

## 18. NASTY

*What am I staring at? You are so obliging. You have your back to me. You are bent over. Your long sturdy legs rise up from the ground. This is my invitation for desire. I admire how your heels add to the appeal. I am more than ready.*

*The fruit of my appetite is exposed. Your shaved pussy is spread open to incite my hunger. I cannot resist. You have thrown your fate to the twists and turns of my hunger.*

*What leads you to be so daring? Why are you demonstrating such reckless abandon. You know that I am the one for you. Can there be any doubt?*

Internet porn has all the excitement of slides of oral surgery or watching a cardiologist dig into an exposed heart. The gleeful user believes that his desire is just the acknowledgment that a woman needs. She winks at him to remind him just how much she is interested.

Is it possible to turn the tables. Does desire only reveal a mirror that reflects back all the horrid nature of the male? He can feel how he is melting as he takes his last breath. He should have turned his head rather than stare for so long.

This is all part of his belief. His x-ray eyes will just melt her clothes away. And she will willingly assume a compliant position to inspire his desire. Oh, baby!

*I want you to show me what you've got. I've been watching you all morning while you sun yourself. You're still a little ways off. But my desire more than makes up the distance. I can hardly manage a smile. And it is unlikely that I can make it over to you before you have thoroughly prepared for my rejection.*

*As it is now, you offer me everything that you have available. You are about to turn around on your deck chair. I am getting hot just contemplating what comes next. There is no hesitation in your actions. Totally uninhibited, you are ready to reveal yourself completely. I love how your swim suit hugs your ass. I follow the outlines as it pulls tightly against the body.*

*You have no shame. I know that you would be just as free in love-making. I can only imagine what it would be like. Between actually touching you and seeing what you now reveal, my mind fills in the distance.*

*There is something almost divine in the touch, the more that I dwell on that feeling, the more the tingle pulses through my body. This is not mere lust. This is the stuff of belief. It is the intersection of all understanding. This is where the art of the universe meets the energy that vibrates throughout. The perfect marriage of form and function. In this perfection, form offers the opening to all mystery.*

*I realize that this is more than simple imagination on my part. I have trained myself to peer deep into such mysteries so that I can tap all the power that they contain. I am not mistaken in my estimation. You really are angelic.*

*I know that my touch could bring you alive. You lie there comforted with such knowledge. If you saw me staring, you would only oblige me more. My excitement overflows. I share it with you.*

*You may have a man. But he does not realize the real power that you possess. He has you locked away in praise of his magnificence. You are more than that. You are my wonder,*

*and I can see that. He can never understand the clarity that radiates in your being. He can never contemplate the light that you radiate.*

*My tongue works its way around the edges of your suit. My teeth pull at the fabric. You smile. This is only the beginning. You are becoming overwhelmed thinking about what is to come. This is more than love. It is a holy devotion.*

*If you took me inside, we would both bask in the intense energy that glows from within. I would glide myself so gently with you. You would satisfy my every whim.*

*I can barely control myself thinking about it. You are going along with my quest.*

His vision is only the first step in his possession. He is engaged in a totally abstract endeavor. He works to reconcile the impossible. She presents him with an extreme, an offer that he can hardly deal with. At the same time, she has no inkling of his interest and would be quite put off if she knew the attention that he applied to her presence. The contrast is massive. For him, his belief is enough to bridge that gap. He wants her so badly. If she could relate to his interest, then she would accede to him.

Exposed to her critique, she would find the man monstrous. Everything about him reeks. She would be sickened by his fawning attention. This is not something that he can hide. There is no subtlety to his presentation. He can't relate to her on a personal level. He puts her under a microscope and continues to increase the magnification. He has shattered any reality of the person.

*She knew that I would be here today. That is why her swim suit is so revealing. Her cleavage is exposed with such daring that there is no doubt. She adjusts her bikini top. But she lingers in her movement. She wants me to imagine that it is my hand that now caresses her breast. They are so perky. I want to bury my face inside her breast. I want to bite the little peaches. I am becoming aroused just watching her.*

She is trying to discover some privacy. Maybe the suit was a little too-revealing. But she learns to accommodate to its boldness. She is proud of her body. She is just not ready to share it with a stranger. She picks up her cell to call her man.

*I feels as if I am a sculptor. My hands follow the curves of her body. And I am moved by the inspiration. The smoothness of her abdomen extends to her breasts. There is such delicacy in her anatomy. I let my hands slide upward to contain the rippling of the flesh. The skin is tight, the muscles firm. There is a purity of motion. I can feel that I am being led along by more than the flesh. There is an idea in the movement. It is perfection. I am enlightened by what I perceive.*

*Her abdomen is rounded to follow the signature of the muscles. She has worked her body so that I only need to follow her intention.*

*I am becoming incited to go further. I elongate her hips to contain all the strength of the body. She has focused her energies here. It is almost as if she is ready to take flight.*

*My further touch is only a caress. It takes the form and gives it life. It sends her off into blueness of oblivion.*

*She can sense how I have become part of her being. She only yields to the pressure of*

*my fingers. She opens up to my exploration. I have done this time and time again. She has grown use to this shaping. It is the apex of the craft.*

*Without my contribution, she would remain lifeless. I help her make that union between the body and the forces of the universe. I allow her to project herself deep into the spiritual realm.*

*My touch becomes too much for her. She can feel the rumbling deep within the earth. Her body quakes from within.*

*“Have you ever thought about using your assets to make money?”*

*“What are you talking about?”*

*“You’re a really hot-looking girl. You could earn money off your skills.”*

*“What?”*

*“You know. Guys probably stare at you all the time. You could earn money off that sort of thing.”*

*“I know that I could make great tips cocktail waitressing. But I don’t like guys trying to look up my skirt.”*

*“Why go half way? Just take off your clothes.”*

*“Huh?”*

*“You could make money stripping?”*

*“I could make money killing myself. I’ not going to do it.”*

*“I’d date you if you were a stripper.”*

*“Who the hell do you think that you are? Some kind of pimp. You’re a clown.”*

He tries not to look at himself as he heads into the club. He is there to realize his fantasy. He’s saved enough money to have a good time. Something just isn’t right today. He feels that he is being ridiculed as he sits at the bar. He tries to get a look at the girls, but he finds that a column obscures his view. As he moves over to see more, he notices that the stage is empty.

*“No one’s working now.”*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“It’s break time.”*

*“It’s never been break time when I’ve been here before. I always come around the same time.”*

*“There aren’t that many girls working today.”*

*“I paid a cover charge when I came in here. I should get a show.”*

*“What did you pay? Five dollars. That goes to the DJ.”*

*“I come here all the time. I tip. I pay to see a show.”*

*“Maybe you don’t pay enough. Have you ever thought about the real costs.?”*

*“I know what the real costs are. I’ve put a lot of money into this place.”*

*“I don’t think the girls really feel the same way that you do. It’s as if you’re taking, but you’re not giving back.”*

*“I have no idea what you mean.”*

*“You have to realize what we’re talking about. We’re talking about the looks that you give the girls. You’re this monster who just sucks up all their energy. And you have little to give back.”*

*“It’s not like that at all.”*

He tries to explain himself. But it is to no avail.

“Do you want me to take my clothes off too?”

“I think that the girls would find you hideous.”

‘I don’t look that bad.’

“That’s the alcohol talking. The girls here pity you.”

He needs to go to the washroom. He checks himself in one of the full-length mirrors. He feels pretty good about himself.

“Is something wrong with you, man?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You look a little sick. Maybe it’s the light in here.”

The mirror seems to reassure him in the illusion. This is the cool dude who’s trying to meet all the honeys.

“Where are the women today?”

“They were all here until you showed up.”

He hates being teased.

When he heads back on the floor, he again checks himself in the mirror. He looks great. There’s nothing to worry about.

“Do you want a table dance?”

“Do I?”

“Here come in the private room?”

This is not going to be as he expected. Today is different.

“Tell me how you like it, baby”

“I like it good and nasty.”

“Of course, you do baby. You’ve got the biggest dick for me. It’s too much for me to take. I don’t think that I can get in me.”

“I could try.”

“I’m just saying these things to you. You’re not really supposed to touch me.”

‘I’ve got a lot of money.’

“How much do you have? A thousand.”

“No, a couple of hundred. What can you do for a hundred?”

“I can spit in your face while I give you a hand job.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“Are you kidding me? For a hundred dollars, I’m not going to even show you my pussy.”

“I’ll give you the two hundred.”

“I stand on the table and shake my ass for you.”

“I brought a picture for you. I’d like you to do it like in the picture.”

“This guy has his cock in her. I told you that you couldn’t touch me.”

“I could go and get a thousand from the ATM.”

“I think the limit is four hundred. Besides, it’s going to take a lot more for me to do something like that. This is in a movie. She probably got a hundred grand to do that kind of shit.”

“No way. The budget probably wasn’t that much. I can find that kind of stuff on the internet all the time.”

“That’s some guy doing it to his wife. I could get one of the other girls to touch me for two thousand.”

“I can’t get that kind of money.”

“That’s the starting point.”

“Are you kidding me? I was told that I could get a blow job for ninety bucks.”

“I’m not going to do anything like that for that cheap. I’ll talk to you about sex for one hundred and twenty.”

“It better be an instructional talk. Are you naked when we talk?”

“That is going to be an extra eighty bucks.”

“How about if I get naked too?”

“I can get you thrown out for that. What turned you into such a pervert?”

“What made you a stripper?”

“I’m not really a stripper. I’m an actress. I’m doing this job to try to learn about what it’s like to be stripper. And I’m not even a stripper. I’m really a waitress. I’m just subbing for one of the girls.”

“What kind of place is this anyway? There weren’t any girls dancing when I came in.”

“That’s why they asked me to help out.”

“But there weren’t even any girls here when I came in. That just didn’t make any sense.”

“Well, I’m here for you now.”

“But you don’t have that desperation that the other girls have here. You also charge too much.”

“I’m an actress. I can do whatever you want.”

“I’ve got this scenario mapped out in my head. I can even feed you dialogue.”

“That sounds great. But I really don’t think that you can afford me.”

“You would give me a blow job for two hundred.”

“If you didn’t try to touch me.”

“I thought that this was just homework.”

“I have to know what it feels like.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I want to know what it feels like to be degraded.”

“What does that mean *to be degraded*?”

“To do something really disgusting for money.”

“Haven’t you done things like that before at other jobs.”

“There has never been such self-hatred involved.”

“So that’s all part of this job.”

“I guess it is. I don’t think that I’d give a blow job to some guy like you, no matter how much you paid me.”

“Did you ever do that in high school?”

“What do you mean?”

“Did you ever suck some guy off so he’d like you?”

“If he didn’t already like me, I’m not going to degrade myself by sucking him off. I’m not some kind of whore.”

“So why are you going to do it now?”

“I didn’t say that I would. It’s all just research. I’m trying to see what it feels like. To feel the dominance of a weak little guy. Someone who hides behind the bright lights and money.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying that you’re pathetic. Have you ever taken a look at yourself? You’re this shrunken little man. You’re a sorry excuse for a human being.”

“I didn’t come here to get degraded.”

“That’s the only reason to come here. You live in this world of stiff competition. And basically, you’re a loser. You come here for a dominant woman like myself to put you in your place. You need someone to remind you that it’s fate that makes you the way that you are. A pathetic loser.”

“Is that some kind of love ritual? You’re getting me hard just saying all that shit.”

“I’m not going to spread my legs when I hear your whimpering. Quit the sniveling. This is the real world.”

“Where are the other girls? No one ever treated me like this before.”

“Quit complaining. This is for free. And I’m the girl for you.”

“If someone else was here in my place, you’d be the girl for him too.”

“Of course, I am. But I’ll be yours today. I’ll do anything that you want.”

“I showed you that picture. Will you do that to me?”

“Who took that picture? Did your mommy take it for you?”

“I got it off the internet. It really turned me on?”

“Sex only turns you on when it’s impersonal. You like to see women as objects.”

“That’s not how I like to see it. Sex is just that way. It starts out all loving. Then it gets raw and nasty. It’s just about stimulating each other in the most intense way. It turns us all into animals. I’m just a hard dick. And you’re just a wet pussy. And you love it when it gets rough. It makes you feel so warm inside. I bet you have multiple orgasms. What else is there in life? You could be my little angel. And we could cuddle afterwards.”

“Whew! Where did that speech come from? A men’s magazine?”

“It’s actually a pretty good philosophy on life.”

“If your dick was really as big and hard as you claim. Let me see that thing to see what you’ve really got.”

“Not now. I’m getting a little distracted.”

“I thought that it was always big and tough.”

“It was until you started saying all that queer stuff to me.”

“So you admit it. You can’t get hard for a woman. That’s why you have to pay someone to mistreat you.”

“It’s not like that.”

“You get your jollies hurting people.”

“No, it’s not like that at all.”

“That’s your fascination with oral sex. You like some girl submitting to you.”

“Admit it. You feel pretty much the same. That’s why you’re getting excited saying all this to me.”

“You’re more far gone than I thought. Maybe, you can’t be helped.”

“I just want you to like me.”

“You’re beyond liking. You’re like a termite just boring into the wood.”

“You find me engaging. That’s why you’re talking to me.”

“It’s my job to talk to you.”

“I thought that you said that it was research.”

“It is. I took this job for research. And as part of the job, I have to talk to creeps like you.”

“What do you want? Do you think that the Prince of Wonderland is going to come in here and sweep you off your feet. This is a fucking strip club. Nothing like that is going to happen.”

“I meet a lot of guys in here who are cooler than you.”

“But most of us are just like me.”

“Let me show you what I’ve got for you.”

“Are you going to give me your two hundred, or are you going to show me that miserable excuse for a dick?”

“You’re not doing research. This is all you’ve got. And you’re pretty scrawny for a stripper. You’re not even built like a woman.”

“I’ve got all the parts that I need. Although I guess that you’re so used to giving guys blow jobs that you don’t know the difference.”

“I’m not the one doing the blowing.”

“Whatever! You admit that you’re queer.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“But that’s your fascination with pornos. You like looking at hard dicks—ha ha!”

“I’m not a fucking fag.”

“You’re saying it’s not respectable being a fag. But you want a girl to take your dick in her mouth. What kind of man are you?”

“Weren’t you raised to like cock.”

“I might cock as much as the next girl, but I don’t enjoy being mistreated by some dickhead.”

“It’s part of the job. It’s all an act. It’s what I do. It’s what you do. No big deal.”

“Tell me what do you do for a living?”

“I’m a developer.”

“Like shit. I know what you really do. You’re an occasional mechanic. You’re mortgaged to the hilt. You’ve got child support payments.”

“You think that you have all the answers.”

“How can you be a developer and only have two hundred dollars in your wallet. You save every extra penny so that you might come here and get a lap dance. That will keep you going for a month or so. It’s all that you can manage to talk to a girl. Why the check out girl won’t even give you the time of day.”

“You do have something to say about everything.”

“You throw a few pennies at me, and you want me to give you a blow job in one of the private rooms. What kind of girl do you take me for?”

“A nice girl.”

“Exactly. And you want to defile me because you’re afraid of the meaning of normal.”

“So I’ll take your word for it. What have you found out with your research?”

“What do you think I found? That most of the guys who come here can barely afford to make ends meet. You can’t take out a real girl. You can barely communicate. And most of you have these beer guts. If you ever had any muscle tone, it’s long gone. When you’re not drunk out of your mind, you’re glued to the TV set watching pornos. You’re the kind of guys who sends away for the plastic pussies molded from porn stars. I originally thought that was a joke. But there are really types like you out here.”

“I’ll tell you about my research. Girls with sprayed on tans, anorexic as hell but with these nasty boob jobs. You’re all coked out of your mind. Contemplating another tattoo to make up for the sense of self-hate that you have. And when you can’t hold it together. You’re whole body just sags. And you still want to show it on stage.”

“If that’s what you’re looking for, why don’t you find one of the other girls and just give her your quarter rolls? She’ll be overjoyed.

“There are no other girls here.”

“They all just took off when they heard that you were coming.”

“Great!”

“Are you trying to tell me that you’re not such a bad guy?”

“No, I’m a bastard. And if you’re an actress like you tell me, you’re going to be lucky to get a job as an extra. And when you finally land a role, you’re going to get all high and mighty when the director asks you to get naked. Your damn part is going to end up on the cutting room floor anyway.”

“I’ve got a real man outside of this place. What do you have? A microwave and a DVD player that jams.”

“I’ve got a state-of-the-art entertainment center.”

“Let go back to your place and watch demolition derby.

“Why are you giving me shit?”

“You can dish it out, but you sure can’t take it.”

“I can take it when I need to.”

“When your wallet isn’t empty. Which is most of the time.”

“How really different are you than the other girls here. You all seem interested in one thing. Money.”

“And you’re just interested in us spreading our legs for cash.”

“But I’m paying when I have to.”

“Do you know the real cost of your leering?”

“Is this a psychological profile? Quit your whining, and let me see what you’ve got.”

“I haven’t seen you come up with any money yet.”

“You’ve got my two hundred.”

“Big spender. Maybe I’ll take off my top.”

“That would be a beginning.”

“And what are you going to do for a little more?”

“I can buy you a drink with my credit card.”

“I think that trick works at the singles bar.”



“So you are working for tips.”

“I told you that it was research.”

“What are you learning?”

“That guys like you are willing to do pretty much anything for a little nakedness. What are you learning?”

“That girls like you are really mysterious until you meet them. Then you realize that you’re all whores like everyone else.”

“I’m still not going to sleep with you.”

“Only because I won’t come up with any more cash.”

“OK, give me what you have, and I’ll jerk you off.”

“I’ll give you fifty dollars, I’ll jerk off myself.”

“That’s what you’ll do pretty much anyway. Give me the two hundred, and I’ll clean you up with a towel.”

“You do like it nasty.”

“I just want the two hundred.”

“I just want to put it inside.”

“I told you that I’d do everything for a thousand. I thought that would be sufficient motivation for you to come up with the rest. Maybe you could steal it from your company. Didn’t you make anything at work today.”

“It went for bills.”

“I used to have the same concerns as you. Then I got into this line of work. Whenever I need a little extra, I just give him a little more.”

“Isn’t there a limit on that. What if he wants purity?”

“You know yourself. There is no purity.”

*From my vantage point on the hill, I start to edge my van a little so that I can get a better view. She has a great smile. I really think that we would get on so well together. She is just getting out of the water and patting herself down with a towel. I am a little nervous doing this. I have a telephoto lens. I am getting some great shots of her body.*

*When I take the pictures home, I am going to blow them up. It really changes the feel of things. She gives herself willingly to the camera.*

*This is only the beginning for me. I know that it is a bit crazy of me, but I plan to take pictures of my neighbor. She dresses with her window open. I know that she has blinds. If she didn’t want me looking, she’d closer her blinds.*

*When she walks around in her underwear, it no different than her walking around in a swim suit. At home, she even has the opportunity to remove her top. I would love to lick her breasts. Just take one of them in my mouth, and suck on it.*

*When she takes off her panties, I go wild. I move I for an extra close up. I can feel myself inside her. I am losing it. I can barely concentrate on the shots.*

“Have you ever had a run in with the police?”

“A cop questioned me once. But he had no idea what I was doing.”

“You really should be in jail. There is no limits to what you might try.”

“I’m a pretty harmless sort.”

“Sure you are.”

“I’ve never actually hurt anyone.”

“You’ve never actually been cornered.”

“But you exhibit all the signs.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Take a look at yourself.”

“You’ve been telling me that all along.”

“For a reason. You are one sick puppy.”

“There’s a big difference between contemplating something and doing it.”

“Look what you’re contemplating.”

***I am sure that she can’t see me. If she could, she would be mortified. I hate to admit that. It almost makes me feel guilty. I don’t feel bad about this. There are moments when I feel as if she is inviting me to do this.***

“The more excited that you feel, the more liberties you are willing to take. It’s as if you’re working yourself into a frenzy. I know it’s unsavory to even pursue this sort of thing. But I’m just doing research on this sort of thing.

You start off using money to get what you want. Then it gets worse. You force things. You start to expect the things that you were paying for. When you can’t get them, you assume that you can just take them.”

“I’m not like that at all.”

“You’ve got a dirty mind and a foul mouth. Where is it going to stop? It never will. You are a nut job, no doubt about it.”

“I’m just a mellow guy who like to have fun.”

“But you’re not having that much fun, are you? And you just believe that you can keep crossing the line. How far is this going to go?”

***I am sure that she just went into her place,. She realizes that I am behind her, and she left the door open. If the door isn’t open, she means for me to come in. I’ll just let myself in. It’s too late to stop me.***

***I’m sure that she’s in her bedroom. It will be bit of a surprise when we come face to face. But she will soon realize that I am a gentle guy. I mean her no harm.***

“What are you doing now? You’re putting these images in my mind. I’m not at all like that.”

“But you wouldn’t mind if I pulled down my panties and just spread my legs for you right here.”

“It would be a little nasty, but I’d get turned on.”

“Turned on. You almost expect that. You’re like an addict. You’ve come to expect that level of stimulation. When you don’t get, you only get frustrated.”

“I’ll take a pill. Or have a drink. And I calm down.”

“What if you don’t get calm. Will you have another? And another. And then you lose control. This irresistible impulse just takes over.”

“It’s not quite like that.”

“Tell me how it is.”

“I do my job. I come home. I play by the rules.”

“But you know how far the rules can be bent. Have you ever followed a woman home?”

“I’ve followed for a few blocks. But I’ve always turned back before she gets to her home.”

“Do you know what kind of sick man that makes you? You frighten her. She sees you in the rearview mirror and wonders what to do.”

“Chill out. I’m not ever going to do anything.”

“She hardly know that. Just the hint is enough to frighten her. But you live off that terror. It makes you seem like more of a man. You are all about aggression. Your arousal is predicated on the threat.”

“You’re making more of this than you have. I’m on Main Street. I’m supposed to turn off at Mill Street. But I continue to Cherry. It’s not a big deal.”

“It may be to her.”

“I turn down Cherry. She keeps going. She has no idea that I was behind her.”

“Bull shit! She’s been afraid of you from the moment that you got behind her car.”

“What did I do?”

“It was the way that you looked at her as she made her turn. When the light changed, she noticed that you sped up to catch her. And you slowed down as you pulled close.”

“All this is a lie. You’re making it up as you go along.”

“It only gets worse.”