

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



TINY HORRORS OF DESIRE

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Sometimes things fester. They lay hidden beneath a scab of time, but when the scab is scraped off, the sore oozes and weeps. Things fester. Ant hills lay covered with grass and dirt, until someone rakes the protecting layer, ripping off the top spewing ants like blood from a wound to cover the earth. Sometimes secrets buried beneath the ground for years, lying dormant, fester. Trapped souls brew anger that implodes for centuries. Then what happens?

* * *

Something bad happened. It happened on the I10 just off Green's Road. An 18-wheeler turned over right in front of me. One minute I was driving 80 mph on the interstate; the next I was watching this huge red and yellow truck careen wildly in a drunken dance that ended with it skidding and flipping. Pieces of metal burst from its sides and flew willy-nilly. I veered right and accelerated hoping to beat the wreckage to the concrete barrier. I did. Barely. Metal chunks rained on my car and broke the back glass. The car scraped the side of the barrier with a terrible scream only to bounce back into the traffic. I swerved and avoided hitting any cars, but the diesel plowed ahead on its side jettisoned forward searing the highway with friction, heat. I drove on a short distance trying to decide where to stop, how to stop.

There was no place to stop. I was approaching a curve in the interstate. Traveling more slowly, I drove on looking for an exit, hearing the truck in the background. I looked back to see it meet the curve and

crash through the concrete sides. For a moment it seemed as if time were suspended, the diesel hung balanced against the barrier, and then the concrete crumbled. Cars were flying all around me trying to escape the carnage; trying to slow down. There was nowhere to go; no place was safe. I focused my attention on the highway, so I heard, rather than saw, the truck go over the side. One moment it was there, crunching away at the concrete; and the next moment it was gone.

The impact of its explosion when it hit the ground beneath rocked the freeway. Cars began to slam into one another. The noise was horrible, metal crashing into metal, horns barking out in frightened warnings, and the shrill whine of brakes trying desperately to stop. Stop before it was too late. Somehow, I managed to escape being hit. A path miraculously opened in the mess; the exit was clear. It was amazing to me that no one else was trying to exit the freeway. It was as though the traffic was determined to stay its course of destruction--hell bent on reaching predetermined destinations.

Was I the only coward? Or was I the only one with any sense of survival?

I sensed the truck driver escape the cab of the truck. As I rounded the exit and came up under the interstate, I felt him. Alive. He was alive. He lay about twenty feet or so from the burning cab; and when I finally saw him, he was trying to pull himself away from the shooting flames. The rear of the truck had detached from the cab. It lay at an angle from the burning cab like a broken bone twisted askew from a leg, like the driver's broken leg. I stopped the car at a safe distance from the

fire and ran to help him, but he began screaming at me and pointing to the crumpled hull of the trailer.

“Get them out! Get them out! They’ll burn alive in there. Please, lady, get them out!”

Without thought, I ran to him and began pulling him farther back from the fire. He hit at my arms, yelling, “Lady, they’re trapped in there. You have to get them out!”

“Who?” I asked, but he passed out before he could answer.

The man must have weighed at least two hundred pounds, yet somehow I managed to keep pulling him backwards. My heart was pumping adrenaline furiously through my bloodstream; I felt I had the strength of ten men even though as a woman I was petite by most standards. Could I rescue others? Would I be able to pull them from the mass of destruction before it, too, caught on fire? The doors of the hull had burst open during the crash, and I admit I approached them with some trepidation. Broken glass crunched beneath my feet. The smoke was so thick I could barely make out the cab of the truck, but the flames seemed to be licking at the edge of the cargo hull. I didn’t dare think about it igniting with me inside. Something ripped open the skin of my ankle, and I almost fainted from the pain and the sudden spurt of blood. The top of my sneaker began to turn red. I was mesmerized by the sudden warmth engulfing my foot.

Then I heard them. Tiny voices, screaming in horror overlapping one another in fearful mewls for help, spurred me on. Again adrenaline surged through me, and I pulled aside the twisted metal of the door and

stepped into the smoke-filled hull. I could feel their presence. I could hear them scratching, bumping and banging.

“Damn it! Where are you?” I called.

Debris was strewn everywhere in a maze of scattered disarray. Why was someone in this mess? What kind of person would lock another inside the cargo container of a truck? The scratching sounds continued. Frantically, I began to throw stuff out of my way, easing through the melee like a jungle traveler hacking a trail through an overgrown forest of musty furniture and ancient boxes. I grabbed a frame, some kind of wooden frame, to lob behind me. It moved. It shook in my hand. In my fear, I almost dropped it, and it cried aloud.

The frame was shuddering as though in agony; I could not bear to hold it, but I could not seem to release it either. I held it aloft with both hands to see it better through the smoke. It was heavy, and I knew that I would not be able to elevate it for long. The carving on the mahogany case, for it was not a picture frame, was ornate and rimmed with gold leaf. Trapped between two pieces of fine gold wire was a beautiful butterfly. At least I thought it was a butterfly. Its wings began to beat against the wire, and then suddenly the butterfly opened its eyes—its human eyes. I almost dropped it, and then it screamed, the most horrible tiny shrill noise, almost like a whistle.

I heard an answering scream from somewhere along the floor; I panicked. With distaste I tried to free myself from the ornate case. I hated the touch of it, and yet something inside me would not let it go. My senses swam with something akin to lust, so I held onto the shuddering case.

Something just ahead of me started to glow. It, too, was shuddering. No, fluttering. Another creature like the one I held was trying to break free of its wire prison. As I reached to grab it as well, the hull of the truck tilted rocking me onto the floor. Somehow, I leaped forward just in time to keep the other case from crashing into the midst of flying books and furniture.

Still holding tight to the frames, I fell to my knees and tried to crawl. I could not maintain my grip; they were too heavy. Staggering to my feet, I lurched through the trailer trying desperately to find the doorway. The doors had swung shut when the trailer capsized. I could feel the temperature growing hotter inside the vehicle. The doors were jammed!

I kicked the doors desperately and held tightly to the heavy cases. Thankfully, the creatures inside had stopped moving. I prayed they were still alive. The bitter taste of smoke burnt the back of my throat forcing me to cough. Tears streamed from my eyes. I had to escape. Finally, I turned around and threw myself backwards against the heavy metal door. With a screech it flew open, and I sailed out falling heavily onto the glass-littered ground.

Miraculously, I was not hurt. I stumbled to my feet looking for the driver of the truck, but he had disappeared. The sound of sirens suddenly blasted into my consciousness. I looked at one of the tiny winged figures in the case. It was staring solemnly at me.

“Hide us,” it said.

For some reason, some insane reason, I ran for my car, shoved them in the back seat, and left. I still cannot believe that I left the scene

of that accident, but I was past thinking at that point. My heart was thundering so loudly that I was sure the little creatures in the back seat could hear it. They were awake now and wanting out of their cases. I was freaking out with fear and excitement, and something strange, something that felt sensuous and heady. Desire.

* * *

I could see my reflection in the mirror hanging just above the mantle in my living room. My hair stuck straight up in places and hung in singed blackened strands in others. Soot covered my face and arms. A bright red weal cut across my cheek, stinging with each grimace. I could feel my ankle beginning to throb; I knew that I had cut it almost to the bone. Chills ransacked my body; I was in shock.

Every limb of my body felt weighted with lead. Dragging the wooden cases into the house had been a chore. The tiny creatures, pixies or fairies or whatever, freaked me out, but I was really too exhausted to care if they were alive or dead at that moment. I dumped the cases on my sofa, and then cursed my stupidity for smearing dirt and soot everywhere.

“Shit!” I said as I looked at the mess on my brushed cotton cream sofa cover. “Shit, shit, shit.”

“Shit,” said a tiny voice. “Do you mind not throwing me around so much? Hmm? It’s been a horrible day. You know?”

I sat down heavily on the coffee table and looked more closely at the butterfly people. They were exquisite. Each one was about six inches tall with a wing span that looked to be about eight or nine inches across. Their bodies were a sepia color almost like a butterfly’s body,

but they were formed just like a miniature human body. Their eyes were large and heavily lashed, their noses somewhat flat, and their lips were tiny delicate rosebuds that opened to reveal rather sharp spiked teeth. One of the creatures was definitely a male, and so I assumed the other to be female. Their most beautiful attribute was their wings, transparent wings shimmering in iridescent swirls of color. They looked fragile, ethereal creatures, at least until they smiled. Their smiles revealed their tiny spiked teeth.

An involuntary shiver went down my spine when I saw that smile. It seemed too happy given the situation. Suddenly I was afraid.

“I knew it!” exclaimed the other little person.

“You knew what, Lilah?” The male creature demanded.

“I knew those damn sharpened teeth of yours would scare people off. They look hideous!” she yelled. “Besides, Truman, sharpening your teeth on the cage wire is just gross.”

“Well, what in the hell am I supposed to do hour after hour? Sleep, like you do? Snore away the afternoon?”

The bickering started to escalate with each fighting to get out of his/her cage. I decided to interrupt.

“Hey, people, pixies, whatever...Do you want out or not?”

Silence. They were both staring at me in startled anticipation, and at that moment, I felt that perhaps I might come to regret saving them. I shrugged off the notion that these two beautiful creatures might be harmful, and I carefully unlocked each case.

The male, Truman, peeled himself from the golden wires and half-fluttered, half-staggered onto the coach. Lilah, on the other hand,

gracefully flew up a few feet and then flitted about the room as though stretching her wings.

“My goodness,” Lilah said. It’s been so long, since we’ve been out of those cages.”

“How long has it been?” I asked.

“Forever,” Truman drawled, “centuries.”

“Oh don’t exaggerate. We got caught in 1928. So, how long is that?”

“1928? Why that’s, umm, seventy-nine years!”

“It seemed like centuries to me,” said Truman. “Got a toothbrush I could borrow?”

I laughed. “Sure, use mine. I’m sure you can get it in your mouth.”

Lilah laughed uproariously holding her little sides.

“It wasn’t that funny,” he said.

Suddenly I was past weary. I just wanted a long hot soak and something warm to drink. My body longed for rest.

“Hey, you guys,” I said. “I’m going to take a break here and go take a warm bath. Can you two stay out of trouble and just relax or something, while I’m soaking?” I turned on the television. “Here. Watch TV. Okay? I’ll be back.” I pushed the candy bowl to the center of the coffee table. “Have a snack or something.”

They were fascinated by the television. I opened a couple of candies and handed one to each. Soon they had settled back to watch American Idol. They were hooked.

As I left the room, I overheard Truman say, “Lilah, my dear, would you pass me another candy?” [and] “That poor girl cannot sing at all, can she?”

I stepped back into the room for just a quick question. “Are you two fairies or pixies or what?” I asked.

“I’m a fairy,” Truman declared.

“You sure are!” Lilah laughed.

“You should talk, daughter of Lesbos,” he retorted.

The bickering had begun. Their endless squabbling made me even more tired, so I left them to it.

My bath was wonderfully warm and scented with “Moonlight Serenade” bath oil. I sank beneath the sudsy froth and sighed. I tried not to think about the tiny creatures in my living room. It was too much. I wanted to sleep, just sleep.

* * *

A tiny ball of moonlight hovered above my head. I watched in detached fascination as it moved slowly down my body. It was lovely, glowing. I smiled in sleepily.

A voice whispered in my ear, “Hello, sleepyhead.”

I tried to turn and face the voice, but I could not move. Suddenly I was fully conscious. My body was fastened tightly to the bed with some sort of silken cocoon. Shimmering strands stretched tight across my body, my naked body. They reflected the glowing orb that danced above me, Lilah.

Truman whispered again. “She wants to eat you up. Be still and let her devour you.”

My heart stopped cold in my chest. Indescribable fear coursed through my veins; I began to struggle.

“Be still,” Truman hissed somewhat gleefully.

How could I be still? My heart was pounding so hard that I thought it would burst from my chest. My body was soon covered in a fine film of sweat. I was terrified.

Lilah moved up to my face. She stroked my cheek and whispered to me, “Relax. Enjoy.”

But I could not relax. She looked into my eyes. Her tiny lips touched my lips. She bit me.

“Ouch!” I cried.

Slowly she floated down to my breasts and began to pull the gossamer net away from them exposing my large dark nipples. I almost died, when she used her tiny teeth to rip away the threads surrounding my breasts. Using her little hands and her tiny sharp teeth, she caressed and nipped at my taut nipples which responded in an insane mixture of fear and desire.

Truman continued to whisper. “You should see her biting your breasts, your beautiful breasts,” he said. He touched my head slightly moving me to a better position to see. “She’s holding your nipple and biting it.”

I could feel Lilah’s tiny inflictions of pain and pleasure. It was driving me crazy. I could only imagine what other things she had in store for me, and the seductive voice in my ear was whispering suggestions that left me breathless with desire.

Lilah continued her delicate assault. She moved back and forth across my nipples, tasting and teasing. Her wings fluttered across their sensitive tips sending shudders of emotion through my body. Glorious heat began to spread through me; my pussy flooded with a passionate longing that threatened to burst through the silken bonds, before she had a chance to delve through the threads of my desire.

Lilah floated down to the core of my excitement. She hovered over me, gently teasing the threads over my pussy. Tiny vibrations of sensation flooded through me. The fine threads moved against the hard peak of my clit. Never had I felt such stimulation. She pulled the strands away allowing herself access to my increasing wetness. Eagerly she licked me. The faint flickering of her tiny tongue drove me wild.

When I thought I could not stand it any longer, she lowered herself onto my clitoris and began to vibrate. Trapped in a flurry of wings and shooting lights of color, I felt the tension in my body mount into a frenzy that matched her vibrations. My clit was alive. It felt as though a thousand tiny hands were touching it, stroking it. The heady scent of jasmine and another sweeter fragrance flooded my senses. It was Lilah. The scent of her arousal invaded my nostrils creating an intense euphoric reaction.

I could hear her desire. She, too, was about to climax. I arched and struggled to open my legs allowing her more access. She groaned and sank deeper into me fluttering into my vagina, my wetness and warmth. She uttered a sweet cry and surrendered to her passion. I climaxed with her.

Truman ceased his whispering, glowed briefly, and fell asleep awash in the juices of his own passionate embrace. With a wisp, here and there, Lilah cut through my bonds of passion and came to rest against the smooth curve of my cheek. I carefully snuggled against her. We slept.

* * *

I awoke covered in the tattered remnants of my sexual cocoon. I was all alone; the fairies were gone. I wandered into the kitchen and settled in a desolate fog into a chair. Never had I felt so abandoned. In the bright harsh glare of morning, the events of the afternoon and night before seemed too fantastic to be real. Maybe it had all been a dream or some sort delusion caused by the accident. I trudged into the living room.

Bedlam had reigned. The room was in utter chaos. Candy wrappers and cola bottles were everywhere, and on the coach near their gilded cages lay two overstuffed fairies. Apparently my fairy lovers were addicted to candy.

For the first time I noticed a nameplate on the corner of the cases. I wiped off the film of greasy black soot to reveal a name. P. Storm. Who was P. Storm? I realized that out there somewhere, someone was searching for their lost treasures. Would that person come looking here? I decided to think about later.

“Hey, you two, wake up,” I said happily.

They looked at me from their sugar-induced drunken stupor.

“Come on, wake up!” I shouted. I was having so much fun.

They held on to one another and with a great deal of effort stood up. Swaying and looking slightly green even by fairy standards, they fluttered up into the air by my face.

“Hey, sweetie,” said Lilah. “I enjoyed last night.”

“I did, too,” I whispered.

“Well, now it’s my turn,” declared Truman. “And I want to find Sherman.”

“Who’s Sherman?” I asked.

“He’s this smart-ass on the talent show we watched last night,” he explained. “Lilah got to have fun with you. Now it’s *my* turn. I want to make him sing—see if he sings off-key.”

“Sherman,” I laughed. Sherman was the notorious host of America’s most popular television show. “Go for it, Truman. Drive him mad.”

“Hey it worked with King Henry VIII,” he said.

I loved it. “I know a song about him,” I said.

“Tell it to us tonight. We have to get going,” Truman declared.

“So you guys are coming back?”

“That’s right,” said Lilah suggestively. “So be ready.”

With a whish and a whush they were gone, off to torment someone else. I looked around my living room at the candy wrappers strewn everywhere. Suddenly I had a great idea.

* * *

Breeze from my open bedroom window wafted into the room and across my waiting body. I lay against my pillows watching for a burst of moonlight, waiting for my tiny horrors of desire. Someone else was also

waiting close by, someone in the shadows. A storm was brewing. I looked down at my body, soft and pale against the black satin sheets. My skin glowed white except for the splash of bright red candy panties that I wore. I waited to feed my lovers' addiction.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Yeva Wiest is a femme-de-la-femme who lives and works in Houston, Texas. She and her partner are the happiest couple in the world. Living, loving and laughing together, they enjoy every moment of life. A few years ago, Yeva's partner was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer, and at that time they realized two very important things: (1). Life is short, so live it to the fullest. (2). Cancer SUCKS.

Yeva's daily writing goal is 2000 words a day. Most days she meets that goal. Her secret—a partner who consistently prods her to keep working and who listens to her stories.

She loves traveling. Mosques, mandirs, and ancient graveyards are some of her favorite places. One of her best memories is a quiet evening spent by the Mediterranean Sea sipping champagne and listening to German pop musicians.

Readers can find out more about Yeva on her My Space:

www.myspace.com/yevawiest



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