

Love in Bloom

Marsha Bloom's bosom heaved for the fourteenth time that morning. John was coming, at last. She so longed to see the object of her abject desire with every fiber of her being. She knew he was a profligate rake and a faithless rogue, but her quivering craven aching quiesced whatever vibrant misgivings she might possess.

Wistfully she absorbed her unblemished bounty in the full length mirror for the last time. Her sapphire orbs gleamed with an iridescent glow, bottomless pools of torment peering out at her from under a teeming thatch of sanguine, salacious tresses. The low cut bodice showed her exquisite globes to jutting perfection. One more dab of glimmering gloss on her succulent lips and she knew she was ready. The doorbell rang.

Marsha knew John could glimpse her curvaceous, delicate figure through the opaque, etched glass of the front door as she gracefully descended the broad, brocaded staircase. She could see the outline of his rugged, rippling, muscular frame and sensed he radiated the hot, wet, tempestuous tumult of his love. Slowly, ever so slowly, she eased the rigid, tumescent deadbolt out of its yielding, generous repository, and there he stood. She ached to reach up and brush that rakish lock of hair out of his burning, lusting eyes.

"Marsha," he whispered.

"John," she sighed.

"Marsha, Marsha," he groaned.

"John, John," she whimpered.

"Marsha, Marsha, Marsha," he urged.

"John, John, John," she wheezed, as they fell into each other's arms, mouths joined irrevocably as if two plumber's aids were grasping to unclog a resistant drain, tongues delving like serpents among a flock of wild geese. She could tell he was ready. His turgid shaft was bursting at the seams of his truculent trousers. Her raging loins were urging her to seek his turbulent tube of fire.

At last, they broke their scorching embrace.

“I’ve dealt with Melvin,” he murmured menacingly.

“Oh, no....I hope..,” she said steamily, unfinished thought hanging in the wafting, wild air.

“The rapacious raconteur is gone,” was all John muttered, mutely.

They crept silently through the damp, dismal dwelling doorways to the love sanctuary they both yearned for. She was the raging beast of his yearning. Every fiber of her being ached for his bald avenger.

Casting themselves upon the downy bed, clawing and clutching each other’s garments, rending them limb from limb, naked in the vast array of silk and scent, her blood pounded thunderously while his throbbing member sought the nest of his desire. He was a stallion of volcanic thrusting, ravaging her pale, voluptuous craving need. Outside, the wind, howling in protest, moaned in time to their plunging, insatiable vortex of love.

Suddenly the garden door to their wanton warren of turbulent tenderness burst open.

Deep in the throes of amorous ardor, quivering with longing, Marsha screamed, “Oh, my God, John! It’s Melvin,” and she wilted in a dead faint, leaving John, face flaming with unrequited, crazed lust, aghast.

“You thought you were rid of me, you scurrilous scoundrel,” Melvin cackled maniacally, rolling up his sleeves, massive, menacing fists clinched.

John was not easily cowed. Seething with rage, disengaging his wilted pole of power, he shouted, “Barbarous bastard! I’ll finish the job right here,” and with that, John bounded belligerently towards the pernicious form of his foe, as if an infuriated rhino in heat, tendons distended in his neck like carborundum ropes.

Fists pulsing like pistons, Melvin sledge hammered John’s oncoming chiseled jaw, squeezing his thrashing thorax, his flailing, granite-like knee pounding into John’s swollen seed sack. Moving with the grace of a panther, he whipped himself into a frenzied, fighting automaton, countering his adversary’s troglodyte fisticuffs with thunderous pummeling. A feint, a dodge and both were on the floor, death blows slinging like Trojan catapults.

Marsha, awakening from her swoon, threw herself upon the melee, biting, scratching, clawing what she knew not.

“Cease!” thundered John, blood flowing from the feline carvings of his beloved.

“Desist!” raged Melvin, eyes gauged and flaming from her vicious attack. “I am sore wounded!”

“Oooooo,” Marsha began to croon, both hands retreating from savagery, now melding into the intertwined flesh, stroking rods of savage steel.

The triangulated mass of flesh began to writhe with her silky manipulations, shouts turning to whimpers, screams to melodious moans, hammers to gentle caresses of silky succulence.

“Ooooooo,” continued Marsha. “John! Melvin,” she purred with a starved, wanton ache, swampy wetness gushing from her nether being.

“Mmmmmmm, Marsha,” groaned John, battering ram in full elegant effulgence.

“Ahhhhhhhh, Marsha,” sighed Melvin, his terrifying turgidity springing to attention.

“Marsha!” “John!” “Marshaaa!” “Melvinnnn!”

“Maaaarrrr....”

“....sssshhaaaaaaaaaa!!!”

The End