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SPARKLERS

THREE ON THE FOURTH

an erotic interlude with the characters of
"A Christmas Coming" set in the world of *Tainted Love*

LOUISA TRENT

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An erotic interlude with the characters of
A CHRISTMAS COMING
Set in the world of TAINTED LOVE

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The year 1891, Bar Harbor, Maine

Sundown on the town Green. Encroaching nightfall had already darkened the Stars and Stripes waving over the bandstand. Tired but doting parents watched over seemingly inexhaustible children, their pudgy hands clutching toy cannons, their blueberry-pie-stained faces lit in anticipation of the July 4th rockets scheduled to go off later that evening.

Just as the brass quintet struck up a rousing rendition of *America*, Molly Fitzgerald spied a familiar face amongst the anonymous crowd of noisy revelers and sedate picnickers.

Unable to believe her eyes, she squinted off into the distance. Was that really the man she had kissed so passionately last Christmas Eve? Or, had her second glass of wine gone to her head?

Strictly speaking, she was not entirely sober. As an attack of wooziness beset her, Molly conceded her tipsy eyes might very well be playing tricks on her.

Owing to the musical performance, a foot-tapping audience hoarded the limited free space directly before the bandstand. A colorful patchwork quilt of blankets staked out every available inch of grassy territory beyond the immediate milling throng.

Agog, Molly watched the new arrival. Circumventing rowdy celebrants, who tilted thin silver flasks to their lips from hidden vest pockets, while avoiding circumspect picnickers who openly munched on homemade pickles and fried chicken from wicker baskets, he cut a neat swath through the obstacle course.

Only one man she knew of moved with such nimble grace.

John Donovan.

There could be no mistake, no confusing the self-absorbed wretch for any other man, not with his great height and breadth, and devilishly dark good looks. The man slicing a path toward her was none other than the gruff and solitary cad she had sold her body to six months past.

Why had he come here tonight, of all nights?

Ignoring the ill-advised hammering in her chest, Molly fluffed up her serviceable blue skirts, and then turned to her soon-to-be lover. "This is your first July 4th celebration here in Bar Harbor. Do you find the festivities amusing, Philip?"

"Of course!" The artist gave her a slow wink over his glass of port. "Though, I would prefer it if you were amusing me instead, my sweet Irish colleen."

She folded her unsteady hands in her lap. "That too can be arranged."

He raised a dashing brow. "Really? Everything all decided?"

"Aye." After a decade in America, she spoke with nary a trace of her former thick brogue, with the occasional 'aye' sneaking into her conversation only during rare moments of preoccupation.

Such as now.

"Aye," she repeated, her mind gone elsewhere. "We should leave early."

What on God's green earth was John Donovan doing here, tonight, of all nights?

Unclasping her laced fingers, Molly fiddled with her chignon, needlessly poking a metal hairpin deeper into the thick knot at the nape of her neck. "What say you?"

“Say? About what, my dear?” Philip unhurriedly tore off a heel of black bread, overlaid the coarse texture with smooth yellow cheese, popped the fat wedge into his mouth, and chewed with amazing relish. The artist not only enjoyed his food, he savored and indulged all his appetites, never hastening the appeasement of any of his highly developed senses.

She suspected Philip would make love in much the same unrushed manner.

Molly restated her previous question. “What do you say about leaving early, then? Get an early start on our own private celebration? *Hmm?* Shall we depart before the fireworks commence?”

While waiting for what portended to be a delayed answer, Molly allowed her glance to stray once more.

John’s steps had lengthened. His stride was now relentless. And hard. So hard. As though he had no forgiveness in him, either for himself or for others, his gait *pounded* the earth. How well she remembered his purposeful walk! She recalled everything about him.

Including his cruel treatment of her.

That night before Christmas, at his cool bidding, she had played the whore for him. Stripping down naked and spreading her thighs, she had agreed to accept monetary recompense for something she would have gladly given in exchange for a smile or even a kind word.

But no. The self-absorbed wretch had given her neither.

His refusal to see what lay right before his own nose had brought Molly uncharacteristically low. Nevertheless, she had held out hope. Resilient by temperament, optimistic by nature, determined by upbringing, she patiently bided her time. Soon, John Donovan would come to his senses and give up the fantasy woman who held him spellbound.

But no. The self-absorbed wretch had not come to his senses. Nor had he forsaken his obsession for the passionate and beautiful artist, Lily. His sister by marriage. His brother's wife. His damn, unattainable fantasy. Instead, he had given up on the reality of her.

Two seasons came and went, and Molly saw neither hide nor hair of John. For the past six months, she had worked as a life model right here in town. He could have located her easily!

That is, if he had sought her out.

But no, the self-absorbed wretch had not.

Even so, unaccountably, undeniably, he still held her soft heart in his callused hand, and with each passing minute, he squeezed it more. Over half a year wasted on a man too blind to see what he could have had with her.

Well, she was finished. Done. She would wait no more for the self-absorbed wretch! This July 4th night, she would declare her independence and move on.

To the waiting arms of another man.

Philip.

The artist who was making a prosperous career out of painting her in the nude.

She might just as well cash in on the profit she was making him. Why not bed the painter for whom she shed her clothes? Why not benefit from yet another man using her for his own personal gain?

Why not, indeed!

She had everything to win, and nothing to lose. Hope had let her down. Forgetfulness had failed her. And though an optimist, she was no fool. Left with nothing but resiliency, she would rut John Donovan out of her system.

She would do it.

She would accept the advances of the artist who admired her with every stroke of his brush, who complimented her flesh with his pots of paint, who deftly captured her free spirit within the confines of each stretched canvas.

She would do it.

Yet, she continued to follow the progress of the solitary man. And she continued to find herself wishing his cock would pound her as hard as his feet pounded the grass.

Why? Dear Lord, why?

John Donovan had seen her naked but he knew no portion of her at all, and through no lack of trying on her part. On nothing but a promise, had she not followed him from Portland all the way here to Bar Harbor?

“Yes,” a leisurely-paced voice said to her right, the mellow tone laden with lusty innuendo. “We should leave early, my pretty, Molly. Before fireworks light up the skies.”

John Donovan made his living from lighting up the skies. His new electrically generated lanterns were all the rage in town. How, Molly asked herself for the hundredth time, could such a brooding man, a man who wallowed in his own darkness, earn his way by illuminating the path of others but refuse to see his own misdirection?

A determined smile fixed in place, Molly nodded at Philip. “Then, everything is all decided. After this next number, I promise to amuse you.” She laughed gaily. “Aye, ‘tis for sure, I can hardly wait. A good thing too, your studio is but a few yards from here.”

Molly cast her sights back to the Green’s grassy mid-ground. But a few yards, and John Donovan would close the distance between them.

Aye, she could hardly wait.

* * * * *

The weight of a thousand black furies riding his arse, his hands clenched at his sides, John rushed toward the Fitzgerald woman.

He needed an easy lay, a fast and furious fuck, the accommodation supplied by a female whose name he could barely bring himself to think of, never mind utter aloud. A toss of loose skirts over a disheveled head, and in he would go. No talking. No pretending. No nonsense.

Unfortunately, the easy lay he had come to get was laughing and talking, and generally carrying on with another man. The gentrified sod who painted her in the altogether and then sold her bare likeness to the highest bidder at that fancy gallery of his in town, to be exact. A wonder the artist found time for his model, what with his randy bouts of man-on-man fornication. Was the Fitzgerald woman aware her new protector swung both ways like a clock's pendulum?

John snickered to himself. Well, no loss. If she refused him, he would cock the artist, instead. In the mouth. Between the buttocks. In an ear, for all he cared. What the hell, and why the hell not? He made no discrimination as to how he did it or to whom. Desperate, he would take release as he found it, in any way, shape, or form. A hole was a hole, all inlets the same to him...

Because of Lily. Beautiful, tantalizing, Lily.

He had come upon her cavorting with his lucky fuck of an undeserving brother. In celebration of the holiday, John supposed, they had been going at it in the field behind the old barn. Just to torture himself, he had stayed to watch, hiding behind a haystack, freshly threshed and left to dry in the sun. Doyle fully clothed, just his wet cock protruding from his gaping trousers, and Lily, fully naked, everything on display.

Motherhood became her. Waist still trim, hips more womanly, breasts round with milk-laden blossoming. The tight red curls hugging her mons glistened with the dew of reciprocity. All bedazzled him. The perfection of her figure had leached the spit from his throat. When she splayed her legs, John could take no more. As husband and wife rolled about in the fodder together, he got himself out and rolled his hand down his length.

Masturbation took the edge off his want, and that was all self-abuse ever achieved.

Not since the Fitzgerald woman showed up at his doorstep had he hired a prostitute. And since that had not gone well, the tension inside him continued to build.

The servant/laundress/artist's model -- whatever the hell the Irish woman cared to call herself -- she owed him. She had snatched the whore fee left on the table by the door, the money paid for a fuck not delivered.

She had best deliver the fuck now or he would have her plump arse thrown in jail.

John drew near to them, artist and model. Ignoring the man, at least for now, John surveyed the generously shaped woman who had jumped to her feet at his approach. Her body held no secrets. He had already seen her sans clothing --

So had everyone else in Bar Harbor.

The artist hung her naked portrait in his gallery window with remarkable regularity. By now, everyone in town had familiarity with the Fitzgerald woman's face and form. Most decidedly, she owned well-proportioned curves. As to her face -- even-featured at worst, attractive at best. She did have a long and lovely neck, though, as elegant and graceful as a swan. Too bad a swan's bad temper went along with it. Then again, a wet cunt made up for her dry disposition. Her common, sable-brown hair carried no red confusion in the strands. The lack made him past grateful. Her eyes, a shade of disappointed gray, stared him down. Forward hussy! He would never mistake this contentious clump of Irish moss for a beautiful Lily. In every respect, the Fitzgerald woman paled in comparison to his sister-in-law.

In her favor, though, she had developed a fascination for him. A tenderness he intended to pander into an evening of heavy congress.

With a nod of civility to the seated artist, John began the procurement. "Are you available this evening, madam?"

The doxy tossed her head, the move liberating a riot of brown waves from her chignon. "Available in what way?"

Careful not to touch her, not in any way, especially not her full bosom, he leaned into her. “A fourth of July fuck,” he whispered impatiently into her ear. “What else would you think?”

She made her reply inaudible to all, save him. “What I think is that you have all the subtlety of a swill-eating pig and the boorish manners to match.”

He grinned at her snarled insult. “I make you no denial, there. But, have no fear, pigs never shit where they sleep. Now would you spare me a few moments of your time? I shan’t keep you long.” He set his terms. “We can either have the -- er -- *discourse* here, in the company of your friend, or in private. Your choice.”

“We have nothing to discuss, either in public or in private, Mr. Donovan.”

“Oh, I believe we do. A small business matter you entered into with me on Christmas Eve, the terms left unfulfilled. A rather large purse of money is involved, a substantial investment in goods not delivered...”

In a sweep of navy skirts, she turned to her patron on the blanket. “If you will excuse me, Philip?”

“But of course, my dear. Though, really,” the artist said, agreeably, his half-mast gaze sinking to the front of John’s trousers, “there is no need. We are all sophisticated adults here. I see no reason to pussyfoot around the same-- well -- pussy. I have no reservations about sharing. In fact, my dear, since you promised me amusement, I can think of no more amusing way to celebrate the holiday than by having a threesome on the Fourth. We can adjourn to my studio and start the festivities there. That is, if we are all in agreement.”

The Fitzgerald woman flashed her disappointed-gray eyes at him. “What say you, sir?”

John smiled. “Lead the way.”

* * * * *

As she had done a hundred times before in the artist's studio, Molly disrobed behind the screen. This time, though, unlike those prior occasions, she left off the satin robe. Nude, she proceeded, not toward the easels, but into the small bedroom at the rear of the gallery.

The two very different men, one dark and angry, the other fair and even-tempered, awaited her attendance.

Neither had undressed.

She looked from one to the other. "Well?"

Philip, well used to being blissfully naked in the company of another man, shed his garments without reserve. "I must say, this *is* rather amusing."

"I told you so, did I not? I never go back on my word." She undid her hair, arms raised, elbows bent, fingers busy at the chignon at her nape.

After shedding his garments, John's gaze affixed to her lifted bosom; Philip's gaze affixed to John's lifted cock.

So, that was the lay of the land, was it?

She could hardly blame the artist. Philip had impeccable taste, and John Donovan was as seductive as sin.

"Why not just kiss him, Philip, and get it over with!" she exclaimed in exasperation. "Heaven knows, we could use an ice breaker, here! The air is so thick a knife could cut it."

The remark pulled John's gaze away from her teats quick enough.

And speaking of quickness, speedier than she ever thought possible, the artist made a mad dash for John's mouth, and bumped their lips together.

Nothing was more stimulating than the sight of two extremely masculine men tonguing one another. Though, a wave of unexpected jealousy also swelled within her.

So much for her declaration of independence! So much for enjoying a night of unrestrained fornication. Not enough to hate one artist -- Lily -- she was feeling less than loving toward another artist -- Philip -- as well. By the time the endless kiss concluded, she

could easily have killed both men, and tossed in a certain redheaded female too, just for good measure.

After the French, John handled the jut of Philip's cock and began the stroke of passion. What did he think to prove here?

He looked over at her, a thin smile splitting his tanned face. "Shall I, madam? Shall I finish your artist friend off, and then let him have a go at me?"

Her bottom lip trembled. "No."

"Then, what shall I do?" John asked, still milking Philip's massive erection, a prominence that, while respectable, was not nearly as compelling as the electrician's lightning rod.

In reply, she tossed her hair, squared her shoulders, and sandwiched herself between them, a plain breast of chicken covered by two handsome slices of bread. "Fuck me, instead."

Philip, though normally a slow poke, had extensive knowledge of her body. Leaving the starting gate well ahead of John, he raced to the portion of her anatomy that intrigued him the most.

Her bottom.

While Philip mouthed the cheeks, John reached beneath her ribcage to capture a jiggling breast.

He squeezed the elongated end. "You have the largest nipples I have ever encountered. Truly dramatic."

She swallowed with difficulty. "You told me at Christmas, sir, that you prefer a smaller areola."

"I do. But, in the dark, coming from the rear, I shall hardly notice." He scratched a fingernail across the tip.

Thus making his point and her point too -- her nipple sharpened like an arrowhead under his touch! The warmth of his flesh curled her toes.

Ignoring Philip, now spearing his tongue into the deep crevice, a tickling action she took note of, but only distractedly, she inhaled John. His scent alone could make her come. “Does this mean we have a future, sir?”

“After you pay off what you owe me, I should like us to continue. With qualifications. During my interview of you on Christmas Eve, you expressed amenability to certain perversions. Does that still apply?”

She shivered, almost convulsed. But not from Philip’s eager, albeit *annoying* tickling tongue, but from John’s unenthusiastic, albeit wholly *engaging*, fondling. “Aye.”

“Good. Because I should like to do things to you, certain things that most women shy away from.”

Oh, God! The very idea had cream rolling down her inner thigh. “I shan’t shy away from any usage.”

“Good. Then we shall see how this goes. How you perform. I am willing to supplement your model earnings.”

Despite his cool business negotiations, a hot whimper escaped her panting lips. Squirming, she rubbed herself like a cat at a scratching post against John.

With Philip’s support -- namely her bottom -- removed, he toppled behind her. Presumably, landing face-first on his tickling tongue.

“You two obviously have unfinished business,” Philip whined, drawing himself up to his feet, though still at her back. “And, as much as watching would ordinarily *amuse* me, this evening I would rather not be left out. It is July 4th, after all. And I did leave the celebration early. Before the fireworks.”

She glared over her shoulder at him, said to his pout, “I never intended to ignore you, dolt. Note my positioning.”

But still Philip sulked. “My dear, though the thought of entering your buttocks is delightful, that is the pose *I* usually assume, and so does not suit.”

Molly sighed at the childishness of men. "You two could always toss a coin..."

"Heads for the head," Philip said wickedly. "And tails for the tail."

That was when Molly began to cry.

* * * * *

Although he felt like an arse, considering the bareness of his, John dipped at the waist in a gentlemanly bow to the artist. "If you would excuse us?"

Clearly unwilling to involve himself in any ugly man/woman messes, John's competition picked up his dropped duds and fled their Fourth of July threesome.

On the way out the door, Philip shot over his shoulder, "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Donovan. Off to the Green for the fireworks for me. With any luck, another man who kisses as hot as you will stumble across my path."

Alone at last in the small bedroom, John took the Fitzgerald woman in his arms. Without a second thought, he licked the salty brine from her face. Somehow, his lips attached themselves to her lips, and clung. Somehow, they toppled onto the bed together, she on her back, with him above, his cock prodding the slit between her lush thighs, the kiss going on and on.

"John, John," she moaned deep into his throat.

Ripping their mouths apart, he thumbed a glistening droplet from her cheek. "No one is less worthy of your tears than I."

"Be that as it may, make love to me." Though her words contained the utmost practicality, her eyes sparkled. Tears, naturally. Perhaps a sprinkling of stars. Something else too, something he had not the belly to see.

"I love another," he told her, his bluntness a sharp stab at honesty.

"I know."

“I can *never* love you,” he said, lancing the wound as best he could so it would stop festering and heal clean. “This can only be a fuck. No more than a fuck. You can never be anything more than a whore to me. Three holes in the dark. Understand?”

“Aye.”

Outside on the Green, the fireworks had started. Sizzling sparkles lit up the sky; the brightness bled into their borrowed bedroom. By a red, white, and blue blaze, he could see that she still held onto hope, a hope that charity required he destroy.

Lifting her common sable-brown hair off her neck and fanning the mass of it across the pillow, he made her as bare and stark as he could make her, just a female body he had paid to fuck, just two tits brushing his chest and an opening down below. “All the way in. Ejaculate expelled outside.”

Without further preamble, without any more lying kisses, he drove up into her.

For a second or two, her expression showed confusion, then the blackest of despair. But she no longer cried.

This woman was not his sweetheart, and he was only taking what his good coin provided. With that admitted, he had no desire to hurt her. For the past six months, he had done nothing but dream of her...

No! Not her. Not precisely. The Fitzgerald woman was only incidental in all this. It was her cunt he dreamt about at night. On Christmas Eve, her wetness had saturated the leg of his trousers. Just recalling her moist heat made him spill on the bedding. Night after fucking night.

But following such an upsetting day, this night, he needed more than a wet dream.

He pushed in, pulled out, all the way out, just for the tight sensation of re-entry. He used her hard and long. Held nothing back.

Save himself.

He climaxed. With a heated shout too, his cry of release exploding like the brightest of fireworks, like a Fourth of July rocket, in the dark misery of the room.

“Molly, Molly, Molly. Never leave me again, Molly.”

 THE END 

Louisa Trent

I am a writer raised in a family of storytellers. My earliest and fondest memory is of my Irish Nana relating a mystical story of a man looking in a window upon a beautiful lady whose long silvery hair swept the floor as she walked. With a simple telling, my grandmother drew me into her tale. A man. A woman. A forbidden love that wouldn't die. From opening word to shivery conclusion, I lived that story with her. Many years later, I'm still awed by the spell of the fantasy world she created with only the dip and swell of her voice.

There's power in words. Hope in love stories. Joy in a happy ending. I'm proud to carry on my family's storytelling tradition.

Visit Louisa on the Web at www.louisatrent.com.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Tainted Love* and *A Christmas Coming* by Louisa Trent:

Lily Hill's sexual odyssey begins when she returns home to untangle the lies and distortions of her past, a past involving a lurid sex scandal, a suspicious death, and the angry man she once loved and wronged, Doyle Donovan. Despite anonymous threats warning her to stay away, Lily is resolved to make reparations to the brooding Doyle...in any manner he so desires.

And Doyle is a man of many dark desires.

Publisher's Note: Tainted Love is a revised and reedited version of a previously released story by the same name. Includes sexual situations with multiple partners that may be offensive to some readers.

Tainted Love is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=279>

A Christmas Coming is now available at Loose Id®

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