

## 21. THE HOLD

I have seen her around many times. We have exchanged these weird glances, knowing looks. And so it begins, as it could begin anywhere. And when it resolves I am in her room. In between, I don't understand what has happened.

Just thinking about her is freaking me out. She speaks desire to me. I get excited just imagining it. She seems starved for attention, and I am willing to quench her hunger. She is insatiable. I've seen her with other guys. She seems to devour them whole. It is an appetite that knows no bounds. I drool imagining the longing kisses.

I want her burning touch to consume me. Every inch of her flesh screams with the same intent. I am trying to catch my breath. I can't even look at her without being seized by passion. I can't even dwell on her image without losing my mind.

I can feel this extreme attraction draining me before I have even said a word to her. It is already all over. I melt. I am liquid. I run. I am lost.

This is beyond vision. This is spirit. She is already in me. I radiate her.

With her there is not even an element of hesitation. It is all so automatic. I desire her and can already feel the connection that seals us together. It explodes in the flesh. I can't resist. I am driven on by an irresistible impulse.

The earthquake consumes me from within. This is not a thought that I dwell on; it is a feeling that shakes me at the core. It is entirely physical. I have been broken down to my physical desire. This is not about dreams. This is not about imagination. It is immediate. The feeling short-circuits the connection to the brain and goes immediately to the body. It is a jolt to the heart.

Our smiles are uncomfortable. We know that they cover this ferocity. This howling rage. Letting loose completely. Surrendering totally to the invigoration. I gasp contemplating how it crushes me. I pant just to stay conscious.

I want to believe our contact. But I don't want her to tell me that it is more than it is. It is now as forever. We could just give out at this moment. Not to be immortalized, but just to contain all this energy.

I touch without touching. I am close to her without even being near her. She shakes her head, and I can feel the repercussions wave over me. We are like dogs circling our prey. Our mouths drip. Our eyes are glazed over. We are ravenous. We can taste the flesh. Our teeth chatter. We howl!

I do not pretend. We are without words. Our hands touch, and they tell us what to do. Our bodies instruct us. There is no resistance on our part. We are in the grips of these forces. Explosive bursts that grip us. Volcanic eruptions from the soul. We are hurtled along by the currents. These sensations rip at the body. I can't brace myself.

I am being carried along. I can't control myself. My insides pour out of me in a torrent. I cannot check myself. There is no guilt or embarrassment or inhibition that stands in the way. There is no inside and outside. It just flares out. I am caught in the conflagration. The burn consumes me and spread out. Wildfire.

It is a tidal wave that flings me ahead. I can't breathe. It only makes me more aggressive. I have come out of myself, unhinged.

I look at her. That slight twitch on her part. The step forward. The curl in her lips. She is ready. And I can't avoid that electricity even before I have edged any closer. I am overwhelmed by the essence. The pulsation.

I try to step back. I want to deny myself. There is no slowing down this rush. I scream. I ache. I feel that I am battering against this wall. I try to catch my path. There is no traction. I slide forward. I am falling.

She smiles at me.

We are right next to each other. I want to speak. There is nothing to say. Words fail me. There is this random fumbling. Hands in hands. We zero in on a kiss. We fall on one another. Then there are these frenzied caresses. The bodies turn around each other like windmills.

I pull her towards me as our kisses become deeper and deeper. We are sucking the life out of each other.

"Why are you making me do this?" I ask her.

"You're the one who said that I was starving for attention."

"And you're telling me that you're not a little hungry for some affection."

"What about you?" She is trying to pin me to the wall for my rather deprecating portrait of her.

"Are you telling me that you want to stop what we are doing?"

She continues the string of questions, "Is this making you feel dirty?"

"Is it too late to stop doing what we're doing?"

She is close enough to whisper to me, "Is it too late to keep doing what we're doing?"

Our kisses are now stronger. We are trying to erase our doubts. I can feel her trying to swallow me whole. I can sense those feelings echo throughout her body. She is open to me completely. She clumsily tries to mount me. We grind and flail. Our actions have purpose but seem misdirected.

"I'm not going to let you go while I have you in my grasp," our bodies both seem to say the same thing.

The gentle meeting of the lips again gives way to a passionate scramble. Kiss overlaps kiss and lips become entangled in lips. Even the desire twist around itself. I lose myself in the anonymous contact.

"You don't even know my name," she reminds me.

I have a puzzled look on my face.

"I'm Cynthia!" she assures me.

We roll around together. I am only more attracted to her. The confused stumbles mean that I am only gnawing at the center of who she is. I don't need a name. I dig deep into these kisses. This is her raw core. There is no pretense. She wants every ounce of contact.

"What's my name?" she asks.

These are only the saliva-driven excesses of what holds us together. There is no let up. The promise is everything, and we can feel that tension pass through our bodies. I sense that we peel away another layer as my tongue digs deeper into her mouth. She accepts everything that this connection means.

I ride the wave of successive kisses. She draws her life from me, and I am sustained in her. I can feel her body open up freely. Even as she protests her identity, the passion overcomes

us. It breaks us down so that there is little that we can even say. We continue to quench our thirst.

We can't turn back now. Every inch of our bodies tingle with that same emotion. I kiss the back of her neck. She sucks on my finger. I let my hands wander over her clothes. I gaze at her exposed skin. My kisses trail over her bare shoulders. She again opens her mouth and takes me inside. She sighs. The embrace is now different. The sweetness is gone. It is replaced by a more concentrated energy. I can taste her hunger. It is much more bitter than before. A slight touch of decay. Our nature is now visible to each other. That potent flavor screams out. It is darker than any spice.

My hands begin to slide under her clothes. I continue to caresses along her shoulder. I move up and down her legs. Both my hands now rest on her thighs. I grip them so that her body now rests completely against mine. Her kiss reacts to my aggression. She thrusts with her hips. I move one hand up her leg towards her panties. With the other hand I outline the top of her skirt. I press my palm against her stomach as I slide under the skirt. She is on fire. She pulls away for a second to look at me with her feeling of surprise. Then she kisses me some more.

My right hand is now on her panties. My left is inching its way along the lower edge of the panties. I now bury my face in her cleavage. My tongue tickles her. She throws her head back.

She moves her hand down my pants. It makes a circular outline. It suggests but does not follow through. We are both ready.

We lunge into each other and our hands are caught in this movement. We move back only to repeat the same gesture, just a little slower this time. I can feel my hand move precariously closer along the panties. They are now hot and moist.

I take my hands away so that I can now slip off her top. She flinches a little as if she is cold. There is a touch of embarrassment on her part. This feeling only incites a more intense passion. She abandons herself to that sensation.

I kiss her breasts. I lick beneath her bra. My hands run slowly along her back until I am again beneath her skirt. They rest on her ass. I palm both cheeks. She tries to hold on as we thrust together. Her legs hook themselves around me so that she can stay standing. This only arouses me more. I raise myself up and gradually bring her towards me so that the motion seems more dramatic. She engages that excitement. She wants me to kiss her again. We prolong that kiss to assert that we have merged further. We writhe together as if we are now immersed in the feeling. I can hear it blare from within.

I can't contain the intensity. We move faster and faster to catch up with the experience. But the extreme just keeps increasing more quickly than our efforts to match its power. There is a touch of exhaustion. But we renew ourselves in our fatigue. We cast off all extraneous thought and effort.

I can't resist. I pull up her skirt and bury my face in her panties. I push my nose into her. She coos. With both hands she holds my head against her. She pulls it inside. She pulls my hair. I bite her panties and bull at the elastic waist. I finish the job with my free hands.

I kiss her feet. I line her ankles with caresses. My tongue catches itself on her firm calf muscles. My hand run up her thighs. I grip them once more to help pull my head along her smooth legs. It only makes me more excited.

“I want to do something for you so that you will know how I feel about you. How much I want you to feel good. Feel fantastic. To just come out of yourself.”

She feels the build up. Her body tenses up to wait her release.

I don't know her. I can't know her.

“Call me by my name. My name is Cynthia.”

I can't speak. My tongue rolls around her smooth skin. Each stop along the way, a place to refresh, to map out, to invade. Her whole body magnifies the slight caresses into a feeling that overcomes the self. She is awakened in a way that she never has been before. She will not hesitate.

I can smell her perfume mix with the odor of sex. The salty electricity of the body. She is on the verge. She wants to yell out.

“Are you ready for me, now?”

My caresses do all the talking for me.

“Can you say my name? Can you say something?”

As my tongue expresses its reply, my hands add to the exclamation. I dig deeper and deeper in the soul for a new language. Words to contradict words. There is no defense on her part. I am still dressed. She is vulnerable. But this is her strength. My face is inside her. In each layer, there are other layers. Gates and bridges. And she flows with unfolding.

She bites her lip. Both her hands rest on the ground to keep herself together.

She lets herself float on the river. She is only partially in her body. She no longer directs my actions. It is almost as if I am not here. It is not about the touch, it is all about the result. And she lives off that high. It is the frenzied moment before the sun goes down when all of life screams out at on time.

She can feel herself falling and falling. She wants to catch her breath, only to soar. Now she flies above everything. She can no longer feel her body. Only the flight. The push becomes greater and greater.

She is beyond sighing. Her cries have reached a mantra. She repeats in her breath. More and more. What can this mean? Deeper and deeper.

She is no longer here. Just the sensation. She spreads out at this plateau. Her body is everywhere. She beats with the universe.

I pull her legs to enfold along my face. It try to devour more of her. I want to provoke a greater reaction on her part. She is frozen in this feeling. All of a sudden she catapults ahead to the other end of the universe, the other side of time.

She wonders what it would mean to show me as much. She is already too absorbed in herself. She is drunk on the pulsations. She smiles slightly. She wants to touch me. She can barely move. She questions nothing. I squeeze on her calf muscles. She yells with her passion.

“I want you to know how I feel about what you are doing for me.” But she wants to leave it at that.

“I want to do something for you. I want!”

She cannot speak. She does not want to give. She wants to take more. She has the universe. And it is not enough.

She is completely naked. I am on top of her in my pants. She opens my belt. She is ready to speak to me. Her silent touch is purposed and full of meaning. The intent travels from

hand to mouth. There is no element of denial on her part. If I have given to her, she wants to share with me.

“I want to know who you really are. When we are like this together, there is no hiding.”

She mounts the tower and looks down at her world. She desires everything that she can see and more. She feels all the lights of the world turn on through her.

Still not enough. She is ready to adore. To give everything of herself to this moment. To forget and forget forgetting. She takes me inside. I want to give out in that moment. To come apart and just dive into her waters. We give and we give. But we still hold back.

I glide in the ecstasy. My hands on her shoulders. We are both naked. She is on her knees. She is willing to give up everything to me.

I do not realize that I have so much in reserve. The intensity had overtaken me. But I seem to have passed through a wall. Now the feelings are even greater.

I can't contain myself. I want to be inside her. She opens wide and slides me in. All this anticipation. We swim together. I can hardly feel my body. Everything gives over to the sensation. Blood rushes to the head.

I try to hold back. Try to contain my enjoyment. I don't worry about it. I give in and flow back and forth. It is all constant. I can hear this tone. I move with its vibrations. My whole body reflects all the power of the moment.

Our bodies start to lose concentration. We need to maintain the high. We move together. We accelerate the motion. She adjusts her position so she can be more flexible. She is on top and riding me as a wild bronco. I am trying to keep up. Trying to keep my focus and trying not to give in too quickly.

I am tired. But she makes me feel invigorated. I don't lapse. I remain in suspense. I drive deeper, and she becomes more accommodating to my impulses. I am passing beyond these walls of flesh. I am now soaring in mid-air.

Almost slipping into a dream, she shakes me out of it with her crazy turns. Her aggressiveness seems to rip me apart. I am doing all that I can to stay with her. I pull her closer, and it makes her push stronger. I gasp. I grab at her body so that I don't lose it. I am hanging on, just hanging on. She kicks into an overdrive.

For her, this is her primary focus. The very intensity of the physical contact. Nothing but that. She has built up all our expectations to come down to this. This outrageous acrobatics. Just slamming herself against this wall. The body whips back and forth. She pants. She is breathless. Covered in sweat. She has hardly started. She almost appears in pain. Hardly. Her body is at the edge of her endurance. She wants more. Just this stimulation and nothing else. Her face is twisted in anguish. She pushes on. She wants more.

She has exhausted her physical resources. I have expended myself as well. Now the sex takes on an outer body form. We both drift league upon league in this zone. I can feel that I am being carried along with her. I have opened a door. I cross over into this plane everywhere extended. An infinite meadow. And I observe this space, I seem to stretch out to its limits. I am spread out everywhere. She accompanies me in the same pulsating vibrations. The sounds echo and return. I become buried deeper and deeper in these flows. I am almost holding my breath effortlessly. I don't even feel my body. Just the sensation.

I am in her mind.

After the whole experience, she pulls back. She gathers the sheet around her.

“I don’t want to be touched!”

I have seen too much already.

“Is this something that you often do?”

She hardly wants to answer any questions. She looks over at me. “Do you even know my name? My name is Cynthia.”

I am sitting on her chair in front of the bed. I am dressed. She is pulled under the covers.

“Can I get in there with you?” I ask.

“You’ve got what you wanted. Now you can leave!”

I wonder if there is anything else that I can get from Cynthia. I want her soul. In those moments with her, I could feel no separation between us. At this point, she is so cold.”

“What has made you this way?”

“That is the way that I really am!” she tells me.

I want her to kiss me again. I want to feel the same heat.

“Do you always give this much of yourself?”

“I’ve really given you nothing. It’s just sex.”

I try to go over the experience in my mind. It seems so engaging. I don’t want to believe her description. I move towards the bed.

“I don’t want you anymore. You were just OK,” she taunts me.

I am back at the bar watching her sip her drink. I ask her name. I can barely hear with all the music blaring.

She looks like Cynthia. I call her Cynthia.

“You know who I am.” She smiles.

She has prepared herself for tonight. I have seen her before. But tonight her skirt is tighter. It is shorter. Her heels make her look taller. Her legs go on forever. I want to caress her legs. I want to bury my face in her breasts.

She asks, “Do you want to come home with me?”

Of course, I do.

In the car, she is slipping her hand down my pants. I want to do her here and now. I can’t wait. She knows it.

She wonders, “Do you always do girls on the first date?”

“This isn’t even a date. But I’ll take anything that I can get.”

She tells me, “You’re sort of a dirty guy. Is there something wrong with you?”

“Yeah, a lot wrong. But nothing a good roll in the sack can’t cure.”

She looks into my eyes, “Is that all that I am for you? A good fuck!”

I want to come up with a good answer. I find her overwhelming. Her perfume is a little brash. But it makes me want her more. I feel helpless.

She lifts up her skirt. I grind with her. It makes her feel excited. For a while, she doubted that she wanted to have sex. She was playing around with the feeling. But from the moment that she feels it, there is no turning back.

She looks down at me.

“Do you want to fuck in the car?”

She seems a little brutal.

“I want to go back to your place.”

I really want to take care of things here and now. Going back to her place will be messy. She has friends. They might find out. I like the fact that there are no witnesses here. I slide my fingers under her panties and start to massage her. She smiles. I am so excited, I want to slip it in right now.

She stares at me, “Let’s just get it done now. Are you hard yet?” She reaches under my pants to check.

“I’m ready!”

“Do you have some condoms?”

“I think that there are some in the glove compartment.”

I could do her in this parking lot and drive off clean. I pull out my penis, and she starts to massage it.

She says, “I thought that you were harder than that.”

“I thought that I was.” She makes me embarrassed. But it is so raw and so physical. I am being completely exposed. But I do not shirk.

She can’t contain herself. As she stimulates herself, she bends down and rings my penis with her lips. A wave comes over me. I can barely contain myself. I want to shoot my wad right away. I try to restrain myself.

She slips the condom over my dick. I am ready for her. She eases me into her. Then she rides me. She is wild. Total abandon. I grab her ass to brace myself. I kiss her deeply. I work to concentrate on this sensation. I don’t want to come too early.

I think about her legs. I swallow her breasts. I writhe with her. I feel that I am on the verge of heart attack. My body shakes. The car rolls back and forth. I am surrounded by her flesh.

“Do you want a ride back to your place?”

“Isn’t this all that you wanted?” she asks.

“I want to be with you,” I tell her.

She looks at me intently, “I am not going to have sex with you.”

I wonder what we have just done.

When we get back to her place, her panties are in her hand. Before the door is even closed, I have already pulled her skirt up. I am licking her legs. Kissing the cheeks of her ass. I spread her legs, and slide my hands up her thighs. I massage her vulva. until she is good and wet. I mount her from behind. I grab on to the rest of her body for balance.

This is all for the feeling. No chance of any emotional aftertaste. That is why she is so absorbed by the experience.

“Do you do this often?”

“What are you asking me? Do you think that I’m some kind of whore? I take tips if you want to open your wallet.”

She is so nonchalant about it all.

“Spread your legs, and let me come inside you again.”

“Can you even get it up?”

I go through the experience again and again. I am trying to get this right. I still haven’t said anything to her. I know how it will end up.

I tell her, "This is how I feel today."

I want to break down to the core of who she is. I want to name that hunger that glues us together. What is this? I want this kiss before I even know her. I cry out for this.

She is standing at the bar. "Do you want to come in the bathroom with me?"

"You're that creep who always gives me the weird looks."

I remind her, "It's not as if you run away from me."

I am in the bathroom stall with her. She leans against the wall as if I want to mount her at this moment.

"I came in here to ask you some questions. I just can't hear that well out there."

She answers back, "I'm not really into answers. The body does my talking for me."

"Why are you so fucked up?" I ask. "You would have fucked me in the toilet stall if I had come one to you. Do you do this all the time?"

"This is your fantasy. You take one look at me, and you just want to fuck me like some kind of animal."

"That's not how you feel right now. I'm looking at you short skirt."

"I know you are. You like it because it makes you feel as if you're having sex at this moment. Isn't that what you want?"

"I want to know what makes you tick."

"So you can gobble me up and spit me out." We talk rapidly back and forth at each other. I am losing track. I am unsure what to say now.

"If you spread your legs right here, I'll eat you out."

She replies, "I don't even know you. That seems too intimate."

"You've been drinking vodka tonics since you came in here. You don't really care. It's just a more intense mix."

We struggle together in the stall trying to make something happen.

"We could go back to your place," I tell her. "It would be easier there."

"This is all that I need. She tells me."

I want some kind of satisfaction. I don't want to end it here.

"What's your name?" I ask.

She whispers, "I want to suck you off in your car."

These gestures have a set of replies. A beginning and an inevitable end. I can't help but go along with her.

I look at her, and look at her. I want to get some kind of satisfaction without saying anything.

She approaches me, "Quit fucking me with your eyes!"

"Did you come over here to offer me the real thing?"

She slaps me. I kiss her. She slides her hands down my pants.

I am already excited just by looking at her.

"This is all moving too fast. I don't know anything about you."

She answers, "You know that I like to fuck. That I need attention. I know how to get what I want."

"What about what you don't want. Why do you live for the present?"

She laughs, "Am I supposed to regret things. What do you want? Do you want to watch



me eat dinner? Do you want to watch me dress? Do you want to watch me put on my make up. Do you want to watch me die?"

I have no idea what she is talking about. I just feel good inside her. She has just enough of that thing to turn me on. If I doubted her at all, I would leave. I can't.

"Does this mean that we're going together?" I ask.

She wipes off her mouth. "No, this means that you're another dick that I met along the way."

"You're great in bed."

"So you want to come back tomorrow and do it again?" she asks.

"Yeah!"

"It's like an addiction. The first one is free. After that, you pay."

"How do I pay?"

She laughs, "With your time. With your life."

I am ready to play, I want to shake my body with hers. I want to be with her night and day. She is already sick of me.

"Do what you have to do, and leave."

"What if it takes all night?"

"Great. Then you don't have to turn out the light when you leave."

She is at home. She prepares to go out. This is a different story. She wants something more for giving away her soul.

"The sex was *so* good." She really stretches out the word *so*. It makes it all so less believable. Good for what! For repeating the same thing.

"What happened to you? What made you this way?"

"You picked me up. You let me suck your cock. I did everything that you wanted in bed, and more. What's your complaint? You want a refund. I could puke on your if that would complete the affair. You just see me as a cheap whore."

"I just want to know why there seems to be so little else going on."

She stares me down, "What do you spend your day doing? Thinking about fucking me."

"I work. I have my sales job. I think about sales!"

"I'm going to break it down for you. There's your mind, your dick, and my body. You think about me, and it gets you going. You might salivate. A little sensation in your dick. That's all there is to it at first. Then you dwell on that image. You think about rubbing your hard dick against my ass. That is a thought. Your only productive thought of the day. And I pull up my skirt to oblige your desire. That is our lone communication. That is what you want more than anything."

She continues, "It's still all in your mind. You can't break through to anything real. And you just hope that I'm frozen in that helpless state waiting for you to nod my way. And if that's enough for you, then maybe you can get me going. You can work the real me into your tawdry little fantasy. That is how you make progress. Tonight is going to be the night. You go from the image, a particular scene, to the whole story. How long does it take you to work through this story."

"My body is the other half of this particular fantasy. You want me because I promise you sex. I don't seem stuck up enough to resist your advances. You just have to say the right word."

But even that is too blunt for you. You have this idea of yourself that you're something special. And if I'm all ready just to go in and out, then there's something wrong with me. This is where you want to play psychologist on me. It gives you your excuse. You can fuck and run. Once you get close enough to my story, you're going to want to escape from all the messy consequences. You'll really see that there's something wrong with me. And my looks won't be so enticing to keep you with me. I'm good enough for a fuck. But more than that, and you want something more."

That's why I'm obliging you. I'm sticking it in your face. I'm showing it all for you. You'll have no doubts about what this is about. That is why you're dick is erect. Just looking at my body put that thought in your mind. You see how provocative I am. How lost I am. And you know that you can just slip it in."

"That is your dick! Why you are so messed up. Do I have to spell it out for you. You wait for these lost chicks on the road. And you scoop them up. Damsels in distress. You just scoop them up."

"Your big tongue licking that trail to my pussy. Isn't that what you're thinking about? That is thought for you. It's not about heaven or creativity. Or some higher form. It's all about the big lick that you await. And on top of that, it's you and Mister Super Dick. You are just the charm. You are everywhere. I can't even imagine a world untouched by your flow."

I have tried to get to the core of her being. Here she is, tapping my self down to its root. It is as if she is draining me of all my potency.

I can sense these circles of her hell. And I want in on them. Each ring is impressed with more intense levels of desire and satisfaction. I concentrate on her lipstick. The ring of her lips. The ring of her body. The ring of her desire. I am falling down that well.

She wants me so that I will want her. I want her so that she wants me.

"Am I not perfect enough for you?"

"It's not about what you show. It's more about what you hide. What you are afraid of?"

She wonders about her body. Maybe the muscles are not toned enough. But I am licking her calf of her leg. I hold the leg. And in my desire, I feel aroused.

"The touch is the image. And in your mind, you feel excited. That makes your dick harder. Harder than a diamond."

She pounds the wall. Part of her gesture is to make a point. The other part is to express how much she is enjoying this. And really I want to enjoy it too. But I realize that she has brought me to this place to expose me, to expose my game.

"Where are we?"

"Look around," she says. "You don't recognize this."

It looks like a bar that I often frequent. But we are the only ones in the room. There is no bartender, no employees. It is almost as if she has built this place in her house, build the set just for an occasion such as this.

She asks me, "Why do you think that you're special? Why do you think that I would give you something?"

"Don't you want to sleep with me?"

"I just want your cock inside me. That's not special. It could be anyone else around."

I do not want to give in to that feeling on my part. But I am starting to like this

arrangement. It almost gives her a perfection. I am waiting for her to turn sour. Then I can leave. That is her cue that she doesn't have to deal with my shit anymore.

"I don't want some loser guy crying on my shoulder. Don't you see that I look better each guy that I sleep with. It's like training for the Olympics. I've got technique."

"How do you know that I won't cramp your technique?"

"I don't. But I don't give you much opportunity. I want you hard. That's it. When you mush up, you can fucking hit the road. There's a million other hard boy waiting to take your place."

Her lip is starting to piss me off. I am having difficulty breaking through.

She adds, "I'm not going to break down and cry for you. What you see is what you get. It is all that you are going to get for the moment. So cry your eyes out!"

She can tell that I am trying to play a mind game with her.

"Do you want to fuck me in a bed? Do you want to send me flowers? There's a flower girl outside to oblige you."

She is getting more intense. This has echoes of Joy's diatribe. Maybe they are working together.

"Do you want a road map. Architectural plans. Do you want to fill in the empty spaces? Do you want to know about my family? This has nothing to do about any of that crap. It's all about the map of your dick. Prick one and two. That is all."

"That is the length and breadth of your world. You close your eyes and that is all you can see. It doesn't matter where I am. You see my body as the same. In a tight bikini that focuses on my breasts. Or you want to take a peek at my ass. Or my lips. I am nothing for you but an extension of your desire. So let's make the most of it."

I try to sustain my arousal.

"I know what you mean," she says.