

7. SPONTANEOUS

There is nothing like a good spontaneous fuck to remind me who I really am. If I have any doubts, it lets me know what I'm really worth. Don't think that this girl sells herself cheap. No way. All it takes is just a glance to send a tingle all through me. Then I feel the electricity run all over my body. It just takes me over. I am helpless. I can't stop it. I live for moments like this when I just come outside of myself.

Once that feeling sets in, I do everything that I can to maintain it. It takes me over. I think about nothing else. I'd give up my world just to get it.

You really don't know unless you've tried it. You might wonder how someone else would sacrifice his whole world just to get off. I know. I know all too well. Don't doubt me on this. It's just a tribute to my looks. It tells me just what I can and can't have. And I want it now. No waiting. The crazy power. No pretense. Just raw desire.

Sex is my empire!

I know some men have tried to create a rival dominion based on their sexual magnificence. Every stroke is simply a tribute to their authority. In sex, it is so easy to surrender to this absurdity. Time and time again I have felt my own vulnerability. It is so simple to let myself go and believe that his summit is the source of my pleasure. I have to deny him even to the extent of erasing the very projection of his anatomy. So be it. It is all about my pleasure not his.

It might seem a little heavy-handed trying to impose my vision on our congress. I know that he believes that his arousal is omnipotent. He associates a deeper perspective about the world with his own self-confidence. But for every high that he projects, there is also this lull where he must face his own helplessness. I have none of that vulnerability. Again, sex is my empire!

I can never give in to feelings of remorse. I must conquer with all swiftness. At the end of the day, I must be the victor in this struggle. They say that love is a war. There is no love here to save me. I'm engaged in a pitched battle. Take no prisoners! No looking back! Regret means defeat. From then on it just becomes a total disaster. I wage my campaign without hesitation. Throw myself into the fray. I have no time for any hesitation.

There is something entirely automatic in what I do. I work myself into a frenzy and just let it flow. A certain haziness dominates my mind. I can think about nothing else. At the same time, it is all so studied that I just let the body take over. When I come down, I hope to reach that point of determination. I love this controlled chaos.

Lesser beings would get eaten up in all the craziness that surrounds me. I know how to hang on. There is a moment when to let to go. Until that point, I need to exercise my critical faculties. I don't want to blow it by being too eager. Once I've played, it may be too late to take it back. I need to be sure. It's all about the preparation.

Confidence is the basis of the game. It helps me get over any obstacles in my way. I just plough ahead. If I didn't give off that confidence, I might flounder when I met a strong opponent. I never let it get to that stage. I am resolute. I am more than tough. I am like steel. So it must be. No distractions.

Once I let go, I am like an arrow seeking its target. Any impediment is simply a

replacement target. The path is sure. The momentum is intense. The impact is incredible. It shakes me all over. I can hardly hold myself together. But I brace myself as the tip pierces the skin. I have succeeded. In this success, I take further strength to do the same thing again and again.

“You look really good.

So should I feel bad if this isn't going to last more than one night? Of course not. I just don't let it bother me. I never do. But for some reason I really do feel bad tonight. It's as if I've eaten something terrible. I don't know what's made me this way. It's not guilt. But I am going to have to act quickly. Otherwise, I am going to start to question myself. I don't need a conscience.

After a night of solid action, I'm not going to even have any second thoughts about what's happening. But for the time being, it's an impediment. Like something sticking in my craw. I just can't swallow. There's the bad meal analogy again.

There are guys who believe it's all them. You know the type. He's the one looking at himself in the mirror while he's working out. He thinks that he sees the muscles getting hard before his eyes. That's the trick. He imagines a hand caressing him while he's locked in self-admiration. If he's not stroking himself, it's probably some other guy who's also jacked up in mutual admiration.

It's a real sport to bag one of these characters. Sure, it's easy. But the best part is bringing him down without any effort. Not to give in to him at all. But make him think that he's going to get his dreams satisfied.

I wonder what's in it for me.

Some girls strut their stuff for their man and think that they are all nasty and shit. It's their way of getting naughty. Dangerous! Who are they kidding? It's tame as can be. No risk at all. She's already revealed her dark secrets. And there really isn't much left. It's almost an insult more than a challenge. She's trying to tell him that she's an exhibitionist. A willing tease. But there are no surprises here. She's already yielded all her freedom to him. There's really nothing left.

The vamp is convinced that she's some kind of porn star. That sex is really dirty. And she'll do everything that she can to satisfy her man. Because he'll do anything that he can to repay the favor. No inhibitions. But down deep she's really afraid that she'll start loving sex for its own sake. And if she does, there will be no stopping her. I mean once you start thinking about it, it doesn't stop. And when her man isn't around, she'll only want it more. It's gone way beyond anything polite. It's become absolutely crazy. Now, she's just that way.

When she wants to experiment, will he be able to hold her back? No way! So that's the trade off. She has to pull back before the edge. She has to believe that there's more happening than there really is.

Her mind starts to wander, and that becomes a clue for her. She better get it back. How is she going to do that? The only way that she can help herself is not to let go. And the sleazy princess goes back to being the angel that she was meant to be. A leopard can't change her spots/ Look at what love does. Absolutely nothing.

If she really hates her life, she might take lessons in love-making. Enroll herself in an exotic discipline. Almost like spiritual meditation. Something that speaks of the transcendence

of the body. That's just a pretense. Down deep, she's just a stripper. No intellectual puzzle can change that reality. She'll never take it all off. Simply because she doesn't want to let go. There's that part of her that she holds back. She never knows what she's missing.

Even if she's the hottest number on the planet, she's afraid of that one flaw that is going to make everything unravel. She protects herself. She gives in to his flattery once and for all. She hates the glare that follows her every move. She covers herself in sackcloth and ashes.

Once you quit submitting to your own vanity, that's the end. Vanity is just a weak form of pride. And pride is true confidence in the self. If you've got it, you've got to get it even better. There's no middle ground here. It's like missing a day at the gym the muscles are going to lose their tone. The exercise has to be constant. I'm not going to let some guy tell me who I am. I'm way past that. He's going to have to catch up. I'm going to leave him breathless.

These naughty girls just leave themselves exposed. They throw down their defenses. And the best they can manage is to get angry over some trivial thing. They've given up the only strength that they have. Never let a guy think that he has more power than he does. That will only give him the belief that he can probe for more. That's all he needs to wear you down. I'm not going to let it get that far. I won't give up an inch. That's where true discipline comes in. It's all in the mind. The body is like a lump of clay. The artist's hands will mold the clay into the perfect form. She can make the inert substance come alive.

Never let anyone get too close to the process that makes it happen. Make him admire from a distance. Even when he touches the flesh, make him believe that something else is going on. You have to play to the hilt. Make the balance work in your favor. That is my watchword. It's like a religion. And I am inculcating him with my faith. The believer cannot sway for a moment. Just as I have committed myself, so I ask him to do the same. That is my art. My seduction goes even deeper. There are moments when I feel such a let down from this crazy pace of excitement. It's almost as if there's really nothing for more without this constant pursuit. I hate how that sounds. I don't want to seem depressing. But that's just how it gets. There's nothing that I can do to make me feel any better about it. It's not like I start drinking in the morning. Although I've got to say that there is the temptation. I know how risky that can be.

Some nights when I go out, I can't get going until I have a few drinks. I suck them up like there's no tomorrow. I want that rush. And once I get it, I'm raring to go. It gives me that edge. Just like an eagle. I can survey my prey with that detached stare. It also prevents me from getting caught up in things. And I really know how destructive that could be. I really don't need any kind of magnifying glass on my life. I'm content with who I am.

My blue moods never last too long. I don't pay them too much attention. It's not as if I'm that self-destructive. I don't miss work. I save my money. I'm careful. I just have this one quirk, and it's not all that. I like to have fun. Pure fun. No moralizing. Liberty. I'm not hurting anyone. And I do my best not to get hurt. It's how I stay in the game.

I know that there's a bit of sport in all this. If I'm not up to my best, I just leave myself exposed. And there is always this danger that I am going to open myself up too much. Maybe it's making me harder. I'm getting too numb to my own pain. I can't cry about it. I have to stay sane. I have to keep going.

Alcohol could just take over and spin me for a loop. Some nights I feel that I'm on that route. If things don't happen fast enough, it's easy to get down on myself. I'm not going to let it

bother me. There is that urge to grab another drink to make the time pass more quickly.

If I smoked, it would all explode in front of my face. My lack of restraint would be obvious. I just don't let myself get that open. I need to maintain some mystery. Ultimately, I don't want a reputation. And if people catch on to my habits, it's time to move on. It's a big world; there's always somewhere else to hide.

It takes a special discipline not to surrender to all the snares around. I could just slip and fall. It's not really spiritual. But it's almost the same thing. I'm committed to strict understanding of who I am. It's part of my makeup. It's what I do to my body to make me confident. Part exercise, it's all a matter of self-control. I know that it works.

I haven't turned to religion. I'm not immersed in some cultish self-help thing. But there is a mental concentration that I need to sustain me. There's also something that I expect from these encounters with guys. I learned how to communicate with my body to obtain just what I need. It's more than pleasure. I know when to hang on and when to let go.

When I'm at the gym, I test out that part of me. I need to be able to push myself and trust my body to do what I tell it. I can't give out at the moment that I have to be the most powerful.

There is an incredible aspect to it all. Miraculous in its own way. And when everything is going right, I can feel the world just explode beneath me. I feel satisfied. That might make me vulnerable. Once I've accepted such an incredible high, it make me a little afraid. I'm just going to do everything that I can to get back to the same peak. But that's how it works. That's where the discipline comes in. Also the foresight. I know what I like.

In a sense, all of this seems like it has nothing to do with anyone else. In its own way, that's the way it is. And I wish that I could get to that point by myself. I just can't. I need someone else driving me to that next level. There is something about the competition. So I ready myself for that moment. I am sparring with my shadows. And when I meet the actual opponents, they are never as formidable. So I just guide them to the desired end.

I wonder what would happen if things got out of control. Some girls that I know reach that point all the time. They walk that edge with such precision. Each moment they hold themselves back. Then it just takes a little push to drive them over. And they just slide over the precipice. Not me, doll.

It's so easy to let it all come apart. Let the pleasure control me and not me control the pleasure. This is where my identity comes in, I've got to be more than the sex. I need to feel something deeper inside than what the guy is telling me. Some guys get really turned on by that. They believe that I'm doing it all for them. I'm not. But it's easy to believe it's that way. Because the boundaries seem fuzzy. They aren't. However, when you break the rules, people believe that anything goes. They don't realize that a new order emerges from this chaos. That is why I have to be so good at what I do. I say it again and again. I can't let myself be compromised. It's all or nothing.

The key is to know when to leave. It's so easy to think that there's something there. Affection or tenderness. Worse, love. Repeated sessions make it so easy to believe. There's no mystery here. The body is opening up. Giving in. A person from another's body. What turns him on. What drives him insane. What make him helpless. That is enough for me. I don't need a basket case hanging around waiting for his love fix. Worse, I don't want some guy getting all hard with me to prove that he's not vulnerable. Cut the power trip. Head back to the forest.

Little Red Riding Hood is off on her own.

This is not about looking for a lover. There is no permanence at all in my belief. I'm after the ultimate in spontaneity. Anytime anyplace finally means no time no place. Not with you, baby. No time. Never.

He can smell it. He thinks that he can track my history. And that just makes me a loose woman. All that he has to do is whistle and I come running. But it doesn't work like that. I can smell it too. I know his desperation. It reveals all his weaknesses, how he is simply incapable of dealing with me. Just as I turn it on, I can turn it off. And I do. I can't waste my time. I won't. I never do.

Some mornings when I wake up alone in my bed, I can sense that I am trying to tell myself something. Time to slow down. To jump off the merry-go-round. That's the trouble. The ride is still moving. I just spinning around.

I work to steel myself to my doubts. I make myself into a moving target. There's going to be no chance to bring me down. It's easy to forget how good I've become. I don't have anyone keeping track for me. And the low points obscure how freaky the highs have been. I have been soaring. I am a goddess.

Sure, it might be tough to get out of bed this morning. I could use a little boost to get the blood flowing. Coffee just ain't going to do the trick. I need electro-shock.

My deepest fear is noone will realize how proficient I have become. That's the way it is. I play to win. But my spectators are all the losers. All the players I have pushed to the wayside. And they are very good witnesses even to their own demise.

What a dream! I just blaze this trail through them all, unaffected by their childish plaints. They'd give me house and home just for that moment of supremacy. But it is my moment. They can't offer me a thing to stay. That's the surprise of it all. That their desire is face to face with them, in the flesh. They will want what they cannot have. And I will drive them to that point.

Why isn't the knowledge sufficient for me? Why even stay in this drama at all. I need to figure out how to break him. And once I reach this point, I am done.

There have been times when I have tried to swear off the lifestyle that I lead. I've accused myself of being out of control and wished that I could get something to slow me down. It's tough when you have to be on point every second of the day. Even when I'm alone at home, it's the same thing. I wonder if I'm losing the edge. But I can't let any of this bother me at all. I have to keep pushing ahead. That is what I do.

Those weeks when I cleaned up my act just seemed like hell. There was this incredible emptiness in my life. I couldn't imagine going to barbecues with my friends and sitting on the deck talking about plans for their children. My mind would drift to trying to seduce my friends' husbands and lovers. And if I reached that point, it would be all down hill from there. These guys have nothing appealing about them. They are just a weight holding their down. Not even good for snacks. My suburban friends gave up long ago. That is why we really don't keep in touch.

Being free is just that. Letting my desires take me where I want. It is terrible to have some encumbrance blocking my way. I know how easy that can get. Sex can become a routine. Even on the first outing. Some guys are totally by the book. I can feel them taking apart my body step by step. They believe that they are blazing a path to the soul. After that last gasp of

passion, they think that they have finally made their way into the holy of holies. No way! It takes a real skill to smoke out this kind of clown. The naive me was never able to make that determination. But that is what growing up is all about. Learning that you can't let just any guy hunt your inner soul. If I am to be free, I have to set some kind of constraints on the guys who try to affect me.

There is a real cruelty in this competition. I offer very little sympathy to the misery of others. And in my own way, I almost increase the displeasure of those around me. This is all part of the contest. Maybe it's a sick balance. I get pleasure out of hurting others. It's not meant that way. I don't intend to be some kind of bitch. I can't worry about stuff like that. It's hard to keep aware of the troubles of others when I have to fight just to be myself. That's what the game is all part. There are winners and losers. And I became committed long ago to being a winner.

I do not only have to devastate my rivals, I have to lay waste to my lovers as well. It's almost a pre-emptive revenge. I realize that they will eventually do me harm. So I simply prepare myself for that outcome. My anticipation is what makes me such an expert competitor. I yield nothing.

I know how most readers look for a sympathetic character. Even if they are given to their own fantasies of control, it is difficult to admit to their inner passions. So it is much easier to accuse someone like me. I'm that flirt who is willing to break up their relationships. Let me tell you, girls, I never break anything that isn't already broken. And if it's really that bad off, it's not something that has any appeal to me. I'm not a bottom feeder. I don't dig road kill. I'm a predator not a vulture. My prey has to be cold-blooded. I need to know that the blood is pumping in those veins. There are no two ways about it.

Sometimes I watch a girl cling to her man as I walk by. Even in her simple way, she can sense trouble. I smile at her insecurity. I am on the prowl. I'm not going to stop since I've been spotted. That only encourages me. It tells me that I've got it. Don't worry, sister, there's nothing that you've got that I want. Believe you me that I've sampled from that tray when it caught my fancy, and I left the slim pickings to rot after my flight. Dine on to your meager fare. That is what is on your plate. I am long past feasting. I pass their table once again to remind both of them that they are way out of their league. I can see him pant and her sneer!

There are so many girls who waste their talents in their golden years. Youth is not meant to be squandered. You have to use what you are given. Every inch of the body is a awakening of pleasure. You have to flaunt what you've got and maximize your assets. Free love reinforces that confidence that is at the heart of sexual desire. It makes you more than you are. It offers you immortality. This is how we fly.

I spent hours preparing myself for these exquisite moments of pleasure. I make my muscles taut and well-defined. These smooth crevices are the keys to the more profound delights of the body. A tight abdomen only reminds a guy of the more provocative treats that are at his disposal. There can be no distractions from that understanding. He can grab my tight butt to brace himself for a deeper incursion into the soul. The physical body opens the path to lasting enjoyment.

I am committed to this intense mysticism. Morality teaches us that the body is the source of sin. It anchors the body to the earth. It makes it nearly impossible to find the true purpose for which we are intended. Love has this same quality of restricting the adventures available to the

true searcher. There is no middle ground here. It is hopeless trying to deny the heart. So often a girl will settle for someone because she loses her will. A guy loves it when that magnificent panther has been reduced to a cowering little pussy cat. You can't let yourself be broken down that easily. Return to the wild! Throw off the bonds of captivity.

There are so many girls who fear that they will be punished if they have fun. That sex is the worst sin. That kind of attitude is just a way of keeping women in their place. I know so many girls who succumb to that teaching. And it's not like it really stops them from having sex. They get so embroiled at fighting off temptation that they are just helpless little souls when they get bit by the real thing. They just become useless trying to ward off the real wolves out there.

Morality just makes them make silly choices. It dulls their critical faculties. They believe that sex is this gift from God. They are total slaves to their desires. I've seen it time and time again. They cling to these abusive types because they can't break free. It is sad. It's so strange how you can be taught one way and turn out the total opposite. I think that's just part of the plan. You end up rejecting what has dominated your life.

I don't want to pretend that I am the result of sheltered home love. It's just not that way. I've never done anything because I felt forced by an irresistible impulse. There was a time when I meandered a little. I was young. I wasn't sure what I wanted. But I eventually righted myself. I will admit that sex is this power that just wells up in me. But it's more like the ocean surf. You feel the intensity of the wave and ride it out there.

Every lover wants a story. It's not enough to share a most extreme pleasure. He has to be convinced that his wonderful charm has helped to motivate the elegant ceremony. Shall I oblige? I can hardly do as much. It is not my purpose to motivate his thirst. It is not up to me to inspire his lust. Instead, I do everything that I can to take the edge off that appetite. To deflect his intent. Why? If he thinks of me simply as a conquest, he can hardly be a willing partner. But then, am I ultimately ready to partner with someone who I will eventually vanquish.

This is so much like a duel. Like every duel there has to be an insult which sets it all in motion. The seduction starts with just such an upheaval. He comes off as a god. And I reject his initial foray. I mock him. And in this gesture, I issue the challenge. For his part, he believes that he is up to the game. He thinks that he can obtain vengeance.

I only smile when I see his bravado. It leaves him completely exposed. He chooses weapons that appear to be my undoing. How he thinks he can wound me with his prowess. I'm not some innocent church girl. He has met his match. More than that. He will not even realize what has hit him.

As I have emphasized time and time again, most of these fools will never make the cut. I will dispose of them in the here and now. Embarrass them for even coming on to me.

There are the more noble souls who will keep my attention for most of the evening. It's not that they are able to hide their true nature. I just need the practice sparring with them. When I finally soften them up, I make quick work of them and take my exit.

It is only the most proficient who can entice me to the next point.

I'm not really looking for sympathy. I like what I do. That is that. I realize that if I give in to my insecurity, that would only get the ball rolling. It would just be a terrible slide from then on. I can't let myself think like that. I've got to be tough as nails. Pain just isn't part of my equation. It's all a question of will. I just need to concentrate. Get rid of the negativity. Make it

part of my game. Turn it against my opponents. I can feel them gaining on me. It would be the worst if I just gave in. I have to maintain my conditioning. It's what gives me the ability to reach down deep in myself in those depressing moments.

It's not as if I ever really get depressed. I don't even give in to those little dark moments. I've turned it into an art form just to breakout of those little pitfalls that might pull me under. I know how to navigate a crisis quickly and efficiently. It's like wrapping all the dirt in a bundle and sending it down the garbage chute, no questions asked.

I hate how people try to analyze me. Pretend that if I just settled down that all my problems would go away. You've got to know that it's the other way around. You can't marry your troubles. That would be psycho. I know when to jettison the weight and travel light. That's how I feel.

I realize that happiness is just around the corner. No doubt!

When the party starts, all my worries vanish. It's like the y never were there. I realize all along that this is the way that things are. Even if there are these hopeless moments, they will pass. I don't dwell on bad thoughts. I have too much going for me. I count my blessings and get back into the race.

I think that my confidence is what carries me through these minor disasters. The right strategy is to use an obstacle as a triumph. It's all about being clever. Seeing the dip in the road, and just speeding up to sail on past it. Not losing control, holding on tight, and taking the brunt on the collision at full speed. My momentum carries me on through.

I don't want to come off as a shallow person. I'm not. But you can't carry your crosses around with you. Liberation is goal one. I've learned how to escape the prison bars scot-free. This is not deep philosophy. I don't want to pretend that thinking is for losers. You just can't second guess life. That's the source of my pleasure principle. And it has become a rule.

If there's a law to pleasure, it is that it must be a maximum. It allows no compromise. There is nothing less than then the absolutism of pleasure. You can't get your feet a little wet. The body has to be submerged completely in the churning ocean. Anything less is an excuse. Anything less and the healing waters just doesn't have the opportunity to do their work.

In the scheme of things, that might make me cold. Call me a cold bitch if you will. I'm not going to give you a shoulder to cry on. Tears are for quitters. When I feel a twinge of sadness coming on, I take that as a cue to leave. And if I'm always ready to take flight, so be it. That's the real trick. Because if you really want to get off, it takes a little bit on investment of time. Dealing with his shit. Making him think that there's more to it.

I know that I believe his little whisper when he sends that shiver all through my body. It shakes me to the core. I'm going to follow that feeling until my body screams out with all the passion that I've stored inside. And it may take a long time to get to that point of balance. It is something very precise. If I don't take that summit as a clue, then I'm going to have to deal with his shit. I look for that exit sign to light up. Then it's time to go, no questions asked. That's the heart of spontaneity. Even the moment to take flight has an immediacy to it. I give in to that just as well as I give in to those pangs of hunger that motivate pleasure. And when the door closes behind me, I breathe in that gasp of fresh air. I have gotten just what I was looking for.

I'm out one night drinking alone. Nothing heavy. Nursing the same martini for almost an hour. He looks over at me. I smile. Then he give me that extra special gaze. The one that just

tells me that he is going to take care of me. It is simply hideous. Love and hate. I embrace it.

There is little to say. Either I accept his nasty proposition, or I shoot him down. And I know what I'm going to do. I can't let him think that he has that kind of power over me. But I didn't come out to rack up a lofty bar tab. I've got to knock him down and see if he's going to stay on his feet. It's the challenge. I'm up for it, is he.

He's trying to play it coy. He figures that his proposition is enough to do the trick. He a pretty useless closer. I'm not going to do the work for him. He has to make the sale.

His knack is seducing innocent types. They easily fall prey to his charm. But they believe it is part of a larger package. Sure they surrender one night. It's part of the bargain, the first step in a contract. And what follows is the windfall. He dresses well. He is immaculate. He drives a luxury car. He lives in a high-rise condo. Everything says wealth. And these girls believe that he is going to share the wealth. Only they are the ones paying the higher price. They give him belief. And he expects as much.

I am the speed-bump. I realize that he is adept as a player; I want as much. But he needs the psychological assurances. Down deep, he is more frail than his victims. This is what I need to expose. Just provoke that nerve and make him howl. That will tell me that I can win this contest.

He rubs his hand along the cuffs of his pressed shirt. Then he looks up and smiles. That is his tell. How good is he really? Does he recognize that he has tipped me off? Sure he does. That's why he licks his lips and takes a sip from his drink. I don't move a muscle. I am cool under pressure. He is losing the sale, and he knows it.

"I could buy you another drink."

"I was thinking of leaving after I finished this one." I don't look up. I don't even acknowledge his offer with a thank you. He needs to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Is there any hope here?

I'm out for action. But I'm not easy.

He scrambles to recover. It's going to be difficult for him to come up with another option. His cards have already been laid on the table. And they have all been turned over. He needs to arrange a new deal.

I realize what is at the core of my being. It is more than pleasure. Pleasure is almost a distraction. At best, it is simply a bridge to the next phase. I do not want to be loved or cherished. Not even to be adored. I want to be feared. I have discovered a will to dominate.

It's not like I'm into some weird kind of kink. I don't get off in strangling some guy when he comes. For me it's more of a mind game.

I know that there is a real danger that I will stifle his desire. He will get so worked up and just waste his load. I can't have him spent before his time. So it is a real game of cat and mouse.

I have finally realized this as my calling. And it helps me to achieve the right balance in everything else that I do. There is a fine line between confidence and desperation. I know the danger of just leaving myself out there like a sitting duck. I'm not waiting for some guy to pick me up. It's not going to boost my ego. And if things don't look right, I'm always ready to make a swift exit. You just can't hang by the bar waiting for something to happen. You have to take action.

It is all about staking my prey, marking my territory. I have to circle with stealth. Fill the

air with that smell of aggression. And if that's not enough, I need to get out of the bar while I can. With my vision, I weave a path in the crowd. I watch the faces. Try to read the hand gestures. Again, I don't want to look desperate. He has to think that he is doing the work. Maybe use an accident in his favor just to get him really involved.

I am like a tiger. He won't know what hit him. He will be screaming in agony before he can react to my attack. Surprise. I get up to freshen myself in the bathroom. I head deeper into his territory. I am more vulnerable. I am also more vigilant.

The men move aside. I make my way without any resistance. It all happens so naturally. I can't give a guy a chance to grab my arm as I go by. I have to keep in control

I tally up the scene that I have just reconnoitered. My reconnaissance has been good. I plot out my strategy before I return to my drink. I will need everything to work in my favor.

Night after night I effect the same plan. My senses become more acute. My intention becomes clearer. I am the hawk that swoops down and takes her prize. As I head off into the sky, I have accomplished my mission.

They all know my prowess. It makes them cower as I pass them. There is a certain nobility in the stature that I have achieved here. I am mighty.

Occasionally, I beat a quick retreat. The pickings are slim and if I settled for the remains, I would only have to commiserate later. I can't be that weak. The game is all about my triumph. You can't be victorious without some kind of contest. This is not about feasting on roadkill.

I can't look back at my conquests. Nostalgia is fatal. I can't let time gain on me. That is why spontaneity is critical to my freedom. There can be nothing holding me back. I do my work and get out clean!

If things work out well, isn't it best to hook up with the same guy. I do now and then. But I can't let him assume that I am just there for him to fuck his troubles away. I have to make the dilemma worse for him. As he watches me take off, he has to wonder what he has to do to make me stay. If he gets too comfortable, he's going to think that I'm the one with the weakness. Never, never.

I ravage my opponent. I leave him wanting more. I make sure that he gives me everything that I need. End of story.

I know that some guys believe that they can get a glimpse of the soul if they satisfy a woman. And they sniff around in those crevices for some clue that will turn the game their way. It doesn't work like that, big boy. I give him all that he needs to give me my way. Any more and he'll figure out the trick. It's not just about turning me on. It's also about turning me off and letting me go.

I'm not a prime rib dinner. I can let him think that he's digested me with his skillful caresses. It all has to go according to my plan. Enough said.

The only spiritual side to all this is the concentration that I bring to my role. I have a special affection for guys who love it down and dirty, who are into utter degradation. But when it's all said and done, they go running back to their wives. All these guys have this holier than thou attitude. They look down on me as if I'm some kind of whore. Hey, fuck wad, I never took your money. I made no promises to you. You're the slime bag mangy dog who wants me to do tricks for you. I'm the one who always draws the line with this type. Most of the time they never get out of the gate. But it's great to bring one down now and then.

When I get good and muddy, I know that is time to brush myself off and take to the road. I need to put it all out of my mind. That is the best therapy of all. I get rid of any residual pain. And then I can sleep like a baby.

The machine is fed and oiled and ready to move again. I am ready to be worshiped. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. To disappear permanently is the stuff of legend. I embrace my role. My isolation allows no wavering. I am certain about my mastery. The seal of authority that circumscribes my being.

I just give in to that closeness when I am with him. I drain him of that energy. When he is done, there is nothing left. He cannot convince me of his inherent good. I have taken all of worth. Everything else is his sniveling compliance. Subordination. On your knees and crawl.

Again, it is time to go.

I can feel the blood flowing through my veins. Pumping iron! Wicked.

My enjoyment is all mine. I can't let him slice off a layer of his own. He will feel his very emptiness. The total negation of my excitement. He had a little of something, and I have taken it and made it so much greater.

Tonight I take a long bath. I did my work early. He remains helpless back at his apartment. I needed to leave the scene of the crime. Leave no trace.

He is still like a statue. It is a wonder that he still lives after what he has lost. On the other hand, I am almost ready to strike again. I will save what I have for another night. I will wake to the morning refreshed.

He wanted my number after it was said and done. He tried to play this game with his cell phone to call me and make sure it was right. I tossed the phone as I kissed him. I made a clean break.