



**Eternally Noir - an erotic anthology**

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1st Edition - PDF format

ISBN: 1-905091-04-4

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**ETERNALLY NOIR** - an erotic anthology with stories based firmly in the dark, the unknown, the supernatural. Published by Logical Lust Publications \$5.  
Available at: <http://eternallyerotic.logical-lust.com/books.html>

Excerpt from the 'Eternally Noir' anthology; **'The Fiendish Miss Blow'** © Jay Lawrence.

< “Well, here’s to His Majesty. God save the King.”

White hot fury seethed through every particle of Frost’s body. The arrogant little bitch! Through gritted teeth, he muttered, “You’d better come quietly...”

“Au contraire, I tend to be a rather noisy minx. When I come, that is. Do *you* come quietly, Mr. Frost?”

Miss Blow moistened her crimson painted lips with the tip of her tongue. Despite his anger, Frost’s member stirred in his trousers. With one swift movement, he slipped his handcuffs out of his jacket pocket and onto her dainty wrist. To his extreme annoyance, the young woman’s eyes didn’t register a flicker of dismay. Indeed, she shivered and wriggled gently, as if the experience had aroused her. Frost stared at the gorgeous blonde whom he now held captive. Her eyes were a soft violet blue, long-lashed and expressionless.

“Well, now that we are, shall we say, *attached*, we might as well get acquainted. Do you like to eat pussy, Mr. Frost? Do you like to fuck a girl from behind? Do you like to spank a helpless, squirming bare bottom? What’s your taste in the pleasures of the flesh?”

Frost held his breath. The Chinese girl was approaching with their lunch, so he tossed a napkin over the cuffs to avert a riot. Miss Blow smiled, revealing two rows of small and perfect teeth. The expression did not reach her eyes. When Tiger Lily had retreated again, leaving several steaming bowls and pots, the spy laughed quietly.

“I think you’re a disciplinarian. Wouldn’t you love to have that little girl’s delicious arse across your knees? Her buttocks must be like a fresh ripe peach.”

How did she know? He’d never told anyone his secret fantasy. Miss Blow’s wrist felt cool and smooth and somehow electric against his own. A subtle, yet potent, frisson was making the hairs on his arm stand up. And that wasn’t all. His cock was like an iron rod.

The spy downed her gin and lime juice in one thirsty gulp. Frost watched her throat pulse as she swallowed, imagined her sucking his swollen member dry.

“Would you spank *me*, Mr Frost? If I asked very nicely?”

Miss Blow picked up her chopsticks left-handed and deftly scooped a succulent morsel of duck. Frost watched her eat, his own mouth as dry as dust. It felt as if every available drop of moisture in his body had rushed to his crotch, which throbbed as steadily as if his penis had a heart. His brain told him to remain silent, cold and unresponsive, not to allow the over-sexed fiend a gateway into his mind. He would not taste the duck, he would not touch the drink. He would be an unyielding rock face for Miss Blow to slide impotently off of and away into the gutter where she belonged.

“My panties are soaking, Mr. Frost. It’s the thought of lying across your sturdy knees, my bottom twitching and frisking under the hard palm of your hand. Scarlet buttocks. Hot and stingy. Oh...”

Miss Blow closed her eyes and gasped, as if experiencing ecstasy. Her wrist grew warmer, the current of sexual chemistry between them surged. Frost ground his teeth and stared at the bowl of steaming savory duck. It smelled divine. Adam could not have been more tempted in the Garden of Eden.

*Little snake.*

The spy continued to eat the fragrant meat and tease Frost mercilessly between mouthfuls. He found himself recalling teenage fantasies of tugging down nubile girls' knickers and tanning their lily white wobbling backsides. He remembered Miss Vetch, his history teacher, whose marvelous round plump arse was tightly encased in a prim tweed skirt. He'd had fantasies of bending her bare-bummed over her desk and taking a ruler to those blissful orbs, as she teetered on high-heels, one randy hand straying to her luscious crotch ...

"I'll bet you're going to come quietly now, Mr. Frost."

The sinuous serpent-like voice barely broke through his consciousness as his straining cock erupted into his underpants, a seemingly impossible quantity of creamy hot semen swiftly soaking his trouser fly. He groaned, hunched-over as if she'd punched him in the gut.

"You bitch. You utter bitch!"

He gasped for breath. His heart pounded in his chest. A queer blend of emotions coursed through his inflamed body. Intractable, self-righteous hatred for the woman and all she represented, and something else - God help him - pure, rampant, unadulterated desire. So, it was round one to Miss Blow. As he regained his equilibrium, he had a clear mental image of chaining the spy to a cold blank wall and torturing her in a way MI5 hadn't trained him. After all, there was plenty of time. She wasn't going anywhere, her lily white wrist neatly cuffed to his. His heartbeat subsided, regulated itself. He smiled, wryly. >

Excerpt from the 'Eternally Noir' anthology; 'L'Heure Verte' © Cathering Lundoff.

<Whatever the thing was, it still wore the medium's flesh like a badly fitted cloak. But nothing mortal looked out of those eyes. The absinthe in Harriet's blood whispered that she was doomed, and she closed her eyes against the Zuzu-shaped being, willing it away. Behind her, one of the spinsters uttered a tiny scream that choked off almost as soon as it reached her lips and Harriet opened her eyes reluctantly. The figure in the chair held out the skull, claw-like fingers opening its secret catches. "Drink," the voice said to Harriet.

She forced her hands to stay at her sides, tightened her lips and tried to look away. The green liquid that she had desired only a short time before had taken on the look of poison, filling her with a terrible dread. The gleam in the strange eyes increased slightly, just enough to make the breath run from Harriet's lungs in a rush. She dropped to her knees before the chair, reaching for air as though drowning. The skull was at her lips, the bitter rush of wormwood and mint in her mouth before she could do more than gasp.

Distant laughter filled Harriet's ears as the absinthe swam inside her, burning her veins with green fire. The skull filled itself again as if by magic and began a torturous, unwilling journey around the table as each guest drank their fill. The taloned hand reached out and touched Harriet's dress between her breasts. The fabric parted like a field before the scythe and her dress fell away, leaving her kneeling in a pool of blue silk in nothing but her corset and her stays. Suddenly, Hertford's hands were at her laces, though she had no memory of seeing him stand up.

No one else moved, their eyes a mirror of horror and fascinated desire as the skull came to each of them in turn. Their longing washed over Harriet in a wave until she arched backward against Hertford, rubbing herself on his legs like a cat. The thing in the medium's chair smiled, that alien tongue creeping forth once again to caress its lips. "It requires a sacrifice," Hertford whispered in her ear and smiled as her corset and remaining garments dropped to join the dress.

Dread filled her, thrumming just below the surface of the burning heat that rode her skin. Hertford had given her away to a monster for his own amusement. The fears ran swiftly through her mind as Hertford swept the scroll from the table in front of the thing. With an effort, he put Harriet in its place, her open thighs on either side of the medium's chair. She found herself falling into the eyes before her until she sank back against the table, unable to struggle any longer.

The thing's tongue caressed her bare skin, snaking its way up between her thighs until she cried out against the terrifying caress. It filled her, seducing her body and soul until she writhed seductively under its touch, calling to her companions with her naked flesh. A pale mist outlined the faces around her until Sir Robert stood with a strangled shout. His lips were at her breast in a moment, teeth worrying her nipples as the thing's tongue filled her.

Then she was a goddess, a queen of tormented lust. She reached out one hand toward Countess Mary who remained closest, her breath coming in short gasps. As if Harriet's notice had awakened something in her, Mary caught one of the spinsters by the arm and kissed her savagely. Soon she and Lady Ellen had stripped her and cast her naked form to the carpet.

Hertford shoved them both away in an instant, thrusting himself between the woman's ample thighs while Mary crouched over her open mouth, riding the other woman's tongue and teeth to the rhythm of her groans. Two other women held down a man whose name Harriet didn't know, and Lady Ellen seized a candle and began to stroke his flesh with its burning flame. He screamed, but hardened, at the flame's caress until Ellen mounted him and rode, her face twisted into a harpy's grin.

The creature's touch scorched Harriet, her cries and moans drowning out all others in the chamber. Robert's face blended with Hertford's, then Mary's. She rejoiced in her power, releasing all she had known and felt of longing, of the madness in craving another's touch. Absinthe burned in her veins and she began to laugh suddenly, then found she could not stop.

She heard her voice calling for Hertford between gasps, though a corner of her mind wondered why. But he came to her summons, his flesh hard, his face like a satyr's, shadowy horns above his brow visible to her fevered eye. He drove himself into her, filling her until she shivered and quaked as her body drained him of lust, changing him as he gave himself to her.>

Excerpt from the 'Eternally Noir' anthology; **'Self Inflicted Lust'** © Jeffrey Bradley...

<"Do you still jerk off?"

I literally didn't know what to say. When someone asks a question like that out of the blue, you just sort of freeze up.

"I--I guess so," I stammered.

"You guess so? Either you do, or you don't."

I frowned, annoyed. "Yeah. I do."

It was a personal question and had it been anyone else I would have told him to go piss off. I had been raised that jerking off was a private (and perhaps even a dirty) matter. Things were different now, of course. Some time in the eighties it had suddenly become OK to talk about masturbating. Nowadays it was not only considered a normal act, but also widely known and accepted that everyone, both men and women, indulged in a pet or two now and then. Still, it was not something I was used to discussing.

"How much?" he asked.

"What?"

"How often do you jerk off?"

"I don't know." Now I was getting uncomfortable. The conversation had passed beyond weird. "I guess once or twice a week. When I'm not dating someone," I added hastily. In reality it was more like three or four times a week, but part of me thought that sounded way too extreme.

He thought about this for a moment. Then: "I do it at least once a day, sometimes two or three times, even if I *am* dating someone."

I laughed. I guess it wasn't all that surprising.

"What do you think about when you do it?" he asked.

"Women I guess. Why?"

"Always the same woman?"

"No, not always."

He looked at the picture of Marilyn Monroe and I wondered briefly how many times he had envisioned having sex with her. Probably a lot. It occurred to me then that every guy most likely has his own favorite fantasy girl. One that he comes back to time and again when overcome by the need to satisfy the urge.

I guess my favorite was Madonna; the singer, not the Virgin Mother. Madonna had visited my fantasy bed more times than I could remember and we had performed all sorts of kinky acts together. I don't know why I was so attracted to her. I think it was because she changed her look so much that she almost seemed like a different person every time you saw her. Maybe that was the appeal. Me and Madonna.

Get real.

I laughed at my mental ramblings but I don't think James heard. He was too busy lost in his own thoughts. He had a faraway look in his eyes and I'm not even certain that what he said next was directed at me.

"Did you ever wonder what happens to them? Where they go when we're not thinking about them? I mean, not doing stuff to them?"

I laughed again, but more nervous now, more guarded. I tried to anticipate what he was getting at, but couldn't. Had he been acting more normal, I might have welcomed this sort of conversation. I sometimes liked to spark my imagination with off the wall thoughts. But, given the circumstances of my being here, this was not the kind of talk I wanted to hear from him at all.

"I guess they go the same place everything else goes when you're not thinking about them," I said.

"But this is different. I mean, it's not like you're remembering something that happened, or just thinking about something you *want* to happen. You're creating these images in your head: Places. Women. Fantasies. It's almost like you're willing these women to life, just so they can give you pleasure. Creating a whole other world for them to live in where you can play God. I was reading this book on Eastern philosophy and mysticism -"

"The Kama Sutra doesn't count as philosophy," I snorted.

"You'd be surprised," he said. "You ever hear anything about Chakra?"

"Isn't that like a Japanese candy bar?"

"Funny. I'm being serious here. Some of the stuff I read says that energy creates life and life creates energy. Isn't that what we're essentially doing when we fantasize? Creating life?"

I laughed again. "Well, if that's the case, then there's got to be a whole lot of fucked up shit out there with all the stories and novels that have been written over the years. I'd hate to see what Stephen King's fantasy world looks like."

He shook his head impatiently. "No, no. That's different, don't you see?" His eyes were feverish with intensity now. They bore into me, willing me to comprehend something that I suddenly found myself unwilling to think about. "When someone writes something down, it's flat. Words on a page. It might create images in your head but it has no life, right?"

I shrugged, uncertain. "I guess not."

"But when you jerk off, you do more than that. You create energy. You spill your seed which, when it comes right down to it, is the origin of all life. Life creates energy. Energy creates life. And what happens if you do this for so long ... you create so much life ... that the world you made can't hold it all? What if the women you created somehow 'get out', so to speak? And what if they aren't all that happy with what you've been doing to them?"

The last sentence hung in the air, making the silence seem ominous. The word "crazy" flashed through my mind for the first time and I immediately felt guilty. This was James I was talking about, after all. He couldn't be crazy. I forced a laugh to break the tension. >

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