

Elysian Desire

By

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Regret aches in the marrow of my brittle bones as I carefully settle down into my old wicker rocking chair. I grit my dentures to bare the pain of my degenerated spine as I sit to watch another lonesome sunset.

The fresh mountain air wheezes in and out of my withered lungs, as I set aside my cane with a trembling hand, my haggard body attempting to recover from the short walk from inside my cabin. The defibrillator buried under the craggy skin of my chest gives my racing heart a painful jolt, shocking my heartbeat back into the proper rhythm. The terrible bane of modern medicine, keeping this enfeebled vessel from releasing my soul that's so keen to depart.

My dear wife has passed from this world. All my friends are long gone. My two boys are but fading memories in my deteriorating mind. And my grandchildren are living their lives so far away that they have forgotten me. Even my elderly Saint Bernard wandered into the woods and never returned. What value does time hold when there's no one to share it with?

Looking back, as there's no longer anything to look forward to, I lament that I didn't lead a more adventurous life. I didn't serve in the military like my grandfather. I never rode a motorcycle or was in a bar fight, as my father often had. I didn't white-water raft, snowboard or skydive like my sons. The most daring act I ever performed was teaching algebra to intercity high school students for a single summer.

A mournful sigh hisses from my dry lips as the dying sun falls behind the pines. Shafts of light pierce the forest canopy, like luminous fingers of God blessing individual patches of the rocky woodland.

Oh, Heavenly Father, I've begged and pleaded but you refuse to deliver me from this despondent existence. Why? I'm physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausted. There's nothing left for me here. If it weren't a sin to end it myself, I would have. Why must I suffer in this miserable melancholy? Please take me far away.

A magenta blur flutters before my weary eyes and takes a perch on the tip of my pointed nose. My nearsighted vision discovers a butterfly, unlike any I have ever seen in all my years. My jaw goes slack as fuzzy blotches of magenta flit all around me. An entire rabble of these peculiar butterflies. Where have they come from?

Thanks to my swollen prostate, my pants remain dry, as I'm startled by the gurgle of an infant that crawls out from the uncut grass at my feet. "Holy smoke!"

The adorable tot is wearing a baby-pink cloth diaper, bonnet, and booties.

My decrepit back protesting, I bend over and scoop her up, my arthritic mangled fingers clutching her midsection, and sit her on my lap. "Where, my darling, on God's green earth did you come from?"

She bubbles over with giggles that sound like jingling bells in my ears, and I notice my dull hearing sharpen as if a pressure on the drums have been released.

I playfully bounce her up and down, and her almond-shaped azure eyes sparkle with jubilee. "You sure are happy. Couldn't have been lost for long."

I cast my gaze to the forest, scanning the tree line for her mother, probably a hiker lost in my woods, and notice that my fuzzy vision has become crystal clear. I can see the intricate

patterns of various shades of pink and purple on the fluttering wings of the butterflies flitting all around my yard. “Son of a gun!”

The bounding babe claps her hands with excitement, drawing my attention from the fascinating insects, and I kick in surprise. If my chair were on legs rather than rockers, I would have toppled over. She has grown into a toddler.

Her baby-pink diaper has become child’s underwear, her bonnet a beanie, and her booties socks.

I blink in bewilderment as she speaks. Her voice is high-pitched, as expected of a little girl, but it’s also as melodic as I would imagine an angel to sound. “My name’s Elysian. What’s yours?”

“Dear Lord, you can talk!”

She cocks her head and furrows her brow. “I said my name’s *Elysian*. Not Lord. Of course, I can talk.”

I subdue my shock and reply. “Um, yes sweetie, Elysian. My name’s Peter. It’s nice to meet you.”

A jovial smile ignites her cute face with glee. “It’s nice to me *you*, Peter!” And she drops onto her knees within my lap, while clasping her hands around the nape of my neck, and begins to peck me with cheerful kisses. Her soft lips smack my cheeks, forehead, eyes and nose, as she chuckles and laughs with overflowing joy.

My knurled fingers around her waist unfurl, and my arched back straightens as the pain I’ve endured for years vanishes completely. My desiccant and wrinkled flesh becomes smooth and taut, as it’s stretched over swelling muscles, my scrawny body growing bulgy. My dentures are forced from my mouth as new teeth sprout from my jaws. My shriveled lungs regain their elasticity, their capacity to take in oxygen greatly increasing. Even my internal defibrillator is released from under my skin, as my heart pumps with the strength of a pro athlete.

When Elysian finally ceases her giggling onslaught of kisses and rises from my lap, I open my eyes to find she’s matured into a teenager. I would guess about sixteen. She looks like she’d be the head cheerleader *and* the prom queen of a high school for sweet, sexy supermodels, with her almond-shaped azure eyes, sharp blonde eyebrows and long lashes, small nose sprinkled lightly with freckles, plump strawberry lips, milky skin, tight tummy, trim waist, and dainty little feet.

Her baby-pink underwear has become cotton panties, which matches her overstuffed bra. Her voluminous breasts are too large for her petite frame, and appear as if they’re going to burst forth at any moment. Her beanie is gone, replaced by curly blonde hair tied with baby-pink bows into pigtails, that reach to her bottom. A few of the butterflies flutter in her hair, pinning her bangs to one side. And her socks have expanded into knee-high stockings that accentuate her slim thighs. With a slow twirl on one toe, the other leg kicked back, she shows off her firm bubble-butt and incites a tingling throb in my trousers. I haven’t felt *that* in two decades.

Ignoring my rekindled hankering for copulation, I stand and turn, to stare at my reflection in a window under the dimming light of the setting sun. I have a full head of thick auburn hair and my bright-blue eyes are full of vigor. I appear to be about twenty-one. A strapping young

man again. How can this be? It's simply not possible. I twist back around and exclaim. "Ginger snaps!"

Elysian gives me a roguish grin. "Anything is possible, Peter."

My head swimming in astonishment, I plop down in my rocker and whisper to myself. "There's only one answer. My prayers have been heard. I'm *dead*." I look up at the lovely cherub in her baby-pink undies. "You're an angel that has descended to lead me through the pearly gates."

A golden halo wreathes the scantily clad girl and the apparition of white feathered wings extend from her naked back. "Am I a seraph?" She arches a skeptic brow, and her aura becomes a black nimbus and her spectral plumage the phantoms of leathery wings. "Or am I a succubus?"

I recoil at this dark and disturbing transformation. "No! I've led an honorable life! I've never harmed anyone! I swear!"

With a smirking snicker that jiggles her bosom, Elysian's hellish attributes dissolve. "Or maybe I'm something else entirely."

I slap my hands to my forehead in dismay as terror takes hold of me, and I sob. "My worst fear has come true! I've lost my mind to dementia!"

Small hands grip my wrists, turn my palms, and place them upon soft perky breasts. Elysian purrs, "If you have gone mad, why not relish the reverie of your delusion."

This is the end of the free preview.

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