

## THE EDUCATION OF EVA

She had a story to tell me.

“There was a man whose job it was to guard the mountain. And his wife loved the mountain. She stayed with him through thick and thin. The moon would shine on the mountain, and she admired the man even more. Then one day, she became restless. The man watched his wife go up the mountain. But he never saw her come down. He thought that the mountain had eaten his wife up. So he didn’t want to watch the mountain any more. So someone stole the mountain from him. And he was forced to go to the other side of the mountain by himself.”

“On the other side of the mountain, he found his wife. She had met another man whose job it was to guard the other side of the mountain. The husband never knew that there was such a man. The man from the other side of the mountain chased his rival away. He didn’t want to lose his new love to her former husband.”

“The man whose job it was to guard the mountain had neither a wife nor a mountain. He had no idea what to do. ‘I think that I’ll guard the moon!’ And that is what he did! The end.”

My first time with her was fraught with difficulty. After that point, she seemed to live for nothing else. I was her man, and I was her mountain!

“Why did you tell me that story?”

“It was a dream that I had. I tried to turn it into a story.”

“It was a good story.”

When I first got naked with her, she gave me the weirdest look. She didn’t want it to happen. I felt as if I should put my clothes back on. She was lying on the bed. She didn’t move. It was almost as if she was afraid of getting caught.

“Come over here!”

The next thing I knew, I was inside her. It almost felt as if it was wrong.

“I sort of liked it.”

She wasn’t saying much.

“We shouldn’t do it again. I don’t think that I should have done it. I should have waited.”

“You’re not going to tell anyone.”

“It’s scary admitting what happened. I thought that it was going to be more than this. It felt like no big deal.”

“It will get better in time.”

“I don’t want to do it anymore. We weren’t supposed to do this. Why did you make me?”

But the next day, she again came over. She tossed her swim suit on the ground.

“It was all that I could think about last night. I don’t know why. I want you to do this again.”

I got so excited. I pushed her down on the bed. I tried to kiss her, but she pushed me away.

“I just want you to fuck me.”

“That feels a little cold.”

“That’s how I felt yesterday.”

I was a little rough. I didn't say much to her. I kept pumping away until I was ready to climax. I came on her stomach.

"Why did you do that?"

She continued to visit me. Sometimes we wouldn't say anything to each other. She took my erect penis and put it inside her. She had to slide her hand off as she moved it in. She did it like an expert. The gesture was completely natural. For a brief moment, I felt completely vulnerable in her presence. I always felt this way. This demonstrated to me that this was not about anything perverse on my part. I truly loved my connection to her. It went to the heart of my being. As I moved within her, I felt completely alive. Nothing could be more perfect. We had surrendered ourselves to each other.

I needed to cherish this feeling that we shared. It was as if I held her in my hand. If I moved too suddenly, I would crush her. She toyed with my feelings. She was a much more aggressive love-maker than I. She put me through my paces. I had difficulty keeping up. This only reminded me of what we were sharing.

I had always felt this way about sex. There was a deep feeling of loss that I could only make sense of by pulling my partner towards me. This was not about something physical. In a sense, I was denying my physical being. It was all about my helplessness.

There was an extreme tenderness in our times together. Try as she might, she could not shake my composure. She loved to tease me. And her body was so playful. There was nothing shy about her. She felt protected when we were together. She longed for this closeness.

When we moved in harmony, I forgot my body. I felt as if we were vibrating to the same rhythm. I could hear her heart beat throughout me. Her blood pulsed in my veins. This was so overwhelming that I wanted to scream out. It was not the physical feeling. It was the sensation of my being. She had taken me to this spiritual plane. At the same time, I was reminded of the immediacy of her body.

She reminded me of my loneliness. When we were apart, all that I could think about was being with her.

"We are meant to be together," she would say.

"We have to be more creative. There's an art to doing this."

"Am I bad.?"

"You're fantastic. But this all feels so mechanical. We have to learn to get to know each other better."

"I feel that you know everything about me."

"That isn't what I mean. We could talk about things. Not sexual things. We could talk about books."

"I like to read. I could read to you."

"That would be great."

"Then we could make love."

"That would also be great."

I had no idea why she wanted to be with me. I guess that I had made a point to show interest in her. I tried to remember what had got us started. She was standing so close to me that I started to kiss her. She stopped and just looked at me. She didn't know what to do. It was so shocking.

I thought that I had made a mistake. I was ready for her to bring her mother over. The mother never arrived. I had got away with it. That encouraged me to be more daring. I knew that she would never say anything. She had allowed me to do whatever I wanted to her. I would use my imagination.

“Come over here. Let me put some sun tan oil on your back.”

She cooed as I rubbed the lotion on her.

“That tickles.”

“Are my hands cold.”

“No they feel really nice.”

We had played this game many times before. She never tired of its variations.

“I’m not looking too fat, am I.”

“You look lovely. Just good enough to eat.”

I wanted to kiss her. I was afraid that someone might see us. She had been coming over here all the time. But no one knew what was going on inside the house.

I watched her spread the oil on her legs. I loved the lemony scent. I wanted to lick it off her thighs. She would love my boldness.

“Aren’t you ever afraid that we’re going to be found out?”

“Don’t you think that we should share our love with the world?”

“I’m afraid of your mother.”

“She’s like a pussy cat.

Her swim suit was moist with sweat. I slid my hand underneath. She slapped it away.

“Not now.”

Inside the house, she gave me everything that I wanted. I lifted her up to sit on the kitchen shelf. I peeled off her suit and started to lick her pussy. I worked my way around her clitoris. She loved it when I did this. She wrapped her legs around my head. She was going crazy.

“I want you inside of me.”

She grabbed my penis and held it for a few minutes. She loved its mystery. I was already aroused, but she kept stroking me. I was standing up, and she slid down until I was inside her. This felt so natural. I kept moving in and out.

“Harder, baby. Harder!”

“I want to be gentle!”

“I don’t like gentle.”

The sex was becoming fierce. She beat back against me. I loved her intensity.

“You make it hard to keep going. You’re so wet.”

“Give it to me.”

“She stuck her tongue deep inside my mouth. Then she started to bite my lips. I tried to prolong my erection. I couldn’t. I came inside her.”

“You shouldn’t have done that.”

“Aren’t you protected?”

“That’s not what I mean. I wasn’t ready for you like that.”

She lay on top of me. We were both on the cold kitchen floor. I loved her firm body. I felt as if I was ready to go again. She turned me on so much.

“You’re one hot little bitch.”

She shook her ass and then she slapped it.

“You love it.”

“I feel as if I’m living for it. I don’t think that I could live without you.”

“Don’t say that. Not yet.”

“What should I say?”

“That you want to fuck me again.”

“I’m trying. I don’t have it in me right now.”

She was too much! I felt that we couldn’t survive without having sex all the time. She loved to get off. I felt obligated to stimulate her in every way that I knew how.

I came downstairs. She was lying on the couch reading a book. Her ass was up in the air. She was in little shorts. I pulled the shorts off, and I started to lick her. I spread her legs so that her pussy was ripe in my face,. I just went to town.

“Put it in me!”

I mounted her from behind. I grabbed her thighs, and I continued to thrust harder and harder. She eased herself into me so that there was almost no effort to my movement. I felt as if she was part of me.

“I love your hard cock. I want to worship it. It is the only thing that matters in my life.”

She took me in her mouth. She sucked up and down. She held me from behind my back and pushed me into her. I came inside her mouth. She gurgled as she swallowed. Then she rubbed back and forth across my penis. It stayed erect. I barely had anything left. It was all my imagination. I jabbed inside her, and I kept pushing until it came down.

She was merciless. I barely had time to recover. She worked me until I was bone dry. She was destroying me.

To taunt me, she started to finger herself. She was using both hands. She had her eyes closed, and she was whimpering.

I wanted to get hot inside her. I had nothing left. I shoved my face inside her and finished her off.

We both lay together on the bed.

I challenge her, “You’re a pig. You’re going to have time for nothing else but sex.”

She teased me again, “If you can’t satisfy me, I’ll look for someone who can!”

There was nothing more that I could do.

“If you were more of a man, you’d still be inside me.”

That morning she was mounting me as I woke up. I was aroused. She put me inside her. She rode me until the pain became so great. When I came it seemed as if I let loose so much of myself.

“I want all of you inside of me. I don’t want you to exist separate from fucking me!”

What was she becoming? I could barely take deal with this monster.

“If it wasn’t you, then it would be someone else.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“I just say things to frighten you.”

“What does that mean?”

“You know what that means. I need you. You are my everything.”

“You’re just saying that. When I get older, you’ll dump me for a young stud.”

“Of course I will. I need you to do me once more before lunch.”

“That is impossible. I feel spent. I need to eat.”

“You are no fun.”

“We need to get to know each other better. I don’t want to ruin what we have.”

“What do we have?”

“Everything that you’ve always wanted.”

As I ate breakfast, she was playing with herself on the couch.

“Do you want to go somewhere?”

“Only if we can have sex in public

“I thought that you were afraid of getting caught!”

We were creating a prison out of our desire. We couldn't survive without it. And we couldn't escape.

We were naked. She had her body wrapped around mine. We were kissing.

"Stay like this"

"I am trying."

I could sense that I was becoming excited.

I couldn't tell anyone about what was going on. I didn't know how to explain it to myself.

"Have you ever thought about the fact that this is wrong?"

"It feels so good."

I wanted to talk to her about what was happening between us. I didn't know what more to say.

"I dig what we're doing. You make me feel great. I don't think anyone else would do for me what you are doing."

"I feel as if I love you!"

"Those are just words. Show me!"

"I need to talk. I can show you later."

“What do you think of my body?”

“I love your body.”

I wanted to kiss her lips. She smiled for me!

She sat on top of me. She started to stroke my penis. I couldn’t think about anything else.

The next thing I knew, I was naked and erect. She eased herself on top of me. She moved gradually up and down. I reached a point where I thought that I could make this last forever. Each time that she tried to push me to climax, I broke through the wall.

“You are.”

I attained a point of total focus. I brought all my energy to dwell on that moment. I just let go!

“You seemed more intense than ever,” she told me. “I wanted to set you free, but I took my net and put you back in the jar.”

“What next?”

“I don’t know. I feel as if I want to do this all the time.”

“I have to go to work sometime.”

“Let them do without you. I’m on vacation from school,”

As she sat there, I started to caress her butt. I kept rubbing both cheeks until I broke them apart. I reached down into the gap and began to massage her pussy.

“Take it slowly. I’m not ready yet!”

“Just keep going!. This will be OK”

I put my fingers inside of her and continued a more insistent motion. She started to sigh. This was more intense than I had seen her before.

“Are you ready to put yourself inside me?”

“Even if I was not, I told myself that it was happening. There was no limit to what we could do.

“We never talked.”

“We’ll talk later,” she said.

I felt as if we were avoiding what needed to be said.

“How good am I?”

“You’re the best fuck that I’ve ever had!”

“Are you sure that you’re not saying that because I do everything that you tell me?”

“It’s more like you’re able to do everything that I tell you.”

“Why did you come on to me the way that you did in the beginning?”

“I didn’t want you to be able to say no.”

“But you scared me.”

I didn’t want you to give it a second thought. It had to be automatic. There is always that moment in sex when you wonder to yourself if he is taking away something from me that I cherish.”

“You were already erect. I felt that I had no choice.”

“I didn’t force you, did I.”

“No. I don’t know. No, you didn’t!”

I was feeling uneasy.

“When you talk about it, I want you inside me.”

I felt that there was nowhere that we could be without sex.

I had been watching the world from the outside. And the only way that was able to join the action was through her. I hated to see her as my lifeline. Things were becoming so tenuous between us. And I was afraid of what was going to happen. But I loved being with her. She had made me a part of something real.

I guess I had expected something more. The sex was incredible. And I don’t think that I could have felt so connected to another person. But she was barely old enough to make sense of what was happening. This was terrible. I should have know. She just seem bewildered and in awe. I guess that I wanted her to be a goddess. There were times that words escaped her.

I didn’t regret what I had done. All this was necessary for who we were. We couldn’t have done it in any other way. I just wanted to see the light. Despite the fireworks going off around me, I continue to feel as if I was stuck in an endless night.

I wanted her kiss to rescue me. I couldn’t ask everything from her. She had given me all of her being. I wondered if I was holding back. And she may have sensed my hesitation. That prevented us from going any further.

We were sitting together having dinner. There wasn't that rambunctiousness that had originally charmed me. I didn't want to be the one that ended this. I had risked so much just to be with her. If I walked away, I would be telling myself that it was all for naught.

She tried to initiate things after we ate. I couldn't resist her body. I felt more aroused than ever. My flesh tingled to the touch.

Our contact reminded me what had brought us here. I tried to suppress all my doubts. I couldn't expect things to happen all at once. I needed to give her time to mature. She needed to find the words to express what was occurring inside her. I needed to be patient.

My doubts were welling up again. There was nothing that I could do to counteract my feeling. I couldn't survive in this vacuum. How could we bring back the passion that had faded away? I was just going through the motions. I wasn't really living my life. I was watching this ghost trying to pretend that he was me.

"What do you want to do?"

"I want you to fuck me."

"That seems so abrupt."

"I had a bad day. I want you to take away all my pain."

"We're just not taking away. We're exchanging."

This was all so frightening. We had both always been like this. There was a hollow in our beings. When we were together, we filled in that space.

"My mother doesn't understand. She made me this way."

"Maybe we shouldn't have sex. We should just talk."

"I've had enough talk. I want you inside me. I want you to make furious love to me. I want to spread my legs so wide that I can feel all of you. And I want you to push and push and push inside of me, I want you to find the core of who I am."

"This is not you. It is your pain talking."

"I never want to lose you. I want you to be with me forever. I am ready for you."

She took off her clothes and walked around the room. I stared at her. She seemed so raw. I wanted to engulf that part of her. My whole life vibrated with everything that I knew about her.

"I need you now more than ever."

"I do too," she told me.

She let me bury my face in her crotch. She no longer smelled young. There was an echo of every time that we had been together. She was so wet. She held back nothing.

I became so erect just thinking about what was happening. It felt so wonderful just sliding into her. I could feel the universe open up. I started to float in the infinity. She pulled me along.

Both of us were furious in our movements. We could not find a place to collect our extremes of emotion. So we seemed to veer off in direct directions. We gripped each other so hard that our bodies kept our psyches in place.

Each time that I was ready to give in, I found new strength in her body. There was nothing in the world but this. We were eternal in this moment.

We learned to embrace our nothingness. There was something that was so entirely

frightening in this moment. We would never be able to explain this to anyone else. This was why we were held together forever. Without her, I was no one!

I caressed her legs as if I was sculpting a statue. I was starting embrace her soul. She had spent these few years walking the earth. And she had enriched her inner self. Her soul rang out with these deep tones that I now could hear. She no longer needed her body to tell her tale. It was all about the consonance that we were creating together.

Time stood still. Then we returned to our bodies. And the fury remained. I could feel myself falling. All that kept me whole was the grinding of us together. There was nothing subtle here. If not for our deeper understanding, it would have appeared as if we were tearing each other apart

There were tears in her eyes. I kissed her deeply. She put her hands on my ass and pushed me deeper inside. I let go completely. The universe embraced our oneness.

We both lay on the floor side to side. I held her hand, and we looked up at the ceiling. It didn't matter what time of day this was. There was no longer any time for us. I squeezed her hand. It was moist with sweat. I rolled on top of her and kissed her interminably.

“Never let me go!”

Our tenderness was too much to bear. I wanted to run out of the room. I imagined myself running naked in the streets. There was a storm outside. It had crept in sympathetically. Our connection echoed in the thunder.

I had taken so much from her. I felt cruel. I was an adult. I could deal with what was going on. But I was afraid that she would be crushed. She meant more to me than anything in the world. She was my sun! Just thinking about her made the day dark. I could not lose her.

The world could not appreciate what we had. When I was inside her, I knew it was right.

I caressed her hair. I worked my hands through it again and again. I felt as if I was bringing her to life. In my mind, I saw a star that now shone on her face. Even in our darkness, she burned brighter than anything in the universe. No one would ever know this about her. I wanted to break down. I remained strong.

She sat up. I watched her smile. And the warmth radiated all over me. I felt a chill. The passion was moving off the body. I held her close to draw in her heat. I needed her being.

“What can I do for you?”

“Hold still,” I told her.

I didn't have the words to express to her the deepness of our connection. I felt as if the gods had abandoned us to our nakedness. They held out little hope for our love. But they would never break us apart. We were challenging Olympus. We cursed the imposters.

I kissed her hand. I clasped my hand in hers.

We were both learning how to deal with the silence. We learned to shape its petulance to pay tribute to our love.

She stood up and paced around the room. I followed her as she traced a circle. I stood up, and blocked her path. She walked into me. Then we embraced. She made fists with both her hands and gently swung again and again at me. I tried to pull her towards me. She resisted. She smiled.

“Hold me!”

I held her in silence. I wanted to know where she was. I assumed that we were in the



same place. When I watched her, it seemed as if we were sharing the same thing. But she wouldn't give me the satisfaction to tell me

She started to shake. She was cold. I tried to cover her. It was not enough. I carried her to the bed, and I put a sheet over her. I didn't want her to get sick.

"This is too much love."

"Love is always too much," I told her.

"I need a drink!"

I left her in the bed, and I went downstairs. This was too overwhelming. I didn't want to feel as if I was putting words in her mouth.

Did I need her to tell me more? Or could we live off our feelings? There were so many different direction that she could follow. I needed her to guide me.

Our bodies offered us so much assurance. But we had reach the limits of the physical world. We were stabbing the darkness.

"I need you to let me sleep. I want to be alone. We can talk in the morning!"

I felt as if I couldn't wait. I needed her to tell me something now.

"I love you."

"I love you too!"

"What is going on here?"

"I'm describing what's happening to me. I think that I'm doing a great job."

"This is really twisted. You have lured this girl over to your place. You are essentially violating her. And you are trying to frame it as if it's an epic love story."

"That's how it felt."

"You are leaving out so much of the actual context. What would possess her to be with you in the first place? Were you feeding her drugs? Were you promising her things?"

"I'm not sure what you want me to say. Anything that I do say, you'll use as ammunition against me."

"Did you assault her, and she felt so ashamed that she kept coming back?"

"That makes no sense."

"Exactly, it makes no sense."

"We were in love."

"She's not capable of being in love. She's way too young. And you made her feel so bad about herself that you started to believe that she had nowhere else to go. You fed off of her guilt."

"I felt badly too. But we were meant to be together. Maybe, you've never known a love like this. Life can't be perfect."

"This is worse than imperfect. This is totally, out and out wrong. You're a fucking pervert, and you did things to her just to make her want to be with you."

"She sought me out. I tried to resist. But there was something about her that I couldn't get over. That is love!"

"Every psycho tells himself that he is doing something good for his victims."

"I was good for her. I was the best thing that she ever had,. If you hadn't have interfered, we would probably still be together."

"You should be in jail."

“That’s you talking now. She doesn’t want that.”

“She feels hollowed out. She doesn’t have much left.”

“Love does that, but you don’t know real love. You’re just such a bitch.”

“You hate women!”

“I hate people who are afraid of their feelings.”

“You’re trying to make me into your enemy. That absolves of all the things that you did to her.”

“She was born to have sex. And she loved it.”

“You needed to give her chance to grow up and be an adult. Her own person. She will never have that opportunity because you messed with her mind.”

“That’s your opinion. What we had was beautiful.”

“That’s not what she would say.”

“Quit trying to put words in her mouth!”

“I promised that I would never do that.”

“But you are!”

I didn’t know how to let myself off the hook. This was getting too much to deal with.

“I’m never going to say what you want me to say. Who are you anyway?”

“Someone who is helping her out!”

“You have no idea what really went on.”

“You’re just too close to it to really know.”

When my lover again came to see me, I was ready to take up where we left off.

“I’m not sure if I can do this anymore.”

“What are you telling me?”

“I don’t feel as if I have any room to escape myself. You’re crowding me out.”

“I need you.”

“You’re an adult. You’ve given me no place to grow. I no longer feel like myself. I feel as if I’m here just to please you.”

“We’re meant to be together.”

“I can’t do this anymore.”

“You can’t break up with me. I can’t let you.”

“You can’t tell me what to do . Don’t even try.”

“That’s not what I mean. It’s just that we’ve been so good together.”

“I love you. At least, I want to tell myself that I love you. But this is too overwhelming. I feel as if I can’t make a mistake any more. That my life has to be too perfect for you. You have to let me go.”

“I’m not sure that I can.”

“What are you going to do? Are you going to force me?”

“I don’t want to think that way. I just thought that there was something inside of you that wouldn’t let you leave.”

“I am being consumed by this. It’s going to kill me.”

“It’s not that bad. You can get over it.”

“I can get over it. But I need to be alone.”

“We’re so great together. I’m part of you , and you’re part of me.”

“We were like that. I can’t feel it anymore. I just woke up one day, and the feeling was gone.”

“It can’t be like that!”

“That is who we are now. And you have to learn to live with it. There is this space that separates us, and nothing can bridge that distance.”

“Love can!”

“Your love rings hollow. The more that you keep pressing me, the more that I feel that I hate you!”

“I don’t want that to happen.”

“Do we have any choice?”

“I just want you to tell the truth about me.”

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

“That I never forced you to do any of this.”

“I don’t know if I can say that anymore. I just feel that you never gave me a chance to say no. You used my emotions against me. I felt coerced.”

“That’s not fair.”

“It’s what I feel.”

“I don’t think that I can feel what you do. Not anymore.”

“But what you’re saying isn’t true. You’re not describing things as they really happened.”

“There’s so much that I never told you. I was afraid to tell you what I really felt. And now I’m not afraid.”

“I never wanted to hurt you.”

“But it all hurt. You don’t know how it hurt.”