

LISA

Often, it seems that pleasure possesses us. This is the ultimate distraction of the soul—he who does not have his accounts in order cannot hang on to his property.

–Don't hang up whatever you do! I need to see you. Meet me at Mario's.

She was waiting in a booth.

–Lisa, what are you afraid of?

I have always been deathly afraid that someone can coax my heart out of my chest and then just hold it in his hand and watch it beat until it expires. I had this guy eat me out once in a restaurant. Just stick his tongue in my pussy and lick around the sweet walls. Massage me deep. Trail up to my clit and swallow me whole. I was transported somewhere else, but then everybody else was right there to hear my screams.

--That never happened.

–Don't you want to hear more?

–What more? That you opened up for him in front of everyone. That you told him that you wanted it inside you. That he was so sure of himself and just slid it in with everyone still watching. That he just merged inside of you.

–You make fun of me and you're making fun of your own efforts.

I smiled. Something immediate and brutal in that look of hers. A denial and a certainty.

I wanted to do like her suitor had done in this restaurant. Wanted her excitement to leave a stain in the chair.

–Are you wearing panties?

–You'll just have to check.

My hand pushing into the soft flesh. Making its way up the leg. The shiver. The purr.

I kissed her as I made contact. And she backed up slightly to accept the movement of the hand. The folds of moist flesh. Her hair mixing with my motions. A hot breath wafting me from her mouth. The kiss all the more wet and wild. My tongue edging deeper into her mouth. Sliding along the lips while my hand was more emphatic in its exploration. I sensed the blood rushing and the swelling. Folds of skin expanding and covering my hand. The ease which Lisa let me slip deeper into her. The hot mass. The hair all matted and electric. I was becoming so aroused.

–And it didn't happen.

She opened up and I just made my way past the honey walls.

–Lover.

–This is too easy.

She started to rock on me. Pushing harder and harder and I just went along with her swaying. An abandon shook her motion. Tremors which her body relayed to me by her more intense thrusting. We pushed together. More than a kiss, lips pressed together, rubbing back and forth. This only made be harder. She continued to pump with greater ferocity. I could not sustain my composure and just gave in,

–Yes.

All dripping, and moving amongst the slipping and sliding.

This contact was becoming so reassuring. It put out of her mind those empty nights of waiting for something. The deepening waste, an intoxication that seemed to twist around itself. Not some shock, an immediacy, but the total enveloping of him around her. Therein lay the entry that she offered and I accepted. The dominating presence of the inner leg. The movement of the muscle. The heat of flesh rubbing against flesh. Extending further to draw in my intensity. Opening up further to fuel her reply. Not held down, but released by this liberty of motion. We spun together and were returned so prevalently to the that mass of skin that I gripped at the top of the leg. The path to the backside. In so doing, I pushed himself deeper into her. The surface of each body melded into the other.

I put my hand on her shoulder and she turned around to face me. She had pulled her skirt up to let me take her, but it still circled her torso and invited me to a deeper penetration. As if my actions might make it disappear so there was nothing separating.

Lisa face reflected this big smile. Her appetites were gratified.

–Maybe you're used to having sex with woman that you don't know, but for me this is a new thing.

–Congratulation! Welcome to the land of the living dead. Now you can't go back to being who you were.

–I don't even know your name.

–We don't need names. We know who we are. What we really want.

–Maybe that works for you but not for me. So I tell my friend that I've met this really amazing man. and that's all that I can say.

–Is that all you said?

–No, I told her that I fucked you in every room of this house. Then I also told her that I cam over and over again.

–Is that what happened?

–What more do you want.

–I loved the feel of your tongue tickling up inside me. My little mouse. And I want to keep feeling the same thing.

–So what's stopping you?

–My clothes.

–Not your clothes—your desire. I want to do you with you clothes still on.

–That won't be real.

–I'll take my clothes off.

There I was erect before her. My ass was defiant against her surprise.

–Come closer.

I did. She started to stroke me.

–You shouldn't play.

–I'm not playing.

She used both hands.

–Let me take off my clothes.

–Not until it's time.

–And when will that be?

–You have to learn to wait.

But she couldn't wait. She got on her knees and took my enormous member in her mouth. She licked around the shaft. Put each ball separately in her mouth. The she started to work on the whole thing, and she moved it in and out of mouth. The saliva became thicker and thicker. Her lips felt so good. I sifted my fingers through her hair. She batted her eye lashes.

She pulled up her skirt and I started to push through the panties. We moved more and more swiftly. The smell of the sweat intoxicated me. I licked around the border of the panties. They were already soaking wet. I wanted to reach under them and just massage the mass. Oh the scent. A mixture of musk and perfume.

--Take them off.

She was so excited as I slipped inside her. Such apparent ease prompted her. We merged in this ecstasy. I came in deep flowing waves. she absorbed them and replied were her own sighs.

She stared at my naked body while she still wore her clothes—except for her panties.

She gave me a long kiss.

What could she tell her friend now.

The next stage required more risk. A house.

–Have her meet me there in nothing but heels and a coat.

I made her leave the coat by the door. I could hear the heels on the wood floor. She ascended the stairs. I hid behind a door of the bedroom and accosted her with an intimate touch.

She loved its immediacy. The surprise.

–Who are you really?

If I tell you, it will be like every other guy that you've know. We'll lose the mystery.

–I could have a husband.

–I have a wife. But that hasn't stopped me.

She look startled.

–I'm getting a divorced.

–Every guy says that to me.

–And you believe them.

–So this is your place?

–You could say that. What do we have here?

–Some love equipment.

–It's feeling mighty rusty.

–Maybe I could do the sharpening.

She was getting used to my sex around her. I pretended that this was my turn to keep my clothes on. I started to suck on one of her breasts. She reached into my pants and squeezed my penis to erection. It felt tense as she undid the zipper. I thought that she'd just pull it out. But she also pulled off my boxers.

I turned her around and licked around the cheeks of her butt. I spread my hands across her and bent her down. She was already moist and I worked my way inside. I pulled her body closer to mine.

–You're really liking this.

–I am.

I was very animated in my movement. She pushed herself briskly against me. She could feel it so concentrated in the core of her being.

–I'm glad that you're inside me

I smiled with her simplicity.

–Lisa, do you want to do something more challenging.

–How do you know my name?

–I've told you that I know who you are.

–Good.

She was breathing heavily.

–What's the challenge?

–I don't really live here. You're going to need to find a way home—without your clothes.

She was too near climax to let it sink in. As I pumped away, it hit home. Her anger only added to her orgasm

You're a real piece of shit.

–I'm sorry but I've got to run.

Was this enough yet to open her eyes?

–I never do this sort of thing with strangers.

It was just getting stranger.

She was starting to become attached to me. This attachment was betraying our anonymity. She was not facing her desire in its full form.

–Desire has nothing to do with who we are. It serves us only if we confront it in its full form.

I wished that I could invite her to some type of anonymous contact that had nothing to do with me. She was losing her access to the real pleasures of her desire. I needed an accomplice.

The blindfolding seemed necessary to maintain the illusion. How to let another take my place in the act. She needed to see the sick side of her appetite, to strip away the illusion of the lover. It has never been about me at all. It had never been about these others in her life. It was completely about the rawness of the hunger.

What could afford me the access that I needed?

–Lisa, I need to see you.

–What's this game that you know my name and I don't know yours?

–I'm not important here. You have to see something about yourself that you don't want to see.

I didn't think that she was really listening to me. She was so attached to this pretense that she started to believe that there was more to this than there was. I saw her telling a friend about what was going on. That this was the most fantastic love thing that she had ever happened to her. That she had never known any attraction this extreme in her life.

She appeared in a black negligé. This negligé was covered in a cashmere coat.

–I don't want to lose this coat.

She feared something about our connection. This cashmere coat was my reminder of what had happened at the house. This had both fascinated and repulsed her. She was starting to face herself.

–I met a man in a dark hotel. I thought it was my lover. I got in the bed with the man. I

let him do things to me. Things that were very shocking. Even in my other contacts I was not driven to this extreme. I loved all of this.

I had brought in an ex-lover. Someone who was a total exhibitionist. And in the dark a tongue is a tongue. Lisa gave herself completely to the experience. Everywhere that she existed she felt the presence of this intense stimulation. Beyond just imagination, now she felt in a world of total gratification—real gratification.

She totally gave herself to my demands. The shock when she realized when it was not me.

The stranger took off his mask.

I took off the blindfold.

She turned on all the lights, but she still couldn't see who was touching her.

—Who is touching me?

—What?

—Where are you hiding? Are you some kind of psychotic?

But the accusations of psychosis formed the overall barrier that prevented her from seeing herself.

—You've wanted something like this all along.

—I never played along with this at all.

Had I pushed things too far? Was she going to quit at this moment.

—I don't want to talk to you any more. You've used me. I don't want you calling me or trying to contact me in any way.

She called number of days later.

—I called because I wanted to get my jacket back.

What a lame excuse.

—You want to continue where we left off.

—You're crazy. I've checked up on you.

She was lying on the bed. She pulled off her skirt. He could see through her panties.

—What are you looking at?

—I know exactly who you are?

—And I can easily change tomorrow into something else.

—You love surprises.

—Take off your shirt. I want to see your breasts.

—What do you really want to see?

—I want to see your smile for what it's worth.

She wrapped her legs around me. I maneuvered on top of her.

—This is hardly going to work

—It's working for now.

She gets on top of me and starts to move energetically.

—The one thing that disturbs me more than anything is my fear of being abandoned.

—That's the only thing that makes you complete.

As she gyrated on top of me, she began to smile.

–What are you doing?

–I’m getting up

–You’re not going somewhere.

–I’m just getting tired of the same thing. The way that you treat me. It’s like some math problem to you. This isn’t about solving something. There ‘s no tenderness to you at all.

--Let me touch your shoulder.

–I want to love you. But I think that this has gone too far.

–You can’t get your innocence back.

–I know what I’m doing. People forget. Even I’ll forget all of this.

–But once you have the taste, you’re going to need that.

–But love is better than any of this could be.

–It’ all about that feeling of completeness, or maybe the lack of it.

–I’m not feeling good about this.

This contact was becoming so reassuring. It put out of her mind those empty nights of waiting for something. The deepening waste was an intoxication that seemed to twist around itself. Not some shock, an immediacy, but the total enveloping of him around her. Therein lay the entry that she offered and I accepted. The dominating presence of the inner leg. The movement of the muscle. The heat of flesh rubbing against flesh. Extending further to draw in my intensity. Opening up further to fuel her reply. Not held down, but released by this liberty of motion. We spun together and were returned so prevalently to the that mass of skin that I gripped at the top of the leg. The path to the backside. In so doing, I pushed himself deeper into her. The surface of each body melded into the other.

–You’ve done these things to me before and I want you to carry on as you have been.

She wanted to catalogue the various aspects of her enjoyment.

–You can’t let your desires be associated with things outside of the act itself. We cannot concern ourselves with gifts. Trips. Plans of any kind. You cannot share dreams with your lover. You give your body, and that is all. Can you attempt it?

--I’m destroying my life by spending time with you. I can’t think about anything else. I just fucking need this.

–What do you need?

–I need you.

–Not just me. What about me?

–I need your erect dick. I need your thing.

–What about when I’m not aroused.

–I need to think about how to get you going.

–Why?

–It’s not for me. It’s not for you. I just need it for itself.

–And.

–That’s all I am—the connection to it—that’s all you are—it. Coming to arousal. Taking further stimulations whose contours remind you of my body. Getting so hard that you can’t exist

anywhere but inside me. In my mouth, up my ass, in my pussy. I need to get you going more. I need to make you happen in the most extreme way. This is my most extreme. Pain and torture. Anything that prolongs that feeling. That keeps it going when it can't.

–What does this mean?

–That I want you to fuck me. I want to do these amazing things to the very thing that fucks me. I want nothing less all the time. Can you understand what that mean. It means everything to me.

--Is this the ultimate of perversity?

–It is only the ultimate if I don't feel it as part of myself. Down deep, it's my heartbeat, what throbs at the farthest reaches of myself. I have found my life vibration.

–And what are you going to do about it?

–The only thing that is possible. I'm going to give everything that there is in me to this. It is my imperial ambition.

–Open yourself then. Bow to the only thing that makes you whole.

–What of my other desires?

–And what are they?

–To repeat what made me feel good before.

–Is that ever enough. If you keep doing what you have been doing, then you can never know the new supremacy of pleasure.

–But how can I know this new thing? All I can do is compare my experiences to what I have felt in the past.

–This is way beyond comparison. This is a realization that exists beyond all history. It's not a going back to something that you were before. It's breaking a barrier. Do you really want that in the heart of who you are.

--That is the only thing that I could ever want. How do I get it?

–You have to worship that thing.

–Do you?

–Yes, yes, yes.

But was this really enough for either of us. I wanted her to project way beyond this into a place where she had not ventured. She needed to tempt the heights. At the same time, I knew that part of her was totally given over to this temptation. She could not escape from its hold. She loved risk, and this was why she was my perfect candidate. But I also recognized her greatest fear. It came to her in the form of a dizziness. She knew what she had to do, but the tiniest perceptions of that fear pricked at her. It shook her core. I needed to get her past that vertigo. She needed to touch. She needed to engage–IT. She needed to feel my penis as opening up spaces in herself that had never before existed. She needed to concentrate. Accept its regime. More than that, she had to see what it really was. The total and utter submission.

–I want you to give me maximum pleasure.

At this pleasures, how did I know that Lisa would go along with my request. Hadn't she already been drained by serving my desires. In fact, such a denial would have been impossible. At first, she had been attracted by our games. She thought that they were the expression of love. So she told her friend. Her friend of course warned her, but Lisa was totally committed to the adventure. I needed to separate her from any attachment. To purify the desire. But that time she

was hooked. I could ask for anything. And I did.

–So what is maximum pleasure?

–When you are totally devoted to the act itself. That any distraction only enhances your feelings. The scene must be wild with your craving for that one thing that makes you whole.

–And what is that one thing?

–The body as a vehicle for my imagination.

–So be it.

She needed to allow complete stimulation of herself. She needed to be open to other possibilities. But her longing needed to be tempered by my overall commands.

In the preparation, she had to give herself to pleasure because she was totally willing to pleasure. What did that suggest?

Another partner in our game. This partner was invisible in the planning, but she arrived to complete the arrangement. She was to absorb the excesses of passion. While I concentrated on Lisa, she needed to turn her attention to our other partner. Her tongue needed to be her summit of erotic expression.

The lovely model had agreed to oblige our pleasures. Her dance had progressed way beyond Lisa's learning. She spread her legs near Lisa's face. Lisa needed to draw in the model's anticipated pleasure as her own. As she tasted her crotch, Lisa needed to become electric. She needed to get off on the girl's sighs.

Meanwhile, I had to totally engage Lisa. But this involvement was not totally abstract. It was all about these tool of congruity. She was fucking her own desire. So this hollow opened up in her. I filled it by orally pleasuring Lisa. My language spoke to her insides. But now her sex was an extension of her desire to please the model. As Lisa became more and more aroused, the flow became torrential. Fluids that had remained locked inside of her just came flowing out. I needed Lisa to mount me. As Lisa bounced up and down on me, I got off on seeing her breasts flop up and down. This inspired my erection more.

As I gave myself to this flow, the model sat on my face. Everything that I felt about Lisa, I could now provoke with my tongue. The model totally obliged.

Later, Lisa watched from the sidelines and touched herself. All the explosive sighs, while I really fucked the model. She felt well paid for the night. We all had this mind-blowing experience.

–You don't know what it's like. This is what I want to do all the time.

–Then you have to do it in public. I want you to fuck a man—a stranger in public. Someone who I randomly point out.

–What about the risks?

–You have to give in to the risks. It is part of your desire.

–That is the most psychotic thing.

–Death is only a limit imposed on us by the weak. The strong can burst on past that barrier. You need to do it. Are you prepared?

–Whatever you want.

–We'll do it in a train station. You'll feel yourself one with the rush of the train. People will watch you sit on this man. They'll watch you rock up and down. They'll see the expression on your face. But down deep, they won't care. They are caught up in the same anonymity.

–But I liked what we just did so much. I want to do that again.

–You are still attached by these scene like you are to a person.

–I am attached to you. That your imagination is so profound. That you can't stop your stimulating of me. How far can you take this?

–That you have to end the attachment. You have to realize that the strongest fuck by some stranger can take you as far as I can. That you have to throw yourself into just this pursuit and nothing less. If you seek this intensity, you can never be disappointed.

Deep in her there was already a heart beating to this rhythm. I needed to let it roar.

–Have you heard it before–the orbiting beat. Now you will heat it.

The stranger was first put off. He had plans, somewhere to go. He had a fiancée waiting. She had none of the charms of Lisa. He wanted to be inside Lisa. He kissed her neck. She wouldn't let him touch her lips. She reached into his pants and rubbed his dick hard. She pulled down the zipper and held it out. She hope a passer by might catch them. Then she sat him down, he hung there with this big hard on. And she hiked up her skirt and just slipped him in. Just let him move closer to everything that made her what she had become.

She moved with him inside her, moved for everyone to see. And in these motions, these faces, she found a current that had nothing to do with me. She loved it for what it was. I could see such hurt in her face because I felt that hurt inside me. She was separating herself from me. I tried to get closer, but this had nothing at all to do with me. And as she started to feel the utter stimulation–she had to fill in for what was not there–now this was her art–she needed that spark and she could make this a stupendous fuck.

–Did you like how I was doing this for you?

–That had nothing to do with me. This is the end between you and me.

–What are you afraid of? That I enjoyed it too much. I want to go back to your place and let you get deep inside me.

–My place. I've never taken you to my place. You make me sick. I don't want to be inside of you after that display. That was totally perverse.

–But you told me to do it.

–I know. But you let yourself enjoy it.

–I didn't think that I could.

I gave in myself. This incredible anger. I pulled her in the washroom and worked my whole hand inside her. I pumped away with it. She dispelled my anger into this sublime awakening.

–I want more and more and more. Go ahead, just fuck me.

–Don't you want to know my name?

As she came, she just spat in my face.

–I know who you are. You're just the most miserable fuck that I will ever meet.

She smiled as she kissed me. That was the kiss that she had saved for me.

That was the last time that I saw Lisa. The experience knocked me out. I hadn't realized the limits of my power–how much I could get immersed in domination.

--Everyone looks beautiful making love.

–Lisa, that is just total nonsense.

GINA

My fantasy becomes something entirely real when my associates decide to act out a scenario. The most intense actors are those who harbor the same idiosyncracies as me but are worried that their desire renders them at risk for their criminality.

She stared prominently from the web site with the caption: “I’m watching you, and I love what I see. Talk to me, baby” Of course the talk didn’t begin until the meter started running. But that was the luscious lead in.

There had been this rumor that Gina had been discovered at a dairy queen in Seattle. Of course that seemed to contradict that she already was a child model. what would she have been doing working in a Dairy Queen.

She tried college, but that didn’t go too well. She got a job in a travel service and was amazingly successful. She ended up owning the service by 25. While on a vacation in the Virgin Islands, she got noticed for the swim suit issue of a lesser sports magazine. And her career took off from there. Since she started late, she figured that she had a lot of catching up to do. And she was often willing to do what it took to get ahead. She had accustomed herself to photos in swimsuits. A low-cut dress in a film shoot. Maybe strip down to her panties if the mood required it.

This helped her to get some acting jobs. She just seemed to charm the camera. She wasn’t really the best actress, but she had a natural quality that captured quite a few admirers. She parlayed this into the adult film market.

–I don’t mind showing a little now and then.

A little became all she had. Now and then became more now and less then.

–I’m not going to have sex on screen.

Where did she draw that line? There were no real scenes of penetration. But there were stories that on the set of **Tropic Affair** that she and her co star were actually making contact under the covers. The steam was entirely apparent for any avid viewer. Moreover, she had some scenes with women that stretched the limits. Much of this was cut in the version released in the States. But the European market saw more and more of Gina.

–I have something to show. It’s worth sharing it.

That brought her a pretty penny.

–You’re showing it all on screen, baby. What are you saving for me?

–It’s a fucking movie. Or can’t you tell the difference any more?

–But it’s not just what you show. In fact, it’s more than that—it’s all of what you suggest.

–I’m not suggesting anything.

–But some of those tight shots. You seem to be getting into it.

–Well I’m good.

–When you’re with me, I feel the same thing. That it’s all an act.

–You have to give me my freedom to be myself. I can’t reveal it all.

–You wouldn’t know that from seeing you on screen.

Gina broke up with Jason soon after that argument. She also got a role in a mainstream picture, and it seemed that she might move beyond cult status. She may have not been the best. But she never looked back from there. Sure she had to go back to the adult market, but every so often there were opportunities in more mainstream fare.

The more that she played on screen, the more that she learned that ability to suggest. And suggestion started to mean so much more. What got the fans started so that they imagined her speaking just to them. This was totally her celebrity. The viewers wanted to rescue her. Her mail indicated this intimacy that they formed with her. It never frightened her in the least. Sure, there were a couple that crossed the line. But she knew how to handle it all.

I looked at her picture and I wanted to click. I wanted to share in that moment that she offered everyone else. Could I indeed take it to the final level?

*Gina has appeared in so many films throughout her career. To see some of those images, just click on the still pictures. **Watch them come to life.***

I did just that.

LIVE IMAGES ARE ONLY FOR MEMBERS. IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER YOU NEED TO REGISTER WITH A CREDIT CARD.

I looked at the images. Some of these were the racier scenes cut from her movies. Scenes where she really got carried away.

I hesitated about entering the digits of the credit card. But I always felt that I too knew the real Gina. I took the bait.

In one scene, Gina was licking another women's pussy. This was shot from close in. I had no doubt there was actual contact. You could see in the other woman's face, the extremes of passion that experience.

–I've watched the video myself a hundred times. It's all simulated.

–Phil, you got the red version. I made it to the blue level.

I was lucky. I had been one of only a few customers who had seen it all. The others seemed satisfied with a close up of Jenna's labial lips. But I had actual tongue contact.

This alone made me more excited. The red version had sketched out a region of pleasure. The blue version completely engaged that region. More than lucky, I was ecstatic.

Repeating the same scenes, going over the same territory seemed to open up a deeper understanding with Gina. I wanted to share this with her. I played along with the chat room site. She was actually making an appearance.

–In *Dark Dangers*, you attained an intimacy with Jenna. I have to think that there was something real to that whole sequence.

–More than real. We've got a circle of actors. You recognize us all. We've worked together in a number of films. We're great friends.

–I saw something. Maybe it goes back to your days in Seattle.

–Movies give us a chance to relive old experiences—to bring a special understanding to whom we are. What are our weaknesses. I loved working with Jenna again. It really was like working out with a childhood friend.

–It seemed so real. I've heard that sometimes the camera can put an actress in a trance. It's like she sees herself, and at the same time she's in the experience.

–You don't know how mind blowing the experience can be. Around the industry, the

adult industry, we call it erotic disintegration. You see these images of yourself that keep feeding on your pleasurable desires. It keeps getting more and more intense. It's totally crazy.

–I can really feel that. It's existing in this other world. I've heard that a viewer can enter that same world. Then the actress can send special messages to that particular fan.

–That seems a little out there.

–No, I felt it.

–Really, that's a little too extreme for even me.

I went back to the golden screen section of the web site. These videos were reserved for special viewers. It was amazing. Gina had really crossed over.

I started touching myself while I watched. The timing was perfect. As my hard on reached this intensity, Gina's cooing became more and more out of this world. When I came the screen seemed to sparkle gold. I was hooked.

We've had a review of your account. You'll have to step up to a higher level of commitment if you want to continue.

If I wanted to continue. Of course I was in it for everything.

Gina wishes to offer you a special thanks for your updated membership. You are invited to the elite level of chat. Tonight 8PM

Damn. I felt privileged.

–Gina, I was asking you about **erotic disintegration**. I really feel the connection. I was on the golden screen, and I was sure that you were talking to me.

–You need to activate secure site protection.

I did—just for her.

–You have to swear not to tell anyone. But the coding is there. We used an enhancement of the photographic image. I included some of the elements in the performance. And I worked with Skip Adams. We formed such a connection.

–But even Skip doesn't get it. I can tell by how he moves inside you. You have passed way beyond the limit.

–This is making me too frightened. Thanks for your interest. Until we talk again.

I tried contacting her on a regular site a couple of nights later. But that's how far it went. Part of me felt the need to see her. But I was spending a fortune to maintain my status.

I was on the verge of a breakthrough. I had downloaded the footage with Adams. I ran it over and over again trying to find a clue. Her erotic appeal was constant through each run through. I had to beat off while watching her. She was driving me crazy.

As I came on her she acknowledged me.

–Thanks baby.

She was part of this bizarre experiment and now I felt that I was part of it too.

–We wanted to directly affect the viewer. It's worked. But in your case it has gone so far beyond our initial desires. It's making me really frightened. I've always love the line that I can draw with my fans. But now I am really afraid.

–I'm getting an impression of something that happened in Seattle with the first guy that you were with.

–Please stop!

The scene flashed before both of us.

–That’s why Skip made you afraid. But that fear also inspired your performance.
 –I never had sex with him, but a couple of times on set, he couldn’t control himself. We all laughed.

–I thought he didn’t like women.
 –Nothing’s that simple. We got along wonderfully.
 –But you did have sex with Cinnamon on screen.
 –It doesn’t show anything of the kind.
 –I can tell why’s going on by looking at you.
 –I’m not going to dignify that with an answer.
 –You’re being really evasive. Things start to go so well between us, and you get really evasive.

–It’s not evasiveness. It’s reality. You’ve crossed the line.
 Whenever she started to get weird, I needed to sign off. I had started this special relationship with her, and I didn’t want to let go. So I gave into her wishes.

Later that night, I seemed to get my answer in another film. I started to think that Gina was a goddess. The wisps of golden hair—rays of light. She could satisfy all my desires.

She had mounted her lover and was bouncing up and down. She wanted him to focus on the lips of her pussy as they embraced his dick. Through it all, her face started to take on an otherworldly expression. Her ecstasy was an invitation to more!

CLICK HERE FOR PARADISE!!!!

–I can already feel paradise. I have arrived.

CLICK HERE! PAY MORE!

–I have my answer! I have crossed over!

PAY MORE! PAY MORE! PAY MORE!

This was an ecstasy greater than any before. I collapsed in my transport. I woke up later to a flashing screen. My lips were swollen. I felt weak. My body tingled.

Are you with me? Sometimes I feel that I need to be rescued. Your support is greater than I have ever felt in my life.

LOVE

It floated beyond the screen in the middle of the room. Was I still connected? Had I paid sufficiently.

Once we have reached such an elevated level, how easy its it to carry on where we left off. When I saw her take off her shoes or caught that smile—all of it indicated the same realization—she was saint—she was my patron.

I felt like I was coming down, but I needed some kind of lift. Would I rush over to the screen.

I knew that Gina had a life beyond the screen, and I wanted to be part of it. I was under no illusion. I knew how unrealistic was my wish. But I felt attracted by it. how could I make contact?

The site was so limiting, and only a psychotic would try to make contact otherwise. But

if I didn't, she might be in danger. Was there any way to find her—to find someone else who might offer her the help that she needed.

I hadn't slept in days, and I needed to.

A new feature on Gina's site was a confessional biography. I had waited for some revelation and this excited me a great deal.

She faced the screen. She puckered up her lips.

—I'm doing this for you!

She was soft spoken. Occasionally she looked down to catch her breath. This gave her words a sense of authenticity. She seemed more vulnerable.

She moved slightly in her chair—an almost imperceptible squirm.

She talked about her years in Seattle. The forlorn times that she worked through by relying on her dreams of stardom. That she could never attain the perfection that she sought. This made her always sell herself short.

She talked about a disastrous engagement that sidetracked her plans. How she gave so much to a fiancé who was actually seeing another woman in Los Angeles. How she found herself attracted to promises of wealth. Too often she found herself hanging out with men who were renting her time until they could move on to someone else.

Her confession became more private as she described how this made her depressed. This only made her more susceptible to mistakes. She found herself dazzled by the trappings of success. She hinted at problems with drugs. Loss of will. Blurring of personality definition.

While out at dinner, she left her companion to go the washroom. Staring at herself in the mirror, she recognized the warning in her face. She was on a downward spiral.

Somehow she got pictures of herself to a well-known photographer. She never looked back from that point on. She surmised that the photographer could see her newly acquired zeal. That was what was reflected in her further successes. The camera could read her confidence.

I wondered how she could maintain that high. How she started to expect it. It wasn't the glamor or the recognition. It was that magical quality. Once she espoused it, she couldn't turn back. If it was first something that came naturally, what did she do when she couldn't call on her resources with such conviction. Maybe just something to kick her into gear. A supplement.

For all that I could tell from the confession, there seemed something that she was not telling. How did I know? I felt that this was not the Gina that I knew from the screen. This was some fabrication created by a publicist. She had got so good at playing roles that now everything about her life was following a script. Her erotic work was the only link to what she had been. What she was now. But even then, the scripts seemed to intervene. To play her out against this multitude of partners. I felt that I could offer her the link. Show her where she was in danger of being swallowed up by this conspiracy.

I played the confession again. Something had changed in those Seattle years. I could sense it in her gestures. The way that her fingers played through her blonde hair. The lips. The eyes turning away from the camera. Then making love to the viewer. I felt that I could understand that hope on her part. How it still existed somewhere.

I wanted to contact her again. But I was becoming more and more convinced of the futility of my plan. She was a celebrity because she wanted to stay the way that she was. For

her, the Seattle experience was ultimately no more real than one of her movie scripts.

When I rewatched the confession all I could feel was this dominant tragedy. There was nothing that I or anyone else could do. Not even Gina herself. This was no longer about her at all.

Who was this monster that I had met that seemed to haunt me, that seemed to haunt her as well?

I needed other sources. Her site was simply part of this massive cover up. It sustained the illusion about contact with a real Gina. Even Gina herself had submitted to this plot. I wondered if they had her sedated in some mansion in Beverly Hills. If they were ready to trot her out every time that they needed some new success.

There must be cross-links that could reveal some in. Maybe some of her costars might see what I saw. I smiled. I suddenly felt that I had this wonderful purpose. More than ever before, I felt that I could help her. This made me gratified. It gave my life more of a purpose. What could I really do?

I wondered.

Sylvia Wonder had a site of her own. It was put together a lot like Gina's maybe the same designer. It had new about her life in Kansas City. Sylvia indeed had worked in a Dairy Queen. She had a bad marriage to a basketball coach. She got divorced at nineteen and moved West.

Sylvia studied acting while working nights at as a cocktail waitress. She lived with a movie sound tech. One day while picking him up, she got noticed and invited to come in for a reading. She made a great impression on the director. The camera loved her.

Later on, she became the perfect foil for Gina. Her tight black curls and slim body complemented the lush voluptuousness of Gina.

I looked for some clues. Something out of the ordinary. Maybe my access to Sylvia might be more direct

Sylvia had noticed that there were some unusual features in the performance of Gina. She was trying to figure out what was going on. She thought that she'd ask Gina, but she didn't show up on the set. This served as the basis for some unusual moves by the director trying to cover up for her absence.

I got Sylvia's number through someone who I met through Gina's chat room.

--You're goddam right I think that something weird is going on.

She told me about what the studio had been doing. This had confirmed my suspicions. Beyond that Sylvia couldn't help much. I returned to the site and downloaded a scene with both Gina and Sylvia. Gina raised her leg astride Sylvia and began to kiss Sylvia on the neck. She then rolled Sylvia over to remove her panties. Gina's blonde hair covered Sylvia's body as she stimulated her orally.

I called LA police Department. They finally hooked me up with Officer Sherington.

--I felt that I needed to contact the police. She's in real danger. I think that she may have been kidnaped.

--How do you know this woman?

--I don't. Well, I do. Not exactly. We've had contact on the internet. And I can tell that

something's wrong.

–You've had contact on the internet. She actually wrote to you.

–Not exactly. But I've been in chat rooms with her. When you've done things like I do, you just know.

–What do you do for a living?

–I'm a psychic researcher.

I could see that he treated me with real credibility

–I mean, you've used psychic's in missing persons' cases and the like.

He still didn't seem too convinced.

--You've got to understand how her site is organized. Different levels like in a video game. Except in this game, you have to know the subject to really play. The more that I demonstrated my knowledge of Gina, the more that I progressed in the game. I got to be really good at this. And it wasn't because it was just a game. I had some kind of special intuitive skill. It's like good detective work. You just know things. You see patterns that are like things that you've seen before. Maybe now you can understand my connection to her.

–But that by itself is not an indication that something is wrong with her.

–It was in her videos—it's like they made some kind of switch.

–They use body doubles all the time. You've got to admit something like that is the probable explanation.

–I could always tell before. It's something about the erotic chemistry.

–That's all your chemistry. You couldn't get off like you did before and now you're pretending that it's something about her. It's all you this time.

–No, you don't understand.

–It makes too much sense to me. Put your pornos in a box and get out in the real world. go to a bar. Meet a nice girl and take her home and show her what you're really made of.

–Listen to me!

–You need some kind of help. I've seen this before. You think because you've beat off to some girl's picture that you have a special pipeline into her personality. It don't work like that.

–The tenderness factor has changed.

–Tenderness factor. That sounds ridiculous.

–I could measure it like a scientist. I've told you that I work on psychic research.

Changes in blood pressure, heart rate—like a polygraph test. Adjustments to images. You know what it's like.

–You've got to quit talking like this.

–I'll make you a deal. All you have to do is send an officer out to her house.

–I tell you what I'll do. This really amounts to harassment on my part. But I'll drive out there and see what's going on. Then I'll call you back. But if I get to the bottom of this, then you have to let it go. Otherwise, I'll advise the woman to press charges. Privacy is something that everybody values in this state.

–I totally understand.

I came back from some errands the next morning and noticed that Officer Sherrington had left me a message. I called back LAPD.

—I rode out to the house. And I really felt embarrassed. She was gone. You were right. But she had gone away for the weekend. Now that that's finished, I want you to leave Gina alone.

Was that sufficient. Maybe she was being drugged.

Sometimes you have to understand that we all have to get away. I need you to keep a secret for me. Now you are my only true friend.

I've lived with a man for seven years. He is very trustworthy. But I am not. And I resent him. I love him, but I resent.

Sometimes I have these episodes—these sex flashes. I meet some guy, and the two of us just take off. I didn't want my man to find out. I told him that all this stuff was over. But he can't please me.

This guy that I met was so giving. He just grabbed me in a store and started kissing me. Putting his hand on my back. Giving me this weird shiver. I went crazy. I just melted. I let him touch me intimately. In a crowd. I didn't mind who was there. And I just sat on his lap while he pulled out his erect penis and put it inside me.

I didn't know where I was or what I was doing. But I wanted more.

We went off to some weekend getaway. Cocktails—champagne baths. He satisfied me so much. Filled my room with flowers.

We made plans—plans to go to Jamaica. I wanted to leave the country—to never come back. To quit the movies.

It gets depressing always having to simulate sex on screen. Or simulate love. Or tears. I didn't know anymore what was me and what was this thing bigger than life.

He made me feel real again and that feeling was something that I had forgotten about. I felt like a young girl. We went for these great walks in the woods. I learned about all the setbacks failures in his life, and how he finally turned things around. I got to know his body so well. And he did the same with me. There was nothing that we didn't share.

This made me more afraid. Afraid that I couldn't come back to my old life. I started to resent this new lover. I felt that he was robbing something from me. I started to see him as this monster. He was this ugly thing that I needed to destroy.

Still we kept making love—but the love just turned to sex—fucking. And he showed a cruel side. I didn't want to leave. He almost held me prisoner. Or I let him treat me that way.

More that ever, my shame prevented me from leaving. He made me do things to myself. Bad things. But I really enjoyed them. Whatever he could do to keep this going, he would. I became more frightened. I felt that he would hurt me if I left him

All this turned out to be ridiculous but that feeling made me more and more afraid. I was becoming this sex monster. But it was no longer the sex. It was just the rawness of the contact.

I had been doing this so long that this was what I had become. The worse part about all this was I knew that I would go back to my man as if nothing had happened. And I would do exactly the same thing in a couple of months. Thanks for trying to help me, but I cannot be helped.

I can't be helped at all. You need to forget about me.

I didn't want to forget at all. I wanted to be one of those men who had temporarily become part of her life. In my case, I knew the change would be permanent. There would be no return for either of us.

My jealousy became intense. Why had she shared herself with this guy. He knew nothing about her. And I knew everything. If we were together physically, we could unlock such mysteries about each other.

I needed to contact her. I needed to see her.

You cannot contact me or try to see me at all. My man has found out about us, and he is going off his rocker. He's going to kill me if I don't let things return to normal. He thinks that we met. He thinks that you and I have been together. He needs help. I need help. You have to agree not to contact me.

I felt that she was in more trouble than she was letting on but under the circumstances. What could I do? How could I help at all.

I went back to playing the game. I watched how she reached that plateau and tried to take it for a sign. How much further could she pursue in her journey.

Once she had become lost in her passion, did she progress any more. This caused her susceptibility to multiple partners. There was this real explosiveness in her connection to her lovers. From then on it all seemed automatic. She just fell under the spell with no qualms whatsoever. This was where there participation seemed to cease. What first was portrayed as this chore transformed into this massive realization on her part. I could see it reflected in her face. Imagine for the moment that she got lost in this feeling. Why didn't she just push things more? She wanted to be cared for. In this gulf, she found it impossible to throw herself into the act.

I'd seen her cross over before. This was not real obstacle to her. What did she need to ease her over that wall. This was why she had fallen to for the lover of her past rendez-vous. He was entirely aggressive and raw. She understood this nakedness better than the exposure of emotional honesty. And she could respond so easily. But it was also a moment that she wanted to forget. Hence her continued devotion to her beauty. Such was the real Gina.

The rush was intense. I felt my whole body rise up and start to spread itself against the sky. I could feel myself take off, my arms extended. She was there to welcome me, my Gina.

I passed from one side to the other, and just became suspended in this hollow.

Why was this revelation making itself known now. It was a promised rapture. But something was still being held back from me.

This was the appeal that smothered me in Gina? I thought that I was part of something. In the same way, she felt that sex could eventually liberate her from her confusion. I need her to get back in the chat room. I felt that I knew something that really could help her. I felt that this last realization would clean me out.

How much had I already gambled—\$100,000? And this would require the same sum. There were times in my past that I could muster that amount. And my future would hold a similar promise. For now, there was none of that.

—What would you give to sleep with me. To get in the tub with me, and roll around in my love mound. What would you give to submerge?

—Are you taunting me. If I take this risk, I really expect the reward. I can't afford not to succeed here.

–You have to do more than that. Don't think that I'm going to give in to you that easily.
 –What do you want.
 –I want it all.
 –And if that's not enough. Isn't that your role. If I give a little, I'll only get a little piece of you. All I need is a relic, and I can fill in the rest. That's all I need.
 –That's what they all say. But it never is enough. If you want the treasure, you have to take a risk.
 –I already have what I want.
 –But tell me. Is that really anything?
 –It's all I need. I have you Gina in a way that no one can ever have you. I don't think that you can really appreciate what I am offering you.
 –And what is that?
 –That is love.
 –That's good. That's what he said Saturday night as he bloodied my lip.
 –And that's what you're coming to enjoy.
 Had I got on the bad fantasy page—or the fantasy of bad...
 This was too easy. It was the rescue game all over again. I imagined these hapless men at private photo sessions cradling their SLR's while pretending that Gina was the one for them. That the right shot could imply some kind of contact. That was all that they needed. All that they ever needed.
 –I want to care. I have dreams. A life. How can you make it real.
 –Gina, this is not my style. Either I'm confronting a terrible programmer, or you are really believing this shit.
 I needed to scroll back a few pages—to reset the sequence.

I don't want to cry. I don't want to hurt anymore.

Most people have an identity separate from their devotion to the image.

I need a new body.

–**None of you knows what it's like looking down on the world from up here.**
 Or what a good dinner could cure.
 –Have you tasted these little fish?
 –Those aren't fish. It's something synthetic.
 –Swallow it. It's all the same.
 –I just want to jump your bones.
 –I feel like I'm slipping from the edge of the world and you're telling me that you're going to save me.
You can't wait until you've made the heights. To look down on something that seems so entirely natural and refreshing.
 –I just needed to get away for the weekend. Away from everyone.
You need to jump!

You just need to get high enough to make coming down fast and painless. Do you have something for me?

–Everyone looks so beautiful when they come!

–I’ve got a room registered for you in Vegas. Do you know how I’d like to see you waiting for me?

–I’ll do whatever you want me to do.

Does anyone know this is happening.

–Gina, you’ve got to give me the unlocking key to go to the next level. With the unlocking key, I could take over the whole site. I could liberate Gina from her imprisonment.

–Who’s going to sign for this tab?

–Whoever’s got the biggest romance sequence.

–Anything that you want.

–This is Phil. I’m having some trouble with the police. I could really use some help. There’s something that I need you to keep for me.

While I was away on my trip, someone broke into my place. The site has definitely been compromised.

I wanted to watch another romance sequence with Gina. I didn’t want to wait through all the preparations. Just to begin where she was already in her final stages to take off.

A glassy stare engaged Gina. What was she taking?

She licked her lips. She was chewing her tongue. Biting her lips.

–We need to really enjoy ourselves.

PRESS PLAY!

Her perfect lips.

–Do you want to talk about Seattle.

–I never really worked in a Dairy Queen.

–Do you feel that you should get rewarded for your hard work?

–I feel that I’m starting believe these scripts that I’ve been doing.

–About your special skills.

–My life really is a mess. I slept with my best friend’s husband. I always like the way he looked. And one night he just put it in. It was too easy. He started getting stupid and talked about leaving her.

I felt that I owned piece of her.

PRESS PLAY!

Gina, I need you.

–I wondered when you were going to call me.

--She let me do this to her. That's the sort of person that she is.

The Seattle story never really took hold. Maybe we could try another version.

–You've got to stop them now.

–If you love yourself first, then everything else will follow.

My access code to the site was being interrupted. My account seemed to be running out of credit. I wished that I could recharge.

As he moved inside her, she stretched more and started to push harder.

–This is the real Gina.

The glassy stare.

A slight giggle.

–Are you really enjoying this?

–I am. But I'm not really enjoying you.

I have no life. But I'm devoted to you.

No life—you need some more life credits. What skills do you have?

I can hold my breath.

I can hold my breath

My hair was getting very dry. I used an avocado shampoo. Then I followed it up with a papaya rinse.

There was less and less tenderness in her caresses.

The vulnerability has to appear all natural. It's due to a desire to be protected.

–He no longer offered me the protection that I needed.

–What?

–I'm not sure if I want to keep doing this.

–We won't keep doing this when we get back to town.

CREDIT IS EXPIRED!

I needed one more play to make the game work. She was lying close to me on the bed. I pulled open her bathrobe. Her breasts awaited my kisses.

–Look into the screen. This reveals who you really are.

–I can get to the point that I want so easily. I like to hang out with guys who feel the same way about themselves.

–You're making me embarrassed.

If you're having sex with one person while really thinking about another.

–I'm not thinking about you. I'm just thinking about how it feels.

See how see changes when you say something to hear.

–When I kiss you, I just go all nutty. I can't keep my balance.

–Let me hold you up.

–*Why? I just want to go to bed now.*
 –*I want you to get me higher than I've ever been before.*
You can't stop me.

CREDIT HAS EXPIRED!
Can you stop yourself.

When I was a kid, one of my brother's friends...

--It could have been me instead of that stupid guy.
 --It should have been Ray.

--I found what I've been looking for.
 --Romance code number seven.
 --My access has been denied. I can get more credits but the next level is the ultimate. I'd need a second mortgage on the house.

He couldn't bite down. Every time that he had sex he made these squeaking noises.

–Just fuck me and shut the fuck up. I've got an early call in the morning.
I don't know why I fucked him. I really don't think that he looks that good.

–Romance sequence number eleven.

–I want you to choke me. I want you to kill me. Do you think that you could kill me? If you can't I want a real man. Not someone who goes all soft when we hit some real action.

TERMINATE!

Ravenous—he couldn't stop—just the biting—the biting down—repeated—the torture.

–Can you do it again?

DARCY

Once we have extended the realm of pleasure, we need to learn how to occupy our conquered territory. We construct new mansions.

Darcy found an intense delight in stripping everything down to this basement level of the self. Just an abruptness in the awareness of where we were, who we were. The magic of pleasure had been burned away. All my energies had been drained.

She smiled.

–You realize how far we have gone.

And I recalled that rush of excitement that had borne down on me. An exquisite feeling, but a total pouring out of everything. Caught up in this flow, I now felt as if I had splattered across this basement level. So utter had been my exhaustion, that I could not recover the unity that had driven my flight.

–This is nothing.

And I measured the distance from those initial caresses to the absurdity of the present explosion.

–All of this and more. We have only started.

She was ready to lead me on a journey to the edge of desire.

–We have only skimmed that outer ring of your passion. That excuse that you have determined every detail of your passage. But there is this greater challenge. Something that seems to have nothing to do with you but is the furnace of all your energies. And we need to rekindle that while we still can.

She beamed.

I felt already spent. But she proposed a center of my pleasure that we had barely grazed. And my intellectual curiosity preoccupied me, swirled around me in a mass of fascination.

–I want you to kiss me harder.

In her breath I could taste this new stratum of our element. Almost a metallic taste, as if this sense lay beneath the suppleness of the flesh. A decay all the way to the point of disintegration. A return to these basic metals.

Her legs spread wide to absorb all of me. What had I left behind to the breath of the dragon and her lair. Inside her, I felt the cauldron, the bubbling. I was being melted down for this new compound. The discipline of steel. These new parts hurtling to and fro. Dipping and regenerating and ascending. An admiration in this rise.

–Don't get too haughty. You are part of this movement, you are not independent. If the ripples and tingle of flesh had held me back, my new unity was made evident. You are not supposed to feel; you are only to give way.

Inside her I felt this fire. My body now drenched in sweat. Excited, but ready to turn back.

–And you think that you have found me.

Indeed I was becoming convinced.

–We are not together.

Still caught up in this industry, but more self reflective as she seemed to dissolve before me. And now this banging in my head. The dryness of the sound separating by this organic involvement of the body.

I felt so small against this giant sound. And it reverberated against the sky. I got shaken by this affair. The hammer beating on me, distilling my essence to a token, the fleck of gold.

–Kiss me. Do this!

An echo. Disembodied.

Then this rush of water. Bubbling up, filling my nostrils with water, gushing. I tried to regain the surface as I was jostled by these massive currents. And this laugh...

Save me! I didn't want to drown. I was losing my breath. She turned inside out and appeared to dominate the whole horizon. This ocean was all a part of her. My body continued the rhythms of a massive dynamo while it was being tossed in this ocean. The machine had entered another stage, unleashing masses of energy. The damn had broken and this new rush could only be contained by a physical revolution. My body was stretched and spread out to absorb this new force.

–This is wonderful.

But then a starkness. A wall of nothing. On the way down to the basement, the flow had been constant. But this interruption was necessary to what was to follow.

And if the laughter had been deafening, now the hollow silence was full of desperation. Again a hunger pushed to the point of starvation. If she had been fed at these new way stations, I was turned down at each one. Left to observe her satiation. There was no voyeuristic pleasure. Only a gasping. A reaching. A yearning. I could not feel her lips when I need to bring an end to this process.

My fall.

Nothing could catch me. A place way beyond the reassurance of the echo.

Even my fear could not tether the extremity of this descent. I sought a loss of consciousness to arrest this gross intensity. But I was caught in these starts and gasps—torn apart. So this blaring attack again spread into a lonely silence. In the air.

All broken into this amazing silence. This base was needed to permit the entry of a new array of tones. A gentle wafting. An intermittent buzzing. A charge of sound. But so deep that it was felt as a soft wave but never heard. All a preparation for the oncoming tide. Preceding it rush a trail of smaller waves. Buzzing. Slow rumble. Earthquake shaking.

--I can't hold on.

Wave after wave of blaring sounds rolling over me. I was being shaken apart. Still I stayed whole. Again taking form, my flesh rumbled in these waves. To hold back, to give in, the eruption now so physical in its coincidence. If I had been exhausted before, now I was hollowed out but peaked by the taste, the marvel.

–We...

Then I floated in air, the form of her body giving direction to our flight. An explosion of pain as if she bit into my neck. And beyond...

–Look to where we are now. Follow the trail back. Form here to the basement of our attachment. Back further to the initial throes of your desire for me. From this ecstasy back through utter neutrality to the attack of your want for me. Track all these twists. This is your pleasure!

It was as if Darcy was creating a code for lovemaking. It gave the lover access to a new

discipline.

–In lovemaking, I can feel the imprint of the personality. Each act of tenderness need to push the self to a perfection of technique, a total reflection of form and substance, beauty and action. The form of the book anticipates the acts of love and the flesh announces each gesture.

She was so formidable in her invitation. I wondered where we were in her lesson. She continued.

–You cannot give away what you do not have. That is why love is given with such abandon—foolishly. Know your body and its limits.

Sometimes I didn't understand.

–If I make love to you, I want you to give me something in return—commitment.

–I've got a memories. A husband. A house. They have nothing to do with you. You just have to find this physical intensity. Commitment is so fleeting without real knowledge of the self. People give of themselves, and then they discover who they really are. They realize that their lovers can't take them any further on the journey. That is the end of their words. I'm not like that. I want your body, not the illusion of the spirit.

There is no escape from the desire to possess. It exceeds even the delights of the moment and lingers in an attachment to disgust

I looked at her full of longing. She repeated herself.

–This is pleasure. Now you want me to be with you all the time. You want to caress, you want to lick, to eat my every body part. It is all electric.

She mounted my erection and slipped it in. I twisted in and over and around her. Twisting bodies became the rope that sapped my breath.

–Now you know there is way more to this progression than you could have ever imagined. It devastates you and still you want it.

This is the Reign of Terror that I craved. Fire, the whip, torture.

The Executioner.

Darcy my Executioner.

–What have you done? Are you sorry? Why are you sorry? Will you beg for mercy? Blood that dripped in me that waited to be shed.

–I'm not her to absolve you for your perversions. I'm not here to dispel your emptiness.

–Punish me!

If she could just destroy me!

–If you could just destroy me!

–You only want to resurrect and take away your pain.

The muscles of her stomach stretched out while she drew in her enjoyment. Her entire body had submitted to her will.

–You want to touch me. to feel my hear. Let your hand slip down so deep inside me. I lusted after her.

–There is no immortality in desire. Just a tearing apart of everything that you cherish. There was a snarl in her smile.

The lure of leather and the satisfaction of the whip. To submit to its rigid law so much like the lines of her body.

I nestled my penis inside her with such a sense of triumph. Overcoming the pain, she had drawn me into a mind-blowing orgasm.

She could not countenance such a resolution.

–There is a hollow in you that is so severe that this victory will only make you feel more dejected.

I didn't want to believe. I saw myself erect and pumping her and she opened even wider to take these thrusts.

As long as you touch, you can only be immersed in your conviction.

She had tricked me and I awoke to the pain of the whip. She had suspended me from the ceiling. You like this because you think the pain will only increase your future enjoyment.

Another severe crack of the whip. How could I find any sense of excitement in this pain. Its intermittence did not allow me to savor its subsiding. She anticipated my psychological resistances.

I've been in this place before.

–It's your turn to gravitate towards that immense dominance that you always exerted but you could never know from the other side. Have you grasped the full course of the humiliation that awaits you.

>>Think of yourself inside me. No weight of pain could take away this memory.

>>You are holding yourself back. you are hoping for perfection. You'll never attain it by getting caught in illusion.

This was not sufficient. My resistance still meant that I could resist the process. She needed to totally humiliate me.

The more that I wanted to have sex with her, the more she denied me. She brought back lovers to her place and fucked them while I was tied up. At first, I enjoyed this. The lovers never stayed long. And I could even fantasize myself in their place. But as she worked me up–touched me, they would beat me.

Was I supposed to enjoy this degradation too?

The perfect fantasy became where I tasted my own blood. She cut me from the inside, and I was meant to revel in the dissolution. The damage, it so disturbed me. This wound that incapacitated me. My fatigue. My desire just to achieve liberty.

–You are keeping me a prisoner here.

–Prisoner–you're being fed.

–I really want to be fed.

–I can't accommodate you.

My longing only grew for her. Was she at all successful.

–I've got a husband. I've got a house. Why do I need you? You need me. I could find a million like you. Look at me. Who wouldn't kill to be with me. Kill, kill, kill!

The tight shorts hugged her ass. The work of months and months in the gym where each butt cheek formed that muscular indentation. I felt my hand press close to sculpt the form. She

tightened the muscles more. This helped firm the definition. It gave her a sense of pride. It encouraged her sense of psychological domination. She could not hold back.

She wanted me to touch her. Just let the hands slide off the muscles. I could not contain the full intensity of her pride. She wore a big smile.

I wanted to be inside her. She founded solace in her denial of me. And she grew harder in her resolve.

The same quality stretched down her legs.

–I just waxed them. I'm sure it's making you cream just looking at them. You want to come all over them. To wipe the gysm right in. Oh you are getting so hot. Up and down. Just spread 'm and pop it in. Come before you've even touched me. Don't you love it.

>>You're not getting anywhere. Not even close. And it's all going back exactly where it came from. And it's inside you and just stewing away. Oh does it feel so good. But you can't let me know, and the frustration is just burning you up.

–Are you training me for something.

I know each crunch, each curl was part of that self-same denial. That would build until a fever pitch of sheer explosion and exhaustion She had to maintain that endurance so she would give out.. To take a resolution that was so obvious and just drag it further and further out.

–Doesn't that feel just magical?

I could feel that tingle that first excited, but then hurt more and more due to the frustration.

–Don't you want a little taste. to take that big tongue and slip it up my legs, sneak it inside my pussy and just let the mouth watering treat knock you out.

This exaggeration made me more tense. If I gave in for a moment, she would have complete basis to withdraw as she was doing.

She ran her hands along her legs to the edge of the shorts. My imagination complete the path.

–I caught you looking again.

That was enough to set me off. I felt us rolling around, just managing to get it out, get it in, and letting my load just blow.

–Not a very fair cowboy are we.

–You really want a ride.

–You've got to get the saddle on me if you want a ride.

–I prefer bare back.

–Up my ass are you going to go.

I couldn't pay for a better tease. She started to hike the shorts up so I could see the globe of the cheek.. She just kept it like that so I could see part of the gap. Her gestures guided my fantasy, and I wanted to touch myself but I was afraid that she would exclude me from the ultimate pleasure.

–I'm ready for you, lover.

I felt this massive hard on. My desire raised me to stupendous heights. I felt that I could fill the room.

She spread her legs—all that talk had made her moist. She jumped on my erect penis and hammered and hammered me down like a nail. The constant motion was amazing. When I came

it was a complete release.

–I shouldn't have given in to you.

She dismounted and rolled over to a corner of the room. She proceeded to stimulate herself with such verve that it seemed to make my climax into a pittance—Oh well. I felt myself come again just by watching her.

–I want to share this skill of yours with the world.

–Share—what makes you think this is yours exclusively. You're really not that good of a fuck.

–Why are you so mean?

–And you really know how to care for me. I was a friend of your wife's. And you totally took advantage of the situation.

–Friend. You became her friend so you could fuck me. That's what ended our marriage.

–You pursued me, and the marriage was over long before we ever met. I think that you made up this wife shit so that you could get me in bed.

–You seem to enjoy it.

–I do you when no one else is around.

–I love your game.

--Let me fuck you again.

–If it was just about you, I'd say no. But put it in.

And she just spread her legs and let me go at it. I directed it this time—at least until she hit that moment of frenzy.

–You love my dick.

–I love to come. And sometimes dick does it and sometimes is no time for dick at all.

–I love how you talk.

–I love how you love to come...so desperate.

–I...

–I want you to fuck me again now.

–I can't—I'm not a robot.

For what it was, I was getting drowned by her immediacy. Either she was so submerged in that same intensity. Or else she was so driven to the surface, driven to enlightenment.

–This is way beyond what I signed on for.

–This is every bit your doing. That's why I'm here. To let those automatic desire have a way to work themselves out. Doesn't this all make you feel better.

–It did at first. But I sort of want it all to mess up. Just to show that it's OK for me.

--Then let it mess up.

–Nothing's forcing it to be any special way. It's all your own doing. You're trying to pretend that it's me. I'm just taking your lead.

–Well, I've lost my give and take quite a while ago.

–That's OK. It's important that you work things out along the way. Don't just bring your expectations with you.

–I'm way beyond expectations.

–But that's the real beauty of this.

–It's not that pretty any more. It's pushing into territory that's nothing less than perverse.

How does that make you feel. You're just a fucking dominatrix. And the torture scenes have become just too lurid for this participant.

–That's sort of the beauty.

–I just can't contain all this pain—it's beyond my ken.

–Soak it in and it becomes a greater pleasure.

Who was she kidding? The rawness started to put me off. I needed to catch my breath, at least emotionally. Everything drove at such a fever pitch. In this she was completely inspired.

–This is all too funny. At first, I thought I was abusing you. But now I think it's the other way around.

–That's preposterous. You just can't deal with a real challenge.

–This is a challenge. I'm not looking for a game. I want to feel something real. But there's nothing real about this. So you turn me on. I'm starting to lose my appetite.

–You're sated for now, and you want to pretend that it's a permanent contentment. That will carry you through your more intense moments of darkness. This is it. You have to accommodate to what you learn about yourself. You have to harness that power when you're knee deep in it. You've got so use to looking at it as a spectator. You move in and control. You seek tribute to the self. Well this isn't the same, and you don't like it. Your face to face with your inadequacies. Rather than face how they are, you're getting lost, and you can't do a thing about it. It's a total disaster.

–It's not that bad.

She smiled.

–No, it's not. But it's you who wants to end it all.

–I don't have anything more to play with. I'm spent.

–Ah! That's when it all begins. The glimmer. The will pushes on.

–You see what it's all about. I'm sinking. There's no rescue.

–Let yourself fall. I'm there to catch you. You've had this imperial projection of who you are—your sense of control of what you see. And now you have to put out, you have to produce and you can't do a thing.

–I need to take a breather. Don't you see what the problem is. You're pretending that this experience is the summit in itself. But you've already done something else to project you this far. It seems important as part of a fantasy. But there's a let down. And then it just doesn't project that far. For some reason, you can let down. You're just so jacked by the experience. That's why you need to increase the risk. You need to extend out there so you think that you're touching the edge. But it's just another prop. And if you push beyond that, there's nothing to catch you. That isn't sheer dizziness. That's straight ahead fear. And nothing's going to bring you down from that. You're getting more and more attached to pushing that limit. It has nothing to do with me. When you push that hard against someone else, it's not inspiring. It's just damn frightening. And that's what we're facing here and now.

–That's exactly what you need to see. But you're describing yourself. Your search. How you've made it an end in itself. Well, if you're going to push out this far, you need the skill. And if you want to maintain the skill, you need the guts. Do you have what it takes.

–I've got it all. But I need to replenish it.

I think that I resented that the fantasy could talk back. And I wasn't too comfortable

about her explanation. I could admit to that emptiness in me. But I couldn't take it in her. I didn't like the reminder. All that talk about the summit was actually bringing me down. I needed just the purity of the moment. And she was exposing that need in me—she was making it all look silly, showing me what it was in itself. I could hide before. Even with my wife. But not here. there was no hiding.

Here was the kicker. I wanted to hold on to her. But she sensed that control on my part, and she would not give in. That really pissed me off.

We needed to spend some time apart. This would be good for us. The time apart was relatively uneventful. Darcy asked to meet me for a drink. She was already waiting for me when I arrived at the Saint.

—You're looking great tonight.

—Something's wrong.

—No, I've just been a little jumpy the past few days. I need a drink.

Our interest eventually swung to a couple that we watched near the bar.

—She's been looking at me.

—She's rather bored with him. Look at her staring in space.

I watched her. She saw me looking at her and smiled. Darcy was expecting me to play around.

—You want her don't you.

—Darcy, I'm just looking around.

—You could be looking at me.

—You're expecting me to flirt with these women, and when I do, you get jealous.

—I'm not jealous. I'm teasing you. Look at her again.

I did. She pursed her lips. She noticed how much I was gazing at her. But she didn't mind in the least. the flip in her hair was rather quaint, but I liked her appeal.

—See. Every time that she looks at you and gets really involved, she starts touching the guy that she's with. You noticed that the last time how she turned around and faced him.

—Maybe it's just something natural. We all have our bad days.

—Right. She's invested so much time in him. Looking for furniture. Picking out a house.

Catering to his whims. And he's trained to come on cue. But otherwise, there's nothing between them

—But that's pretty well life in general. We think that it's this magic, but we're just trying to find someone to hang on with.

—Nobody wants to be the last person at the party. When you have to go home with the guy behind the horror mask.

—You can't stay on the edge all the time.

—Is that why you've come to me?

—I've always thought that you could help me.

—You're always hoping for something perfect. You had your perfect, and it was sheer torture.

—So now we practice torture together.

--You could say that.

- I am saying that.
- Torture is a blunder. What we're doing is an art.
- I can't tell where the canvas ends and the real stuff begins.
- That's why it's modern.
- Maybe I don't like playing modern.
- But who's going to rescue in the classic scenario.
- I don't understand.
- Just because you put a mask on, it doesn't make you a villain.
- And you want me to admit that I'm like you. That I have these desires to hurt people.
- You won't.
- I'm not playing your game.
- That's all you're good at.
- So let's go back to your place and finish what we've started.
- You've already played your endgame.
- Come on.
- I told you that you've had your fun. I'm going to clear my tab and get out of here.
- The couple has left. Darcy paid her bill and decided to take off.
- You hear a siren and you just decide to go the other way.
- This is going to be a simple exit.

I remembered when Darcy had first come over to my house. Her freedom contrasted with the devotion to custom observed by my wife. No wonder I became so deeply attached to her.

- We need to quit doing this. This is getting dangerous.
- I'm not holding you here. If you want to leave, leave.
- Then what are you going to do?
- Live my life.
- You give someone your confidence, and you start to hope for a little more.
- You feed off someone else, and you think that your lover owes you something.
- What are you trying to do? Cure me.
- You tell me about these rules for pleasure that you are working on. Are these real rules.
- It's just a feeling that I get.
- So what's the big deal about rules.
- You're the one who seems so taken by rules.
- I just want to know what I'm doing. Keep things in order.
- I want you to touch yourself.
- I don't need to. I can get the same feeling by just imagining things.
- Pretend that I am touching you.
- Does this stuff ever really work with anyone.
- Imagine that I am easing my way down your legs.
- This is sort of silly.
- And I'm lying on top of you. How does it make you feel?
- Like taking a shower.

I eased my body on to her, and I started to really let loose. She spread her legs, and I slid deeper and deeper into her. I pulled her legs around her neck. Then I turned her around and

started to penetrate her from behind.

–You’re not really getting in deep enough.

–Do you want it to hurt?

–I want to feel something.

I tried to thrust with more intensity.

–This still comes short.

–I’m doing the best that I can.

–You try to discover just enough about a women so that you can seduce her.

–You’re telling me this now.

–Just enough feign interest so that you can find some delight in the sex.

–It’s not like that at all. I really enjoy the company of women.

–You sound like a zookeeper.

–I enjoy being with you.

–Why don’t you keep pumping and just shut up? I’m having enough trouble just getting off.

–I thought that you were getting off.

–Don’t flatter yourself!

–Flatter..

–Please.

–I could.

–You could continue this conversation on your own.

–What?

–Have you ever had a woman as a friend?

–You’re my friend.

–You all this friendship.

–I told you I like women.

–Have you ever known a woman that you didn’t try to seduce.

–If I don’t try and seduce them, where’s the fun.

She was panting as I became more and more energetic. Her sighs were hypnotic and in this connection, I lost myself. Total surrender.

–Darcy, I love you

I was filled with a deep sense of emptiness. I knew that my connection to her could not last.

–You can’t look for new experiences without conquering your fear. It’s about how willing you are to punish yourself.

I wish that Darcy could have stayed with me. But she found my clinging infantile.

–Isn’t this what forms the basis of a relationship?

--Give me you hand.

–Is this the start of another fantasy. If I could only organize my life with rules.

–What kind of rules?

–Rules of pleasure.

–That’s what I’m doing for you.

–Then don't ever leave me!

NIKKI AND TERRI

Fantasy is a reality that we cannot protect within the grounds of our domain. In that sense, it is our most disruptive force and it invites a regime that is total. It is how we achieve complete domination of the spirit.

In Nikki and Terri, Darcy would have found the perfect disciples. They entirely knew about what was the source of their pleasure and made no secret about it. From the beginning, they knew who was playing their game. And they followed right along.

–I don't want any man accusing me of being a gold-digger. I just like being around guys who feel good about themselves.

Terri answered back.

–I can't help it if they're well off.

–In one way or another.

They both laughed. Nikki had that confused innocence. Once it had got her in trouble, now she used it to her advantage. Her labia was pierced. She had a tattoo on her backside—reserved for me with whom she had sex. She left no doubt what got her going.

Terri had also let things get out of control. In the process, she had confirmed her passions. Anytime with anyone who was right. She had her men. She only told them what they needed to know.

–What are you going to do? Leave me? Then who's going to give you the best fuck in these here continentals.

–A man expects other things than just physical pleasure. Things like loyalty.

–I'm sure that's what you do when you spend time with all your buddies down at the strip bar. Let's just say that you get a better show at home.

Terri and Nikki often shared men. One would snare him and the other would just move in when the time was right. Of course, he'd love it.

–What did I hear going on here last night?

–Nikki, I was just getting a snack.

Nikki and Terri just laughed. The guy went all red-faced. They knew what a snack was, Terri's tongue was over active. Little flickering motions—titillating was definitely the word. She loved the rawness of Nikki's insides. They loved to energetically clit-fuck..

I imagined one of them sucking me off while they got off each other.

–We don't really need a guy at a moment like that.

Instead, they were able to concentrate their appetite for sex. Not just little taps and caresses. Total surrender.

Where some lovers would stop too early, they knew the need to prolong the final stages of lovemaking. They would reject partners who didn't have that stamina. When the explosion was so imminent, they knew how to push things so far into the stratosphere. And they fished the pool of lovers for those candidates who could tell the same thing.

–When you've really shoved the vibrator in, you get to know your sexual geography.

Plateaus and peaks that need to be mapped so that you can return to them in the act.

Terri was so articulate. A definite disciple of Darcy. Although Nikki's body was a treasure, I became so attached to Terri. But Terri's only commitment was to her utmost pleasure. Love was that ability to make the climax burn into the brain and influence every moment after that. The work out was way beyond the bounds sketched by Darcy. She had not accommodated herself to the same levels of pain. That may have been her very weakness. She could not savor the particular triumphs of her sexual romps. She was too pliant to the rise and fall of pleasure.

Terri was fuck crazy. Just that. So she could complement Nikki's investigation. Nikki sought to prolong the high. Terri sought immediacy of arousal. If that was intense, then it wouldn't face. Hence the immediacy of her aggressiveness. The need to fuck anywhere, any time.

—I'm getting myself off as I'm talking to you.

She had complete muscle control. And she'd fuck a guy in her mind before approaching him. He watch her from afar and wonder what was getting her going. So often, she was completely wet before he had made his way across the room. Her big lips, long, lanky legs—she's pull up her skirt, and let him make his way from her high heels to her very open pussy.

—You are so good to me.

With Nikki and Terri I started to sketch the region of sexuality just beyond the hypnosis of perfume. Now absorbed into the realm of the body, the sweet scent seemed to just hang there. Too long apparent and now curdling. This souring of the smell now mixed with the realities of the flesh—much more intoxicating, much more potent. Where taste was entirely electric. Little currents popped on the tongue, as I licked deeper in Terri. Nikki tapped me gently.

—Why do you do this to me?

The passion was so murky—bathing in this attachment.

Nikki imitated on me everything that I did to Terri and vice versa.

—I want to really make you feel good, Nikki.

—Let me do the same for you.

Nikki kneeled on the table after taking off her jeans. Her top was open to reveal a white bra. I squeezed the lycra, licked around the tight fabric. She smiled. I didn't want to take off the bra yet, so I tickled underneath the fabric. She giggled.

Terri was curled up in a chair with her legs spread and her hand stretching her panties while she massaged herself.

—Come on Nikki, let him eat you out.

They both laughed together.

--I just want him to finger fuck me.

The faster that my hand moved inside Nikki, the harder that Terri worked herself. She got up from the chair and started to stroke my dick with one hand while the other continued masturbating herself. Meanwhile, I was slipping and sliding in the moistness of Terri.

Next I pulled her panties off with my teeth—it was a trip. I pulled her closer to me and began to lick all around her cute little lips.

—Big boy, you're getting so sticky.

Terri continued stroking me. I felt like coming but instead let my lubrication only

facilitate Terri's motion. She was licking my ass while I got off on Nikki.

When we came it would be stupendous.

Nikki stiffened her legs and spread them wider as I entered her. Terri shoved her pussy in my face and let me feast to my heart's desire. The waves were convulsively transmitted in a marvelous circle of motion. Powering and powering the intensity of our coincidence.

–Do me some more, lover.

When we came, there were these massive torrents that spread and shook us together—in phase and then out of phase and then in phase again.

–This feel the best.

And it did.

We just switched positions and went through the same actions again.

How could I describe the charms of Nikki's body? Everything about it said sweetness. Everything about her said keep doing this dance over and over again. Her blonde hair was in thick bangs. When she batted her eyelashes, she was devastating. The curve of her back to her firm ass expressed such flexibility, Such power. Her lips were thin and somewhat hidden. They gave the illusion of reluctance. But there was no treat for her like a swollen cock. She loved to suck her lovers of to climax, to let the cum drip from the lips.

One time I saw a guy fuck her in a pool. He just wailed away. She held on and rode him hard. Her pierced labia emphasized her attack.

Terri had her own extremes. Her curves were more rounded. Prominent forehead. Big breasts. Ample butt. She was a natural exhibitionist. Great lips, to live for them, to kiss and be kissed.

While the two girls bubbled in an impassioned sixty nine, I frothed over the both of them with cum. The warm cum drove them crazy as they sucked and licked and penetrated each other with their faces. Then they treated me to a full on pussy fuck. Their legs were spread and surrounded by their oohs and ahs. The angle of their legs interlaced put me in a trance.

–Come on suck me off.

I rode Terri from behind as she continued to suck off Nikki. Spreading open and feeling more and more free. Just totally surrounded by my arousal and their orbit around me. Ugh!

–Don't you girls ever get tired.

–We do. But then we get to do these guys in our sleep. Every form of stimulation is available.

Nikki spread Terri with whipped cream down to her toes. We both took turn rubbing it in and licking it off. This only got Terri crazy.

–Come on, put that cock in me and keep pumping.

–What?

–Big boy, baby doll wants more.

As I fucked Terri, Nikki squeezed my butt cheeks and kissed my back. Then she rolled over and just masturbated to climax. She drenched her hand in it and rubbed it all over my body. After fucking Terri, I just ate her all out. All the fluid that had enveloped her, I absorbed—the nectar of the gods!

Terri and Nikki gave each other a slow passionate kiss. The kiss left them both numb. It

expressed their attachment for each other. Too close to take it all in. They really loved guys. But they cherished what each could bring out in the other.

Often, they just loved to lie around in just pj's. Maybe just snack on ice cream. Or play video games. They realize that they needed to create an image to foster sexual experimentation. so they spent a lot of time exchanging beauty secrets. they both were experts in the use of makeup. They knew how to soft the lines of the bone structure. And what could not be toned down with make up required the input of a healthy regimen—good food and lots of exercise.

Each knew the other's limits, so she could push her partner more than ever. They did not know fatigue. A shared hilarity pervaded the spirits of both of them.

—Whip her!

Nikki was ebullient. She lay on the bed and wrapped her leg around Terri's neck as Terri was going down on her. She outlined her panties with her tongue.

—Nikki. Usually. I don't let women do things like that to me.

—Go on. I won't mind.

She giggled.

Nikki slid off the panties and licked a trail down the turf of her hair until she made contact with the lips of her labia. She licked around the sugar walls until she made contact with the clit. While her tongue titillated Terri, her fingers reached deep inside her and started to stimulate. This double effect really impressed Terri. She stretched her long limbs which she massaged with her hands. The high heels came to rest defiantly on the bed. Nikki's provocations became more and more intense. She spun Terri around until she was sitting on Nikki's face. Terri's scent intoxicated from this position. Terri's thighs cradled Nikki's head. She sucked on her own fingers, while Nikki became more and more animated. She couldn't contain her own joy enough. She succumbed to the appeals of mutual gratification. Both women were locked in that eternal paradox. The passion that saw itself and got off on that seeing.

One body projecting out and back, out and back. The fluctuations increased and increased until they attained a constancy. Both bodies were locked in this frenzy. It repeated over and over again.

It extended into every memory. Visions of erotic landscapes. The flesh spreading out and enveloping the horizon.

I was fatigued from a night of vigorous love making with Terri. I sat on the chair and watched her naked on the bed. She ran her extended index finger along the expanse of the body. Her sex was prominent and inviting in the morning light. I leisurely watched her stretched out on the bed. There was crisp clarity to her image. A gentle flexibility. I sensed the suppleness of her flesh.

The pose was one of utter compliance. Her legs stretched out and her feet pointed outward with a genuine confidence. She welcomed with utter casualness. The skin around her abdomen was pulled taut. Her breasts were firm and perky. Her lips were full and her head tossed back to express her nonchalance.

She lay there with a sense of ease. Totally without expectation. She didn't want to be touched. She recovered from the previous night. She paid tribute to our night of athleticism.

She could not exert herself. She was a study in absolute—the absence of expression. At complete surrender to lassitude. Why did she need to worry—not at all.

My arousal was limitless. It spread out into infinity. My arousal was not at all. I drank in the image and it became part of me. I felt myself displayed for surrender.

–I need you to do something for me.

While lying on the bed, she slipped on a pair of heels. They brought a more focused form to the line of her body. This expressed the intense quality of my arousal.

She raised her legs straight up in the air and then she stretched out on the be.

–I want you to touch yourself.

She slipped her hands down her legs. She then spread her legs apart with her hands. She cupped her hands around her vulva, and then she stared at me and smiled.

–How do I know that I can trust you? Is this what you like?

-- I want you to push yourself beyond the state of exhaustion.

–I already feel that way.

–I need for you to totally gratify yourself.

–I can only do that by sleeping.

–You have to deny yourself. Only then can you find real pleasure.

–I'm feeling sick.

–Then concentrate that nausea until it almost explodes.

–That sounds perfect for what I'm expecting.

–And what is that?

–I wasn't being serious. I don't want to puke.

–You have to hold it in. It's like passing beyond a barrier.

–That's not enough to get me through.

–Come on, hon'. Do this for me.

–I'm been doing it for you all night. I want to sleep some more.

She moved her hand from the edge of her butt cheeks to the rim of her vagina. I could feel myself enter her as she started to massage herself. A gradual hypnotic trance floated over her. She became totally immersed in her pleasure. Her fingers became wetter and more pliable in their motion.

She dropped further and further in her frenzy and this intrigued me more and more. I stared at the fingers popping in and out. She stretched herself more to mimic the extremes that now gripped her. Her whole body writhed up and down to suggest her total involvement in the activity.

I almost felt excluded by her enjoyment. She was overcome.

My penis was erect and pushed through my bathrobe. I slid off the robe and dropped it on the bed. I buried myself in her inflamed passion. My face rubbed in the her moist pussy. I was gliding over her wet skin.

I separated the folds of skin and moved easily between the folds. I pulled both her legs over to me and penetrated her gently. She squirmed slightly as I entered her.

As I plunged deeper and deeper and harder and harder, her breast flopped up and down. This felt so good as I kept banging away. The sweat drenched from both of us. The whole bed shook, the whole room shook while we pushed all the more intensely. Neither of us could top. She challenged me to such level of aggression. She was countering all my motions with her own extreme reply.

To emphasize this unsurpassed extreme, she lifted her legs over my shoulder. Our passage together was so fluid.

She switched positions so that I was entering her from the rear. Her butt cheeks spread wider to accept the entry. The expansive span suggested flight. She held back nothing in her rhythmic thrusts into me. More than pleasuring me, this gave her spasms of joy. Her head seemed about to explode and she buried herself so wildly in these thrusts.

She drifted so entirely into the enveloping quality of her excitement. She seemed to detach from any sense of attachment, and she dwelled on this coincidence for its own sake. These intensities made her aware of the layers of her enjoyment. And even if I had set her off, this confirmed a solitary quality to her delight. She became submerge in the realization of the self. Even any attachment that might hold us together only held back her devotion to the explosiveness of her desire.

The seizure shook her to the core. She communicated this extreme to me only to let go of any connection between. As we fell together, she seemed to disengage from me. And this separation made her dig deeper into my flesh. I pulled her closer to propel her away from me. She then recoiled back into me.

When this power takes me over, I give in to it. It really doesn't matter who else is involved. Here's where the pretense starts. That's there's some reason that I'm driven along by this power. It's my attraction. The inherent worth of my connection with someone else. I'm becoming attached. Getting close to someone. Falling in love.

No, it's entirely the recognition of the power which inspires my yielding to it. This was what attracted me to Terri and Nikki. Terri recognized that power and yielded everything in her spirit to it. It wasn't that she was my fantasy and just along with my whims. There was no illusion here. It was all real. Terri recognized to the utmost the power that drove us. And she gave everything in her being over to that realization. There was no holding back, no holding on. She recognized that too many of the form of human attachment are nothing less than obstacles to pleasure, obstacles to permanent pleasure. Everything in her being was subservient to sustaining her pleasure. And in this way she made the best partner. She realized that her partner's ecstasies would only enhance hers.

What of the desires of a partner to break off and enjoy solitary pleasure to the exclusion of the partner? In this solitary role, the partner can recognize heights that the lover may at first ignore. I could watch Nikki engaged in masturbation and see crucial elements about her enjoyment that had previously escaped my purview. This knowledge could then inform my further stimulation of her. It would make my further excitement all the more intense. I was inspired by this quality in Terri. She neither could nor would yield to her partner's deficiencies that were being compensated in love making. In shame or weakness dominated the lover, this would only handcuff the complete effort to attain climax. The only role that she admitted to was maximum pleasure for herself. The spectator would get left behind if watching did not result in doing.

I loved Terri's unbridled abandonment. On that basis she and Nikki formed their friendship. For both of them the body was one massive pleasure zone, and stimulation held sway. Satiation was only a platform for more intense explorations. Anything else was only a

distraction. Held together by this mutual bond, they sought communities of similar players. Why stop once the far reaches of experience had been touched. These regions need ed to be mapped and investigated and conquered. This expansionist frame of mind made the body vibrate with these deeper rhythms that weaker pursuits might ignore. Even exercise or eating were all aspects of this intense pursuit that engaged the attention of the two women. Every corner of the body needed to resonate the same tone. Muscles took shape, and directed the observer to the waves of movement that the women conducted. Or the partner could get lost in the concentrations of mass and the crevices of definition. The body spoke to the partner in pleasure. No other concern could confuse the attention of the lover. Sex was omnipresent and the power was overwhelming.

Why not a lull to hold back this complete surrender? That all the impulses would end up canceling each other out. This appeared to be a danger in Terri's activity. And it led to a philosophy of contrasts. That the winding down was equally part of the activity as the whipping up—the overcoming of the frenzy. To separate from this frenzy, the partner would start to recognize the immensity of pleasure that was still held in reserve. The lull would permit disengagement and surrounding of this new region. In its ultimate form, this meant giving the body over to the wishes of the partner. That the ecstasies of self would then be random marks in the partner's pursuit of pleasure. As the partner tapped the summits of enjoyment, Terri would collect all her random moments into a radical domination of all her new regions of enjoyment. Let the blood flow inside.

Nikki answered some questions for me.

—How can you sustain your interest when the extremes all seemed to have been tempted? Isn't there a boredom that restricts further explorations of pleasure?

—I just lose myself in the immediacy of the stimulation.

—Don't you feel that your looks restrict how far you can explore, that guys are just overwhelmed. And it makes it too for you.

—I let them see what I want them to see.

—That shows a real confidence on your part. But that confidence is itself subject to its own illusions. How do you know that a man's doing any more than acting out his own fantasies.

—I push things so far that the reality burns away any effects of the fantasies. Then a man see the real face of his desire—raw and desperate.

—Isn't that just your projection? You get them to see something that is just part of who you are.

—If I push a guy so far, it's about him not me.

—You're so forward aren't you afraid that a guy's going to get so lost in the physical that he'll think that there's nothing else there.

—There isn't. Even spiritual connections are the product of more intense physical pleasures.

—Once you've drowned yourself in the physical, don't you need to come up for air. Don't you often get attached to guys who really don't care a bit for you?

—If I like getting off in the extreme, I don't need the guy running back to me and begging if he can stay. If he can't hang with me, I don't care where the fuck he runs and hides.

- Are you in the habit of chasing them away?
- When we're real to each other, they're not apt to run off.
- That's the same old story. Just an excuse not to face how bad things really are.
- I don't let anything affect me like that.

The perfume seemed to curdle, and the scent of the body hung before us. Once she felt the massive decay of the flowers of romance, she could no longer rely on charm to sustain the seduction. Separated from her appeal, she now felt the raw hunger at the core of her being. This drained her of any pretense of exhilaration resulting from human intercourse. At the heart of things she was devoted to a mechanical pleasure. It was a journey with hardly a memory, just utter surrender to fatigue in ecstasy.

I tried to muster the energy to resuscitate my attraction for Terri. Just looking at her made me hard enough to engage her physically. I imagined a fulfillment that rendered me gratified without any contact. The more I became impressed by a declared repulsion for Terri, the more I could feel this arousal for her. I felt myself already so frenzied in my nausea. I was surrounded by this entire disgust for this situation. This only made me more attracted to her. Not torture but instability made Terri seemed lovelier to the touch. I passed out trying to balance my attraction and my revulsion. From within I could feel this abdominal explosiveness.

--This will hurt me less than it hurts you. Once you're falling, all that you can think about is catching yourself so that you don't go down all the way.

In Terri's smile I could see that thread that tied her closer to Nikki.

Lest we wonder about the intellectual pursuits of the girls, we can't forget that they really love their physical being. The water beads off of Terri's body. Nikki whips a sponge around the water. She lathers through her vigorous motions. She then wipes the sponge along Terri's leg. She starts slightly. Nikki pushes the sponge higher in a circular motion, and Terri edges into the action of Nikki. She lets the sponge stimulate her sexually. The lather surrounds her pussy. Nikki rubs harder and harder as Terri's sighs gets louder and louder. She splashes in the water as Nikki's movements are more insistent.

This is no ordinary feeling that motivates Nikki. It's sort of an imbalance that clearly overwhelms her. An irritation that just infects in a more and more thorough way.

- Where did your exhibitionism start?
- It's not really exhibitionism, it's just something natural. Exhibitionists do it for others. I'm just about myself.

-What about Terri?

-Terri is like part of me.

--And you, where does Nikki come from. Where did it all start? Curiosity?

-Curiosity only seems to come after the whole experience. What really makes it happen is this force that just drives you. Curiosity just makes you think that there's some kind of purpose to what we do. It has nothing to do with any sort of purpose. It's just what gets you off.

I can't stop this feeling. I just want to fuck anybody who gives me that look. When I feel a big cock ramming its way inside of me, it's like the damn thing lives on its own. The guy just happens to be a liability that I've got to deal with.

--When I was thirteen my older sister had a friend, and he told me that he could do these

unusual thing with his tongue. I thought he was some kind of pervert, but I let him eat me out while my sister had a nap. I told him that I didn't want him putting his dick inside of me. But I really got into oral sex.

Every aspect of Nikki's body was a portal to my pleasure. She was wearing tight jeans. As she bent backwards, her stomach muscles tightened up. Her shirt pulled up and revealed her pink panties. I wanted to lick around the rims of the panties. To slide my hand under their slight form and just let my hand work its way down to her sex.

When she smiled, it got me going. That excitement was even more intense if I imagined her lips kissing my member. I felt her suck on my penis and it gave me a sense of total assurance on her part. That nothing else distracted her attention from my pleasure.

I'm not really into the guy at all. It's just a way to get me off. Knowing that every bit of him is focused on the sex. For me, I always feel like I'm somewhere else. The more that I'm with a guy, the more that I feel that there is nothing between us.

This reminds of a party where I let my brother's friend lick me out in the coat room. Some kid was watching us all the time. I knew that he wanted to fuck me. That he was probably beating off in some corner. And my brother's friend had such terrible technique. Like he learned this from some porno movie.

—You're like all these men who think that they have to rescue me. If I can get off when I'm with someone, so be it. I 'm not looking for any more or any less. The weird part when you connect with a guy is that he thinks that there should be something more. And that's the worse part. Once it becomes easier just to get myself off, I don't want to think about anything else. IT really is better than doing myself. I have that same feeling. But at the same time there is this feeling of total domination on my part. And I like that too.

Terri wandered in. She was drifting in a trance. Nikki peeled off Terri's clothes and started eating her out. She used her hand to open a wider and wider passageway to Terri's insides.

—Is there ever a time that all this is just too much for you? That maybe you'd like to return to a simpler life.

I felt all my adventures flashing before my eyes. Maybe she could teach me a way to make sense of my lost adventure.

—These multiple partners. Isn't there some kind of limit that this imposes on you. [

Not needing to face him, the sex came down to this—just this. This intensity that just drove Terri delirious. This was her sex bomb that needed the previous stages just so she could detonate. She was way beyond the mystical qualities of her orgasm. He penetrated her from behind, and she just drove him crazy. She rode him so hard to the finish. It was his end and her beginning. Here she was back in her body, there in its most extreme way. Holding on just to sustain the weight of the feeling—almost blacking out. And just pushing and pushing.

The body, his body, ready and willing. And her body yielding to its appeals. Her luscious breasts which mesmerized him under a close-fitting nylon top. Her juicy lips trailing her every word and gesture. The whisper to him. His frenzy to pleasure her. The accumulation of licks and caresses that culminated in him touching her so deep inside.

His tongue cradled itself in this cluster of skin, this corner of flesh that came alive with

his deep kisses. The seduction by the tight butt cheeks that so prepared the impression of his nose against her skin and the wandering tongue devouring her sex. He tickled her clit. Licked around her labia and plunged so deep into her.

She felt the overflow of passion and sought to direct his energies toward the mounting crescendos. Not to give in to her initial advances. Her tongue on the shaft of his penis only readying his penetration of her. Everything to this point made the process so natural. The buildup of sexual energy were released so abruptly in his penetration of her. He moved so fluidly inside her that this ease made his arousal overwhelming. How could he not give in to this summit of stimulation. Sensing his dilemma, she would not let up. She stretched herself more to let him in deeper and he sank completely inside her. He squeezed into her butt cheeks and stuck his tongue deep down her throat. Way beyond the tender flowering of the initial caresses, she buried herself in the aggressiveness. All the sex. Just the fuck. His dick massive inside her. To pay tribute to this feeling, to move way beyond it, they switched positions.

The sex bomb, his penetration from behind now engaged her. She thought about how hard his erection felt inside her. But she was way beyond that. Just kicking that absurd high again and again. How hard and how deep could he affect her transport. Not a mystical arrival, not yet. Just the tearing of the body, the mass of the tremor. She drowned again and again and again in this wave.

How could she let him know that this was everything. The markings on the skin where his lips had first made their impression. The warm touch now boiling in the spot. His covetous nature so tied to his watching her body. To focus here because this is what he would see when his dick was flailing away from behind.

Is there any doubt about the magic of this region? The sting of the firefly.

–Do you want to see my tattoo?

She couldn't even see it without a mirror. But to see it was to be hypnotized by the knowledge. She lived for the wrack of this penetration. A torture that brought it all down to an aggressive stimulation. That spot—could he hit it. And she pumped him over and over again to make him see.

Terri was a pro about her trysts. She didn't want to roll around with amateurs who couldn't find the it. And her body pointed out that spot. How she needed her lovers licking around her ass to prepare for that eventual coming together. Once this penetration had achieved its limit, she could again twist around her lover and ride him to oblivion. That was her magic. It put the dead on fuck to bed. It traveled on that golden wave to the horizon and it showered and showered and showered.

–Do you see it? Do you know what I expect? Do you have the tools to sustain me? Or are the worries of your day time going to destroy your nights?

Was it OK to let him concentrate on that image, to slow down the tape so he could take a closer look at her? So close that he could feel the tickling of her pubic hair against his penis. That he could feel his dick grab at the labial walls, sense the suspense of that opening.

--So what do you really want of men? That they give of themselves, that they want to keep the party going. Just give you a little of their time.

--All that I have to do to get things going. Maybe go through their wallets, have them leave a gift for me. For what I've done for them. A present. I love presents Just leave a little

gift for me. A few bucks. To know how long it really takes to get ready for them.

What she saw that never was actually there. The exaggeration. The breasts. The vibrator. The enlarged dick.

All this exaggeration suggested participation.

–I’m fighting for pussy power.

Was that it? Or was that just a way to put it out there like he wanted it from the beginning.

Tell me how I can take care of you. What, what can I do to make you happy.

–Tell me something that I want to here.

What you actually see is never really there.

A scene of Terri and Nikki sucking some guy off—a guy with a massive dick.

–He could be you if you are just interested.

She wanted a demonstration of his love.

–This is the only place that I won’t let you touch.

–How much does it cost?

–More than you have in all the world.

–What is a body fantasy. When the liquid that we rub into our hands just makes your body melt as we rub it into your body. Where you feel it all around. You squish and squirm into a little ball and you fit into this zone of pleasure. You stretch and extend all throughout until you can absorb the force of pleasure. Every opening in the body is willing to accept maximum stimulation. Every protuberance on the flesh seeks some crevice to caress and cherish it.

>>Body fantasy is all pleasure all the time. No restrictions. The more that you see, the more that you feel is revealed. Where your mind wanders until it finds its focus. The eye wanders until it finds its delights. You want to touch, suck, enter, and assimilate. We let you. We encourage you. Welcome to the source of your pleasure.

Her sleek body just screamed for my touch. And she twisted around to taunt me, to suggest nothing less than my total involvement in watching her, in getting caught up in my desire.

–It’s not just my fantasy you know.

How long could I keep this going. Clearly as long as Terri’s appeal offered the encouragement that I needed.

–What are you really afraid of? That some guy will download your picture from the internet and just get off by zooming in on shots of your snatch.

–You are getting a little forward today.

–I’m just trying to capture that feeling. How does it affect you?

–If his measly little drill is getting turned around by his games with pictures, what do you want me to do about it. It does me no good. He’s pretty well worthless.

–But what if he enlarges shots of your pussy and just beats off while watching them.

–What do you think sex is but a gratification of the imagination.

Her poses brought that attitude to the camera. It really struck me how deeply she could call on the viewer. And he touch was just an extension of that same excitement.

How did I know.

She sat by the pool and rubbed her legs. then she smiled. I wanted to see her naked while standing in shallow water. What the water suggested. She kicked her feet in the water.

She yawned and then smiled again. She rubbed her hips and then lay down on the cement.

I could feel myself swimming up to her and spreading her legs while I rested my head in her lap.

–Does this make you feel good?

I wanted a little more from her. To feel that sensation when the hand moved from the lycra of the suit to the skin. The heat and the blood flow through the skin.

–Can I get you a drink?

I knew that I could not sustain my contact with Nikki and Terri indefinitely. We both needed to continue to pursue our craft separately.

WEALTH

The psyche is the owner's delight with which he tries to expand his holdings.

--Would you like to make a little extra money?

I started to get into the idea of a psychic hot line. The kind of options that it held for me. That I could learn about my fortune, worth so much more than just something that I might like to do for now. That I could just do what I want forever.

Maybe if you just stay on the line with me.

–No, I mean real money.

–You seem really stressed out.

–I am. That's why I called.

–It's a problem with women...

–It's usually a problem with love or a problem with money.

–And how can you really help?

–You haven't been sleeping well.

–I like to stay up

–It's like your looking for something.

–Looking, it's more like trouble follow me.

–Are you afraid of something. Didn't you have a lover who left you?

–I thought that covers just about everybody.

–It was a messy separation

—I thought that you people were supposed to be good.

–Give me a break, I just started at this job.

–And that's how you keep people on the line?

–I told you that I'm learning.

–What do you do when you're not psychic?

–I'm a student.

–So you could really use a little money.

–If you could just let me do my job.

–What kind of cut do they give you from this?

–I can't really tell you. I mean they could be listening.

–They listen to what I'm saying.

–They have to know that I'm doing a good job.

–And you are? I really like talking to you. How did you get into this psychic stuff.

–It's a job.

–But psychic. Think about how interesting that it is.

–And?

–Do you like to know really know? Have you ever been having sex and almost felt that you were in a different place. You felt like you were looking down at yourself.

–I thought that was my job to figure out what the stars had in store for you.

–But it's all pretty much the same thing.

–What?

–I think we all have those sorts of experience. It's just that we don't know how to interpret them.

–I thought that was why people called me.

–I know that's what attracted you to this kind of work.

–You are good.

–You've always been fascinated by a power that you had.

–What?

–Maybe it just knowing when a loved one was sick. Or sensing danger. And the more that you felt this thing, the more frightful you became of your power.

–And this sounds so weird.

–It's not enough to have these feelings. At a certain point, you have to make the feelings. At least make them come to you.

–It really doesn't work like that.

–Oh it does. Take my word for it.

–Again, I thought that I was supposed to be convincing you.

–I don't need convincing.

–What do you do?

–I'm a writer.

–Are you good?

–I've had successes.

–What do you write?

–Fiction. Non fiction. True crime.

–Do you really write true crime? I love those books. Especially the cases that are solved psychics.

–You really have it in for the whole psychic thing.

–I guess my life needs some magic.

–Magic always seems to cost money.

–So much for happiness.

–But if you had real powers, you could use them to get happier.

–That's supposed to be my line.

–And does it work?

–I don't know what and what doesn't work these days.

–So there's a real need for psychic services.

–You could say that.

–Are you good?

–I'm trying.

–When was the last time that you had sex?

–What?

–Answer my question. When was the last time that you had sex? It wasn't that memorable.

–Some blind date two weeks ago.

–Do you often go on blind dates? And do you often sleep with the guy on the first date.

–He was a real fox.

- I thought women were foxes.
- You know what I mean. I ‘d been feeling sort of depressed.
- Then it’s a good fuck or some prozac.
- Whoa!
- But you dispense your energies so freely, and it ends up coming back to haunt you.
- What?
- You can’t hardly remember. It didn’t cross the deep layer.
- I can’t really help you.
- It’s like your dreams. You ever had dreams about ex-lovers. And you’ve had this great sex in the dream, and you wake up all depressed that you broke up.
- You’re telling my life story.
- But it’s not a story. No happily ever after—it’s just a cycle.
- So how do I escape?
- The supernatural.
- What?
- Think about your last sexual experience.
- It seemed good for a while, but it was all the product of a good imagination—and a bottle of red wine.
- You need some wine right now.
- All I’ve got is the imagination and a coke.
- Take a slow sip on the coke. How does that feel?
- It fizzed in my nose.
- Take another sip.
- That really tasted good.
- Take some and roll it around in the mouth.
- It’s still not too psychic.
- Just do it!
- What?
- Don’t you love the magic of a random encounter when you seek to penetrate the personality of another? Sometimes it is so much more intense and free than anything that you can find with a lover that you have known for a long time.
- What are you saying?
- That’s it’s better than a coke.
- What is?
- Let your tongue drink from your lover’s private secrets.
- Secret stock.
- Aged whisky.
- Nothing but.
- Can you already feel the tingle.
- Only if I’ve felt the tickle.
- Now that was easy.
- I’m not that easy.
- Are you afraid?

- Of what?
- Of him finding out.
- There’s no him.
- Then let me stay around a little longer.
- For what?
- To help with your homework.
- What homework?
- Love work. I’m giving you an assignment. A little design that I want you to trace with your pen.
- I don’t have any paper.
- You’re not going to need any paper for this one. It’s a kind of that you do on the body.
- I can’t deal with love stains.
- Then maybe it’s better that you just rub the skin with the pen rather than leave actual marks.
- Where do you want me to rub?
- Somewhere that’s not going to show.
- I think that’s what the last guy said.
- But he really wasn’t interested in the psychic end of things.
- I think you just have a knack for coincidences.
- But that’s always a good beginning.
- I think we’re way past the beginning and you’re trying to get away with your opening advance.
- That’s because I haven’t been given much of a chance.
- That’s because you don’t stand much of a chance.
- I called for some help.
- And you got your help.
- Well I could call back for more.
- And you’d get someone else.
- What are you doing now?
- I’m talking on the phone.
- Well, can you see into the future.
- There’s not much of a future the way things are going now.
- It could get better. We could make a career out of this.
- What? Harass other innocent customers.
- We could offer a real service.
- You say I’m not real.
- You know why they want to talk to you.
- Why?
- They just want to talk.
- I know that.
- No, I mean that they really want to talk...
- So...
- Don’t you get it.

- Yeah, I do!
- You give someone a mile, and then you’ve found they’ve taken your last. And you’re clean out and desperate and you’re both looking at the same ending to good beginning.
- What could I do now.
- Well it’s not really about anything psychic or something just psychic. It has something to do with touch.
- Like a healing touching. A psychic touch.
- Right.
- I’m not really into selling anything religious.
- How about comfort. Could you deal in the comfort business.
- What do you have in mind.
- Something that has to do with touch—getting the touch—being touched.
- Are there costumes for this?
- At first.
- I’m not really into taking anything off. I’m not a goddam stripper.
- We could do all this on the phone.
- So it’s about the imagination.
- Yeah, something like that.
- So.
- What are you imagining.
- I’m thinking about getting out of here as quickly as possible.
- I thought that you were starting to enjoy my company.
- I’ve enjoyed talking to you, but it’s not exactly company.
- What are you going home to.
- Something that you’re not. A promise of something that you could never have.
- That sounds promising.
- Well, that psychic stuff just ain’t going to work on me anymore.
- But you’ve had longings?
- So what.
- Have you acted on those feelings?.
- I’m getting tired of the innuendo. I don’t really understand anything that you’ve been saying.
- This is where it gets really ugly.
- It already has.
- Are you alone.
- Of course not. I work in an office.
- No, I mean are you really alone down deep.
- I’ve got what it takes. That’s what guys tell me.
- What do you tell yourself as you head out to the same job every night. That your going to be psychically rescued. You have as much chance as contacting aliens.
- How would you know?
- ‘cause I’m the fucking alien and you still don’t have a clue. What do you think, sister.
- Do you want to go out or something? Because I won’t go down on a guy on the first

date.

- You already told me that you did.
- I did once, but I won't do it again.
- And which once was that.
- What? I don't have to take this kind of abuse.
- You get abused for a living.
- But it's not much of a living.
- I thought that there was something strange about you.
- I'm looking for a girl who's been touched by an alien. I mean really touched and really

inside. No doubt.

- I'm not that kind of alien, I mean girl.
- When the hell do you get off because you need to be taught a lesson?
- Does this sort of thing ever work?
- Always.

The conversation was enough of a distraction to get me started. I really hoped that I could cross that threshold. I was deluded. But it got me thinking. I needed a new gig and there was all kind of appeal in this psychic thing. This girl was a real leftover and if I could get the rap down I could make a fortune. I loved the psychic sex angle—come without touching.

I was in a real mess. I had tried to get some money from Phil. I didn't want my place to go into foreclosure. Jane was still being a real bitch about the finances. She had just cleaned me out.

I still had some minimal health insurance, but I was feeling really run down. Coughing all the time. I once collapsed in the street—all the symptoms. As things became worse, I found myself sleeping all the time. I drew my reality from my dreams.

In one dream I was confronted by the image of an immense waterfall. It cascaded down this precipitous gorge. I myself felt this feeling of falling only to be caught by the opposite motion catching me and throwing me back. I tried to brace myself

- You have nothing to be afraid of.
- What?
- I tell you that you have to allow yourself to let go.
- And crash down on the rocks.
- You'll know how to protect yourself. You can fly.
- That's just silly.
- No, really. You can let yourself soar.

In this dream I felt her sapping some kind of energy from me. I liked the feeling, but I felt the need to be wary of her influence.

- Who are you?
- Syrena.
- What have you brought me to this place.
- You've brought us to this place.
- If you have, what is the reason.

Two massive crystals were suspended in air above two fountains. A blue light shone from one to other and spread out in a myriad of color against a golden screen that seemed to

dominate my view. I was transfixed by the image.

–What is this Syrena?

I felt myself spread out against this pattern of light as if I was losing all physical form. I splashed against this wall of light and felt myself spill all over.

A concentration of light appeared at the bottom of the wall, and with it I felt myself rise to the top of this wall. I traveled along with it thin plume of light passing up the center of the wall.

At the top of the wall the light spread out in two directions, and I danced in its fire. And I rode these currents of light. The light then seemed to slap back against me again in a shower. I was completely engaged by the cluster. And here a hole started to form in the wall. I felt myself shoot through the hole and I was propelled along these interminable tunnel. And waves of light surrounded my path.

With the rush everything seemed to fall into itself, a solid core. From this core beat this incredible rhythm that seemed to bore deeper and deeper in this core as it became smaller and smaller, then it exploded in this obliterating splatter.

A wave seemed to reach down from the sky and absorb this explosion. And this torrent rode around and around. A rolling vortex that absorbed all in its wake. There was no escape from this tide. From inside the form emerged a counter wave that itself accelerated and seemed to bounce off an obstacle. This sent the wave hurtling back against the initial torrent. They both seemed to vibrate back and forth until the path became more and more direct and just headed off into an oblivion.

I felt Syrena's charm engage me in a similar manner. She spread her legs and sat on me. She moved against me until I felt aroused. Her panties were moist and her skirt bunched up around her legs. I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her closer.

She spun around me until turned her around and removed her panties. She undid the skirt and her movements were more aggressive and abrupt. As she bent over she slid me inside. Her sighs were overpowering and she pushed against me harder and harder. I eased into her. She focused all her energies on this captivating movement.

I could hardly contain myself, but she drew me in to help sustain her own concentration. I could sense this focus on her part and it maintained my arousal.

As we flowed together, our distraction was universal. Wave and waves rolling over and over us. I held her closer.

Had this dream come to me or did I direct the feelings and the images?. This skill fascinated me. Was it part of my fever? Or could I teach someone this?

Could I recall Syrena or was it a one time experience?

Phil was pestering me that morning. He wanted me to help him dispose of some evidence. I didn't know what the hell he meant. But I felt obliged. If he was going to help me out with some money then I needed to do him a favor.

How much money was I going to need? A lot. But he was entirely obliging under the situation. I told him that I had plans, big plans. He'd seen me on top. And he'd also seen me down before.

What had happened? Why had things gone so far?

I was starting to confront the actual form of my desire. When it all became substantial.

Not its initial expression. The desire for Gina. The flow outward. More than that. My interaction with the celebrity. How long had she given me? What did I have to do to make up for.

The more that I spent, the more I found a consistency in her response. The more that I felt she was talking to me. At first, the replies were really standard. Then I was able to string together a number of these replies. Only later on, it was like I had crossed over. She seemed to single me out. I had to keep paying to maintain my contact, but now I really felt that the communication was genuine.

–That genuine level is just a more intense form of her act. You got snowed. It’s like a stripper.

–But you pay enough and she comes down off the pedestal.

–And you really pay enough and you’re paying for the fucking pedestal. she never really knows the difference. Even her reality is part of the same act.

–You don’t know what it’s like.

–I know all too well what it’s like. That’s why I’m agreeing to help you out.

–I didn’t want to take a second mortgage on the house.

–Man, you’ve wiped out all your equity. And what did you get?

–She remembered my name.

–You pay a hooker enough and she’ll say your name all night long.

–But will she let you kiss her on the lips.

–And you lover girl went that far.

–She went further. I felt that she could identify with my problems.

–Well, write her and tell her that you’re almost broke and see if she can really identify.

–Those are the shortcomings of love. They love you on the way up. And run like rats on a sinking ship when you’re skidding down.

–You’re skidding down from the moment that you use one of those services. It’s worse than phone sex. At least with phone sex, you get off immediately. She wouldn’t touch your cum if you paid her.

–You can’t realize how far she took me.

–She really took you—to the cleaners. What did she give you—her secret for success—put on a wig and a dress and then take the dress off in front of the camera. I’m sure that’s going to help you out.

–You should talk about help. The cops are after you.

–It’s not like that at all. It’s just a big misunderstanding. There’s just some stuff that I don’t want them to find. And you can help me out.

–By involving myself. I sort of warned you about pushing too far.

–It’s no different than your little problem.

–Phil, you’re crazy.

–You were sending money to a computer chat line hoping to have some kind of real contact with a B movie starlet.

–It wasn’t like that at all. You can’t know.

–That sounds like the perfect line to tell the cops.

–It’s better than saying I’m a crazy mother fucker who sometimes gets carried away. It’s

all a matter of perception—what other people like—what they will accept. What they say is OK and later regret. That's my life.

—You have to anticipate when things are starting to go wrong.

—I do. I'm not in crazy debt.

—You know it goes back to Jane.

—What do you think I've been trying to tell you?

What was he trying to tell me? What was he saying about Jane. That he was involved with her. That he would take care of her. That he already had taken care of her.

Maybe to better understand myself, I tried to get to the heart of Phil's belief. He wanted to obliterate the will, to have it submit to some deeper force. In the end that force would be at the service of his ego. On the other hand, I saw in the will the presence of some deeper force and I wanted to tap into that.

Possession has as its basis the property that guarantee to men the pursuit of their pleasure.

It was essential to all my plans to keep the house. Precious to my identity that I did not give in to my sickness. But it was so much a part of me. Maybe that was the revelation made so apparent my dream. I had cut myself off from my well spring—I suffered. I needed to liberate myself from this hell.

I needed to find a way to popularize my psychic research. My experience with Syrena had been entirely eye-opening. She was both psychic energy and physical form, and that form beckoned me. Her lips warned, entreated, begged, melted me—I loved that contact.

In that form I understood the foundation of my research. I need to convince my subjects that the same desires served as the basis of their experience. And if they opened the way to psychic influences then they could transform their everyday experiences into this overwhelming paradise—Syrena was nothing less than a patron.

I loved how I was caught in my own illusion that was no less absurd than Phil's. But this illusion was my world, our world and in that I could find my success.

My technique was becoming more direct. Now I could tell exactly what it was that I wanted. So much of the effort could be focused on convincing new lovers of the worth of my approach. Now I could tell when that wild spirit of adventure exploded in their eyes. I had stared into Syrena's eyes and see. Even if this seduction was a distraction, that distraction could be transformed into a treasure of untold worth.

The exercise of liberty implies a destructive power on the part of the self as he attempts to lure others into a whirlpool that he himself propels.

--I have to wake up at six tomorrow.

--That never stopped you before.

--I think that the drugs were better.
 --Or they had stronger effects. You become immune after a while. It's like pesticide. You mutate. It becomes part of you.
 --And then the fatigue completely wears you down.
 --It's not showing.
 --It's not whether it shows. It's whether you can see them moving faster than you. If you're spending all your time catching up.
 --I notice something. A greater attachment to the surface.
 --To beauty.
 --As I said to the surface. And I can feel that I fade along these layers.
 --Then you are having trouble with your writing. Thinking it is all too abstract. You have to act. Action swirling around you. Not giving you time to catch your breath.
 --I think that is how I already feel.
 --But there is no satisfaction.

I always trusted you. I'm sorry that I couldn't continue our relationship. I'm sorry that you had to spend so much money to keep in contact with me.

GINA

I decided to head for Gina's web site one last time. She was shown in a suggestive pose with a model with auburn hair. She was kissing Gina's leg. Both women were naked. Gina was wearing a white high heeled sandal.

"If you want to see more, click on the image, and then your account will be activated for the duration of your visit."

I wanted to follow through, to get to the next level like in a video game. The more that I saw, the more that I felt like I was participating. At that point, I would be offered a more interactive screen with chat and live images.

--You are my computer lover.

--I know.

For the time being, I did know. Phil had bailed me out and given me the added inducement. I started to calculate his "gift". How far could my dreams carry me? What was missing?

Would Gina ever consent to a real meeting. In meeting me, how long could she take from her busy schedule.

--Engage, engage. Full battle is about to commence. Stand in place. The love bomb is ready for you.

I was ready for the ultimate embrace.

--Plug in and accept the current. Come inside.

I felt it penetrate every inch of my body.

--The market's falling. Sell! Sell!

--I'm plugged in I can't move. Is this some kind of trick?

ROWENA

The more that we cherish them, the more our desires harden into objects of pleasure. I am a collector!

- She gripped my hand hard.
- Would you like a performance. How much do you want to see?
- What?
- Don't I know you from somewhere?
- Not really.
- I just want to have the chance to talk to you. To tell you a story. I'm not looking for anything more.
- What if I enjoy the story.
- I can tell you another one.
- That's what I'm really afraid of.
- No, don't worry. the first story is a pretty good one.
- I've heard enough good stories.
- Then how about a dirty story.
- That's what I was really afraid of. Do you see how far I've let you get already. What if I like the dirty story. If I really like it.
- Then maybe I could help you somehow.
- Are you in the habit of talking to people that you don't know?
- I know you better than you think.
- How can you say that?
- I've seen you before.
- That doesn't mean much of anything.
- No really. I've seen more than you think.
- What are you saying? Have you been looking through my window or something? Are you a peeping Tom.
- And what if I was? It hasn't seemed to bother you up to this point.
- So you have been peeking. what have you seen?
- I've watched you put on your shoes. Slipped your sleek legs into them.
- What are you into?
- Talking. I'd just like to tell you things about yourself.
- What sorts of things?
- Nasty things.
- Guys have been telling me nasty things all my life. Things that really have nothing to do with me.
- So you don't have a taste for nasty things?
- I've got a man.
- And don't you like it when he surprises me at night.

–There’s no surprise between us. Just tenderness.
 –Why are you stoking your leg like that?
 She blushed. I stared into her eyes. She smiled.
 –This isn’t supposed to be happening like this. My friend really wouldn’t like any of this.
 Maybe it’s better if we just cut it off here.
 –And then you’d never be surprised.
 –I told you that I’m not into surprises.
 –You like to stay in control. Not even something spontaneous. Something that takes you
 over.
 –I’ve found love.
 –How can you know real love if there’s part of you that you really don’t know.
 –I can already guess what that is.
 –Guessing falls so short of the actual adventure. And a real adventure would turn your
 world upside down.
 –So you have what I need.
 –Is that a question?
 –Is that?
 –If it is?
 –I’m not going to leave my lover because of some word game.
 –I’m not asking you to do anything. Just consider what you’ve got. Who you are and
 what you’d lose if you didn’t take a chance. If you ended experience just like that.
 –Does this sort of thing always work? It sound like you’ve spent a great deal of effort
 trying to convince women that’s something’s wrong just so that you can come to the rescue.
 –I’ve asked the same questions of myself. It makes me who I am.
 –And who are you?
 –Someone who won’t sell life short. Who’ll take that risk. Who wants to live life. not
 let it pass me by.
 –If you take that attitude, it just seems so fleeting.
 I imagined slipping off her dress. Kissing her firm breast. Running my hands up her
 legs, her buttocks. Hearing her sighs.
 –You have to take a chance. I just want to...write to you.
 –Don’t you want it now? Are you going to let it get away.
 –I’ve already got what I want. I wanted to talk. To say hello. To find out your name.
 That wasn’t so hard was it.
 –And you want to do it again.
 –I’m not looking for a dinner date. I just want to talk to you. To write you.
 –To hear my fantasies.
 –To hear about your dreams.
 –They’re all pretty simple. To spend my life with Ron. Maybe have him take me around
 the world.
 –And he hasn’t already. Taken you around the world.
 –What are you saying?
 –Are you hungry.

–I thought that you didn't want to get any dinner.
 –I was just wondering.
 –I did have to get going.
 –You want me to make the invitation. Figured that if I mentioned food that I'd be hungry.
 –What do you want? Because you're not going to get what you think. I'm not going to throw away my whole life on something really stupid. Ron can give me everything that I want. What can you give me?
 –I can't give you anything. But maybe you can give yourself peace of mind. Peace of mind that you don't have.
 –What are you? Some kind of mind reader. Maybe you're used to these fatalistic types who'll throw away their life for a little magic. I'm not that sort of person.
 –What are you willing to throw away your life for?
 –I'm not throwing anything away for anything.
 –But if you were in the gambling mood.
 –To gamble the risk has to seem credible.
 –Gambling eventually creates its own reward.
 –Don't you find that you have an insatiable appetite that you find yourself giving in to?
 –Now who's afraid of what?
 –That's how it starts. You lose the only thing that really makes sense to you. Then you spend your life trying to mess it up for some one else.
 –It'd only a mess if you don't try.
 –Like I said, I've already got what I want. And I don't want to mess it up
 –But you've spent some time thinking about it.
 –Where's that meal that you've been offering?
 –I'd love to. But not now. I'm sort of in a hurry.
 –Trying to make me really hungry.
 –Is it working?
 –It always works. But it's a real gamble. You'll never know if I don't get a better offer before you've had your chance.

I made sure. Rowena.

Dear Rowena

You need to escape.

–I have escaped!

Dear Rowena

Do you hunger?

–What do you have in mind?

Give in to your urge.

–Where?

When?

–Now!

Rowena knew how deeply committed that she was to her present. What she was, was her

future. And if she lost that, she would have lost it all, lost too much to ever get back on track. And so it went.

She needed Ron to provoke. To push her to a place that she had never before visited. So she wouldn't have to consider my offer. Down deep she hoped I had given her the inspiration that she needed.

She looked at herself in the rear view mirror. Had the feeling that she knew the limits of her desire. Otherwise, she might as well leave Ron now.

She started her car and drove home. She had never stopped for a drink by herself but now she felt that she needed something. While at the bar, she caught a man looking at her. Taking her apart for his own designs. She knew what he was thinking. And this tawdry mind reading gave her the pleasure that she needed.

She had time. Ron was working late.

–Would you like to come back to my place for a drink. It's sort of noisy here.

–I really don't like noisy places.

His places was tidy, but a tidiness that suggested he was covering something musty.

It frightened her that there were other people like her. And she looked at this man and hoped he wasn't her sort.

–I'm not sure why I came back here with you.

She knew what was motivating her. She realized that this would not be the first time. That she needed to stop this from happening. She could feel him inside her. Inside her in a way so different from Ron.

–I need to go.

–I'm afraid that I'm becoming like you. That I'm giving in to that same sort of wandering that seems to beset your life. That's what bothered me so much about you. You're like a lonely vampire who seeks to recruit others to his kind. I'm not a blood sucker. I don't ever want to be. But I've been feeling so sick of late. You make me afraid.

Dear Rowena

I don't want to make more of this than it really is. You messed up. You made a mistake.

–But that was always my fear. That I'd pull at one thread and the whole thing would start to come apart. It is...

When I first passed her in the street, she wouldn't take a look at me. I knew who she was but she wouldn't let me tell her with her eyes. She had practiced looking straight ahead. I turned as she went by to watch her walk off, turned and smiled.

Her icy manner made me wonder if I'd get my opportunity. Just to say hello.

I started thinking about her. Seeing her step into those shoes. Nothing but the shoes and me approaching her from behind.

I wanted to touch her, to melt the ice.

My fantasy became extravagant. Only interrupted when I saw her with Ron. Saw him rubbing her cheek.

–I need to stop doing the same thing. I just need to stop.

–You weren't following me.

–I wish that you could stop me.

–No one ever can. We just get into doing this sort of thing and later on it becomes habit.

No one else can really stop you. They can only help you satisfy that need.

Rowena, I can't stop myself.

–That was what you were hoping me to write. It's not about stopping yourself. It's about giving in.

That's sort of how I've been expecting it to go for you.

–If you don't give in at least once.

Rowena started to seem special for me. That maybe she could release me from the depths of my winter funk I felt that nothing was going on around me. That nothing every had, ever would. It would be critical

–I feel like you've been trying to destroy the only thing that really means something to me.

I can't make you feel perfect. I can only make you feel pleasure.

–What is pleasure?

What do you need it to be.

I wondered how I could attract Rowena's attention. How I could catch her eye. When I saw her, I saw the hollow left by his touch. I couldn't take his place, couldn't get her to avert her eyes.

–Ron, are you there? What are you thinking about?

–About you.

–You're lying.

–Rowe, you know that I only have eyes for you.

–You're so full of shit.

–And that's why I love you.

–You know what I thought about you when we first met.

I couldn't bear to hear any more. Had she realized that I was looking over at them, eavesdropping on their love notes.

I watched her move. An explosiveness in her gestures. A confidence that she could project desire. She knew where she could direct her energies. What she could risk and not really risk at all. And then that reticence that even Ron could not pierce.

This was why she needed him. To fake herself out. A decoy. Reach his level and convince herself that there was nothing else. he let her hold so much back,

In a sense there was no confidence. Sleep walking through her life. He could invade that space and take it all, take nothing. She still clung to herself. Pulled away before it was too late. Climax in that emptiness. A pride in being with someone else. No one to really test her nakedness.

Maybe they could make plans. Plans to insure it would not fall apart.

Sitting across from each other and nibbling on salad. A sip of wine. To seal the deal. I didn't want to take his place. I wanted to completely sweep his memory away.

I've been watching you and I know, know how close we can get to each other. What have you give to him. What can he hope to offer to you.

–It never can quite work this way. The more you try to push him away, the more that he seems appealing to me.

What have I really seen. Do I want to see them coupling together? To smell the bodies come closer. To taste her sweat.

He can never get close enough to you to really know.

–What are you to say? This is nonsense. He gives me what I need. I can live and breathe and my work. He lets me be me. I don't want to tie myself around some man. To lose my ability to separate myself from my passion.

Two bodies drenched in their desire.

I was swimming inside her. I felt myself washed by the churning all around me. She was coursing all around me. That uncontrollable surrender to all these sensations. Turned all around by the excitement. Splashing all around. More and more. Drowning and absorbing me.

Her body seemed to twist around me. Weaving and intermixing. The kiss. My chest against her. All giving way. My head disappearing. Groping. The darkness.

Her smile was spread all over me. Assimilated into me. Filter through filter. Passing through wall. Barrier giving way to flow.

As we joined together, I felt myself soar with her. Then we dove so low, plunging and plunging, breathless and interpenetrating. I skimmed off a coalescence and was sent flying in the air, only to edge the surface and carom into the depths.

Our coincidence astounded me. Losing consciousness and then coming too. Our bodies plunged together. Each turning over. A mechanical frenzy both possessing us. Hanging on each to each.

The passion was hard, immediate, raw. Pulling on the flesh to acquire identity. Buried in this lustful anonymity. Breath bubbling up. My lips against her shoulders. The sparkle of her lips reinvigorating me.

Eyes burning in the night.

–Can you know me?

Tracing down her back. My hands cupped on her breasts. Moving closer and separating. Working into flesh. Regions pushed inside, opening. Wedge inside and holding on. Maintaining this lull.

I felt swallowed by this engrossing zeal. She even deeper, lost in this unusual distraction. She was tempted by this give and take. Too drained to recover, to disengage, she was stripped of her reserve.

To maintain her balance she became attached to these fluctuations. She rode the waves, gave up to the thrill.

–Don't stop.

She knows that she has offered too much, afraid that she cannot make her way back. She pulls me closer.

All hot and around me this cold. That I have just revealed too much of myself. Now a burden, I sense her body weighing on me. A reminder of the exposure that I craved in the moment, that now seemed an irritation.

I'm on your side.

But I felt nothing of the sort. She has been so open in pleasure, and now this utter frankness disturbed me. She had surrendered too easily. Not the sex. That was expected. But she never quit, no holding back. This added to the massive character of the experience. But at this point this became too overwhelming. I was holding her whole being in my hand. And I could sense myself crushing her.

I didn't want to give the wrong impression. But the intercourse was one of deep impressions. The mass was all encompassing. What was so easy for her. Once I had broken through. More than anything that gave her the complete abandonment. The invitation to devotion. The desire to trust.

What I despised in her because I had offered her no indication that I could rescue her. I watched her fall and fall deep.

–I don't know why I did this.

–I don't like your dreams. They are an imposition. They have already destroyed you. Made you focus on something isn't real. I'm not the woman that you think that I am. Just don't try to destroy me.

You want it. All of it. The dream is your only link to anything real.

–You could never say you love me. I can never give in to you for that reason. I know myself. What I would lose. I'd have to believe in you so much. And if I did, what kind of security could you ever provide me with.

Outside the restaurant, she kissed Ron. Not too involving. She ran off. She didn't look down. A lively feeling.

–Officially we're through. I have something that I really like. Don't fuck it up. We've shared something. Don't make it ugly!

What if Ron knew about her fantasies. How understanding could he be.

–It doesn't work like that, lover boy. You're not exchangeable. He's part of me. You never could be.

I felt her naked body rub against me.

–You're making me feel all wrong. End these fantasies.

–They're not fantasies if you feel them too.

–I don't want to. Not at all. Not anymore.

–So you realized something wasn't right.

–I didn't say that.

The kiss was so ethereal. Too much to let her brush off. What she wanted.

–Don't think that I'm going to get caught up in your little games. I don't need any of this.

You do. You really do!

I couldn't let her shut me out. End of possibility of us being together. Just watching her gave me the encouragement that I needed. But I could see that glimmer of rejection. How far could I carry through this seduction before she came face to face with her very complicity in this nightmare.

–You're just using me to get yourself off the hook.

–I don't feel any guilt.

–You're not feeling anything.

–You can't say that. You don't know what's going on when you're not around. You don't have a privilege over me. You're not a mind reader.

I really didn't have time to write you yesterday. There were so many things that I wanted to tell you about.

As she left the restaurant, she gripped Ron's hand harder. There were so many things that she wanted to say to him. She wanted to confess the doubts that she had about him, about herself, about them as a couple. she looked at him and smiled.

You offer me a regularity that I can tap and drain. You are part of me. I think of you and we are together. I fall down your well and am lost in its reverie.

Your lips are tender, inviting, relaxed, wanton. I feel them rub all over me. Glue themselves to me. Unite in abandon. I melt in our kiss. Lip over lip, around and inside me inside you. You suck on my lip, bite me, just short of drawing blood. You lure me in deeper. You have aroused me. You are stimulated. I push my hand into yours. Your fingers interlace with mine. I caress your face. You purr. You curl up. Your nose turns up. That smile overcomes us.

Your lips slide down my body. We throw ourselves into passion. I try to hold on. My face buried in your breasts. In you. You open up. The appeal of the flesh. My tongue against yours. My tongue looking for its reply in you.

I imagine you immersed deep in your work out. All your muscles are pumping together. Your breath is irregular and you stretch out. Re-establish a pattern. Find a smooth flow. A force field grips the whole body and magically radiates over you. Your hand reaches out and makes contact. The extension of the arm, reaching, touching, gripping. Pulling up and down. The legs move in concert. Each in reply. Water rains down on you. The release. Cooling you down. Washing away the sweat.

Your momentum continues. You trace an architecture with your body. Like a sculptor you form the space in front of you. Bring solid mass where there is none.

I feel this transfer of energy from your body to mine. Mimic your rhythms. Engage the same time that you do. Our coincidence brings us in contact.

I again feel your caress. The richness of your touch. My hand in yours, you pull me

in. Your kiss invades me, overcomes me. We roll over each over each. Your warmth, your sweat your movement all part of me.

The heart of this flux. The shaking. Tremors absorbed each to each.

You kiss me hard. I peel off your sweater. Trace the muscles of your shoulders. Skim the muscles of the abdomen. I take in your smile. Am warmed by it.

We spiral in to each other. Lose myself in these motions. Feel myself propelled to the heart of this fire. Merge with you. And in coming together enter a trance.

Out of the trance, I am held by the immediacy of the body. Your legs spread to accept me in. I follow my arousal into your release. The movement is frenzied. I need to retain my focus. Prepare for a further delirium. The pushing back and forth. Crashing of the limbs. Torsos engaged. The dynamo whirrs.

Your arms stretch out. I pull with you. The soaring. We fly together. A resistance of the muscles transformed into these dominant flows. Propelled together from the outside and then turning around these clusters of energy from within. Both currents cross each other. A tearing of the skin and muscles. An invigorating.

I am inside you. You hold me there and pull and pull and pull.

I am breathless.

Waiting to propel myself. To toss myself into this mass.

I try to hold my concentration.

A screaming from inside. Not to give in.

Helpless.

Rowe, Rowe.

We are together.

–What are these motions that hold us together? Intrusions on your part. I don't know where the hell you got my email address. But all this is psychotic. You marked out my body like a children's drawing that you color in with your crayons. Don't I have a say in this. You don't know me. You've seem me a few times in passing.

>>Or maybe worse, you're stalking me. But you can't know the real me by piecing together these images. There are dreams that I have that you destroy by these rude impositions. I have freedom. I don't want to deal with this sort of shit.

>>You can't know who I am. what I am. And if you think you know, then I'll just do the opposite to frustrate you. You have no business prying into my personal life. You can't know what I say or do with other people. You could never appreciate real tenderness if it was in front of your face.

>>Passion isn't just a game. It's sharing things about who we are. What we love to hold on to. what we cherish.

>>You make a game of this sort of thing. You see a woman and you suck all the life out of her. You want to add her to your collection. I'm not your doll. You can't dress me up and then take me home and have me do a strip show. I'm not that girl for you.

>>I'm nothing for you and I want it to stay that way. Nothing, nothing, nothing! You see me and think that I'm all these things that I'm not. I'm not that angel that you want me to be. I've done things. Things that I hate. Things that you would hate.

>>I hate what you're doing to me. Leave me alone.

Rowena, don't end it this way. There are mysteries that I know that I would like to share. There is so much that I have to offer you. Security. I could protect you.

–This nonsense. Leave me alone.

I've watched how guys hurt you. I can help!

–Hurt. I've hurt guys. Guys I've loved and cheated on just to test them. I know who I am.

It's not like that.

–Leave me alone or I'll have to take matters in my hands.

You shouldn't stay with someone out of guilt. Just because you're afraid to hurt them. Because you're making up for past sins.

–If I want to enjoy myself I will. But don't make a spectacle out of my life. You're not my fan; you're not my lover. You're not a part of any of this.

Don't shut me out.

–You can't be shut out if you never were inside.

If we could just do something together. Maybe see a movie. Just let me be friends. Tell you a story.

–You're desperate. Women don't like that.

OK. I'll stop. Just let's have a drink.

Why aren't you answering anymore.

Dear Rowena, I miss you!

–Leave me alone

Desperation often becomes part of desire. Someone takes the devotion of others for granted until it's no longer there. Rowena could never survive with Ron. She needed new friends. Men who could revive the old complement.

–What are you doing?

To my advantage Rowena had never met me. Perhaps seen me at the gym. Picked me out of a crowd. Caught a glance that lasted a bit too long.

But there was nothing. Nothing incriminating. And I knew about her...Knew what was getting her going...

Advantage in. It was sheer accident. We bumped into each other leaving the gym. All my stuff fell from my bag. I had just been closing it. There we were, her helping me retrieve myself.

–Haven't we bumped into each other before.

She stared at me and then continued.

–Sorry, poor choice of words.

She smiled—a kissable smiled.

–I'm sure I would have noticed.

–I'm really sorry. Let me make it up to you. I'll buy you a drink.

–I really have to be some where. What's your name?

–Rowe, Rowena. You have to eat.

–I sort of have plans. But I do have a bit of time before then. Let’s get a drink.

She had studied architecture. Always been into art. But then quit for a job in the financial industry. She hated her work but was tied to the dream that it offered. This was what she had become.

What was left of the dream was betrayed in her passion. At the same time she was afraid to admit her unhappiness. That added to her crisp manner. If she gave in she knew that she’d break down.

Why had she disturbed her routine, almost pursued me? I couldn’t figure it. I like her. But I knew what she expected. Knew that she had lost her personality and the fact that she was still chasing that ghost.

She invited me back to the apartment. I saw the computer, the source of those furious emails—a Mac.

It was quaint. A few prints on the wall. Wood and pillows. A sparse curtain. Slightly Danish in austerity.

–I like your place.

–I seldom bring anyone here. I’m on the go so much.

She was reaching for a bottle of wine. I looked her in the eyes. Brushed her hand.

–Maybe I had a little too much to drink at the restaurant.

She blushed.

–I was glad that your dinner date cancelled.

–I never had plans.

Everything worked out too perfectly.

–I think that I got afraid. The last guy who came here took it all for granted. And then he just stopped coming. I felt bad after that. He had stolen my refuge.

I imagined her showing up at the apartment of other men. Leaving before any emotional climax. Perfecting physical pleasure to a science.

–Sometimes the things that we do just to remain sane.

I smiled and took my glass of wine from her.

Rowena, I want to write you. I’ve been thinking about you. I think that I know who you are. Let me tell you stories.

–You can’t know who I am if I don’t even know that for myself.

But I know all about your lover.

–Do you know Ron.

He knows me. At least he thinks that he does.

Imagine that part of the day that you are most yourself. The part that you can’t give over to him.

–And then I’ll give it over to you. You’ll seduce me and degrade me and abandon me.

I can only abandon you if you abandon yourself. It’s not about me. It’s about the purity of your will. Totally committed to pleasure of the body. Only then can you taste your rapture.

What you want to hold you. To take you over. The more that you give, the more that I let you believe.

–I have someone.

Someone who lets you show up at any hour. Raw, begging. It's always there. And what that is. That is not someone. That is all you!

I see her overcome by someone who hurt her. But not caring.

Rowena had found her pleasure.

MELBA

Once we possess, we assume that we can overcome the object of our possession. Beware of the snares in our path.

I needed a distraction. I was having trouble concentrating on work. I headed over to the gym. But even my routine started to bore me.

She was waiting for someone—otherwise, why wasn't she starting her work out. I first saw her in the mirror. then I looked over at her. Angled myself so that I could keep my reps going and still watch her.

Her abdominal muscles, the definition of her. To work them each second and separate herself from that other girl who she was. Who she might have remained. She massaged herself gently. Stretched out on the bench. Gave assurance to her breasts. Passed her hands along her legs.

–You don't know me.

But I was getting to know her very well. That fear on her part that she might slip back into what she was.

–You can't keep up with me.

Afraid that some guy might discover that former sedentary self. No one who could pop out the blue and say I know you. I know what you used to be like. Even her hair was dyed. Cut short. Crisp mannerisms. Not even a trace of her former accent. She wanted to be British. The air. The fashion.

Real estate. A new Mercedes. Her reward to herself. Maybe a gift house to her mother. Anything so that she didn't have to remember.

What did he think about all this. Where was he? Someone to spot her on the weights. To watch her precision in the crunches. The crowning achievement. The success that they shared.

Zooming in closer. What was his real dream...

She defined him so much better than he could define himself. Loved her more than she could love herself.

–I ordered us some wine.

A love that wouldn't last.
 He just loved himself too much.
 –More than I couldn't ever love myself.
 The hollow only made deeper.

A better workout. In the heart of the muscles. That pain that has no rejoinder except for more work.. More pain!

–I can take you there.

Someone who finds its more automatic. The science of exercise. Trips to Bermuda for triathalons. Rubbing oil into his shoulder muscles. The hot kiss. Her sex an extension of the leg curl. The free flight. The flip.

–Melba, have you been here long.

Her friend Darling shaped more by the curves of flesh than the lines of steel. A caress delaying in the curves of the flesh. A little too indulgent. So desirable. A cute smile. A frivolity that frightened Melba.

I was so sure that Melba would be leading this workout. Inviting Darling into her discipline. Even the contact flesh to flesh would be so ordered by the instruction.

She braced Darling. They were close enough to kiss.

But it was Darling who was leading the dance. Melba's body was a tool for Darling's vision. She kneaded flesh. Shaped muscle. Aligned bone to bone.

Darling elongated Melba's sharp edges. Offered her sensuality where there has only been precision. Warmth where there had only been persistence.

–You don't know me.

Darling made herself known through touch. The aspirations of Melba's muscles finding form. A purring from inside.

Sweat pouring off their bodies, the two headed for the showers. Lather covering their bodies. Sleek and glowing. The sponge foaming over her vulva. The silly water slaps of her partner. The bubbling from inside. Making her feel so relaxed. A gentle cooing.

Her backside a present for the time spent in physical devotion. Commitment to this ritual between them

–Would you mind sharing?

This was not about sharing. They had already become part of a single physical force.

The tongue swallowing up the water. Exploring the currents. Following the canals.

Their closer contacts. Intimate provocations.

–Guys have these silly fantasies about me. About me and the girls that I work with. That's why I'm into exercise. Why I'm into the body. But it's nothing like they think.

And flesh folded into flesh. And in the sharp curves of the body, there was no room for doubt. No room for another.

The water beaded against the muscular legs and tight back side. A cluster of flesh where the globe of the cheeks intersected and pulled together. From here the body flowered. It opened up and radiated.

So intimately involved in these movements. The turns and attitude of flesh. The tongue nestled in this clarity. If Melba felt that she had ever gone too far, she only made her presence made known more. More and more.

And Darling was there as that guarantee that she could protect herself. withdraw if her embarrassment ever became too much.

Sticking together. An intensity in place of an intimacy. For Melba it was all interchangeable. Darling made her lose that shame that had always beset her.

The two rubbing so hard against each other. Where to concentrate these curiosities. What the tongue could not fully attain. The frictions of skin and hair.

A deep kiss. The direct quality of the tongue.

--What are you doing here?

Who?

This was unusual.

A voyeur. A visitor.

Playing along. Find entry ways. Lost on a ramp. Tumbling over each other.

--I didn't let you in, did I.

Focusing on her. An ever widening passageway. Sliding myself inside her.

--Is there no limit to your fantasies.

I was taking care of her while she whispered to Darling.

Pulling the self all the way along in this melange.

Anything that projects erect and directs all the action.

This wasn't supposed to continue this long. After the lessons, everyone was supposed to go home on their own.

POSITION ONE: I gave you everything that you wanted.

She sat on my face and faced forward. A patch of skin on her ass--my focus--so engrossing. Work my way further down, inside her. She took it all for granted as she responded to my tickling caresses and cat licks. My tongue is active within.

POSITION 2: Melba goes down on Darling while I fuck her from behind. She is all juicy inside and I move so freely. The whole scene drives me crazy and I can hardly restrain myself from coming thinking about it all.

QUESTION: What was there to all this? (Melba, hold me.) Her body opened up and she radiated all this passion. I found myself working each section of her body. She almost separated herself from the act. She just rode the tingling and tried to turn it into something more real.

In another scene, she had just taken off her running shoes. She wore tight shorts and a sports bra that hugs her ample breasts. She pulled off my shorts as I sucked on her breasts. Pull off the bra. She massaged my dick. I pulled off her shorts and went to town She was so supple. So meant for this--liberty.

Her workout had defined the thigh muscles. It almost protected her against her former life of disappointed. Once I paid tribute to the body, she let me in--complete abandon on her part.

Her breasts pulled tight. I reached in to her blouse and started to massage her breasts. she smiled. My penis was already hard as ever. I undid her blouse. She slid her hands along her crotch. Slipped off her tight pants. She rubbed her hand along her firm ass. She started to get warm and moist. As I kissed her deep, tongue over tongue, and squeezed her breasts, she got herself off. Her hand cradled deep in her panties--they crumpled up in her hand.

She showed her insides--her-- pink and raw--tense line of her legs--pushing on the

ground—the gyrating flow of her into me. Opening wider. This was it—THE SELF!

Her arms were resting on her hips as she licked her mate. She tickled her breast with her tongue.

Her legs rested high on my shoulder and projected high in the air.

I am so excited as Darling beat off in a corner while she watched us. I turn Melba around and just pump her from behind.

—How are you holding up?

Darling came over and just started sucking my cock. Melba was on a bench stimulating herself. This was so amazing. I tried to hold on. I couldn't give in. Darling touched herself while I thrust from behind. This invited Melba to spread her legs in front of Darling and she licked on Melba. I slipped around in the froth.

Melba's body jerked back as she and Darling went at it. Their bodies rocked up and down. Their vulva in contact—close and constant. The clitoral stimulation drove them crazy.

Melba almost bit off my cock as she lost herself in Darling's caresses. This would not end!

Off to the side, Darling was ravenous. Her intense gyrating, as she touched herself in a circular motion. She implied a deeper center of pleasure—surrounding orbits. Implied a system of partners

—Oh, Melba.

I pumped and pumped and pumped away. I felt myself so close to Melba while I contemplated the cosmic Darling.

(This all started again. The clothed Darling and Melba stripping down.)

Almost collapsing on the bed. Our angle was precarious. Parts of our bodies hanging over.

Her sighs--amazed and recovering

The foaming sponge rubbed along her vulva. Lathering as it was pushed inside. That accompanied the caresses. A giggle. Meant more for an audience than Darling could herself contain.

A butterfly. My butterfly. To leave the cocoon to find new flowers, new sensations.

Her skirt puffed up as it caressed up her thighs. She had to brace herself as she rode her heels, a gesture that invited an energetic image. Her painted toe nails pointed seductively in the opposite direction. Her blouse was deliberately low cut and she took advantage of its suggestiveness. Its small size insured that it would be revealing of her abdomen. Her panties slid up her leg and made the flutter of the skirt all the more sheer. They showed slightly as she bent forward, as the top pulled up to expose more skin

Her lipstick accentuated that deep pucker. She licked them to retain that gloss. Eye shadow that fanned wide and added to the imposing cheek bones. A concentration on the glitter, her lips succulent and alluring.

Tighter!

The blonde hair—her body!

I ran my fingers through her hair she smiled

Held her hand and gently pinned her against the wall.

As I reached over to kiss her, she stuck her breasts out. We made contact as I pulled her closer to me. A sense of relief followed by a slight shiver gripped her whole body. Our embrace grew tighter as I worked my hand down her back. The supple response caused her to press more snugly against me. Her body covered mine as our lips melted into each other. The dress made it easy for her to wrap her legs around. The heels emphasized her nonchalance.

I reached under her skirt and ran my hand along her upper leg. As I touched her buttocks, she cooed. She whispered in my ear. I sucked on hers. I slipped my hand under her panties. I touched the firm flesh. My other hand made it to her other cheek. As I felt arousal, I moved her close to me so she could feel it too. Her kisses grew more intense as her hair became messy over her face—her state of abandon.

I maneuvered her over to the bed. My lips worked their way up her legs as she pulled up her skirt. We worked off her top and I skimmed the outlines of her breasts with my mouth. Her perfume mixed with her sweat and intoxicated me. My arousal was more intense. I wanted to be inside her. I cupped her breasts with my hands and started to suck on one while I caressed the other. My lips played with the nipple. Holding and releasing.

She put her hands down my pants and felt my firm penis. She moved her hand in and out to intensify the arousal. I undid her skirt. She spread out on the bed in her panties. I loved how they bunched up as I took them off. All highlighted her vulva. And my tongue embraced the lips. Titillated the clitoris. Her face became flush with the excitement.

I took off my boxers and she guided my way into her. As I slid inside her, we rocked back and forth. I sensed her opening more and more to accept my motions.

This intensity prompted her to switch positions. I pulled her in as she rode above me. The rim of her vagina bounded my penis and I became more aroused as I felt the wall trace its line over me. I pushed harder to engage the fold of skin and this increased her stimulation. I thrust in a more constant motion and she rode with me. Our gyrations flowed as she accepted each advance with her deep replies. To secure myself, I sought a stronger kiss. Our faces pressed even closer together. A faint smile impressed itself on hers. She had me turn her around so she could propel the action with more intensity. She sat on me and held herself steady by digging her heels into the bed. This gave an added strength to her movements. I pushed up as she rammed into me. This only inflamed the provocative stimulation that she felt. She was lulled into enjoyment.

Rather than surrender to this intensity I held on. I would not release tension. Again on top of me, she was electric in her animation. she slammed harder and harder. I could not keep up with this earthquake.

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I already was advancing way ahead of what saw

She had to brace herself as she rode her heels, a gesture that invited an energetic image. Her painted toe nails pointed

The clashing image created a sense of action—participation

seductively in the opposite direction.

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I reached under her skirt and ran my

I played along with these images and continued to feel a sense of reward in my regard

I was running way ahead of myself. She became overjoyed with my awareness.

What she had wanted me to see became so overwhelming as I drifted along with her. She watched me. She knew.

She accepted my touch and this only inspired my continued advances.

Her body had completely anticipated every move. She observed me, knew how I would act, concentrated her delights, surrendered to my touch.

I could hardly sustain myself under her awareness. I was seeing inside her and this made me more aroused.

Her words seemed to come alive inside me. I

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This intensity prompted her to switch positions. I pulled her in as she rode above me. The rim of her vagina bounded my penis and I became more

traveled along their seduction. She seemed to pull back only to form a cavity to absorb my curiosity. I felt uncomfortable that there was little that I could now hide from her. I gave in.

Given that my curiosity was now exposed, she tapped a well of aggression. In that realm, she subdued and anesthetized me. I became drunk on her charms. Nothing could protect me.

I lost myself entirely in her. I concentrated on on her appeals as if I could separate them from intention. I could not and felt myself falling deeper and deeper under a spell. What I touched, what she wore—how it all suggested our holding together.

Ready to accept our coincidence, I only sensed the physical stimulation running one step ahead of myself.

Hence the danger of total absorption in the flesh. There is no hope to let go of this attachment as this risks the subsiding of the pleasure. Each intensity of desire is marked by another turn on

aroused as I felt the wall trace its line over me. I pushed harder to engage the fold of skin and this increased her stimulation. I thrust in a more constant motion and she rode with me. Our gyrations flowed as she accepted each advance with her deep replies. To secure myself, I sought a stronger kiss. Our faces pressed even closer together. A faint smile impressed itself on her.

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The sweat poured down her face. It drenched her hair. Our stomach slid together in this humidity. She now opened herself more and more and gave more and more to these tremors.

She was possessed. Not moving, but soaring way above the movement as I just burst inside her. The torrent flowed over itself and became more and more profound. It shook both our bodies convulsively

EDITH

Our fantasies catalogue possessions that we have lent away for misuse. Objects that

the body. Once I have been invited this deep inside, the mere sight can inflame my desire. Beyond desire, I am committed to the physical preoccupation.

The physical attachment found its own equation. Value after value projected out from these combinations.

These results gave her sense of deeper emotional connection. That any longing on her part only found answer in a stronger action. She accepted the aggression of this calculus.

If there was any doubt about my understanding, it was revealed in her actions. She had projected way beyond that initial contact. We were enveloped by this realization.

Captivated by this physical concurrence.

we hope that we can get back.

I don't want to say that it was Phil who introduced me to Edith. Maybe it was. I can't remember for sure. But she had heard about my research, had heard about my possible appointment at the University and wanted to be a candidate for study there.

I remember how she had attended a number of social functions of friends of mine, and she always seemed to hide in the background. She listened and observed, but never spoke. Or if she did her reticence left her tongue twisted before the rather formidable elders. Her eyes would grow big as she considered an idea. Or she'd take a concentrated deep breath. She was saving her insights. Or just taking them in intuitively. I wondered what really made her tick.

I remember that one of my colleagues had brought her by to my office. I had this temporary office downtown in this one story make-shift facility. She had this big book with her—almost a coffee table book on ancient cultures—psychic research and the like. She had it open to this one picture of what looked like a Mayan calendar.

—It's from Sumeria. They call it the "Four Seasons of Human Intercourse".

—Sumerian sexual intercourse.

—Human intercourse—like communication.

It had close ups of the inscription of couples in graphic sexual poses. She made fun of the faces.

--Ooo ooo. Ahh. Oh, baby!

—What?

--It's like four different states of being. One is the transfixed state where the participant is just taken over by the feeling. The second is the active state where they are made aware of their physical being. The third is submission where it is the entire surrender to their desires. And the last stage is the crossing over. It's sort of a metaphysical free flight.

—It sounds fascinating.

—It was the basis for a psychic discipline—a bypassing of the restraints of the physical realm. From the body to the body outside the body to the supernatural universe. I've always wanted to do more research.

—Investigative research.

—No, I wanted to examine the practice. I've always felt that I've had these premonitions. These weird dreams. I thought that maybe I could try this stuff out.

—It's a little too formal for me.

—You're a professor at a university. Too formal—don't be silly.

—Maybe I didn't look at it seriously enough. Let me see the book.

When I looked at the book, I still couldn't get over the funny faces that she had been making. Sure it corresponded to concepts that I had been considering, but she made such light of it that I had trouble taking it seriously. It almost reminded me of Steve Messaien's book. But I thought it might be inappropriate.

—So, you really want to do this kind of research.

It's all something that I'm thinking about. For now it really has nothing to do with my real experience. It's just a speculation.

—But it might have something to do with what you will do in the future.

–I need your guidance. I've had crazy dreams. Dreams that blur the distinction between asleep and awake.

I knew that she had a story. I felt that she could enlighten me. She would make an excellent subject.

--It's not really curiosity that motivates me. I'm just trying to make sense of what I've already figured out.

–And what have you figured out?

–That I'm basically alone. That what turns me on is really worth it if it only makes me feel more alone. But that doesn't stop me from going after really crazy things.

–Like what?

–Just really crazy things.

–What's crazy.

–Just guys. I don't like to talk about it.

–Are you into a particular guy.

–There was this guy who was living at our place. Not really living there but just hanging around. He was a friend of my brother. We'd fool around. And he really got me hot. But I don't know why I got in the habit of having sex with me. It wasn't productive in any way and it used to make me feel bad about myself.

–So why did you do it?

–It made me feel that I was part of something. Whenever he was inside of me, I really felt alive. Like I was part of some deep secret about the universe.

–That sounds like an exaggeration.

–Not an exaggeration. It was totally real.

–If it was so real why didn't it have the same effect on him too?

–It did, but I could never get him to admit it.

–That seems pretty shitty.

–That's what I thought.

–I mean pretty shitty on his part.

–You can't say that. It's not like you know him.

–Well, you do. And are you really being honest about it.

–I don't really want to talk about it.

–But if you don't talk about it then your creative side is just going to get buried.

–We're just talking about getting fucked now and then.

Was she trying to challenge me—entice me? It had me going for the rest of the day. I could keep up the pretense. But she was making it hard. Like she wanted to break me down just to test me. Then she'd end up denying me.

–I really like talking to you. You know

I eventually recommended Steve Messiaen's book to her, sort of a *Venus in Furs*.

It's really bizarre but it's deep. Really eye-opening.

She smiled as I handed her a copy.

–There's nothing that's going to shock me.

–Nothing that's going to shock anyone over eighteen years old.

–So what is shocking in the book.

–He just talks about how pleasure is linked to our tolerance for pain. And he explores ways to expand that tolerance.

–Doesn't that lead to an addiction to torture and the like?

–It's really not like that.

–You don't want me to try the things in the book

She started to wonder if her energy was being drained from her. If she was losing her stamina. If something was replacing the heart of what she was. After she had looked at the book, she returned to talk to me. All the color had been drawn from her face as if she had seen a book.

--What's wrong?

--The book.

--You seem like something happened to you. I told you not to try things described in the book.

--It changed my perceptions about things I did. Things that I enjoyed. I started to wonder who I really was. Did I really pick out what I liked. Or have I just been reacting to things that have been going on around me.

–Did you figure it out?

–More than that. I started getting afraid who I was. If I was just empty at the core. Like a vermin just focused on its own perversion.

–And what was your delight.

–This is getting a bit embarrassing.

–We can stop.

–No, I really need to talk about it. Because things were starting to surprise me. I thought that I knew my limits.

–You did try some of the things.

–It's not like that at all. Just my face. Who I saw when I looked in a mirror. Things that were all so certain started to face in and out. I really need your help.

–The book interests me, but I'm no expert.

–But I feel that you know that sort of thing. Tell me.

–Tell you what.

–Who I am?

–You're the same person that you always were. You've just shone a brighter light on your character.

–That's what scares me. Like I'm driven by this monster inside.

–We all enjoy things that make us a little ashamed.

–But I think my shame is greater. That I really have more to be ashamed of.

–What?

–I just feel like I'm too free for my own good.

–We all do things that we regret. That doesn't mean in the least that we're out of control.

–But if that's the only thing that's motivating us.

–It's not like you've changed overnight.

–I just don't think that I can care for anyone. I just like having fun.

--There's nothing unusual about that.

–It's just that I don't think that I can stop. It's like a drug. And when I read the book, I

took it as sort of a discipline, a way of stopping my attachment to that pleasure. And the more I read the more I became fascinated with his definition of pain. It all seemed to feed a fixation that had already developed deep inside me. And I was just going along with it. The only way to find some stability in my life.

–I don't think the book's meant that way.

–Do you get some special pleasure in giving young girl books like this.

I winced. I suddenly realized that she was totally taken by Messaien. This revealed a avocation on her part—something that she had hidden all along up to this point. Men that she had met had been pushing that seem button and she was totally compliant in their bizarre fantasies.

–Maybe Messaien's the answer.

–I told you that it doesn't really work like that. Edith, it's just a curiosity.

–I mentioned that curiosity's not a motivating force in my life.

–Then you have to watch your attachments.

–The guys.

–No, your habits.

–So that's why you gave me the book.

–I thought you might find it entertaining.

More than entertaining, Edith was in the grips of a sensual awakening. And I felt gratified to be a witness of the proceedings. Maybe a catalyst. Our next meeting started with a bombshell on her part.

–I had the most fantastic night.

It excited me that she had brought me under her confidence.

–Things. I never really thought of myself as that sort of girl. I think that I sort of shocked him.

–In the end, there is nothing really shocking when you get down to it. It's all about what we call natural. Just stretching our definition of who we are.

–But I've been trying to tell you all along that is my greatest fear. That the only thing really gets me off has nothing at all to do with the guy who I was with.

–Who was he?

–Don't I deserve a little discretion

–Of course. I just wondered who he was to you.

–Are you starting to get a little jealous?

–Don't be silly.

–But your questions seem to have direction in themselves.

–I'm starting to feel that you're crossing a very uncomfortable line. This honesty is the basis of our friendship.

–I'm not pretending something that's not there.

–You had a story to tell me. And I didn't give you a chance to tell it. So what did happen last night.

–It's like my whole body came alive for me.

–Did he know where to touch. How to touch? Was he patient in the way that no one else had been.

–I'd like to pretend that it was the care that he took. But it wasn't anything like the oral

sex. I just felt that my body felt disembodied. That I just kept pushing and pushing and there was so much more to go.

–So it was the sexual positions that liberated something about you.

–You are sometimes just so extremely crass.

–It just that I've discovered this magic that I felt never really existed before.

–And you think that I'm trying to make light of that sort of thing.

–Exactly. It's your jealousy, control, or whatever you want to call it.

–I don't know. I just feel like I have this special relationship with you.

–And you still do. I just have to explore things on my own.

–But I thought that you knew about things. You just had to sort them out.

–Well I learned that I didn't really know. Not about the total me. And Roger had it in for the total me.

–It was like he read Steve Messiaen.

–It has nothing to do with Messiaen at all.

–So it has nothing to do with me. And nothing to do with the book.

–Exactly.

I felt mortified.

–Not exactly. Well I really have to go. I have an appointment about the new position.

–Is that a joke. Position? Or is a new position about the appointment.

–You're making light of me.

–And you're getting attached to your own fantasy. We're still friends.

What was the source of my anger. I couldn't have dinner with her, my emotional reasons. but we still we're friends. At least I wanted to act as if we were.

–What about me? Have you ever thought about me.

–I've never thought about you like that. You're my adviser. My friends. I confide in you. I need you.

–And roger.

–That's different. I don't know why I like him. But I could never like you that way. Not ever. Not at all.

I had asked for it. I shouldn't have called her up so soon after our rift.

–This doesn't mean that we have to stop meeting for drinks and dinner.

–What about tomorrow?

–I'm meeting Roger.

–Maybe I could come along.

–Is that some kind of joke.

–Of course it is. But I'd probably be more entertaining than he is.

–You can't say that. Roger's a musician.

–Aren't they all?

–What?

–Nothing.

–You are getting sort of bitchy.

–I've got to go.

–Well, so do I.

Edith woke me the next morning to tell me that she had just had the worst night of her life. She was in tears.

–You were right all along. Roger couldn't deal with me. He said that all I cared about was sex. I mean he seemed to like it at first.

–He liked it when he could order you about. But when you took it further, that's when he balked.

–It's not like I was some kind of pervert. I mean I really like the Messaien book. But I'd never tolerate someone shoving a studded condom up my ass.

–What are you saying?

–Was that something that Roger was really into?

–That's not really the point. Especially at a moment like this.

–So what is the point?

–I don't know. I only know that I found something about myself that I truly enjoyed even if he can't keep up.

–Do you want to get some lunch?

–I'm just afraid that I'm going to drink the whole meal.

–You need to get out of the house.

She ended up not changing from the night before. Her perfume had curdled from her time with Roger. She just dabbed a little more on herself and headed over to the restaurant. She thought that if she didn't get something to drink that she wouldn't last the meal.

By the time I arrived she had already drunk two martinis. She seemed much more open than usual. She was wearing hip hugger leather pants and high heeled sandals, really high heels. Her toes were a scarlet red. She had a shawl pulled around her. As she got up to meet me, I noticed her pierced navel. I wondered if this was something new. She balanced on the shoes. As she stooped down to get her purse, the shawl pulled up and revealed her back

I had an image of the leather jeans pulling further down around her. A bit of cleavage. And my tongue pursuing the invitation. Her smile seemed to confirm my desire. She was getting tipsy as we ate lunch I had a vision of spilling her wine over her stomach and lapping it up like a little dog as I watched her sink into delirium

I ended up having to help her home. She fell over me in the hallway, and as I braced her, I pulled her closer for a kiss. She sunk deep into a passionate reverie, and I drew more and more confidence from her fumbling and my assented groping. With my deeper kisses, her frenzy became focused. I slid my hand under the jeans. the tight fit forced my hand into her skin, the warmth, already aroused. As I smoothed my way inside her, the wet heat surrounded me. It brought a sunrise smile to her face. She writhed while I moved my hand. Still fumbling, we made our way inside and collapsed on her couch, The leather pants were pulled down her legs, and I was already licking deep inside her. She purred, an overwhelming assent. She beckoned for me. So close to exploding, she surrounded me. From the excitement, she climaxed with my penetration. This only intensified my arousal as she sought further elevation. Her ecstasy was excruciatingly delicious. I could sense it in the heat of her breath, and the convulsive sighs. Everything that had weighed on her, all the frustration, was now an inspiration. Riding deep inside her, she brought herself closer and closer to me. Our bodies pulled together by all her strength.

There was a total honesty in her expression. Something that had never confronted me before. It intoxicated me. It frightened me. But I only became more lost in her. And she welcomed all my gestures. Passages opened up. The flesh gave to the flesh. She sought purity of enjoyment. No holding back for a promise. Here was complete candor. No fear of betrayal as she sought to climb the ladder of pleasure.

–Oh, Edith.

It could not end as it had no clear beginning. We floated in this high.

The cold smile. Cold. Our bodies pulled together to retain the warmth.

–You know none of this really happened. It was some kind of bizarre accident.

Her naked form next to me that morning seemed to say something else.

–I mean it was just the alcohol talking.

–Edith, I wasn't even drinking.

–That's the whole point. Don't use this against me.

–There's no against. I've never felt anything like this before.

–That's what I'm afraid of. That's why I liked the Messaien. For once I didn't have to get all messy about the sex. That was what was so wonderful about what happened with Roger. Sure it got me upset that he dumped me. But see. I'm over it. I just want to enjoy things in life. I don't want to pretend that there's something more. With anyone else I can do that. They don't really know. But you—you—you know it all. It all means so much more, and I don't have anywhere to hide.

–But that's what so beautiful about it all.

–I just can't do it again. That's final.

But the finality hardly sunk in Monday night. She was going down on me in a restaurant washroom. Maybe, she resented the fantasy but the pressure of her day caught up with her. This natural giving without any sense of return.

The path was obvious. Back to her place for a night of experimentation. What could she endure. A reminder of emotional pains that she had cast off. How far to push. Something special.

–I don't mind pain if I can trust my partner. If he's there to catch me when I'm coming down.

She opened up to any invasion physical and emotional. Stamina, resistance, refusal to give in so that she might eke out that scintilla of ecstatic, the bypassing of the immediate for a radical transport. She pulled me harder. I fell into her grasp.

–Don't tell anyone how far I've gone or what really turns me on. I can just take more, accept more than most people that I know.

I was a little afraid that she needed that same provocation. The strangulation, the death approach. I needed to steer clear of that zone.

–It gives me a strange power over death. Beyond mortality, I have touched my own immortality.

It reminded me of experiences that Phil had related to me. The blurring of the lines, where cruelty was sought for its own sake. An assumption of possession. The yoke had such appeal, but the risk was too frightening.

For a while she just lay on the bed, not moving, not breathing. She wouldn't answer to

her name as in a meditative trance.

Worse, I had these visions of blood on the bed. Experiments that had gone too far.

–I thought that you were dead for a moment.

–You know about this stuff. It’s in the book.

–Right. It’s in the book. It tells about some people’s obsessions. It tell us who we are in our love.

–It’s not love. It’s our only salvation against heartbreak. To push the lover to such far reaches that there is never any possible hurt again.

–That notion of eternity is ridiculous. You’re asking for guarantees that aren’t there.

–They’re there because you can feel them. That’s why you love fucking me. That’s what holds us together. We have made the crossing together. Now there is no return.

I had to get away for a day or so. I told her not to all. But I was becoming attached to this degradation on her part. I had been drawn in by the innocence, but now felt tied to the fear. How far would she let me go?

–You want to upset me. You want to see if you can bring me as close to the edge.

–You’ve gone over the edge. I’ve played this game before. And it doesn’t end pretty.

–Think about my body. My long legs spread so wide...

–To take the whole world in.

–What? Do you want me to go get another man and fuck him in front of you. Is that the push that you want? What are you about.

–Edith, that’s not me.

–Public sex with strangers—you want to watch it all.

–That’s not me.

–What is you? You, you, you. That’s all this has been about.

More than ever I felt I had made a mistake. I should have never betrayed her confidence. All this had been too easy. Like an experiment in the lab. Now I had the result that I had expected, and it had been all too easy. Then it wasn’t. None of this was very fun. None of it at all. I felt all the worse for what had happened.

–We haven’t scratched the surface yet.

–I can’t keep doing this.

--Doing what?

–I don’t know. This has all gone too far.

I felt that I had taken advantage of her pity. That she was so strong but was only becoming weaker.

–What—what are you talking about?

–All of it. The crown of thorns, the forty lashes. All this shit.

–All this shit—the smells—all of it—that’s who we are.

–Who we are! I loved you more than I’ve ever loved anyone—more than I ever loved my wife.

–I like fucking and I like to fuck you. That’s just who I am. I want to love you but I don’t know you.

–That’s not enough anymore. We’re going to destroy each other. I can’t stand blood stains all over the bed.

–What blood?

–Look!

I wanted her to look in my eyes. To see who I was. To feel my blood pulse inside me. My life source that I felt her draining.

–I’m not a vampire.

–Where have I heard that before.

I wanted to kiss her. For the time being I needed to get out.

I tried reviewing the experience in order to figure out where it all went wrong. Was this another set up by Phil. For a while I wondered if everything in my life was just something related to his.

She was so good at accepting suggestions. That should have been my first clue that she lacked independence. That she would eventually get lost when she ceased having my help. I was first attracted to that vulnerability—whatever that might mean.

–I don’t know whether I can deal with this much freedom.

The line echoed from a torturer—from a former lover. I could never go back to her.

–I don’t like where any of this is headed.

–What?

–It’s all about your fantasies. When we first drew blood. Then you expected. Your lips touched with the ruby red.

–You’re in control. You can stop at any time.

–That’s what I’m afraid.

Afraid. I couldn’t even make sense of the conversation. The merging. Who was saying what.

–I just liked the idea of Messaien. Not the practice. You were the one who was all into practice.

–I can’t argue that point.

–So don’t.

It was becoming clearer. I liked her for what I could never accept myself. What I had rejected in Darcy? What my wife had feared...

–What am I supposed to do now?

–What do you want? Who do you want?

–I still don’t know if it’s freedom or what.

–You knew from the beginning that it was about pleasure. About exploring. You loved it. You loved the pain because it opened up new possibilities.

–But then it all became automatic.

--And you valued the pain for its own sake.

–I still do.

–And that’s what frightens me.

–But I’m getting closer to an understanding.

–But I’m not.

–You say you loved me. But you can’t love. You just know how to possess.

–That’s who I am. The only way to truly hold is to let go.

–That’s graffiti on washroom wall.

–Men’s room or lady’s room.
 –Shove it, asshole.
 –You can’t stand freedom.
 –This is servitude.
 –That’s how you can find liberation.
 –It’s just an expectation that holds no water.
 –What?
 –No more questions.
 –You want to go back to where we were.
 –I don’t know what that is. I’ve tried to figure out.
 –I did things. I enjoyed them and then I learned why later on.
 –So what.
 –I can’t change that pattern. You can either live with it or leave.
 –But you won’t let me leave.
 –What do you want me to do—roll around in my own shit. Are you going to love that kind of performance.
 –I’ve been trying to tell you all this time. It’s about the feeling—not just the act.
 –This is coming from you.
 –It’s coming from me because that is how I always felt. You were the one into experimentation for its own sake.
 –That’s not how Phil tells it. That’s your reputation. You use the physical just like you use people physically.
 I had to leave. We broke off contact. I received a letter from her.

It still difficult for me to think about you. Part of me hates you with the most vehement passion. Part of me cherishes you as if you are part of myself. I want to think of you in the latter way, but you would never bend enough to lend me or anyone in.

You created this climate of liberty where I thought that I was creating the rules. I was simply following your instruction to the letter. You were my master. At first, I craved the relationship. I learned so much from your tutelage. But as time went on, I realized that you were a monster. At least in that respect. You sought degradation for its own sake. It paid tribute to your pleasure and entirely ignored who I was.

I can’t be that way any more.

You hid behind your expressions of love to me. I was just a stop along the way. Since you have left me, how many women have you kept under the same illusion. How many women have held themselves under the same belief. That they were just doing what they like. I’m not your FUCK TOY!

Up to that point the candor of the letter surprised me. But it also delighted me. If she could have come to that realization when we were together.

Part of me really hates sending you this letter. That my letter will give you the gratification that you always wanted. That I will show you how much you have affected me. I needed you. You only wanted me.

And in some perverse way, I still need you. I wish that it wasn't this way at all. I wish that I could exterminate these memories from my being.

Deep down, our discussions were the best part of my life to this point. And I think that I shall always feel that way. For that part, I wish that we were together. I loved the protection that you afforded when we were close. And that is what hurts the most. I can't take this hollow. You know that hollow was not me.

So here we are. We can't see each other again. I know this more than you do.

I wish you well for what that worth. And I also wish that you could know the hell into which I have been invited.

YOUR FORMER LOVER,

EDITH

I tried to let this effect. I wanted to get the full emotional impact of the letter. I couldn't. It was an entertainment. And that was my weakness. If she could have accepted my demonstrations of love... But I picked her out because I knew her weakness would enhance mine. I hate to say it, but that is my fate.

I opened a bottle of wine, poured myself a glass, and then I watched the letter burn in the fire place. I thought of calling Zoe but figured that would have to wait for another night. She was probably passed out after smoking some hash.

THE ACADEMY

The pursuit of knowledge is connected to the conquest of physical territory. Psychic liberation is entirely a reflection of physical emancipation.

About five years ago I was offered a post in psychic research at a well known university. My subsequent dismissal from the school and my victory in a lawsuit against the institution prevent me from mentioning the name of my former place of employment. Just let it be said that my time served proved profitable in more ways than one.

In my first research project, I investigated the phenomenon of suggestive dream invasion. The subjects seemed haunted by an encounter in the dream state. They claimed that they could identify with completely accuracy their psychic intruders. But they also maintained that they had ever actually met these people.

It was my desire to attempt to identify the basis of this feeling. And I hoped to see if there was any basis in fact for the dream experience. Were the dreams constructed to predict an actual encounter? Could we locate the dream invaders?

Delor offered herself as an initial subject for the study. She told me that her sex life seemed untroubled. She lived with an accountant. She told me that they got on very well together. His success enabled them to take many trips together. Romantic adventures in her words. So she took her dreams as an affront to the paradise that she had created with her lover.

I told her that our intent was mainly academic. If we could offer her some real comfort that would be great. But the basis of that comfort would probably be analytical. She agreed to the terms of the study.

To assist me I had a number of colleagues with an expertise in dream psychology. None of them offered the psychic fascination that I brought to my study.

Of course, we monitored Delor while she slept. My technicians took brainwaves and heart rate and blood pressure data through a computer monitoring system. After the dreams I met with Delor so that she could relate her dreams to me.

From the beginning of the interviews, I sensed that she was testing me. Almost as if she was making up the dreams as we were going along. Did I find some excitement in her stories? If I seemed occasionally distracted, she would spice up the narration. So I had to wade through much of the standard stuff. Men encountered in railway stations. At airports. Trysts in public washrooms. There was an almost a sense of contest to her stories. Each seemed the run-of-the-mill fantasy. The product of reading too much smut.

–Have you ever had some of these dreams yourself?

–That’s not really the purpose of the study. We’re not exchanging stories. I’m trying to make it easier for you to analyze your own dreams.

–But you must have had these dreams yourself if you seem so interested in this kind of research.

–Actually, I can’t remember my dreams.

–So why does this seem so satisfying to you?

–It’s like a puzzle. People claim to be so comfortable in their world. But their psyche

won't let them rest.

–That hardly accounts for my situation.

–You're happy?

–Is that a professional question?

–Aren't they all? Well, are you happy?

–If you wonder if I'm satisfied. Ron satisfies me.

–It as if you understand your own satisfaction as coming from outside of you.

–We can't live in a vacuum. Ron's part of me. He's part of my life. I can't even imagine us being apart.

–And when he goes away on business?

–He seldom does.

–But if he does go away.

–I miss him. That's natural. I find way to occupy myself so I won't get in trouble.

–So trouble is on your mind?

–No. Not exactly. I just don't like to get to bored.

–Have you been going together a long time?.

–I met him when I first moved down here.

–And you slept with him the first night that you met him?

–I didn't sleep with him. But we did things in his car.

–Did that overwhelm you?

–I didn't move here from a farm in Kansas, but he did sweep me off my feet.

–And the man in the dreams, does he have any resemblance to Ron.

What surprised Delor was her ease of yielding to the stranger. As if she turned over in her bed and felt his touch insides of her. Nothing upsetting. And she felt herself flower. A lush extension. Wings unfolding. Flying.

The touch so potent in itself. Her flesh seemed to dissolve. She was all light transparent. When he entered her it was so natural. He was already part of her and found his place behind these massive flows. A tide that carried her along and broke in her psyche—a tidal wave. First, broken in two by the motion. Then engulfed in an upwards rush. More. More.

Ron had always seemed so physical. And she became accustomed to his passion. It sort of stripped a layer from her defenses. Not so much losing herself in the intensity. Rather a surrender to the mechanical force of their coupling. Expected, it shook her whole being. A trauma. But something that she had come to crave.

The intruder was so clandestine in his entry that she hardly needed to adjust. He knew how to insert himself into her being. Already a part of her before she knew he was there. Even though she delighted in Ron's touch, she found such a desperation in their union.

Our initial interview had shown a reluctance to bridge the actual intensity of her psychic experience. Once she had crossed that line, she felt the need to confess. It was Sunday morning. I had been up all night. A hoped for rendez-vous had ended badly and I was worn out. She called me to relate a dream of the night before. She had casually rebuffed Ron's advance before bedtime. And in her sleep she had been seized by this force. It was something breaking inside her. In the shock, she had totally given way to the experience. A torrent carried her along. She woke up sweating. She dreaded Ron being in her bed. What kind of mistake had she made.

She expressed an intense guilt in talking to me. And her details became more graphic. I sensed the blood flowing into her flesh—engorged—helpless—hungering. I wanted to cry out. She wanted to say something. And the melodrama absorbed me. A lull before my sleep.

That night she let loose with a hurricane of emotion. Ron could not contain the enthusiasm of the sex. Breathless to the point of gagging. After the act, he sought a tenderness only to be struck by an utter coldness in her touch. Possessed and still under a spell. She had to leave the bed and went to sleep in the living room.

That week we monitored her. And she seemed to engage in longer periods in the dream state. I feared a gradual disassociation on her part. From the ravenousness expressed in the dreams to a comatose recovery the next day, I felt this overwhelming cycle gripping her completely.

Ron felt a sense of relief when he had to get away for business the next weekend. She called me in the middle of Friday night. Something had gone wrong. The intruder had shown a streak of maniacal jealousy in the dream.

—I'm afraid. I heard noises downstairs and I think that he's in the apartment.

—What? Noises. Don't you have a security system.

—I can't figure out what's going on.

I found myself going over there. She opened the door in a terry cloth robe. It was half-open. Revealing in a pathetic sort of way. She had me follow her as she stumbled back to bed. She strategically removed the robe as she snuck under the covers.

—Come sit on the bed.

I felt my professionalism was being taken advantage. I had always maintained this boundary as a way of balancing my own excesses.

—You want to sleep with me. You have from the beginning of this experiment.

I wanted to tell her that the question was not did I, but when.

—You knew that you could induce these dreams in me. Create a need for something that I couldn't get from Ron. What was it? Drugs and hypnosis.

—I really have to go.

—Go. You just got here. Come sit her on the bed.

She tapped the bed in an almost child-like way.

—Don't be afraid. Touch me.

She slid the cover down until the upper part of her breasts were visible.

I felt myself pull the cover from her. I cupped my hand over her breast. Put her breast in my mouth. Get on top of her. She had her hands inside my pants. Belt undid, unzipped, boxers pulled down and I was inside her. And the flow...

I got up from the bed and turned away.

—Don't you want to touch me?

I did and I didn't. I wanted to touch her, but I let this fantasy dissolve.

For a moment our eyes locked. She knew.

—I have to go. I'll be able to talk to you under better circumstances on Monday.

Monday, I was afraid that she would be stand offish. As if I had rejected her and she needed to let me know.

—I'm so sorry about Friday. I don't what got into me. Ron's coming back tomorrow.

And I almost dread it.

I wanted the fantasy. Wanted to act it out. But I didn't want her to break from Ron.

–That stuff that I said about drugs and hypnosis—I don't mean it...I've had dreams like this all my life. Last night I got embroiled in this nasty conversation.

“--What would you do if I left you?

–Left you—we're together forever. If you left, I'd have to end it.

–End it. For me. For us.

–I don't want you talking like that.

–It's not talk. It's how I feel.

>>Then he pushed to the bed. I didn't want to have sex with him. But when I felt his breath on me. I don't know what came over me. He made me feel so good. Warmed me all over. I can't stop thinking about it.

I was at a crisis. End it with Delor. I knew what was the alternative.

A good counselor could guide Ron and Delor back. He was a man full of passion. He had engaged her interest before.

–What do you want to do?

–I don't know. I love my life. The house. But I'm getting so depressed.

–This was my fear. Why I began the study in the first place. This phenomenon is so weird—so extraordinary. We have what we want. But down deep we feel that it is not enough.

That night I became wound up. I was starting to believe in the monster that I had helped to create. I called her around 10:30

–Is everything all right?

–I went to bed early.

I felt like some kind of intruder.

–I didn't realize how late it was.

–Late. I do have to get up at 7 tomorrow. I'm already undressed for bed. But I could put something on if you'd like to come over for a drink.

–I'm a little restless. I wouldn't mind making it over for a drink.

On the trip over there I became aroused thinking about her. I had a vision of the terry robe.

She met me in a silk robe and pajamas. She wore sandals. Her hair hung seductively and brushed the shiny robe. Her lips seemed full.

–I think sometimes I just feel better when there's a man in the place.

–I smiled.

I felt out of place. If Ron walked into his house at that moment, I'd look like some kind of criminal.

She reclined on the couch while I sat on a chair across from her. She rubbed her hand back and forth along the pajama while she sipped her drink.

–It's a big couch and you seem so far away. Come sit by me.

She patted the couch just like she had patted the bed. I was turned on by her long fingers and gloss finger nails. A red with a silvery sheen.

When I kissed her, I wanted the kiss to mean everything in the world. In fact, it was she who first gestured over to me. She seemed to beg for room. Then I felt her lips brush mine.

Then a peck in return. Our lips closed. And then I became over taken by her excitement. And I became drunk by the kisses. The alcohol. A fire.

Her pajama top opened. And I stroked her breast as our kisses became absorbing. She rolled over on top of me and I could feel the heat underneath her pajamas. The silk ruffled in the maneuvers. Her breasts felt so smooth. As I put it in my mouth, I slipped my hands into her pajamas and gripped her firm buttocks. My erection seemed to be a reply to the caress. She sensed my arousal and pulled me closer to her. The room seemed to spin in the action of the scene.

The pajama top was completely on top of me. She had already become someone new. As if the stranger had entered her body. Her movements were precise so that she could offer everything to her passion. My shirt undone. Pulled from inside my pants. I love the touch of her flesh on mine. I could feel the excitement well from inside her in the inferno of her breath. The scent of sex mixed with the lilies of her perfume. So aroused, I sensed myself sliding inside of her—effortless. And she rode me over her oceans. The undulating forms anticipating, catching up with me and overcoming me. All around. She seemed all around me.

—Oh, Delor.

And as we seemed to reach an apex, a wall broke. This rush. Way more intense than she had described in the dream. And I feared that this intensity that she had revealed was just my desire overwhelming me. That this was only a taste to the passion that had obsessed her.

When she didn't take my calls the next week, I felt that my fantasy had obtruded into her reality. That I had taken over her dreams.

She called me by the end of the week.

—I'm staying at the Starfish. After work on Tuesday, I came here. I've been eating room service. Sedated. I'm a mess. I want you. I want you to come over and fuck me.

I was famished. My hunger hand started to get to me. We feasted on each other's passion.

—What are we supposed to do now?

—I've got to leave the city. I can't go back to what I've been doing.

I didn't want her to go. I was startled by the magic of her desire. Something that had been right in front of me all the time.

—If I stay, we'll destroy each other—we will..

She sat on the floor, the sheet around her, one leg pulled over the other crossed.

I went to sit with her. Held her. Kissed her.

—Why did you do this to me?

Could I make all this happen again? Kate had been coming to sessions at the same time as

Delor. I wondered if the same characters could be transposed into her dreams.

She herself had just been embroiled in a massive break up. The effects showed in her face. Not sleeping. Moping around.

What if?

She had taken up with a woman in her dreams. Something entirely surprising.

—The men that I have know always used sex to hide something about themselves.

Hadn't Kate done the same thing.

–That’s why I left Paul. Yeah, I caught him with Susan. He told me that Susan was this sex machine. Not cold and guilty. She just rolled over him. Enveloped him. He told me that I could never be like that. He even claimed that I didn’t like sex. It was his way of holding back when he was with me.

–Do you think it’s possible to have someone else’s dreams? That Paul could sense something about her power.

–Are you saying that Susan was a witch?

I wondered. My goal was to transform Kate into Susan.

Delor had inspired my megalomania.

I needed to bring back Paul. If I could resurrect her desire for him..

–How did Paul touch you? Did he imprint his passion deep inside of you?

Paul and I were such friends. We could talk about anything. Maybe that was the problem. That our physical connection wasn’t that deeply rooted.

Often I think that my actual downfall was due to the University President’s wife’s interest in psychic phenomenon. That is not to say that her interest was that deep before my provocative comments to her. Significantly enough, those comments were not the source of my downfall. I take special delight in that fact. What I was able to get away with. Moreover, if I had not enticed her into the actual workings of her libido, I don’t think that I would have had the seed money that would eventually determine my fortune.

Therese was a worldly women. And that world had become more and more limited under the regime of her husband. Poor Rese. It was bad enough that she had ever been penetrated by our illustrious President both literally and metaphorically, but that she had to listen to the interminable bore at breakfast must have been a torture that Torquemada himself would have envied. So be it!

Before her marriage, she led a vibrant life. But she felt that her refinement needed to be topped off with a graduate degree. There she fell, and I mean fell, under his charms. He must have drugged her. Everything from then on was downhill–head first. Around campus it was always whispered that she had taken lovers. She had initiated the innocents in the ways of a truly cosmopolitan. I hoped that meant a little more than poetry and oral sex. But if the desires progressed to the truly kinky, I hope her love boys were the ones running around in the masks and the leather panties. Spank, spank. So were the lurid ambitions of the vainly erudite. Hours in the book stacks no doubt required some midnight diversions. The graffiti must have been only a preview of the actual scenes of debauchery. What one lover did to another after climax, the spoils liberally splattered over each other’s face.

What easy pickings. I meant my study of Therese to be rather incriminating. Revelation in dreams was not enough. I wanted picture of actual escapades. The simplest thing was to convince her it was all right to film her diddling herself. How could I justify my new partners when my research was meant to be confined to what we did while we slept-- not what created the fatigue due to our romps in the bedroom. What a stroke of genius. I convince her that we could mechanically stimulate her before and during sleep to gage how such stimulation might affect the dream state. If the occasional lab tech got into the apparatuses of stimulation while the experiment was progressing, so be it. If I could hook up other subjects simultaneously then I

would have a virtual orgy. She loved the licence that this appeared to afford her. She could have a number of her boys as lab rats. And the extremely taxing effects of the experiments would cause the somnambulant lunacy to penetrate the waking state, This leakage would result in uncontrollable sexual proclivities that owed their origin to a possession by the dream state. I could video it all.

This was utter brilliance. No one except for a few close colleague knew that I had the tapes. I invited Therese over one night for cocktails. She was in black stockings and open toed shoes. Scarlet nail polish on fingers and toes. And matching lip stick. A dress that resembled a jacket with a belt that she pulled tight around her thin waist. I served her a vodka martini that she downed quickly necessitating a refill. Did she know that I had the tapes? Was she here to procure them. Or more to my liking, but essentially to the same result, was she here just to act out her most randy desires in my presence. When she opened the dress to reveal that indeed she had not worn panties, I knew the answer to all my wonder.

Her time with her husband had deprived her of the oral pleasures, and she decided to make the rest of her life compensate for that deficiency. She wailed at level that actually convinced me that her hubby might show up during our little snack. Crackers and cheese aside.

Was her dream lover as prolific. Or more to the point, was she as prolific with her dream lovers. After really cleaning her plate, a night of rough riding and a trip along the milky way, we settled back for some television.

Let it be said that the scenes of fucking only made her more incensed that she could not reproduce that intensity while awake. She spent much of the night into the morning trying to teach that lesson to me. Her only fear was that she might not making it home to greet her husband who was returning from a conference in the Midwest. I was glad our President was so entirely efficient in his duties as I was in mine.

That should have been it, but Therese realized that I could supplement the wild deficiency in her life. I cherished the moment that she slipped out my back door as her man made his way in through my front door. Little did he recognize the women's panties tossed on my bathtub were those of his wife.

–You've had company?

–No, I'm a collector.

My dinner guest laughed, and that may have been his only opportunity for humor that he had in his whole life. I began to resent his stupidity. On top of that, he often made snide comments about my research. Revenge was definitely in order.

Hadn't I already enacted the revenge on him that had yielded to this point my cherished treasure. But what good was the pleasure if he didn't know anything about his humiliation? At the same time, I didn't want to do anything to embarrass Therese.

I could just imagine her announcement.

–The Psychic Research Labs have found an antidote to dull, boring lectures. Instead the students can head over to the labs and screw the Professors' spouses. It does have a ring to it.

What do you know, but the next day campus police were wandering around the labs looking for the lost spouses like some kind of dog catchers.

Dear President Rogers

If you're really looking for your spouse, you could stop by my place for lunch around 12. At least, I'll be having lunch.

Signed

Your loyal servant...

–You didn't?

–Of course I didn't. But you didn't tell him our silly joke either.

–We could fuck on his sitting chair, and he still wouldn't notice.

–Heavens, our revenge scenario is getting nowhere.

Even if Therese caught me with one of the other subjects, she would hardly turn me in and incriminate herself. Besides, she rather enjoyed whatever I had left over for her. This all seemed to idyllic. Surely my ambitions might have gotten the better of me.

A feeling of total and utter immunity pervaded my being. I was free to do whatever I wanted and the ultimate act was to make itself manifest.

The lovely professor returned from one of his cross country jaunts to find that his prized teddy bear was encrusted with someone's cum. No doubt this would be the basis for DNA testing and the like. He could use the bio labs combined with the forces of campus police. But would he really want anyone to know that things had gone this far. At this point he had no suspicions of me except to the various references to the Psychic around campus. "Free your mind, and all the sexy bodies will follow." We prided ourselves on our reputation. The President seemed to ignore it all until now. Who else but a sex-crazed individual would defy poor little Mr. Ted?.

I was overjoyed. So he threatened me without real basis. And I counter threatened with a lawsuit. He couldn't very well produce the offending bear—I was jubilant. He needed to pretend that this was all an administrative hassle. Something about funding—an irregularity. But not so irregular to call my leadership in question. That would only add evidence to my counter suit.

Keep it on baby!

The University President asked to see me. I was worried that he actually had something to say about the defilement.

--You have this fixation that you think is the spirit, but it is anything but.

Was he testing me?

–I think that the Institute is doing well. We've developed a national reputation. We've received a number of grants. Things are on the up and up.

–There are some irregularities about the reporting of travel funds.

–That matter was taken care of.

–But our office is looking in to it again. We've had reports from one of the trustees.

–My lawyer and my accountant have both reviewed the matter. Everything is in order.

–You may think that it's OK to try these kind of shenanigans at Madison, but you're dealing with the big boys here.

–I don't think you realized who you're talking to. I was never in Madison. By the way, I hope you liked that present that your wife picked out for you. I helped give her advice. You know that she's been visiting the lab. Well, got to run...

He was livid.

I retreated for the serenity of the University's English garden, an expanse of rolling meadows dotted with oaks. I faded into a meditative trance. I needed to collect myself.

–You little bastard, you think that you can get away with this sort of thing.

–You shouldn't even be talking to me. Why, my lawyer...

–I was a prize fighter in college. I ought to...

Whatever he might have been, he was hardly the prize specimen now. Roll over baby!

–You touch me and that's going to be worth a million I underestimated your stupidity.

Even though I was alone, the grounds keepers of the facility would later testify how the President had accosted me and had actually pushed me as I walked away.

–You're not just an idiot. You're a fucking idiot.

–You'll never work in academics again.

–Can I quote you on that? Because that will screw up your case even more.

–Go ahead, you little shit.

I laughed as I walked away. That's when he chased after me and tried to push me—for what it was worth.

–I'll destroy you.

The witnesses heard that last comment as well. He was finished.

–There's, he's such an idiot.

–This has to be our last time.

–Well, we better make it last.

For that little while, I became her dream lover. She didn't want me to every leave. Her body yielded with such elasticity. The more she got involved in the sex, the harder she pushed. She was so entirely amazing. How could she ever return to her husband. These would be their final days together. I had set the song bird free.

The conquering of psychic space needs to be thought of as the same as any campaign. The object is clear and the means are at all our disposal. Since psychic regions seems uncharted by most, they are the perfect candidates for hostile takeover.

The administration rather mangled my dismissal. Utmost in their concerns was avoiding a scandal. Although that should have been the least of their worries. The most vocal witnesses were those who had nothing to do with the actual procedure. There were enemies of mine who appeared to have something to gain in the reorganization of the department. Worse than that, they were elements at the school who wished to abandon the whole project of psychic research. Even before my supposed misdeeds, they had already tried to suppress the program. Now, was their perfect opportunity.

Under the pressure of these rogue associations, the administration felt the need to act quickly. But they knew that the evidence was rather flimsy. In fact, some of the most incriminating details were fabricated under the duress of lengthy interrogation. There was a real inability on the parts of investigators to distinguish fantasy on the part of the subjects from real incidents. The transcripts were so padded with dream reports and the language of these reports was entirely consistent with the erotic incidents that fueled the scandal surrounding me. To

attack my behavior inevitably meant a real attack on scientific procedure and the guarantees of free inquiry that was so much part of the institution.

My resignation would have been a blessing for the department. But I felt that was a clear admission of guilt. Moreover, I did want my reputation as an expert to be damaged by the school's incompetence in this matter. I had questioned their ability to resist petty gossip before I had even accepted my assignment. They knew about my concerns and realized their lack of professionalism might damage them in the national community. They were cautious in effecting their procedure. But this cautiousness only seemed to fuel the scandal mongers. The administration's eventual course required ignoring the details of the initial complaints. I was asked to break off contact with all of the subjects in the experiments. My colleagues were also encouraged to keep further contact with me at a minimum. On the other hand, I refused to tender a resignation. They knew that they could not force one on my part without a tedious and costly legal procedure. Hence, their decision to buy out my contract. To give me an added incentive to leave, an incentive handsomely enriched by the donors of the school. My reputation intact, I was going off to found an independent think tank. Really, I 'd never have to work again. Not in their terms. I could engage in the real work of my life, the career that I had been actively pursuing all along.

--Do you really believe in supernatural powers?

--That's a very nice bracelet. Someone must like you a great deal.

--The supernatural. I always felt that it was just a way that you could control other people.

I smiled to myself. This was the fear of my enemies. Was it indeed everyone's fear-- thought control. Their thoughts were so easily controlled.

--You don't really feel that?

She brushed my hand as she reached for her purse. She wanted a cigarette. She was very nervous. She sipped from her coffee.

--I don't know.

--Is something wrong?

She smiled.

--I think that I need something to quiet me down.

--Drugs. Are you taking drugs?

She seemed insulted.

--I mean are you being prescribed anything?

--Do you have something for me?

I passed her the sugar.

--Have you ever thought about putting a little sugar in that coffee?

--I like it this way. I like it bitter. Things shouldn't be too simple. If everything were sweet...

Do you believe in the supernatural? Did I need to under these circumstances? Did I really need to read minds to see into hers?

--I bet I know what you're thinking.

--Oh really. How am I going to collect on that bet?

I stared in her eyes. Long enough to overwhelm but brief enough not to suspect my

motives.

--I have to go. I'm glad you had the time to listen to me. Maybe we'll do this again.

She was gracious but totally surprised by my abruptness.

--Please don't...I didn't say anything wrong.

We had reached a stage way beyond mind reading. I knew how suggestible she was. Her apparent weakness the result of my planning.

I gathered up my papers. As I left she gave me her hand. I cupped it in mine and held it graciously. She shivered. I expected to hear from her that night.

--I'm having difficulty sleeping.

--I thought that you were being treated for insomnia.

--It's nothing like that. It's just tonight. The past week.

--Do you have anything in the house?

--Are you ready for bed?

--I've been doing some reading. Just finishing up some work.

--Work? I thought that you weren't at the university anymore.

--I still have my research.

--You want to stop by for a drink?

I imagined this as the beginning if a habit.

--I really would, but I've got a meeting with a publisher tomorrow. Maybe lunch.

I knew that she would be intensely hurt by my refusal. No doubt the luncheon date would appear to be little consolation.

--What kind of book are you working on?

--I told you about my research on the dream invaders.

--I thought that was a joke.

--I've been engaged on serious research on the matter. I told you about the interviews.

--I thought that was part of a story. That you were working on a novel.

--It's not fiction. It's science.

I had become so used to people's reactions that I felt that I could predict her next move. I waited that night with this intense certainty that I knew what would happen next.

--I was very disturbed by our earlier conversations.

--Were you just being polite or did you want to tell me something?

--Tell you something. What in the world could you be talking about?

--Haven't you felt a little curious about what we talked about?

Already I felt that I was leading her too much.

--More than curious. I feel frightened.

I sort of enjoyed that reaction. As if she was being gripped too intensely by the circumstances.

--Worse than frightened--encroached upon.

--Why are you even talking to me?

--I feel this need to be honest with you. To confront you for what you really are.

--OK, talk

--You're some kind of charlatan. You lured people in so that you can control them.

could control people.

Control—that seemed to hit a resonant chord. What had really set me off was my wife’s pregnancy. All the fears that went along with the child. I couldn’t handle them. Why hadn’t the divorce gone off smoother.

—You’re like this child. You live off the worship of others.

I like the ring of that. The utter imperialism of the penis so filled the room. All I could think about was her flower of desire. To surrender my pursuit to her need for deviancy.

Everything radiated around that same vibration. An incantation. She adorned that desire so that each garment spoke about the need to possess and reveal.

—So I am a charlatan. It’s like you and your clothes. We all try to hide what we really cherish and underneath it all..

She couldn’t maintain her icy exterior. She smiled this all encompassing smile.

—Kiss me.

I did.

RULES FOR THE ACADEMY

There are no rules for the academy. Pleasure is the only rule.

Love is the hope for constant pleasure. There are no guarantees. Pleasure is a risk. Love is one of the last vestiges of the self. In pleasure there is no self, no names.

Once you sign on at the academy, there are no names.

RULE 1. No Names.

RULE 2. All bodies tend toward maximum pleasure.

RULE 3. Anything that deviates from pleasure is an abomination.

RULES 4. Even pain is part of pleasure. It just depends on how you see things.

The Academy is established to set things right, how we must see things.

Pleasure is a most confusing inspiration. It’s more than just something that we like. It involves knowing what it is that makes us like things. A child can enjoy things. He can know what make him have fun. But he cannot really know pleasure.

Pleasure is about the forbidden. That is why a child has fun. She likes the forbidden. In the throes of pleasure, we learn to work our way beyond the forbidden. To not think about why something is forbidden. To not let anyone influence us in our pursuit of pleasure. Not even to let them inspire us by their restrictions. To choose pleasure for its own sake.

To be admitted to the Academy, you have to be the perfect candidate. Perfection is not a hope, it is a necessity. The body must be ready for all the demands of pleasure. Shame is obstacle to the demands of this study.

NAKEDNESS

We are always naked. Our first lesson is to recognize our nakedness. We cannot hide in our pursuit. To be naked is not to be without clothes. To be naked is to see nudity as still protecting ourselves with an illusion. We have to strip ourselves completely.

As long as we are driven by our intent, we cannot see the heart of our nakedness. We are

focused on our object, so we can hardly observe ourselves. Our excitement convinces ourselves that we are in the midst of pleasure. Every ounce of satisfaction confirms us of the success of our pursuit. We are replacing our protection with the covering of another person. We are more than ever shading our nakedness. More extreme in this attitude, we are willing to deny our pursuit. Or render our pursuit subject to some more permanent attachment. We are clothed in our eternity.

Opposite from this perspective, the lover suspects that she is captivated by what she sees. Not the eternity of the loved one but the immediacy of his appeal dominates the lover. Her nakedness is veiled by her belief in his charm. She soaks in this magnetism. She is convinced of the inherent merit of his attraction. It causes her to reflect on her own perfection of image. To be naked is to share in this perfection. Clothing cannot hide but only constrict. She therefore tends naturally to reveal. The natural is itself a shroud over her possession by this illusion.

She wants to be stripped not to share in her nakedness but only to conceal herself in his allure. More than ever this allure is solely a belief in her own desire. That its explosiveness will obliterate any contact with her physical being. That she hopes that she can forever cast off any flaws.

II. AMNESIA

If we do not forget, we cannot remember. Who we are today must separate itself from what we were yesterday. We have to begin by forgetting.

We do not fast. Fasting suggests deciding. Giving up on food. We no longer remember its taste. The varieties of form and texture are now just a mass that interrupts the mouth, disturbs the tongue. It's all tasteless. A nausea proceeding from absence. This hollowness prevents us from eating. We avoid food. There is no salivating in its presence. We have forgotten.

How can we survive. How can we escape the pangs of hunger. Since food cannot satisfy hunger, the pangs are useless to encourage the return to eating. Why pain over something that cannot bring surcease? Once there is no reminder of the need for food, we have completely forgotten about it.

Our other appetites fall away. What formerly attracted us at first causes repulsion. We have to shield our eyes at the grossness of sight. The twists of light that used to get us going now threaten our stability. In their place, we find a new stability. We cannot desire, if we cannot delight. We learn to hardly notice. Again we can open our eye in comfort. For the time being, we breathe easier.

If our former attractions fall dead before our eyes, the same fate awaits our former attachments. People approach us on the street as if they know us. They touch us so that they might resurrect some semblance of recognition. Who are these wonders? What do they want? Why are they bothering us? We have passed on and they are still swirling in conflict. We wish that we could offer some kind of support, but we cannot. At first, we wave as they move along. Later, we hardly notice the coming and going. All these distractions.

What? What have we forgotten.

We cannot remember to wake us and spend the day in the same dream state of the night before. It is all the same. In dreams we are involved. In the waking state events seems to shut us

out. We wait to make sense of it all. We throw ourselves into association in the hope that complications might make sense of what makes no sense. In dreams, we are part of the associations. But if we are always in dreams even these associations are just complications that we are trying to escape.

We are always awake.

In the waking state, we fear lost love. We can make little headway trying to recover what is lost. Dreams make it no easier to recover what is lost.

We turn off the scary movie. We enter a new life.

Amnesia. We are asleep during the daytime. We sleep walk and can barely remember from one encounter to the next.

No wonder we forget to eat.

Memories have created who we are. If we have never gratified our desires, then we are afraid of our memories. If we just give away the self for nothing, there is no return.

A LESSON IN AMNESIA

You are my heart. I need to watch you sleep so I can take away your identity, steal your dreams. Your dreams --forget who we are

She had just had a nasty break up. I asked her to come to my place. To just take off her clothes.

“I like to strip in public places.”

I could taste her just looking at her

Public spaces....

“Just take off your clothes. I want to see you naked.”

“I just want to take my top off.”

“I”m not going to play unless you play all the way.”

“Who are you?”

“I”m not even touching.”

When we did touch, we started kissing. I could taste her insides.

III. FATIGUE

The greatest fear in love is what we have already been will again work its magic, its agony.

–What are you most afraid of losing? What you have already lost.

Eventually it becomes too great to bother. Then it is time to lose everything.

LESSON IN LOVE

How do they treat you? Like magic

“Everyone looked my way and they offered me things. Everyone desires me. I can’t help but saying yes.

Is something’s wrong with me?”

If you like it, then give in!

Once we seek physical contact to relieve our burdens, physical comfort becomes our new burden. We need that relief all the time.

Sacrifice ourselves!

When you hit the water, you have to let yourself go down. Every bit of your body is driving you to surface. But you have to give into your fatigue and let yourself submerge.

Fatigue is so much part of desire. Just giving in. A man paid his lover's ex money to watch him make love with her until the ex tired of her.

Sacrifice.

It is better to be the ex, to pretend attachment for the money. The lover still believed. He had not experienced fatigue. He labored under the illusion that he cared, that he had what he wanted.

We have to sell ourselves to hire. Rent everything that we hold dear until it loses its value. Wealth is our only attachment to our desire.

Let yourself drown in your desire. Have no pity. Submerge deeper. Once you come up, you can never regain that ardor. Your energies cannot be concentrated on a person. They have to be utter and total for pleasure itself. The only partner is one who can challenge you to the utmost. Relentless. Who will not let up against your protests. You have to instruct each other thus. Do not let up. Otherwise, you can never attain your fatigue. You'll hide behind your temporary delights.

Our partners insure that we will not give in too soon. Fatigue takes on a new meaning collectively. But even time spent together transforms a lover into part of yourself. We let someone else convince what we have been accepting for a while. We surrender before fatigue is ever attained.

Fortunately the limits of physical exhaustion guarantee that we will not be tricked by the delusions of our lovers. A partnership has long outlived its usefulness when our partner only gratifies our needs. We cannot commit our allegiance to pleasure.

IV. THE BODY

The body always has its schemes to counter fatigue. Just when we have exhausted its resources, the body regenerates. In the early stages of pleasure, this itself is a delight. Later on, this is a nuisance as we can never pierce the wall of illusion that veils our pleasure.

The trail of pleasure often leads us to total absorption in the body of another. This itself is a counter to fatigue. As we give out, our concentration focuses on some new delectation to turn us on. Often, this activity seems to have no bounds.

So we have discovered what is at the heart of the body's cycles—variety. We seek what is new. We run from what seems boring and spent. But this magic can end up becoming our undoing. We give the body none of the loyalty that sustains it. Individual pleasure end up

competing with each other and we are torn apart by their pursuit. How else can we focus our appetites? How can we make sure that we do not get eaten alive by the very things that gives us life?

So even our new god variety is a sham, riddled by the appeals of the occasion. We give in to what seems the immediate gain. We restore strength to the pursuit that had previously sapped us. We start to soar and take this as a sign of the permanence of our discovery.

OH! Betrayed again by the body.

To keep the flight going is itself a trick. we have not bypassed the route to fatigue but merely set up a roadblock to the body's consideration of its actual state. So we paint a picture of the actual devastation that is stripping the body of its resources. Its very regeneration is the enemy of discovering what propels the heart in its pursuit. There can be no real pleasure if the temporary delights suggest a permanence, if we drown in their calling.

LET US BE!

Even the training of the body also becomes a furtherance of this illusion. The heart feels that it has put aside the impediments to its constant pleasure. The training provides moments of restocking and so the soul is again on its way unencumbered by everyday resistance. It glides along these currents of liberation. It ascends.

Where is it? Push on!

But it is nowhere to be found because there is no liberation in the body. The body is only a sum of its fatigues. The sum of these counter appeals that distract and condemn the self to a life of surrendering its true pleasures to vain consumption. Drink up while you still can, my traitorous body.

Trained, inspired, delighted, the self imagines that the least tingle is the awakening to the new enlightenment. This is so perverse. I am frightened by what I have created.

So the soul needs to talk back to the body. Take the body under tow. Create anew body—oh what delights await!

To embark on our journey we need to see the illusion that is the flesh. Not because we wish to eschew the pleasure of the body. We seek to embrace them in their pure form. We have to deny to truly accept. We have to hold back to truly let go.

V. CONTROL

Some explorers are under the delusion that control is domination. Nothing could be further from the truth. Only the weak are subject to such confusion.

We labor under this pleasant fiction. We need to focus our energies. We need to hold our breath, not seek too easy a release. There is none. What is our hope. Restraint. Distraction. Control.

We are often astounded by these feats of control. Where we see the object of satisfaction but do not give in.

How can anyone hold out that long? How can anyone turn away from what is offered?

—I'm not going to go any further. There's really nothing between us.

—How would you know. How could you ever know if you don't try?

—And if I try they'll just be such an emotional commitment on your part. And so you

realize that it's all a mess. What are you going to do? Give up who you are just to accommodate your physical pleasure. Just to pretend the immediacy of your involvement means more than it does.

- So no one can ever really know you.
- They can't.
- So you just dismiss what they say about you.
- What they say is going to be so off the mark.
- But you feel the trap. That's why you have to simplify things.
- I can't ask someone to explain what they can't. I just want to have fun.
- Then where's the control.
- That's your word.
- So if I rubbed my naked bush against you, could you hold out?
- If I want to have sex with you right now, would you say no? Where's your control?
- I don't have any.
- So you're just a whore then.
- That's your word.
- What would you call it?
- You like to hurt people.
- If they have something that I want, I just give them what they want.
- Nothing more, nothing less. You're just easy.
- You're the slut.
- I'm not. I just want your big juicy cock inside me.
- Nothing more.
- Why are you so mean? You won't let up. You're always hiding been that tough mask.
- And if I fall, will you catch me.
- I won't fall.
- Sometimes, I feel that we're so much alike.
- We are.
- Not really—not down deep. Just these resemblances.
- We're really alike.
- For now. I just never know what you feel on the inside.
- You feel me.

- Just when you start to engage, you got to pull away.
- Are you starting to feel something for me?
- You're becoming entirely too successful in your predictability.

VI. MULTIPLICITY

We have already encountered the wonderful delights that the flesh offers the traveler. Total devotion of the lover is an appeal that transports the self into a realm of the most intense passions. Every touch seems to ignite the spirit of the other. So the self seems to turn away from self-absorption. But this is the greatest danger to the spirit. In assuming the triumph of pleasure,

the self gives in to the illusions of this possession by another. Desire can never be attained by such a distraction. So the self has to throw itself into the multiple delights of the universe.

The other is most afraid of being cheated in this endeavor. So there is a resistance to giving in. There are ways of continue this illusion. To become lost in a world of jealousy while all the while pretending a devotion to pleasure.

–Go out into the streets and find a lover and then return with his energies all over your face!

When she gives in to these pleasure the lover starts to feel mortified. Delights that he reserved for himself seem the most shocking when they are acted out by the other. Haven't you thrown yourself into the streets and seen the variety that awaits you.

But suddenly the variety is all focused on one.

–Why did you betray me?

–There was no betrayal at all. You encouraged me to go out there. I just followed my instinct. What else is this search about other than total devotion to pleasure. I did just that.

Now an illusion sets in. You wish to humiliate your partner. You will not set her free because you are not free so you hope to degrade and in her utter disgust with herself, she will renew her loyalty to your puny ego.

Gross.

But you cannot get this betrayal out of your head. How can you convince a third person to engage both of you in this investigation.

A new fear. That the third will gain wind of your scheme and feel manipulated by the whole deal. The perfect candidate. Someone totally immersed in the flesh. And she is drawn to the hard curves of your body. With no shame she reaches for the penis of a stranger and massages it in public. You are the one!

So the two of you become committed to the perfect delirium. How else to sustain the moment except by the invitation of your partner.

As you watch your lover being eaten out by this specimen of desire, you wonder if you have lost the only thing that held you and your partner.

She looks up at you with a look of derision. This incites you and you slide your penis into her from behind. This familiarity. The visitor spreads herself wide on a table and is licked by your stooping lover. Entanglement and geometries invite you the wonder of multiplicity. But for you it was just a trick to reestablish dominion over your lover.

When the third has left, the two of you stare at each other. There are no romantic resources to regenerate your contact. But you both believe the other one was essential in bringing off this mind-blowing experience. A new danger, that the lover will just be your tool to recruit other. That this will just be a way to subjugate her to your whims.

You resent her individual pursuits. You speculate if you can get away with your own illicit rendez-vous. You are tossed around by a now fertile imagination.

Now when she looks back you can sense her betrayal. You feel that is your sole motivation. How can you really explore pleasure under these conditions.

VII. CHANCE

We encounter who we are in the random intersections with our world. We cannot continue except by such intercourse. To communicate through sheer will. The desire to emerge for another. What brings together these diverse encounters, the ripping away of what keeps us together.

No doubt we have all walked the streets and found our determined path distracted. Mystery, pleasure, attraction, the hot breath. We wonder what it would be to just give in. To give in completely to one of our pleasurable glances. Our partner feels the intrusion of our gaze and fears that her being is being drained from her. We have already begun the liaison; she is already on her way.

How can we make these two moments coincide? How has she given into her pleasure where surely he wonders what is wrong with her? Why did she surrender so easily?

—I just like to fuck. Pure and simple. I see someone that I like and I don't want to wait. Wait for anything. We could die in the next moment and we would have never arrived at this purity of our intention. Both of us rubbing our moist selves against each other. Letting that nakedness ooze completely out of us. Not restraining ourselves at all. Have you ever thought about really letting go? No. You have glimpsed that pleasure but you have always run from it as you continue to run. You hope that your slight catches, your temporary entanglements can make us for your refusal to give in to who you are. What more do you need to know. That you won't be abandoned. The strong soul gives in and finds power in sex. The weak heart walks around what it wants all the time. It abandons you before you have the chance to catch your breath. And you then give in to something that you don't even want. This makes you even weaker. You continue to shy away from what you aspire after. You do the dance of death and then just expire before you can rescue yourself. Fuck me long and hard and get out of here before I discover the lonely coward that you are. That you have always been. As you slither home with your miserable dick shriveling in your pants. Don't let your fatigue overcome your desire. Loss of consciousness should be your only restraint. You will recover. Regenerate and again push forward.

You have rehearsed the speech as she has rehearsed it. We all have. And we are all so afraid to take the chance. But then that's all it is anyway. We are just tossed along by these massive winds. Our encounters propel us together and there is nothing to really hold us except the utter raw quality of our desire. And so we fold together as if there is some deeper meaning to this struggle. We take a spiritual comfort in our emotional penetrations. But we break into nothingness. Our void. Utterly empty.

We are the Academy because there can be no Academy. To have an Academy is to ignore the power of chance. To hid the energies that underlie our everyday experience. We need to let off the steam. To leave our commitment for the only true commitment. To throw ourselves into the rhythm of the street.

As we wind our way up the narrow steps of the run down hotel, our genitals tingle. We can hardly control our shame as we make contact. As we erase any promise of our words rescuing us from this morass. Don't try to hold on, possess, collect, memorialize. Throw yourself into the fray, disciple!

VIII. CONCENTRATION

For so long we assume that what we want is out of our grasp. We see our compatriots surrounded by the spoils of their campaigns and we think that we can follow them in their glory. Fleeting as it is, it must be the springboard to untold delights. We seek these associates. We flatter their exploits and hang off their confessions. Some glimmer of insight. They are so easily fooled as we are indeed fooled—by the will.

This becomes entirely apparent in concert. We surmise that our desire to expire can be sustained by competition. Bodies merged by a single will, taking up where the other leaves off. So the contests of the flesh that encompass us. Each entanglement pushes the heart, extends our ability to absorb stresses that would have crushed our former selves. Even alone we sing with that self-same will. And so the body floats on the new found power. We are ecstatic. Even in suffering, we glean energies that will propel us in our future projects. Such confidence. Glistening oils stream along the outlines of the muscles. Dynamos pound out the rhythms of triumph. The rise and fall of desires unheard now harnessed by these machines, all so automatic.

Where is loneliness in this realm? All herald the symphony of the body. The praise of one for another. And eternity in the flesh.

The kiss, so overwhelming, so certain. Cutting through all confusion and displeasure. A wish that winds over the body. It takes us over because it takes us under. And we drown in its intoxicant. Drown because we can do nothing less. We have already submerged in these waters. We again arrive at the core of our being. This amazing vibration. And in harmony all follows. We ease our way into the other because this is where we are meant to flow. We flow together each in each.

There is no wondering. No errancy here. This is where we are meant to be. As being, we thrive in this unfolding. We cannot be surprised, because we have anticipated. In anticipation, we have already been gratified. He slides the oil over her flesh. Her hot breath wafts over his sculpted form. Each to each, the contest is engaged and the end is attained.

This energy is so concentrated in the body. The center of our universe. This gravity of our being. We are pulled towards our sun. Our tropics. Pole to pole compacts.

No distraction.

Even the lover is brought into this sucking inwards. He loves, she loves the absorption. One folding over the other. Not just covering or even merging. Transforming. In this mutation human and machine. More fundamental. Pure energy. Mass transmuted. All the wealth, all the force of the universe now here. **HERE NOW!**

All deviation is smashed together. New bonds entirely more adhesive than any before.

What are the member of the Academy to make of these new configurations? If they dismiss the discoveries as illusion then they can never take full advantage of their physical being to pass into the next state. They lose access to the enjoyment which is their very nature.

We must embrace these treasures of the will. How else to engage all the faculties of pleasure that at our disposal. How else to guarantee the legacy of the Academy. More than the rules for pleasure, the Academy proceeds by the bonds of its members. Participants writing their illuminations over the body of the other.

We vibrate together and can measure the tones of these rhythms. Soak it in!

IX. OTHER WORLD

The devotees of the academy cannot pass their time locked in the delights of the earth. Even those rewards are themselves due to a more intense promise that permeates our experience. The weight of the world prevents us from projecting beyond our pleasures. Even in victory we are somehow overcome with the immediacy of what we have. What we see, smell touch, feel. The perfume of the other world permeate our entire being. In permeating it does nothing less than trick us. It makes us think that the sweet odor emanates from the heart of the flesh.

Once this heavy odor has touched us, it is impossible to forget its texture. It is a fog that rolls over us and drags us entirely into its realm. It is lovely and it is profane. And we follow the trail of its obscenity in the hope that it might invite us past the partition of reality into the super real. So the traveler has lost his way immersed in the lush curves of skin and bone. That these twists might bend back into geometries that extend past the physical into the supernatural. But here the yoke only bears down with greater burden. Even pain and rejection become fuel to the self. The hope for a bliss all the more exquisite divides the will and condemns the self to this eternal devotion—devotion to the flesh. This is the new standard of pleasure. A damnation for all time. The dilettante supposes that he is in a state of utter liberation. And rescue becomes less and less likely. What can the Academy offer to the lover in triumph. Only this pale ascetic consolation which is tantamount to no liberation at all. Now wonder the libertine finds desolation in this erudition. He sees an enlightenment that is all the more immediate. It is part of what he has pursued all along. Why give up this honeyed moment for nothing less than utter subjugation. Against this threat, the fop struggles for the surface. He gasps for air. He longs for an errant kiss or a random embrace, anything to bring him back to reality.

So we see the formidable task awaiting the ministers of the Academy. The body is so resilient that even the painful distractions only inculcate a deeper pleasure. And in this teaching the initiate relies less and less on the guide. He grasps his pleasure as a thing in itself. A thing to be followed for its own sake. He winds along the narrow path that has already been charted. He even looks down from the vertiginous heights with a greater affection for these dangerous climes. He casts himself off the precipice and still regenerates himself and his desire. He thinks himself an immortal. The teacher is only a fool roaming an empty wilderness while he talks to the wind. What can shake the lover from his dogmatic devotion to his own experience? Youth will be served and the servant sucks the rind of its juices. Feels invigorated and begins his search anew. Oh the flesh! Oh the flesh!

If it were not the flesh, it might be some spiritual detour that itself would hardly engage all the resources that the supernatural has placed at our disposal. So we wait for sleep. If the hedonist extends himself to create an even more delectable enjoyment, the body will eventually recoil with all its power to bring the self down. In sleep, so deep, but so hollow, fatigue will reverberate and rob the access to the dream state. The revelation cannot reveal because sleep only prolongs the blindness. Even the flashes of insight seem humorous under these conditions. Hope of hopes. Something that is a surprise to the dreamer. Where the appeals of the flesh cannot be bent to follow the dictates of the will. Thus the lover becomes troubled. He wonders

about the transience of his attractions. He wants to touch but cannot. He needs the services of the Academy.

We appear when we disappear!

X. THE TEMPLE

I have always dreamed of the Academy where I could impart all the knowledge that I have acquired to the uninitiated. As they wallow in their attachment to illusion, I could invite them to an intellectual liberation that would unleash the deep realities that they so feared. The Institute would make available a discipline that could help break the habits of everyday life. From the journey these travelers could eventually find a place to rest.

How could I start this search? What would entertain the wandering soul so it could begin the work for which it was destined. My years of psychic research had revealed energies that dreams and sexual experience tapped. These powers were all encompassing but often spent on vague distraction. The Academy could focus these powers. It would almost be like a flying school. Where the journey had previously come to a halt in fits and starts, the new vision would be the promise of a continuous flight. What had held back these restless hearts? What could shake them out of their dogmatic slumbers?

Pain actually held the key to this liberty. Such was the narrow balance that governed pleasure. Stimulation often meant a resistance, a holding back. Pleasure meant giving in only after a prolonged abstinence. This was not an abstinence paved in non indulgence. Rather, it was one created by throwing oneself completely into the delights of the flesh. But a recognition that ecstasies were often in themselves a denial.

Pleasure first made its way known as this total abandon. This was so surprising—so entirely exciting. What was I afraid of? In the primary stages of abandon the self ends up returning to the very desires that have held it back all along. So the abandon ends up being a sort of militant discipline. Ultimately the greatest abandon was a sort of following a program, submitting to a yoke.

Hence the role of pain. It defined everything about the appeals of the body. It brought figure and order to the realm of stimulation. In essence it explained how pain permitted the prolongation of pleasure. Thus the routine of the Academy took shape.

This engaged the more bizarre aspect of the teaching. How could I entice disciples to a journey which at times seemed so threatening. What kind of searcher would yield to the painful devices of a stranger? What kind of student would give into the all encompassing fantasies of the teacher? But my research had already indicated to me how many souls were truly in need of such guidance. And once they got over their initial misgivings, they would be open to almost any suggestions. It immensely excited me that I could gain so many recruits for this intense journey. It would be rough and they would all have to strap themselves down. But once we got going the sky would be the limit.

So the streets were my new kingdom. The random glance. The overwhelming curiosities would release the monsters that had remained submerged in primeval caves. Anything was possible! The resolution became probable. That we all could propel ourselves to this rapture.

My whole body tingled contemplating the combinations. The Academy suggested this

communion of bodies that knew no limit. The Academy would not be something that I could possess. The only possession would be the purity of desire. It would be paradise because it would indicate how we could overcome the limits of the flesh. An utter devotion to pleasure. The machine in the body awakened to all its potential.

We were ready and we joined hands to accept this new resurrection. Such would be the **RAPTURE!**

STAGE I. CURIOSITY

I love to sleep in my big bed. In the dark, I can almost see the stars. It's all so toasty under the covers. I love to be naked inside my tent. To feel my own warmth consume me. The fire that reaches so deep inside of me and engulfs me. I am set ablaze.

It is not touch but my very desire which overcomes all of me. My flesh melts and sets itself off. I am quelled by these rotating currents. Lulled by the expanding realization. I stretch out and stay encompassed by this protecting force.

As if this being enters me from without and comes alive for me. with me, in me. This chemistry is volatile, bubbling all around, washing all around, submerging me in its midst.

I don't want get out of bed. Trying to sleep while awake. Another night in morning. I yawn in this heavy air. Curdle in the heavy dew of the morning haze. An electric residue of the night cracks through me.

Your curiosity has taken you to a dangerous locale. Here the touch is unexpected. Taken but not offered. You do not want to it to happen. It's his fault. He has sucked you in. You are held by the ghost that haunts this place

Have you ever made love to yourself?

Have you ever made love to a ghost?

Let it seep into you and just penetrate you. Light you off

--Take off your panties. Let me put my tongue inside. The cat laps. Touch yourself.

Your whole body rotates around your hand. Deeper and inside. You watch and cannot do anything. You can't resist his every suggestion.

The wet hand bears witness to the extremes of your desire. Ravenous, he drives into you.

Think how deep you have been affected by his advances. A deviation from your

--I want you to take off your clothes in a public place. To slide your skirt off. Just peel off that blouse. Let me watch you undo the buttons. To guide your hand as you ease off your blouse. You have only offered a peek. I am waiting for your total exposure. Your sleek form.

—I can't keep doing this.

—What you cannot do, you have already done.

—You can't seduce me that way.

All eyes are on you. You are in heels, a bra and panties. You are in heels and panties. Your breasts are a playful invitation to your audience.

—Aren't you going to take off your panties.

—Only if you cover me with your body.

–Then you are not exploring your body for its own sake. You are simply surrendering it to a caretaker.

–I don't think that I could be so forthright if it wasn't for your suggestions.

Your fear of any imperfection is balanced by the unsurpassable apex of your desire.

–Are you my curse?

And in the trance of desire you feel your invitation. Your striptease is the stripping of all illusion. All personality.

-- You are making me feel embarrassed.

But the shame is only your basis for further adventure.

You eavesdrop on your lover with another woman. Either you will be overwhelmed by this hurt or it will inspire a wilder imagination.

You can't even feel the pain. Only this memory of the hurt. It seems to sear the skin. You want to stimulate this hurt. It is possessing. You did not realize that betrayal might lie at the heart of your desire.

–Did I drive you away?

–I never made any promises to you. I just wanted you to feel the most out of life.

–And you wanted to feel your most greater than mine.

–I've never stopped you from seeking other lovers.

–But you made me feel everything.

–And you can feel so much more.

You cannot get over your hurt. You are not ready for that stage in your development. Pleasure has stopped you in your tracks.

STAGE II. REGRET

Your exploring introduces you to new delights. They cause wonder for you. You are confused. Your uncertainty has caused you to push away your lover. You like his devious way of pleasuring himself. And you find that you are overwhelmed by his arousal. You gratify his every whim and But your guilt makes you cast him away. He counts on this. He know how much this intense emotion will create fear. You'll look at yourself with this bizarre mixture of perverse delight and hideous repulsion.

You destroy all contact with him. The vile seducer.

But this massive regret replaces the self disgust. You want to touch every inch of his body. And you remember all the impositions that he infringed on you. The hand extending too far along the leg. the lifting of the skirt. The illicit caresses, all too fast before you could restrain him.

You are hypnotized by this celerity. More!

You tingle. You are warmed by his ghost. Your panties are moist just imagining. And imagining this.

–What are you going to do after this is all over.

–What you want. I'm going to fuck you again.

And you laugh. And now your laughter echoes in the room.
 You can feel his tongue inside you. You want his full onslaught on your insides. Oh so creamy!

You still assume that something linger of these profound touches. Too many hands to contain all your passion.

Quicker!

And that emptiness as you seek his reentry.

He is gone. Spurt of excitement. And then the stimulation fades.

Even your own inspirations cannot incite that fire. You are cold. Bitterly frozen. As if he abandoned you. Even under the covers you are utterly naked.

An audience regaling in your exposure.

Stripped down of flesh, of muscle, of bone.

The soul in its utter nakedness.

You want him inside you. That eternal thrust, the taking away—utter submission.

You want all of them to see, to strip you of your vanity.

His assault takes away all that you find to be tender. It darkens your reflection

The silence without his presence. The dull roar of your solitude that is now so ridden with awe.

A bliss on his part that is so constantly growing. Overflowing. Covering everything with its intensity.

Take me!

He does not. He cannot.

You have been touched. Attached to this theft. Attracted to this thief. You are the prize that was left behind. And your worth slips as you remain.

Can you do nothing? This is all that you want. Nothing is left but the need to re-establish this connection.

STAGE III. SHAME

You are naked, so completely naked. Without him, without him inside you, are nothing. You are sick. You cannot eat.

Your appetite disgusts you. Your mouth wrapped around his member. Your tongue tickling him. Sucking. Swallowing all of him.

Why?

If he's not here, what have I done?

That sensation that so excites and now seems so cold.

You know that you have sought pleasure for its own sake and now you face a punishment for that. Your body is so ugly. All these eruptions and swelling and involuntary flows.

SHAME!

Your corruption, your rot disgusts you. You abandon all pretense of other interests. You are driven.

Don't even feign other purpose. You are obedient to the fuck, his throb!

OH!

You need to wash, to shed this false skin. But even then you are attracted to the sight of your sex, the betrayal. You sense him inside you. The encroaching, the trespass.

“I feel myself drained of all hope, all integrity. My candor exposes me further”

You were torn apart more and more, like vultures attending to a dying body. It is never too soon to start the decay.

This feeling is so much a part of you and you can't get away from it. You seek pleasure's bath so that it might wash away the guilt. But your feeling is so deep that it seems to paralyze you in trying to act out.

Still you long for that touch. And your shame preserves that devotion to your earlier encounter. It guarantees that your whole being is dedicated to nothing less. You bury yourself in this sentimentality. Work it to recast the body, to bleach away the stain. The more that you engage this pain, the more you are invited to a secret pleasure. You love to feel dirty. Use this filth to entice you to a new attraction.

You get locked into these deceptions of the flesh. You elect touch over desire. Desire—the screaming inside—the need to touch everything.

Revived by these new encounters, you still find yourself retreating to a world before light. Shadows of a lover undone. That long kiss takes you over. Buries you in the dungeon of a seduction. How can you dig yourself out of this?

The shame, so universal. You don't want it to engulf you.

Where is he? He is clinging to your ribs. The filter of tears clouding your eyes. The kemptly obscurity where your hand reaches.

You don't want to slip away. Less and less there. Even touch can only obliterate.

You gamble on an eternity. All of yourself on such a slim possibility. But you are counting on such a rich pay off.

More than your previous encounter, you want this one to last. How can you counter the shame except by such a massive commitment. Where you previously hit and ran, now you have to engage the entire spectrum of your senses. Enjoy the deep touch that he offers. Let it soak it and mean so much more.

STAGE IV. LOVE

You let yourself fall. Your fear has already opened you to a stronger pleasure. You attach yourself.

His face.

You smile when he enters the room.

—I'm not really in love with him. I just like what he does to me.

It's all so automatic. But that delights you.

His hand in yours.

—Can you give me some magic?

You don't want his concentration to slip. It's too late to burst the bubble.

—I'm not ready to say anything more.

You are so ready.

You can't let him know how much he has affected you. He could just crush you now.

You want to stray just to prove that his yoke is not so great. Or you want to leave him. Each sign of indifference on his part is the opening that you need. Did he ask this much from you? Have you expected so much from him?

You don't want to love like this. You don't want him to love you like this. The obligation weighs on you. You want the feeling to flow independently. You pretend that is something that you do, something that you did. But you want you love to just be. To have nothing to do with your actions. It only makes you more frustrated when you can't influence his attraction to you. You know that you both are driven.

You hold him harder. The embrace is everything. He takes on your face. Your mirror. He hold because you hold. He lets go when you let go. He assumes your touch and you give to it.

You are nothing more than these desires. You share interests, activities.

–Don't you remember the beach? We almost drowned together.

You drown in his eyes, in his flesh. Not for what they are but because they are him.

–Can you see this?

You hoe the cataracts of his self-love might hide how deeply you have fallen. You look around his bedroom at all his toys. The clean lines of the furniture. The drawers and cases and folders. Everything in its place.

Your body, perfect on the bed, perfect for him.

–I don't want to gain weight. I look great.

His kiss seemed so precise. You could taste its aim. All his body turned around that incisiveness.

–You touch. Everything about you is so much according to the rules.

–You are here to learn a discipline. To sharpen your skills. Strengthen your personality.

You are overcome before he is inside of you. He has captured all of you

A gift. Some memento.

He needs to supplement these objects with your don.

–I'm giving this to you!

And he can take it away...

He will take it away.

STAGE V: POSSESSION

You speak your lover's name. He calls out to you. What are you to each other. This hank of hair. These protuberances, these long curving embraces...

Lost beyond that connection to him. You know that you always give in. You resent your devotion. You count on it.

He sends you flowers.

–It's time to send flowers.

He needs to be reminded.

–This is my hand.

–No, it's mine.

Where are you? Whose room is this?

This man is on top of you. You are both naked. How did you get in this place.

–You need to meet this man. He’s waiting at the Hilton for you.

No names.

Passion is not about names, not about things. It is about submission to IT.

–Will you submit to it.

You cannot take this man as a lover. You already have a lover. But you want to submit.

You want him to submit.

Will you show me something about yourself? Show us all!

There is nothing to show. IT

IT

Beyond these impassioned storms,

nothing.

You meet this man again. In the same room. You talk about a vacation—a past, now a future.

Making love on the beach.

–Is someone watching us?

He’s too stupid to be watching.

–Let me tell you about my lover...

–Remember, no stories.

You go on...

He goes on..

Your lover catches you in a bar making eyes with the bartender. Making love to him

–My friends wants to...fuck you.

Your lover pulls you aside.

–What did he say to you?

–I was enjoying myself. We were just talking. Get a drink and calm down.

That incident follows you home.

The next day. Your lover has contemplated a trip.

–You need to get ready if you’re going to catch that plane.

–Do you want me to go?

–I can’t answer that for you.

You know that you will be really alone.

–I need you to answer that.

Love is not about his feelings of obligation.

–If you need to go, just go!

He catches you in a bar.

–What are you going to do now that you’ve caught me?

–I’m going to take you home. She’s with me.

–Sir, the lady wants you to quit bothering her.

You give your lover that strange look.

–We’ll talk about it tomorrow.

There is no tomorrow.

–There is no tomorrow.
 The bartender looks up from the bed.
 –I have to call someone.
 He smiles.
 –Honey, sorry about last night.
 –These ironies are not lost on me.
 You pull his hair. Bite into his neck.
 –I can't breathe
 –Give yourself to DESIRE.
 –This is too silly.

STAGE VI. SOLITARY PLEASURE

Your source is where you feel this incredible power. Any place on the body you find focus, and it drives into you. It excites as it hollows out. And it is so much a part of you. It is where you breathe for richer, more fragrant air. It is you where you can only follow the remarkable path to that limit of pain. And you seek a partner, not to gratify your personality, but only to extend your physical pleasure in unexpected way.

You must cast off this attachment. The more that you hook your ambitions to another, the more you strike these dreams asunder. **Pursue nothing less than this solitary pleasure!**

Like a parasite, the demon inside you, you seek release. The prison of this swelling beneath the surface of the skin. You touch the edges and hope to charm this genius from its hiding place. You aggravate its irritation. If you could forestall these invasions, these spontaneous eruptions. You wet your finger and massage the protuberance. Trying to bring down the swelling. The skin stretches under the movement of the touch. The increasing pain remembers the less intense sensation of a moment ago and that makes the shock so much greater. You come to expect this extreme and seek it with your continued massage. You are knocked down, made faint by the pangs. You relish this vertigo.

You motions attain an ease. You flow, you course, and are inundated.

THIS.

IT!

You feel this as the center of your pleasure. When you touch it, there is nothing else. You do not touch. You are touched. Quaint. Unexpected. Not just there, but the folds of skin give way and way. Waves of pleasure radiate through you. More direct than you have ever felt and they dissipate from this center and travel throughout your body. The sensation burns throughout your body.

Your flesh is liquid. Your desire is submerged in these currents.

Both hands now mass through you, reform you, pull inside out and push outside in.

As these forces rush through your body, you let yourself get torn apart. You collapse in these hollows, you let these flourishes pulse through you. You twist and shake in tremors. They swallow you, churn you up and you cast them out of you.

Now you are separated from you body. You are flying over yourself, over these convulsions below.

The tensions of your excitement start to divide the body in half. What holds the body and what tears it apart. To draw these energies off the division and direct them towards the deep roots of the flesh. What disturbs, what irritates and what inspires. A swirling breeze of passion wells us in these corridors. In their fullness they seem to take form—an exploding echo—tangible.

You work to grip these shifting masses, lose yourself in these clusters of flesh and movement. Absorb these conflicts into the curves of the body. You follow these rises and falls in your penetrations and your cast offs. That no one, nothing can attain you from outside. And you are so thoroughly circumscribed by the lines of the body.

You find where to touch and bring your passion to its climax—touching without touching. Your whole body tingles with this awareness. You are out yourself as you are totally within it. Torn apart and twisted and recomposed in that concentration.

Your drive for flight swallows you up and scatters you and blends you in the immeasurable.

STAGE VII. PUBLIC EXPOSURE

Your mouth starts to water. You are excited. You want to touch. Explore. Your glance is intercepted by another—seeing the same thing. You glance over at her and smile. A young thing. She moves over to you. she wants to play. For an instant you forget what has attracted you. You are more interested in this rival. Why has she disturbed your curiosity? This only seems to peak your interest. Not in your initial prey, but in this new hunt.

—What attracts you to him?

—Nothing. I was just trying to get your attention.

—That sort of thing works.

That moment of suspense that seems so much more frightening with a women. You can't maintain any prerogative of your sex. She seems so forward. and you have already committed yourself to draw back from her touch. Her touch can only be characterized by its aggression. This makes you anticipate—your excitement—your dread.

—Do you want a drink?

When a drink can only mean a dulling of your will. To accept her wandering hand. The kiss. The path of her tongue so insistent.

The muscles of your stomach are so firm. She makes contact with the palm of the hand and slides it down. You want to turn back. You want her to be more forthright. To reach in your panties. To grab you and hold you.

You expect tenderness. But tenderness will only betray your confusion. You can feel yourself already inside her mouth. A kiss is too ambiguous at this point. It will give you the out that you need.

—I'm not usually like this.

A woman without desire. Trying to seek peace.

–I better go.

–Are you afraid that you might like this. That no man has ever let you admit to your raw attachment for physical pleasure. You were always chasing some love scenario. Always running from it or running into it. That’s what a man is to you. He’s your whole history that you have to relive over and over again. A caress isn’t just an invitation. It’s a reminder of something that your mother told you about sex. Don’t you just want me to eat you out because you want to fuck my brains out.

You smile. You hate how quick she is to conquer. This really isn’t you. You like to taste but not the sheer hunger that she exhibits.

You want her to succeed in front of everyone. That way you cannot back out. File away this kind of experience to the bizarre. A holiday from your usual rendez-vous. You want to spread your legs wider, have her push her face, her whole head as this intent inside you.

Is this your inside or only another surface.

You have already resolved this encounter before you have even extended the pursuit.

–Do something or set me free.

You imagine a night of luscious sex.

–This isn’t love. It can’t be love and you can’t have any of those illusions.

Have you already abandoned your badge of identity. The intimacies that you surrender as the deeper connection with someone else. Your partner pretends no such illusions. She exposes the fake of that protection that permitted your commitment to the hedonistic.

This new lover has left you with nothing because sex never gave you anything. Now you need it to offer something. A repetition of the same illusion.

--Just kiss me for tonight.

STAGE VIII. FLESH .

–Where are we?

If you slip back into the flesh, your concentration will easily fade and you will lose your coincidence. This high is neither you nor me and any attempt to try to gain hold of the excitement guarantees dissipation. Hence the confusion is so deep. Here you have to remain with the rush and just ride it.

In this wave gluttony is the temptation. And the ecstasy is so absurdly intense as to suggest an immediacy of resolution. You wonder if you were meant to get this far—if maybe you are somehow blessed to arrive at such a point and you wish to preserve its intensity. You want to take a peek, to figure out where you are. Where are you. Your head seems swollen with this realization. In it is a sense of pride and that itself can be its own conclusion. Immediate cessation will lead to such a sense of emptiness. Despite the fullness of this moment it is imbued with a sense of threshold that you need to peel back. As you seem to soar, you also feel this immense drop. But there is no burden in this fall and you need to attend to it as if it is a floating. And once you pass this screen you are knocked back with the immensity of the ascent. You are throttled along in your enlightenment. A smile almost seems to sweep over you, so much joy

If you give in now you will sense a nausea in the flight. You seemed to be knocked down

by the enjoyment. And in this pressure, you start to feel excluded from this progression. Why did you think that it was permitted to have begun this journey. But you are totally devoted to this unwinding. Prostrate before its power, you try to skim off a stream of elation. This is a distraction and you need to persevere through this spray. Even its gushing is temporary and if you slide on its upper layer, you will not be given to its overwhelming promise. Wafted by this wet breeze, you can sense the dynamic but you save your liberation for another time. You just need enough of a suggestion to propel you to the next moment.

You are almost out of breath. Almost ready to gasp. But if you do, if you let up at this moment you will crash brutally. If you were tempted before, the enticement is now grotesque in its appeal. All of you reaches out, all of you seems to get hooked.

A vast recoil springs through you. And you almost feel the need to let the body drain itself in this stage. You have already done that before. You had risen up into a stratosphere, so pure, so eternal. You had just hung there. But now you sense the amazing pressure of that option. Another screen dissolves.

You are further disembodied. More than a wave, a radiation expanding everywhere. A tone vibrates all remembrance of the flesh. This reverberation is now the flesh. So the rumble aspires after an incredible quake. The tremor bursts from within you. More nausea. A crackling, a bursting—oh. As if it is all flowing out of you. This is where the panic seems to set in and if you give to it you will lose it finally without ever a sense of return. If you try to sense your partner, you will become consumed by such a sense of aggression against yourself. You are so sickened by the sweetness. You retch. Shaking and feverish. Let go, let go, let go.

This screen dissolves with such a shudder, a glimpse of pain. But it is more illusory than any other temptation previously. This has nothing to do with a physical remembrance. It is overcome with a desire to translate this push into something physical. Scattered, random, destroying your partner. This is what you've tried to harness in your previous explorations. This is your attachment to pain. As if pain can open the gates of inhibition. Pain ignores the gross attachment to the physical as it is, not to what it can become. So it is entirely nostalgic—nightmarish. Frightening. You are either overcome with fear of you let go of your attachment to your pleasure. You are lulled into this neutrality and seem to be suspended in its gratification. You see, are aware, are unaware, let yourself become part of something.

IX. NUMB

A kiss so potent and significant is torn asunder. That cold emptiness pervades. You lie on the bed while drenched in utter annihilation. It is difficult to stay awake. It is impossible to sleep. Maybe you could continue your sleep walking. Follow it to the next bliss. Already you have followed this vain pursuit. Just a quick jolt followed by the need to obliterate any memory of this experience.

What is your desire—this thing flying in the night seeking a host. Nothing can turn you from this purpose—the resentment.

This skill to turn someone inside out. To make them feel that you have given everything that you have of yourself. Kiss me harder. This is the hardest that anyone has ever kissed me.

We belong together in eternity. An eternity where you drain your lover of the life force.

–You still believe in love.

–It is that force that acts in spite of who you are. The eternal well that the lover draws and gives to the partner.

These events that you can do nothing about cut to the heart of you. They make that power that imprisons you so much more intoxicating.

They have taken apart your body and will let it speak for you. Your confidence betrays you. You whisper in their ears, fill them with that illusion of closeness—your proximity to their surrender. It happens every time.

And you invent your story so that they can break down your secret identity. You really believe your attachment; the glamour is you. Your creative efforts to add tenderness to your world. The crafted jewel. The enlivened fabric. The body electric.

And behind these constellations, more obscure vibrations. What you have tragically lost and cannot recover. This forbidding past. Not your guilt but its imprint. A lost loved one. A missed opportunity.

You don't want to transform that emotion. It lingers as the ghost that always drags you in and out of these disasters. And so the act repeats. His release now given again to those inspired thrusts. He is looking at your painted toe nail and sees them absorbing these energy burst. The edges of his penis brushing against your inner walls. The rubbing engendering this opening.

In a state of permanent exposure.

–Look at my panties.

See how they hug my... And each new penetration part of an infernal sum that stretches these inner walls of desire. He is so deep in you and your submission is guaranteed by this cherished past. All these imprints too deep for **your** words.

Your numb silence gives way to your anonymous passions.

–No one knows who I really am.

What you really want is that swirling around. More, more.

You make that insertion into a heavenly eclipse, the shifting of the tides, the interplanetary competition.

You know that look.

–Baby boy wants to sleep with you.

What you've given away, you can't get back because it all gets buried deep in that numbness. That is your refuge for further pursuits. How can you sleep? How can you sleep alone?

Their forays inside beat down paths long charted.

–Can you give me what you want?

–I can give you what really relaxes.

The scene repeats itself.

You paint your lips so that they will more provocatively reflect the light.

–I think that I know you.

You want it to be that way. Want them to seduce you.

--I don't want to hear about your car.

–I don't want to interfere...

Your sensitive smile of satisfaction. His hand running lightly over your back. The path of his tongue.

He touches your stomach.

Your nails dig into his back as he works to prolong his excitement. That narrow corridor. He fits himself in and slides through to the other side.

So elated, his ecstasy knows no bounds. That he has passed your depths and you don't want to admit it.

You are a prisoner of your bliss.

X. RAPTURE

You walk into yourself. The way you look—the way you feel—the way they look at you. You want to take away part of them. They take away a part of you. They take your breath away. The world that you wake to gets you high. You are the audience to its strip show. Beneath your vision is an interplay of color and form. Colors that drift, fade out, illuminate, and burn bright.

You slip out of yourself. Touch submerges as you fly off. Your bliss contradicts its resolution.

Isn't it obvious where you are going.

—It's like something spiritual.

But if it's that intense, you need to avoid it.

This is your ultimate ecstasy. What you have misinterpreted as your physical release. Tied to this spirit, you will be held by this physical liberation. You will be completely fascinated by this crossing over. Where previously you felt your body torn apart by these assorted pleasure, here you recover your lost unity. Everything makes sense. You spend hours staring into this haze.

You must give her the lure—the self. Let her feel its control. Let her think that she is the source. But do not give in to the possession. It is your kingdom and the self is only a treasure like any other.

THE RAPTURE

--I know this place where I can run wild. Where my lover can sit and talk cars with some guy while I troll around for some hot girl who can share my passion. The studded heels, the long waxed legs. My tongue ringing its way along her. Her partner's firm hand gripping my leg, running its way inside me as my tongue pursues her darkness. His big, erect dick just sliding its way deep inside me as I eat her out. Something that my lover can never offer. This variety. I never have to settle for what I have. And then he just take me home and fucks my brains out.

>>When I drink, I get crazy and I like to play cat and mouse. Everyone likes the lick of the cat's meow and the gentle lapping on that little mouse.

>>I know what you like. It's hot and dark and juicy.

I was getting hard just listening to her. The merging into what I see--everywhere. This was my rapture. I looked in her face and saw the flame of desire. I wanted to grab her by her hair and pull it as I lost myself in her. Outrageous, she accepted and sought more.

--Why are you sucking that straw like that?

--It reminds me of HIM--only his is longer--ha!

--I'm not really thinking about that.

--I am--anything will do.

--I'm looking for a place where people like me can just hang out.

As I stared her in the face, I seemed to be somewhere else.

--You're only alive because of me.

But it wasn't her talking to me at all. Everything about her was just that one thing--that joy. No, it was Phil. He was telling me about it. How he pursued it all his life. Hope to bring it to life. Here he was the silly ventriloquist who longed for his dummy to come to life. The fool who eventually heard the dummy talking back.

And I felt myself caught in just that challenge. I was chasing the perfection. To find something in them, all of the faces--the heart--to steal it from them, to reach in and just take out their heart. As I listened to her talk, I felt every part of her body vibrate with that same rhythm

I saw myself back at her place. We were sharing something. The history of hundreds of bodies that had captivated her. All these combinations terminated in her embrace, her legs wrapped around me. And as I worked her harder, I felt her legs open up. I sensed something--a magic and I wondered about the source of this plateau. Could I stop her at that moment and turn on the lights and get her to reveal the meaning of that rapture?

--There's really nothing that I can say.

If she enjoyed it all that much, she was afraid of losing that power. Too much to talk about it.

--Come back to bed, baby.

Baby. I didn't have anything left. Nothing for her. I felt that impression deep in but felt there was little in her that could reply for that feeling in me.

I looked at her and smiled. Maybe the night held that circle of intimates that knew so much more about this ecstasy. Something more than she seemed to offer at this moment.

–Just because I don't talk about it the way that you do doesn't mean that I don't feel it just as well as you do.

–Tell me what you know.

–You always seem like a detective. Some kind of vice cop. What were you thinking when you were on your knee sucking his cock? Damn! I was thinking how hard his cock felt. And how I like the taste and how I'd love to feel it deep inside me.

–I wish life wasn't that complex.

–Smart ass. This is all your excuse so you can fuck as many women as you can.

–I'm just looking for answers.

–Your dick is the only answer that you're going to find.

–That's what's been frightening me all the time.

–Don't think about it. just enjoy it.

–Is that why you can't keep a lover.

–I get what I can when I can. I've got men. Men who take care of me. Who keep coming back. Who think that I'm the one. What else is there?

She was becoming the real philosopher here. I felt like I was looking at an ice sculpture on a hot day. Everything made so much sense for just that moment.

–Can you take care of me?

–I'm not going to give you money if that's what you expect.

–Then what are you going to leave me?

–A secret. A tip for the day.

–I'm not playing the ponies if that's what you're thinking about.

--you seem to have done pretty good at the track.

–Come back to bed, lover. We could go for another spin.

–And then I could get some answers.

–Does this work with your other lovers.

–I don't have other lovers. That would just be asking too much.

–Well you're really not playing the game. If you want to be the one, you've got to take care of me.

–I got you a couple of drinks at the bar.

–I'm not the twenty dollar whore you were looking at a couple of hours ago.

–What am I supposed to say to that?

–What?

–You act like you know something about me. You're no different than I am. You just talk a good game. You think because you're getting off in your head that it's the best sex in your life. The sex is me, lover. I've got a great body. And every time you look at it, you just get harder and harder. It's like you're making notes. Every page is a new chapter. But for me, it's just the same little bang bang trying to get off. I'm not nineteen.

–What are you saying?

–That maybe you'd have a better time with a girl who was impressed with this sort of thing.

The call of the night just rang through the room. And her charms were wearing on me. I had never been with someone who was so uninhibited. For a while I started to believe that this

was everything that there was. So if I really had been searching for something, then here it was in the flesh, so to speak. And it was all in my head, then it was all spent. I couldn't challenge her and she couldn't challenge me.

I wonder what it had been like when she first starting bringing her lovers to the sex clubs. Had her endurance really surprised her. Did she ever have any real doubt about her body. That sense of revelation, where the night seems to strip away all the pretenses of the day—did any of that really make an impression on her. When she felt her power or when she felt her utter helplessness. She had gotten so good because she didn't want to give in to those doubts. She had gotten so good because every second and every muscle in her body had given in long ago.

—Can I have one of your cigarettes?

—I thought that you quit?

—I'm feeling a little destructive tonight.

And I was. Down deep, I really felt something ripping me up.

I never lit the cigarette. I just chewed on it as I made my way out the door. Into the cruelty. Was I really spent so that I couldn't jump in the game again.

That was the lovely thing about drugs. They used to give me that lift I needed. To just get rid of the old identity and pop on a new one. Where else was the trace of a night of destruction.

—In the face, baby.

I thought that I had heard that earlier in the night. It was about 3AM and she was leaning over me. I was still nursing what was left of a scotch and I found myself nursing her. I cradled her in my arms. Tried to muster a kiss. I needed to save what little I had left. Just to impress.

—Darling, what time is it?

This was getting too risky even for me. I always knew the odds before. And now it was devil make care.

I couldn't even remember the women who I had been with earlier in the night. I needed a roster. Baby, darling.

—Who are you?

She looked at me with a big lipstick smile.

—Why I'm the girl who you're going to fuck tonight.

If I could only get it up.

She took my humor rather seriously.

—I've got some stuff at home that could make a corpse stand up and take notice.

I imagined it so tight and ripe under that short silver dress.

—You're dress is running up your leg.

—You just want to do me here.

I hope that I didn't lose interest before I got her home.

The next morning I wonder what I had gotten myself into. I was afraid. And pleasantly surprised when the sex monster of the night before turned out to be a rather articulate breakfast partner.

—So you enjoy breakfast at 2 in the afternoon. Is this some kind of habit?

I thought that was her MO. I myself was usually more business like about the whole thing. I was getting frightened about the breakfast habit. Fearing that the conversation's

intensities could never match the explosiveness of my night before.

–Sex is never going to get you what you’re looking for.

–And what am I looking for?

–Not love—more like some kind of spiritual enlightenment.

–And you’re some kind of guru.

–I do what I can.

–So you’ve studied.

–I know more than most people that I meet. Like the way that you fuck. Sometimes you’re this connoisseur and other times you’re just a sloppy sop. The art just gets all unraveled.. But the worst part of all, you seem to believe that what you’re doing has this deep purpose.

--All that from a couple of furtive gropes in the night.

–Sometimes I’ve got to be really tanked to let go, but I know what’s going on.

–Like one of those maps of sexual positions and the corresponding level that each represents in spiritual enlightenment.

–You laugh, but you better watch out what you give out to strangers.

–And.

–You’ve been looking for types like me. But the one thing that you can’t deal with is that we, for once, treat you like a sex object. You’re fun. you’re a real good fuck. You’re really honest with your body. But you’re not the one. You’d just complicate everything with your analysis.

–Is this some standard line?

–It’s the new come off to match the old come on. What do you want? To tell you that you’re a great fuck and I want to spend my life with you. You don’t even believe that shit. And face it. There’s just so much missing from your life. Things that I take for granted. You’re hollow because everything that you have, you’ve given to sex. That’s why I like. And I’d love for you to come back with me and fuck my brains out all evening. But it’s not going to happen. Because if it did, then you’d get attached. You’d think that you were some kind of wonder that I couldn’t do without. I know that you’ve heard this before, but you’re getting it again. And this time...

She was good with the come back and I was getting too good at taking it. I just let her talk on. Maybe I needed a new game. I thought about it as I headed back to my place. I was glad that I hadn’t gone back there with her. Simone. Maybe she just made up the name to hold my fascination. To keep the puzzle together.

My notes for the Academy had preoccupied me for the last month. I found that the search had taken the place of the actual plans. This was something that I needed to test in practice. Practice makes perfect.

I thought about my last two encounters. Two in that one night. What?

Everyone had pushed it too far. They had lost touch with the newness. I needed to start anew. Swear off sex for a while.

I had everything that I needed at the house. Food for a week. I needed to test myself. Get back to my writing. Figure out what were my expectations for myself.

It was about four in the afternoon. I wanted to call Phil if there was a Phil left to call. See what had been up. But this would only appeal to my destructive side. I needed to take a

week off. I was repeating myself. Needed to quit drinking. Maybe I needed a drink just to remind myself of what I had to do.

I needed to sleep. I had been substituting sex for sleep. I couldn't remember a dream that I had in the last week. Couldn't remember much of anything.

I wanted to take a shower—do something...As I lay down on my bed I felt the fatigue drown me. Visions.

—Lee.

—That's not my name.

—What? You're who or whatever I call you.

—I've already gone this route. Darcy or whatever her name was.

—It's not like we all make up names. The game mistress gets to decide.

—This is all I need—a dream dominatrix.

—That would be giving in to what you want.

—Who are you anyway?

--Nina. Don't you remember meeting at the Trocadero on the weekend?

—What I do remember is not wanting to remember.

—You can't get rid of me that easily.

—Rid of. I just need to sleep. We start talking and the next thing the two of us are going at it. Then what's the point.

So the dream continued but I was too tired to remember much else.

The interrogation by one of my encounters. I liked that idea. Maybe the stuff for a good story.

I called Phil the next morning but he was out. It was a woman's voice. She said that he'd be out of the county for a week. I had a real desire to see Simone. I had planned to be alone but already I seemed to be giving in.

The number was disconnected.

I started writing. I liked the Nina character—maybe try to bring her to life again. But what could she say that Simone hadn't already said to me. This added to my frustration. I needed a drink. Sure enough I was out of scotch. All the food in the world but nothing for a party. Maybe I could get that other girl to make it over here.

I couldn't remember her name.

Nina

—Nina.

—Lee, you're not going to get rid of me that easily.

—Remember that crazy feeling that you get when you're young and you get drunk the first time. It's like riding a wild horse, and you don't know how to hand it. That weird feeling. All hot inside. And it just grips you. It takes you over. It's like that for a while. But then you start expecting that feeling. Pretty soon you just get drunk to balance off day. It's what makes you feel normal.

—So is that what happened, Lee?

—I'm trying to make a point.

—What's the point?

--It's like with sex when it's new. And you take that chance. But it makes you feel weird

all over and you wonder if maybe you shouldn't be doing this sort of thing. But then you get a real charge out of it. And you start expecting that.

–It's sometimes worse than that. Sometimes it's some guy who seems cool at first. But he's just this total dick who only cares about fucking you. And you think that he likes you but it's all a game. So you're trying to make him feel good. And you go home and just feel like shit.

–And that's the beginning of the disintegration. You start figuring that everything means nothing.

–Except that spark.

–Is this something that you see or is it personal.

--There's this fear that I have that anytime someone might be following me. Watching me and trying to just draw the life from me for their fantasies. And this fear doesn't just go away. It's constant. This screaming from inside that won't stop. I want to know why. What that is. My nightmares. Something to explain the way I am

–And if you can't know?

–That's the weird part of it all. I just want to know for my own sake—just to figure out.

–And once you have...

–I really don't. Guys think that they have it all right when they meet some girl—like they have some special connection. Or they've really clued in to how she is. But it's just her thinking that something has to give and letting go. It has nothing to do with his bull shit magic.

–What are you saying?

–All your theories are just bunk.

--It goes further than that.

–You're hopeless. You destroy whatever you touch. Anyone who really loves you, you treat as if they have a disease. And you can't be tender at all. You don't know how to love.

–But that's just what you've been telling me about yourself. That you're just searching for that same explosive magic. It just ain't there—it can't be.

–What can you really know?

–I can tell a woman's character by watching her make love.

–And I'm sure she can tell just as much about you if not more.

–I mean by watching and not participating.

–A voyeur. What if she doesn't want you to see who she really is? Or what if her partner can't bring out what you could in her?

–She can't hide from me. She can play games with her partner. Or he can fail to acknowledge her vulnerability. But I can always see.

–Oh really. What if she doesn't want you watching her?

–They all do. They want to know what I know. What their lovers can't tell them. How their lovers are afraid of them. So they stop short.

–And you can tell all this. You can tell them all this. Aren't you taking something from them that they don't want to give? I wouldn't like it if you acted that way towards me.

–Look me in the eyes and tell me this.

–What are you trying to do? Make love to me here and now?

She smiled. She continued.

–Wasn't that Phil's mistake?

- As if he only made one.
- But wasn't that your point. That all his mistakes result from one. The most serious error.
- His lament. That he thought that he knew by looking. That his imagination was sufficient. She could come to life in his fantasy.
- And she couldn't?
- He stared too long but never really saw anything.
- But he knew how to make love.
- In the end it was just fucking. That was the source of his lament. He only wanted his lover when he wanted to take her down. And he wondered why he couldn't hear his desire echoed by her. He could see but he never could hear. He looked at those ripe luscious lips but they never said a thing.
- And for you.
- I am in a forest of sounds—a symphony.
- And?
- I can tell things just by looking. I can watch them come to life. Hear them talk to me. I don't even need to follow through on an imagination that offers everything for the taking.
- What are you looking for? Your ultimate challenge.
- I am looking for the transport. I am ready to cross over. I can hear her talking to me. I paused for a moment and contemplated Nina's presence. I listened to her reply.
- Curiosity is sometimes the only hope for rescue when the heart is weighed down so heavily.
- And what does that mean? Under such duress, the heart is totally vulnerable to the least little whim.
- You bury yourself in pleasure under the hope that maybe you can forget whatever might have brought you down in life. Like it's the one distraction from everything that just gets under the skin and drags you down.
- But that's not enough in itself. What gets you going?
- Some kind of risk. Something that really shakes to you the core.
- A carelessness. A desire to show off. To let things get out of hand. The hope that no one else is watching but the one person whose your focus. Or that maybe everyone is watching.
- Then you feel that you've reached that point—the magnetism that you just feel between you and another person. But how can you really know.
- It's almost like a science. Imagine a calculation. Like an angle.
- This sounds familiar.
- Of course it is.
- No, it sounds like something that Phil told me.
- More like something that I told Phil.
- So what is that angle?
- He was always obsessed by the feeling that it produced and ignored exactly what made it an angle—the combination.
- And what is it?
- The unhindered entry.

–That’s it—what makes that an angle?

–The suggestion of readiness. As if nothing else is on her mind.

–On my mind.

–What do you know of this but the effect?

–What else do you know except your belief in a stronger effect?

–It’s like someone else who knows—who sees—and you can feel it too. It’s not just your partner but the feeling of being outside of your self.

–And what gets this sort of feeling going?

--Stronger desire. Seeing beyond what you really see. Where your desire just grips you completely and your partner is drawn on by that same feeling—almost cut in two

–But then the feeling just becomes an end in itself.

–Exactly. You can’t take your feeling that seriously. It requires something more. A shaking apart of the self. But too often the partner starts to believe her inherent appeal. Where this is all about getting past the initial appeal.

–But this just seems that you are overwhelmed by the whole image of the appeal. What drives you on.

--Her nicely manicured toes. Their form suggesting my arousal. And I suck them as I want to be teased. To let her draw me in I invite her to the utmost of these sensations. I feel my tongue sliding up the coolness of the leg. And my desire is broken in two. As I am drawn to her body, and as I resist my desires so that she can invite me into her. Her legs spread, the line echoed in the sleekness of the muscles. She beckons me. Folds around me. I have difficulty staying conscious, as I am stunned by the intensity of this feeling—inside. Another woman, an accomplice in this adventure yields herself to my partner. I lick my lover’s ass as her face is buried in another woman’s crotch. My cock is now so hard. And I get off on her getting this other woman off. Hair and skin, and I’m just so deep into her banging away as she stoops over. And the bending accentuates the muscles of her hips which I feel so gracefully accept my movements. Breathless. And I want to smell all the odors that both give off. The breath, the deep kisses, genitals in the mouth, face buried deep inside—sweaty and pungent. Nothing so strong captivates my days and I just want to join this magic again.

I continue my narrative as Nina listens enraptured.

–The day tries to hide this passion. But the dark brew just steams in my every encounter. What does not lead to this communion is only distraction. Layers and layers of obscurity. I have to strip them away. To taste the flesh that resides at each level and just engorge myself utterly on these pleasures. Possessed by the indeterminate feeling but not held by anyone or anything that would get in the way of total devotion to this pursuit.

–This sounds like an invitation to something deeper—a truth. At the same time you seem so utterly deluded. Like you’ve a vampire that just sucks off your victims.

–And don’t you melt when your lover spontaneously tells you that you’re beautiful.

Nina giggles.

–But that’s so perfect.

–That’s not perfect. It’s all part of his plan. Part of his subjugation. That he won’t let you have that exquisite moment that has nothing at all to do with him. Do you know what I’m talking about?

- That’s love?
- It’s no different from my possession and it prevents you from ever learning the power of your rapture.
- Tell me about it.
- Once you have engaged all the previous stages that I have sketched there are three final options: delirium, abandon, and total annihilation.
- You sound so much like a vampire.
- No one has realized that up to now. But if you don’t give yourself to this eternity then you cannot partake of its pleasures.
- But a lover has invited me to so much.
- All possession–you enslavement–this is your liberty.
- You’re just taking his language and reversing it for your own perverse pleasures.
- Ones that would throw you into your own delirium.
- So that is the first state. I’ve talked about it before. When the sex has become such an independent pursuit that the body returns to its physical form and just throws everything into this forceful contact. The muscles tear to mimic the thrashing of the insides. Here there is utter coincidence between physical pleasure and supernatural transport. But the self stops short of realization. Because the physical itself seems supreme. Hence the invitation to the next phase. Total abandon. It is important to distinguish total abandon from the after effects of delirium. After delirium, the body is convinced that any contact will mimic the spiritual transport. It develops a utilitarian pursuit that obscures access to the rapture.
- How does the soul get back on track?
- Delivery into frenzy and utter disassociation. The body needs to engage all its resources. To toss itself into this endeavor. Not to hold back for the spoils of conquest.
- Why doesn’t that become an end in itself?
- The self has become torn apart and scattered into all the facets of pleasure. A random episode of oral sex triggers a set of related habits. Beliefs that the acts can engage the self in a totality. Domination by the self or the lover takes the place of any real direction.
- But isn’t that good in itself. The trusted lover taking you to the point of extinction.
- But that is real extinction. The end in itself. The end without an end.
- What is next?
- We have touched on it–total annihilation. A streaming into this **mass inundation**. The whole body just erupts. It is total indulgence and eventual projection. The body slams into its form. Secreted and giving off. Each image, each smell is a projection outward and a return.
- A return to what.
- The body transfigured.
- And you can feel this all the time.
- A rapture!
- Wow!
- How does that make you feel?
- When it really easy, you just get swallowed up in the whole thing. Like a whirlwind that just takes your body over.
- Any you can’t feel that vibration quelling from deep inside you that almost guides your

every action. Once you have been held by this force, you can't let go. It engages every aspect of your being.

–I've never felt it like that.

–Are you telling me that you've stopped short of your rapture?

–I've taken it as far as I can possibly go.

–And what's held you back?

–What's held you back?

–Up to this point, nothing. Once I am engaged by that single focus, the preoccupation is overwhelming.

–What?

–I can sense the skin fold back as it surrounds my entry, so smooth and so excited.

–What prevents that from being the end in itself?

–Concentration. Resistance. Desire. Contact. And beyond that another contact that just races along. I hold to it with it and am tossed by that feeling.

–So what gets the seduction started.

–Revelation. A promise.

–Is that all?

–Her long legs enhanced by her high heels, the painted toes. Rising so smoothly. The dress hugging her frame. Her breasts...How she stands...how she captures all the energy in that pose. I can sense her surrender. We interlock our bodies with one intent, the flow of movement.

–And?

–Can you see it?

–I don't want to see it.

–Can you feel it?

–What's next?

–From a suggestion of surrender the letting go has to be real. Have you ever really let go?

–What if I have?

–You know that there is no return. Not love. Not personality. At that point it is all about the flesh, any and all. My tongue is ravenous. Running the rim of her ass. Reaching deep inside her and spreading her out. I find her flower and taste its ripeness.

–And where is she?

–Nowhere but here. Everywhere but here.

–So?

–When I enter her, the flow is voluminous. And we both ooze together. Flesh melting in this ocean. Can you sense the currents?

–Can you?

–She coos. Her legs open up further. She wraps herself around me. I do no thrust as she accepts each motion. And the expansion is so wide on her part. She cannot contain it except to come back to its physical presence. IT!

–That is the balance that holds you together.

–Not our contact, but the contact of our sex. She opens up more and I take her from behind. Not our mobility is extreme. She bangs away into me. She seeks this stretching of the muscles. This utter explosiveness of body and sex. All of it just thrown into these fits of

passion.

–And this exhausts you?

–Not if I am to follow any further. This is the real barrier. Where she just throws herself against this. It leaves her in wonder. It melds her with her partner. It makes her partner anyone who can terminate this incredible tremor.

–Where does the process end?

–It is eternal. Now the division ceases. It is truly the rapture. Each second is merely a drawing away from the whole for an eventual return. She feels the immensity of her desire in every glance. It sends her into a trance of desire.

–What prevents her from just giving herself to anyone and everyone?

–Nothing. Except that now she seeks those of her kind. Those who will not be intimidated by the overwhelming quality of their desire. She wouldn't mind just fucking in the middle of a public street, if the gawking wasn't the voyeur's protection against the honesty of his own desire. Wouldn't mind pulling a bystander out of the crowd and stripping him down to that pure force. If she didn't have to fear him believing his own invulnerability. So in this new power, she has become selective. She seeks to exhaust by her look, her glance, her smile. to watch her victims twist in their own curiosity. To shrivel in the face of their egotistical pursuits. The whirlwind that will just toss them away. Can you feel that rapture?

NOVENA

The gift is the way to guarantee possession of and avoid possession by. It determines the worth of the loved one, but hardly limits the lover.

--Novena, you are everything to me

As she sat on the bed, her silk bathrobe started to open. The ribbing edged her breasts. She spread her legs slightly to keep her balance. I put my hands on her shoulder.

–I need your help.

–Why do you always come to me when things are turning out for the worst.

I stared at her legs. I felt my hand brush up them, slide underneath the bathrobe. She lay back on the bed..

I pulled open the robe and looked at her body as I rubbed my hand down her legs.

She pushed her hand against mine as if to restrain me. But then she started to cooperate with my caress. Now it was her fantasy. She began to stimulate herself. She breathed rhythmically to match the caresses. The more the touch continued, the more aroused she becomes.

Already she was warm and moist–infectious. Her hair was moist. My hand moved unimpeded inside her. She started to murmur. With her sighs I could sense each crevice of a deeper inside. I felt myself sink deeper into passion.

I could hardly feel myself slip inside her. She surrounded me and I became lost in her all-encompassing ardor. I was unable to control my intensity.

I swirled in the tumultuous currents. Novena seemed to drift off in these waves. I pulled

her closer to me and worked to refresh her in our contact.

Even her touch was otherworldly. We spun together in this torrent. Free fall. I felt my stomach in my throat. I tried to catch my breath. In her I lost all control.

We slipped together and she clung all around me. She pulled me to her with an unashamed ferocity. And I replied with an untamed explosiveness.

Our connection became so extreme that our contact absorbed this coincidence. We felt this tremor shake us to our core.

I teased the lobe of her ear with my kiss. This tenderness complemented our previous intensity. A gentle swelling of the hold between us.

She got tossed in the whirlpool. Submerged in this fixation, she reached out to establish her grip. As I went under, I felt the concentration of her hold.

Her screams transfixed me in our shared vision. Amazed by the ebbing flows of our interplay, I was sucked into bubbling eddies of our enfolding.

I tried to surface among these forces. Her face shone in the sparkle. We swayed together. The vortex pulled and swallowed us. The twists of the maelstrom siphoned all energy from me I faded in this pressure. Now transparent in our synchronicity, I traced the curves of her body. My hands seemed to surround her completely as if I felt her fragility totally contained in my touch.

She surged in the possession. She escaped my hold and carried me along. I tried to brace myself as I slipped under her spell

My apprehension gave way to entire devotion. The fiery enticement and the icy ascent. We rose together and the engrossing attachment yielded to superb appeals of the flesh. How we could not deny what was so immediate.

I became drunken in the scent of her perfume. Orbit on orbit roared around us and we were dragged by these sensual galaxies. She drowned in her self admiration.

I became engaged by a total relaxation. Her appeal drove me wild. It brought me closer to her. I gave in completely to her advances.

The image of her body completely overcame me. My kisses worked down from her lips and swirled around her smooth legs.

As I kissed the inside of her leg, she purred. She sucked on her hand and tossed aside her hair. She threw herself completely into this magic. We spun together in this swoon-- the utter compliance of our bodies together.

I was pulled to the shrine. A faint rumble. Then the deadening ROAR!

THE BEATING HEART!

independent, miraculous.

Novena, I need to touch!

The appeals of the flesh only distracted from my more intense desire. To sense what made all things reverberate. The power. Lost in distracting rhythms, I found myself too long betrayed by a descent into pleasure. I needed a more constant delight.

Could Novena interpret these confusions? Could she point the way?

My interpretation had been all wrong. I had veered off in the wrong direction.

The pursuit could not continued unimpeded. I need something to slow me down. Not the

continued probity, but a lateral motion. Then I feared a spinning around myself. A dizziness. Wasn't the flesh just a way to still my dizziness. Hence my discomfort after these moments of engagement.

–You can't expect me to be something that I'm not. There's only a thread that links me to any sort of enlightenment. Surely you've established a stronger link along the way.

–I've always got waylaid. Come on, Novena, give it up.

–I've given you everything that I can or will give you. None of this is special. You've seen it all along and ignored it.

–It's the women.

–And I'm different.

–You're everything. You're all of them.

–But I'm still just another illusion for you. You act as if the flesh is indeed an end in itself. It's not at all an end. It just your pretense.

–And if I snap the hold that it takes.

–One thing is supreme for you. That she feels it and that you let it go.

–Isn't that the path to paradise. That she can't let go. I can reach higher.

–I'm not the one to tell you that. I'm only a messenger. There's a vision that follows where the light is more radiant.

–Why can't you see?

–I wasn't given the power.

YOU ARE THE BEATING HEART!

I sought the miraculous bath. The heart surrounded by a fountain–fluid all sprayed out and bubbling around.

How can she know: Is her awareness only the complement of mine? Or does Novena have a special knowledge? Does her knowledge anticipate mine.

assertiveness of her will.

How she prepares: I see this avocation starting in a vague darkness. Something needs to get my attention.

How she invites: She beckons my caress. At first I seem to contain her. But she swallows me in her appeals.

She leads the way: Between the initial excitement of the attraction to the intensified desire due to touch emerges the

Novena anticipated the seduction. She got my attention. I approached her but she seemed to already know who I was. She was all too easy.

I pulled her over to me. I ran my hand down her smooth legs. I started to caress her feet. Nicely manicured nails and freshly painted. I reached down to kiss them. I tingle. She shivered.

My tongue slid along her smooth legs. I found a corner behind her knee. Lost in this cavity, her flesh surrounded my tongue

She cannot contain her joy at this coincidence. Her rhythmic breathing engages her. She completely surrenders to the advances. ***THE LIGHT***

Here in the body is devotion and invitation.

She is surprised by my caress!

Our connection depends on her making aware to me the most intense quality of this progression.

I. Novena, where am I?

To begin the journey, it is critical to leave the preoccupation of the flesh up to this point. You were offered the signs to guide your progress. Now, you have to let go of the appearances and move towards the light.

She is available: She knows the series of wonders that have carried me to this point. Not content with simple display, she needs to focus to underline her willingness

She is excited: She transmits the immensity of her passion to me. I am entirely blown away by her will.

What I had waited for—a summation of these caresses. Her skin was fresh from the bath and the perfume penetrates and subdues. As I pulled open the robe, I saw the locus of my desire.

My arousal engaged her. She smiled as our contact reached a precipitous plateau. We held together in that extreme.

She is overwhelmed: Past the physical motions, she is drowned in the entirety of her own feelings. She can barely make me aware of her attitude as she almost loses consciousness.

Bewilderment suspended all reference for her. She gave in to the feeling. In its currents, she found a more profound tide.
THE HEAT.

The heat suggests our entry into a new locale. Her submerging makes her almost vanish before me. The flesh still present, but the mind elsewhere. She reaches to pull me in.

II Novena, now I am really lost.

Before you left your body only to take over another. In your reflection in me you recovered form. Already you are too far along the way to turn back. That is why I lost consciousness. I have crossed over and await your realization.

She makes me aware of what she feels: Beyond awareness, she give in completely to the forces that she has discovered.

Her body was in the grips of these tremors. Her muscles lost their tension and just gave into this intense writhing. I could hardly contain the strength of her thrusts.

She is overcome: She recognizes that this interaction has little to do with the appeals of the flesh. Nevertheless, these appeals seems more potent than ever.

Our caresses, our kisses, our motions together tried to express the random quality of the enormous powers that gripped us. We wanted to throw them off. We wanted to throw ourselves into them.

We join together: If not flesh, she fears the greater attributes that accompany our new communion. "This is not love of another. But just self love."

We merged. And so I became caught in the delusion that she was me and I was her.
THE DANGER

Where you travel now there can be no guide. Otherwise, you will not see the sights of your journey. Instead you will just try to please you guide.

III. How can I continue without you by my side.

You are inside me and I am inside you. Move past this ILLUSION.

She is given over to total devotion: The fear is now embodied in the flesh. That sex in itself becomes the portal to the supernatural. The practice become more important than the preparation.

have vanished before the ultimate power of The body needed to sense its expanse. Pain, the unexpected, the strange and bizarre all held appeal to explain her devotion.

The total crossing over: Novena, seems to have vanished before the ultimate power of these feelings.

She cannot explain how far the journey has propelled her. Everything seems to radiate with the crossing over.

We are far beyond the initial appeals of the flesh. I sense that I have attained a new form of experience but I am struck by the transience.

IV. Don't turn back!

POINTS OF CONTACT:

Attraction affects the attracted organ where this can be any particular organ or combination of organs.

What we see or what delights us in what we see. How it is made aware to us...

Her lips glistened with their combination of gloss and deep cinnamon color. They seemed to speak to the watcher. I tried to catch them in a glance, not to stare but let the image burn in my brain. She caught even my cursory view and her eyes lit up. The beige eye shadow accentuated the longing blue. She started to smile, then looked down, and then away.

I again looked at her. And her smile became deeper. The pull was overwhelming.

–I, uh...

–I know.

I wanted to touch her hair, feel her lips.

Her hair was a casual bob. She turned her head back and forth and then looked again at me.

–You were going to say something.

Appeal makes itself felt once the object of our attention has already focused our concerns. The appeal works at a deeper level than the attraction. Once focus has been engaged, the subject starts to fixate on his object.

I didn't want her to realized too much. There was already something unforgettable about our encounter. Her perfume was not overpowering, but once it struck its chord, its tones were omnipresent.

I glanced at her blouse—open nonchalantly. She touched the blouse—first to close it, then again to reopen it. She gave me a scolding look and then again concentrated her eyes on me in a seductive way.

–Yes?

Her legs were long and sleek, a particular shine in this light. With one foot she dangled a high-heeled sandal. I imagined running my hand up her legs. Her skirt was relaxed and gently touched her legs.

“I don’t know if you want me to continue this charade.”

“I don’t mind if you don’t.”

She licked her lips and that accentuated their plumpness. I could feel the soft tones waft as she whispered:

–Now?

As I pulled her skirt up her backside, her cotton panties bunched slightly. She shook ever so slightly and brushed my boldness away.

Arousal progresses when the attractive appeal entirely focuses the subject. Each further revelation only confirms the intense degree of the arousal.

She undid her blouse and I buried my face in her breasts. While I licked around the lobes, she undid the blouse all the way and opened her bra. I started to massage around the border of her skirt. I reached under and felt her ass still covered with the cotton panties. Our kiss was so intense. She pulled back to look me in the face and then approached again.

She opened my belt and started to feel for my penis. It was already erect and I could tell that she was equally aroused. I wanted to penetrate her while we remained partially closed. She seemed to kick off her panties and the carelessness of this gesture got me so hot. I just licked all across her bush. I plunged my tongue into that warm mass of flesh. She was so wet and my saliva mixed with her moisture. Her legs wrapped around my head as we rolled over to the bed.

My shirt was off and I reveled in the feel of her breasts against my chest. Since my pants were already off, she only needed to slide off my boxers. My erection was so prominent, entirely confident in her arousal. I eased myself into her. And she wrapped herself around me.

Our motion was so graceful. And this grace transformed into a firm aggressiveness on her part. This only helped me to release my intense reply. I rode inside of her, and she traveled along with me. I felt her blossom again and again. I fought to resist. And when I finally came, I was so totally aware of her body. I just gave into the flow. And I felt this torrent. And she was still floating in her tremors. And the two motions conflicted and then radiated and then orbited.

We gave out into each other. I was still hard in her. I could feel a chill but we both moved closer.

STATIONS

If we recapitulate the seduction, we can easily get lost in its progression and not attend to its momentary intensities. So the intensities need to be registered one by one.

Critical to this registry is the isolation on the summit that provides dynamic to all other elevations. This is the point that desire emerges from any particular attraction to the general motivation of the lovers’ coincidence. When the intercourse is provoked entirely for its own sake. A certain strenuousness governs this affirmation. Where the line of pubic hairs cross the vaginal walls, this region is the initial of this explosion. When the lover sees her utter commitment in her openness to her lover, she spreads herself open just slightly to propel herself more furtively.

What prepares this explosion. When is the arousal of a critical nature to commit all the forces of the lover.

Where arousal causes the watcher to engage his desire. Her full lips, the short skirt, the open blouse. He further opens the blouse and starts to massage her breasts. He undoes the bra and slips it off. As he cups his hand around the one breast, he uses his other hand to place her breast in his mouth. His teeth press slightly against her flesh, and she delights in the contact.

She opens his belt, and pulls him over to her. As she undoes his zipper, she reaches in his pants to pull out his engorged penis. She licks the shaft and then pushes the tip through her lips. She rolls her lips up and down his erect member. He moves his finger through her blond hair.

He turns her around, and from behind, he pulls up her skirt. He eases off her panties and starts to kiss her butt cheeks. He spreads her legs and starts to dig his face deeper into her. He makes contact with her flower and licks profoundly. Then little cat licks. She is startled—in awe—amazed.

She sits on his face and his licking becomes more intense. To keep himself erect, he massages his penis. With his free hand he invites her to do the same. Both intensely aroused, he opens her up and slides himself inside. Carrying over from their earlier contact, she almost reaches climax. Their constant motion absorbs her intensity and directs it toward a higher plateau.

*This is the summit—the **CRITICAL STATION**. It is the beginning of the devotion to their commingling.*

*Once she has become aware of this intensity, she starts to thrust more. This is aided by them switching positions. Where she had previously been on top of him, she is now penetrated from behind. Sitting on him with her legs spread, she can raise the energy level of their contact. She rides him with such ferocity. Just the sex. Just the organs of utmost **AROUSAL**. A complete focus on nothing less that!*

He is ecstatic. Again facing each other with her on top, she surges to a more liberated connection. He has given himself completely to their contact. She still seeks to brace herself against this volatility.

As she climaxes again she loses all stability. She is thrown into utter delirium

He can't hold on any longer and just gives way to this utter flow.

In the curves of the flesh, they retain a reminder of their connection.

SCENES

Novena pulls on a strap on.

—I'm going to have a go over from behind.

—It's not like I'm queer or something.

—You just have to know for once how it feels.

—I think that I've tried this before, and it really hurts.

—Suck it up and take it like a man.

—Where have I heard that before?

She wanted me down on me knees and she made this whelping sound.

In pleasure the lines start to blur between desire and desirability.

–Quit talking dirty to me if you’re not going to do anything about it.

–And what would you like me to do?

–I want you to reveal something about yourself.

–I’ve tried but nothing seems to come out.

My frustration was growing intense. I could see her slit through the diaphanous robe.

Her bush just beckoned to me.

She opened her robe and sat on me. I was already erect, and I slid myself deep inside her.

Haven’t we already tried that scene?

What kind of scene would you prefer?

--Novena, I still feel as weighed down as ever.

–Is there any rescue? It’s not going to come from me.

Another scene. Torches on all the walls.

–All praise the almighty THING!

–Have I reached the end of my journey?

–I am only a messenger. I supposed to announce the coming of a force that will subdue

all.

–Let’s have sex before the coming.

–No, you’ll have to watch me getting off but you’re not allowed to participate.

–It never works out like that. You always give in to my preeminence.

–This is entirely comical. I can easily get inspired more prominently than by you.

All preeminence in imagery is to suggest the participation of the viewer. Hence the still image that captures the soul of the moving bodies. It inserts the viewer in the place of the lover so he can be with the one that he desires.

–Novena, it’s my turn.

–You know that I exist only for you.

–That isn’t what Phil said.

–Phil exists only for me, and I exist only for you, so only you exist.

–So what. FUCK ME!

–Fuck off!

–That’s how all my dreams have been ending up.

The tattoo on her left ankle suggests my possession. I feel myself rubbing my erect cock up her leg and coming on her stomach. Then she’s just lick it off the softening cock.

It won’t return to the resting state and is permanent in its flow.

Novena can testify to my preeminence.

Until now, I always felt the need to subside. Novena has invited me to a realm without tumescence.

Here we go again!

The man in the iron mask is fucking her from behind. Fires blare all around. Another woman in extreme heels is getting eaten out by Novena.

I have something to reveal to you. I fucked your ex-lover. All I could think about was how I did such a better job than you.

–Well, I fucked your best friend and you best friend’s friend both at once and I’m doing it right now.!

–All hail Novena.

RADII OF PASSION

When Eve first remarked on hollow that impeded her passion, I was taken aback. I thought that the intensities of our contact could have compensated for any doubts on her part. It had never worked for her, but our contact had been so much more intense. It’s critical to cross that juncture and suggest so much more attachment than the time together could allow. That separates the professional from the amateur. The amateur reveals only what corresponds to the existing intimacy between the couple. Professional seduction is borne of accepting no bounds. Neither the ass nor the words. Mouth to genitals, all forms of coming together. Beyond the bounds of courtesy. The lover on top just writhing away. The mechanical pushed to the spiritual. When my words could not match these intensities Eve feared lack of intimacy, as if she had achieved this ghost with some other lover. I winced. I laughed.

It reminded me of the same absurdity that had gripped Jane. And in the end it was just a cover for limitless passion. It so easy to see and condemn in someone else. We plot a relationship built on baby steps when a night of truly passionate coupling with a stranger can wipe out all the absurdity of the loving couple. Either you push it to the end, or you are swallowed in all the silliness of your plans. If you don’t know your lover as lover, then you will cease to know her as a lover.

In Sam’s case I was confronted with the limits of curiosity. And she fed me just as I fed her. I pretended that she could offer without my risk. But the pattern was so well laid out. It was a scheme to get money from me due to my increased shame. And the more that I fell in these snares, the more I sought further confirmation of her devotion. This was entirely absurd. Hence, I became an easy victim for Lane. Lane was entirely obvious. All immediate. No give and take. And from that she wanted something more. She expected a commitment of the heart. There can be no heart where there is no soul.

Lisa ended up being my preparation for Darcy. Lisa had pushed desire to these limits.

And I started to expect the extremes that she offered. In turn, it seemed so easy to be cruel to Lisa. On the other hand, Darcy was a mistress in pain. And her understanding of the limits of the body made it easy for her to restrain and direct my desire. For this I became so attached to Darcy. And this was her art that she could entirely resist me. Due to her I sank in a great depression. I sought her in other women.

Hence began my rather devious experiments with the psyche. I simply sought subjects for my voracious desire. Its voracity was entirely attributable to my times with Darcy—my entire disassociation. And so I fell under the spell of Donna. Entirely icy and entirely distant from me. I maintained her in that realm. And to compensate I sought lesser fascinations. My time with Edith. The fantasies about Melba and Darling. The utter degradation of Dora.

And in all this wonder my only salvation has ever been Novena. Wherever could she take me.

Novena was on top of me and just fucking away. And in this mechanical merging, I could sense her transported to another place. A non believer, I could see her frenzy but could not myself cross over.

BYPASS

Her smooth legs entice me.

She appeared surprised by my advance as if she sought more of an awareness of her charms and with that awareness would come a reluctance on my part. I found none of that reluctance in her manner. Everything seemed bold and immediate.

—Are you a little afraid?

—Not at all.

Her calve muscles are elegantly defined as she seems to point her toes invitingly in my direction. I want to go along—I want to join in. The skin pulls tautly around the hips. Her firm backside and muscular thighs.

My hand works to separate her legs.

Does she know? Does she want the attention?

The folds of the skin where the hips joins the leg. From here she manages her erotic poses. All bare shoulder and arms and legs.

I grasp her backside. And she bends down closer to me. The cavity at the base of her butt cheeks.

Her body languishes on the bed before me.

Just by being with me, she suggests to her lover that their commitment is over. Even before I touch her. She has already given in.

To have made herself available suggested how she was opening her heart to me.

—That is the source of betrayal. When passion is so overwhelming, the loved one expects some kind of attachment on the part of the lover.

–I hated the way that you saw me. You just expected it all to be so automatic. You wanted me to break with you. You wanted me to do all the work. Then you wouldn't have to deal with the fact that you stole my heart from me.

–Very good Novena. Who are you imitating?

–It's easy with a doll of choice.

–I thought you turned off the video.

–But not the impression.

–How she walked into the camera.

The enticement and the acknowledgment. And that sign really doesn't give the loved one the chance to pull back.

If the sex is the giving in, then the lover has no chance to assess if this connection is right for her. She finds that it's all a mess, but she's too deep. She just tries to enjoy the sex. And then she loses more and more along the way.

In another version, this betrayal only led to a more intense passion. Fearing further loss, she threw herself deeper into the sex. This made her freer. She wanted to show off. Hence the fingers grabbing at his cock. The entirety of her surrender.

The fragile balance between revelation and the negotiated surrender.

Each step suggested a further revelation. All naked, the only revelation was the intensity. Corners and turns that were unseen.

If the depiction of the breasts seemed exaggerated, it was only to underline the extreme quality of the lover's interest.

This supernatural interest as an excuse to cast off the lover.

–I've led you across.

What more can I do?

--You can never really know.

–What are you talking about?

–You have no heart. You'll never cross over because you have all the satisfaction that you're going to get. You live in a viewer's paradise. You see even when no one else can see. But that's it? That's all. You can't see the heart.

–I have I've seen it beating. Come on, Novena, take me there!

–It's not my place.

DORA

Something that he can't know, that he doesn't want to know.

Possession is the very core of passion. Everything else is the province of the idle.

Underneath all leisure is this submission to duty, a desire to be ordered around.

She was one of Phil's rather hapless attendants or someone who would later emerge in that role. In one version, I saw her waiting for a subway train. A student coming from class. Or a student looking for a master.

I didn't need her pointed out to me. She wore her history like an old coat. Feigned innocence. Addictive curiosities.

–What are you studying?

Perversions. Meandering off the straight and narrow.

This aimlessness was at the heart of her moral devotion. And she wanted to be derailed from her commitments.

I see myself as part of Dora's story more as a sketch, a character model. Rumor that she may have heard and incorporated into a fantasy.

At some point Phil may have approached her at the rail station. Or I may have encouraged him to approach her and never heard more about the story.

–I wanted to be impressed by luxury.

Where the suppleness of the flesh yields to the attractions of gold.

–Did you drop something?

It was too warm for me to have been wearing gloves, even too warm to have brought them along.

–What are you reading?

This immediacy of the passage from looking into her eyes to feeling something so substantial. I wouldn't have taken on the project for a risk any more than that.

Selective torture by her occasional lover.

She would never admit to that desire. She would seem to eschew pain. Her whole attachment to him was based on her attraction to pain. All a product of a gradual reluctance to admit to her love of pleasure. From early on this resistance was incredible and palpable. To give in to the touch was to admit to an entirely corrupt nature. So her whole body cringed with the onset of any intrusion. The air seemed to envelope her in a cloud of disease. But she felt a secret pleasure in each breath. The pollution was part of her.

So the incursions of flesh seemed to bruise all the more. And these invasions she relished in all their transgressive qualities. The hurt was her invitation to a more profound damage. And nothing less ordered her everyday experience.

–You are casting her in such a devious way that it seems to permit your worst treatment of her.

–Hardly anything of the sort. I'm just trying to account for her most unusual tastes.

–Almost a delight in anesthetic. A numbing of the soul so that any gesture becomes dull when removed from a sense of threat. Sort of a junkie's lament. That the meager dose can't get her off. Hence the devotion to the grotesque.

How could I have found an ideal subject. Or was the very ideal what made it all so elusive.

–Where did the actual encounter take place? Why did she allow you to approach her?

–She looked at me. Almost invited me. Of course, her denial of this first gesture was of essence to her personality. That these forces seemed to move her, to drive her and she could never figure out the origins of that pull. It gave her the license to go along with any appetite and redirect the source to something entirely independent of her will.

I was leaving the tax office. I had been there all day. I had challenged and won. She almost bumped into me, as she was rushing in the door. I held it for her and let her pass.

–Thank you, she smiled.

I could taste her breath. It was sweet and enticing.

I walked slowly to the parking lot. What time was it?

–Drats.

I turned around to face her.

–They closed the office just as I got in there. I had to take off time to get over here. And the traffic really sucked.

I looked into eyes, all big and so angelic.

–Traffic’s pretty bad around here. Maybe there’s tomorrow.

–Maybe’s going to be too long.

–You look like you could use a drink.

My offer took her aback. But it also seemed to ease some tension on her part.

–I really should go.

–It’s not like the traffic’s any better now. And you’re surely not going back to work.

She smiled. The perspiration beaded around her forehead. It was a hot day and the slate afternoon sun was still beating down.

As I pushed the golden hair away, I lapped up the sweat on the nape of her neck. She yielded with delight.

–I better go.

That same moisture glistened down her back as I eased myself into her. I found a patch near the wing of her back to rest my kiss, to merge into her flesh.

She concentrated her gaze on me. I dwelt in that concentration. That encounter with a stranger.

–From the moment that I saw you, you made me feel so at ease, more at ease than I ever have in my life.

Had I done anything of the kind? I imagined myself walking on to my car.

–It took me all afternoon on the train. I came from up north and there was this nasty delay. The air conditioning broke down.

Her eyes sketched a sex scene. I became part of her eyes. If I let this gaze slip, then everything after this would be an imposition. she wanted something so immediate, so liberating from her mundane everyday. From her teachers, her mother, her lover—to get away from them all.

My delay. I had a story. But my story, not her story. I didn’t even want to offer her a story. It had been a long afternoon.

I worked my way up her legs. She gave herself with such a sense of surrender. Nothing holding back.

–Do you do this often? Accost strangers.

She smiled at my suggestion.

My daring. At this moment I bent slightly forward and whispered in her ear.

–I know what you are running from. What you can't grasp. What only the body can tell you. Your body with another's. No one's really touched you before have they?

And my words penetrated a fear in her. A fear that she had given into the moment that she smiled me. She could feel me inside her from that moment that I had tasted her breath. That she had got close enough at that moment to let me know.

She had wanted to be disturbed from her everyday hum drum. To sense my tongue as it explored her reticence, as it won its kingdom inside her.

–You feel so good for me.

If I had failed that occasion, I would not get that opportunity. But that was her talking inside of me. So many times I had already performed this scene. And would not want to risk the run through with an amateur. I didn't need her suicidal attachment. That clinging that threw everything into abeyance.

She got into her car and sat there. Maybe a call on the cell phone to a lover. I too waited a while in my car. Waited for her to drive off.

I felt myself submerged insides her rocking away and her lulled by the rhythm, seeking a stasis, a permanence. And I rolled along the waves of desire, floated with her. A shaking, a tingling.

And I go over the scene. I bring her expectations to what I doing. And that openness of her body as it surrounded mine. As it slipped around me.

I surrendered as she has surrendered.

–Let's get a drink.

–I don't like to think about it like that, as separate as from who I'm with.

She couldn't imagine a night where her lover might get bored with her. Get turned on by the very facility of his ability to seduce a stranger. He snapped his fingers.

Or she could and that was the heat in her breath. In the bath her whole body plunged under water and she surfaced to the caresses of the sponge. The reinvigoration of the water on this sweltering day. Would she let someone in her bathroom to watch her while her lover was still at work.

–Would you mind?

As I worked the sponger under her breasts. A tickling. She giggled.. As the water exaggerated the tightness of her flesh. And the flow of desire so that her body just formed around mine.

--Dora, kiss me. That enveloping kiss where the tongue seems so prominent. A touch of awe.

Dora.

What if I had just walked to my car.

Now, could she recast the encounter? Sitting nervously in the bar with a mind for nothing else. This was the betrayal that she had already imagine. that her imagination had made real required this retaliation.

–This is so silly.

Why not start the scene with a phone call?

–I love your voice.

–Something about your presence that made me feel confused. It’s your confusion. I can make you feel more certain about yourself.

–What are saying?

--By telling you something. Challenging you. Giving you a purpose.

--And what might that be.

–Like a game. A task. Put you on the clock. how long is it going to take you to get your job done?

–What do you want me to do?

–I want you to go to the Hyatt. Room 234. I want you to take your clothes off and wait in the bed with the lights off.

–Where’s the clock?

–I want you to leave now. To be there in an hour. A man will enter the room, enter the bed and you will make love to him.

–And the man is you.

–No, while you are doing this I want you to call me and tell me how this feels.

–It’s going to feel weird. What if this man is some kind of psycho?

–You want a story with a deeper sense of continuity, as if it has already happened.

–What do you look like?

–Where did you get my number?

–Are you sexy? Do you know how to make a woman feel beautiful?

–What is your name?

–Dora.

–How did you get my number?

–I rang you accidentally. And I couldn’t do it again if I tired so don’t get off the phone. you seem like a dirty man. A guy who likes to follow strangers home and fuck their brains out.

–You seem like someone who likes to taunt dirty men. What are you wearing Dora?

–A bra and panties and I want you to come over and bite them off.

–That’s certainly makes me excited. Should I bring some motor oil too?

–What?

–Dora, you have to use your imagination.

–I am. I know what you want. Why you are staying on the phone. How you imagine me to be. And you like that. I am your fantasy. A girl, a young girl just ringing you on the phone and talking sex to you.

–Are you alone?

–I’m not going to answer that.

–It’s easy saying this on the phone to someone that you don’t know. Call from an untraceable line. And just push danger to the edge. If you go this far there’s no stopping. You know that you will have to give in.

–You paint an ugly scene.

–An you love this ugliness. It points out how you feel down deep. How you’d really love to be taken out of yourself, out of that thing your hate. Propelled by your beauty. That’s what

gives you confidence in this risk, but also what scares you the most, that will become attached to this grotesque quality, this dirtiness. You want to be defiled.

I wondered how far I could push the exploration before she would hang up. How to widen the band of acceptability. To introduce the invitation.

How I had practiced this conversation, learned to work the hesitation while still implying the fear. Left it up to her to discover the danger. That she didn't hang up on this wrong number.

–This isn't wrong because it's something that you always wanted.

And how I had netted her. Trawling for that loner committed to nothing less than total enjoyment. A body of pleasure that seemed to explode out of the self. That had made a break with her isolation. That had created a universality of her pleasure.

You wanted to talk about your loneliness as if this was your aphrodisiac. To know that this was all that we were. Her words, her words seeking flesh. Not enough, an urge to just delve deeper.

–Do you want me to go on? You want to hear how I can take care of..

–Take care of, like gotten rid of.

--I'm afraid of nothing.

She knew that this threat always followed her. And if she could push a lover to do what she could not do to herself.

–Can you put this inside me?

And she meant poison. And I had to find that poison.

She stared at me trying to raise that satisfied look, an urge to lick down her shaved pubic hair to her pussy. The prominence of my attachment—my fixation on her stare. Hence we saw the intersection of our desires in an angle, what made penetration facile. And along that same angle, an opening on her part. And a need to protect herself from this utter honesty—the need to surround, to draw in everything that threatened her.

Again the intersection on her sex—the apex—angle to angle. And she surrounded it with an air of indecision—a pose—a refusal to go along. How could she hold up against such forces?

--Do you want a chance to leave your present life behind? To never be recognized on the street. Never harassed by phone calls at night. To escape completely. Would you like that?

She stared at me perplexed.

–And how can you do this for me?

–Your lover. To live a life that he knows nothing about. Total freedom.

“I'll do whatever you want. Just command me.”

–In the end it will all be the same. I'll still have to work to live. And the moments grinding down in the office. The time spent going back and forth to work.

–This could be your new life. One devoted entirely to pleasure.

–Whose pleasure? Yours?

She wanted to give herself to luxury. The hope that her excitement might just be enough to fuel her every waking minute. In the excesses of passion, her body offered this new geography. Masses of oceanic space. Tidal waves extending across the expanse. And then these crevices where she could hide. She let the waves again sweep over her. To inhabit these

underground hideaways.

To recast her wardrobe. A wardrobe just enough to cradle and envelop her sex. That seemed to flower from her fire. From the tropics outward radiating the heat wave. A delicate panty slipped over her. The garter's cradling her waste. The sumptuous muscles of the stomach yielding to the curves of her breasts and the lace of the bra. The dangling strap. The clasp. The concentric decoration. A pearl adornment. The thin strip extending across the back. The path of skin from strap to the edge of the hair. The hair hanging down. Swept aside. The rhythmic sway. The dark stocking attached to the garter. The dress just long enough to cover that interplay. The rich ruby lips. The clue, the key. Give me your hand.

The heels, the open toe to reveal the crimson painted nail. Her finger nails. The threat.

–Would you like to escape your former life?

What message to scrawl across this new world.

A negligee received in delivery. To cover transparently. Arrest desire just enough. Displace it in the folds of the fabric. The roughness, this new reality against the lips. His lips. Pursuing and lost in the form.

–Put it on.

–I'm wearing it now.

How could she extend this now into an eternity? The now whispered into the phone.

Directions to a rendez- vous. Directions that might get lost. Another phone call.

Unanswered. The delay.

–Do you want to get away?

And she'd try. Try to fit into these new costumes. Going over in her mind where this was taking her. Where this could take her.

–I really want none of this. I like him.

–Who?

–My life. My lover. What I have...

–It's not yours. It's his. Theirs. Your mother, your sister...someone who they want you to be. Someone else.

She needed her own clothes. Clothes that had nothing to do with their desires for her. Clothes that really made her look sexy.

Not clothes that met his expectations. But what might engender her fantasies.

–Everyone is looking at me.

And the fear that each glare would exaggerate a flaw. All these men staring. And she hid in the vision of these women who disappeared in their own perfection. Sketches, shadows, trails, silhouettes. These ghosts.

–Without him I lived in a cage. He gave me the chance to walk out of it.

–He is your cage. And the longer that you stay with him the deeper you are locked inside.

–How can you say that?

–Even your denials. I'm just seeing him. He doesn't want me to see anyone else. I told him that I'm not seeing anyone else. He has his friends.

–And I do too.

–Almost your revenge. And is it a fate that you have picked out for yourself. Or a path along which you are drawn. Sucked in. You are on display. And you know that if you run away,

you've left yourself behind.

–I don't like to think about it that way.

–Why? Because that is too accurate.

–You're not supposed to be here. I shouldn't be doing this.

–What should you be doing? I want you to kiss me.

–This is cheating on him

–Take off your dress. Take off your panties. Now get under the covers. Imagine that I am in there with you. Touch yourself.

>>Your sexuality is owned by your lover. Only be doled out to meet his needs.

–He says that I like sex too much.

–You like sex because you want him to need you. He doesn't need you because you are part of him.

Her nightgown was pulled up to reveal herself. Her sex beckoning...

–I can't. He'd know. He could read the betrayal on my skin.

I felt my hand touching her tenderly. The smooth yielding. Giving way to the motions of the fingers. The enticement. The ease of her response.

–I want you inside me.

She hesitated before my self-certainty. She pulled away from my touch.

–Not here, not now.

Why didn't she take a more active role in this revelation. Worse if this meant something to her besides that kick, that anesthetic. If she could just challenge him, escape the guilt.

I couldn't give into this scene with its associated complications. The enactment had already taken her far enough to embarrass her lover. Anything more would suggest that I wanted to substitute myself for his rather tawdry role.

Perhaps this would be better if I cast someone else in my role. Someone who might get more joy in the obvious.

–I'm not here to entertain. An excursion into your escapist fantasies.

Luxury facilitated her desire to wander. The tinkling of a fork on a wine glass. A frozen desert. A ride in a limousine.

–I can get you out of work tomorrow.

She was floating on air.

He was her lover torturer

I observed the length of her extended leg, my rough touch. Licking up her leg until I arrived at her sex. Burying myself in her. Licking her clit and shoving three fingers up her vagina.

–I want more than this.

What I could not offer—easy entrance and exit.

- I feel like you're degrading me.
- He's already turned you into dirt.
- And you take advantage of that situation.
- So be it—you love it.

This was supposed to be my ultimate conquest—it is so boring.

- You're so boring. All imagination—your imagination—your fantasy, but nothing for me.
- Go wash your ass, and then I'll lick it with some whole milk.

The touch

--I want to take away your breath. You know what that really means. That you're only life line is desire, sucking up the flesh of another. That your sighs only feed a more intense coupling. Where nothing else can sustain your breath.

- Give me more!

She succumbed to a desire deeper than flesh. This deafening frenzy that her tranquility protected. Only self destruction sustained this pursuit. My avoidance of cruelty and her total devotion to nothing less. That if she let herself really listen all she can hear are her own screams. This was the narcotic of her slumber. So that dreams were only the portal to nightmares. And nightmares only the reflection to the solidity of the daylight.

If she didn't hate herself already, the disgust would be overwhelming if not for that intensity of her passion. So she came in contact with this incredible rush. It almost knocked her against a wall with its power. Even in anticipation this sensation was awesome. She braced herself against the first wave. Lost in the tide, she was shaken by the undertow.

- Do you know why you're here?
- To take you to the edge. To push you over.
- And what do you expect of this?
- Nothing less than your complete devotion.

Without that she would return to the feeling of decay. that se was falling apart, rotting before her very eyes. That she had to shield her face against the ravages of the morning light. So the devotion to the bliss of night's outrage.

- Suppose why you wanted this coincidence.

If she could avoid the acknowledgment of her lover. Just enough to prick her consciousness. The drops of blood on the rose.

I constructed each scene to correspond to an abstract design. Anonymous partners.

- Can you describe these men and the size of their penises?
- To start with, they were all larger than yours.

I need to wriggle out of this—head for someone else's place.

I felt these incredible pangs in my stomach. Every muscle tensed up. I could talk but

barely. I couldn't move a muscle. Paralyzed.

–Dora, what are trying to do to me? Poison me.

–It's nothing. It just immobilizes you.

–What? Are you crazy?

I could barely muster the intense anger that I was feeling.

–I didn't want you going anywhere. I didn't want you threatening me. None of your tricks. I wanted you to listen.

–What didn't you just bury me?

–You have to know things.

–And you think that this is your chance. This is just crazy.

–All those girls that you've tortured. You have to feel what it's like.

–What it's like is just crazy. Don't you have some antidote?

–You'll have to wait it out. Like you've told everyone else.

–Are there any permanent effects from this?

–You'll be OK. Just don't resist it. You can still breathe. You just can't go anywhere.

–Thanks.

–What do you know about me?

–I've created this affection so that you can see about yourself, respond, act out. I need you to tell me about yourself. How you see yourself.

She wanted to relate a story to me. It was about her sister. Her sister had been killed in a car accident. She didn't find out about it until she got home from school. Her mother was in tears. It was the first time that she remembered seeing her mother cry. After the funeral her mother seemed to bury her feelings. She expected the same of her daughter.

–You can't keep thinking about this all the time. It will drive you crazy.

That's what her mother started telling her. She resented her mother, almost felt that her mother had killed her sister.

I always felt that if I could somehow contact my sister, have a chance to talk to her again that things would start to make sense again in my life.

–Are you listening to me?

–Yes.

–You were waiting for something to happen. That you learned to tell these stories to get the sympathy of people.

–What are you saying?

–You never had a sister.

Change the stories that you can somehow change the effect that they might have, and in an even wider sense, affect their outcome.

She sort of wished that her child might just disappear, her child, my child.

GODDESS

Even in the apparent contradictions of the present, we are led to one immutable principle. The eternity of our pleasure depends on the intercession of a deeper ecstasy, our access to the Goddess.

My dick is massive. And the swelling cannot be contained in the proximity of my surroundings. My penis fills the sky. The only hollow that can contain my immensity is the GODDESS.

The sky extends into the universe.

--I have come for you.

–If this continues, we will upset the orbits of the planets.

–Goddess, I can accept that option.

If I travel up and down her legs, I radiate throughout the curves of the universe. She can hardly claim to be protecting the needs of the planets.

I am waiting for this one massive galactic fuck.

–You’re the only one who could ever fill me up like I need to be. You know what is involved in our coincidence.

As her legs spread, I can feel this ether wind. And electromagnetic shock. I can feel myself being sucked in closer and closer to the core of her energy. Suddenly, I am vaporized in these forces.

–You thought that you could overcome me that easily.

–Goddess, I didn’t seek dominance. I simply hoped for our communion.

–You’re a clown. All you wanted was a big fuck. You think that I’m really going to enjoy this.

–I always thought that if you enjoy it, that I’d enjoy it too.

–You’re thinking too deeply about this.

–I’m barely thinking. I’m just overwhelmed by your charms.

–Flattery doesn’t work out here.

–What does work?

–True love.

–I’ve got a big dick; there wasn’t anything about a big heart.

–Just make the dick even bigger. Then your physical involvement will grip you in a more extreme way. For the time being, we’ll call that love.

–Is that what this is all about? Just a bigger fuck.

–This is about eternity. It’s a fuck that had to last forever. Do you have enough to go around and around and around.

–This isn’t paradise. This is torture.

–I’m a Goddess. I didn’t say anything about paradise.

–Well give me my dick back and we can go at it.

–Isn’t there any romance.

–I’ve been praying to you all along. What more do you want?

- I could use your soul.
- You’ve already sprung my heart. That’s about all that I can really offer you.
- I think that I’m getting caught in a traffic jam.

How can I distinguish between dream and revelation? I’m trying to enjoy it as it goes along. I just think that I need more of an incentive from my past.
At what point did my devotion degenerate into this reverence.

- You always sought nothing less than total worship. Hasn’t this been your goal all along?
- Now you’re being silly.
- I entreat you to grant me my wishes.

Three wishes:

- I want a real kiss.
- I want you to reveal your secret name.
- I want some of what you got!

TESTS FOR THE RECOGNITION OF GODDESS

- ability to grant miracles (she could be working as an intercessor)**
- ability to grant miracles immediately (what’s this—a spiritual cash machine)**
- ability to refuse miracles when requested (now this is getting really difficult)**

THE TASTE TEST

If it doesn’t taste good...

I can taste the traces of your last lover on your body!

purification

MY LEGS/ MY PUSSY/ MY MY

- I like to give and also receive.

ENTREATY TO THE GODDESS

Give me what I want, NOW. And while I’m waiting for now, give me something that I can suck on.

- Just sitting here sucking on a sucker.

In order to get your entreaty heard: the requisite packaging. You have to take sufficient time to...

If you want to get your entreaty heard, you have to be sitting at the front. Box seats are a

premium and are part of our season ticket package. Winking from the distance of the box seat to the floor is sufficient to be seen and therefore would qualify the player to an audience with the GODDESS.

AUDIENCE WITH THE GODDESS

You get five questions to guess my identity:
 Are you a moon child or a sun child?
 Are you funny or runny?
 Do you like any other flavors?
 Do you mind if it drips?
 If it tastes bitter, will you still swallow?

We have to develop a taste for LOVE. That is how you learn to LOVE the Goddess.

She is spread and ready. Everywhere there. In and out and everywhere in and out. Are you in?

Follow all the paths and you may actually make it this time!

1. the myth

Do you have a feeling? Have you ever had a feeling? Is it there? Can you touch where it is?

2. the visit

Can you come for a visit? Do you have some free time? Is it safe for you to get away?

3. aftermath

Have you learned the words that express what you have felt since the visit? Can you teach the world these new worlds.

4. the haunting

Will you continue to haunt me after your physical form has been ground down to dust?

5. the promise

Is there any part of you that you have not given to me? If there is, when will your total devotion begin?

6. the risk

Will take this pill or that? If you don't take it how can you ever recover?

7. the gift

If you look inside the box, you will discover how you can survive. Will you look inside?

8. the fall

Are you dizzy? Will you give in to your dizziness? How can you fly without wings?

I'm feeling ill. Can you make me feel well tonight.

Who's watching?

What does he look like. Can you ever see him once he has offered you that pledge of your LOVE?

Who wants to know? Who could be there to know? To learn what they need to know.

Look in his face.

-I can't. The light is too bright.

You need corrective lenses.

Eating too much—watching and eating. Something to mark each second and the slow erosion of time. The marks of sadness. Way beyond fatigue.

DESIRE

Have you ever seen the face of desire? When you start to see your lover's face reflected in your own.

-This has gone way too far. I have to quit. I have to leave.

THE BUTTER TEST

Rub melted butter all over your body , and have him lick it off. Bake to a golden crisp!

haunt					the voice
come back	visit				the WORD
	tourist	pilgrim			the frequency
		pilgrimage	resort		ENCODED
			last resort		carrier
				retire with extreme prejudice	channel: bandwidth
				the blow	family
				response	conglomerate

					entity
					acquires the GODDESS --TRUST AWAY

Dear Lee:

I can refund all you money if you send me the credit card receipts.

GINA

–My name is not Lee!

Dear Gina:

Get me off one last time. I'll pay well!

While she is stimulated, the Goddess smiles.

How can you be sure that this is the Goddess and not some imitation? What makes her the Goddess other than the qualities attributed her by the believers? How can she grant the believers any hope of salvation—any hope for an answer?

A night in heaven. Mind blowing.

If that's really mind blowing, there's nothing left after the body blow.

–I knew this was coming.

He's taking a rest in Florida.

–He's not my lover. Although we have derived a series of insertion rules.

Excitement at the point of insertion cannot increase due to insertion and eventually must undergo cessation of excitement. Although insertion can permit maintenance of excitement for a period longer than simple observation of the source of excitement.

DAMN!

He kisses her on the neck. He whispers in her ear. Touches her on her back.

How can she really be a Goddess if you can get that close to her?

He kisses her on the back. Touches her on her neck.

That she could not contradict him [THE GOD PROOF], but would need to make her arrangements outside of his view.

Can you feel that wind? It's blowing on you.

“I can't really cheat on him. He would know. He could sense it in my touch.”

And he didn't know about the mouthwash.

–It kills the flavor of cum.

–A suck or a fuck.

–Two for the price of one. Half and half.

What would I have to do to get the money for a night? An hour. A second. Now!

Take care of this for me.

–You can copy his name and telephone number off my sheet. But I'm going to deny that you ever took it.

–Do you like to give blow jobs?

–Only if I can wear a mask.

–Aren't you afraid that this is going to be over soon.

–I'm a Goddess. I'm immortal.

Each dream comes with a place.

This really had nothing to do with you at all.

After the onset of my amnesia, there is little respite that I can discover for my former condition. Formerly, my past experience was sort of a bridge to my escape. But now the tyranny of the present is worse than ever.

The continual repetition of this agony is too much. Even pleasure in its own way only marks a new level of suffering. For here I fear becoming captive of my desires. That any slight delight might sway my attention and that I would forever get lost in that particular attraction. In that loss, I could never attain that consistency that would propel me to the next level. Worse still. I could never reach my Goddess.

I immerse myself in the immediacy of my excitement. She looks at me. How can she rescue me from the depths. She is my goddess for the moment. Due to my amnesia I fear that I cannot use this energy to fund my transport to the next level. We share a look that leaves us both breathless. She wants to use our hypnosis as a way to arrive at a physical communion. Without touch, we have already sounded the lower reaches of our being. She pins me down on her rug floor. She laughs as she lords over me.

–You don't know what you're in for.

I have little to compare this with.

–I want to keep you prisoner here.

She had small perky breasts. She was half-dressed, still in a black skirt, black hose, and pumps.

–Everybody does the same thing around here. They just toil after the same dream. But there really is no hope. It's the same thing day after day. No one stands out from the pack. They all get lost in the same morass.

–What?

–I want you to eat me out. And then I can suck your dick. But I'm not going to let you penetrate me. I'm married.

She has a past that lingers in her every gesture.

Where can there be any link in this experience to some passing over to another state.

This is a permanence to where we are now.

–I can't wait.

Can I? I already feel too absorbed by her appeals.

–If I perform oral sex on you, it might loosen you up a bit. You might forget about the guy waiting for you at home. Maybe it's better if you just lived in the present. Enjoyed what you can get for now.

–I was just thinking that I could hang on for the night. This really isn't my fault at all. I didn't know who you were. I didn't know how far this was going to go.

–Just take it for what it is now and maybe more can happen along the way. How does that grab.

–You're starting to really bore me. Why don't you finish up here and just take off.

As I lift up her skirt, I am really turned on by her slim legs.

–Do you like my legs. Wouldn't you like to be inside me?

We collapse in our embrace.

The night overcomes us and in darkness what can her lover really see. I slide her hose off. She pushes my face in her crotch. She gyrates up and down to enhance her pleasure. She forces me to bury myself deeper inside her.

–I really thought that if I was this far along that I wouldn't be put through any more silly tests like this.

–There's something that I want to show you.

–I've thought that I've seen everything up to this point.

–There are a couple of hundred layers still to go.

The pain shakes me from within. It has been a long night. I have been plagued by these ghosts. There is simply no way to escape their effect. My stomach rumbles. I am being shaken from within.

Will I stop my allegiance?

I have asked for a sign. I have asked for her assistance. How can she ask when she cannot be heard? How can I ask when she seems so far away. So I wait lost in my doubt, immersed in my pain.

If I did not ask, she would feel no need to answer. Since I have asked, she feels no need to answer. Why can she not grant me some spring rain. Why do I thirst when I cannot quench my thirst. The more that I am parched, the harder it is to make my entreaty. The room grows warmer, and the effect is oppressive.

I have merged but I have still not been absorbed into the universe. I get cast back into the world and am distracted by the arousal triangle.

At this site she offers me the golden penis.

–Touch it to receive extra credit. Boy, do I need it.

She has become vain to the point of needing nothing less.

–Your penis is too small. You can never access this paradise

She starts to review the stages that I must undergo to attain my satisfaction.

–All your aspiration needed to be acted out in public.

–I don't know if I can really manage it.

–I can teach you new techniques.

–What?

–Read the manual!

In the tropical sunlight, her lips are magnified. Her whole body echoes the gentle tones of her voice, the universe reverberates with these melodies.

–I'm falling for you.

–Maybe you could wait in line.

–I have.

–So has everybody else. Besides, this is only the pre-line. Then there's the line, and then there's the post line. It's going to take forever for you to get your audience. By that time, I'll be too exhausted to do much of anything. But you can watch all my fun on the big screen. I'm good at doing it in public even if you're not.

>>So do you want to take a peek. I've given you some free credits.

To watch her on screen is going to make it no easier for me.

–How can you sustain it?

–You expect super powers. I have super abilities. Plus assistance. The only bad thing is the coming down.

–I thought that the Goddess doesn't come down.

–She comes down deeper than anyone else. That is the greatest fear of us all.

–So what about this assistance.

–Maybe you could use some–assistance.

–I could use anything that can help me keep it going. But assistance is not really what I'm looking for. I was thinking that maybe you could let me assimilate into the inner circle.

–That's why they call it the inner circle. It's not a place where you can just assimilate.

The air filled with this potent acrid smell, a mixture of sweet wax and vinegar.

–I need to tell you something and there isn't much time.

So are the demands of a Goddess.

–There's only one way to achieve immortality. You have to believe that you have the power. Really believe. Too often we catch ourselves as we fall. You have to be willing to really fall all the way. Not try to hold yourself back. If you think that you're going to get hurt, even if it's for that one brief second, then it's going to happen. You can't hold back. You have to throw yourself completely into the fall.

>>I have surpassed fear. I have attained the limit.

–You know that I have no choice if I want to look credible.

–Choice.

- I have to turn my back on the absurdity of your puzzle.
 - Absurd. It's the only thing that means anything through the stupidity of your pursuits.
- You need me if you're not going to look like a total scum bag.
- You are the culmination of my strange pursuits.
 - And it really doesn't get much worse than this.
 - So you admit it.
 - I don't promise redemption, only extremism.
 - But I want something that I can hold for eternity.
 - You want it that way so you can own it. You can put it on shelf and make it go away.
 - If it's dangerous enough, you'll follow it no matter what.
 - Is that where the threat exists.
 - There is no threat

Here's the beginning in a glance

--I don't know what takes me over. I just go along. Then I wonder why. But that's why I'm a Goddess. **Your** rules can affect me.

--I have nothing left to give

–Don't give up. If you could give of yourself that freely, you could achieve what you are seeking. This is about total. I can't come back and pretend that I didn't go all the way with myself. That is and always been your convenience. That's why you're mortal and I'm immortal. You would rather have the multiple victories that end up being so hollow. This something that I can see that is greater than any single intercourse. This is all about the essence that inheres in us, that holds in our spirit.

–I can hardly do what it takes to reach you. I can't impress you enough. You exist in a place that is too far from me. If you want me to dress as a spider, I will. If you want me to crawl on all fours, I will.

–Spiders have eight legs.

–You know what I mean. You are too far to reach. Too high, too far, too remote for me to ever get close to. You seek that commitment on my part. But what kind of sign have you ever given me.

–I'm a Goddess. I can't simply do what you want. I've got a program to follow. Like there are rules.

–Are they rule rules, or real rules.

–Rule rules that become real rules. Can you understand what that is?

–Is this like some test. Because I'm not too good at tests.

–You love giving them, but not taking them.

–Have you always been a Goddess and not realized your status? Are you only a Goddess for me?

–Think what enabled you to cross over—the only thing that will ever allow you to cross that breach. Think what that is and I will help you.

–I've followed the path.

–You’ve tricked the path for your gain.
 –That’s what the path is. It’s arranged to give gain to the few while the main toil under its yoke.
 –You’re talking like a populist now. You’re all about the elitism of the path.
 –I’m all about figuring out how to succeed.
 –Success demands concentration
 –If you’re not a Goddess, this is the most forsaken path that I have ever taken.
 –You’re just pissed because you can’t get off on the universe.
 –At this stage I don’t see any real possibility of getting off.
 –This is your final conquest—everything. You sour on every victory to spur you on to this final triumph. Is there nothing that you don’t want to subjugate under your will.
 –The will is given to the psyche in the form of subjugation. We detest its products but we are driven by domination. You are trying to get me to submit.
 –I’m trying to have you recognize this harmony.
 –I recognized it long ago. You’ve held me in the green room waiting for stage time. Now the show must go on.
 –Hence your fascination for public sex. Everyone else—you want to watch them all meander, grope, reach for something that’s not there,
 –And that’s what you’ve got me doing with you.
 –Only because of your resistance.
 –Why do you expect me to play around.
 –Why do you continue to appear to me under different forms. I could tell about the coming long ago.
 –If you’re saying what you’re saying, then that’s perverse.
 –If I’m saying anything different, it’s perverse. Be honest with me. From the beginning it was all about liberation in sex. Any fuck had some element of the explosiveness which feeds belief in you.
 –There’s no sense in tenderness, belonging, love in your perspective.
 –You’re the one who sought liberation in the ultimate fuck. That enabled you to concentrate on the sex. On the liberation of the body from itself. Do you think that I don’t know? You’re still arguing from the early stages of **your** own pursuit. The circle getting you off sequentially or concurrently. That was your juvenile wonderful fuck. The mister. The belief. The nostalgia. But then you burst through to the core. The reality of the total surrender. Something that you at first had little power over. And it only was marginally connected to any sense of attachment. I can’t get out that far.
 –You can talk about it.
 –I’ve seen it. But I can’t maintain. Either can you except by being a Goddess. You complain about me! You want to fuck the universe! And you are. You have found the tangible form of your dream. What was illusion is now real!

I returned to what made me feel the most protected. What I was taking to feel better, was actually making me more sick. I realized how my belief was failing me. that I had offered her a total devotion. That I had gone to the ends of the earth to appreciate her realm. No one else had

ever done that for her. But she was beyond celebrity—she was Goddess. And that was beyond my ken.

- You can't stop believing.
- There can't be belief without some granting of my entreaties.
- You need to be more patient.
- Who else was patient?
- Who else am I granting an audience with now.
- That's because everyone else around here is asleep.
- Sometimes you have to take what you can get.
- I have. And now I want more!