

22. DEFENSELESS

She is a straggler. Her friends have already gone. She is still puttering with her things. He catches up to her.

“I really like you.”

“Thanks, I feel flattered.” She seems totally uncomfortable.

“You are nothing like the other girls. You seem mature. You have a special knowledge of the world.”

“Wow!”

“We should do something together.”

“I have a boy.”

“*Romantic love?* That’s the guy, right?”

“Yeah.”

“He might not be the best for you.”

“Mr. Jenkins, you’re making me feel uncomfortable. I really have to go.”

“I wouldn’t want you to feel that way.”

“I have to go.”

“I understand.”

He is looking at her knees. They have such appeal. He wants to touch her. He turns away and can hear her leave the room.

“Dory Madison, I need to see you after class.”

She regrets the showdown.

“What do you want now, Mr. Jenkins?. Are you continue your argument for the fair tax.”

“We need to get rid of deductions and eliminate payroll tax. Just bring down the rates for everyone.”

“You just want to keep the burden on working folk. Reduce the available services. But keep taxes pretty much the same for them. Then you want to cut another break for those who already use the system to their advantage. At a certain point, if you have enough money, you can borrow into infinity on your principle and never make any payments back. If the whole system crashes, then the small investor get wiped out. You still make a killing. And you’re trying to trick us with your fair tax.”

“I’m the small investor. When you’re older, you’ll realize that.”

“The only thing that is impressive about you is your amazing memory. Otherwise, you’re just a freak. Someone told me that you were working for that runaway hotline just so that you could meet young girls. You pretended to offer them guidance. But you tried to swing them your way. When a young girl meets you, you seem all friendly. You’re a sympathetic adult. But you’ve got a game going on there. You’re trying to get these kids to follow you. A regular Pied Piper, you are. A fifteen year old wants to think that she’s grown up. You give her drugs, and you make her confused. Then you come on to those girls.”

“Some of these girls know more about sex in a few short years than I do in my whole lifetime.”

“You’re a pervert. They come to you for help.”

“I don’t force them to do anything. These girls are really adults.”

“At fifteen.”

“They know what they want. They’re tired of being treated like children.”

“But they are children.”

“You’re pretty cute yourself. And you do have a brain.”

“I know to keep away from you.”

“But if we did something, no one would have to know. It would be our little secret.”

“I would know. I’d feel bad about it. I’d tell my parents.”

“I bet there are a lot of things that you don’t tell them. You’ve let guys feel you up.”

“I’ve got morals. I’m not like that. Your tricks aren’t going to work on my.”

“Dorothea, I really like you.”

“Great, it’s not going to work on me.”

“I could show you thing.”

“I’ve seen those movies. I don’t want to end up like those girls. I have my dignity.”

“You don’t know what you can do with your body. I know that your parents don’t think that you’re old enough. But you have rights to your own satisfaction.”

“I have the right not to be threatened by an older man like you. You should be in jail.”

“I haven’t done anything. I am not hurting you. You can leave if you want.”

“But I have the feeling that you are going to make my life rough if I don’t do what you want.”

“If you really see it that way, you could report me.”

“And who are they going to believe?”

“They’ll believe you. Of course, they’ll believe you. You have the power.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m giving you the choice. You can walk out of here. And just report on me if you think that is your right.”

“Are you trying to beg for mercy now?”

“I’m trying to be judicious as I always have been. If I thought that you were defenseless, I would have never said anything to you.”

“But you read us these stories that are so adult. All about choices. Stuff with sex. And it just makes me confused. It really makes me embarrassed. This is not the kind of stuff that I like to think about in public. It’s like my future depends on what happens here. And now you’re coming on to me. What am I supposed to do? I’ve got all these feelings. They’re mine. But no one really gives me the credit to be myself. And here you are trying to take advantage of my confusion.

You have this amazing memory. You can use my words against me. You’re trying to play me like a marionette. And I feel that I’m obliging. But down deep, I only feel shame. I guess that is how you do it. You make the girl think that she’s doing something wrong. She is never going to say anything under the circumstances. She’s going to keep her mouth shut out of guilt.

I have a right not to be coerced into this kind of environment. I can’t sleep at night. This is screwing me up. And I know that you are getting some cheap thrill from doing this to me. Someone needs to put a stop to you.”

“I’ve tried to do my best for you. I’ve never wanted to mess with you at all. And if I

have, I'm really sorry. We should be friends. That's how it should be. I can help you. You're just so beautiful."

"Don't say that. Don't ever say that. You are robbing what I have and using it for yourself. I really do feel helpless!"

Dory rests her case!

"Are you going to get me out of this place?"

"What do you want me to do? Drive a motorcycle in here and take you out of here."

"That sounds like an idea."

"You're not going to let it go."

"I hate it here."

"You signed yourself in here."

"And now they won't let me out until I'm better."

"Maybe you should stay in here."

"Their idea of better is some kind of brainwashing."

"I thought that you had a problem."

"After being in here for a while, I realize how normal I was. I have no problems compared to the people in here. There's these random women wandering in my room who want to have sex with me. It's gross."

"Even if they won't let you out, why don't you just walk out."

"Haven't you noticed? This place is better fortified than a prison. I just can't walk out of my own volition. I have to be signed out even to open that door."

"You could make a run for it."

"A lot good that's going to do in my condition. They've got me so drugged up trying to give me the cure. I could barely muster the energy to crawl out of here."

"What can I do to help?"

"You can burst in with a motorcycle and just distract them. Then I can hop on, and we'll just drive out of here."

"They've got guns. They'll shoot both of us."

"They're supposed to be taking care of me."

"So when do you get out of here?"

"Maybe never. The doctors are trained to keep us in here so they can get out money. The place is overbooked. It's worse than a resort hotel during the high season."

"I thought it was part of your agreement to come here. They would have arrested you if you hadn't have checked yourself in."

"I never promised anything of the sort. I didn't do anything."

"That's not how they saw it. I guess that they wanted you in jail."

"I was being myself. Just doing what I do. I go out of my way to help people. I stepped over the bounds."

"You have to learn how not to mess with people."

"So I'm going to get left in here just for that."

"Different people see things in a different way. You had a problem. You weren't doing anything about it. You needed help."

"I'm a man. I have my rights."

“Sometimes you are a little too aggressive.”

“Like any other guy.”

“Maybe you have to learn a lesson. Take the time to figure things out.”

“I’m so drugged up in here that I can’t even think straight. I have my rights. I should be able to defend myself against my accusers. Here, it’s just hopeless. I feel as if I am going to be in here forever.”

“I could talk to one of the doctors.”

“They all say the same thing. They’re paid to say the same thing. They’re the ones who need the help.”

“So you write these novels to try to get over your Samantha Complex. But you just seem to indulge your fantasies.”

“I like young women. Is that a crime? They are all over eighteen.”

“Are they now? I think that you ride that line a little tightly.”

“I have to. Most of these girls are engaged by the time that they’re thirteen.”

“That’s just young girls at play. You’re trying to jump in and make them play like adults. It’s part of the growing process to make mistakes. But you’re forcing them to make mistakes as a habit.”

“I’m not just drawn to younger women. I really do like women my age. It’s just that at a certain point they all get so committed to playing by the rules.”

“So what is this? You’re some kind of reformer who’s battling the Barbie Complex.”

“A lot of girls need rescue.”

“So you’re going to fuck them all to save them from the man. You’re becoming worse than what you rail against. A young woman can’t just walk away from that kind of shit.”

“I think that you are getting my written persona confused with my actual character. I write about all kinds of things. The husband who’s into the fifteen-year old baby sitter. The teacher who lords over his female students. I observe the phenomenon. But I don’t encourage it. You probably are more perverse about it all than I am. You have these deep-seated feelings. I’m the one who writes about them. I am trying to deal with the shit.”

“But you’re giving yourself license to pursue these conquests.”

“No, I’m not. I just write about it. My life is the opposite of what I write about. That is why I’m a writer. I know the difference.”

“You always seem to be doing research. You are too close to temptation.”

“But that’s just what it is. I can reason myself through shit like that.”

“The body doesn’t work like that. If you think that you can do something a little naughty, you’ll walk that line until you fall over.”

“There you go moralizing about the world.”

“You’re the writer. You have to answer for your vices.”

“It’s not a vice. I’m just reacting to the images that I see in the media. Over-sexed young woman. There’s got to be more than that.”

“There is. And it has nothing to do with your sex stories. There is mystery in the world. The puzzle of life. The magic of biological transformation. The stars. Our hopes and dreams.”

“You’re not realistic. Young women are curious. They want to push their new found powers to the limit. I simply chronicle that story.”

“You follow the onset of heartache, and how the same trauma repeats over and over again.”

“If that’s the story, I need to tell it.”

“But you are more like the cause instead of the solution. You’re perpetuating the myth.”

“Does it have to end like this? Is this the final judgement on all my work.”

“What have you really done?”

“Discovered a harmony deep in the universe.”

“More like accorded the fluctuation in your dick to the alterations in your fantasies.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s like you’ve been assembling a catalogue full of sexy models.”

“That is ridiculous.”

“But pretty accurate.”

I suppose my friend has a point. But he really doesn’t seem my overall purpose. Sure I’m influenced the world around me. All its attractions and delights. But I’m trying to be self-critical about my feelings. I’m not going to surrender to my whims.

Over time I have noticed a pattern to my desires. I guess it is my struggle to discover my identity. And it is a battle. I guess that I am trying to impose my imprint on the world. But it is really a world of my own creation. I guess it all starts with my desire. Or what I am expected to desire.

Maybe I do feel a little brainwashed by the whole process. And if I can figure out how the system is put together, I might be able to resist the negative influences.

It could all be negative. Or to put it another way. It’s just part of life, and I need to accept it.

She is lying by the pool. She is a little unsure of her body. All that exercise seems to have paid off. But she always feels one cupcake away from disaster.

She adjusts her swimsuit bottom.

“You look great.”

She is talking to herself just to reassure herself that things are OK. She’s brought a self-help book with her to the pool. Anything to reassure herself that she’s on the right track.”

“I want to feel as if I’m doing something. Not just lazing around in the sun.”

She’d love guys to find her sexy. Imagine sex just by staring at her body. If she could just catch one of them in the act. Shame him into admitting his weakness.

“I saw you reading that book.”

She feels embarrassed now. She doesn’t want to talk about her dieting with some guy.

“I like that part about being in harmony with the universe.”

“So it does work for you.”

“I think that it’s a little better than just worrying about your body. Trying to envision an image of the world which I’m part of. That stuff about the rhythms of the planets. That’s pretty fascinating.”

He is trying to match her enthusiasm. He sees his struggle as tied up to hers.

“You look like you get a lot of exercise.”

“I try. I do some biking. And like everybody, I like to run.”

He thinks about the last time that he went running. His body became more and more

committed to the effort. He could feel it in his abdominal muscles. The tightening. He felt great! Now he was showing off a little.

“I can win this guy over.”

“It’s not like he’s some kind of prize.”

“I like the prize and the package. He probably has money. And he’s probably good in bed.”

“Would you let him take you home tonight?”

He imagines going down on her. Here swimsuit bottom is placed so precariously on her body. It wouldn’t take much to slip it off.

He can feel that he is part of the harmony that she is promising. Now he thinks about nothing else but their pleasure.

“I don’t want this to stop.”

“It doesn’t have to!”

“But we don’t have that much in common.”

“That’s never stopped anyone before. We could make the best of things.”

“I just don’t think that it’s going to happen.”

She wonders if he already has another girl. She doesn’t feel all that confident. She’s afraid that she’s going to go home and just stuff herself. Maybe she should go to the gym.”

Maybe she didn’t live up to his fantasy.

“You could be a little freer about sex.”

She puts her sunglasses next to her. She picks up her book and sees what it says about sex. There was all that nonsense about the harmony of the universe. But it just left her more susceptible to the same old thing.

She stretches out her legs and rubs on some more lotion. Her toe nails are freshly painted. She really is ready for action.

We join the action in midstream. He is a little fatigued. But he is trying to hold on. He can feel the tightness of his muscles as he tries to maintain the excitement. He feels that it is all about him even though is inside her. She just gives herself over to their pleasure. She has surrendered to the moment.

He has bought into her mystical vision. He is waiting to be elevated to the next stage.

“Just hang on.”

He is digging the repetitive motion. It gives him a rush. He can feel the blood rushing through him. The movement is so fluid. He puts the machine on automatic.

What is he hiding? Why is he so resistant to her feelings. He just plugs away as if she is barely there.

She has a story. Why was she so game to his plan? He didn’t feel that he was all that charming. It’s that book. She really believes its silliness. She wants rescue. She needs it so badly.

He pulls her closer and kisses her. He observes the line of her body. She has cast off any impediment to her pleasure. But this seems like her only focus.

“Do you live to have sex, or do you have sex to live?”

He is becoming such a jerk. He feels that his story is a hell of a lot worse. At least, she has her book to guide her.

Her butt is tight. He wraps his hands around her. This seems like her intention. She wants to be touched everywhere. She has been coiffed and manicured for this moment. She wants to leave no doubt in the mind of her lover. He breathes deeply her perfume.

How long can he keep this going. He can feel that his arousal has plateaued. He is trying to hang on. He feels that he doesn't have enough juice to climax. He begins to thrust harder, but that only exhausts him more.

"Look me in my eyes."

He can feel the rawness of his naked body. Everything seems reduced to his excitement. What he can communicate to her.

Her body seemed so hot. But that feeling has just exploded in his face. It all happened so quickly. He is trying to hang on. His climax seems already passed.

He wants to turn this into a sport. He is setting up that last goal. He gets her to kiss him, but his heart doesn't seem into it.

"Help me out baby."

He doesn't want to be hanging over the side of the bed just trying to keep an erection. He relaxes and just glides along with her. He feels that they really are together. Their souls. He wants to believe. This only brings back his former intensity. She seems to feel something and is moving just as intensely.

He can feel that he is on the verge of losing it. He swims valiantly through these waters. Now he feels victory in sight.

She has prepared herself for a moment like this. All the exercise, all the diet, all the meditation. She works to push his body. She know that the exertion will only make him more adept at satisfying her.

She is engrossed by the contest. She wants this to mean more. She releases all the tension that has been standing in her way. She can't control it any longer.

They are both submerged in the illusion of mutual satisfaction. And they prolong the illusion that they have discovered the apex of their desires.

She looks over at me. Then she looks away. I study her face. There is something exotic in that look. She entices me.

I look again. She is staring back. I lock my glance with her. I feel completely free. She seems to open up to me. I just glide into her vision. I am hardly moving. The universe seems to move me inside her.

I want to break eye contact. I wonder if she feels the same thing. Our bodies are on fire together. There is a little bit of embarrassment in the nakedness of the moment. We are surrounded by people, but neither of us lets up. We continue to gaze into each other's eyes. There is a muted passion in the moment. I feel her being merge with mine. There is a little humor in the overall intensity of our coincidence. This is who we really are. Everything else is a masquerade. The sex is pure.

"Who are you with? Where are you going? What do you do?"

"I give you pleasure."

There is nothing dirty in our contact. It promises an eternity. Maybe we aren't ready for what is happening. But that doesn't stop us both from surrendering.

We are still half-way across the room from each other. I reach to touch her. She is

modest. But she lets me involve her in the immediacy. I kiss her on the back of the neck. She sways her head around. There is an abandonment to the desire. A recklessness that we both accept.

I bury my face in her ample bosom. She smiles and pulls my body closer to hers. She has been waiting for such an incident. Something to remind her of the very purity of her hunger. There is nothing else on her mind. Nothing to distract her.

We continue to stare into each other's eyes. I am trying to smile at her. It seems unnecessary. This is more than friendly contact. We seem to be tearing at the heart of our being. She accepts the threat. I do too. I hold her closer to make her feel safer.

Has she done this before? Will she do it again. For now, this is forever. I will not let her slip away.

She is a little surprised by the intensity of my excitement. She accepts the intrusion. It only convinces her that the moment is right. There is no obstacle that can break our connection. Everything else in our lives is meaningless compared to this perfection. We are without words. This is automatic.

She works to embody everything about desire. There can be no uncertainty in her pose. Her intent is to get under the skin of every guy who as much as glances at her. She is the ultimate vision of loveliness. More intense than a machine.

For the moment, the focus of her energy is her hips. The curves of her body are so defined. They leave no doubt about her purpose. She wants to be worshiped. That first impression is devastating. She appears formidable. A statue. The line is perfect.

Then her lips. The full lips. The desire to be kissed.

Why does she seem so dominant? What is it about her body?

She wears high, high heels! Her long legs peek from under her dress. The calf muscles are well-defined. Her thighs are sleek and strong! She is a goddess. She creates loveliness!

Her butt has the tightness of a thousand workouts. Her abdomen is smooth and firm. It reminds a guy on his intent. Her sex.

The dress seems to wrap around her curves. And her shoes have an elaborate design to emphasize the care of the overall picture. She burns her image on his brain. She is impossible.

Can she even walk this earth? She is the purity of excitement. She touches him all over just by shining her gaze on him.

It is her eyes that are the most intense. Striking cheek bones and the wide-framing of her forehead emphasize the extreme of her stare. Laser beams that pierce their target.

A man feels the earthquake. She can just shake him into oblivion.

From the moment that she falls to the bed, her clothes seem to slip off of her. What has been promised is now real. Her skin seems so supple. There is no embarrassment in her gestures. She has trained herself to give pleasure. She gives abundantly so that she can receive even more in return.

He can approach her only as spirit, as desire. She is ruthless in her physical presence. She need not appeal to the immaterial. She lives for the perfection of the physical realm. Every thought has its correspondent in the body. She speaks through the flesh. There is no misstatement.

She want her men to give. She spreads her legs wide to demand satisfaction. There is

nothing casual in the motion. She does not incite. She does not tease. She orders. Her pussy has all the features of the gift. She has prepared herself for this moment. Follow the lines of the body down to this intersection of all intention.

She knows that the summit of her pleasure is only the beginning of the event. This is beyond pleasure. This is paradise. And she coasts along this high.

By the time that she finally merges with the guy, there is no longer any hesitation. She is soaring. The utter simplicity of each gesture.

She is now ready to go wild. She returns from her reverie all powered to take the male apart. Her appetite is enraged. She pushes herself beyond any work out. Her thrusting is beyond anything that he has known.

As they both give themselves to this physical intensity, she realizes that there is nothing but this unity, this belief. She has traveled full circle.

She feels this warmth spread from deep within the earth. It radiates all around her. The heat is so intense. Her body is all wet. He licks the sweat from her forehead. She smiles.

He relaxes. He knows that she expects more. He needs to be ready for the after-shocks.

“Are you ready to head out into space!”

“Fire up the rockets.”

For years, she felt withdrawn. Maybe she had seen too much too soon. She became overwhelmed by her knowledge. Her body could hardly keep up with all the changes. She felt that she was being crushed. She tried to resist the pressures around her. She didn't want to be with boys. It reminded her of her shame. She almost worked to make herself feel unattractive.

It wasn't enough to escape the outside world. She needed to get away from herself. She needed to shed her bad memories. She wanted something to take the place of the pursuit of pleasure that dominated everyone's life. Even happiness wasn't sufficient to assuage her hurt. She wanted the total opposite of happiness.

Perhaps in music she could hear the consonance of the spheres. In art, she discovered a harmony that seemed absent in the world of toil. The shining imagery of the mind replaced the drab hopelessness of the daylight. She was feeling her liberation.

She wished that she could hold her hand steady and create such elaborate designs that lulled her. But she felt too much of a burden to realize all her visions as art. She settled for being a witness. She looked for clothes and jewelry that might express her inner self. She was not dressing for others. She did not hope to attract guys.

The more that she enhanced her new personality, the less that she seemed subject to the constraints of the past. She did not want her new understanding to be crushed. She felt like the butterfly that finally is cast out of its former state. She seeks to fly high.

She never tried to find a substitute for her elevated state of being. She would drink occasionally just to reassure herself that it was not all just a dream. Sometimes, a little drunk, she could feel a confidence return to her soul. In the morning, she would regret the excursion, but it helped her stretch out her personality. She now felt ready to share her art with the world.

Her safe world had been enough to help her get away from the trials of her youth. She felt a self-reliance that was new and pleasant to her. She had never really depended on guys to help her make her way. And now she was independent.

She had done well in school and found herself working at job that she enjoyed. She could

help others to appreciate the artistic vision that had served her so well.

Her clothes were now sleek. Her body had been shaped by the battles with her former demons. She now had the grace of the butterfly. She no longer looked back on her troubles with regret. It was as if she was another person.

Where she was formerly ignored, she now felt that guys were flocking around her. They loved her artistic side. She had depth. She still needed a drink or two to get her in the mood. And after a few too many, she would find herself in compromising situations. But she always had the wiles to work her way out of these messes.

She hoped that she wasn't becoming haughty. But her old defenses were now replaced by a new view of guardedness. Guys would have to work just to become close to her. That seemed to be what she always wanted.

She didn't want to seem demanding. But she had worked so hard to change herself. And she now felt comfortable in the spotlight.

"You don't think that I'm being a bitch."

After a while, she felt no need to apologize. She wanted to be desired. She didn't feel obligated to respond. It was enough to light a match. She didn't want to get burned up in the ensuing fire.

With each new trial, she was more emboldened. She knew that she was on to something. A new pair of shoes, or an alluring dress. Each marked the steps that she was taking to her ultimate liberation.

THE NYMPH

The pleasure of the body unlock such enchantment that she finds it difficult to see the same magic in the rest of her life.

"It's not as if I'm some kind of celebrity. I can't live off of love."

"What kind of job do you have?"

"I work part-time as in a restaurant. I go to school. I'm not sure what I want to be. But I want a better life for myself."

"I've had the wildest fantasies about you."

"Guys say that to me all the time."

"This is almost uncanny. It's like I've crossed into another dimension."

"I'm not a ghost. I'm a real girl."

The story can't end here. What does she do to maintain her sense of glamor?

"I feel as if I'm losing myself."

Maybe she expects too much from the world. She lives off the attention that she gets. In a way she knows this. She does what she can to make it more intense.

"If you're not looking at me, then you're not looking."

"Are you kidding me?"

In her own way, she isn't kidding. A little attention only breeds a desire for more, and she feels that she is on the fast track. In a sense, she deserves it. There is somewhat of a supernatural appeal in her look. When reminded of this, she only gets shy. Perhaps, that is the real basis of her attraction. She has none of the pretentious of a fashion goddess. She has her

own style. But that is as far as it goes.

She still wants more! And this may be the source of her downfall. Since she doesn't feel gratified by her present life, she feels a little attracted to danger. While she certainly has the stability to resist the drastic, she likes the theater. And she is ready to engage another loony character to make it a little interesting. This doesn't say much for the last guy who tried to break into her place after they broke up.

"I'm learning."

She is doing her best to learn from her mistakes. But she believes that she has to repeat the same messed-up thing and just hope that she can slide through it the next time out.

Even though she has been a little challenged by the drama, she tries to not let it show. That may be her ultimate saving grace. She always comes through with flying colors and just shine amidst the adversity.

"You have an amazing smile."

Her body is particularly thin. It strikes envy in girl and guy as she makes her way through the crowd. It seems as if the sea parts for her as every head seems to turn her way.

"You're not telling me something unusual."

"Does she take it for granted?"

"Not really. But she would miss the shit if it went away."

And that is that. Tonight she is walking on air. Others try imitate her stride. They seem clumsy and fall back down to earth.

"You are full of flattery."

"What if I said that I was writing a book on you?"

"I'd say that you were lying."

"You probably could have been star in another life."

"I am in another life."

I really do have incredible fantasies about her. She has the most tender of lips. Just thinking about her makes the ground shake beneath my feet. If I concentrate on this image, I feel the deluge that sweeps me up.

It was a wonderful night. I was in heaven. Such an event. I waited until the end in the hope that I would go to the next stage. Everyone just walked out. Outside it was so hot. Oppressive.

Everyone seemed in their own world.

I remember seeing you during the event. We were both concentrated on the stage. I was trying to make eye contact. We'd stare at each other for a moment then look away.

I know that you are trying to make this your life. You want to be a witness to such wondrous artistic events. I can tell that you are a committed sort.

We live with so many distractions all the time. It is a wonder that we are able to share a spiritual journey. The heart longs for such grace.

I know that is not enough just to watch the symphony of life. We have to commit ourselves to the harmony.

When I looked in your eyes, I could see that wandering soul. For the time being, we had both found a place to escape our weariness. Thanks to providence for such fortune. We almost have a duty to remain committed to this liberation.

When you find this kind of perfection, it is easy to doubt your discovery. I know that I am the first one to give up on my dream if things seem too difficult. Somehow, I carry on. And when I recover my composure, I am ready to continue my pursuit.

There is a mystery in our connection. We never spoke. We deny our fundamental unity. But we both felt the earth move. There must be something in both our souls that is a spark for something greater.

I believe that there are so many things in our lives that would prevent our meeting. So many things that would stand in the way of further contact. We both have lives. We both have commitments. We both live a reality.

Nevertheless, we both seem drawn by this excitement. We do not want to come down. I am trying to keep the fires alive. Help me!

If you were drawn to the glamorous life, it would be harder to express our special thing. But I can tell that you have let the arts be your guiding light, so you are more prepared to express what really delights you.

I know that you were inspired when you returned home. What were you able to create? Or maybe you were just so overcome that you stared into space. I would have done the same in your place

I am still a daze. I guess that this happens to much to me. I take your reaction as a further inspiration. Hopefully, we can meet sometime and continue the exploration.

“Why do these freaks bother me?”

“Maybe because you’re a little bit of a freak yourself.”

“This is getting too weird. How can I put a stop to being hassled.”

“You don’t relish the attention.”

“Not that kind of attention. Who is this creep?”

THE TEMPTRESS

She has the words tattooed on her forearm.

“Is that addressed to me?”

“I don’t recall saying anything to you.”

“Is that your tough act?”

“Next thing, you’re going to tell me that you get hard just contemplating my body.”

“What if I did? You gave me the idea.”

“I’m not all about having sex.”

“You’re not?”

“I just like to get turned on. It’s surprising that I don’t have a drug habit. But I do like to get touched. I love guys who are assertive, who know what they like. Who know how to pleasure me. I almost have an obsession about sex. I love men, their bodies. Their dicks. The magic of it all.”

“Are you trying to intimidate me by telling me this?”

“I’m just explaining how I’ve organized my life. If you can’t give me what I need, I’ll look elsewhere.”

“I thought that you were with a guy.”

“I am. He gives me everything that I need.”

“What do you do for work?”

“I’ve been an assistant in a hair salon, a receptionist. I tried to be a cook. I’m pretty good as a chef. I just couldn’t deal with the heat.”

“You have great skin.”

“Thanks. It’s milky white. I’m always putting cream on it. And I stay out of the sun. It keeps me together. It’s my best point.”

“I love your shade of dark red lipstick.”

“Let me give you a big kiss.”

“On the lips.”

“No, I just want to leave my lips on your cheeks.”

“It’s going to show!”

“Yeah, but it will be a promise of more later on.”

“Do you want to go have some fun.”

“I like to tease. But I am with a guy. We just like to fuck all the time.”

“Does he work?”

“He’s a cook. And he builds motorcycles.”

“Cool.”

She has all the charm of a well-oiled machine. I imagine her letting loose on the open road.

“I’d love to be one of your fans.”

“You already are. And I don’t mind if you think about me when you masturbate. You’re just never going to get any from me. I know your type. Early on the draw.”

“I’m not like that!”

“You’ve never been with me. Most guys can’t help it. I show them my breasts, and they just explode.”

“Are you looking for a guy who’s a little into self-hate?”

“I’ve got what I need.

You are not just born into beauty. Beauty has to be nurtured. Beauty has to be cared for. Beauty needs to be developed. It is like any investment. It thrives by hard work. And it is sustained by a commitment to growth. If beauty is thus assured, then it is a fundamental right. There are no two ways about it.

For those who don’t have it, that is your fate. Deal with it. It’s the right of the very few.

“You have a great ass.”

“It looks better in this swimsuit. It just pulls together my buttocks. Now that you’ve admired me, you can move on.”

“I’ve done more than that. Your great sun tan accentuates some super legs. I could do some real work for you.”

“I’m sure that you can. Next, you’re going to tell me how you could really pleasure me.”

“I just want to see your face. To see if it matches the body.”

“Of course, it does. I have a beautiful face because I barely have a care in the world. I have concentrated my energies. You see the result.”

“Where do you work?”

“I live with this guy. Sometimes we work out together.”
 “He’s pathetic. Don’t you have a job?”
 “Yeah. I’m in marketing. I work for an apparel company.”
 “Wonderful. I suppose you follow the market for entertainment.”
 “Guys follow me for entertainment.”
 “Really?”
 “You’re a real dick. You take it for granted that you can just say whatever you want to a girl.”
 “What do you want to hear?”
 “That you have special technique. What do you do for a living? Do you model clothes?”
 “Quit teasing me.”
 “No, wait a second. You fix motorcycles for a living.”
 “It is a profession. A good one. But it’s not mine.”
 “So do you want to buy me dinner, or do you want to buy me a car?”
 “You get offers like that?”
 “All the time.”
 “I fell in love with you body.”
 “Then you saw my face.”
 “You have the cutest face. You seem a little shy.”
 “I’m not that aggressive...except in the bedroom.”
 “What?”
 “That was a joke.”
 “What do you do for fun?”
 “Besides shop with my guy. I go hiking. I watch sports. I go to the movies. All the very creative things.”
 “I suppose you eat too.”
 “Are you making fun of me?”
 “Hardly. You just set me up.”
 “I guess you’d do if I was by myself. But I’m not. He’s calling right now.”
 “Incredibly I’ve seen you around all the time. We’ve never spoken. I’m a little bit embarrassed to admit, but I have had fantasies about you.”
 “How do I rate?”
 “What do you mean?”
 “On the fantasy scale.”
 “I guess that I’ve thought about being married to you.”
 “Did we get along?”
 “We did all the fun things together. Look for cars, price toilet seats, buy garbage cans.”
 “You are weird.”
 “I was kidding. We could get some dinner.”
 “You seem like a nice guy. I am going out with someone.”
 “How long has that been going on?”
 “About two weeks.”
 “I guess that I missed my chance.”

“You still have your fantasies.”

“You could help me out a bit.”

“How?”

“You could pose for me.”

“Now I know that you are weird.”

“I don’t mean right now. I didn’t think that you’d really do it. You do have a sense of humor.”

“Maybe I could join you for a drink.”

“What about your man?”

“He’s coming along later.”

“I’m just trying to keep you talking. Maybe you’ll get interested in me.”

“I’ve seen you around a lot, too. What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a free-lance writer.”

“What do you write?”

“Mostly sex-help stuff.”

“Really?”

“Mostly travel advice.”

“I’m going on a trip with my guy. You could give me some advice.”

“Dump him. Then go on a trip.”

“Quit joking!”

“I wasn’t joking. I know the best getaway. And I’m probably better in bed than you’re guy.”

“He is really good.”

“But I cook great. And I do a sex-advice column.”

“OK, let’s go ahead. My man keep me up all night having sex. Once we start, I just can’t stop. I just don’t know how to keep awake at work in the morning.”

“Do you have sex in the morning?”

“I don’t have the time. Neither does he.”

“I could make the time. And I make house calls.”

“Nice try!”

“You can’t blame a guy for trying.”

“I’ve got a great job. I sell commercial real estate. But work is ultimately dissatisfying. That is why I party so hard. I get a little wild. I’ve got great guy.”

“And you love to flirt.?”

“I’m not flirting. I’m looking for my man.”

“He’s not coming out tonight. I can tell. You wouldn’t have been as friendly if you didn’t know when he was going to turn up.”

“I don’t cheat.”

“That means that you do, but you get so drunk that you feel that it won’t make a difference.”

“I’m not going to drink with you.”

“Because I would make you embarrassed.”

“I hate guys like you.”

“You’re getting me hot already.”

She again does her best to look around for her guy. It just isn’t working.

She smiles, “You busted me. So you have to buy me a drink.”

“Is that how it works.”

“It does where I come from.”

She leans against the bar as he rubs his fingers along his drink.

“You are looking pretty casual.”

“I guess I’m trying to feel relaxed.”

“Without your man.”

“I make my own way in the world.”

“That could be fatal.”

“It could. But it really isn’t. I’m just a girl with a big heart who’s gets pushed around over and over again.”

“I know the type. Nothing a little physical contact couldn’t cure.”

“You wish.”

“I bought you a drink. That must be good for something. How long can you keep up the tough girl act.”

“As long as I need to. It’s not wearing thin, is it?”

“If you weren’t such a looker, I would have moved on a while ago. Those are great shoes that you’re wearing.”

“And you’d love to see them on your bedroom floor.”

“I’m trying to be nice. I’m complementing you.”

“I guess that you are right. I’m hardening into the tough girl act.”

“Nothing a little tenderness couldn’t cure.”

“Do you have anything to drink at your place?”

“We could stop by the store on the way home.”

“Be sure to get some condoms too.”

He smiles.

“Why? Are you bringing another guy along with you.”

“Something like that.”

“We are starting to think alike.”

“Heavens help us.”

“Exactly!”

I feel as if I am getting closer to some resolution. It’s not just the distractions imposed by my desire. I am looking for a purity of heart.

“You have a great smile.”

“You’re just flattering me.”

“I feel that we’re almost friends.”

“We are. That’s why I thought you’d come up with a more imaginative complement.”

“You have great hair. You seem fun. I’m at a loss for words.”

“Just smile. That’s enough for me.”

“Enough how. Do you like me?”

“We’re friends. We exchange uncomfortable glances. That’s about the extent of it.”

“Would you like to go out?”

“I really would love to. You’re just not my type.”

“I could become your type. You are definitely mine.”

“You’re flattering a different girl everyday. That is part of the problem.”

And it is. She has all that flair of the girl next door. She knows it. It makes her a little mischievous. That only makes her more attractive.

“I’ve been with guys. Lots of them. You’re just too nice. You’re never going to be the kind of guy that really attracts me. We can be great friends. But you’re always in control. When I have sex, I just like to let go. Sometimes I need to be a little tipsy. You’re not going to get drunk with me. I feel as you’re always judging me.”

“I just feels that you are someone really special.”

“I’m just a girl. There’s nothing special about me. I party more than most. But that is all there is.”

“But you are so pretty!”

“You are making me uncomfortable. You just have to stop saying these things. We’re friends. That’s that.”

She’s in jean and a t-shirt. But she moves with such confidence. I need to let her know.

She turns to me, “Be a dear, and get me a drink. I’ll even get you a drink. I want to get that guy over there jealous.”

The guy is a loser. I figure if I play along that she might change her mind.

“I’m not going to change my mind. You’d just act like a puppy dog and hang around all the time. Now go wag that tale somewhere else so that guy can approach me.”

It hurts. I just walk away. She gives me that crazy smile again. Then she bats her lashes. She must feel the same thing that I do.

The guy almost falls over as he comes over to talk to her. I can’t watch them anymore.

The next time that I see her, she gives me her hand. I play with the fingers before I walk away.

“Don’t you want to know what happened with that guy the other night?”

“You slept with him. That’s all that I need to know.”

“I did go home with him. But I couldn’t be with him. I just thought about all the things that you said to me. I think that I’m over guys for a while.”

I thought that I was going to get my chance.

“Maybe someday we could hook up.”

“Maybe someday.”

She gets her drink and goes to talk to one of woman friends. I leave the bar early.

“You can stare all you want. It’s not going to go anywhere.”

“I wasn’t staring. Although you look really great in that dress.”

“I don’t wear dresses that much. I’m glad that you like it.”

“You have great legs. You shouldn’t feel ashamed to show them off.”

“I don’t. It’s just that I don’t like to get all that dressed up.”

“I’ve seen you around quite a bit. You teach kids swimming.”

“Yeah!”

“You must have all the patience in the world. Don’t they yell and scream all the time.”

“They do. But I enjoy their energy. It makes me feel like a kid again.”

“I wish that I could be so open about it all.”

“You only live once.”

“I’ve always wanted to talk to you. You have a really gracious smile.”

She teases him by making a really nasty face.

“You want to go somewhere and get a drink.”

“Sure.”

“I’m supposed to meet my lover at 6. But I have some time.”

When she says *lover*, he gets that sinking feeling. He knows what he is up against.

“I’m studying to be a school teacher. It comes naturally from teaching swimming. I guess that I’ve developed patience. I know how to keep the kids entertained.”

“You’re doing what you can to keep my interest.”

“Your interest might be in the wrong place.”

She smiles as does he.

“And what are you going to do to change that.”

“There is nothing that I really can do except to encourage you not to think that way.”

“I wish that there was a third way. Something that could make up all happy.”

“What could that possibly be?”

“It might involve some touching.”

“I could shake your hand. Maybe give you a hug. That is as far as it can go.”

“The hug would be a beginning.”

“But it would mean something different for you.”

“It would still be a first step.”

He can already feel this incredible power just sitting next to her. Her smile seems even more magnetic.

“I can pretend, but I know that I really don’t have a chance.”

“I’m not going to lie to you.”

“I admire your honesty.”

He does feel like one of her students. She is not telling him the whole story. She can’t even share that story with herself. Not at this stage in her life. It would stop her in her tracks.

He thinks what he would have to do to change her. There is this background story which influences her present emotions. He knows that he can’t do anything about that. If he could, the overall situation would change.

“You don’t know how to slow down.”

“I just can’t.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“Nothing. I just have more important things to worry about.”

And that is that.

It took a while for me to get the hang of things. At first, I liked these guys who would never give me the time of day. Then I figured it out. I just needed to get one guy to like me. I may have looked meek and modest. But I really liked having sex. I didn’t have model’s body. But I was slender. And guys dug that. When they realized how good I was in bed, I became even more of an asset. I had this tame cuteness, but then I’d come alive like a she-wolf. Early on I

became fatal.

“I really like how you shake your ass. That skirt just hugs it nicely.”

“Do you want to squeeze it.”

“I don’t say what I want to do. You just have to let it happen.”

As he slides the skirt up, he is turned on by her legs. They are not so muscular. Just a ripeness that seems to get more tasty as he can now see her butt. Her panties hug the cheeks. He loves the way that they pull at her legs. It invites him to slide them off. He lets his tongue do the talking. She coos.

The more that he does, the more involved that she becomes. He never imagined her to be this wild. He even thought that she might have been exaggerating. When she finally rides him, all the aggressiveness from this petite body comes out. He loses himself.

This is the degree zero of his desire. He has just enough to encourage him in his pursuit. If he keeps on, he will feel all the surplus of his passion. It will well over him.

He kisses her again. He tells himself that this means more than the physical contact. He wants to keep this going. He wants to believe in her dreams.

Has she revealed enough to him so that they can sustain their connection? She did not blow him away from the beginning. But he is surprised by her intensity in bed. He has never been accustomed to this kind of discontinuity. It will require more of a commitment on his part to carry this on.

There are many things about her that he does not know. His curiosity seem to have increased due to their experience together. He likes that. There is no regret on his part. He hopes that she is forthcoming enough to keep this up.

He doesn’t want her to go. He wants to be part of her world. She is scurrying about his room. A little nervous about it all.

“I did enjoy myself.”

She appears to have reservations. He knows that repeated encounters will make it all easier. He is doing a lot to convince himself. He doesn’t want to think of her as a burden.

He looks at her bare legs beneath her skirt. It reminds him of their time together. He needs more. He needs words.

What does he want her to say? He isn’t forcing things. He is a little surprised by her reticence. She has never sold herself as all that friendly. But they know each other so well. And still they share an incredible silence.

“Give me a kiss.”

“Do you want to do this?”

“What do you mean?”

“We had fun. We don’t have to keep on with the charade.”

“What?”

“You don’t like me all that much.”

“Did I do something wrong?”

I return to Josie; she is with her guy. He’s falling over her while he tries to dance.

“Is he really drunk?”

“Something like that.”

“I don’t know how you put up with it.”

“It’s not as if you’re going to rescue me from my life.”

There is this incredible silence between us even after everything that we’ve been through.

“Josie is not really your name.”

“It’s what you’ve been calling me. Just go with it.”

I am trying to keep up with her. All the changes.

(What changes? I don’t really understand anything that is going on here. Who is Josie? Is she the same girl who was living in Indiana? What was all this stuff about Barbie? I can never tell who’s talking in this book. Are there any characters or just a collection of random dialogue?)

To answer your question. And it is a good question. There is just a collection of random dialogue. That it YOUR LIFE! And there are no real characters. That again is YOUR LIFE!

“Is the bellicosity of the state reflected in the aggressiveness of the citizens?”

“Are you trying to love me in my own way?”

She is wearing black tights underneath her dress. And she has heels on.

“You look great Josie. I’m just not sure if you’re the one to finish this story.”

“I could change my name again.”

“That might help. But there’s more to this than a name change. We never have been able to establish the facts about your childhood.”

“A truly well-developed body is a tribute to sound governance of the state. Patriotism demands beauty. It is our fundamental right to look great.”

“Right, Josie.”

“I do have a beef with the present regime. But there seems that there is little that I can do about it.”

“Don’t let it go to your head.”

“I’m not ready for a rant. But there are a few things that I could say.”

“You are pretty enough to be given a little more air time. You really could be a new girl. A little more time at the gym. Some thinning out of that head of hair. And some lessons in diction.”

“I am talking to Josie now. Wait your turn! Now, Josie, I have all these questions that I need to ask you. I’m just bursting.”

“I’m still not going to have sex with you.”

“You don’t have to. I have the machine. And pretend is now better than real.”

“There are things that I can do that your machine can never do.”

“All that stuff is a little too obscene for me.”

“Would you rather give America a blow job?”

“I think that we are already blown.”

“What about the rights of property?”

“I want to talk about the right to be right!”

“Go ahead. You have about fifteen seconds.”

“Is that all?”

“Tell me how you get all that body in your hair.”

“When the world blows up, I want some guy to be going down on me.”

“That could be arranged. I like the converse.”

“That the world is going to blow up if some guy goes down on me.”

“You always seemed like an impressionable girl.”

“Blows for blows.”

“Yes for yes.”

“Just don’t swallow.”

What makes Josie so easy!

Certainly she is defenseless against the march of history.

Dory Madison is doing her best to resist the influence of Mr. Jenkins. This could be about the survival of the free world.!

She feels that she needs to prove herself in the classroom. Jenkins just has techniques that seem beyond her. His mix of mathematics and mysticism. On the other hand, Dory has the beginnings of an intuitive perceptiveness. She is doing her best to counter the arguments of Mr. Jenkins.

“Impressionable young girls who are looking for answers may find your solutions timely. But some questions are best left unanswered for the time being.”

The unanswered question! How novel an idea.

“It’s not my role to give you answers. Just allow you the opportunity to figure things out on your own.”

“But you ask these questions that seem to demand an answer. You create an unsolvable need, then you expect us to work it out by ourselves. You know that is impossible. Even if we find the answer, we’ll still give you the credit for asking the question. The whole game is a set up.”

I have to get on my hands and knees to make something happen. There is water everywhere.

“She is going to need me to ghost write her memoir.”

“I want to make it a little juicier. Add some details that weren’t in her original draft.”

“Like what?”

“Make the confrontation with Professor Madison part of her story. Include the story about the blow job. Write more about the meth habit. Add something about the dogs. And end with the name change.”

“Josie is a nice name.”

“It’s just not really her name.”

Josie smiles at me. This could be my undoing.

“We’ve left out a few details.”

“They don’t help the story. Don’t talk to me about that stupid letter. It never existed. It was just an illusion.”

“It gives depth to her psychology.”

“We do need psychology. But it is only relevant in proportion to the property rights exercised by the described individual.”

“Case closed.”

She is rubbing her bare feet on the rug. She wears a long skirt. But I can see her bare legs. This is the last image that I will remember.

“Do you call this love?”

“I just came along for the ride. I’d rather be eating chocolate now.”
Someone meant this to be an accident. The machine didn’t just mess up!
“I feel hot.”
“Just take off your clothes.”
“I’ve gone as far as I’m going to go.”
“I’ll take it the rest of the way.”
“Go ahead!”