

3. THE INTRODUCTION

“I saw you on the courts today. You were something fierce. You were so aggressive the way that you charged the net.”

“That was you! I knew that I recognized you from somewhere.”

“We only talked for a brief second.”

“What were you doing there?”

“You were playing with the chap who goes out with my sister.”

“Fascinating.” He is such a model of restraint. I almost feel that the belt that holds him in is restricting his circulation.

“Do want to go somewhere and share a cup of coffee?”

He stares intently in my eyes, but he turns away once he hears my invitation.

“I’m in a committed relationship.”

I smile at him. “I’m asking you if you want to have a cup of coffee not if you want to roll around with me in bed.”

He seems to perk up, “I really shouldn’t. I have an appointment.”

He picks up his phone so that he can cancel his appointment.

Men are wolves. Once they catch a whiff of the scent, they are relentless. I knew that I had him from the beginning. He has wanted an excuse from the beginning to meet me. He has always been ready to wander. But he is not going to cross the line on his own. He wants some unavoidable impulse to guide his actions. And if I am willing to provide that force for him, then he is willing to embrace my offer without hesitation.

The fact that I caught him in the midst of competition only adds to his feelings of conquest. He loves the fact that I observed his body drenched with sweat. He feels that there can be little doubt about my intentions. Of course, the fact that our resolution is anything but ambiguous hardly offers him the cover for his moral indignation. He needs to uphold his role as an ethically-upstanding Brahmin. He intimates how sin has caught him while he has been unaware. He is searching for the flimsiest alibi that will allow him to trace the slithering path of the serpent towards his moral soul. Oh, the bite of the apple.

I know that the coffee is the dreaded venom that he is anxious to absorb. Once his heart accelerates an iota, he will have the perfect excuse for his metamorphosis. And if he is in the throes of such a biological upheaval, there is little that his rational side can do to hold back the march of progress. Kneel before the divine evolution!

I wonder where I pick them. For my part, I wanted a convenient excuse to meet him. To catch him in the middle of athletic competition seemed like the ideal opportunity. An isolated sport such as running did not offer the clear definition for his skills. I needed to observe strategy in the midst of the hunt. Golf has none of that terrible disposition that might be associated with a racket sport. And tennis seemed like the only situation that actually permitted true spectators. The better to allow him to show off his strokes. I admired each charge of the net. I hung with each point. In short, I was the perfect fan. And I only hoped that I could communicate to him my deeper insights on his play.

We are now sitting across from each other. He has ordered the dreaded coffee. And he is ready to give himself up to its dark magic. I have opted for a fruit juice. I want to keep my wits about me for the challenges that are sure to follow.

“It’s not as if I spend all my time hanging around the tennis court waiting to meet strange men. Besides, I told you that Tina’s my sister.”

“I did want to do anything to besmirch your reputation.” He smiles rather sinisterly.

“I didn’t feel that you did.”

We want to keep things above board. I sip from my juice.

He wants to run on the usual questions on me. Where do I work? How do I like to have fun? Am I a gold digger? For my part, I just wonder one thing: does he love to do it clean? I don’t want any complications from him. The less that I have to see him with his clothes on, the better.

“So where do you work?”

“I work in a law office.”

“Are you one of the partners?”

“Let’s just say that I make the major decisions.”

You are being coy

Discretion is necessary. I’m not going to say more than I have to.

I don’t want to pretend that I am a victim of a life of debauchery. It’s not that simple. Sure I know the equation. Pleasure only demands more pleasure. But I’m not a fucking machine. I like to savor the moment. Perhaps it is my method, which only leads to the madness.

It’s not like I try to be a hit and run lover. It’s just not safe for me to hang around and wait for my emotions to distract me. Guys are good with that sort of thing. They’re already contemplating their next lover while they try to get the girl to commit to a vision of passionate bliss. You just can’t believe that hearts and flowers routine. See it for what it is.

I know when to get out before it gets too deep. It doesn’t take much to let the quicksand just pull you under. It happens all the time.

“Are you coming?”

I snap out of my daydream. I haven’t finished my juice.

“To dinner?” he continues.

I’m not that hungry. And I really don’t remember agreeing to his invitation, but I end up following him.

Dinner is only an excuse to have sex. I think that he wants me to blow him during the appetizer. I can see him trying to look up my skirt during the entree. He’s already shooting his load before we’ve been together. At least the meal is good.

I go home afterwards. I need to shut him out just to survive. I diddle myself before I settle off for sleep. It settles me down.

On the way home, I watched a girl on the verge of passing out in the street while her friends try to revive her. She was sprawled all over the sidewalk, not a pretty sight. Just a short while ago, she had been the catch of the day. And she lived upon that knowledge as she kept pounding the vodka cranberries. Then it was just a fog for her.

Even though she had every guy in the place watching her, she never had the confidence to pull it off. That was the terrible part of the game.

It does get worse. Most guys assume that once a girl starts to show a little skin that she loses her intelligence. And when she’s completely naked, she’s got to be the dumbest thing on the planet. Just because I’m wearing a revealing dress doesn’t mean that your stupid comments are going to sound any wittier. As he moves his eyes up and down my legs, the juices just flow to

his head. I'm the one retaining my faculties. He's the one who's becoming tongue-tied.

It doesn't stop there. He smells alcohol on my breath, and it makes him a little crazy. He assumes that he can have his way with me. Just because I'm drunk doesn't make me easy.

I watch how much I drink. I appreciate how a stiff drink adds to the excitement. And I think it's easier to make a kill when you're a little tipsy. Then you can just let it slide off the skin and pretend that it didn't happen. But alcohol can give him the edge.

He wants me to join him for lunch. I show up in a little pair of shorts and maximum heels. I look ready to do some real damage. He might figure that I'm easy. I'm playing with him. I know what he wants to say. He'd like me to slip into the washroom for some action. He's lucky that I'm even sitting down with him. His eyes keep following my legs up to the edge of my shorts. He keeps waiting for me to turn so that can get a glimpse of my ass.

He thinks that he can work fast. He's got to understand that none of it is working at all. I've pushed things to the edge. He's trying to figure out a comeback. There is none. I love to see him flailing helplessly in the treacherous sea of his own desire.

What's his silly fantasy, that I'm going to spread it for him right here? And what does that leave me? It's not as if one night is going to satisfy me forever. I'm not really turned on by him. His frustration is the only thing that excites me at all. And the longer that this keeps on, the better this is for me.

He starts to probe me with his questions in that hope that he can get some kind of advantage over me.

"What made you so open with sex?"

"I'm not really like that. You just are assuming."

I want to take him home for a quick fuck. Or just do it in the bathroom and let him pick up the check. But these questions are starting to piss me off.

"I wasn't following the example of my mother!"

What am I doing here? Time to leave.

I have lost faith. I am not going to sit through his long boring sermon. He barely has anything over a garden slug. And I'm not ready to be lectured about my morals.

I wonder why I feel tested by his cat and mouse prying. I really have nothing to tell him. It's not like my life's an open book. But then there are no real secrets here either. What you see is what you get!

I'm not trying to sell myself short. Hardly! I just feel that a perceptive guy could add things up just by looking. It's not like I'm easy. But even my confidence is pretty obvious by the way that I carry myself. If he sees green lights all the way, he's going to be met with a timely road block.

To attain a certain confidence in my endeavors I needed to discover the limits of my desire. And I know that path has been fraught with risk. It's not as if I started my life with a book that explained what was the right path. That has meant that I have been a victim of my own over-zealousness. I know that it is a slow process to realize your own powers. And it has been more than a struggle for me. It's all about giving off an air of self-assurance, not let it seem as if I am trying too hard. Let it all come to me. If I have erred on the side of over-indulgence, so be it. That's just who I am.

I'm not sure if it's a matter of discovering my own true nature or creating it along the way. I know what a guy thinks when he's staring at me from across the table. I have to distract

his eyes from looking at my body. He can't help but believe in some kind of providence at that moment. And I do everything that I can to feed that illusion. At the same time, I have to let him know.

Sure, sex is this private thing. A transaction that is carried on behind closed door. But it's also a public performance. Something like theater. I go in to work after a wild night, and all the guys in the office want to check me out. They can feel it in my walk.

There's an intoxicating risk to just opening up inside my cubicle and letting him enter me while his friends are all watching. He bands away to show them how good he really is. I spread on my office chair wondering what's in it for me. That's where this performance ends. I need another tact. I can even give them the satisfaction that something is going on. They have to all understand that I am out of their league. Thousands and thousands of climaxes on their part is hardly a wink of the eye on my part. Keep chugging, boys.

This morning I woke up in a stranger's bed. A real stranger. I've done this before. But this is worse than ever. I really have no idea where I am. Sure, I can look at his mail and find his name. It will all provoke some kind of recollection on my part. That's really not what I mean. I do have a vague idea who this guy is. Even knowing that is not sufficient. I'm just a little freaked out about it all.

I know how he sees me. A stop along the way. He knows what to promise me. The mind-blowing orgasm. But what can he deliver? Can it really be that special? Can it blow apart that barrier that protects me against the truly explosive nature of pleasure?

Is there such a thing as mind-blowing? Sure it feels good at the time. But it's not going to do my work for me the next day. It's not going to be my forever beyond today. Maybe it could.

I wonder what the promise of ultimate pleasure would imply. It would be more than a plateau of excitement. The feeling would be closer to a tsunami wave with these waves sweeping over me again and again. I could never catch my breath. I couldn't make sense of it. Beyond words and images that I already have.

The feeling of the ultimate already captivates some players. One orgasm is not enough. Never enough. Just as pleasure hits that threshold, it promises something more. It's like starting to look around for something else. That is the MORE. It is an addiction or a disease. I don't want to admit to such an obsession. But I've got to know what it's about.

Pleasure tends to resolve to this mundane haze. That is why I can't stay with the same man. The repeat only reminds me what little he has to offer.

Guys have been with me and proposed all these weird scenarios. How we go pick up another girl. Or I invite a friend along.

"I really like your friend. Do you think that you could invite her over next time that we have sex?"

"There is going to be no next time."

Will there even be a this time? I try to catch that kind of stuff before it even gives birth in that little brain of his.

He's the one who'd go crazy if I had sex with some other guy. He wants faithfulness. But he retains the right to put his dick in every hot thing that buzzes in his direction.

I confess to the anonymity in all this. I close my eyes as he sides inside me. He could be anyone. But he isn't. I tell myself that I picked him because he turned me on. I follow the

routine. He is so fucking hot! And now he is filling me up with such extremes of passion. And when it finally rushes over me, I'll want to stay like this forever.

Forever! That is the beginning of his lie. He wants me to stay like this until the illusion takes me over. Finally! From that point on, he won't have to work a bit.

The alternative is just as frightening to him. I'll realize how he can never live up to that promise of his. I'll look for another man immediately. That's not that far from the truth. I try to play along. I just don't want to be a victim of his mind games.

How can I make sure that things are going to be that good the first time? Most guys are just too nervous. They build up to the moment and lose their concentration. They try to turn sex into this mental exercise. They'll practice with tapes and magazines for the big moment. But they only are exaggerating what's already a phantasm. Boom!

I'm still waiting for the magic to kick in.

I need to be extra cautious. The delusion only embellishes the narrative. He knows how to offer more and more while actually providing less and less. That's how it goes. It's what I'm forced to deal with. I accept the consequences. Or really, I don't. I anticipate this sort. I look for the practiced guy. The dirty man. Not someone who sees me as an angel. I want a guy who's a mechanic. Who's good at his job. He's a professional.

Sometimes the wear of the whole thing might be a little much for me. I realize that he is holding back. That doesn't stop me from pushing him when I need to. I can make the hardest guy believe that this time is different. I need that art for myself. It makes it a little different for me.

If there was reality to this mind-blowing orgasm, then I might think that there is a special one out there, one who can really take care of me. I've finally found the guy who's just like me. He's a loner too.

Things ain't that simple. They aren't supposed to be. If it's fantastic, then it's time to cut him off. He's not going to get better with age.

I know all this is making me a little too comfortable. I know that I'm a superstar. I can get anything that I want. I know that I can. I'm the fucking empress of the world. But I won't rest on my laurels. I won't bow to some man. I remind him in the bedroom who is in charge.

I suppose that I could live off my skill. As I lie here in his bed, I wonder what it would be like if he needed to deliver cash before I gave him love. I carry forward with the story. I could keep doing this. He could set me up in an apartment. Give me a luxury car. But would he do this if he didn't already have a wife. That's all part of the bargain. He wants to buy me off so that he doesn't have to give me his heart. And I don't even want that prize. It would be a curse.

I need to be content with the knowledge that I could have anything that I wanted. But if I really asked for something, that would be the end of my world.

What is the empire-attaining fuck? What is the that final wave that is going to put me over the top?

I love the feeling of losing control. I have one did everything that I can to deaden consciousness, and then I let things just sneak up on me. I love the playfulness as the wave of passion just rolls over me. Once I am lost in its tide, there is nothing that I can do to hold back the feeling. It is so potent that I can think about nothing else. I no longer even pretend that it makes any difference. I surrender totally to the present.

I know that someone might say about me. That my past is deadly, and I fear its effects. I

know how that makes others so comfortable. I can't possibly enjoy physical pleasure at its most exquisite without having something wrong with me. Let me assure you that this apple has no rotten spots. There is no shame that I am trying to work off in sex. I just like what I do. It's not for lack of intimacy. I'm just not fake. I know what I want. I make no pretenses. My talents are well known. I simply ask for what I want and I get it.

I know that might seem rude. There is no doubt a particular resentment among those who cannot have fun without a long set of rules. Let me assure you that a confining discipline is hardly part of my personal life. I live for liberation. I am completely free.

I don't even think twice. I lie back and let my desires explore these new sensations. My body comes alive. This is my very reason for living.

He holds me close and kisses me on the shoulder. Everything is so perfect. There is none of that over-zealous quality that usually characterizes his caresses. He isn't trying to hide his tender side behind waves of intense passion. I like this.

Whenever I have doubts about him, I ask him to kiss me. My uncertainty quickly fades with the tender touch of his lips. As the night wears on, the tenderness is transformed in to a singular insistence on his part. This finally gives way to his broad aggression. It is obvious that he is getting exactly what he desires. Indeed, it is so perfect for him, that he can easily transfer his affections to someone else when the moment suits him.

What can I do to hold him? I can't threaten to reveal his indiscretions. That only makes the passion between us fade. I don't want it to draw attention to our shortcomings. But I hardly want to accept anything less than complete devotion on his part.

I know that I am being silly. I really draw my strength by having him deceive his lover. If I drew attention to this failing, I might lose his concern for me. And I do not want to dispense with that concern. So I take the transience of our connection as a given. It is what sustains us. The risk.

I don't know why I keep doing this

"Maybe it's because it's what you really love to do."

There's an element of self-loathing in the game. If I don't feel it, I work to make him sense it that way. He needs to give something up if he's going to play.

I set the scene, have him invite me back to his place. We are already hanging all over each other. He is wetting his pants. Every feeling on his part only makes him more out of control. Each stumbling step suggests the same purpose. He props me up against the wall. He tries to dry hump me. This is awful. I just want to feel his dick inside me. Just slip it in. We fall together on the floor.

"Do you want to hear the whole story? Do you want numbers?"

"Are you some kind of whore?"

"This is not exactly about marriage!"

I never stop for red lights. Sure I make sure my way is clear before I head in to the intersection. But I make the right of way my own. Sometimes this means waiting for the other cars to pass through. Other times it means putting my foot to the floor and muscling my way through traffic. Either way, I get what I want. I arrive at my destination with the minimum of delay.

I am not a person to take undue risk. But the calculation of risk separates the survivors from those who wallow on the sidelines. I am not going to waste my life wracking my brain

about what I did wrong. I am going to take the chance that I need to finish on top. I was born to finish number one. Let others suffer over their insecurities. I see what I want, and I go for it.

I am lying next to him. I might as well be home on my own.

“You never want it to be different. You only want it automatic.”

“What do you mean by that?” He is defensive.

“It’s the only way that you know how to feel pleasure. You don’t like to give anything of yourself. You always hold back.”

“That sounds like something that you’ve read about in some self-love book. It’s nonsense. I give you what you want. I keep up with your physical extremes. You can talk about how I don’t satisfy. Or some hidden desire on your part. You know that it doesn’t exist.

“Everything that you do is matched somehow by a feeling on my part. I can measure each change in your makeup. I have no doubt what is going on inside.”

“You do! You can’t tell me who I really am. What I’m thinking when I’m by myself.”

“You’re trying to accommodate for the intensities between us.”

“And you’re off screwing someone else.”

He looks at me, “Those were our terms. You always wanted it like this.” He has this big intimidating grin on his face. I don’t want to flatter him.

I can’t pretend that he is preventing me from realizing some intense physical pleasure. To the contrary. He is making it too easy. No wonder he seems to be getting off the hook. Every doubt has been reduced to a physical gesture. And he has learned how to reassure me. How might I question him at a moment like this.

“Don’t get metaphysical on me now. Neither of us can call on psychic powers. We share the best of what it is to be human.”

I want to ask for love. But he is right. This is not part of my bargain. I let her do that work for me. I might feel better if our passion just crushed her. It does not. Ultimately, I do not want to evoke love in his presence. I let her spin the metaphysical thread. I will pull at the real in the hopes that it might makes its complement vanish. If not love, then a more intense passion.

“I just have the feeling that you are using me. You want to compensate for all her shortcomings. So you push me to the edge. And you play both ends against the middle. Your match is so weak in its strategy.”

“Our love-making isn’t a game. I really love being with you.”

“I suppose that you do.”

His obsequiousness is almost worse than any embarrassment that might come to me from being exposed socially.

“I think that I wanted you from the moment that I met you. But I found you a little stuck up.”

I look back at him. I barely understand what he’s telling me.

“Is that why you came on like gangbusters?”

“I don’t know. What do you mean?”

“You were using sex to get back at me. If you got me to surrender, then you’d bring me down a couple of notches in your estimation.”

“I never thought about it that way.”

He is trying to influence how I think about him. He wants to reveal himself. But he doesn’t want me to feel anything less about him. There s part of him that has always viewed this

as a conquest. Admittedly it has been a difficult one. That is not to say that I really put up any resistance to his advances. I recall desiring it just as much as he did. But he needed to leave the solemn impression that he had no intention of using me. This meant that his work was cut out for him. At least, I want to offer him some credit for his efforts. I never really believed that he was in love with me. I just thought there was some affection between us.

If it was all an act on his part, he has been very good. I tend to be a very suspicious person. I am not the sort to give in to hearts and flowers. But he has been conscientious in planning his compliments. Every step seems laid out strategically. And I just fall along the way. How naive am I?

I suspect that his initial ardor totally threw me off the scent. I had the initial impression that this was nothing but physical pleasure for whatever that means. So I never had the least reason to mistrust him. No trust was ever expected. At the same time, I was somewhat taken by his intellect. He could appear entirely cynical about the physical act. And he spent the subsequent time trying to distance himself from the determinations of passion. So I naturally assumed an intellectual coincidence even if I doubted the emotional bond between us. This convention seemed to hold in a deeper way than any demonstration of affection. It forced us to acknowledge a naked hunger on both our parts. It left no shame about our need to feed that hunger.

If he doesn't have an ugly history to protect him, I can create one. When all is said and done, what really gets you going? Your loving wife. No, it's not a wife this time. Your girl. Your caring lover.

Wait, it gets better. She's someone that I know. She's a friend of mine. I like my invention. It gives me an excuse to hang around him longer. I can keep the experiment going until I get good and close. Just fuck him up that way. This is better than anything else that I have done before.

I want breakfast in bed. I want it all. I don't even want to get out of bed today. It's his place. I need to get out of here.

The next time that I am out alone, I really look around. No guy strikes my fancy. This is going to be terrible. I don't want to get attached. My skill is getting in my way. I believed that I could get away with things. I've become sloppy.

I don't return his phone calls. I need to get back in the swing of things. Do a job just to reassure myself that I'm still good at the game. But I know that I'm not? I'm going to mess up along the way. I run through my options. I don't even want to be with a man right now. I learn to enjoy my solitude.

I have work. I have a life. In a way, I have long range plans. If I give in to this guy, it will only get worse.

I'm so good at psyching myself out. As long as I don't talk to him, I can pretend that it's over. Again, it never happened. My longing for him has dissipated. I don't even think about it as I let the shower water run over my body. I am a new woman. No more bull shit.

I try to be tough. Do it on my own. I can feel the fissures. I need to hold on tight. The wait is always incredible. I can almost hear them call my name. I am getting anxious.

It's so easy just to put on some clingy clothes and some make up and then just head out the door.

If I feel glum, it's going to show in my body. I trace the lines on my face. I wish the

years away. Every time has to have all the illusions of the first. This will be perfect.

I stay in after work. I read a few books. I watch some movies. I don't want to let on how it feels inside. There is no inside; it's only an illusion that he creates to try to control me. I am a machine. I am good at what I do.

I need to put it all away. Find solace in what I am. That is a new way of thinking of things. I work to find a perfection in myself. Something that does not need something extra to complete its worth.

I know that this is not how things really are. But it is so good to pretend. There is nothing aggressive in these moments.

Then it just explodes all over again. We are wrestling by the door. He has his hands reaching under my dress. I am panting. I want him inside of me.

The feeling passes. I don't give in. Not this time. He negotiates a dinner out of me. We sit across from each other.

"I've missed you."

That is a lame excuse on his part. What about what's-her-name?

"She just doesn't do it for me."

"Why don't you break up with her?"

"There's the house. When I'm with her, I just melt. I don't have the heart to tell her."

He stares at me.

"Why are you fidgeting like that?"

"What are you talking about?"

"If you're not having sex, you just are all jumpy."

"That's silly. You're trying to find excuses for still being with her."

How can I think that there is any reason to be with him? I need to roll it all back in time. This is just a long one-night stand. Get it over, please.

"You are smug. I'm not going to suck you off in the restaurant."

Maybe that is what he needs. He still looks so proper.

I stare at him, "I'm surprised that you have succeeded in business. You're not a shark. You're a guppy. Your dad has done all the real work."

He doesn't flinch.

"Are you done?"

I need to cut him. I haven't landed a blow. This is a disaster. I still go home with him.

"Is she away?"

"She's your friend."

"That's not what I'm saying."

Sex seems more like an accident. We just collide into each other. I do everything that I can to hold back my soul. It just doesn't work out like that. He knows how to heat up the battle. Then it becomes this contest. And he has staying power.

"That's what it's really about."

I know the whole deal about will. You can will it all you like. But it's more this mystery. When it takes over, that is his magic.

He is inside me just wailing away. I open up even more, and he becomes more monstrous. Would I tolerate this if it wasn't the heat of passion? I might find his aggression more an intrusion. I can feel him dig deep into my being. Almost drilling away like a dentist.

But I welcome the feeling.

Then it hits. That fluidity. Less and less control on my part. It is only getting worse. I can't stop. He knows it.

"You don't have anything over me."

He does, and he knows it. I try to speed up and leave him in the dust. I am going full throttle, but I feel as if I am hardly moving. He lets me know it as he pumps away. Where does he get the energy? Is he going to follow it up with her?

I don't know how to sacrifice. I want more. I remind myself where this is taking me. I want to play into his silly little fantasies.

"What is the progression? Sex in public. Pain. Sex with other partners. Where does it lead?"

"You know that I'm not like that. I just like being with you."

I want to insult him. I don't like to admit how much I want to be with him. I can't even feel my body. The spirit.

I spend another few weeks going back and forth. Feast and famine. On the rare occasions when I starve myself, I feel like some kind of saint. Then I just give in. I let him degrade me in his own upstanding way.

"Are you staring at my ass?"

I can see his tongue wagging.

When he is inside me, I open up even wider. I want to let the whole world in.

I can't stay at his place. The streets are empty. I drive fast.

I want to cheat on him. I want to cheat on myself. I keep flirting with random men. It is getting me nowhere. It is making me soft.

"It's just business as usual"

My throat is parched. I need to find my own bed. I need to exorcize the demons.

I invent another story for the archives. I started this game early by being led around by older men. Then I realized the power of sex. I could demand pretty well anything that I wanted. But they all wanted to hear my story in exchange for whatever they were willing to pay.

I hate that story. I am going to excise it from the files. How can the story ever start right? Does it have a correct beginning? It doesn't even have a proper ending.

He closes the door behind her. What excuse has he made to get out? An early meeting in the morning. The meeting is early. But he is going to take another one tonight.

"I'm glad that you could make it over."

"Business as usual."

"I got away clean."

"Not quite! She called me before I came over here."

Someone pinch me.

"I didn't mean for you to really do it. I was just thinking to myself."

I need to jump start my life. Today is Friday. I'll get it together on Monday.

"You have a meeting Saturday morning."

"It's golf."

"I met you on the tennis courts. I didn't know that you were such a useless fuck."

He smiles. He glances at the point where my shorts meet my leg.

"You are fine!"

“You are truly a man of many words.”

“I don’t need to say too much when I’m around you.”

“A fine response when you’re eating me out!”

“It’s not like you’re being forced to do it.”

“It’s sort of like a payback.”

“You just do it so it to make you think that you’re a good lover. If you really wanted to pay me back, you’d give me money.”

“Do you really want it that way?”

“You couldn’t pay me enough.”

“So you give it away for free.”

“Just call it charity.”

I smile. He sits there sheepishly.