of my professors. He’s just the type to know about it. You see, while Albernis was in the Holy Land, he discovered some very old erotic poems in Arabic and tried to write in the same style in French. This book is a translation, of course. Theobold, the

soldier he wrote about, wasn't simply a comrade killed in battle. They were lovers. The poems describe their entire love affair from the day they met, including all their sexual encounters. It's not just poetry—it's a sort of medieval sex manual."

"Oh."

"I've learned a few interesting things already. Some of these poems are very explicit, even a little raunchy. Look at this one—'I played upon my beloved's flute the sweetest tune'—only it isn't a flute he's talking about blowing."

"And it looks like there's a picture to go with it just to make it clear in case you didn't guess. Did Albernis draw that too?"

"The original illustrations, yes. They've been faithfully copied here. There's one drawing that's particularly interesting... Here, see." The illustration was in bold, black ink, highly stylized and graphically detailed; two obviously masculine figures lay entwined. "Can you imagine us tangled up in that same way?"

"Not hanging head down like that. I'm no acrobat. All the blood would rush to my head. I'd pass out."

"They're not meant to be upside down, silly. They're lying down. Turn the book sideways. That makes more sense, doesn't it?"

"At least I can see who's doing what to who. Sort of. Is that an arm or a leg he's got around the other man's shoulder?"

"A leg, I think."

"And, my god, look at the size of him! Flute? More like an oboe. Could something that big even *fit*?"

"It must've. If Albernis is telling the truth, he and Theobold did it every chance they got,

Rory Ondine

I Am Always Touched By Your Presence (Dear)

“Harry? Oi, Harry!”

Harry Thompson rubbed his eyes and raised his head groggily from his desk. The desk was piled with papers, all covered in his own scratchy handwriting: assorted sketches, diagrams, notes, and doodles. He rubbed his eyes again, then peered at his twin, stifling a yawn. “Joolz? Izz’at you?”

“Of course it’s me, you prat. Who else would it be at this time of night?”

Harry glanced over at the wall clock. It was nearly midnight. “I do get visitors, you know,” he replied huffily.

Jules’s only response was a loud snort of disbelief.

“I do!” Harry insisted.

“I’ve never seen any,” countered Jules. “Other than our Mum, but she hardly counts as a visitor, does she?”

“Maybe they come here when you’re not about. Did you ever think of that?” Harry pushed the papers away. There was no use in pretending he was going to get any work done now that Jules was here. He hadn’t been doing that well even before his twin’s arrival; he’d obviously fallen asleep over his attempts to perfect the newest

clockwork design for Thompsons' Terrific Toys. Clockwork toys and novelties were the shop's specialty.

Christmas time was always important for the shop and Harry was determined to get new designs out for the coming holiday. So far, he was failing miserably. It was hard to create exciting new clockwork wonders when there was so little in the way of supplies, and money was tight everywhere. Still, he had to try.

The war had been raging for just over a year. Harry supposed he would never forget September 1, 1939, just as he'd never forget the day of his brother's death.

"I'm always here." Jules smirked, his face lighting up in that infuriating way of his, so like Harry's own: the same dark brown hair, dark eyes, and long nose. Jules's hair was still cut military severe, unlike Harry's, which was outgrown and unkempt. "Even when you can't see me, Harry, I'm always lurking. I see you when you're sleeping, I know when you're awake—"

Scowling, Harry cut off his brother's words. "You're a bloody *ghost*, Jules. Not Father fucking Christmas."

"Even so, I know no one's been round to see you other than customers and the staff. And of course our ubiquitous mother." Jules strode over to Harry's bed and took a seat on the edge of the mattress—which didn't sink down, as Jules had no actual weight. Harry had never quite understood spectral physics, whether Jules could actually sit on the bed or just resorted to hovering above it rather than sink through. "It's a very sad state of affairs, mate. You really ought to get out more."

"I'm busy working." Harry pulled a face.

Paulette Gaudet

The Slap

The argument started over a movie, the rerelease of one Gretchen and Steve saw on their first date in college. Gretchen had watched it again on video, and did not want to see it a third time. Steve said he was angry at her lack of sentiment, but Gretchen knew he was really upset that she had not been delighted at his good memory.

"I thought it would be nice," Steve said. "I wanted it to be a surprise."

Gretchen took a breath and stopped, as usual. Then she let it out.

"Well, surprise. I hated it then, and I don't want to see it now."

There was a moment of silence, which Gretchen used to look around Steve's living room. Tobacco-colored curtains and semi-gloss red walls glowed in the light of an antique standing lamp. Steve's untied shoelace snaked into the pattern of a thick Persian rug. The sleek dark bookcase next to the apartment's front door held a copy of *The Sheltering Sky* Gretchen had lent Steve a year earlier.

"Do you care about us? About *anything*?" Steve shouted.

"You always make romantic gestures fifteen minutes before I do, let somebody else be the girl around here for a change," she snapped.

"Bitch," was the last word Gretchen heard Steve say, then she watched her hand rush into his face, her wrist jamming into the base of her palm. Something popped in her elbow and a slow, increasingly warm pain spread down her arm. Her fingers bent back and she felt the outline of three molars through the skin of Steve's cheek. Gretchen shook as she waited for Steve to make a move, her hand lifted again, her breathing wet and loud. She had never slept long enough to feel this awake.

Steve held his face, his eyes open and unblinking. The auburn stubble that Gretchen had thought sexy at the start of the evening now made him look imprisoned, unwashed and terminally ill. Steve lowered his hand and stepped towards Gretchen. She turned and yanked open the apartment door, sending it into the bookcase. Broken glass chimed, then Gretchen ran down six flights of stairs and out onto the street. She could not feel her chest move, but saw evidence of her breath in the cold night air. She heard shouts and clattering feet behind her. Gretchen ran eight blocks home.

The next morning Gretchen's alarm went off at 7:30 AM. Her right wrist ached when she hit the snooze button, which puzzled her until she remembered the previous night's events. She felt oddly alert. She wrapped her wrist in athletic tape and went to the gym.

Gretchen decided to forego free-weights in lieu of the treadmill. She stood in line for a required towel to sop up the moist remnants of her run. The young man ahead of her in line glanced back and smiled, then looked back again at her wrist.

"Hit the weights a little too hard?" he asked.

Raven Ramsey

Reversals

I was cumming. My lover was still pounding into me, the thick shaft driving deep into my depths as my stomach clenched, my pussy tightened and I came hard. God, I came so hard with hips slamming against my ass, still red and stinging. Strong fingers dug into my hips, holding me tight and still while I came, making sure I didn't move, couldn't escape the almost unbearable pleasure.

As if I could if I had wanted to.

A hand left my hip and knotted into my hair, yanking my head back as I was fucked. I swear I might have cum again, this one nipping right at the heels of the last. I didn't realize I was screaming until it was cut off by a mouth devouring mine, a tongue beating my own into submission till all I could do is whimper and shudder and finally collapse when I was let go.

I gulped air and hung my head, my cheek resting on the back of the couch, the hardness still pumping inside me. My eyes rested on an empty wooden box, carved beautifully and of dark oak. I stared at it as the rhythm into me went on, slow now but I knew it was only a brief rest, a moment to let me catch my breath before being fucked into oblivion again. Gentle hands now smoothed over the red, sensitive skin of my ass as words of praise and lust whispered in the air around me.

A finger dragged deep into the cleft between my cheeks and skimmed my occupied asshole.

"I can't wait to fuck your tight little hole back here with this..." and a hard thrust that rocked my body.

And I knew I would let it happen.

And I accepted that.

I was looking into the mirror of the ladies room at Royster's and I was not happy with what I saw. I didn't know why, I had been perfectly happy with how I looked when I left the house and my hubby had told me I looked hot when I left the house.

Not that he wouldn't want to fuck me if I was covered with garbage so his opinion was a little suspect.

For the fifth time I let my hair down out of a loose pony tail and let my blond hair hang straight down around my face. I liked that I had cheekbones but didn't know if I should show them off or leave my hair down and oh my god what if long hair was a turn off?

"Breathe...just fucking breathe..." I mumbled to myself. Thank god it was still early evening and I had the bathroom to myself. I didn't need people to hear my crazy ass talking to myself. I pulled my hair back into a ponytail again and looked at myself with my white blouse, tight dark red skirt and glasses.

For the third time I thought 'I look like a slutty librarian...'

"No wonder he thought I looked so hot," I said to myself and let a smile touch my lips. People always said they liked my smile, that it made me more beautiful. I never liked my face at all. I thought I had a very good body; rounded breasts, a flat stomach, great ass and a pussy that

Anne Namyr

Unfallen Snow

The blur of traffic passing her on I-15 matched the blur of events that brought her to this dusty California highway. She had been walking all night and half the day, her thumb poised eastward. Sarah James winced and rubbed her cheek, which was still bruised beneath the blemish cream. It was his favorite place to hit her. Sarah had far different reasons for mastering makeup than most 18-year-old girls. The last 24 hours raced through her mind like a high-speed train with frequent stops. Still feeling the bruises from last week's beating, Sarah was acutely aware of the danger signals as she arrived home the previous night. Deanna James was face down on the couch. The rubber cord still encircled her mother's arm like a loose bra strap. Leonard held an empty bottle of Jack Daniels. Thousands of white dots littered the TV screen. Leonard pounded the set with his free hand. He jerked around to face her, bloodshot eyes glaring.

"Hey! The pink freak is back... Waddya staring at, huh, albino freak?"

Sarah stood with her back against the door. She tugged at her brown wig, wishing she could take it off and stuff it down his throat. He had been watching her a lot lately. She heard him come into her bedroom a few nights before, felt

him twirling her pale hair between his fingers. But then he left. Yes, she knew where things were headed.

Leonard dropped the whiskey bottle and lurched toward her. He unbuckled his belt and laughed, his yellow teeth showing. She knew that his abuse was heading in a new direction, a direction she expected for some time now, as his fingers fumbled with his zipper. A sick feeling filled her stomach. "I'm gonna put some rose in your cheeks." Sarah glanced at her mother, prayed she would wake up. Leonard's hand reached down into his stained work pants. The jerking movement threw him off balance and he crashed into a side table. Sarah flung open the door and raced out of the trailer.

"I'm not going to miss anyone here," Sarah said, head down, trudging heavily through the murky streets of Bellflower. She winced as she thought of her mother, once her best friend. At the age of five, Sarah had come home in tears because some neighborhood children had called her Casper, the Fiendly Ghost. Sarah went into her bedroom closet, slid the door shut and sobbed in the dark. Her mother's voice was just outside the door.

"Tell me what happened, sweetie."

"They hate me. They called me Casper. Why can't I look normal, like everyone else? It's not fair!"

"But darling, you are exquisite and unique. That's a wonderful thing!"

"No! I hate my hair and my eyes scare them. They won't..." Sarah hiccupped. "play with me."

Her mother assured her things would change when they grew up. She said children were only cruel when they didn't understand.

Roger Leatherwood

On Or Around Lauren

The first time I watched porn with a girl was with Lauren, who was safe because she wasn't my girlfriend and I wasn't sleeping with her.

It was a late '80s thing, called "Fly Me" on VHS and was a stewardess fantasy that took place around a fictional airline. They had stock footage of airplanes and some dialogue scenes inside what looked like a real airport and there were the prerequisite scenes in "first class" in which the stewardess delivers coffee, tea and blowjobs that looked like it was shot in someone's garage with some spare airplane seats rigged up. There were also layovers in anonymous hotel rooms. The fashions were ridiculous with bouffant hairdos and the women wearing garters and stockings that you never saw anywhere else except in Victoria's Secret ads, and ridiculous wooden acting that elicited laughs and derision from Lauren and me rather than the intended horniness as we fast-forwarded through the sex scenes to get to the "plot" while hanging out in Gary's empty apartment.

The second time I watched porn with a girl was when I got caught one afternoon by my fiancé Debbie with a DVD of "Girls Who Like Their Asses Full of Cum #3." It was hard to cop to that title—it was no confusing it with a soft-

core art piece from NYU, but there it was. “Does this get you hot?” she asked and sat down next to me, smiling to put me at ease (and suddenly privy to a window into the male sexual psyche—not going to let this opportunity pass her by). We watched some of it, my embarrassment over what was undeniably hot but not specifically a kink I went out of my way to pursue giving way to a rising erection and randiness once it seemed Debbie seemed to be kinda digging it. We had casually and unsuccessfully tried anal sex in the bedroom in the past but she “didn’t like it” and didn’t feel comfortable with anything up her ass besides a finger—and then only for a moment. She said she liked watching the girls in the film flirting with the camera (and by extension, us), and give the guys blowjobs, more aggressively than lovingly. Debbie was not a prude, but she seemed preoccupied as the action escalated towards anal creampie and dripping close-ups as if it was a reminder she couldn’t deliver what I really secretly desired when we fucked. While we watched I tried to explain that it was the girls’ apparent enjoyment of anal sex, to demand the guys cum in their asses... to let someone film it all, that was what was hot, not the specific mechanics of the practice itself or the subtext of sublimated but ever-present degradation that one couldn’t get away from here.

I knew Lauren about as long as I had known Debbie—she was in and out and around the outskirts of my life, like a classmate that I had always gone to high school with but never actually been introduced to or really noticed. She always seemed to be there to share the good times—buying our first condo—with Debbie at that long party in the backyard in which the