

Scene from a Writer at Work

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I took two quick steps back. My initial moves had been blocked easily; my opponent had not bothered to attack, just defending, playing. He smiled at me in the dusky twilight; his first mistake in our deadly dance.

I quickly drew my blade up, stepping forward for a down stroke. He raised his blade slightly above his head, holding it parallel to the ground, anticipating meeting the edge of my blade's down stroke with the flat of his. He had mistaken my skill, his second and final mistake.

Rather than taking another step forward and starting the down stroke he anticipated, I brought my blade down early, quickly. As I brought it down, I turned my wrists so the flat of the blade paralleled the ground level with his abdomen. I stepped forward, using my hips as well as my arms to drive the point of my blade through his clothing, skin, and muscles. Looking in his eyes, I saw the shock in his face replace the smile. I felt the tip of my blade reach his spine, and saw his body and head move back as I continued my thrust stepping forward.

The blade is part of my will, part of my body. I continued the dance, stepping to the side, the blade moving with me, the razor-sharp edge doing its work. I took another step to the side, pivoting the blade, its tip against his spine, turning him with me as the blade slices through.

I step once more, to the side and back, pulling the blade free and bringing it up to block the attack that never comes. The look of surprise fades from his face as he stoops forward, his blade falling to the ground. His hands reach helplessly to his waist, his head drooping down as he collapses forward.

Our dance is ending; I step quickly to the side, even with his shoulders. I raise my blade high, inhaling through my nose, smelling the juniper of the clearing and the sweat of our battle. With the heightened vision of the warrior, I see the vertebrae of his neck, and visualize my downward stroke going between the bones, separating the soft tissue between.

Zanshin: with a clear mind I bring my blade down, exhaling, bending my knees to cut with my whole body, cutting with unity of mind, body, and spirit, as Sensei taught. My blade goes through smoothly, severing skin, tendon, muscle, and nerve.

As the edge severs his spine, his body gives a final grunt and his muscles twitch as the cold metal triggers one last nerve impulse. His body falls away from my blade as I hold it steady, my stroke complete.

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I raise my blade to salute my opponent, and bow to his lifeless body. I thank him for the lesson he taught me today; lack of age does not mean lack of skill. I thank Sensei for teaching me well, teaching me that gray hair and old age do not mean lack of strength or speed; teaching me to face every opponent as if they were my first, and my last. If my day comes in battle, let my end be swift, and let it end from my opponent's skill, not my error.

"That's pretty good," Janet said, peering over my shoulder at the screen.

"It's okay for a first draft; I need to go over it a few times, I may have shifted verb tenses in there. I think it finishes the chapter well."

"I think you could make it more like a dance, I like that idea, but I still don't understand how you write like that. How do you do it?"

"Well, I usually start with an image and work it back and forth. To end the battle and this chapter I had the image of him standing and raising his blade for the final stroke. I wrote that, and then worked back. What happened to get him there from the earlier part of the chapter? As I write, I think about what he senses: sight, hearing, smell, touch. I think about how he feels, what's driving him. Then it's easy to flow all of that to the conclusion. That's the easy part. The hard part is editing and rewriting."

"So why don't you ever write about me, about us?" she asked, nibbling on my neck.

"Well, I do, sort of," I answered her.

"What does that mean?"

"Remember last spring, when we made love in that little clearing by the waterfall?"

"Mmmmm... Yes..." she said, nibbling more.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the present sensation and reliving sensations of the past.

"I do too. I can still remember, just before I came, closing my eyes, the sounds, the smell of sweat and juniper."

She pulled away from me. "No, silly, I mean writing about us making love."

"I've never thought of it," I answered her.

"Well, why don't you try. Do you have a favorite image of me in your mind?"

"Yes," I laughed. "How about this?"

Janet lay sprawled on the bed, her long black hair around her head and shoulders.

"My hair isn't long anymore," she interrupted.

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“I know. You asked for my favorite image. This is my fantasy, okay?”

“Okay. Keep going.” She kissed the back of my neck again.

She raised a shoulder up off the bed slightly, her breath still a little ragged. Her almond-colored skin was covered with fine beads of perspiration, her nipples hard and the flush of sexual excitement spreading from her chest up through her face. She had a slight smile, a predatory grin, her eyes half closed, still shining with lust as her first orgasm faded and her second approached rapidly.

“How’s that?” I asked.

“Ooh -- I like that. Especially the part about being between my first and second orgasms. But how did I get that way? Do I really look predatory?”

“Yes you do, and I love it. Let’s back up in time and build up to that image, adding another character, and more depth.”

Tom and Janet kissed passionately as they sat on the edge of the bed, quickly stripping off their remaining clothing. Janet lay back on the bed, Tom following eagerly. They kissed and ran their hands over each other, caressing, stimulating. As they kissed, she ran a hand over his stiff shaft, exciting him further. Tom knew she wanted him deep inside her; he wanted it too, and could almost feel sliding into her, but that would come later. He broke off the kiss, sliding his body down hers, moving his eager shaft out of the reach of her hands. He wrapped his arms around her waist and buried his head between her wonderful breasts. She rolled to her side and put her arms around his head, holding him tight to her, moving his head to one of her nipples and holding him there.

Tom sucked eagerly, feeling her nipple harden even more in his mouth. After a while he tried to move to the other breast, but she held him tight. He tried to move, and she held him, finally letting him go to her other breast. They both knew how exciting this was to him. As she held him to the other breast, she said, “You’re not getting away from me now,” acknowledging the game. She moved his head back and forth on her breast, and he moaned with pleasure.

Tom knew the more she held him and squeezed him to her breasts, the dizzier and weaker he’d become, until finally she’d push him over on his back and pounce on him. Not that he didn’t like that happening, but he had other plans. He slid a hand up between her legs, feeling the heat radiating from her. He slid a finger into her moist slit and gently teased her clit. Her back arched and she moaned, “I want you in me!” He kept up his teasing, occasionally leaving her clit for a moment and sliding a finger deep into her.

As he moved a finger deep inside her, her grip on his head loosened, and he quickly slid down between her legs. He put his arms underneath her bottom holding her sides, and started kissing her mound. She brought her legs up and gave him a squeeze. As he slid his head down further to kiss her slit and started exploring with his tongue, she grabbed a hand with one of hers, and put her other hand on his head.

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As his tongue slid over her clit she writhed and moaned, squeezing his head between her hot thighs. He kissed and licked her, driving her to the edge, feeling her writhe beneath him and hearing her moans muffled by her legs. She squeezed him and pushed on his head with her hand, pulling the hair wrapped between her fingers.

They settled into a rhythm of rocking and licking. As he felt and heard her reaching the edge, he moved his free hand and plunged two fingers deep into her, pressing his thumb against her asshole. She moaned, writhed, and shuddered as she came, squeezing and rocking him with her legs. As her legs loosened their grip on him, he eased up, just kissing her lightly.

Tom raised his head. Keeping one hand gently massaging her clit, he raised up on the other elbow. Janet was sprawled back on the bed, her long black hair tossed around her head and shoulders. She raised a shoulder up off the bed slightly, her breath still a little ragged. Her almond skin was covered with fine beads of perspiration, her nipples hard, the flush of sexual excitement spreading from her chest up through her face. She had a slight smile, a predatory grin, her eyes half closed, still shining with lust as her first orgasm faded and her second approached rapidly. "Oh, Tom -- I want you in me," she panted.

He slid his index finger into her, hooking it and massaging the magic spot inside her. She arched her back and moaned again, her nipples tightening. He wanted her so bad now, wanted to slide into her. He knew she wanted him as well. She tossed her head side to side and grabbed his head with her hands, pulling him up onto her. He used his thumb lightly on her clit for a moment, exciting her from the outside and inside at the same time.

As her breath got faster, Tom knew she was very close. He took his hand away and slid up her body, plunging his hot stiff cock into her. His eyes closed and they both moaned as she wrapped her legs around his. He began thrusting, her hips rocking to meet him. Her head was arched back; he bit her neck and grabbed her shoulders from underneath, squeezing her, pulling deeper into her. She moaned and shuddered, coming again, squeezing him so wonderfully. As she recovered, he straightened his arms, propping himself up as he rocked into her gently, gazing with awe at the look on her face.

"Like how it's turning out so far?" I asked her.

"Yes I certainly do. Mind if I try a bit?" she said as she ran her hands over my chest.

"Go right ahead," I told her, moving my chair back from the keyboard. As she bent over to type I started feeling her wonderful bottom, moving my hands up to her breasts.

Janet opened her eyes a little more, looking up at Tom, that soft smile on his face. She loved what he did to her. His tongue was wonderful, but it felt so good to have him inside her. She smiled and reached up to him, pulling him down on top of her and kissing him as they rocked together. She loved tasting her juices on his lips. She locked his legs in hers and quickly rolled over, putting him on the bottom. She pulled her legs up a bit straddling him, and sitting up, reached for a pillow and pulled it under his head, raising him as she lowered a nipple to his mouth. He moaned as she pressed into him, sucking hungrily as she rocked on top of him. She smiled as she looked down. She knew how much he loved this. What he didn't know was how much she loved it too, how much she loved the control, holding him, hearing him moan, and that

look on his face as she drove him to ecstasy. She moved her hips a bit and started the long slow motion that would take him to heaven. He moaned and his hands moved to her sides, clutching her weakly. "Let go and enjoy, darling," she said, rocking back and forth, pressing her breast into his mouth.

She felt his hips moving to meet her motion, rocking with her. After a while he started moaning more, and she felt him stiffen. She smiled and pressed down on him, drawing out her strokes, moving her shoulders a little to move his head around as he sucked on her. She pressed down on him and wiggled, pushing him over the edge. He inhaled deeply and moaned; she felt his warmth pulsing up deep inside her. She moved slowly, gently, milking him and feeling the warmth of his gift fill her. "Thank you, darling," she said.

"How do you like my ending?" Janet said as she tried to stand up. I had my arms around her waist and pulled her into my lap, fondling her breasts as she sat on me.

"It's great. I like happy endings. And I learned something; you can be on top of me whenever you want," I nuzzled her, holding her close.

"How about right now?" she purred. I let go of her and she stood up. She turned around to face me, standing between my legs as I sat in the chair. She held my head gently to her chest. I could feel her warmth through the sweatshirt she was wearing, the tightness of her nipples beneath the fabric, and hear her heart beating wildly. She gently held the back of my head and I felt a shiver run through me.

"A writer's work is never done," I sighed as I stood up. We held hands and walked to the bedroom.

FIN

Author's Comments-

When I read reviews of this story, and Katie McN writes to me saying it's one of her favorites, I'm almost ashamed -- almost. It's like a cook receiving praise for a meal that was composed out of leftovers. This is a writer's "Mulligan Stew."

I'm a pack rat. I don't throw things away. It's genetic -- my dad is a pack rat, and so is my son. A few years ago our garage roof collapsed during a storm. The garage contents suffered water damage. We had a dumpster in the driveway, and I was going through the painful process of throwing things out prior to rebuilding. I was sitting down taking a break when our son, around six years old, picked up something from the pile and pleaded with me, "Daddy -- this is good stuff!" Both my wonderful wife and I cried, but for different reasons I suspect.

Back to the story... I'd worked on and off on a bushido-style piece for a while, but it didn't go anywhere. I'd pick up parts and poke at them, but not much happened. The chunks sat on a disk, along with other similar chunks (I have a section of my asstr website devoted to some of these, called the "Department of Lost Souls").

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Then one day I picked up this chunk, poked and prodded at it for a while, started cleaning up the grammar for lack of something better to do with it, and I got the idea... What you see is what I wrote over the next hour or so.

Here's what Celeste had to say about it in Celestial Reviews 263 (March 4, 1988):

"Scene from a Writer at Work" by Artie. As I read the first part of this story, I said to myself, "Self, this is a pretty good story, but the author seems to have the verb tenses a bit screwed up." Then the narrator himself says to his wife, "It's okay for a first draft; I need to go over it a few times. I may have shifted verb tenses in there." Gotcha! Ya see, the narrator is an author, writing a story and following the highly useful practice of not worrying about grammatical details during the first draft but being careful to polish his writing before publishing it.

So the writer's wife looks over his shoulder and says, "Why don't you ever write about me?" And he says, "You mean like this?" And they jointly compose and act out a very short but intense erotic escapade. The story has little plot development, but it's still excellent.

Ratings for "Scene from a Writer at Work"

Athena (technical quality): 10

Venus (plot & character): 10

Celeste (appeal to reviewer): 10

Not bad for leftovers, eh? Do women really use long hair as bait? It sure seems that way -- they get married, and all of a sudden the hair gets much shorter...

namaste-
artie
5/29/2002

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{rom fest classic} "Scene from a Writer at Work" by artie (rom, MF)