

Bowman heard Dorothy hiss and watched her run out of the room. He felt strange, almost sick to his stomach. Then he smiled as two figures appeared at the end of the bed.

“I thought you weren’t coming back.”

“We had to come back,” one said. “Your memories are full of images and feelings we have never seen or felt before. They are filled with chaos and anger, wars and females of your younger years, but when you drink this,” she said picking up the bottle of beer, “you cannot seem to tell what is real or unreal in your world. It is quite exhilarating to us!”

“I wish I were a younger man,” he said. “Maybe I would have more to offer you. I’ve been thru a lot in my seventy some odd years, but I don’t think I ever had a dream quite like this one.”

Looking at the two creatures before him, Bowman thought how beautiful they were. Long black hair fell across their shoulders and down to their waist. Their pale skin shimmered beneath the thin fabric that barely concealed a perfect female form.

His thoughts turned to younger days and of the women who had kept him warm on cold nights like these. He remembered a young man who had lived life on the edge. His navy buddies use to called him “hell on wheels” because he seemed to always be one step ahead of trouble.

Recently there seemed to be holes in some of those memories. Now he was just an old man with a cat to keep him company and an old camper full of broken, beer laden stories.

Bowman smiled and patted the bed, “Come and sit with me my beauties. If this is dreaming I don’t want to ever wake up.”

Laughing, the two women climbed onto the bed. Bowman began to feel a sensation he thought was long gone. His body was rigid with anticipation. He couldn’t believe it, seventy three years old and that old poker was waking up!

“Can I touch you?” he asked. His wrinkled hands shook with anticipation.

Nodding yes, they moved closer to him. Almost fearful he began touching their hair and face. He closed his eyes and whispered, “please don’t let me wake up.”

Bowman’s hands moved down to ribbons tied at the shoulder holding the garments in place. He pulled at the ribbons and the fabric fluttered to the bed. He explored their bodies trying not to miss any detail.

He could feel their warm breath on his neck and face. Bowman felt a release he could not describe, almost painful but delicious, like the best sex he had ever had. Soon, the wonderful feeling turned into agony.

Something was wrong, but he didn’t quite know what it was. He knew he should be afraid, yet he didn’t know why. He tried to push the two women away from him but he was too weak. He could hear them moaning as if they were in the throes of ecstasy.

One thought lingered before he faded into unconsciousness, “If this is dreaming, I don’t want to wake up.”

His lifeless body fell back onto the bed. His last thoughts stripped away by the Couton women, who were now as addicted as any junky looking for a fix.

The Couton lay wrapped in each other’s arms. They smiled at each other. This world was perfect for them. They would find their sisters tomorrow and send Serina back to tell the others of this wonderful place.

