

THE ULTIMATE, INTIMATE, ALTERNATE, CONSUMMATE (You got it) FIRST STORY

by P.S. NIMPHO
(from Destiny Four)

They talked about it for five days...

Finally they agreed that it was time to take the final step that would bring their relationship to that final point that would unite both their hearts in a way that would bring the most important kind of fulfillment to their bond...

It was Friday night and Catherine had rushed home to her apartment and had no plans for the weekend excepting for Vincent, after an exhausting day at the office...

All showered and powdered and shaved and perfumed and having changed into something a little more comfortable, Catherine breathlessly awaited the arrival of her paramour, while she quickly read the good parts from the latest bodice-ripper that she had gotten at the supermarket check-out book rack...

Reclining one one soda in a seductive pose she was a melody of draped beauty with tiny highlights leaping off her cheeks and her hair shimmering like a hot day with all her pent-up desire...

Finally there was the familiar hulking shadow moving around outside the French doors and Catherine tore off the sofa with a gladdened heart and flew to open them. Just as she reached for the latch Vincent's hairy fist crashed through the glass sending glass fragments in all directions.

"I'm sorry," he said bowed with remorse while she opened the doors correctly. "I meant to tap but I missed the molding."

"That's all right," she said her voice like a silver stream in Heaven. "Come inside."

Vincent entered and came inside, wearing his cloak and a sexy ruffled shirt under it under a heavy corded vest which had the usual metal-studded belt under that. He was gorgeous!...

He held out a present, wrapped in an extremely-used piece of wrapping paper.

"It's a gift, Catherine - for you," he said in a voice like pared grit on silk...

She opened it trembling. It was an antique leather-bound volume of booger jokes.

"Oh, Vincent!: Catherine gushed, clutching it to her cleavage.

She stared down at it, wholesomely entranced. She turned one page reverently. It was the texture of a soggy potato chip. The faint aroma of mildew rafted to her nostrils. A dead silverfish fell to the rug...

"It's beautiful!" she gasped.

"I'm glad you're pleased," he intoned caressingly.

She moved closer, then backed away, then moved a half-step closer, then backed off a quarter step. As he moved an eighth of a step toward her with a melting look in his eyes Catherine collided violently with him on her way to putting the book on the coffee table. After the book was at last laying

in an honored place on the table Catherine turned while Vincent's eyes devoured her. She considered his outstretched claws for a long time before finally moving into his fevered embrace. The children had been playing pranks on him again during his afternoon nap and had painted each claw a different color. Oh well...

Suddenly Vincent noticed his claws.

"Oh, no," he muttered, hastily hiding them behind his back but Catherine assuaged his fears.

"It's all right. I don't mind," she soothingly comforted him...

"You don't mind that I forgot to do my right thumb?" Vincent growled anxiously as he examined his nails. Catherine's eyes widened a little but she opted to let it go...

"Let's go into the bedroom," she suggested...

Vincent gazed at her with eyes the color of Rinso-Blu...

Then he began one again to look doubtful...

Catherine seized him by the wrist and dragged him into the bedroom.

While he stood there confused and uncertain where all this was going to lead her frenzied fingertips nervously began to fumble with the almost microscopic hooks and eyes that closed his collar that decked the top of the ruffled shirt that he wore under the vest that he always wore. He kept backing away, his eyes timidly roaming around the room he had so seldom see the inside of. This made it hard to get a fingernail under the tiny hook and after losing three nails down his shirt collar Catherine backed him into a corner and placed one knee delicately but firmly against his groin.

He still tried to wriggle away but she placed the sharp heel of her other shoe on the soft top of his boot and ground down. Plopping his head backward his breaths came in jagged pants, unhemmed by threads of anything but desire.

At last the collar gave way and a plastic insert fell onto the floor. Catherine kicked it aside and proceeded to tackle the shirt buttons all of which were tiny and didn't want to go through the still tinier hand-stitched buttonholes. Resorting at last to biting them off she finally got to below his belt where the proximity of his immense bulging manhood caused her heart to pound without swallowing more than two of the buttons and after spitting the others onto the floor.

She next unpinned some ruffles and dropped them onto the ever-growing pile as she lovingly and impatiently went on undressing him.

When she saw that she had to get his belt off next she dropped her knee and instead placed an arm firmly across his adam's apple, just beneath his chin, while with her other hand she tried to pick the padlock on his belt with a bobby pin. At last the belt fell.

Trying to save at least some energy for sex Catherine simply grabbed hold of the tails of his shirt and gave a brutal yank. It ripped off his frame at the shoulder seams and collapsed to the floor in a poetic mass of clouds of material.

Now there was still the undershirt. Panting for breath Catherine paused for a momentary breather and then began to peel it upward over his bronzely muscled thorax. Suddenly she saw that he was still wearing that ***ing cloak making it impossible to get the T-shirt off over his head and arms. Catherine wrenched it off him and it crashed to the floor.

Pushing her body seductively against his, mainly to keep him from escaping, she managed to work

the undershirt over his head and arms and then finally get it off. Then she stepped back and stared...
The word MAGNIFICENT was tattooed across his chest...

"Oh, Vincent...! You're ...," she gasped...

"I know," he replied sheepishly. "It's a sideline business of Narcissa's. Helps to support her witchcraft. She has to spend a lot of money on incense you know..."

Catherine resumed undressing him. With a furiously churning heart she unzipped his pants and tried to yank them down over his powerful thighs. This took everything she had. When she finally accomplished it, his turgid manhood leaped out almost socking her in the chin...

"Oh, Vincent... You're ..."

"I'm sorry. You won't be able to read it," he explained. "Narcissa had to use the really fine print on *there...*"

While she continued to admire him, Vincent stood there immobile in shock, surrounded by piles of his clothing...

How had this happened???

He had never realized that all her frantic activity of the last forty-five minutes would end up this way...

Catherine squinted at his erection from across the room and held up a pencil, measuring with her thumb. Then she fetched a tape measure and wrapped it around his pulsating circumference.

"You'll do," she said, and grabbing his wrist pulling him she pulled him toward the bed.

Vincent's feet caught instantly in the tangled mound of clothing and he fell with a loud erotic crash, flat on his face. And besides he was still wearing his boots ...

Visions of Greek statues with their manhoods snapped off at the base crowded into Catherine's anxious mind, but as Vincent climbed back to his feet she saw that he was okay. Thanking God, she pushed and pummeled until he was on the bed and after lying on top of him for a few minutes with her teeth clamped on his nose he seemed to become resigned...

At last Catherine got up and Vincent got up too, but didn't try to leave because suddenly Catherine was taking off her clothes with wild abandon and throwing them around the room. Every now and then Vincent attempted to pick up something and fold it neatly, but to no avail. Absently, he gathered up her lace-edged panties and after a meditative look he searched for his pants and stuffed them into the pocket.

He jumped nearly a mile when the vanity mirror suddenly shattered. One of Catherine's shoes had struck it. She aimed the other one at the ceiling light fixture hitting it dead center on the first try shattering the bulb within. The room was plunged into darkness

Editor's note: We regret that the rest of this story had been lost in ellipses. But that was inevitable, wasn't it?

Author's afterword: The preceeding parody of fanfic consummation stories was composed in a vindictive fit of pique, after this author foolishly glutted herself on a surfeit of less-than-polished fan-written epics. I have tried to make all the most popular mistakes, but wish to NOTE -This piece is not a parody of any one fan-written story or zine, but is based on fanfic consummation stories in general!