

'Elegant'

Dust coated the old stone over the hearth. Its fire casting a dim orange glow. Any warmth emanating from the flames was quickly smothered by the oppressive cold. Menacing shadows shimmered across the room, though the fireplace's rustic inability to free itself from the past brought comfort.

There was something majestic about the past. 'That's where I belong, in the past,' he thought as he caressed the pistol. Revolvers, a remembrance of a time long passed. It was a beautiful gun, sandalwood grip, short barrel, the metal shined to throw a metallic glare. It burned as bright as the fire.

He pushed a lever and the six revolving chambers glided out smoothly. After sliding the thirty-eight caliber shells in, he spun the chambers and flicked the gun to the side clicking them back in place. Not quite like the movies but it was classic.

Awed with the power emanating up his arm he pulled the hammer back. The gun ticked several times as the chambers spun one notch and the trigger retracted to a hair from discharging.

He trusted it would make an eloquent roar when fired. Whether or not he would ever hear it lost significance as the barrel pressed against his temple...

'Waking Dream'

It wasn't a kiss, but a gentle press of his lips along the line of her jaw. The pressure increased as he moved to her neck, then to her collar bone. Not yet puckering his lips as for a kiss but pressing them ever more firmly to her. Enjoying the nearness of his face to her, as if he was trying to incorporate his identity into her, or rather to incorporate hers into him.

His lips traced her sternum to where the fabric of her blouse met in a V. A white blouse, worn loosely, but fitted well to present a lovely figure. He continued on his way, pushing the blouse up to just below her breasts revealing the soft skin of her stomach. He began kissing her just below her solar plex, he trailed down to her belly button.

Her jeans unbuttoned easily, they unzipped a little on their own to relieve the tautness in how she wore them. He hooked the fore finger of his left hand into her black panties that blended seamlessly with her black jeans. Pulling lightly exposed the flesh that had, from years of wearing tight clothes, been pressed free of the thin layer of fat that found little refuge on her body.

He pulled till he could see the front arch of her pelvis protruding. In shaving, she had left a small rectangle of short, delicate, blonde down adorning the hill.

He kissed just below her navel, then just below that. He kissed the depression between her pubis and where the waist of her jeans had been buttoned. His right hand rested on her left thigh. The muscle in her leg tightened as his lips pressed through her soft pubic hair to the skin beneath.

"Stop," she said. It wasn't a plea, but firm, final.

He looked at her face and knew he could go no further. Anger flared at first but died quickly. It wasn't the end he valued but the way there. He loved her. The time with her is what he chased. And it always ended too quickly. He felt it slipping away once more.

He was losing his love and his ever of feeling it. He awakened in his world of steel bars and barbed wire fences. Love was an unknown concept he could only enjoy in dreams as it didn't live in his world, it never did.

He was back into the stagnation of prison where he's been before he was ever even able to experience the emotion.