

John and Mary were topping off dinner. John opted for crepe suzette while Mary lit up a “Camel” and sipped her coffee while enjoying her cigarette. After a couple of minutes John couldn’t help but notice the exquisite the textured and smooth blue-grey ashes of her cigarette. He became more and more fascinated with the lascivious particles Mary flicked off from the blazing orange tip of her cigarette with her left index finger. John just couldn’t resist. He snatched the tray from beneath her hand after she had finally crushed her butt in it, and began to eat the very ashes that Mary’s “smoke” had left behind.

At first Mary was intrigued: she and John had spent some rather unusual moments together. She spoke not, but she observed. She watched intently as John poured the delicate newspaper-colored ashes on the palm of his left hand and liked them with his verdure tongue, little by little, enjoying every moment, not bothering to wash it down with tea. Mary became sexually drawn to John. She became aroused as she watched the ashes enter John’s mouth, cascading with his saliva, replacing the slivered crepe crumbs, and the ashes lodging themselves in his yellowish dentures.

What a scene of remarkable beauty! John savored the grey-blue ashes of Mary’s cigarette and Mary, crossing and re-crossing her legs in anguished and impatient passion began to sweat as she watched her lover consume the frugal lump of ashes in the tray. She remembered John’s virile injections into her lithe body as they loved, his tongue glinting and darting into and out of her mouth, her ear... Mary began to pant heavily as John’s eyes rolled and as he smacked his lips in dry gustatory pleasure. How savory was that pale pile of confetti-like remains. John too felt the excitement of the moment. He felt Mary’s gentle vibrations. His shorts began to tighten as he began to feel the rapture of the moment. He needed more. John reached for Mary’s “Camels” and lit up. He puffed frantically until he had about two centimeters of grey that he would soon taste. He desperately searched the ashes for embers. He did not mind the burning sensation on his thick dark tongue.

An artist could not paint a more delicate picture of beauty and delight—Mary and her John enjoying a night out together. John was a sensuous vista of wonder and marvel as he slurped his ashes from his petite, pink palm, and she, the captivated onlooker upon observing her man in a state of celestial eating ecstasy. Mary, not desiring those priceless ashes, but rather her John, must patiently wait till they returned to his apartment. The night was young with plenty of “Camels” left. Could John stay calm? Could Mary wait? Only the artist’s rendering could give a proper denouement.