

6. KEEPING IT UP FOR THE JONESES

I discover that I am going to have to move out of Wade's place. My brother agrees to put up the remainder of what I need for a down payment on a house. In some ways it is an investment in my business. He sees what I have and does not want me to lose it.

I find a small house in Long Beach. It is a little of a ways out. Wade understands. He tells me that I can still crash at his place. I will make it a point to continue to hang out with him. I still plan to do his pool.

Corrine is working on a project on development in South East Asia. She is impressed with all the work that she has pulled together. With graphs and spreadsheets, it looks like a business proposal. I am blown away. I knew that she was a genius.

"This looks great. You deserve more than an *A*. You deserve a job."

"That will be years down the line. I figured that you'd understand with your background."

"Coming to America is a lot like developing a country. But here there already is a model. You have to learn to adapt."

"Aren't you afraid of losing your identity by blending in?"

"My identity is already a mixture. I have put it together from watching. Watching people and watching how people act on TV."

It seems so simple hanging out with her. Why didn't it all start like this? I feel it is too late.

The next day I am again with Erin.

"We have to stop this, Benny."

"We will. You know that as well as I do. But it's like taking dessert. When it's right in front of me, I can't resist."

"I'm glad that I'm a sweet."

She is such an oral person. She caresses with her lips and her tongue. She leads me to do the same. We find liquid union. I again compare her to Sharon. Sharon is all-involving. Erin is something that I have to have. Pure and simple. That is why it is hard to give her up. She is also my denial of Corrine. If Corrine knew that, she would hate me more. I want to end this and erase all the traces that we have been together. I cannot. This is now deep in my history. I relish the betrayal. That is worse than terrible.

I have learned from Elsie. Every orifice is something to provoke, to stimulate, to push to its limit of sensation. I use hand, mouth, tongue, sex organ. It begins with these simple explorations. Then I become more focused. I think about nothing else. I raise her level of excitement. She begs for the high. As I give, she takes. As I give, she gives. Sex is sport. Contest. It is full of explosive aggression. We take our bodies way out past ourselves. We live for that meager feeling. We get off. True and raw.

This is argument against mysticism. It is argument against love. It say that this is all we crave. That my time with Corrine can only be a distraction from this more relentless pursuit.

I cannot let go of this. As plunge into each other with such daring, I cannot hold back. I will not rescue either of us. We do this because we want it with every fiber of our being. Who cares about decorum. I want her body for now and forever. I want to take it. I do not want to

give it back. And she is the same.

We have told each other that this must end. But we have no intention of stopping. This is all that we have, the only thing worth living for. Period!

Brianna! Wherever I go in the city, I see her face on billboards staring down at me. She is truly *the* sex goddess. She could make men die just by staring at them. She is my Everest. More than anyone that I have met.

I am out with Wade. She is in front of me. Brianna! My peak. I feel helpless. I have been in this place before.

Wade cannot save me with his pool and his cocaine. I am on my own.

“Even good girls get lonely.”

She turns to me, “Were you talking to me? It sounds like a song lyric.”

“It’s what my heart is singing. I’ve been aroused from them moment that I first saw your billboard until now. I will continue to sustain my high until I taste your final kiss, and you vanish from my life.

“You’re telling me if I stick my hand down your pants right now that it’s as hard as stone. And it will stay that way as long as I am close to you.

“Nothing less could ever be true.”

She is getting a kick out of this. Her hand doesn’t move.

“You’re not going to call my bluff,” I remind her.

“Why should I care?”

“If you don’t care, my heart will break.”

“Save your heartache until you see me in a movie.”

“Are you really this cold?”

“Everyone is when they’re accosted.”

“You’re alone in a bar.”

“Who says I’m alone?”

“I haven’t seen anyone else come up to talk to you.”

“He’s probably in the bathroom.”

“Let’s leave him there. He’s probably incontinent with his weak bladder.”

“What do you have in mind?”

Elsie has that look to focus a mind’s desperation to climax. You can only imagine her naked. Erin has that girlish charm that once stimulated becomes the untamed character of Elsie. Brenda and Sharon just tell you that they like sex. They like you to admire their bodies. But Brianna has the look that will destroy everything in her wake.. She is completely overpowering. She will cause a driver to lose control and roll off the highway. I find this appeal too much to take. But I am facing her down. She knows that my experience has made me this way. I am betting everything on this rendez-vous. I am willing to turn my back on Sharon, Brenda, Corrine, Erin, Elsie. On everyone just to be with Brianna for this one night. I know that I can show her an undreamed of paradise. She has everything that she wants. But in her heart she wants even more. She know that it is still not enough to satisfy. I welcome her invitation.

“I can tell that you’re happy. Really happy. And at night you wonder why that is still not enough to still your demons.”

“What are you proposing?”

“That we head back to my friend Wade’s place and discover what it really is that makes you tick. That we do some soul mining and pull out that little heart of yours that has only been getting smaller over the years.”

“You can do everything that your body offers.”

“And more.”

I am really surprised that I have succeeded. I borrow Wade’s car, and he takes my truck.

“Great car.”

“It’s my friend’s. Just like the one that James Dean died in.”

“Go fast, go real fast. I want to die with you behind the wheel.” She shrieks. This is only a preview of something more.

She is in love with Wade’s place. Without any shame, she strips off her frame-hugging dress. She holds there just a moment before jumping in the water.

Naked she is a dream to behold.. Not a hair out of place. Everything says take me. I have been hard for over an hour just waiting for this. I call on the spirits from the far galaxies to preserve this moment.

My imagination races ahead of me. This is more than anything I have ever known. I am waiting for the movie lights to illuminate the pool.

I plunge in the water. We swim together like two love-sick dolphins. She submerges. I go after her. I catch her and hold her close. I rub my hands along her legs until I am touching her.

She coos.

I spread her on the deck. My kisses know no bounds. She gives herself readily. She holds nothing back. I take her to one of many climaxes. I dive deep in her waters. She is ready for me. I slide myself tenderly into her. I start to move in her. I am so relaxed. Then I can feel the curse. Something hits me. It just dies.

“I’m too much for you little boy.”

“Suck me off. That will get me hard.”

It does momentarily. I lose it again as I try to mount her.

“If this is all you have, I’m leaving.”

“Wade might have some coke for you.” I am embarrassed.

“That’s all you need at this point.”

“Just try to get me off.”

She holds my dick for a moment and then lets it drop.

“This is all you are.” She smiles.

“I’ve just waited too long to be with you.”

“You can wait for ever for another chance.”

“At least you got something.”

“My dog could do better.”

“Your dog?”

“It’s a joke to express how pathetic you are. This is one of the stupidest thing that I have ever tried. Who are you?”

“I’m Benny, the Pool Boy.”

“I should have know that you were in the circus. Next time, go through my agent.

She has dried off and is dressing. I am there naked and useless.

“Just don’t think about me when you’re beating off tonight.”

That is the last of my thoughts. I can feel all the stars go out. She closes the door after her.

I put on one of Wade’s porno tapes. I am looking at the dicks to see what keeps them up. I have really degenerated.

Wade creeps in, “I saw her leave. I thought it would be OK to come in.”

“Were you waiting in the car?” I ask.

“I was going to a party, but I just wanted to check on things. I saw some girl pull up and drive her away. That was quick.”

“I couldn’t get my revolver out in time.”

“Oh, the wilting season. I told you that you should have tried guys.”

For the moment, I forget that I am naked.

“Benny, I always thought that you had a nice ass.”

Now I feel really violated. He is making fun of me.

“Quit making it worse.”

“If she had just let you play the girl, it would have been so much better.”

I am now getting dressed.

“Thanks for the help. I need to get back. I feel so embarrassed.”

“It happens to all us hustlers. Not with such prime. Sorry, boy.”

“Later.”

Outside, I look up at the night. Brianna looks down from the all-encompassing sky and mocks me. I try to conquer my feelings of surrender. I have valued the pleasures over the person, and this is my punishment. I accept what I have been given.

I have found the purity of desire in Brianna. This ranges way beyond the physical. And in this supernatural realm, she has shot me down. It has confronted my corrupt nature. I feel too ashamed to do anything.

I am thinking again of her body. Her athletically-shaped legs. Her firm stomach. Her agile arms. She is beckoning. I want nothing less. But this purity has been refused to me forever. She has had her best revenge. She has given me what I ask for, and I can’t handle it. The sky mocks me. Brianna mocks me.

Her strategy is clever. Some might not believe my claims to have been with her. But she realizes who I have become. She knows that she is the only one who can strike me down. I want to fight against my exile. But she has used my own beliefs against me. She has broken me down to nothing. She delights in my meager existence. Who can I turn to? I have gambled everything away just to be with her.

I think about my fortune. Would I trade it for her gift? I have invested what I have. But already what I have is so much more. She has stripped me down to nothing. But the something that I was has already expanded way beyond the initial stage. Even in my disgrace, I can find a triumph. I still have my business.

I realize the delusion. The business relies on my reputation. I have become the perfect pool boole I have become unequalled. I have risked my skill to now be reduced to her lackey.

What is a pool boy if he cannot provide an essential service? Brenda has taught me this

insight. The pool boy must bring these wonders what they cannot find on their own. I am not just a landscape artist. I am not a gardener. I work in the currents. I understand the flow. I know that the body has its own fluids. I have learned to blend these realities. Now I have hit the wall in my development. I know that Brenda wants to rescue me. She cannot.

There is only one person who can I offer me the needed advice. It is my guardian angel. I need Steve. He has always had a wisdom. He would have encouraged me to take the needed risk. But now I am an empty set. I need to be complete again.

The night is turning to dawn. I know the day will be mine.

I actually have some work to get done. I do the necessary jobs. I call Ian to tell him that I feel under the weather.

“Steve has some contacts that I could use.”

We meet at our old haunt.

“What is troubling you, old chap?”

“I am troubling me.”

I tell him of my difficulties.

“She was born to break balls.”

“Mine are all broken. I guess it serves me right for trying to live by the sword.”

“It’s not such a big deal. There are remedies,” she offers her sympathy.

“I’ve heard of Viagra.”

“Viagra has bad side effects. The Agency has been working on something better. It will counteract whatever counter-intelligence is undermining your tools and devices.”

I smile at his precision.

“Where can I get the stuff?”

“I’ll take care of it.”

“What do I owe you?”

“Nothing. Brianna is not our only secret weapon.”

I had thought of all of this as a sign. That my wicked ways would have to come to a close. Now I feel renewed. I will have to test Steve’s offer. I can hardly tell Corrine what has happened. I don’t want to burden Brenda with my problems. Not now. And I care too much for Sharon. If she wasn’t Corrine’s friend, Erin would be perfect.

I track down Elsie. She’s not working. She’s willing to try anything. I don’t tell her what is going on. I just take the stuff that Steve has sent by.

I’m sure that she thinks my house is rather quaint.

“I actually love the place. It reminds me a lot of where I live.”

“At least I have a house.”

“The American Dream.”

I am thinking that I am in the midst of the true American dream, eternal arousal.

We have. While we’re drinking wine, I give her a few little love pecks. She comes back with this full on kiss. The next thing I know it, I’m sucking on her breasts, and she is on top of me.

She is a true professional. I can almost feel the camera capture are every move. She knows every point of the body to stimulate. It is almost like acupuncture. Her whole body is like one massive sex organ. If my work outs with Erin had been extensive, my matches with Elsie are

in a zone all by themselves. She pushes her own stimulation to new heights. She never lets up.

Once the drug kicks in, I have this massive hard on. It seems like the perfect complement to her dexterity. She props herself high on a couch. She turns over and raise one leg so it rests on my shoulder. She crouches on the couch. Every twist and bend offers a new sexual position. They only increase the tension of our union. There is such energy that goes into my thrusts and her writhing. She accompanies by the deepest sighs. She lets herself climax in waves. I can feel the tidal waves. I brace for this massive tsunami. I am still hard.

She must be use to this sort of thing from the movie set. I will not stop. I try to keep up with myself. My body is worn out physically. I will not quit. I move and move and move.

“I am exhausted.”

“Doesn’t it ever go down?”

I don’t tell her about my problem.

We sleep for maybe four hours. She wakes up to see me again erect. She laughs at me.

“This happens to most guys in the morning.

“But not after last night.”

She decides that she has to take advantage of the situation. We go for another two hours. There are her screams of passion emanating from my bedroom.

I now want women to worship my magnificence. This is totally remarkable.

Elsie tells me, “You really not that special. Your not really that large.”

“I know. But the sheer power drives me crazy.”

“I have to go. This has been great. Any time.”

By early afternoon, it has not come down. I know that I have a problem. I guess the drug has been to good. I’m not sure what to do.

I take advantage of it while I can. There is only one place these kinds of shenanigans can end up. With Erin.

I don’t tell her about what is going on.

“I thought that we were going to stop.”

She still doesn’t notice.

“I was. Erin, I had to see you.” She realizes that something is weird when she gives me a hug.

“I thought that you were a fiend. You really can’t wait.”

“Can you?” She has her hands down my pants and is already feeling me. Manipulating me. She wants to play along. She can’t wait for me. She is playing with herself with her other hand. She kisses me with a cold wet one that warm up as we remain locked in each other.

“Feel me!”

I do. She is ready. Before I know it I am inside her on the floor. We must go for over an hour. We are already bypassing places that we have got to know. I am all with this feeling. I am also beyond it. Outside of my body.

It is an hour later. She has climaxed a couple of times already. But it is building. The constant stimulation has stretched the skin. Now she can feel this internal harmony. Everything aligns. I move with more facility. These are sensation that I didn’t know existed.

She holds on to me. Her sighs are more regular. These are now wildcat screams. She is climaxing within her climaxes. Then this explosion shoots me back against the pillow. She

collapses on me. She lies there in utter exhaustion. I am still erect in her.

“I wish that we could do that again.”

She is kissing me. It progresses on and on and on.

“Don’t stop.”

I don’t. I am in her subterranean depths. She adores these moments. Nothing, nothing will distract me. I am learning abilities that are not all a result of the drug. This is positively mystical. About our fourth hour together we enter this place that seems so hollow. It is pure exhilaration. Total sex. Absolute zero of desire. She is still with me. Her body soars as it explodes this time. I feel the tremors and the after shocks. Over and over again.

“Don’t you stop.”

We are drenched in sweat. Nothing else matters. We pass out together.

The next morning I am still hard.

“Have you been playing with yourself?” Brenda asks.

“Not at all.”

I go down on her to prepare my re-entry. Once she has known these climaxes, she wants nothing less. We while away the morning together. I wonder if I have damaged her permanently for Ian.

When I don’t come down that afternoon, I realize that this is serious. Brenda suggest that I get away to Palm Springs. She will come with me to take care of things.

After a long nap, I am still aroused. She laughs.

“I’ve never seen of anything like this.”

She decides to take advantage of the situation. Her sex is more brutal than Erin.

“Benny, this is a total fantasy for me. This is what I live for. I really wish that I could do this whenever I want.”

Once she is ready, she sits on me and goes to town. She is riding me with all her might. She is trying to pass into another realm. She works with such assurance. She knows what works. She massages herself for a stronger feeling.

She want me to stimulate her while she is doing the same for me.

“Use your mouth for something more than talking.”

Her sighs turn into grunts. There is something totally perverse in what she is doing.

Like Erin, she spreads wider and deeper to enhance the sensation. Then she lets me plunge up and down inside her. This is what she knows and expects. Why she wants more men than her husband. He will only become too docile.”

“Benny, you are understanding how it all connects.”

The deeper that I go, I find a point of intersection of all these sensations. She only has to imagine it to achieve climax. She has found unity and completeness.

“Benny, this is greater than a religion. There is the physical and spiritual feeling.”

She says this as she goes down on me again. I admire her tight ass. I await being inside her again. Now this is all that I can see. The whole body is just a sex organ.

I have been reduced as I have been enlarged. My personality begins and ends with my erectness. I am some kind of totem. A thing to worship.

Go no further.

We cannot stop here. Brenda and I again swim together. What more can we do? Do we

need pain to save our pleasure? She grasps her hands around me and holds tight. She is almost squeezing me.

I am now beyond fantasy. I am not returning to a world of imagination. I am stepping off in this new realm. Even with Brenda, the constant impulses are creating a new sum. And that has washed completely over her. If I have touched a mysticism, I can communicate it perfectly to her. It is that region way past fatigue. The body is broken down to the raw desire just to fuck. It faces an isolation even in being with another person. Then there is that explosion beyond the gulf. I can feel the leap. We make it together.

This time that I am inside her, I reaffirm that deeper connection. We both move into that zone. Neither of us lets it confuse us. It is not love. Not about the person. It is beyond that. So all encompassing.

We shatter all our complacencies.

“You’re a freak. But you’re making it happen,” she informs me.

“I know that,” I acknowledge.

I don’t want to stop. My body won’t let me stop. I enter this haze. Too much intense provocation of the psyche has rendered me to this semi-conscious state. I am drunk with our communion.

At some point Brenda leaves me. All that I can remember is her last sitting on top of me and taking her way. Somewhere in the delusion. I imagine coming back to a resting state. Then I imagine that I am picked up for questioning. They have videos of all the sex. In my house, in the hotel in Palm Springs.

Two guys are laughing at the explosive scene with Erin.

“I’ve never had this happen to me.”

I piss him off, “That’s because you’re a limp dick.”

He wants to hit me. Steve comes in to save me.

“My guardian angel.”

”You didn’t think that I’d let you have the stuff without some strings attached. “

”I couldn’t come down.”

“One of the unfortunate consequences.”

“The stuff is too much. Our secret weapon.”

He says something about Brianna. That seems like it’s imaginary. But I believe that she was involved.

“She’s the only one that could have brought you down to size.”

They really didn’t say that.

“Can you perform, Benny?”

I have this vision of me doing Wayne Newton songs in a white tux.

Live from the Stardust Lounge, for seven nights, it’s our own Benny the Pool Boy

“Can you perform underwater?”

I wake up as if I’ve got this massive hangover. I am paralyzed on the bed for hours. Brenda has gone back to LA. I get a plane back. Ian picks me up at the airport.

“You seem like a mess.”

“You don’t know the half of it.” I still question whether he knows anything about Erin. If Erin is that free with me, is it ever going to stop there? She knows that she has the power to

mesmerize men. Why stop at that point? Indeed, what is going to put a stop to any of this. I'm ready for my Viagra flashbacks. I know the stuff is that potent. I can remember all the places that my body has been. It has permanently transformed me. All I add is will, and I can do whatever I please. I can pump it up for days.

When I'm back at my place, I have this incredible sense of being alone. Where has this taken me? Will Corrine want to see me. She doesn't know anything about this.

"Where have you been?"

"I got sick in Palm Springs. I went out there to try expand the business."

"You want to come back to my place tonight."

"I'm still a mess. I'll need a few days to recover. Thursday."

"Thursday definitely."

I want to try out my theory. I feel like I need a real challenge. No Elsie or Erin. I have to get my confidence back. I need a new Brianna.

I enlist Wade's help. If I'm going to shoot down a choice pigeon, I need to use his pad. This has to be just right.

"You've got the magic back?"

I am sitting on his couch. "They slipped me this synthetic shit. Heroin and viagra mixed. It really sent me into the stratosphere."

"I wish I could put my hands on that."

"It's so underground that it will take the underground years just to find out about it."

"Awesome."

"You said it, Wade."

It is all in my head now waiting to pour out for the perfect situation. Pour out is the apropos phrase. It rolls from the tongue. It is as if I've just dropped a hit of ex. I am ready to fly.

I need to go to a really upscale place. I've spent whatever disposable cash to catch that look. I fit in perfectly here. I have the confidence. I have the step. Benny is doing his little dance.

Briefly, I am reminded of the humiliation that Brianna handed me. I need to ignore the result. I hope that she didn't spread the word about me. In my mind, I see her standing over me. She is in heels and a short skirt. Her legs go on forever. I imagine her giving me a knee in the head. I want to grasp her, and pull her down to me.

She is looking at me from across the room. She is blonde with high cheek bones. She has an almost Nordic coldness. But more of an Eastern European charm. The Baltics. She does this weird thing with her mouth.

"I don't get it *pool boy*. You're like a janitor for pools."

She is making me feel small.

"No. I'm a *pool boy*. I'm like a spy. I get in there beneath the watchful eyes of the husbands. And I satisfy the wives without the guys ever realizing what has happened."

"You're a hustler. A male prostitute," she insults me.

"Not exactly. I have my own business."

"It still doesn't make sense to me."

"I can show you." I pull her over to me and engage her in a long kiss. She bounces on

her heels, looks down at me, and then slaps me. Then she pulls me back over to her and just swarms all over me.

“That is more like it, Benny.”

I don’t want to hesitate. Not tonight.

“Are you alone?”

“I’m Sofia. My partner is getting me a drink.”

She rushes me along, “We better go before he gets back.”

“What do you have to offer me? Are you going to take me to Europe. My guy’s already going to take me there. He’s taken me to Mexico.”

“I can take you to heaven tonight.”

“You look really confident. Guys like you go soft in the sack.”

“Not anymore.”

“You’ve got your pump going.”

“No, Sofia. I know the method.”

“You’re kidding me with that shit.”

I hold her wrist. “I’m as serious as the sun that shines at midnight.”

“That makes no sense.”

“That’s what you’re going to say when I’m finished with you.”

She agrees to go to another bar to drink,

“And you’re telling me that it’s this mystical sex thing.”

“I ‘m not really telling you anything. You’ll have to figure it out on your own.”

“That’s giving in too easily.”

“Then have another drink, and let the alcohol do the talking.”

She is so tough in the club, but when I get her home she wilts like a little girl. I look down. My power is back.

Sometimes it’s hard to gauge someone new when you’re with them the first time. I just think about one thing, my pleasure. Everything else will follow. As long as I am turned on, I can turn her on. That is why I have no fear.

She has that same gait as Brianna. Sofia has a tight silver dress, that I have edged up her legs so that I now see her panties. She kisses with intent, not affection. It only makes me more excited. Even if I am distracted, I am still overwhelmed by her.

She is a model and actress. She is not afraid to show her body. I have her down on the couch. She is still in her heels. They are arched across my shoulder. My mouth licks a path along her legs. Her panties are already on the floor. I am starting carefully. I want to make sure that she is really enjoying this.

I have no doubts as I slide myself in her. I am tapping my well. I have been in this place before. She is already amazed with my casual attitude. She is totally relaxed. I am so deep in her. She keeps opening her body more and more to me. Now she reaches that point where every muscle seems in contact with that white hot burn. She is ecstatic.

We ride together deep into the night. There is no impediment. All this is natural. I am responding more to her. This is so different than the sense of isolation that I felt on the drug. I don’t let down because she is so consistent. She lets her body tell me what she wants.

Every bone states her need. She slightly adjusts herself by the moment so that she can

open more and more of her body to the feeling. This is the perfect marriage of heart and intellect.

I kiss her to reassure myself that she is working with me to make this happen. She realizes how much she is part of the communication. She wants so much more. She can never go back to her partner. He will never understand these fatal limits of the body. She accepts the danger and goes beyond. She is at the heights of her stimulation.

She did not know that she could push herself this far. She is breathless. But she thrusts with such intensity. All her dance, all her workouts are focused on demonstrating her understanding. It is all physical.

Tonight, I come inside her. We keep this going for hours and hours.

The earth shaking climaxes of Erin are weak in comparison to where our bodies now take us together. We subside, then we accept further intensities. I will not stop. She wants more.

When the rest of her body lets up, her kisses are so much more sincere. She is speaking in a way that I have not heard before. I am attentive to the voice. I have found my answer.

We are together again. I glide inside her. The flow does not slow.

I can see the dawn peeking in the room. Her wet naked body is on top of me. She takes one more kiss before she sleeps. We hold each other close.

“I want to see you again, Benny.”

“There’s no question about it.”

I kiss her before she catches a cab. I go back to sleep some more.

Wade lets me hang out by the pool in the morning. Ian has been covering for me. We’ve hired Rob from the Country Club. I have nothing to worry about. I have everything to worry about.