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"Lily"

A fictional story.

Eric is a man in his 30's who has spent over a decade of his life behind bars, enduring all of the hardships that come with such a long journey in such a desperate environment as he anxiously awaited his freedom.

Lily is a demon; a succubus to be precise, who materializes herself in Eric's cell for a hot night of unbridled passion, leaving him with only the memory and a dangerous yet appealing gift.

But can Eric understand the consequences of taking something from a woman who is employed by the Father of Lies? And if he does, is he mature enough to use it wisely, or will it eventually consume himself and all of those around him as well?

Afterall, not everything that glitters is gold...

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## Dedication

This is for those suffering from lack of physical, emotional, or mental affection. It is my prayer that every lonely heart finds comfort.

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And for you, Sara Walsh. I can only imagine how difficult it is to be the most beautiful woman in all of ESPN. When your burden becomes unbearable, I will be here waiting, arms wide open. =)

"She wins him over by repeated urging, with  
her smooth lips she leads them astray."

Proverbs 8:21

Do not turn your heart to her ways,  
do not go astray in her paths;  
For many of those she has struck down  
dead, numerous, those she has slain."

Proverbs 8:25-26

Prologue

Perhaps the most well worn but irrefutable cliché of all time is: You never know what you have until it's gone.

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For as long as the young man's soul could remember he'd lived in a tropical paradise surrounded by white-sand beaches and palm trees bowing to the majesty of a crystal-blue ocean. Every morning the sun rose behind the palms, casting rays that would highlight the waves, making them translucent as they crashed on the shore. The island was all he could want and more, and it was all his, with its never-ending line of activities and adventures, the teeming, diverse wildlife - chattering monkeys and colorful birds; There were hidden lagoons where dolphins wandered to play and countless waterfalls, all of this and more for his personal exploration and pleasure.

And then one day his soul was uprooted without explanation and forced to live in an arid and unforgiving desert with its relentlessly hot winds and lack of shade. For foliage there was an assortment of colorless and sun-bleached rocks and thorny cacti, and the wildlife? Lizards that bleed out of their eyes and poisonous scorpions. He quickly realized how good things were for him in paradise, and he longed to go back, knowing that never again would he take a single moment for granted...

But there was nothing for his soul to do but anxiously await the time of his return.



Chapter 1

Man Would it sound cliché to say that I met Lily after spending a thousand lonely nights in prison? Probably.

Technically it had been over four thousand lonely nights. At the time I'd already been locked up over a decade, but who was counting? Unless you've been forced to experience it, you could never imagine what the lack of physical affection and intimacy from the opposite sex does to a man's soul. It completely twists your psyche. It's like removing a necessary part of an equation that has added up all of your life, and then once it no longer does, that part of you slowly withers then painfully dies.

The well <sup>BEGINS</sup> ~~is~~ drying up as you struggle to process the ramifications of the absence of that natural and beautiful gift that is such an integral part of the human experience. You might have a wife or a girlfriend who sends you sexy pictures and ~~the~~ letters laced with perfume for a while, and that softens the initial blow, but eventually she cheats on you and leaves; it's nothing personal, really - <sup>I MEAN,</sup> ~~isn't it~~ what woman in her right mind wants to be tied down to a man stuck in prison?

So you do the only thing that you can - you settle down and learn to live with your loneliness every waking minute, day or

██████ night, until you arrive at the cold and brutal realization that the entire time there has been an indifferent eliminative process at work and now that process is complete and there you sit, a dried-out emotional husk of your former self, left with only rapidly fading memories of your previous humanity.

I could write a lengthy book on all of the shit I was subjected to in prison; I was in countless brawls and fights, some against more than once person, I've participated in riots and even even a full-fledged prison war. At the time of my arrest, in addition to losing my freedom, I lost all of my money and everything I owned, my friends walked away, leaving me alone. I sat there and watched loved ones pass away from a helpless distance. And my heart hardened as I became institutionalized and the concept of living in a freeworld diminished...

But out of all of those hardships; the sorrow, the suffering, the blood and tears, by far the most painful and difficult thing I went through was my total seperation from physical and emotional intimacy.

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2 The night I met Lily started out just like any other lonely night while incarcerated, though I had long quit thinking of them AS "LOVELY NIGHTS" SINCE

■ their consistency turned them into just regular old "nights."  
I had just turned 30 years old, and at 6' 4", the one area prison  
had been generous to me was my body. Stereotypically I spent  
alot of time on the recy yard lifting weights and playing basketball  
so I was cut up and in excellent shape. Whether from this, the  
sexual deprivation or (most likely) a combo of the two, I still  
had the libido of an 18 year old.

So there I was lying on my bunk, feeling even hornier than usual  
when I closed my eyes to escape into a fantasy for masturbation  
purposes when suddenly -

- Assilky female voice next to me said, "Maybe I can help  
you with that, Eric!"

"Chapter 2"

Let me tell you now, if motherfucking E.T. would have been standing there instead, I would have been less surprised than to see a woman in my cell, and a hot one at that. My eyes and jaw opened wide with surprise as I appraised her: late 20's, about 5' 7", semi-curly light brown hair cascading to her shoulders. Golden eyes that conveyed beauty and temptation all at once. Full breasts which sat up seemingly without the support of a bra beneath a cut-off red camisole revealing a flat, flawless stomach. She wore black shorts and was barefoot with no jewelry except for an oddly familiar ankle bracelet, but I couldn't say why I ~~RECOGNIZED~~ it.

I had no idea how the hell she got into my cell so quickly and quietly... I was afraid to say anything, scared she would vanish as quickly as she appeared.

She grinned, said, "Cat got your tongue?"

I noticed how sexy her mouth was when it was moving.

And holy shit, she was sexy. Totally uncomprehending what was happening, I racked my brain for a response to the situation and found the courage to say it:

"Um, what?"

She laughed, a deep throaty sound. It made me think of listening to the music my parents forbade when I was a kid, how I

how I knew it was wrong, but loved the jams and the fact that I was getting away with something against the rules only made it that much sweeter.

"I take it you weren't expecting any visitors," she said.

Gathering my senses, I sat up on the edge of my bed and said, "Okay, what kind of joke is this?"

I wondered briefly if I was just lucid-dreaming or whatever, or I could be having an acid flashback. I'd read somewhere that sid stays in your system for decades.

She calmly walked over and looked down at me, sitting there on my bed, with what appeared to be a touch of sympathy? She ran the backs of her fingers across 3 days of stubble on my face.

"You should shave. You're much sexier without this facial hair."

And then she slapped the shit out of me.

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"Did that feel like a dream? Yes, I'm real, and no you're not having an acid flashback either," she said having somehow

and rather annoyingly I might add, read my mind.

"So then what the fuck is going on?" My voice rose with irritation as I rubbed my stinging face.

"Keep your voice down, " she replied softly. "They can't hear ~~me~~, but people can still hear you."

"What the hell are you talking about?" My voice was hushed but no less demanding.

Then she crossed the first line: She sat down next to me, so close our bare thighs touched. I was only wearing a pair of boxers and the feel of her warm, smooth leg sent crackles of sexual electricity into my body. She looked like she was inspecting me and once again she rubbed fingers across my cheek, creating more electricity. The feeling was foreign and so unbelievably amazing that I wouldn't have gave a damn if she slapped me again.

She said, "You have to understand that you are the only person who can hear or see me. I know what I'm about to tell you is going to sound far-fetched, but keep an open mind, because it's true, okay? I am actually a demon, like from hell and employed by the 'Father of Darkness' and all that jazz. Specifically I'm a succubus, and I am manifesting myself right now only to you."



It was too much, I couldn't help it. I busted out laughing -  
it dawned on me that I was a contestant on a new TV show called  
"Prison Punk'd" or it's equivalent.

I said, "Look, I don't know what the hell you are talking  
about or what the hell is going on, but this is one sick joke."

She giggled, a high-pitched shrill in contrast to her previous  
one.

"Do you even know what a succubus is?"

I'd read more than a few fantasy novels, so with guarded  
skepticism I said, "Well supposedly they're demonic spirits that  
seduce men in their sleep and have sex with them, or something  
like that."

She smiled sweetly.

"Well, that's certainly the abridged version... by the way,  
it's great to finally meet you. You're cuter in person."

With that, she scooted behind me, wrapped her legs around my  
waist and laid her head on my shoulder. Her breasts mashed  
against my back and our body contact gave me goosebumps. I had  
not been touched like this in what felt like a century and I  
couldn't control the effects it was having on my mind.- <sup>or</sup> body.

So I said "fuck it" and decided right then that I would play on this little game - whatever the hell it was. If she wanted to be a "demon manifesting herself only to me" fine. The soft feel and sweet scent of her skin alone was enough for me to let her be whatever she wanted.

"Well then you know I have to ask; ~~why~~ is a succubus visiting me? Am I about to be sexually tortured?" I cleared my throat. "You seem to be doing a fine job of seducing." I tried to ignore the growing bulge in my boxers.

I felt as much as heard that sultry laugh again as she leaned into my ear and spoke in a seductive whisper, "Just the opposite - in fact, I'm here to pleasure you, and way beyond anything you were going to fantasize about." She sucked on my earlobe and every hair on the back of my neck shot up.

"Why," I squeaked weakly. And lamely.

"Because," she said simply, "demons, just like the rest of those inhabiting the spiritual realm, must tithe in order to operate on the physical realm. And trust me, you need to get out of hell every now and then. There are alot of misconceptions and misunderstandings when it comes to spirituality and what really takes place behind the visible, physical scene... even angels act as a counterintuitive monkey wrench in a 'divine' plan. Well, it's normally my job to break up

marriages, sexually torture a man and so forth, but in your case I'm going to do the opposite. I chose you for the collection *plate* because you are already sexually tortured - through deprivation, So, for tonight, your hex is lifted. Baby, I'm going to send you to paradise."

With that, she forcefully turned my face towards hers and kissed me deeply.

Chapter 3

The sheer intensity of her kiss was overwhelming. All of my senses short-circuited as outer reality was blown out of the present moment; it was only her and I, her tongue confidently exploring my shy but welcoming mouth. She tasted like cinnamon and powdered sugar. I was practically gasping for breath when she pulled back and I immediately began babbling like an idiot.

"God damn, where did you learn how to kiss like that and just what the hell is your name anyway?"

She smiled and ignored my question, instead answering me with one of her own, "Are we going to do this or what?"

She looked at me expectantly.

Do what? Was she serious about this whole thing? I was like a deer in headlights, frozen on the spot. The improbability of the situation combined with the fact that it had been so long for me that I didn't even remember any of the "moves" left me paralyzed. Still reeling from her kiss, I felt my face turn beat red.

Another throaty laugh as she rubbed her hands over my chest and down my six-pack abs. She hooked a finger into my boxers waistband and drug it back and forth from hip bone to hip bone.

My dick had never been so hard in all of my life.

"As hard as the rock that killed Goliath," she agreed, reaching into my boxers and grabbing a handful.

Was I thinking out loud?

She stroked me lightly. I swallowed hard.

"Mmm," she purred, "it looks like somebody likes that. I wonder how you'd like this, then?"

She got in front of me, fell to her knees and slowly pulled my boxers down as I sprang free from my cage. Her warm, soft hand wrapping around my shaft made me gasp. She stroked me with an experienced and firm grip, gazing up at me with a red and black grin that said she could ruin my entire life and make me say please and thank you for doing so.

The scene playing out in front of me was so erotic, I was so turned on that I was unsure how much I could take. As if to put me to the test, she opened her mouth and swallowed me - the head of my cock bumped the back of her throat and then some as my entire dick disappeared - then she dragged her tongue along the bottom of shaft as she pulled back, pausing to give the head three or four strong sucks before pulling off with a loud smack.

"God you taste good," she said.

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At that moment, I knew it was real. I may not have understood what the hell was going on, but it was all too easy to toss it in the giant pile of all of the other shit I didn't understand and just enjoy the ride. And while the shock certainly hadn't worn off, this was clearly no game or joke.

My heart beat a hundred miles per hour, my breathing heavy. I felt ready to blow at the slightest touch, and apparently she (I still didn't know her name...) knew this also. She allowed my heart to quit hammering and the threat of immediate eruption to dissipate, then she started raking her fingertips, drawing little designs on my inner-thighs... ~~AND~~ then proceeded to drive me wild by sucking on my large, sensitive balls, just hard enough to make me gasp with pleasure and pain each time a ball came out of her mouth with a soft pop.

Without warning, she took me into her mouth again, this time sucking relentlessly. When I started moaning she made deliberate eye contact while she worked her mouth, daring. One of the thin straps of her shirt slipped off and I could see all of her ample cleavage and a crescent-sliver of dark nipple peeking out. Using my thumb I pulled the other strap off of her soft, defined shoulder: without taking her mouth off of my cock,

she finished wiggling her arms out of it, and I pulled the shirt down below her breasts. I used one hand to caress them, the other hand I used to brush the hair off of her face as she continued to suck me off.

And suddenly I was there. I had no idea if she'd been giving me head for 90 seconds or an hour, but my orgasm felt like it had been building up since puberty, and this mystery woman sensed it also because she pulled her hot mouth off of me and started jacking me off hard just as I began exploding, shooting shot after shot of thick hot cum all over her face, neck and chest; my entire body went rigid and I couldn't remember ever cumming so hard or so much **IN MY LIFE,**

As I finally finished, I took great heaving gulps of air and tried to uncurl my toes as the intense, gripping pleasure slowly subsided; a million words on my tongue, yet frozen in place, unable to speak. Focusing past the blinding stars in my vision, I stared in awe at the sexy creature still kneeling in front of me, my semen slowly running down her chin, neck and breasts. Without blinking or breaking eye contact she used a finger to smear cum around one of her nipples, then abruptly sucked her finger clean.

"My name is Lily," she said in a pouty voice.



"Chapter 4"

Losing my virginity in high school and then getting locked up just a few years and a handful of young sexual partners later meant that I had experience with sex but that I was nevertheless, especially for my current age, sexually inexperienced. My abstinence during incarceration combined with a hyperactive imagination had given rise to endless fantasies, and no doubt I'd entertained tons of thoughts about receiving oral sex, but not even 10-plus years of perverted contemplations could match what just took place. My sexual fantasy world had just been demolished by a meteor calling herself Lily.

Lily found some towels and nonchalantly cleaned herself up as I made a pathetic attempt at regaining some level of composure. Then I broke the silence.

"Damn girl, that was amazing. I mean, never in my life have -"

"Oh please," she waved me off. "That was just a warmup. I needed to get the easy one out of you so that you'd have some stamina to fuck me."

Jesus. Fucking. Christ.

She pulled her soaked shirt off and tossed it to the floor then wiggled out of her shorts, revealing a tiny black thong.

Facing away from me she leaned forward without bending her knees and slowly started peeling her panties off. Once she got them to her ankles, she looked back over her shoulder and said in that hypnotic, pouty voice, "You do want to fuck me, right?"

I was stuck with my mouth halfway open till I mustered the strength to slowly nod. She grinned with satisfaction.

"Good. Because I need you to cum in me this time; even if I didn't have to take it to the spiritual realm with me as proof of my tithe, I still hate to waste a good thing."

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I couldn't care less any longer about all of the "spiritual~~realm-~~succubus-tithing" shit. Sure it was strange, but at that point it was no longer about belief or disbelief - it was about being drunk with a primal and forgotten lust; enraptured in Lily's spell, the psycho bitch owned me, and she knew it.

Awesome.

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"Stand up," she ordered.

difficult to put into words; but the celestial feeling as I slid inch by glorious inch inside Lily, the erotic sight of seeing my shaft slowly disappear inside of her as she sucked a breath in through clenched teeth is impossible to put into words.

Once all the way in, I moaned and conveyed my feelings with a passionate kiss. The first few long, slow pumps placed me in a rapture and I quickly settled into a rhythm. To be honest I had to avoid the temptation to stop and kneel down in thanks to the universe for this "At last!" experience, which, I should mention, was exceeding all of the expectations that I'd had and if I were to have died at that very second I would have arrived at the pearly gates of heaven totally unconcerned about my eternal destination and instead would have commenced dancing around Saint Peter, pumping my fists in the air like Rocky.

I watched Lily's pink pussy lips resist my dick as they tried to smother it, pushing against, sliding in and gripping it as though reluctant to release it as I pulled out; an erotically majestic sight. I did that, mesmerized, until Lily's hand gripped my hip, urging me. Snapping out of my trance, I obliged. At the faster pace, I spread both of her legs as far apart as possible, pumping my hips at the pace she commandeered with her hand; she used her other hand to play with her clit.

Watching her plump breasts rock back and forth to our motion

while she played with herself was an enormous turn on. Lily didn't make things any easier when she bit her bottom lip, dug her nails into my hip, urging me faster still as she played with herself harder, all without her deep, all-knowing eyes blinking or leaving mine.

I wish I could tell you that I held out like a champ and fucked her down until the sun rose, but it was past the point of thinking about baseball, unless you wanted to count my two balls and a strike.- I couldn't tear my gaze from the siren beneath me. I couldn't recall ever having climaxed simultaneously with my lovers; indeed, I wasn't sure if that was just something that happened in cheap erotic paperbacks, but I figured one of the benefits of fucking a succubus is the experience of such fantasies because the closer I got, she seemed to match my pace and get closer also...

And as I began to crest the mountain, Lily made whimpering sounds that turned into moans and again she arched her back like a cat, this time crying out, "Eric!"

Something about her saying my name tapped the hair-trigger of my own orgasm and I shot huge, hot loads of semen inside of her, filling her...

I collapsed on top of her, sweaty and struggling to get my breath caught. Lily, recovering also, kissed my cheek and neck affectionately, running her fingers up and down my long, toned back.

With what little strength I could muster, I raised up just enough to look at her and managed a, "Jesus Christ," then fell back on top of her.

"Yeah, I've met him," she replied, then resumed kissing my neck.

"Chapter 6"

It was several minutes before my heartbeat returned to normal; only then did I pull my soft penis out of Lily. From behind, she wrapped her arms around me, spooning. Our legs tangled, two sweaty bodies sated and content. She claimed she was from hell, but it sure felt like we were in heaven.

"Well," Lily said.

"I don't even have words right now. That was amazing. Damn, I think you just ruined sex for me - what could top that?"

She smiled sadly and ran her fingers through my hair. "Oh baby, you'll be fine. It's just been a while for you, that's all."

I didn't have a reply for that. After a brooding moment, she continued.

"As I said, succubuses and incubuses are bound to certain laws, as is everything else in the spiritual world. Tithing happens to be one of ours. When I was told what I had to do, I was given the choice of who I wanted to do it with. Probably nobody is aware that whenever you fantasize, it reaches the spiritual realm, angels and demons alike, and I've had my eye on you since you were a horny and insecure teenager. I picked



you for this night because it's obvious that you long for intimacy after living without it for so long. Plus I figured you'd have extraordinary gratitude which you'd reflect back to your partner while making love, which you did - that was pretty clever while going down on me, by the way, spelling out a marriage proposal. I've never seen that one before... and no, sorry, I can't marry you."

I smiled, pleased she'd caught it. Then I thought about all of the dirty shit I also "told" her and felt my face go red.

I thought she was going to say something about that next, but instead she went on, "As promised, since you gave me an orgasm, I have a gift for you, if you'll accept it."

"Lily, I don't pretend to understand everything, and I'd be lying if I said I understand you or what we just did or even why we did it, but one thing I do know is that you definitely don't owe me anything."

"Obviously," she said idly. "I'm telling you that I have a gift for you, but you have to agree to accept it first. Now will you take it or not?"

For the first time her tone wasn't light or teasing or sexy. Looking back at it now, I should have taken that as a

warning sign. I should have at least questioned what the gift was, though I probably still would have accepted. The truth is, I had no idea who or what I was dealing with; to say Lily was out of my league doesn't come close to explaining it, and the state of mind that I was in at the time left me with zero defenses. So I did the only thing I could at the time.

I said, "Sure. I'll take it."

Before I finished getting the answer out of my mouth, I felt her mouth on my ear. I thought she was about to kiss me there but instead Lily started whispering in a language I'd never heard:

"Antar frobz zohn kushiel lyne ontar zehl, lodda ak trabar corpor."

When she finished I did get that kiss on my ear and I felt what can be best described as a kind of shift in my brain that radiated outward, through the rest of my body.

"There's your gift, Eric."

"Um...thanks?"

She giggled. "You have no idea what I just did for you, do

you?"

Obviously not. "Well if it's more than the celestial experience we just shared when we had sex, then no, I don't have a clue." I shrugged. "Sorry."

"Have you heard of those pheromone drops you wear to make women subconscápously attracted to you?"

"Sure."

"Well they're total bullshit. But the idea here is useful for our purpose. I've put a sort of spell on you. From now on you will have a unique and irresistible charm about yourself, and women are going to find themselves naturally drawn to you, especially on a sexual level. They won't necessarily know why, but they won't be able to deny it either." She thought for a moment, then said, "Instead of making an effort to get laid, you'll probably have to make an effort not to."

I caught myself indulging the fantasy. "So you're saying that I can just have any chick I want or what?"

"Not exactly. She'll have to be willing to spend time with you. If she won't even give you the time of day, forget it. But once she's around you for a while, she'll have trouble not being

around you. And the more she touches you, or vice versa, there will be a magnetic effect and before long, she won't be able to keep her hands off of you. The only exception to the rule is family members who are immune. Does this make sense?"

I shifted my legs and snuggled down into Lily's arms. "Um, I think so." Thinking that the whole thing was a little fantastical, but then again, I'd experienced stranger shit than that. Just look at the chick behind me on my prison bed. Then I had another thought. "Lily?"

"Yes?"

"You said that the more time I spend with a woman, the more attracted she'll find herself to me, right?"

"Mm-Hm."

"And that the more physical we are, the harder it gets for her to keep her hands off me?"

"That's right."

I reached back and ran my fingers through her hair. "You've spent quite a bit of time with me tonight."

"I have," she confessed matter-of-factly, knowing exactly where I was going with this.

I grabbed her hand and ran her fingertips across my lip. "And you've touched me an awful lot as well..."

She raked her other hand across my chest. "Mmm... so I have."

"So, just because you're the one who gave me the gift, does that make you immune to my special powers?"

Lily playfully considered me. "Hm, maybe you'll get lucky and find out. The truth is, now that you've cummed in me, we're bonded. The 'spell' I put on you is actually a code that allows me access into your soul. I will be working in you, helping you seduce those you desire, and then some. I'll be doing all of this from the spiritual realm, so you won't see me, but you'll feel me in you and know.

"Spiritual activity in the world is a very real thing. As for you wanting another round with me, I'm not convinced you could handle it. I am a succubus afterall. Most men would have passed out from sheer exhaustion already... the fact that you're still conscious is probably just a testament to your deprivation," she teased.

I kissed her fingertips one at a time. "You know, I'm going to feel like a cheap trick if I don't get to pass out from sheer exhaustion."

"But Eric, you are a cheap trick."

She turned me over and our lips met, her tongue finding mine.

"Chapter 7"

I woke up the next morning exceptionally refreshed, if a little sore in the legs and it took me a second to think why. Then the memory of the previous night came crashing and I sat up like a bolt of lightning.

Holy shit, what the fuck had happened? Logically there was no way for what I was remembering to have taken place... None whatsoever. Must have been a dream, was the conclusion I was forced to accept after a few minutes of intense deliberation. One hell of a dream, for sure, but a dream all the same. So if it was a dream, why do my sheets have that stale-sex smell? I figured it had to be my imagination.

Looking in the mirror above my steel sink I noticed bruises on my neck; hickeys? ... Impossible. Yet there they were. I replayed the dream over and over in my head, wondering if I was losing my mind. I quickly came to the conclusion that if I was going crazy, I was off to a damn good start. Pleased, I straightened up my cell, half-expecting to come across a tiny black thong in the process, but all I found was a pair of my own cum-stained boxers.

So that explains it! I thought.. A wet dream. The mother of all wet dreams. God, it had been so real, so vivid, so intense. Even to this day that dream remains crystal-clear in my mind; all others fade from the moment I wake up.

Well, time stops for no man, no matter his dreams or how wet



they are, and my prison sentenced marched on for what ended up being another 30 months, when the parole board finally approved my release.

And so after more than a decade and a half behind bars, I was at last a free man.

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"Chapter 8"

I wish I could do justice to the feeling of being let out of prison. It's something I've tried to do countless times yet no matter which words I use or what body language I accompany them with or how much emphasis I use for dramatic effect, I end up feeling like I fail miserably. When I went away, I lost not only my entire material life, but eventually my self-actualization.

A sociologist calls it "reintegration into society," which gives a misleading impression of returning to something that I previously had left and fitting back into it, hopefully successfully, but really that's just a term for college textbooks and people who wear ties to work. In reality it was akin to a birth - I was delivered a new creature into an alien world; nothing even resembles the world I left behind and I'm having to learn not only the differences between the two worlds but the differences between the two worlds and how I tie into the tapestry. It feels like I've been unplugged from the matrix; or perhaps plugged back into it after a hiatus.

Still, I'd have to say things are going well, and the optimist in me thinks things can only continue to get better.

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So here I am in my mid-30's and two weeks fresh out of prison; still young enough to have some energy, spunk and enthusiasm,

yet more mature and wiser in my ways. Walking out of those prison gates was the most mystical experience a man could ever have.

Or so I thought two weeks ago. Strolling through the grocery store while finger-fucking the produce is pretty mystical, I think as I fumble with an analog scale, trying to weigh a cluster of grapes. I give up and toss them in the cart anyways. In prison, they don't serve fresh fruits or vegetables; it's all canned shit. That in itself is a crime, is what I was thinking as I tried to have more luck weighing out some bananas, when my thoughts were interrupted by a soft, petite voice behind me.

"If you buy them just a little green, they have a day or two before they're ripe and they won't spoil as fast."

I turned to see a cute little shorty - no more than 5' 1", maybe 110lbs. of tight body with discernable curves, thanks to her skin-tight yoga pants and small "Sia" concert t-shirt. But it was her glossy auburn hair and pale green eyes that captivated me. She had a cute nose and cheekbones with a dusting of freckles across her face. I wondered if she ever tired of people staring at her unique beauty.

Unable to help myself, I raised an eyebrow, then pointed the banana at her like a pistol and said, "What makes you think that I don't know how to use this thing?"

She blushed and busted out laughing.

"Well," she confessed, "I've been watching you wrestle with the scales, and, um..." She hesitated. "Let's just say it's pretty telling when you can't even open the thin plastic sacks you put the fruit in. You're obviously not very... produce-inclined."

I looked down in my cart at the pile of wrinkled plastic bags that I couldn't find the opening to and had given up in frustration, only to throw them down in the basket and try another.

It was my turn to bust out laughing.

Smiling, I held my hand out, "I'm Eric."

"Jillian," she said, offering her own.

\*

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c8

Though I can't explain it, I somehow knew exactly what was going to happen when our hands touched, though I had no idea how I knew that.

When our skin made contact, there was an energetic exchange of such intensity it was almost audible. My expectance allowed me to pretend nothing out of the ordinary was happening. ~~position~~

Jillian didn't stand a chance.

She gasped ever so slightly and her pupils dilated; she looked almost star-struck and then just as quickly as it happened, it was over.

Jillian scrambled to regain her composure.

\*\*\*

"Well, I'm sure you probably have a wife or a girlfriend who does the shopping for you," Jillian tried.

I held up my left hand to show a naked ring finger and shrugged, "Single."

As if satisfied by my answer, she volunteered to help me with the rest of my shopping.

"I mean, it would be a shame if you got lost in here," she added with a grin.

"Jillian, I would love some help with my shopping, but only if you let me take you out for a coffee once we're done."

She smiled brightly.

" I'd like that."

\*\*\*\*

As Jillian showed me the tricks to selecting the freshest produce, and how to open those damn little plastic sacks, I somehow knew she was going to be the first notch in my bedpost since getting out of the slammer. I also knew that I would be able to pleasure her in ways she couldn't even imagine. And while I would quickly move on to another sexual conquest, Jillian would never get over me, nor find a better lover. The powers in me would haunt her sheets for the rest of her life.

The thought made me smile.

\*\*\*

From up in the blue sky, the sun was smiling as it peeked between two cumulus clouds, casting rays of warmth and promise into the parking lot of the grocery store.

\*\*\*

Before she drove off, Jillian smiled as we exchanged numbers and set a date for later that afternoon.

\*\*\*

A An attractive soccer mom parked next to me in a minivan and flashed a flirty smile and whispered, "Hey there, sexy," as she ushered her toddler towards the store.

\*\*\*

As I finished loading my groceries into my car, with the fresh fruit on top so that it wouldn't get smashed - the way Jillian told me to - I couldn't help but smile myself, thinking that things were already getting better indeed...

\*\*\*

And somewhere down below, in the dark and unforgiving depths of hell, Lily smiled as well, knowing full well what I had yet to see:

That the more tortured the vine, the sweeter the fruit.



"Awake, north wind!

Rise up south wind!

Blow on my garden

And spread it's fragrance all around

Come into your garden, my love;

Taste it's finest fruits."

-Song of Songs

Chapter 4: 16

You only truly appreciate the value of something after it has been lost or set free, only for it to return to you once more.

\*\*\*

After what seems like an eternity in exile, the man's soul returns to the diamond paradise of his youth. A trepid look around confirms it's reality. At last! No more unbearably hot winds blowing across endless sandy landscape, no more cacti or bleeding lizards or stinging scorpions. The monkeys in the coconut trees above chatter excitedly while exotic birds perched on empty branches observe. Countless streams and waterfalls feed lagoons where the dolphins wander to play. Endless activities and adventures are once again his; all of it for his personal exploration and pleasure.

As wonder and appreciation battle to be the dominant feeling in his heart, he vows never to take a single moment of this mystical island for granted again, so he does the first thing that comes to his mind - he decides to share it.

Four feet and one oddly familiar ankle bracelet stroll down the white-sand beach as a fiery sun sinks into the distant waters.

But gratitude wins the battle for his heart, bowing submissions

to the joy of the present moment as the palm trees bow to the  
majesty of the ocean.