

THE OCCASIONAL CONFORMIST

I need you to touch yourself.

Without even touching me, he seemed to provoke these sensations deep inside me. I felt myself swallowed up by this explosion of feeling. There was not a single part of me that was not caught up in this intensity and profound release.

She finds the diary of an initiate. And the experience overwhelms. Her diary is her manual and she needs to learn its lessons. At its most intense desire will cause her to rub against painful memories. This will be her excuse to divorce herself from its energies. At that moment, desire will overcome her.

I always felt the most gratified that he had picked me. I would never admit this to him. I never did. But this was the ultimate tribute to my experience. That I was no longer a only a girl. That the pull of my desire could engage him. I am woman!

She uses beauty for her self assurance. This confidence hides the hollow that is desire. And she longs to fill it up. She cannot push her pursuit to the point that it is faceless. She clings to the mask as if it is her, her everything. She turns around and looks at all of herself in the mirror. She thinks that she is ready.

I need you to come to me tonight. I'll die if I don't see you.

His lines are practiced and work to effect. Desire has already cut a path for him and he is following its trail.

I feel that everything has led up to this point. That I have never been more ready than this. My previous lovers appealed to some weakness in me. I have chosen him because he is more than any of them. More than I could ever be. And at the same time so much less.

It could not be better than this.

The diary is a series of repeated scenes. The voyeur learns from her tutor. Then she imitates the acts and manipulates the devices. She is learning how to become a machine. And her feelings oil the mechanisms.

I now wonder if I was meant to have many lovers. If he is not enough for me. I almost want him to cheat on me. Or try to cheat and catch him. Then I can just shut him down with my gaze. Destroy him, reduce him to nothing.

I am afraid what will happen to him if I leave him. I am afraid what will happen to me.

She has already given herself to multiple partners. Group sex will be her revenge against this lover. He wants her to leave him. Then he can exercise his magnetism. He feels that he can conquer her. He has always had his way with women. But multiple partners at the

same time. Another woman, a man. She laughs. It will be too easy.

Then he cannot focus his jealousy. The immensity of his desire will be too much for him. She thinks that she can drive him crazy. It is already beyond that. He has let himself go wild with this desire. It will be his undoing.

Whenever I get away from him, I think that I am over him. But I feel him sulking, his tongue trailing along my stomach and finding its refuge deep inside me.

Dear GA.

I'm never good at writing, much less writing letters. But you have opened up something inside me that I was never aware existed. I have always wanted something to give meaning to my life. I have been wandering in a daze until I met you. And now everything seems clear...

It is his prelude to betrayal. He has realized the power of her desire. And what is worse, he starts to believe it. Such a fate for a man who prides himself on his prowess. The cat has his tongue!

As soon as he is inside me I feel that I am bursting. I cannot contain myself. The tingle trickles all over me. I quake. And then we move together. I seem to fall with him. I gasp for breath. And then the rumble seems incredible. I roll over infinite landscape with him.

You are irresistible. My whole life is changing. And I thought that my only concern was pleasure. You have awakened me to a new world.

She believes that her power has its source in his charm. He is only sapping her of her strength. She is drowning in this illusion.

You are exciting me. Even when you are not here, I can feel your presence. I want you to phone me. Make love to me on the phone.

I feel the morning embrace. The confidence that his love can give me. Come to me!
The sun promises me a heat so intense that it burns away all my doubt. PASSION!
I am yours.

To smash this innocence! The belief that her desire is paramount. That it can be served without yielding to the ravages of time.

*I have been looking for you. Are you avoiding me
-I want you to come over.
-We agreed that we needed to spend some time apart.
-And it hasn't been working.
-It's not really up to you to say. I need some time by myself. I can't have you over here all the time.*

I always feared this time—a time where physical contact is my only liberation. If he leaves me, then I will be the victim of these solitary passion that no solitude will permit. I will be tossed in these winds.

I am nothing without you. When the air moves through me I can smell your perfume. I am touched by the eternity of your breath,

Her servitude is overwhelming. He pretend to be wounded so that he can wound. And she touches the hollows of his flesh and believes her knife is the source. She wounds with her words. He is a shape-shifter.

He takes my pain to heart. I have never met a man who provides such remedy for my confusion. My contact with him lingers in those moments when we are apart. I stare at his picture. He is with me. My saint!

As sure as if he has attacked her, this monster circles its prey. He has already let the venom seep into her soul. He watches as she wriggles in the midday sun. It does the work that he cannot complete himself.

—Let me rescue you from these demons that assail you.

—I do not need you to rescue me. I need you to destroy me—as you have already. I need you to come over. I need you to stay away. I want you inside me.

His body drives me wild. I am obedient to his arousal. His mystery. I am already vanquished before he touches me. He obliterates my nights.

I am surprised at my devotion to his anatomy. The muscles of his legs. The taut muscles of his abdomen, his private regions. His balls, his penis. All of it for me. To engulf. Nights of commitment to his flesh.

She knows how she has exaggerated her expectation for him. She fears his indifference, so she has crushed him with her affection. She already had dissected him, dissected their desire to provoke her satiation. Like pushing food to the back of the mouth to increase its intensity, he will choke on her kisses.

All we can do is make love. I am absorbed by your touch every waking moment.

All we can do is fuck. Really fuck and fuck and fuck. It first frightened me. The ferocity of my desire. Now that is all that possesses me. I can't read. I can't work. I watch TV, go the movies and look at those bodies. Hard, hungry, gasping for contact.

I love their asses. To let my tongue travel all around. Inside the man. To take his dick in my mouth. My candy cane. Lick, lick.

I love it when he gets deep in me. Hands, head fingers. My clit, my vagina, deep inside

and making contact.

She cannot make contact with him because all she can touch is it. She is the victim of the voyeur. She verges on exhibitionism. And when her audience is more compliant, he is finished.

Now that you have given me something, don't take it away.

She needs to be warned about his ruse. but this will only inflame her passion.

My passion has nothing to do with what he says. He defiles me. I let him defile me. I just want him to degrade me. I want his body. It is my body. I resent anyone who distracts his attention for the least little thing. I want him to call me all day.

Why are you avoiding my calls?

She wants to betray him. Leave so many clues so he can detect her transgression. But knowing that he will stop short, she can return to the reassurances of her desire. He looks around all the time. He is transfixed by other women. But they are all aspects of her. For her, his body has already been parceled out to other men all around the world. She needs fans. Sex is her new stage. She wants to be ravaged by all of them. Pushed to that edge, that edge is sheer annihilation. And in that self-destructive intercourse, she will save him.

I want him to fuck me in public. Just take care of the deed and then leave me alone in the restaurant. Then I can get some other man to finish the job. To lick me inside and taste what I have tasted and become addicted to.

I can't live without you. I am going crazy.

His illness is other women. He does them to deny his utter attachment to her. She craves other men because she has already given herself to all of them. As long as she does not touch their penises, they have their way with her whole body.

What do I have to do to have him quit ignoring me?

What do I have to do to have you quit ignoring me? Let's have dinner before I leave for San Francisco. I know that you want to come along. But it is all business.

He is afraid that I will catch him with a Raiders' cheerleader.

She will need her time apart to assess how deeply she has given herself to him.

We had sex before he left and it was the most mind blowing experience that I ever had. It's not the best sex—that was with Chad. Chad was so free and awesome. He opened up

something in me and I have never been the same since. I think that's what he touched in me. The Chad still left in me...

Her explanation falls short. Her experience with Chad was focused. With her lover she has entered a new territory, an expanse. She is lost within this landscape, but entirely committed to its regions.

As long as I felt something about all this was dirty, I could sort of rein in things. Now it's all gone a little nuts. I don't want to pretend that this is all that I think about. But something serious is wrong..

So I guess that I still feel the same way. It's just that it takes longer for the feeling to creep up on me.

So I've given in to the feeling. I like to do things.

It is essential that she pretends there is something substantial to these feelings. More than a desire to get turned on, more than a desire to turn some guy on. She needs to think that something real, worthwhile is tied up in the feelings that she has.

I wouldn't say that I'm depressed, but I have been drinking more. I do like to have fun. Since I have such feelings for you, the drinking can get lonely when you're not around.

It's not like I'm just looking for a shoulder to cry on. But I wouldn't mind resting my head on your shoulder.

He's starting to really bug me now. I like the sex but I'm afraid that I'm getting attached.

As the guilt grows, she need to justify the feeling. That there's something there besides the sex. Or that there's even the sex as opposed to simply an antidote for the guilt. What can really get her going, shake her up, get her to ignore her predicament.

Sometimes I think my sex is the most powerful ever. All I want to do is get with guys I hardly know. I mean I'm driving in a car and I'm ready to go down on him. I call it getting over the feeling. Just hanging with it.

She starts to talk about a friend and the friend's sexual habits. The friend appears more indiscriminately adventuresome. But only when she, the writer of the diary, is sober. The friend is she, just eternally intoxicated.

Intoxicated, she is more fatalistic than the friend. It is an absurd liberty that makes the passerby thinks that she is up for anything. She is sleepwalking. Agreeing to anything and everything.

I remember on the beach how you seemed unrestrained by your moral inhibitions. You were wild. And you told me that you felt such a sense of soaring. This was an everything to which you hoped to return.

We need to get away. I know you have felt imprisoned in the city, at school. Let me take you away.

If we started from the beginning I might be able to work through this rotten feeling I have about him. He grosses me out. I think that he would eat my shit if I let him. I'm not joking.

My tongue is ready to conquer you. Let me lick you in the ear.

There is nothing too bizarre for her contemplation. That's why she like him. He can make up all these perversities. All she has to do is pretend that she is going along. Then she can blame him. He is the ultimate in smut, her smut. She keeps goading him and he encourages his own pornographic imagination. He thinks that he is becoming part of a community of the truly emancipated. He simply does not want to lose her to someone more appealing, but she is becoming committed to the pain that he inflicts. A yoke that will inevitably destroy him.

This controlled madness is how I balance things. But the balance is short lived. It's going to take me over.

Or I fear the alternative. That I give in, become one of them. Enjoy it for what it is. Then it's really going to drive me crazy.

Don't let them tell you differently.

She had already gone too far and the worm is already in her. She cannot get away from its will. It will overcome its hostess. It will have its way.

I am feeling this massive pressure. Headaches and dizzy spells. There is no discovery here. I am becoming someone new. This is pure torture.

You frighten me. I have given so much of myself to you and you are becoming less and less part of my life.

–All these people are asking for things from me. I can't give them, any of them what they want. Just leave me alone. Let me live my life.

I just want to lash out at everyone.

Too far already.

It all needs to stop. I just want a simple life. Someone who can tell me what to do. Should I get out of bed.

I need to come over.

–I need time by myself. Don't call me, don't send me mail, don't come by. Give me time.

I WILL contact you.

Looking at him has become sort of a mirror for me. Little faults that I might notice in a mirror are detected in his indifference. This frightens me. It makes me feel ugly.

But I really like it when he looks at me with relish. I see my beauty in his. And the more that he wants me, the more that I feel that I am someone special. I really like to look at him. It makes me feel beautiful. I like sitting with him and looking at the sun play on his forehead.

If I give in to him, this is only the beginning. He'll keep coming back for me. There's no such thing as one night

One night is forever.

Once I got drawn in by this feeling, there was no turning back. I like to pretend that it's not there. that I can still do other things—I can't everything is the same—that big mirror. He is that big mirror. And I am getting more and more enveloped in it.

I break it and it's bad luck. I really break it and I'm nothing.

He regenerates, he regenerates in me. I wish that he would let me alone.

There is no alone. I am too afraid of him.

Once I got used to the whole thing—the annihilation became a real turn on. to let myself just fall and fall. I anticipated the bottom but it would never come. Just the fear. It made me feel so wonderful.

I just can't make any sense of this. It's all coming out so confused.

Go away!

When I'm with him, I am feeling more and more alone.

I love how he gets things done. If we go to the restaurant, they treat him so well. I feel like a queen. I love it when people look over at us.

We had such a great time the other night. I've got plans. I wish that you could share in those plans.

—It will all happen in good time. You just have to be patient.

I need a place where I can be alone. Even when I'm in my bedroom, he is there. This is all progressing so fast. It's all so scary. when I'm doing the things that I'm doing, it's just so exciting. but then I feel so depressed. Why is it like this. I want to change how I am put together.

These flaws that you fret about are nothing to be afraid of—that is who you are. You just have to find a world that will accept you for who you are.

It feels so good to kiss him. Those slow prolonged kisses. But as I am kissing him, he disappears and all that I can feel is the kiss.

She knows that this is all there is. Her feeling. Already she believes that he's all that's important to her. But she cannot be any closer to him than she already is.

I want him to rescue me from this hell of myself.

And he has trained her to believe that this most intense feeling is what holds them together when she is already wedded to that feeling for what it is. He has nothing to do with it and that is her greatest fear.

I wish that we were still together. Every sound is an echo of your whispers.

Something has already changed between us. I think that I am over this attraction.

In fact, she is starting to bury herself in this feeling.

I am with HIM to forget that he is even there.

You really hurt me. I gave my heart to you. I was so open and honest and you let me hang in the wind. I loved you. And you messed up things so bad for yourself that you never had to say anything back to me. You couldn't even figure out for yourself what had happened.

I comforted you. I supported you. Did anything that you asked.

You wanted me to give of myself. You needed me. You sucked me dry just so you might have some semblance of life.

But you were a ghost. And ghosts can't live. They haunt the living so they can come back to life.

All the sweet sustenance and still you are not whole. Need to swallow so much more just to right things again.

You wanted me to love you so that you could know that you were loveable. Then you let that demon-seed take over again. You became the socialite, turned them all on to convince yourself that you still had the power. And you acted as if my love was nothing to you.

I wished that I could say this to you.. To let you know how I feel. But with your skill, you'd just argue out of it like you've always done. you don't have the maturity to live up what you asked of me. You took me under false pretenses.

All I could do was write this to you.

I don't know if I can capture her suffering. I cannot fall far enough. Can I convey her ecstasy?

What ever happened to our pledge. What joined us to each other. That you'd always do the same for me that I had done for you.

Who am I? Someone who can describe what has held her attention. I try to affect her ecstasy. Not just as she has felt it. What would it be to create that feeling for her. How could I become him and radiate the same things that he does? How can I create the conditions that motivate him?

When I first met him he knew exactly what I wanted to hear. He'd be hanging out with

these other girls. But he told me how beautiful he was. I couldn't tell if he was serious. Was he telling them the same thing. But he made me feel so good.

He made me feel like a priceless jewel. That I lived on the edge of his forever.

I burned in his inferno. He had chosen me.

I came to love his body.

Deeper than that. I felt him driving me crazy.

I couldn't even concentrate until I felt his kiss on my lips. Felt his body hold me close.

Let him touch all of me.

But his touch grew so deep that nothing could save her but its reassurance.

I drew him in. Felt the bath water hot as it pervaded me all over. I submerged. Let it warm me inside. Drowned in its perfume.

But could he ever match this feeling that I had created for him.

Now I am torn apart by his indifference. Even when I know that we are not together, my nights are full of longing for his touch.

If he could really touch me deep inside.

No one has ever done this to me before.

His supposed indifference spread its numbing effects. Nothing could approach the loss of his contact.

There was a time when my body froze before a lover's touch. The fear made me tremble. But he was so awesome. I turned to liquid in his hands. The mind blowing orgasm that penetrated in aftershock after aftershock.. What we had shared.

Then the dead of night came over me.

His abandonment only made his hold deeper. The nightmare soaked in her very being.

I had the worst nightmare tonight. This man had snuck into my bedroom, pulled the screen off the window. And he was in the closet. As I woke up, he was on top of me. It tried to get away and I fell. He started to pull on my leg. I tried to make my self all small. I screamed. I tried to wake up

I did; it was daytime. But I saw someone pull the curtain in the other room. And it was dark again. He was really in the house. I was losing my mind. And he did all these awful things to me. He used a knife on me.

When I really did wake up, it was that sickly feeling of the morning. Like after a summer storm, that muggy oppressiveness as if the rain was not enough. And I wasn't sure if he wasn't in the room. I was too afraid to leave my bed.

Condemned to such lower depths, the only hope is to leave her body. She has to become him. The only way to shut down his light is to become the sun.

At first, I thought that I needed to find comfort in what has always anchored my life. But it only weighed me down..I needed to fly free. To test my wings. To leave the cocoon.

I became what they wanted me to be. If I could make them excited, I too would feel the same. I became faithful only to the night. And it obliged me.

A tiger can't change her stripes, but it can blend into the bush and await its prey.

THE STORIES

Our biographies assume the form of a catalogue where we enumerate the prizes of our collection.

–The deeper and deeper that I get inside her, the more that I felt part of her. That there was this point of complete and utter candor on her part.

–That sounds like the kind of nonsense that you’ve always criticized me for.

–But you assume that you have that connection.

–It’s something that I can see.

–How do you see it?

–I just do.

–It’s not just what you see. She has to be in action. Or the sense of action. Whatever inspires you to arousal.

–You know it when you see it?

–Exactly.

–I’ve said the same thing.

–No really, it’s different. Look at that woman over there with the heels. You see there’s no strap. Just the long expanse of the leg. You just want to caress up the leg. Let yourself ride up that leg. Look when she turns, she’s wearing a slit skirt. She knows that I’m looking at her legs and she acknowledges it. I can almost feel that arousal already. See how the skirt hugs her thighs, accentuates her hips.

>>Look at the rich shade of her lips. How her top is low cut. You can sense how tight are her stomach muscles.

–So.

–That’s the triangle of arousal. It’s not just appeal. It almost knocks me out when I look at it.

–See it’s just that same look. It’s the halo of hair surrounding the pussy. I can just feel my penis ease into her.

–But that’s all you. You’re totally ignoring that quality of consent.

–But if she feels happy, then it’s all automatic. She lets you do what you want to do. he does things for you.

–Think about that image of the girl in the slit skirt.

–That’s not enough to get me going.

–So you expect her to lift up the skirt. See how smooth her legs are. You can feel her touching your penis.

–I don’t.

–You do and your arousal becomes all the more intense.

–And.

–You can feel yourself inside her.

–No, I can’t.

–You need to get more aroused. You’re watching a video and some guy takes her skirt off. he rubs her stomach. He pulls her over to surround his body.

–I see her in heels and panties.
 –Doesn't that turn you on.
 –If she's really there.
 –He pulls her closer. Catches his finger in her bra. This causes him to push harder on her breast. She reaches under his pants. She holds on to his cock.
 –I'm trying to hold on.
 –Don't look at me. Watch her.
 –I'm trying thinking about what you're saying.
 –He pulls off her panties. See that crevice in between the cheeks of her ass. You imagine yourself wedged in there, sucking away. He guides her closer to him.
 –So I'm inside her pumping away.
 –And you can see that. Even more you feel yourself watching. Like a voyeur watching a couple get each other off. A sixty nine. Just dick and pussy, pure and wet and hard. Can you sense that?
 –It's starting to cloy at my awareness.
 –In an even tighter way. Do you sense that connection?
 –I imagine that I'm deep inside her.
 –You want to know it. Know what you're feeling. You watch a woman in the shower. The sponge is full and lathered up. She slides it along her leg to her love mound. She just slides it in and you see the lips separate. Another man spreads the legs of a woman. She bends down and her lips are isolated. Your focus.
 –I am even harder now.
 –She slides along your dick. She is positioning it to enter cleanly. She is wet and that initial contact in this crazy rush.
 –I'm following you along.
 You can sense that load that you now carry. The summit of your arousal. You want to come but that would hardly provide the full effect of this contact. Her lips are more inviting. the surround your penis. Everything in your lives for this sweat, the matted pubic hair, the moist flow. Now she rides you with such exuberance. You are ill with the intensity of your awareness.
 –I want to come. I am inside her.
 –They already have come, but you have not. You extend your arousal for another scene. This is complete flow. You already secrete but have not climaxed. There is no cessation to your flow. No beginning and no end. It is like you have melted in the flow. Your hard on has been stretched massively inside her. You have been extended to become part of her. **You merge!**
 –There was no beginning and no end to this.
 –Just this massive flow. You are with her and cannot escape. She has permeated you.
 –That seems amazing.
 –You didn't want to go along.
 –I didn't think that it was real.
 –Can she possibly answer for the intensity of that termination?
 –Who is she? What did she expect from the start.
 –She is holding her breath.
 –Put in a video. I want to see.

- She is coming over to our table. What do I say?
- Complement her. How you love her lips. Her hair. Ask her to talk.
- Does she know.
- Of course she knows. That is why she is coming over.
- Let her come.

I expected Phil to forget everything that I had told him. He would get lost in his trance again.

- I’ve heard about people afraid to come to your place. Don’t go up to the Clayton house. You’ll never come out of there.
- Phil, that the sort of things that they say about you.
- I’m not kidding.
- Phil, my name isn’t Clayton.
- They say that there’s danger.
- Love is dangerous.
- You don’t love. I can’t love, and neither can you. We just know how to have fun.

Hadn’t I heard these stories before, catalogued these experiences? Weren’t they on video? Or they seemed more real than that. I had a sense that I had been in these scenes or perhaps had participated in the performances.

–I want you to take a peek at this stuff. It’s sort of crazy.

I started to sort through what Phil had given me. It gave me the sense of understanding, of a reality. I wondered if he understood, if he fell under the same trance that I did. These titles brought something to life.

**A number of young women share a seaside house for a wild weekend. Their bikinis tightly hug their shapely curves. Sweat beads on their foreheads.
 Sylvia does not want to yield to the appeals of the seduction.
 Sunny doesn’t want to let go of her new found power.
 Celia thinks that she can make a life without sex.
 Brenda learns that experimenting can have its down side.
 Shana is a lonely alien pining away for the charms of her home planet. She learns about the appeals of human sexuality from an assortment of
 In a reverse sexcapade send up of Cinderella, Cindy is looking for the perfect fit after being abandoned by her rakish lover.**

**Steffie needs her life on screen to help her develop her experimental bent.
 Rachel discovers a secret power whose source is her sexual curiosity
 Brit realizes her future lies in a con job on her former employer.
 A mysterious patients entices her analyst into a world of deceit and murder.**

Sam realizes that the only way to live, really live is to play outside the lines.

Syrena realizes that the only way to really play is to get serious about lovemaking.

Jill realizes that a deeper love forces causes her to sacrifice a most intense sexual experience.

Abandoned by her lover, Kara finds comfort in immensity of her appetites.

Tammy doesn't realize how far her experiments would take her.

Deana knows that her journeys had a hidden side. She doesn't know how frightening is her secret life

After losing a bet, Angie's luck takes a turn for the worst until she pulls a trick of her own.

Suzie gets embroiled in Jack's revenge plot against Miller.

Essie discovers that she has desire for the exotic way beyond those that she can imagine.

Jenna can't trust herself under the watchful eye of her boss's son

Bobbi realizes that her sexual excitement is controlled by an external force.

Sara gets more than she bargained for when she thinks that she can double cross Tom Fawn's vacation only reminds her of her troubles.

In sex, Wendy finds that she is introduced to the multi-facets of her personality.

Lana finds that this force from the beyond is really part of her.

I.

A number of young women share a seaside house for a wild weekend. Their bikinis tightly hug their shapely curves. Sweat beads on their foreheads.

Cheryl comes up from the beach, sand caked on her feet and legs. she sprays herself off with the hose. Her hair glistens wet in the sun. It hugs her breasts. As she walks through the door, her eyes accustom themselves to the dark of the inside. She take off her top; her breasts are firm and her walk gives off a sense of confidence in her body. She rubs her manicured fingers along her stomach and she pulls tight the wet bottom of her bikini.

When she gets to the bathroom, she rubs her hair briskly with a towel. Her breasts appear even more prominent through her actions. Her golden tanned skin is smooth and youthful. Her legs rise tall to the curve of her ass still pulled into the confines of her suit. The wet suit hugs the but cheeks and crack is precise. She feels fit. Slips the bottom half off. It pulls along her hair and slides along her sleek legs. She inspects herself in the mirror. The suit lies crumpled on the floor next to her.

Her long nails slide along her sex suggestively. She feels an energy, on the verge of an excitement. She massages her body with the white cotton towel. She pulls a robe around her, but leaves it half open. Her blonde mane contrasts with the dark pubic hair. All is highlighted by the tan.

She picks up the suit and hangs it on the shower railing. Then she goes to her bedroom and lies down on the bed. The robe straddles her legs. As she stretches out on the bed, her breasts are reveled. She pulls part of the robe over one of the nipples. She spreads out to relax, her legs extending across the whole bed.

Bobbi is still playing in the water. The sun is brutal and washes out everything but her silhouette. She does not rest, splashing in the surf. The sun catches her in a number of poses.

Angles that accentuate the muscular turns of her body.

She is looking at a boy sunning himself on the beach. Fantasizing about the two of them spinning together in the sand.

She has had too much sun and her mind is spinning. She rushes back to the house. She sees Cheryl stretched on the bed. Her brain is still alive with the fantasy on the beach.

She goes into Cheryl's room. Cheryl looks up at Bobbi. Bobbi is staring at her seductively. Bobbi tells Cheryl about her fantasy. Cheryl is innocently touching herself.

Bobbi is uninhibited. She lies next to Cheryl and starts to touch her hair, caress her neck. Cheryl is much more aggressive. She pulls Cheryl's top off and starts to lick her breasts. She sucks on the left tit. The full breast is pushed into her face. Both girls caress the other. From the casual to the forbidden.

Cheryl guides Bobbi's hand inside her. Bobbi starts to trace a path with her tongue along Cheryl's stomach. Cheryl yields to the caresses. She opens her legs and the robe spans the bed. Bobbi now licks along the walls of Cheryl's vagina. Her tongue cradles her clit. The tongue is rhythmic in its cat licks. Cheryl's who body seems to purr. She twists into the caresses. Waves of enjoyment roll over her body. Bobbi's arms pull Cheryl's legs close to her head. This increases the connection, the intimacy of the two women.. Bobbi buries herself into Cheryl. Deeply absorbed motions. Overwhelmed by her scent. Cheryl's legs entangle with Bobbi. The two bodies merge in the waves.

The robe is opened flat on the bed. Cheryl is completely naked and Bobbi is kissing the cheeks of her ass. Burying herself in the crack, working her way back to her vagina.

The two women start to eat each other out. A triumph of their shapely bodies. Each rises and falls in the caresses of the other. Ah!

Then the gestures are more assertive as the two are entangled from the waste down, each with her legs spread, their pubic hairs massaging the other as they rub vaginas together.

Bobbi gives willingly and Cheryl has her lips pursed so that she can savor the extreme passion.

II.

Sylvia does not want to yield to the appeals of the seduction. She feels her sedate life has replaced the hectic singles' lifestyle. But her husband is ignoring her.

One night after work she greets him in a see through negligee. Her legs shine underneath the black lace. Her pussy both hides and is revealed.

Derek seems turned on. He leads her to the bedroom and the two are locked in an incredible passion. But after he has climaxed, he goes back to his work for the night. And she is left wondering what happened to her marriage.

She calls her friends Angie who suggest that they meet for drinks. Sylvia dresses, straps on her enticing heels and heads off to meet Angie. Derek doesn't even notice that she is gone.

Angie leads her Sylvia to a men's recreation club where the recreation is sex. Of course, Sylvia is shocked. Angie is prepared for this. While they sip drinks, a man in a suit approaches Angie. She introduced him to Sylvia. Angie take the man's hand and leads him to an upstairs bedroom. He goes inside and starts to take off his jacket and pants. She then takes Sylvia to an adjoining room where she can watch the action through a mirror. She is shocked when she sees

Angie perform oral sex on the man. But he also obliges Angie. Soon the two of them are absorbed by a deep fuck. Sylvia hears Angie's ecstatic screams in the next room.

She haphazardly touches herself, but feels too uncomfortable to do anything more. If she is watching her friend have sex in the one room, who is watching her touch herself in the next room.

The next morning Derek asked her how she slept. He never realized she was gone. The next week he has plans to be away on business.

Sylvia is hurt. She had held back from acting on her desire and this was how Derek is treating her. She is emboldened to go back to the sex club.

Angie has other plans but breaks them to accompany her friend.

Sylvia is in a short red dress. When a rather rough man starts to touch her dress, Angie comes to her rescue. While Angie runs interference a distinguished man enters. He has none of Derek's clumsiness. He is seeking new delight and is drawn to Sylvia. Before they go upstairs together, Angie warns Sylvia that no woman can please Julian.

When she gets up to the bedroom, Sylvia is all unsure of herself. Julian tells her that he knows that she is new and will try to be gentle. She is immediately drawn to him. She kisses himself with real feeling. And he is drawn in her by her utter frankness. She removes his jacket. He undoes the zipper of her dress. As she sits on the bed she starts to cry. What has she lost. He pulls her close and she is reassured by his solidness. She kisses him with everything that she is. He is surrounded by her affection. He falls into her arms. He kisses her neck, whispers in her ear.

–Deep inside you.

This heat wells from inside. She kisses him again. Her loins burn. She wants him. She unbuttons his shirt and rubs her face, her hair along his chest. She kisses him again. The embrace is long and inflamed. She rubs her hands down the side of his body, over his stomach. She is reaching for his penis. It is already erect as he is overwhelmed by the situation. He undoes the clasp of her bra and slides one of her breasts into his mouth. The soft touch, the gentle lick. The two embrace on the bed. He is in his boxers, her in her panties. The dark blue panties makes an appropriate v across her legs. He slides his hand under the panties. The gesture is a strange combination of rough and gentle. She pushes his hand into her. And he is graceful in his massage. She is so ready to take him. He pull off her panties and starts to lick her insides. She flows into him.

–I want you in me.

She pulls off his boxers. They writhe together on the bed. He is satiated with the intensity of her emotion. More and more and deeper and deeper and deeper. Ah!

She is hooked and he starts to believe the connection. Caresses which are at first welcome become expected.

A twinge of guilt comes over her when her husband come back to town. She has sex with him, and he is over come with the new sensation that she awakens.

She tries to beg off the stranger. He is relentless. She agrees to see him once more and he becomes more aggressive in the sex–violent.

–I don't want to see you anymore. I'm going to stop coming here. I love my husband.

III.

Sunny doesn't want to let go of her new found power. She has just broken up with an abusive lover. She realizes how much men really want her. Want her all the time.

Jason meets Sunny in a bar by the beach. They make out in his car but she says that she has to leave. This is all happening too fast.

Her head is still ablaze from her desire when she goes home to Danielle. Danielle's man has stormed out in anger. Sunny starts to console Danielle. She runs her fingers through Danielle's long blonde tresses. Dani smiles.

–Sunny you have beautiful green eyes.

–But they always seem to bring me bad luck in love.

The two girls kiss. Sunny gives Danielle a weird look.

–I'm not really into women.

–I'm not either. But I like to try things. Ever since we started sharing a place together, I've admired your body. Maybe we could...

Sunny pushes her away. But Danielle starts to caress Sunny's hand. She starts to suck on her fingers. Sunny pulls Danielle over and kisses her. Both wear flimsy tops and their breasts seem to burst from them. Both women are caressing the other. Sunny really enjoys sucking on Danielle's ample breasts. She is lost in their comfort.

Now she is lost in her desire. She traces Dani's bellybutton. The sun rimmed tattoo. The ring. A short step to her shorts. She is not wearing underwear. Sunny is drawn to her. What she always felt inside her, she now shares with Dani. Dan is surprised by the ease of her friend's actions. Sunny's saliva mixes naturally with Dani's moistness. She is part of her.

Dani reciprocates her friend's actions. She slides off her shorts and makes time with her. Neither is taken aback by how right this feels.

That next night when Sunny is having sex with some guy that she meets in a bar, she is thinking about Dani. When he goes down on her, she remembers Dani's touch. She goes back to the apartment that morning and Dani gone. She has left a note.

It was too much for her to take. She always loved to experiment, but now she crossed a line. She didn't think that she could go back.

IV.

Celia thinks that she can make a life without sex. She has terrible luck with men. Her friend Rachel seems to be totally free. She uses sex to relieve tension. If a guy catches her fancy at dinner, she'll take him home with her.

Celia figured that if she couldn't be as free as Rachel then it would be better to be alone. One night she's at home reading and she hears a noise in the street. She gets up to see what it is. Nothing's there but when she's looking at a window across the way she sees a man and a woman having sex. He has her spread next to the window and she is sliding herself up and down across his body. Celia imagines that his man is working on her and she is so excited by the experience. She fingers the strap of her panties and starts to massage herself. She gives to the moistness as she notes the man and the woman crazy in their ecstasy. Celia moves her hand to mimic the rhythm of the man and the woman. The three are almost joined in a mystic union.

She finds that she starts to enjoy her ritual. She enjoys prying on this couple, taking what

does not belong to her. It is almost as if they perform for her.

She concocts a scenario where the man has always wanted to approach her but is too afraid. He rents a room across from Celia's window and proceeds to enact his performance each night so that Celia can watch and become wrapped up in the scene.

Perhaps there is more to the story. One day the washer in Celia's place is not working and she has to take her wash to a Laundromat. The man is in there washing his clothes. He gives her a weird look. She gives him a look, as if she know him, as if he knows her.

He goes back to reading a magazine. As she is getting her laundry out of the machine, a sock drops to the floor. Both Celia and the man reach down to pick up the sock. They are face to face, close for the first time. He smiles. She laughs.

She imagines herself in the apartment with the man. He is thrusting in her, pushing her body into the window.

He touches her hand.

--I've never seen you in this place before.

–I normally do my clothes at home. But my machine broke down and I can't get it repaired until Wednesday.

–What are you doing afterwards?

She fumbled with her stuff, her words. What is he asking her?

–I really got to go.

She turns away. He touches her arm.

–Aren't you forgetting something?

A kiss. She wants him to kiss her. She twists away. Her glasses fall off.

–You really have beautiful eyes.

–Beautiful without my glasses.

She is touched. Feels herself melting in his arms. He always seemed so aggressive from the window.

–I know things about you.

What is she saying?

–What?

–I know who you are?

–Of course you do. I remember where we've seen each other before. You take acting lessons in the same building as my dentist. I remember you going in one day. It was all nasty and raining and you came stumbling in there with the biggest smile.

Again she is touched. Please, kiss me.

–Maybe we could go out...

–I just meant for a cup of coffee. I'm married.

–Oh.

So that was his wife.

–You've got an apartment 'round the way.

–Actually, I live downtown. I just have a client in the neighborhood.

V.

Brenda learns that experimenting can have its down side. It was a guy that she picked up

from a coffee shop. Her fantasies have started to run away with her and her man was out of town.

Brenda had been eavesdropping on her fellow employees. So that's why Shannon had got promoted ahead of her. She was having it on with a Senior VP. What a lie.

She had always been so guarded at work. Did her job? Kept to herself. She misses the last train working late at the office. No cell phone. No nothing. She ducks in a coffee shop to see if she can stay with a friend who lives nearby. Worse luck. The friend isn't answering her phone. So she decides to have a snack.

VI.

Shana is a lonely alien pining away for the charms of her home planet. She learns about the appeals of human sexuality from an assortment of earthly Romeos

–You don't have to love someone to have sex with them

Love. Sex. What did all this mean? She saw people doing these things to each other.

Was that love?

You can love someone without having sex.

–Come on, big man. Give me some love.

He smiled.

Was that what she was supposed to say?

–Are you from Mars or something.

–Maybe, a little further away from that.

–Don't they have sex on your planet.

She smiled.

–Women don't enjoy sex at all. But they feel obligated to have it. And men just have orgasms all the time.

He seemed delighted. She didn't understand what she had said. At least it made him entertained.

He tried to kiss her. What the hell was he doing. But he let her keep on. She felt a weird sensation in her body.

Is this love? I want some more.

Wherever he touched, she felt all these strange sensations.

–I like this thing love.

–That's not love. That's pleasure.

–Then pleasure me.

He lifted up her skirt and started to kiss her legs. This tickled a little. He licked around her silver lame panties. He was getting a real kick out of this. He started to rub inside her. She felt uncomfortable but she liked the feeling.

–Why am I here?

–You're here to have fun.

She hesitated as he took off her panties. He began to stimulate her with his tongue. It felt so intense. She couldn't control herself. The flow felt so weird. Like something that she shouldn't be doing. Was this what she was sent to this planet for.

She started to rub his penis. He moved her hand toward his member. It started to get big and hard. Then he put it inside her. It was hard getting it to fit at first. The she was full of the feeling.

He kept it moving inside her. She would feel better if he moved with her.

She felt herself overwhelmed in a swirling emotion. It went all the way down her—inside her deep. She almost forgot about him—just the feeling.

Then it shook her all over. She thought that she was going to die. The roar! All these noises. Her heart sped up. Could the body contain all this feeling.

—I like your love. Give me more.

But he couldn't. After he sprayed all over her, he was sprayed out.

—Can I see your penis?

—What?

Her approach lacked subtlety but it seemed to work. All the big penises in her felt so good.

—Give me you love stick, man!

—Now you love me!

—I like having sex with you. But I don't love you.

—I can make it work really well.

—But you're too much for me.

She was finding out what it was to be used. Not to be loved.

—I want to feel love. But I feel sadness. It hurts inside deep. Is this what sex is?

VII

In a reverse sexcapade send up of Cinderella, Cindy is looking for the perfect fit after being abandoned by her rakish lover. She tries to duplicate his rather checkered reputation by bedding some dubious characters. All in the hopes of duplicating her fortune with a love equally satisfying to her.

It's not the car you drive, it 's the car that drives you. And thus Cindy is off to the races

—And then I followed him down the beach. I mean you knew he was a real stud just by looking at him in his trunks. Tight ass. You just want to kiss it all day. I followed him to this cove. No one was around. And he pulled out his dick. It was already hard. I just sucked him off then and there. Swallowed the cum. It felt so good. Bridget, I love to give blow jobs. Guys just go wild. Of course, Cindy's a loser. No guy would even let them touched her.

Randy looked with hatred at her stepsister Cindy.

—Randy, I don't know why they brought that ugly duckling into our family. Her father is such a gherkin.

They both laughed. Cindy felt mortified. She went back to her kitchen duties. Randy and Bridget went out to sit by the pool

–Am I ever going to escape these monsters.

Her stepmother was no better,

–Maybe if you changed the way you looked, guys would notice you. I mean when I was your age, all the guys wanted me.

–And you gave them exactly what they want.

Roger seemed the perfect antidote to this predicament. Cindy ended up winning a modeling candidate for his agency. This was after her picture had accidentally been sent in with her stepsisters.

She had her own blue convertible. She even became intimate with Roger. He let her live with him in his palatial Malibu home. And she learned all the tricks of the trade. She even learned about his preference for blow jobs. She really learned about that. Not just on a personal level. She was scandalized when she found his video collection of all the other contest winners. It was as if he used his agency to procure him woman.

Two could play the same game. If she had been won over to the appeals of wealth, couldn't she do the same for the men that appealed to her. As her career took off, so did her success with men. It wasn't as if she used a video camera. But she took them places that they had never been before.

–How did you get so good at this?

–I've learned from the experts.

–Did anyone ever tell you that you had incredible lips?

–The better to eat you with, my darling

Cindy certainly became the man eater. But it hardly erased the pain of her initial pain. Roger had betrayed her. It was too easy bringing pool boys back to the house. But she got to a point that she almost wanted to be caught.

–Where did he put the camera?

–What?

–I've been thinking about a new career.

VIII.

Steffie needs her life on screen to help her develop her experimental bent.

Too much of what happened to her was controlled by someone else. It was only on screen that Steffie felt the liberation of her personality

[I was staggering. Total fatigue. Bursting wide open, stunned to the point of unconsciousness. Short of breath, blurring vision.

The tape machine was messing up. Sputtering. The picture flashing in and out.]

–I love the marvelous surprise of giving some guy that I don't know a blow job. It opens up such possibilities. Leaves me totally vulnerable to his wishes.

>>Barely talking. A look. I let him figure me out.

“You’ve got a powerful stare.”

“Pretty much as good as yours.”

“But you were trying to strip me naked with yours.”

“It’s not really..”

“The hell it’s not. Did you like what you see. Do you want to see more of where that’s from?”

“–I’m usually not so forward.”

“–What do you call that then?”

>>He’s thinking that either he’s busted or that I’m just all dirty. But there’s no way that he’s going to walk off.

“I don’t like it in here. It’s a bit smoky. Want to step out for a minute.”

>>In his car, you push him back in his seat, draw open his legs and undo his zipper. Then you just go to work from there. There’s such a sense of excitement that goes along with that. He’ll pretty well try anything with me after that. His face buried in my crotch eating me out while I’m thinking about something else—maybe a guy that I really want

She started to explore her fascination with a brunette with deep coloring. She was bursting out of her golden robe. Steffie wrapped her hands around her breasts and moved her whole body next to Jeanne’s. They just glided back and forth together.

[I need something to concentrate on. The full breasts. Jeanne’s body hunched over. Her panties—a bluish satin.]

Steffie slid her palm along Jeanne’s stomach. The tips of her fingers were exaggerated by her bright nail polish. Spread out they followed the edge of Jeanne’s panties. She pushed the opening and further moved her hand down Jeanne’s abdomen. It wedged in the lips and became wetter and wetter with her repeated stroking. Jeanne turned back to kiss her, and Steffie took her with deep wide kisses. Jeanne continued to gyrate slowly into Steffie’s body.

Steffie massaged her with more and more gentleness. This engaged all Jeanne’s senses. She floated in this ecstasy. The kiss became more and more intense. She exploded in her passion.

Steffie could feel Jeanne open herself more. She absorbed the wave of enthusiasm and this increased her commitment Steffie’s deep touch. That touch was now part of her contortions, and she conveyed that accession to Steffie. Jeanne surrendered with all her soul. Her climaxes were a massive series of cascading mini-climaxes. She almost divided into multiple selves so that she could engage all these enchantments.

She pulled down Steffie’s panties and began eating her out. Steffie swelled with the little catlicks. Jeanne’s luscious dark mane fell over Steffie’s legs. Jeanne gabbbed her butt cheeks so that she could push her face deeper into Steffie’s crotch.

Steffie went crazy. She hooked her leg around Jeanne’s body and pulled her closer. The two balanced together, as Jeanne continued her stimulation. Jeanne plunged her whole hand into her own pussy to match the extremes of her oral inspiration of Steffie.

The two rolled around on the bed and resolved in sixty nine.

There was an air of anguish in Steffie’s face. In reality it was a look of utter acceptance. Enraptured.

Deeper. Her body was overcome by the same reaches of passion. There was a focused tension in her legs that she radiated through her rhythmic answers to her lover.

In another scene, the two women observe a third while she masturbates. Alexis has a playful smile as she absorbs the rippling lifts of her arousal. Her recognition of her summit sends shudder through her whole body. Her whole body resolves to the point of the toes, where she expressed the massive quality of her feeling. Every fiber of her being is given over to this activity.

Steffie and Jeanne smile at each other. Alexis has approached an intensity that neither woman had yet attained. They feed off this image. More than ever they compete for the potential affection of Alexis.

In her vision, Steffie has already gone down on Alexis. Not to be undone, Jeanne waves her sex in Alexis' face. The licking, the sucking, the stuffing, the engorging. So lost in the sex that no other experience can penetrate their concentration.

—This will happen.

Steffie randomly finds a man. She has pressed all the strength of her body into an obliteration fuck. She grips her legs around the man. He thrusts with such force. But he met by a counter force. It is Steffie overcoming her submission to Jeanne. Even an obliteration of Alexis.

IX.

Rachel discovers a secret power whose source is her sexual curiosity.

She touched herself in a place that she had never been touched before. This is her performance for an audience. What would she really allow them to do to her.

Memories of something in a room.

—Is that how you want it. If I do what you say, will you admit to the things that you did to me?

—That's silly.

—No, I'll do even more intense things to you if you admit how you really hurt me.

—I never hurt you.

—Admit to it, and I'll let you go.

Rachel wanted to give full rein to her curiosity.

--Do you want to see what I look like?

--How do you want me to look?

--Athletic. Are you athletic.

--Very. I work out at least twice a day. Would you like to watch me work out. You can spot me as I do my exercises.

--If I say what you want me to say.

--Do you miss me?

--If I do.
 --Would you like me to pay you a visit.
 --If it says what you would like me to say.
 --I sort of do what I feel. If I feel it at the time. How do you want me to feel?
 --I want you to feel good.
 --How does that make you feel?
 --I feel real good too.

She checked herself in the mirror. Could she really make him look good?

--What are you hiding in there?
 --A surprise.
 --How can it be a surprise if I don't get to see it?
 --You'll get to see it. You just can't see it now.
 --How's it wrapped up?
 --It's all tight and shiny. Otherwise, you could see it before the time was right. I wouldn't want that to happen.

--So how long do I have to wait to open it.
 --How long can you hold out.
 --Long enough. I can hold out much longer if you give me something to keep my mind busy along the way.
 --What do you have in mind?
 --Something that takes a long time to think about.
 --I think that I have what you need.
 --Can I get that now.
 --Not so fast. You have to be willing to give up something if you ever expect to get anything out of me.
 --Such as what.
 --Time. You have to be patient. Much more patient.
 --I can only be patient if there's something to hold my attention along the way.
 --I've got something that you can hold.
 --Can I touch it now.
 --It's too far away to touch now. That's why it holds your attention.
 --What could that be?
 --It's going to cost you if you expect me to reveal all my secrets.
 --I'm not going to pay for something that I can get for free.

X.

Brit realizes her future lies in a con job on her former employer.

--Do you want to go for a ride

–I’ve got a car.

–No, silly. That’s not what I mean.

Brit smiled as she got in the car. What the hell was she doing. She was slightly excited about the whole thing.

He drove faster and faster. Tires screeched. What the hell was going on. He turned corners with such a sense of recklessness. Eventually he parked above the city. He held her hand as they looked at the lights.

–I’m feeling tired. I’m a mess I feel that my luck is running out.

–It’s never too late to change your luck—to try something new.

–What did you have in mind?

–A little game.

–I’m tired of games.

–You got in the car.

–That doesn’t mean what you think.

–So.

–This could mean opportunity.

She didn’t think of Ray as her boss. She thought of him as more of a friend. So much for friends. He seemed to have a great life. And here he was asking her to jump at the chance. But it was a good a chance as jumping off this cliff there and then.

He reached over and kissed her.

–*What am I doing?*

She wanted to resist. She didn’t. She just let him take it from there.

--That’s perverse

–What?

–Of course I’ll do it.

She started to feel that there were no limits with him.

–I’ll tie you up and reward you in the morning.

But there was no morning and the promised promotion seemed not to be coming. He had screwed her over.

From this point on, Brit swore revenge. But the best revenge was no revenge at all—the secret conspiracy.

–You’re just some kind of whore

–But a clever one.

–Let’s see what you’re made of.

–No, let’s see what you’re made of. I always thought that you looked so good on screen. that’s what you’re made of

–Are you saying that you taped us

–I thought that it didn’t make any difference to you.

–Well it does!
 –How much of a difference?

Brit got her promotion—a promotion over Ray. I mean if she could screw Ray, why couldn't she screw Taylor—Ray's boss.

She wondered if this was really her life.
 If it was, then she'd give them more to see.
 –I'm a star now—lights—camera-- action.
 Why don't they let me go public with my movies.

XI.

A mysterious patients entices her analyst into a world of deceit and murder.

What was particularly different about this contact versus some other one. The dominant fear that all records had been lost. Everything had to be based on a recollection of the patient. He preferred to put as much out of his mind as possible. That way he could pretend that it was all do to her seduction.

When she first came to him, her silence was unbearable. He tried to prime her with what details that he knew about her experience. He became aware of an immense power on his part. That he could suggest anything to the patient, and she would have to accept it as true.

The fact that he could completely reform her personality left him with a particular fascination. Would she actually yield to any suggestion. Or at a certain point would he start to confront these consistencies. Collections of dust that would reflect her former personality. This residue seemed to threaten his entire task.

His absurd desire was to see her as some sort of servant. That he might give her meaning by commanding her. He asked her to bring him breakfast. To answer his telephone. To go on errands. He didn't think that he was taking advantage of her. He was just giving her structure to reshape her world. But was that enough. What commands might be too intense? What might be inappropriate? How could he strike a chord, maybe a chord too deep in her psyche?

He was a little afraid by her attachment to him. She needed his input. She needed the tasks that he assigned to her to provide some kind of order to her experience. she was devoted to them. But her connection with him seemed to go beyond that point.

Although her time with him was limited, she needed him to walk her back through her experience. How far had she pushed those around her? Could she engage him in the same sort of symbiosis?

Occasionally she would touch him as if she was groping for direction in the dark. He offered a reassurance that someone else might be undergoing a suffering as extreme as hers. In her heart, she really hoped that this was the case. She didn't want to think of herself as a patient. Rather, she started to see herself as an explorer. She knew that he was driven by the same thirst for knowledge. But in her heart, she felt that she had ventured much further than he could have ever gone. In that regard, he was the amateur who needed her commitment to pain to balance his own insecurities. Under these terms, she felt a sense of pride. That he had started the journey

and fallen short. And her wingspan was way more encompassing than his narrow attempt. It gave her a sense of accomplishment to see herself now in this form.

She looked down on his meager attempts. How could he really attempt to tell her to do anything. But in this form, she felt more lonely than ever. He wanted her to feel something more for her. Not to feel pity on her. She wanted him to be really smitten by her.

He felt a sense of gratification in her progress. She had gone way beyond accepting commands. He valued the sense of independence that he now noticed in her actions. But how far could he tolerate this new path. For him, he feared that she was leaving his sphere of influence. He needed her to feel some sense of abandonment so that she might come closer to him again.

He wondered if maybe he was using her affection to make up for what he lacked in his life. She radiated a charm that he had never been able to get close to. The butterfly felt no intrusion at his intimate presence. It frightened him that he was so close. He felt that he was crushing her wings.

If he harbored a desire for her, it became harder to admit to this because she seemed so much a part of his world.

As he reviewed his notes, the story seemed to have changed. There was no one of the give and take that he previously attributed to the event. On that version, she had falsified her dilemma so she could mask a persona of an infinitely more calculated nature. Under those circumstances, his seduction was more of a defense against the threat that she posed to him. He did everything to remember that version of events. Moreover, it lent more credibility to the actions that he took. How he had resisted her advances at the office. She had even stripped naked for him, and he had been very circumspect in neutralizing the situation.

Later, she was involved in some quasi-criminal situation. A murder mystery or whatever. He had been her alibi. Almost in repayment, she bathed him in an even stronger light. He could not take the intensity of its rays. Now he felt himself totally overcome by this brilliance. It made him unstable. Beyond that, he was stunned completely by this light.

In memory, he could smell her with such intensity. Way beyond the sick turn of the perfume, he was drawn in by a more pungent scent. This impression was so intense on him and seemed to overwhelm all his experience. How had he been able to extricate himself from this nightmare. At this point, he was a pawn in a blackmail scheme. He had served his purpose. He had confronted a madness of his own creation. But this creation had become more and more complex. What had he been searching for? The perfect alibi.

She sat on the desk and her black hose pressed tightly against her legs. Her ass spread out and seemed fuller, sexy. She spread her legs slightly and her feet rested on his chair. When he kissed her, her kiss was slightly acidic. It turned him on. She knew that this would shake him up slightly, that it would just push him over enough. He would stop thinking of her as a patient, and start thinking of her as a lover. She got a kick out of the game. There was really no risk to her. She was too far gone to worry about it.

And he was so thick in imagining it, **IT**, that when he touched it, he would already be long gone. She relied on it. When he got in, really inside, she'd be so far in his skull, that he'd

already be paralyzed. What else could he do? He'd just be totally immobile while waiting for another shock. BOOM!

XII.

Elle is treated to a rocky introduction into the sex industry

What started as an economic arrangement just ended up being the worst disaster in her life. Sure he had a fast car, an elegant house. But it wasn't like he was going to share his treasures. Instead, he was more or less renting her time.

Rather quickly she lost interest in her lover. Instead she developed a fascination for a visionary. She felt that she was face to face with her fate. For him, a tattoo on the small of her back measured her intimacy with her ex-lover. He watched her, her legs crossed. That strange look of hers.

--If you're completely free--it's a madness

>>You can sense the danger.

>>We look to them, trailblazers who have got lost along the way. That they went as far as the could go. And then just in back of them are people like you, holding on for some glimpse of meaning. A bright ray through all the soot.

He felt that he saw a side of her that she had kept hidden from her lover.

--For a moment we share it, and you need me to lead you back to some clarity. Otherwise, you just wake up to the same hell.

But it was so much easier to go back to the house.

--I don't need a harbinger of death. I just want to escape the hell of my life,

For a moment her lover seemed like a breath of fresh air.

--You have to follow your liberty. Explore in public.

What was the source of his vision.

--I need you to risk what you have. to go to that point when you can't restrain yourself. when the utter nakedness of your desire is left in the air to heal.

--What are you trying to say?

--That you're going to slip down much worse than you have before. And if you try to catch yourself, you'll only slip up more.

The muscles on her legs hugged the bone. She had cast off the inessential, only the invitation. She slipped on the heels. She stroked her body. The tight thighs and abdomen. She turned around to look at her ass.

This was all in anticipation of her future audience. She recognized that once married to them that her lover would become her ex.

It becomes so easy to exchange intimacies with stranger. So easy for them to respond to her flesh. How they could appreciate how the folds of fabric silhouetted her form.

She stripped. The crossing of the arms. The controlled revelations.

Who was she talking to and how long before he was going to try and pierce the veil? she could already tell that he wanted her body. But he was dealing with a greater immediacy.

--How well are the two of you getting on together.

But again she thought about the lover and how little he had given her. Now was the time to exact her revenge. She chuckled contemplating her new powers.

The stage gave her the chance to boil down her charms to a few select gestures. Everything for their attention. Sort of a contract.

She felt the same thing with her lover. But the contract was losing its efficiency and he had saved himself all too well. Wasn't there something that he could offer her for time served.

She gave herself to the new arrangement. Love and the bright lights.

The visionary watched her naked. he staged at her ribs. Then her pussy. Saw him inside her. But held fast to his resolve.

XIII.

Sam realizes that the only way to live, really live is to play outside the lines.

She's on the verge of getting married when she discovers her ne'er-do-well fiancé is double-dealing with another woman. Oh No! She is mortified. She goes to her friend Carmel for consoling but Carmel tells her that this is not a defeat but an opportunity. Sam has spent her whole life giving her desire to a man rather than taking what she needs from her lovers.

–It never works out that way. A man makes you all kinds of promises and then just gives his affection to someone else.

–Sam, you just haven't learned to appreciate what you have. What you can get with what you have. Whatever you do, you can't give away your heart.

Carmel works in a house of enjoyment where the men trade their lives for the delights of pleasure guides. The risks are immense. But pleasure creates its own rewards.

Dominic attempts to introduce Sam into this kaleidoscope of joy.

–You have erected this cage out of your desire. Sex can't be a chore.

–I've always had fun. I've enjoyed myself.

–It's more than that. You only had fun if he let you have fun. You only pleased yourself in anticipation of his return. I want to watch you just touching yourself.

Sam has dressed the part. She is in a short graceful black dress where the skirt flutters outward and almost begs for a rude summer breeze to speak its invitation. She has adorned her look with red high heeled sandals. The back straps seem to come undone so shoe dangles from the extended toes. They mimic the intensity of her hunger as her long fingers with nails polished silver ride their way up her legs, around the cheeks of her ass, and find their resting place underneath her blue panties. The panties compete with the movements of her fingers and add to the excitement of the voyeur. Her thick lips, a red metallic lipstick, are paralyzed in their reply to her stroking. The panties become more crumpled in the process as more and more is revealed. They are both a barrier to his view and imposition that goads him to a deeper reverie. But she is immersed in an even more profound reverie. One that has little need of his presence. And this inspires her more. That she can sustain herself while suspending him in the eternity of his appetite.

This is where she yields. He peels off her dress and swallows and is swallowed up in the mass of flesh. Her breasts so tempting and so meager against the intensity of his want. His erect penis seems to fade into her. His gyrations punctuated by the motion of her sandaled feet planted on the bed. Dominic is hers and hence the ultimate fear.

Carmel has watched the progress of her novice. A not disinterested viewing. Her white cotton dress has fallen below her breasts. With one hand she touches her breast. her other hand

is more adventuresome. Not wearing any panties, she makes her way through her mass of enjoyment.

–A woman is much better at offering pleasure to another woman. She knows what she needs.

And she figures that she does. Alone together in Carmel's room, the two start to explore in a way that startles Sam. Carmel is no stranger to the ways of the tongue and the surrender that is offered by a woman's body. Even with Dominic, Sam had held back. But once she crossed that threshold with Carmel, she gave and gave and gave.

She now learned that she could save that power and dispense it with man after man. But Dominic felt that he had offered something to Sam that demanded repayment. This was the threat, the risk.

–This is like some kind of crime. I've given you something and now you try to pretend that this is nothing. You've broken one of the cardinal rules of love-making.

–No. I've learned that there are no rules. You helped teach me that.

He tied her up to make love. At first, she thought that she was just yielding to her own pleasures. Something unexpected in desire that just let go, that surprises, that confuses, that overwhelms.

But she wanted to turn this confusion off and she could not. She was his prisoner.

–I don't like this.

She could sense this aggression in him as if he's cross the line if she didn't give him what he wanted.

And he still had that ability to invade her and just hang there imposing. She had escaped her fiancé for this.

XIV.

Syrena realizes that the only way to really play is to get serious about lovemaking.

–Do you think that there's a book that could teach me how to make love better.

Syrena was lying under the covers in a peach colored night gown.

–You do just fine.

Josh looked at himself in the mirror as he tied his tie.

–But I feel like there's something more.

–You're just perfect for me.

–That's it. I feel that I'm perfect for you but not perfect for me.

–You have to learn to surrender.

–Surrender. I've given my whole life to you. What more can I surrender.

She thought about this more as she floated in the pool. Why hadn't Josh said more. Was there more to be said. She always felt exhausted after their love rituals. Not just satiated, but hollowed out. She felt that she could see everything about Josh and she didn't enjoy what she saw, not at all..

All his motivation began and ended in the futility that he brought to his passion. Evan is an old friend from college who she runs into at the health club. Evan had gone out with her roommate Beverly but Evan and her always seemed to hit it off so well. Syrena lost touch with the both of them when she moved to California and she just assumed that they had got married.

Funny how there seemed to be that old spark between her and Evan. The next day she went down to Evan's studio. His photographs were amazing. And she wished that Evan could find her soul like he had in his subjects.

He took a number of pictures of her. They developed together. His hand brushed hers, and they held in that silent frozen moment.

–What am I doing? You're a married woman now.

–Evan, I'm not happy. I want you to make love to me.

–I've never been like that. I just don't jump into things.

The next few minutes were awkward as they continued developing pictures. The longing expressed in one of the shots—her turning towards the camera.

–You can't rescue me Evan. But I need you.

He thought about her all night long. He couldn't sleep until he was lost in a fantasy about his former love. He eavesdropped as Beverly changed for bed. Syrena came out of the bathroom wrapped in her terry cloth robe. She approached Beverly from behind. A total shock for Beverly. She buried her face in Beverly's golden locks. The morning spoke of passion.

Evan massaged himself as he watched the lazy caresses of the two women. The muscles open up. The extensions of flesh and hair. Kisses and embraces of the tongue. As Beverly licked Syrena, he eased himself into an aroused Syrena.

Had he had this dream before. Had he attempted to enact this fantasy. What had frightened Beverly away. Did he want more than she could ever give. Did she want to play it safe.

He couldn't mess up Syrena's life to get back at Beverly. But he wanted to follow through with his curiosity.

XV.

Jill realizes that a deeper love forces causes her to sacrifice a most intense sexual experience.

[Is this leading somewhere?]

It was Jill's honeymoon in the Virgin Islands. She had gone to the beach for a morning swim. Randall was still recovering from the party of the night before. Terry was a native to the islands. An Australian, he relocated years before. He understood their charm and was ready to offer them to a willing visitor.

–You look like you've had a rough night.

–You can tell.

–Even with that hangover haze, you still give the sun a run for its money. We know a cure down her that would do you good.

–Anything that I can get.

As she drank down she was filled with a quenching of a more complete thirst, something way beyond the hangover.

–This stuff is toxic. Let me have another.

She whiled away the day with Terry and his homemade remedy.

–I'm married. That's why I'm down here.

She now spoke of her marriage as if she had just painted her toe nails green or some other whim. She felt herself drawn under a narcotic spell. Feeling mixed with gesture. Long tropical kisses.

In a place she had never been before, her night with Randall seemed an anti-climax. She stared in space during dinner. Later, even his caresses seemed hollow. Was it fatigue that again sent him into a slumber after love-making.

As in a dream she wandered the night enticed by a cinnamon scent. A striking tanned presence. A woman submerged in the ocean stream. The waters lapping her legs, the tides reaching inside her, beckoning. This is how Jill wanted to feel her body. And she was twisted around these currents. The pungent sex. Spiced flesh. Flowered kisses.

She could not imagine returning to Randall's bed. And she did not. She spent the rest of the night with Terry. The two of them rose and fell like the waves outside his hut. She gave without any sense of shame. And he welcomed her candor.

XVI.

Abandoned by her lover, Kara finds comfort in immensity of her appetites.

What's that sound in the other room. Only the echo of her cries against the walls. This sadness was too overwhelming. Crying at the least little sound, crying in anticipation of that echo. Had her sorrow been that unexpected. Wilson was not the most imaginative lover. Or had he really saved his imagination for someone else. Hence his long business trips.

Kara stumbled against the wall as she tried to leave her room. Collapsing in the hallway. This was all too much for her. More than she could ever bear.

Jean brought over some wine. She hope to cheer Kara up. She didn't realize she'd find Kara like this, in the darkness in the hallway. She fed her wine like nursing a baby. Somehow she got Kara smiling. When she helped her to her feet, her face got really close to Kara's. Kara started kissing Jean. Maybe this was what she needed.

But Jean was taken aback by Kara's aggressiveness. She figured it was the wine. But the two finished the bottle and started on some that Wilson had left. Jean never realized that she could be this free.

She was on her knees before Kara the next night that they prepared to go out. Something had awakened in both of them. The heels and the tight skirt were irresistible and Jean's tongue traveled the way up the long legs. Kara moved her skirt up to accommodate Jean's advances.

–Look. That guy's staring at you. Do you think he knows you're not wearing underwear. The escapades of the apartment carried over to the bar that night.

–He does now, Jean.

–He's coming over here.

–I think that you embarrassed him.

But the embarrassment proved temporary.

–I don't really like having sex in public places, with strangers moreover.

–He felt so right.

Kara massaged herself as Bill penetrated Jean. He had followed them home from the bar. That's what friends are for. But despite his attraction for Jean, there was a magic in Kara that he could not resist, he would not resist. As he licked Jean, his face exploring this overly aroused partner, he pulled Kara over and eased himself into her. After Bill left, the women expressed amazement about their utter lack of inhibition.

–I'm just afraid that I can't control this. How do I say no?

–If he looks good...you know what I mean. Why hold yourself back?

–I'm just afraid that I want more than this. It seems too easy. Bill, the guy in the bar. I feel like it could have been anybody. That wasn't even me who did those things. It was the wine or my depression.

–Kara, you've never done anything like this before in your life. Accept it for what it is and enjoy it. Some day it'll seem even more magical and hold on to that.

–You seem to talk from experience. What about you and Bill?

–Bill's that way. Bill and I are that way. I learn to accept it, to enjoy it.

–You talk like this is something that you do all the time.

–It's something that we all do. Even when we commit to someone, we're always testing our powers. Seeing how far we can push and not give in.

–That sounds like the route to danger in itself.

XVII.

Tammy doesn't realize how far her experiments will take her.

She was on vacation from a stressful job. She had always wanted to go to San Francisco and finally gave in to her passion. It had been a long day of tourism, Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, the Cannery District. She was sitting alone at the bar of an out of the way place.

–I can see that you are a stranger here. Perhaps you could use a guide.

–I really don't...I can't...people that I don't know.

What did she have to lose. She motioned him to sit next to her.

–I'm Karl.

He had a worldly air. Something intimidating to a girl from Omaha.

–This city has charms that few visitors see.

She wondered why she let Karl lead her on, but off they went. It started calm enough. Dancing at a small cavern. Local performance art. But then the performances got really weird.

The Lizard was located in an alley way. Membership seemed required and Karl was her ticket inside. Long stairs, very narrow, very difficult to negotiate in heels led to the dungeon. Patrons gathered around a woman spread upside down on a rack while a man kissed her, explored her every perfume.

–I'm feeling sick.

Tammy almost fell over, but Karl braced her. The reality hit her as she turned away from the performance to see a leather boy performing fellatio on another. Where was she. What was expected from her.

–I've got to go. I can't.

She woke up in a room filled with hushed red light. She was in a bed. People around her. She didn't struggle. She welcomed what came next. Her initiation. While one man massaged her feet, another woman kissed her face. A third undid her dress and opened her bra. Her breasts gave way to the freedom, the cat licks of her partner. By the time that Karl slid off her panties she felt totally part of this numbing experience. His tongue crawled inside her. His fingers filled the cavity, moved up to her clit. Oh wow. She gave and received. They all took part.

In the hotel the next morning she was afraid to admit to what she had undergone. This had seemed all perverse, but still it was so much part of her. How could she top this. She wandered in the mist of Golden Gate park that day. Everything else got put on hold.

She returned to the same bar where it had all started that night.

–You were lucky to get out of there alive.

Shelly filled Tammy in on the intrigues of the sexual underground.

–It was so exciting.

–And once you become part of their circle, they won't let you spin out.

–You don't know how really wonderful it was.

–As long as you give them what they want. But once you resist.

–You have to know the boundaries, what you are getting into before you start.

–It never works that way. They always like to ask more than you can ever give them.

XVIII.

Deanna knows that her journeys have a hidden side. She doesn't know how really frightening is her secret life.

Their kisses are so deep. Not reserved for anyone particular. This excites Deanna. What had led her to these dens of pleasure. Hidden lives for those locked in servitude at the office.

The hand of the whip rubbed along leather. Its insistence encouraging the unzipping, the plunging, the gorging, the satiation.

To watch others offer such invitations. Men obliged Lyla's strange offer. Deanna got hot just watching. Tim was new to the place and caught Deanna's eye as she gave into her fascination.

–There's something so perverse about this place. you can see how these people's everyday programming just gives into this mechanical sex.

–It only looks mechanical. Everyone here is participating. Every glance, sway, touch combines to give this place its total energy. There is no possession here. Everyone has escaped from their real world, from their intrusive lovers, from their crazed husbands, from their obsessed pursuers.

–You really don't know how to play. You have to let me go.

It's just natural to get attached to this sort of thing.

XIX.

After losing a bet, Angie's luck takes a turn for the worst until she pulls a trick of her own. Angie met a beaming Claire for dinner. She had just married Phil.

–Every love has its price. No one can hold her lover's interest permanently. The flesh fades and withers. And there's always a newer flame to strike the fancy.

–And you don't know Phil.

–That's just the glow of new love, Claire.

–Real love.

–You don't know it's real if it's not tested.

–What are you telling me?

–That it may seem real for now, but brace yourself. You just can't trust men.

–Angie, those days are gone.

Or were they gone? Did Angie feel jealous of her friend's love or of her friend's lover.

–This is pure love. I'm over the games of my youth, Angie.

–Those games keep your lover interested. Love is never something that's pure.

Was this her challenge? Such cruelty had never really crossed Angie's mind before.

Even if she realized that Phil's love was not real, it was not her place to come between her friend and her new love. But she wondered if this love might not have its down side.

When she first met Phil, her worst fears were confirmed. He couldn't take his eyes off Angie all dinner. Surely Claire suspected something. But if she didn't, Angie wouldn't be the one to burst her bubble.

That night Angie tossed and turned. She felt overwhelmed by her guilt. What could she do?

–What if we met somewhere?

–What are you saying to me?

–You know. You see what I see.

–Good night, Phil.

–Are you scared?

–I'm not frightened about things I know. And I know that you're a real pig.

–And Claire's told me about you.

–And she told me that those days are over for her.

–The days of working guys in tandem.

–Those things are private and in the past. No sex is good enough to destroy a friendship.

Lying on the bed naked, Angie peeled off the covers. She placed her spread legs on Phil's shoulders. He pressed down on her feet. He was gathering her sexual energy into him. He started to kiss her ankles and worked her way around the bone. He could already feel her intimacy pierce his inner spirit. Ravenous in his kisses he immersed himself in her flesh. The smooth calf. His tongue worked its way up the lower leg. He buried himself the angle of flesh behind knee. The tension between this immediacy and the immensity of her complete desire. Buried in her sex. Up her thighs and lost deeper inside her. Now drenched by the scent, his union was complete in the physical. She drew him into her and they faded in their commingling. Nothing remained in reserve. They rode this tidal disturbance as it held them in its suspense. And when the wave rode over the wave, the two swirled in this massive flow.

The scene repeated with him on his knees before her on the bed. His drool mixed with her juiciness, her utter candor before him. And this saturated flow encouraged his entry into her, and she took him inside.

His tongue worked its way around the curves of her butt cheeks. Plunged deep into her flower.

–What did Claire ever do to you?

–It’s not a crime to be a beautiful woman. But that doesn’t mean that those around her might not feel justified resentment.

–You seem more vile than I could ever be.

All those nights of men preferring Claire over her had finally come to its resolution. But when Angie looked at herself in the mirror, she felt the same resentment towards Claire that she had always felt.

XX.

Suzie gets embroiled in Jack’s revenge plot against Miller.

Miller loved the adventure, the chase. But he held a preference for the easy resolution. If not for the intensity of his passion, revenge would have been the priority of his former lovers. But Jack was not so forgiving. He has submitted a story to Miller’s magazine. Miller rejected the story in a rather mechanical fashion. But details of Jack’s story reappeared in one of the stories of Kate Symons a couple of months later.

–Do you know what this means?

–Means.

–He stole my story.

–So sue him.

–It’s not that simple, Suzie. Symons is too good at theft. And if she’s done it once. She knows how to change the details, and Miller just lets her.

–Miller has his own skills.

–But self-defense may not be one of them.

--Maybe if we just left well enough alone.

–I’ve tried.

–And you can’t use this as an excuse to slide back.

And Suzie’s tight muscular body had that effect on him. If she pledged herself to him in sex, then maybe she’d be the perfect ally in his plot to snare Miller.

Miller had been a real prick with his recent lover. He had introduced her to the world of publishing. Got her work noticed. But all this had come at a price. And when Kate’s seemed to resist his further advances there was the threat that she might fade from her favored position. So it was no trouble for him to keep her interested.

But Miller was starting to lose interest. He wanted to keep Kate but not give himself to her. And so Suzie found her way in. She first approached Miller about a project that he had with the publishing house. How authors from the magazine would be featured in a first novel series. But Suzie got him interested in some of her own work. Suzie had a real voice. She understood the appeals of the sexual narrative. She could bring real life to the matters of the physical. Almost clumsy in her innocence, her explorations gave way to a formidable passion. Ingenues

let loose in a candy store of smut. Miller projected his own fantasies on Suzie and she seemed to totally oblige.

–I'm glad that you could make it here for an editing session.

–The only thing that we're going to be editing is your text.

Miller smiled before her frankness.

–There's a real freshness to your style.

–Too fresh for you.

–Touche.

Her hand slid under his pants and massaged his penis. As they stumbled to the ground, her skirt rode up her legs. He ripped her panties and made his way in.

He slept well that night. Perhaps too well. An attachment for Suzie enveloped him and along with this a vulnerability to her designs.

She sealed her alliance with Jack that night. Her body seemed to open up in ways that Miller could never offer. But Jack seemed totally absorbed by his revenge plot.

Naked, Suzie massaged herself while lying naked in front of Miller. His arousal seemed to recall a feeling that she had formerly shared with Jack. Jack could still touch those hidden parts of her. But he could no longer acknowledge this power. For Miller she was still new.

Her breasts peeked at him in their firmness. He filled his mouth with her taut flesh. Her kisses and his penis inside her.

–I can't stop this feeling that I have for you.

Already the poison was starting to take effect.

–It's in the champagne.

He forced me to help him.

XXI.

Essie discovers that she has desires for the exotic way beyond those that she can imagine.

--Every woman loves to be looked at. To have men want her.

–Cinny, that's one thing. But to act on those desires. That's something completely different.

–But if you can't act on your desires, what good are they?

–I just don't want some nasty guy taking home his mental picture of me and acting on his desires.

–And that only makes him want you more. And when you refuse him. Eat your heart out baby! That's power.

For a moment the alcohol flashed an image around Essie's brain. Every man in the place going down on her. Then she just panicked

–I've had to much to drink Cinny. I just have to get home.

–What are you thinking about? I can see that look on your face.

And she had that look. When she got home Essie took a long bath and beneath the suds she could feel an energy. She stretched her smooth wet legs across the mouth of the tub. She stretched her arms across the legs and her hands slid down. Down into the water. Down into her. As she touched herself, she daydreamed about one of those rude men licking the corner of skin stretching down from her thigh. He just edged the borders of her hairs and she felt a

prickling excitement. She welcomed his tongue as it worked its way around her sugar walls. As he plunged himself deep into her. She writhed to the rhythm of this fantasy, stroked to the ripples of passion.

–Take me.

Her dream lover was ready and entered her with all his pride.

She melted and slid beneath the bath water. A heat wave spread all around her.

The next night at the bar Essie got a massive charge as Cinnamon slid her top beneath her breasts. All the guys were watching her and Essie was envious of this attention. Cinny shook her head back and forth and her hair was aflame. It was all so public, all so new for Essie. if she could only be this open.

The next week Cinnamon arranged a photo shoot for Essie. Guy London was impressed with her gentle style. Her inhibitions were the source of her smile. From a shawl covering her nakedness to the suggestive wisp of her pubic hairs, London captured these moods of Essie. and when she looked at the prints, she was looking at another girl. Becoming another girl. If she could radiate this power in print, what awaited in the real world.

Back at the club she bought a producer's line about a film role. Bought it because she wanted to explore for herself. Explore how much she was attached to her curiosity. how she could make a man subservient to her whims.

–Can you feel that? Do you like that?

If she could just push her appeal to the point that he thought about nothing else, and then held that promise away from him. If he wanted her so bad, and she gave that charm to every other man around.

–Bring it on.

She could slip off her shirt and dance around in her bra. Even her bra and panties, a bikini. But there's no way that she could ever go further than that. It was one thing to do that for Guy London. And another if she shake it in private. But there was no way that could give it up in public.

That venomous wriggle around the pole. The vicious slink as she flashed her panties. As her skirt hiked up her legs.

Now the image was of these ruffians who couldn't get to sleep as they lusted after her. the hand sands and the somersaults. Legs held together then whirling like the arms of a windmill.

–I know what you're thinking about...something moist and sweet and peachy ripe.

–And I know what you're thinking about.

She watched him fingering a stack of twenties. The power to separate these guys from their money. She licked her finger and slid it glistening under her panties.

–You wish that you could touch me.

And he did as he gripped his money tighter.

She held her knees together while she sat on the bed. And she supplied just enough resistance to give them both pleasure as he pulled them apart.

–Oh Essie.

And his money would guarantee that this passion would not stop with his meager advances. She was opening herself up to a world of men.

XXII.

Jenna can't trust herself under the watchful eye of her boss's son.

Ben was so intent on what he was watching that he wondered if it wasn't him participating. He knew he was doing something pretty bad when he first directed his telescope across the way. It had been one thing to gaze at the stars. But now his gaze was anything but golden.

Alysse's night time performances first had the magic of a Vegas show. But the showgirl had an unexpected audience. She dipped and floated as she seduced an unseen lover. And unknown to her she had a new fan. But Ben's autoerotic moments were disturbed when the unseen lover revealed himself. His leather mask and erect member, all so provocative.

Ben couldn't let this surprise stop his fantasy. It was the man in the mask who was now his stand in. He did the things that Ben imagined. He had the stamina that Ben could only wish for. He had the adoration of Alysse that Ben craved. How far could he push this scene?

He didn't have to wonder as the man introduced strangulation into the performance. Alysse held on through the experience. Her eyes at the back of her head. Did he need to rescue her? But as the flush dissipated she was full of an even more intense bliss.

–I'm starting to really enjoy this. This make me afraid.

Ben was getting adept at reading lips.

–We've just started the games.

–That's what really frightening me.

Maybe this was just too much for Ben. He thought about stopping his viewing. But he was getting attached to Alysse. Maybe he could rescue her from this son of a bitch.

As she drifted under the spell of the mask, Ben wondered if this wasn't his cue. She fell under one more time. But this was her last call. She didn't come up for air.

The ghastly vision sent pangs of guilt reverberating through Ben's body. What if he had only trained his telescope at another house. For a moment this seemed to offer him solace. He watched his Dad's secretary as she came out of the shower. Jenna's body still shone in the mist. She dabbed the towel across her breasts and along her arms. She rubbed her breasts more vigorously.

What the hell was he doing? He could sense that had become addicted to the sadistic scenes of Jenna. Would Alysse go the same way? He needed to talk to someone.

–What have you been doing? Are you some kind of psychotic?

–I didn't do anything. I was just watching.

–You know what that's like. You know how that makes me feel knowing that you were watching me.

–I was watching her.

–Then how did you know that I was home?

–I saw your light on.

–You need to call the police.

–And tell them what.

–Tell them what you saw.

–That I've been watching this obsessive sex scene and just going along with it.

–Tell them what you saw.

- What did you see?
- That you saw your father kill his lover.
- What?
- Your father.
- How do you know that?
- He did the same thing to me. I just told him that I couldn't keep doing this.
- And he found someone else.

XXIII.

Bobbi realizes that her sexual excitement is controlled by an external force.

Derek booming voice filled the Miami night with spicy sex talk. Not just your lonely hearts, the audience.

--Just when things seemed to get going, I just freeze up. There's something in me that won't let me enjoy sex.

–When you look in the mirror, what do you see?

–I don't know any more.

–If you don't know, how can you be loved. I want you to sit before a mirror. Now, tell me how it feels.

–I can't look

–No, come on. You need to look.

–I don't feel right about this.

–It doesn't hurt to look at yourself.

–Don't say that.

–Maybe you're not wearing the right clothes. I need you to change. Take off your clothes. Strip down to your panties.

–I can't.

–Come on. You're with a man who really cares for you. He's really into your body. I want to imagine that he's close to you. How do you feel?

--I'm feeling all hot. All tingly inside.

–What do you want to do?

–I want to feel good.

–Just give in to that feeling.

–How can I do that?

–You're feeling it deep.

–How do that?

–It's all tender. I'm giving in to the touch.

–What touch?

He had her sighing on the air. Every woman around the city was being turned on by his voice.

Bobbi touched herself deeper and deeper. She reached so far inside herself and she made it work with such conviction. She orbited around this feeling. She turned the switch like she would turn a volume switch. And she just pored inside herself. She melted within and without.

The night demanded that she find Derek. He always stopped by Sensaround after work. Bobbi was waiting. Legs all the way up to her neck. He lost himself in that first glance.

–I'm sure I know you.

–Are you always so confident?

–I know what I want. And you know who I am. What's more is there?

–Personality.

–Well, let's go back to my place and you can show me that wonderful personality.

–And if I don't.

–You can always catch me on the radio.

–I've got a pretty good imagination.

–That's not all you got.

Maybe it was one thing to act it out in private, but this might have been going too far, even Bobbi.

Oh well, what the hell. Let's see how far this goes.

XXIV.

Sara gets more than she bargained for when she thinks that she can double cross Tom.

–I didn't cheat on you because I stopped loving you. I didn't cheat on you just to cheat on you. I just couldn't get through to you anymore

–What the hell is that supposed to mean? Is this something that you prepared to say to me. 'cause it sure doesn't make any sense.

–There were things about myself. Things that made me feel empty--really bad--and you didn't help. I tried to talk to you. Even physically you seemed to stay in that shell of yours. And I met men who made me feel good about myself. I'm not saying that feeling helped, but it meant something for me just for a while. And I like that feeling. Maybe it was just that consistency that I craved. But it did it for me. And you weren't listening at the time.

–And now you think that we can salvage this marriage.

–It's not about the marriage. It's about us.

–It's not about the marriage. It's about the sex. Was the sex better with those guys that you met?

Sara had gone over to Willie's after work with a number of coworkers. By the time the night wore down it was down to her and Tom and Ellen. She had suspected that Tom had something going with Ellen and this seemed like the perfect time to cut out. Ellen had taken a bit longer in the bathroom and Sara decided to leave when she got back.

–You're getting along with you husband Sara. What's your secret?

–There's no secret. I'm just happy.

–Happy. Really happy?

–Yeah.

She smiled in a rather blank way.

–My marriage has been going down the tubes. I've got a confession to make. Ellen and I have been having an affair. Or had an affair is more accurate. I think that she assumes since Jolene and I are breaking it off that this is going to be our big chance. That's why she's hung

around so long tonight. I don't want to go home with her.

When Ellen came back, Sara made some excuse about having had too much too drink. Ellen agreed to drive her home and Tom took a taxi since he lived in the opposite direction.

–Is there something that you want to tell me, Sara?

–What?

–I saw you and Tom talking pretty intently. I assume that he told me.

–I'm your friend Ellen. You could have told me something.

–The way that things have been is more like I was your friend. Something's happened to me. I'm not really the same anymore. You don't know what it's like. I think about it all the time. I was afraid that the way that I was carrying on that everyone knew about me and Tom. We'd have sex on breaks. I'd just have to look at him and get wet. Jim never suspected a thing. And I'm sure glad.

–Are you and Tom going to break it off?

–I was going to meet him at a motel tonight. That's probably why he cut out so quick. You know that he's getting a divorce. I just thought.

But it was Sara who was really doing the thinking. Wondering about what it was like to just be completely absorbed by sex all the time. She and Ron had their moments when they were kids. But it was so clumsy and Ron had always seemed to get the best of the situation. Now sex just seemed like something that she should do.

She didn't know what was getting into her when she called Tom from home.

–Tom that was really a shitty thing to do to Ellen tonight. I talked with her for a while and she seemed really depressed.

–It's better that we end it now.

–End it now that you've had your fun.

–I just don't want her to think that I'm divorcing Jolene for her. Jolene have had troubles even before I met Ellen.

–What kind of troubles?.

Sara had always liked Tom. he had seemed so polite. he had helped her with her accounts when she had first started at the company. And all that she could think about were those muscular shoulders reaching over for her. Pulling her in.

–I think that you need to do something to make it up to Ellen.

Something ended up being drinks for Sara and Tom the next night—drinks alone.

–I know that you that you and Ron have been doing really well together. I thought that you could give me advice on how to deal with Ellen.

–Advice. Ellen is taking antidepressants. You've been a real prick to her.

–It's not like that at all. I can't keep pretending that I love her when I don't.

–You don't love her.

–I like having sex. Really good nasty sex. Anywhere. Any time. And Jolene couldn't appreciate what I gave her.

–Couldn't appreciate it, or caught you cheating.

–It's the same thing. You only cheat because your lover can really satisfy your needs. How those words would come to haunt her.

At that moment, it seemed that Tom knew what a woman's needs were and how to satisfy

them.

–I want to lick those sugar walls of yours. Lick them clean.

She tingled hearing him say that. Tingled for his naughtiness. Tingled because she was caught in the chain reaction. That Tom, this stud, preferred her over Ellen. Friendship be damned. Hadn't Ellen said as much?

Sara's initiation with Tom didn't last long. She got what she wanted. Her revenge for womanhood. After all, Tom still wanted her when they broke up. But she had moved on to a regional sales rep. Tom had taught her something about herself. About her powers.

This was what she tried to convince her husband of. But Ron was hurt.

–You just became some kind of fuck toy. And now you want me to take you back.

–Only if you want me back.

Ron felt that he could finally break this chain. From him the magic had drifted away.

–And I'm special to you as long as you can fuck me when you please. That game was over in high school.

–So what are you going to do. Become a tramp.

–I've got money. A good job. I'm the best salesperson in the Southeast.

–But you're a lonely person.

–You should know. You made me that way.

Sara needed to get out. She needed a man that night. Not one of her old flames.

Someone new and fired up.

After he closed the motel door, a sinking feeling came over Sara. It was not like she wanted to go back home. Nothing beat the kind of high that she felt at that moment. She lit a cigarette and stared into space..

XXV.

Fawn's vacation only reminds her of her troubles.

It wasn't as if Lamont had caught Fawn with another man. But she knew the worst was coming and she decided to get out of L.A. Phoenix seemed like a good place to get away. As her plane touched down, she thought about that last night with Steve. If she stayed any longer in L.A. things were going to start getting evil. She could still feel Steve's tongue sailing inside of her.

Once she got settled at the hotel, she headed down for the pool. One of those umbrella drinks and the potent Arizona sun sent her into trance. And in that trance she imagined Steve's chiseled body shaped by her gentle caresses. They stumbled around the entryway to his apartment. And their clothes melted away in the fire.

But the fire was the torrid noonday. His sure hand slid down her naked back until met by her grip. With his other hand, he worked his way up her thigh.

–Are you new to Phoenix? Do you need a guide.

She was startled out of her reverie.

–Steve?

–No. my name is Chris.

–Sorry. My name's Fawn. I was back in L.A.

–Unfaithful husband.

- What?
- Your ring?
- I'm on a business trip.
- By the pool.
- OK. I just had to get away from my husband. For good.
- I could help you get over a bad love.
- Love just doesn't work that way.
- I could just help you get over.
- I don't really work like that.
- So what makes you tick?
- I wish I knew.

And she wondered if she really did know. Or was she like a watch time piece ticking away by some unseen mechanism. As Fawn reached up to shade her eyes from the sun, she brushed Chris's arm.

--Sorry. It's been a long flight.

Chris undid his robe and sat in a long chair in his white boxer-style suit. He had that deep Phoenix tan.

- What do you do? Spend all your time sitting by the pool.
- No, just most of it.
- Rough life.
- My software firm struck gold early in development.
- And no your body too has struck gold.
- You know what they say about the sun.
- That it makes you do crazy things.

Like lose your top in the swimming. Fawn's auburn hair reached to touch her breasts. Chris did his own exploring.

XXVI.

In sex, Wendy finds that she is introduced to the multiple facets of her personality.

Her curiosity had no limits. Where she had once been reticent, her new self allowed her to try anything. If a guy invited her back to his place, it didn't mean anything. Sure, she lived with Alec. And they had said things to each other. About their love. But what he didn't know couldn't hurt him. Worse, he probably had all kinds of secrets about her.

-Why would you do this when it has not direct effect on how you feel? You're pleasuring someone else.

-What are you asking? Why do I give blow jobs? It helps me see who I really am. A reflection deep inside them of how they see me. A picture that they can't hide.

>>It might be my imagination but I can almost feel how they get more aroused. I can sense the blood flow, sense the penis get harder. Taste their character.

Already there was a transformation of self that she could touch. What made her give

more and more. Not real in itself, but how she could relate more closely to him.

–This is how I feel when we are together.

Once out of the drink the bug hit her.

--I need to get something to drink.

She was already forgetting Alec. But she still had her limits. She had to feel that she was caught up in some situation. She didn't want to elect betrayal for its own sake.

–I'm not really cheating on him.

The next day the morning light was stark.

--Do I smell alcohol on your breath?

--Alcohol? That's mouthwash.

–Really minty!

I always wondered what this force was that drove me to do these weird things

If Alec really cared, he might show up from behind some dark corner. She tried to forget what had made her get her caught up in this silly game.

–Can I buy you a drink?

Already wondering what this meant.

--I don't know anyone here

and then I feel like I know everyone here and everyone knows me

And for a while, she had found someone who made her feel that she was right. that she knew what she was talking about

XXVII.

Lana finds that this force from the beyond is really part of her.

--I felt this force visiting my room and it kept visiting me. It didn't feel like a person had been there. It was more a ghost—an entity.

>>It was more intense than sex. It was so mechanical but so delightful. I was being drilled by this projectile. And I felt invaded, but it was also a part of me. It was from my birthplace, like another planet. It felt so creepy to know something so weird that was going on from outside of me was actually part of me. And I gushed from this contact. It was so natural.

–The days of the non-stressful job are over. When I went back to school, I thought it would be easier. I didn't think that I could take any more time in sales. But now I feel that I'm back in the same boat.

–You should have done something like I did.

–You're crazy.

–You're calling me crazy, Phil.

–I couldn't take all that absurd politics.

–But now things are going pretty out of control for you.

Shannon sees the fantasy is going too far.
Estie senses that she exists most in her photos. Her real world is starting to fade and fade.
Dawn realizes that she has to exaggerate her charms if she wants to succeed.
Helen has already gone too far to turn back.
Tin felt her illusion submerging her in a trap.
Ash sees her adventures coming to an end, a terrible end.
Anne loses her memory.
Kay does it for everyone to see.
Hester has taken on too much when she agrees to follow Brit to an exotic locale.
Deidre finds ultimate pleasure in the flesh.
Tasha wonders what has happened to her life.
Karen takes account of her life.
Tasha can't figure out who she is.
Karen watches her life take a turn for the worst.
Gretchen wants to close the door on heartache. It's just that it give her too much pleasure.
Lara's fiancé pushes the game too far.
Joan surrenders to an imaginary stranger

–I've been looking at the next set of videos. There's just something weird about all of them. The titles don't seem to match. Some of them seems to be the same story over and over again. They don't turn me on like they did before.

–Maybe you're looking at them in the wrong way. It's almost like they're shorthand for a really unusual experience.

–I still don't get it.

–I think that she's using the video form to escape.

–What?

--Something more stark. Breathless. You're gasping for air—trying to open up a passageway. And you just key in to that explosive focus. Your body is just shooting everywhere out in space, and there's this intersection, what brings it all together.

>>You know exactly what it is. What gets her off. Not just any bang. But that acceptance of what she can get, what she is offered. What she wants to get—has to get.

>>Once she has found that spike in her erotic life, she wants it for its own sake. Nothing less than that same shake up. The core. A dead-bang.

>>Can't even think of anything but that same old thing.

>>Like an alien force that takes you over. Just twists you around. All the time. So you're in a fog unless you're getting it.

>>Everything else is just a satellite to the only real thing going on inside you.

–That's just being fuck crazy.

–But that's the down deep of who we all are.

–What about happiness?

–We're way beyond that. It sort of a trance. Being attuned to nothing else. A narrowing

of experience to nothing but that.

>>Look at her body. The uncontrollable shaking.

>>She just opens up to it. Doesn't wait for the arousal because it is almost instantaneous. Someone who can just pick it out in the street. Knows who really can offer it. Who can get inside and make it happen?

>>And when it's inside, it's actually outside. Almost outside of the skin. This swelling in space.

–Everybody's like that.

–No this is way beyond that. Most people maintain this reserve. This is living for nothing but that sex. A give and take that all comes down to the same thing over and over again. Not just the getting off, more a prolongation.

>>This is not like a thing. Not an IT. It's more of a practice.

XXVIII.

Shannon sees the fantasy is going too far.

–Look at her legs. They're great looking legs.

–It's not just the legs, it's the shoes. Look how they accentuate the legs.

–Those calves, don't you want to...

–See how she's cradling her head in her legs. How her fingers run up and down the legs.

–Did they know this would turn me on? I could just...

–It's you. You're on an email list. They've matched her to your profile.

–I just want to rub my...

–They've got all these pictures, all these girls and they've matched her to your profile.

–...up and down their legs. Let me work my way deep close.

–You're on a list.

–And she's on a list. Couldn't we work a reverse program?

–All you'd do is match a list to a picture.

–No, I can tell that there's more than that. You see how she's looking at me. She's been set for me. Made for me. But they've got her imprisoned in their scheme.

–That's nonsense. She has an agent. He gets her a job.

–Look at her. There has to be a way to connect to the agent's list. A way to connect picture to email address.

I can check their computers for requests. Go into a cross-list cluster and maybe pull out a match like they pulled out a match.

–I know that's what she expects. She hopes for. What I need.

–And every other guy that fits her profile.

Shannon had done the internet ad photo shoot a couple of years ago. While she was trying to do college and needed money. But now it was a little different. That had been her distant past. And she didn't want to think of all the things that it had forced her to do. Once people had seen those shots, they had ideas. What they could do for her, to her? And she had

gotten into some nasty deals.

Sure it had been her golden opportunity. But she wasn't going to slip back if not for a lot more gold.

"Hey Shannon

My name is Bill. And I can tell that you have that something special. Something special for me and if you just gave me the chance to share it with you, I could make you happy."

"Bill.

Can you really? Are you that happy now? If you are, then why are you taking your time to try to respond to fantasies about people you see on the internet. Don't you know how many men feel special about my picture. I don't feel anything special about your note."

"Shannon

I've found other pictures of you. And I can see the same thing."

"Bill

The same thing is you giving in to your fantasy. Find a girl more your speed and leave me alone."

Billy really got into his pursuit. Found more pictures, movies. Amateur videos.

"Shannon. You've done those things with other guys. I know how they've made you do those things. Forced you. I want you to do things with me."

He started making up situation where he needed to come to her rescue. Even started making plans.

XXIX.

Estie senses that she exists most in her photos. Her real world is starting to fade and fade.

The band of the dress drew a line across her breasts. They created focus. His eyes followed the path as his hand might. He worked in way into her cleavage. His tongue was wedged into that midpoint between satisfaction and frustration.

–Don't you have any kind of life away from the screen?

–Quit messing with me.

–As far as you're concerned, she's not real. Just a couple of dots of line. Your desire is just as electric as your whole computer and it's turning you on and off at will.

Estie had been waiting for some email from a potential job. She'd been tired of all this amateur stuff. The bad lighting. The grainy images.

She opened an email from "Electric Cities". Wasn't that the name of the studio that she was going to be working for?

"I've seen your photos. they have that glimmer. Enticing. They drew me in. All day I thought about the magic. As if we had known each other for a long time. We can definitely do something."

Damn if this wasn't her big break. She wrote back.

"I've got some time off and I'm free this week."

She wanted to make herself sound in demand. As if she just happened to have some time off. She didn't want him to know that she'd been working as a waitress.

"I've got a conference at the Plaza. I'll be free for lunch Wednesday. meet me in the bar at 1:15.

“I’ll see you then and I’ll bring my stuff.”

And she was all ready to go. She got together her book and brought one of the crappy videos with her. 1:15 was the perfect time until her old car broke down at 12:40. And her cell wouldn’t work, and she felt herself getting hotter and hotter just waiting to get her car started. Some guy stopped and was real nice about helping her. Until he started asking for her number, and she couldn’t get away.

Once she finally reached the Plaza and had the valet take her car and rushed into the bar, her contact had already left.

“Sorry, I missed you. At 1:20 my boss came down from the conference and started screaming about the slides for our presentation. Could I change the order? Could I replace a couple of slides. There were some things that I really wanted to talk you about.”

He was looking at the photo of her on the computer. Maybe next time.

“I’m free for dinner tonight. I realize that it’s sort of presumptuous but I want to make up for missing you”

Estie had been very careful in phrasing her reply. She didn’t want him to think that she wasn’t being professional. Here she missed an appointment and he just happened to get pulled away. And now he was giving her another chance. So maybe he was free for dinner.

This was more than he could have imagined. And he wanted to jump at the chance.

“We’ve got another presentation tomorrow and they’re having me stay late. I hope that you’re not going to have to eat alone.”

At this point in her life she’d had enough with romance. She wanted that job. She’d rather skip dinner than really worry about it. Besides, hadn’t the recent photos showed a change in her.

XXX.

Dawn realizes that she has to exaggerate her charms if she wants to succeed.

“I am a sensation. You will have to put all your fantasies to rest when you see me in the flesh. I am the super stupendous.”

How did they ever get connected? And what gave her the idea that he could do anything for her?

“There was an amazing tenderness in your emails. I can sense a poetic person. Feel free to share your inner thoughts with me. It’s weird but this anonymity almost brings us closer.

“Sure it does. It gives us the chance to shed our restrictive skin. To let our inner beauty shine. I get all these weirdos approaching me on the street. Or guys who see my photo and think that they know me.”

“But I feel that I’m getting to know you.

“And you are. I didn’t mean you sweetie.”

“I was getting worried. I just don’t want to say anything that’s going to insult you. Going to get you mad enough to want to stop talking to me.”

“You couldn’t do that. I have a confession to make. That’s exactly what makes me frightened. That you’re going to want to stop talking to me when you know who I really am.

“When I was thirteen, I was really into dancing. And I went to this teen club. Met these

guys who didn't go to my high school. At my high school, I had this reputation as a goody goody. I didn't even make out. And I thought that my reputation was me. That I had to live up to it. But even the guys, that I liked, wouldn't talk to me. So I met this guy at the teen club. And he was real hot. He was seventeen. My Mom used to pick me up at 11. But he'd go driving me around. He took me to the Bend. And we started making out. I heard that he had done things with other girls. And he was so hot and I didn't want him to think that I was stuck up or anything. And he started to do things. He had his hands down my pants, and it sort of hurt, but I like it. And he had my pants off and started to take my panties off. But I felt all confused. And he sort of pushed. And I couldn't say no. When My mom came to pick me up, I couldn't tell her what happened. And I went home and cried all night. And I went to the club again the next night. That guy was there and I wanted nothing to do with him. He started harassing me, but these girls sort of saved me. We went back to their car and started drinking. One of them had some dope. And I felt real good. And when I saw him in the club it didn't bother me."

"And I'd been saving myself, my reputation. And now it didn't matter. And I started doing drugs with those girls. And going back to the cars with guys. Making them do things to me. Giving them blow jobs and stuff. And just having sex. Unprotected. I was one crazy girl."

"And now I'm like boring. I've turned my back on that sort of thing."

He felt weird. On the one hand, he felt sympathy for her. But the story made him excited. He saw her tight ass in a white cotton brief. And he pulled it down and the buns were so firm. And he worked his way all around. The tattoo at the edge of the crack. It all said sex, sex all the time. I do it and want to have it. In the open. "It is my life."

He felt himself licking her pussy. His penis getting harder. That image just making him wild. He wanted to write back. Had to restrain himself. Or just jack off then and there.

"You don't sound boring to me. Just trying to make sense of your life."

"I'm glad that you wrote back to me. That you're not afraid of me. I want a guy that understands that I've changed. There's more to life than sex and drugs. I mean I want to cuddle with the right guy."

"Do you have the right guy?"

Dawn was seeing a real nice guy. He didn't know the full details of her past. She just knew that she wanted to get away...

"Do you have the right guy?"

Do you have the right guy?"

She drew a bath for herself and drowned in the thick suds. The pursuant barracuda laid its trap. And she got stung by the deep bites, piercing her resistance.

"He may not be the right guy. But he is my guy."

In the watery vision, his tongue sweet with tone, potent with caress.

"Come to me! Swim closer!"

To enclose and eat away.

"Hunt me! I am your prey."

XXXI.

Helen has already gone too far to turn back.

--Where were you last night?

–I had to get out.

–Out with some guy. I can smell sex.

–I went out and drove around. you can look at the odometer.

–Does he live far away.

–I never left the car except to come back in here.

–You’re lying.

–I’m not going to get in it now. Come back tomorrow. I’ll be better.

Helen went over to the computer and started typing.

“I shouldn’t be doing this. I’m really betraying my lover. But I need to talk. About how it is. It’s just so great. I almost come as he slides in me. I’m his every fantasy. But I’m trying to reset the fantasy. All he can do is give out. But not give in. Nothing is ever really personal. It’s all so mechanical. Like he’s some machine. And now I too have become some kind of sex monster. That is all we can think about or do. Just pop in for a quickie. I was lucky to get rid of him tonight. I want someone who I can really make love to. Not just who values me for the sex. I’m not ready to commit my life to this guy.”

Hank got a real charge out of the email. But his energy seemed even more physical than her lover could be. He just wanted it so bad. And the indentation in her thighs emphasized the firmness of her legs. The movement to this moist triangle. Her but cheeks puckered up and welcomed the imprint of his tongue. The warm, moist mass...

“In my mind, we float together. Nothing prevents our passionate embrace. We are one.”

“You can feel my warm hand on your sticky skin. I taste the salt on you, the raspberry freshness. I taste you and you are inside me.”

“Indeed, the physical weight of my intrusion fades into tender touch. Your skin swells with blood and spreads out to take me inside you.

“I lose all awareness except for this throbbing of your heart. We move in rhythm.”

“And flesh is our destination. The spirit is in all the flesh.”

“And we float in it.”

“And scream with its intensity.”

“Give me more.”

“I can’t stop.”

She could not. She was knocked out with the intensity of their connection. More than she could ever bear.

She awoke with a strange crankiness. She wanted to carry on but felt thinned out in the early evening darkness. She needed him with her but feared his presence.

Her lover came by. He had never been so brutal. In word and in action. But she loved his metallic touch. Their hard contact. The throttling. The forgetting of her computer lover.

“How do you feel?”

Hank’s message woke her up. Her lover had already left.

She felt that she had shared her night with Hank. But she also felt that she had betrayed him.

“I feel so ashamed.”

“It’s not shame. It’s appetite. I want you to fuck every man. To bore into them all. But save your spirit for me.”

“It can never work like that.”

XXXII.

Ash sees her adventures coming to an end, a terrible end.

–What are these messages on the internet?

–I’m writing a story.

The story of a terrible lover who fell in love with his own motives.

That her mystery lover would find the long expanse of her back running into her hint of back side. The extended twist of her backbone. The tracks of his kisses. From flesh and bone to hair and hot flesh. The scent. Perfume and decay. All animal.

“Are you ready for me?”

“Are you ready for me?”

And her mouth nibbled along his hairy legs, lost in the bush, the hard resolution.

More.

“What more can you give me?”

He was seeing deep in her. She was drawn into his ruin.

“There is no life outside of our whispers.”

And he felt the power of his whisper against his ear, more than any hurricane. And underneath the surface, these tidal eruptions. A volcano of hot liquid rush. Spraying all over her and over.

A scream cuts her in two. A two that waits his kiss to mend her.

“Thank you for this.”

His hand halted as it ran its way along her breasts, her stomach. The skirt hugged her tight muscles and his tongue ringed the belt of the skirt. Pulled at it. Pulled at the elastic band and somersaulted his form into hers.

Sucked into her source. Drained and liquified and twirling into her.

“You are within”

She again fainted from the elation.

When she was with her lover she started drinking to reproduce the power of her mystical intercourse of the night before.

Nothing less would do for her. She still let her lover eat her out. Let him put his erect member into her and just pump away.

Just for some rescue.

“This is unbearable. I will kill myself if I can’t get away.

If I can’t get away...”

“I can come for you.”

“You can let me be for good. You are destroying me. I hate my lover. I want you. I want you all the time.

It’s just an illusion. You are not real. Let me alone.”

She crashed her computer. Didn’t want to see anymore.

Hank could taste how that fresh fruit became more like a raw meat and he was rabid with passion. Hard from thinking about her. Messed up from her silence. Pangs of hunger and no possibility of resolution.

She called for her lover. She wanted him to fuck her deep. Really bang her. To degrade her. To make her hate herself so much that she could never contact her true love again.

“I can’t.”

XXXIII.

Tin felt her illusion submerging her in a trap.

“I need you to come immediately.”

He had shown the picture that she sent him to his friends. He was feeling guilty by what he was doing. He didn’t want her see what he was doing with her body. He accepted the degradation.

“I want more pictures.”

“I need you to come get me.”

He wanted pictures of her fucking other men. Of threesomes. Orgies. Of her gasping for dick.

“I want to see you. Your notes to me are so reassuring. Why aren’t you writing back to me. My lover found out and he’s going to kill me.”

He didn’t want to get involved. He had had enough.

He wanted to tell her what to do. To control these fantasies.

“It’s not that you’ve been bad. You haven’t been bad enough. Don’t shut down. Just don’t get caught.”

For his part, he wanted her to give in to a sense of adventure. He wanted to see more suggestive photos. He wanted her to hit the streets in search of illicit assignation. to set up her own den of iniquity. Multiple and anonymous partners.

She thought he was telling her to be a free spirit. To leave her lover. To become independent. Enjoy her own company.

“I need you. Your support. Your advice so I can be me.”

“I need you.”

But his need was immediate and carnal. The twist of flesh and hair. The lips of the portal to desire. His provocative touch.

“What are you afraid of?”

How far can you go?”

How far can your body take you? And she wondered if he included her in his fantasies.

Explorations in the back of taxi, a limo. The prying of the driver,

“How far can you take this?”

Could she leave her lover for a new life. Or did she want to show her what he had learned?

To ask for too much meant that she could never be satisfied. His fantasies with her wanted her to touch this nerve. He wanted her to desire him with such intensity. But stay with her lover out of obligation. This would end up disengaging a desire that she could never control. That would seek satisfaction in the purity of sex for its own sake. That it would seem to offer a sense of deeper tranquility. But this feeling would only be temporary and end up feeding on itself. She would then seek out the most intense thrills.

“He has become so aggressive. I can’t take it. I need to see you.”

“See you.”

Who was she? How could he take a risk on these notes. What if it was all made up? If she had no appeal for him. If she wasn't a she, but some guy trying to con him. Lure him to someplace.

Of course, he could meet her in the open. What if she was afraid of being seen in public? Or maybe she was working with an accomplice. And then she'd take him back somewhere and this psychotic would confront him.

XXXIV.

Celebrity

Kay does it for everyone to see. She's our favorite celebrity!

Names may have been changed to protect privacy.

[This is meant for you.]

Feeling naughty. You've heard about it. Get on down and it's your chance to revel in some of the most notorious dirt on the web.

A real celebrity—a singer and actress is hosting one of the most explicit web sites on the net.

You know exactly what we're talking about. This is so scandalous that we could get sued just telling you about it. We'll give you access codes and everything.

It's not free. But it will free you from your conventional lifestyle.

Kick back and get ready. Hold on to your seat.

She's in a room hoping

She's hitting the climactic level. She's there for you. Having sex on screen. Live screwing!

How much are you willing to pay? It could be you!

Cyber sex one on one!

--Do you feel it? Are you ready to go?

She steps out of the shower. The room is full of candlelight and it reflects golden off her body.

—I don't want to know what happened with that other girl. Just take care of me.

Her robe opens and he stares at her—straight on. She walks slowly to him and he is focused on her, her body's total openness.

—Are you ready for me?

He drops his robe and is standing in his boxers.

–Do you think that this is inviting?

–If you're in the mood.

She straddles him. Her ass seems full and he just slides it in her. He pulls her forward by her butt cheeks as they make contact.

–I'm really enjoying this.

--What do you want.

--I don't want to leave until their finished.

She stretches her whole body back. This opens her up more. She braces herself and starts to push intently. His thrusts are short rhythmic bursts.

–Close you eyes.

He moves his penis up her body. She wedges it in her breasts.

More than that.

His dick. I want his dick.

–Just come all over me. Smear me with it. Rub it in my mouth. Fill me up with so much that I can hardly swallow. This is gagging me.

–Is this love?

–No, it's not enough. I want more. I want to explore.

She was the one to watch.

She needs to explore.

–You were going to fuck my best friend.

–I didn't. That's the difference.

–You were stroking his dick.

–And then I thought about you.

–You are a striking beauty. I want to watch you.

–You already are?

–Bu you can't see me. You can't see what I'm doing.

–I can see all of it. I'm making you do what you're doing.

If this ain't art—I don't know what is.

She'll do it for you.

What do you want me to do? You want to seem me die on TV. If I only did what you wanted, I'd be come kind of porn star.

–Now everyone can worship you.

Did she realize the incredible power that she had over her fans. She could hardly feel that same power over herself. Just too get off, she needed some horror show. A big fright. Cruelty now seemed natural.

It's OK to hurt me.

Whenever she faced her insecurity, she liked to show a her tuft of hair. The wisp that covered her sex, that said everything was possible.

–Shove it in our faces.

Or even if they did not see, their imaginations were slanted in that direction.

–I don't care. It feels good now.

And she'd just go ahead. She'd sort it out later on.

--You know someone that I know.

–Don't let anyone know that I fucked you. I mean it's important. It's not about you. It's about me.

–We like to look.

– Do you know what to look for.

–Ask me. Make an offer. It'll never last.

If I savor something this good, I don't want to give it up for nothing.

It's coming to an end.

–You can't hide from me. I know your history. What got you started as an exhibitionist.
You were following me!

–You can do whatever you want. Just be tender.

Push it in my face. It's so delicious!

–Stop it. You're suffocating me!

–You said that you wanted it to end.

–It's already coming to an end.

–You need me to get you off.

–We are monsters. But that doesn't mean that we should give in.

–Kay, who are you–really?

She had a vision of being eaten by an animal. At first, it was this rush. The tongue licking her inside. Then it became hideous. Her body dissolved. She told her fans. This was the beginning of her revelation.

Next, she tried to break through a wall of flesh.

–Go, Kay!

–I want you to know how I feel.

–We really do.

–I need to hurt myself more!

She straddled his body. There were no other options. He reached down her panties and massaged her. She was already moist and felt so warm next to him. He rolled her over to take off her panties.

Her shrill commentary.

–I like it!

He's calling you again.

–Let it ring!

–I've got to get myself off. I can't rely on you to do that for me. At best, all I can do is just make it easier for you to know what to do. Not move too fast.

–I have to get out to see my fans.

She was just taking too many and driving erratically.

She just lay there and didn't say anything.

–Take her money

–Check her pockets. See if you can revive her.

CONFESSIONS OF A ...

I like it.

--Do you like yourself afterwards?

–Do they still like me?

–You are being vague.

–Deliberately!

–Why?

–My lawyer tried to kill me.

–Was it good?

–You can never really know why I do these things. I don't even know why. It had nothing to do with you at all.

XXXV.

Hester has taken on too much when she agrees to follow Brit to an exotic locale.

You are hiding in a closet in the bedroom. Your lips are on fire. Your whole body burns with desire.

She goes out to her car. Do you know that car. It's red–bright red. What's her name?

–Are you deliberately trying to forget.

–You giving me too much credit.

This was as close as he could ever get to the inside.

–You really have no right to ask me that.

–But I suppose that you feel flattered that I did.

She tried to contemplate what surrounded his desire. She could now detect the hard shell of his arousal. Just to look at his gaze, she saw everything harden up.

–Under the circumstances, how could I admit to that.

–Because you would be admitting to the truth.

–In whose eyes.

–I won't be here long enough to make a difference.

In his eyes, this spark was the only thing worth living for. Maybe it was just a realization on his part that had nothing to do with her story.

He made her way into her room. His imagination had been inaccurate in depicting this sight, this feeling. It all passed before his eyes. He felt faint. What had he given in to?

Their kiss. He bit her lip.

–I can't go with you. I have to study.

At what point could she draw the line.

Just soak it in.

It wasn't enough for her to be with him. This seemed to end all her possibilities. He turned her on only a preview of some future action that would be greater than anything they could ever share.

She thought of her past indiscretions and started to doubt that she could ever find comfort in his touch.

The more time that he spent with her, the more that he felt he finally had an audience. they cheered his successes. Or he hoped that these things might happen while she slept.

She might wake up with this unfathomable feeling of being connected to him. That this could bring him close enough that he could utterly reject her. He realized what extremes had been reached due to his rejection. If he could turn it around, this would be the most delicious excitement.

More than his ability to touch, he now felt that he had a special power to reshape flesh.

She could feel this power deep inside her. Here she was halfway around the world in someone else's clothes. She just wanted to burn them all. More than ever that stripped her down to utter nakedness. It disturbed her that this sameness could be the be all and end all of everything that she did. She wanted to strip herself of her skin.

[These stories don't match anymore!]

Adam had gone too far. She had to get away. Brit gave her that chance. She remembered why his offer had seemed potent. Another vacation with Murray had led her to the ultimate abandon. Both of them rolled naked on a moonlit beach as the tides splashed into them. The explosion just broke over them.

- You left him.
- I don't really want to talk about it.
- How long did it take?
- It took me fifteen weeks to realize what I should have known from the beginning.
- What holds all this together.
- Nothing hold together. Except the body.

While in the gift shop, she saw a man who seemed to know. Maybe he could help her escape. Brit was becoming crazy. From Adam to Brit. This was nuts.

XXXVII.

Tasha wonders what has happened to her life.

- Do you know about the power.
 - Rub it all over me. Suck it all up.
 - Layers of flesh. She passed through layer after layer.
 - Concentration of arousal. Burst out. Protrude. Swell up. Caress. Suck. Engorge.
- Engulf.

It ends near the middle of the story and then works it way back.

- Can you absorb all these invasions?
 - It sounds alien.
 - But more voluptuous.
- Simon called up his old friend.
- Manny, I need someone to look after my wife.
 - I know that I lost my job on the force. But I don't see myself as a nurse.
 - No, no. I need you to follow her around. I'm worried about her. She's been having these strange fainting spells.
 - What do you want me to do about it?
 - I'm worried about what might happen when she blacks out. Maybe, you could just keep your eyes on her.
 - I'll do what I can.

Tasha was a stunning woman. Simon had Manny meet him at a restaurant. From that

point on he was supposed to follow Tasha. But under all circumstances, he was not to let Tasha know.

While sitting at the bar, he couldn't help staring at her. Her blonde hair had almost a red tint to it. It shone with intensity, almost blinding him. Her skin was smooth as farm cream. There were sharp lines to her face—they were reflected in her confident pose. Her lips had a slight curl—an inviting smile.

He turned away least she saw him. She was in a green velvet dress with a white edging—almost a fur collar.

Almost at once, he associated her with her car—a red BMW convertible. She had an art at turning a corner and disappearing, a fact that made surveillance difficult. She spent much of her days in a café. She wrote in a notebook, occasionally had another book with her. She spent hours staring into the sky, thinking about something absurd.

He wanted to stop by her table and say hi. He had always been plagued by a natural shyness. Now he felt that he had the perfect provocation.

He looked for an opening. She wouldn't give him one.

—If you're supposed to be following me, you're not doing a very good job.

—What, huh?

He stumbled. It couldn't have been worse.

—What do you mean?

He tried to catch himself.

—I'm just saying that if you've been following me, you could have been a little more subtle about it. What's wrong with you? You're not some kind of weirdo.

He smiled. She had never seen that kind of smile. Men were always approaching, but they were always on the make. Manny was different. Sort of lost.

—I saw you here a couple of times. I wanted to say something. But I couldn't. I figured if I just kept coming back to the same place that I'd get my opportunity.

—Now you have it. Although it seems like you went through a lot of hassle to get to this point.

—What have you been reading.

—All kinds of stuff. I'm really interested in past life reversion. I've thought maybe I have a special gift. A special power.

He was touched by her frankness.

—What's your name?

—Tasha.

—Mine's Manny. My friends call me Sal. But I really like Manny.

—Manny, it is.

—I was going to get something to eat. Do you want to join me.

—I've already eaten. But I wouldn't mind having a drink.

She told him about her studies. How she wanted to be an artist, but that she never thought that she was that good. She then switched to art history. Her husband was a gallery owner, and they shared their love for painting. He sort of gave her a budget to discover new talent.

–It’s just unreal the kind of money that he lets me spend.

–I used to do photography in school. I was pretty good. But I think that I used my skills in other ways.

–I’ve always wanted to be photographed. Do you think that you could do me?

Manny couldn’t pass up the invitation.

Instead of coming to the café, Tasha spent her afternoons at a studio where she was photographed by Manny.

At first, he learned new things about the light. She could play tricks with the shades of later afternoon. In these shadows, he saw a new richness to her face.

–You’re real good. I don’t even recognize myself.

She got lost in the image. It gave her a new power. It was a creeping mystery that she now exercised over him.

–I want you to shoot me naked.

He was taken aback with the suggestion. That was all the work for the day. He felt very embarrassed. They didn’t say anything more about it that afternoon.

–I have a meeting tomorrow, and I can’t get together. Maybe Friday.

Thursday morning, he went to Simon’s office.

–What have you been doing with my wife?

–Nothing.

–What’s that look on your face? I’m kidding you. You seem guilty.

Simon smiled.

–You need a drink. I know she’s a terror. I didn’t think that it was that bad.

–Terror. All she does is go to a restaurant and read a book.

They went to Simon’s club. So these were the perks of success. This had eluded Manny while he was on the police force. He just accepted things. Maybe, he hit the drink a bit heavy. That was only now and then.

–I need you to keep looking after her. She’s been complaining of these blackouts more often.

Manny met Tasha on Friday for lunch. She didn’t bring up the nude shots. He felt a little relieved. Her revelations ended up being no less disturbing.

–I think that my husband’s trying to kill me.

–How do you know?

–It’s obvious.

–Does he hit you?

This didn’t sound like his college chum Simon.

–It’s nothing in the open. I think that maybe’s he’s poisoning my food or my medicine. I was prescribed this stuff for my fainting spells. I faint a lot. But they have just got worse since I started the medicine so I stopped it. This is nothing that I can tell you for sure. But I have that feeling. And sometimes, he doesn’t come home until real late at night. He does get busy with art openings and such. But this is too much.

Why was she telling him this. Simon started to seem like a monster. What did she expect him to do?

–Maybe you could leave him.

–For what. It’s his house, his car. His everything. I signed a pre-nup. I never really pursued my own career. I’d be hopeless trying to catch up. I just don’t think I can survive with my fainting spells and all.

She couldn’t meet on the weekend. He was worried for her. But she called Saturday night to tell him that things were OK

On Monday, they got together at Gilbert park She looked so healthy running through the fields. She had brought a kite. Her face was full of fascination as it ascended the heights.

–Look at that.

He was getting great picture. Even better when she ran though the fountain.

They sat on the lawn. She was in wet clothes next to him. She splashed him.

–Have you ever thought about us.

–You’re married.

–Well, have you?

–You’re married. But I have thought about you a little.

She giggled. She jumped up and ran off.

They made their way back to the studio.

–Now would be the right time. It’s how I feel. I want you to take those shots of me.

She was a little unsure at first. But this was her idea.

She took off her wet shirt. The bra hugged her breasts. He wanted to touch her to arrange the shot. He was afraid that it would mean too much. She seemed more and more childlike. She took off the bra and threw it down. The flashes continued to explode. He let himself get more and more involved in the photography. The room started to spin. He followed the turns of light. Her skirt hugged her hips. She slowly took it off. Her blue panties shone. her lips glistened. He worked to focus. He braced himself.

The panties fell to the ground. They lay around her feet. She stepped back– uncertain. The image drank up her nakedness. She gave herself to the camera.

After the photo shoot, she sat next to him on the couch. She wore a thin cotton robe.

–I really enjoyed your work. You made me feel so comfortable.

She touched his shoulder.

–I’m just afraid of everything.

She touched his shoulder. He moved close to her face. He kissed her.

–I want you.

They embraced. He froze. Gradually he extricated himself from her hold.

–Let’s develop these shots.

She was excited as they prepared the solutions. They watched the shots come to life. Such honesty on her part. Her fears seemed to subside in the strength of the imagery.

–Simon, I need to see you

They got together the next morning at Simon’s office.

--She is seeing someone. I’m certain of it. I don’t know if it’s the blackouts or what it is.

–How can you tell?

–You’ve been following her. What have you figured out?

–She doesn’t seem to be doing much of anything.

–She’s seeming really distant. She’s gone for long periods at a time. Manny, honestly, I

have to do something.

Maybe it was better if he quit the whole thing. Did he really know his old friend? What was Simon telling him?

He thought about not seeing Tasha again. The photographs.

That purity in her face. Even in her nakedness they seemed to be no guile. He had been able to stop himself at a kiss. But not the next time. He felt it all turning around him in such an automatic fashion.

–Manny, I need to see you. I need to tell you something. I’m not with him anymore. Meet me in room 4-C of the Tradewinds motel.

His path now seemed inevitable.

–I had a fight with him. He threw some things. He seemed crazy. Violent. I can’t be with him anymore. I’m losing it. Hold me.

He held her tighter than he had ever held anyone before.

–Kiss me!

He fell into such a deep rush of passion. Her clothes seemed to dissolve away. Such desperation in her legs wrapping around her body. He rocked in such coincidence with her. He could hardly feel his body. Just that insane current.

–Don’t ever leave me!

What had Simon now meant to him. He had to get away.

–We can’t stay here.

–What do you want to do?

–We need money. I’ve got an idea. I’ll be back in two hours.

When he came back, there were police cruisers all around the motel complex. Officers guarded the door to his room. Lights turned everywhere. Investigators were coming in and out of the room.

–Someone said there was a murder in that room.

He wanted to rush back to her. But this was all too weird. Too dangerous.

The next day he read about the death of Simon’s wife. There were pictures of Simon and some woman.

That was his wife Tasha, but she looked nothing like the woman that he knew. Only the clothes and the hair seemed the same. What was going on?

A man matching Manny’s description was said to have been in the room with her at the Tradewinds. The desk clerk matched Manny’s description as the man in the room with her.

He didn’t understand why but he needed to see Simon.

–Simon, remember, no cops.

Simon agreed to meet him by a warehouse that he owned.

–Manny, why did you do it?

–Do what?

–You followed her. You became attached to her. You killed her.

–I never did anything. You set me up. That woman wasn’t even your wife.

–That’s not what happened at all.

He saw flashing lights outside. Had Simon betrayed him?

Petra hired Tim. She told him that she was suspicious of her husband. Tim had his own suspicions. He called up his friend Guy.

–I need a favor. I’ve got a client that I’d like you to follow.

–What does she look like?

–Who said it was a she?

He shows Guy her picture.

Tim impersonates Petra’s husband.

–Guy, I’d like you to follow my wife.

–What does she look like?

–She’s a blonde with a sharp scissors cut. She keeps her own studio. I don’t have a picture but here’s her address. Follow her. Whatever you do, don’t get to know her. she’s really smart about that sort of thing.

Sal gets in a minor fender bender with a red convertible.

–My name’s Karen. I’m having a bitch of a problem with insurance. Maybe I could slip you some cash and we could call it even.

–But your car seems to have more damage.

–I’m not supposed to be here.

He smiled.

–Is there somewhere you’re supposed to be in the next few days?

–Meet me at 1:30 at the Wharf.

She sped off, and he took a deep breath.

–Did you dye your hair?

–I’m being followed. Also, call me Tasha from now on.

As he sat with her, she turned to face him. As they kissed, she put her hand on his thigh.

–I thought that girl in the motel room was you. I thought that you were dead.

–Manny, you’re a dirty little piece of shit.

You lured her to the hotel room. You’ve been following her for your friend. And you fell for her. I don’t know how you convinced her to meet you. But she met you. She turned you on. More than ever. Her supple legs. Her sweet lips, her fragrant flesh. You wanted her. All of you wanted her. But she rejection. Rejection, you were never good with rejection. You roughed up that whore in the eighth. Those problems that you had with your ex. You never knew how to let go. So you hit her. You couldn’t stop your rage. I don’t know what gets into you.

–That’s all crazy. It’s not even the same girl.

–You were the only other person in the room. You were the only person with a key. The door was locked.

–That’s not how it happened.

–Petra killed herself. And she wanted someone to blame—who—her husband—all her life—she had been building up this rage against the world, and she took it out on the only person that loved her.

–You had this battle with your wife. Over your son. You weren't going to give in. So you had her meet you at this motel room. To talk. But you weren't going to talk. You strangled her.

–You've been watching her for months. There's pictures all over your house. Some naked. And she said that she was going to leave you. To tell her husband. He was an old friend of yours. Someone who trusted you. But you can't be trusted. You never could be.

–She hired this girl to impersonate her. She was trying to catch her husband. Instead, she caught me. She was just looking for a scapegoat.

–Paul. Admit it. You killed your wife. You used this friend of yours to help. To lure her to a motel room. And then you killed her.

–For Pete's sake. I had nothing to do with it. Nothing at all.

XXXVIII..

Karen takes account of her life.

He knew how much that she wanted to talk about herself and he let her go on.

He wanted her to wait. Enjoyed the prospect of being late and her being impatient. His certainty that guaranteed that she would not leave... that she would still be there when he arrived.

She wanted him to make contact. An electricity that he could bring to her attachment.

He seemed to sense a deeper current in her rhythms and he could tap that feeling.

An utter delight in her going on...

Rather delirious in their communion. She was forgetting about everything except her excitement.

Forgetting where she was, who she was with. She didn't want to say anything to him about this.

She wanted him to think that his magic had made all her happiness possible.

She needed something from him. Something, so extreme and upsetting. She felt nauseous feeling this connection, knowing that she would either be sick, really sick if she didn't reach a state of total focus, frenzy. Can you make it worse. That explosion.

--I never felt that I was that good at something like this...

His mediocrity appalled her!

--What are you trying to steal from me?

–Why don't we burn one. The I can get some oils and give you a massage.

–It sounds like I'm a canvas for one of your paintings.

–That's sort of the idea.

–I feel like I’m a prisoner in this infernal place.
 –She came over with this really outrageous friend of hers. She’s a little drunk. Then this girl come out of the bedroom, and she’s naked. I just lost it.
 –Three. One yell ooh ah, baby. One to say fuck me. One to say pay me!
 –All guys say that.
 –What I am saying--the story in a nutshell
 –Don’t push me.
 –Kidnap the kid
 –I got afraid of dying. I heard that if you kill someone, you can get their soul. It lets you live longer. Just as you kill them you have to kiss them on the lips. A real deep lasting kiss, and then you just let go. I have to tell you that I really did that. I really killed someone
 –That’s nothing to joke about.
 –I’m not joking.
 –What do you want me to do about it?
 –You better do something about it.
 –Who was it? Was it someone that we know?
 –Just someone that I followed home.
 –Are you going to do it again.
 –Why? Are you just going to tell me stop doing it, and I won’t tell anyone.
 –Do you want to kill me.
 –Do you want to die?
 –Would you kills me if you could?

–Let’s go have sex.
 –You just say it like that. You don’t seem very romantic.
 --What do you want me to say? Show me your breasts.
 –No, show me your cock.
 –You really want to see it?
 –That’s sort of a joke.
 –Would you rather suck on a cock or suck on a joint.
 –Get me a joint. I can have cock anytime.
 –Don’t you love it when you’re stooping for something and some guy just shoves it in.
 –That’s how I’m feeling just now.
 He liked her ass. It was sort of big. She had on boots and a long skirt. He lifted up the skirt, and she was not wearing any panties. He licked up her ass. He spread her open. Such a gradual feeling. He surrounded the lips of her labia. He sucked on her clit. Sucked on it. He moved his hand—his fist inside her. He pumped both together. She shook. He rattled her completely. She was yelling.

This focused his fuck. Not the feeling, but the energy. She pulled him inside. His motions were more and more intense.

–Bang away.

She could feel such a rush go towards her sex and then radiated through her whole body. He sensed that extreme on her part.

–Bang me, you little weak-assed fucker.

She smiled.

He obliterated himself inside her. The room erupted. He came over and over and over her.

An aftershock. He faded into her.

–I don't want you to be tender. I want you to be raw. I want you to get me off so deep.

She feels the concentric highs. She submerged.

It really looked good to him. He was blasted by the look.

Or that look.

--You know what it is. He knows where to go for it.

The explosion was immediate.

–Touch yourself. Pretend that I am touching you . I am easing my way down your legs. I make my way inside.

–You lie on top of me. You ease your body back for maximum force of contact.

–I am on top of you. Your legs are spread wide. I pull you in to me and gesture in and out and in and out.

–I pull your legs together and hold you in the air. I pump so hard. I can feel my dick so tight inside you.

>>What does this mean to you?

–Have you done this before?

–What did it mean the first time that you let him do this to you?

She kneels on the bed. He enters her from behind and jacks so hard. She shakes her head, and he pulls her hair.

–Harder.

She straddles him from the side. he pulls her leg in the air. He pumps harder and harder. He can see her sex wrap around him. This makes him push harder.

–I have been that far along.

He thought that she meant with him.

–I don't know what I'm doing.

–Don't worry, you're doing fine.

–How does it feel?

–It feels great

Penetrated but not far enough

–That hurts.

–Do you want me to stop?

–No, I sort of like it.

–Another girl came over with her. She could hold her breath for a long time. It got to be too weird. Her freedom frightened me.

–How does that make you feel?

–Do it some more.

She couldn't do anything more for the rest of the day. She smoked some dope and had a nap. When he came home again, she fucked some more. If he couldn't keep on, she wanted to find someone else who could.

It felt so good. She loved how she could please him. It felt so right. She never had been so confident about herself.

–Carry on.

–Aren't you afraid?

–Or what? You can't possess me. All I have is my orgasm.

–Sometimes in the daytime, my head starts spinning so fast. If I just diddle myself, it feels so good. I want you to eat me out, and then I'm going to take a bath.

–Why don't I do it later?

–I smell good and raunchy. You'll love it. It'll get you hard. I'll be all wet.

–Then I can come inside you.

–I just want you to eat me out. When I talk dirty to you, doesn't your dick itch. Don't you want to shove it right in. To just spray me. I want to taste dick. Let me taste your creamy fuck.

–Why am I even doing this. I had some kid—I don't even have her. I don't know if I'll ever see her again.

–Pull the strings, the right strings, and I'll do anything you want. I'll eat your shit and sleep in your vomit. It's all flow.

–He never loved me. He just liked being seen with someone young.

Let other watch you and imitate you. Get off, while you get off. Feed off you. Lick your fur. Bury themselves in you.

–You can't figure it out without more tears. Get back. All over these different guys. Slip off your shoes—that was so easy—the rest of you just follows, and we are connecting again.

–I can't pay you anymore.

–Can you get off on your own,

–I can't keep denying that this is shit!

short hair, athletic, slim build.

--Her tight abdominal muscles. She spreads wide. I can feel her sharp hip bones. Bone to bone—a ram.

I am becoming a monster for it. Automatic. The flow, just shaking me apart.

You're not my friend anymore.

–*You're my friend's room mate.*

–*That doesn't make any difference. Just spread your fucking legs and let me do you.*

Was he kidding. She didn't care!

I wouldn't do that if I was you.

–He had good weed.

–Breathe on my neck.

–That feels so good.

–It's a good substitute for intimacy.

XXXIX.

Tasha can't figure out who she is.

She killed herself and tried to make it look like Henry did it.

He told her that he'd be waiting in room 4-C of the Tradewinds Motel. He had left her name with the front desk. She had bad feelings about the place. Bad feelings about him.

He claimed that he was getting forgetful. She had suspicions of something worse. A certain maliciousness in his gestures. Maybe this was just an exaggeration. They had too much between them. Or maybe too little. Nothing at all. She still came apart when he touched her. But for him her body was just that—a turn on. He didn't really see what she could be up to through all this. He tried to reduce it all to the basic parts. Maybe that was why he felt himself becoming a bit unhinged by it all.

He dreaded their meeting. What there was that connected them was real. But what there was that held them there was destructive on both their part. He couldn't relate to being with her.

–I need to talk to you about our little problem.

–The custody thing.

–You really haven't been too good at living up to your end of the bargain.

–This is my life. I've worked all this time for this.

–I'm not going to let this happen

Who had the claim? Who could maintain it?

–I've got grounds.

–You can't prove anything.

–Let's assume that I could. That you'd do anything to give in to your desire. That you'd perform for money.

–That's insulting. I've had friends help me out. But you were never very good at supporting me.

–I never made you promises. It wasn't how we worked things out.

If he plotted it out, he could have nothing more to do with her and no one would know the better.

He needed someone to take her place. For a watcher. This voyeur would assume that it

was her. He'd follow through with his fantasy.

–I could never do anything to harm you.

–What it was like to be her.

She was exciting to him.

–Was she more exciting than me?

–What was her name?

–It was your name–Karen.

–I thought that it was Anne.

She loses her memory. Changes her name. Answers to Anne.

–I know how this story goes.

Anne meets this guy.

–I'm married.

–Don't BS me. I know who you are. You want it as well as I do.

She ends up being abandoned by her lover in a hotel room.

–My marriage is just a disaster. and now I'm meeting you in this dump what are you doing to me

–I'm your lover, goddammit. Go back to your husband.

He was across the courtyard. He could see them making love through the window. He could feel himself inside her.

[His stamina seemed endless.]

The window was critical. It gave him a chance to catch a glimpse of her. In another way it was a signal.

–I understand you better than your husband.

–The why are you leaving me.

–If you take money from me. I'll pay for what you want–whatever you tell me to do.

–I know that things have been getting a little weird lately. And I don't think that I can keep doing this.

–What do you mean?

–That this is turning into a dead end. I'm seeing a side of myself that I'm afraid of. but this time, I need you to do something.

–What?

–I can give you something. I can give you a little extra. Pretend that you want to hurt me.

–I don't feel that way

–I thought that's why you're giving me money.

–I'm not giving you money. I'm lending you money.

- Pay me and I'll do whatever you want.
- Are you really saying that?
- Do you have a weekend, and I can tell you my life story.

–If you watch the video, freeze it again to see what Karen wants to tell you. And then you feel that incredible flow That just entraps you back in the motel room. Places where you can lose yourself in the skin–hollows, indentations. The smooth reaches of the skin. No longer any veil of protection–just the immediacy of the contact

In the world of the video, she is not constrained by the physical limits from exploring her nature. She can be two places at once. Or two people. She can look from outside the room and be inside the room.

In this liberty, she has stumbles on paths of inevitability. Something still entraps her back in the motel room.

If you watch the video in freeze frame, you get at something about her incredible power, her energy, her intention, something that is not revealed in the action. At this point, she almost becomes part of your world.

Where is the locus of this intention–in her sex. In the protuberance cradled by the shiny blue panties. All her amazing vibrancy radiates that point.

Least I give in to Phil's fallacy, there is a point where she steps out the room. Where she takes advantage of that liberty to locate her radius elsewhere. But the intersections pull us back to the same concentration. It pulls us down in the same place. This is her locus of freedom.

Hence the fear, that she is fraught with the same threat that her liberty gave her the chance to escape. Why does she run right back to the same place?

Necessity.

She was confused for a moment. Wondering why she had agreed to meet in this motel room. This same motel room where the incident had occurred. She ran it through her mind. Maybe this incident was only a premonition. That she had never been in this place but only anticipated the bloody end.

Brian had watched her go in the room. He wondered if he was supposed to follow her inside. Was he supposed to meet he?

–I want you to follow her. See who she's with. Don't let them see you. But tell me what they're doing. Trying to figure out what's really going on. There's money in it.

She realized there was money in it Tasha wondered why there was so much. Why would he waste so much money if he didn't think that he would get it back.

This guy that she was meeting. Was he rally the one that she was

Anne had changed her name to Tasha. It helped her assume her new identity. It had made less self-conscious. Given her a veil to escape...

--Anne, I'm going to give you a name, and from this point forward this is who you are going to be. If any only calls you by the name Anne, you won't hear them. You'll think that they're calling someone else.

--I'd like your license and a major credit card. OK, Tasha, it looks like it's all set. You're in room 4-C.

At first, she didn't like the dress, but he told her to put it on. He said that she would look good in it. She had never seen herself like this before. She looked in the mirror. She like the way that she looked.

--I've given you a name, and I've given you an identity. Now it's up to you.

--You never going to get custody.

--Of what? I don't know why I even agreed to meet you.

--Because you need something from me.

--And.

--You're never going to get it.

--Are you trying to tell me something?

--That I should have got rid of you when I had the chance.

--I don't know why anyone would want to come to this place.

--The only reason to come to here is to die.

He cradled her legs on his shoulder while he thrust into her. He could sense her opening for him; he felt especially close to her.

--I'm doing these things that seem so natural. But they're just making me feel so numb.

You watched people watching TV as she walked by. They were all entranced. she wish that she had such a purpose. She enjoyed watching TV while getting jammed--to go into her own world.

--He's got a terrible temper.

--I want to know what is going on

--Is that enough to make you...

VIDEO COLLECTION

freeze the action

Do you know what we are looking at?

What we can't see.

the jamming

the thrusting.

The door's locked. They find the body in the hotel room.

--She wanted to do something to herself.

–He locked it on the way out.
 –That door was locked from the inside—same thing with the window.

–I’m getting more aroused.
 –They let me see more. Her pubic hair—I’m really jamming away. Mind blowing.
 What we shared.
 –It’s the skirt. Did you see how short it was?
 –Just a little more.
 –Bend her over and slide it in. She likes it like that. Look at those heels!
 –Don’t be shy. Let me see more.

I see them. They are in the other room. I can’t hear them. They are whispering.

What you created—how you needed me.
 –Karen. This is for me!
 –Spread your legs.
 –I don’t think that I can do this.
 –I’ll talk you through this.
 –I like your breasts.
 –They’re big enough to get you turned on. The more that you want to get turned on, the bigger that they’ll seem.

I can see her panties as her skirt moves up. It hides her pussy. I can see her stimulating herself through the transparencies of the panties. I help her out. Pull them off...

–I don’t want you to stop.

–Now I need this from you.
 She touched herself with both hands.
 –I don’t want this to stop.
 The more that you saw...

–My suffering. Do you know about my suffering?
 –I can feel it when we make love. You’re slithering on the bed. You get ready to strike.
 --It’s not anything that I can do anything about
 –You made it happen.
 –But that was past. I can’t take it back.
 –If you could... If you could just stop it.
 –I wish I could stop it.
 –How would you do it? How could you get me out of my suffering?

She felt this enormous pressure.
 –Don’t ask if I could ever do anything about this.

–I looked to our interaction for some sense of permanence
 –But I got to like pleasure for it's own sake.
 –It's not just what I am saying to you—it's your only hope under these circumstances.
 –I can't really help it if all these girls want to get with me.

–This isn't a place where I want things to end.
 She wrapped her car around a telephone pole. She wanted to get home fast. Maybe have someone tow it out of there.

–I'll have to call the cops.
 –Let me give you a blow job.

–Let's work on things together--it's getting bad.
 –You can't really be honest without that balance.
 --I need something to raise me up
 It was a race car.
 Not just her public hair, you could actually make out the lips of the vulva.
 –You know what this means.
 –I can feel it.

–Pretend that you want to hurt me
 –I'm not some sort of monster.
 –Try to blend in
 It all became standard.

–He tried to kill me.

–Don't waste that skill that you have
 –This is it. You have nothing else to say

This producer is going to be at the party.
 –Meet me in this hotel room
 Wake up in some room
 --What ever happened here?

These are people who get paid to fantasize. It's better than having to touch anybody.
 What got her in the room. She never was in the room.

Virtual hunger. Did she go by herself?
 She met a man at the motel. While she had sex with the man, another girl watched and touched herself.

–It makes you want something so bad that you deny yourself.

–Don't my legs feel smooth. Don't you want me?

–I know that I can stop, now that I’ve gotten what I want.
 –Everyone here wants me.
 –Give them what they want, and I’ll believe you.
 –I want them all to eat me out.

–We haven’t been getting along.
 –That’s no reason to hurt me.

XL.

Karen watches her life take a spin for the worst.

–Who am I?
 –This kid.
 –The kid had to be the one who did.
 –How old is the kid?

--There’s no way in your life you’re going to get that kid back. You’re fucking giving
 blow jobs for a living.

–I’m an actress.
 –Actress. We’ve got you on camera going down on some guy. What are you going to
 call that.
 –I’m going to call it art.

XLI.

Anne loses her memory.

So the players might achieve maximum pleasure, they needed to achieve clarity of
 definition.

–My credit car theft got me to where I am today. It got you here too. I started with really
 silly things. I sent flowers to a girl. I rented a car. I was sixteen at the time so I really had to
 work things. I’d call and tell them that I was my Dad. I just broke my leg, and I couldn’t get out
 of the house. I was sending my son out to get the car. It worked every time.

>>I wanted to get creative. I needed more money. I worked as a waiter and made copy of
 the receipts. I was stealing cars. I almost got caught. It turned out to be some kind of sting by
 the cops. There were real thieves stealing money. But the cops were somehow in on it. I ended
 up blackmailing them.

>>That was a lucrative source of money. I started to get good with money. I knew how
 to make it. I knew how to spend it. The more that I spent, the more people wanted to give me
 more money.

She was afraid that she was just like him. But the path that she took was more narrow.
 And she just kept selling the same thing over and over. How long could she keep herself in this
 game. Her charms seemed to increase in value. But she felt that hollow in her getting larger and
 larger.

It was almost evening, and she was being drawn back to the room.

–Maybe I can get you in the mood.

–Why bother?

He thought that he knew how much she was loving it, just drooling over it.

Part of her wanted to just get over all this.

–I'm tired of spending my whole day on my back.

What were her possibilities?

–I'll do whatever you say. What do you want? How many times? I can even make you a deal.

She always felt like a hostage in these exchanges.

How could she explain this devotion to cruelty. She almost hoped for a random understanding on their part. Like it was something that could help her escape, if they just pushed things too far. Not brutal, but calculated.

Desire is the torment of the body. Her firm abdominal muscles underlined his intentions. He was entranced by her. She took off her shirt for him.

–Do you like my breasts. Go ahead, touch them. Squeeze them hard. Lick the flesh in between them. Pull them together, you can almost feel yourself getting hard in me.

>>Can you just do it for me.

FORBIDDEN

Her thighs pressed into his body. Her shoes offering such a curious incitement to his pleasure. Her legs wrapped around his body.

She had the tattoo of a griffin. Hardly visible to her. But a turn on to a lover. Was this for me? Or was this a sign of her absolute independence.

Her pouty lips—nothing less than total surrender overcame him.

–Just do this for me. Teach me to feel new things.

–This is the beginning of your lessons.

He made notes with the only instrument that he had at his disposal.

Two models are eating each other out. Their pussies are prominent. Both let their hunger obliterate any other attractions. Firm, ample, smooth.

The electric shock of the kiss. They are propelled in the current.

She eats her out.

She sits on his face.

He fucks her from behind while she really goes to town on her friend.

She hopes to get the best of all of them.

Do you want to see other scenes? Are you willing to pay for them?

TORMENT! I SPEAK MY TORMENT!

Eyes that steal a look—that won't look back. That steals hearts.

She sneaks into a private club, and proceeds to steal drinks.

–She must be someone’s friend!

–Are you bored here?

–Yeah. But you’re not going to get me to leave that easily.

–Do you want to be convinced?

–Do you want to make enough of an effort.

He felt that he had already won her attention. He was just an easy mark for her. She let him do the rest.

–What you want but can’t have. What you can’t help.

–Could you just stop doing this?

She felt that even if she couldn’t that didn’t lessen the grip that she now had over him. She could ask him for anything.

–Can you put back what you’ve taken.

The little curl of her butt cheeks brought desire to the edge of convulsions. To lose control, she felt herself creep faster and faster toward the inevitable. To watch and be watched.

This brought an acrobatics to her desire. That she would need to outdo herself.

He grabbed her. She was put aback by his flair. His lack of it. No principle but IT! Her paralysis. She couldn’t run. Had she already gotten what she needed from him. She just gave in. He fit so firmly inside her.

XLII.

Gretchen wants to close the door on heartache. It’s just that it give her too much pleasure.

–It only goes so far and then stops.

–I never knew that it could be so wonderful.

–Maybe it’s not what it seems.

She can’t stop crying as he starts to climax inside her. He doesn’t notice at all as he is seized by his rapture.

–You are really good.

She stood there naked as he got dressed.

–Here’s that money that I said that I’d lend you. You can take your time. I’ve never been with a woman who really know what the body is about.

She had practiced that craft through the edges of many a lonely night.

–I really don’t get pleasure from any of this. It’s just sort of pathetic. But sometimes I love opening up under that pretense. Sure he can get me off physically. But can he really get me off.

–After a while you just have needs. They go beyond anything that you can explain. And

you'll take things a little further just to keep on your feet. Accept his pain that had nothing to do with yours. It's all a racket. This is not entertainment. It is bondage. I am in the prison of their desire. Every so often I think that some intensity will get me out of the whole thing—who am I kidding.

>>But there's a strange power knowing that guys are looking at you all the time. They can't deal with the same sort of scrutiny in their lives. I turn it off to give them that edge. Everywhere that they go, someone is coming down on them. I don't do that. Time is on my side.

She met him at a motel. He said that he could help her with her legal troubles. He didn't appeal to her that much. So there were no special deals here. Just straight in and out, payment on delivery.

Why did she feel so bad about this. This motel room was becoming more her home than her work or her apartment.

–I've got a little money saved. I'm going to go out west. Maybe, I'll get a farm. I'd love to live on a big ranch.

–There's time to think about that later. There's work to get done.

–Not if I don't want to. I'm not a whore. I'm doing a friend of yours a favor.

–You're going to have to do a little more for me if you want me to do you a favor.

He slapped her on the face.

–Is this supposed to be part of the seduction. Because you're doing a real shitty job. I could just leave now.

–You're not wearing your clothes.

She wasn't. But that didn't make any difference. She really hated herself. She found something enjoyable about all this.

She grabbed frantically at him. Kissed him heart. Tugged open his belt. she massaged his dick until it was hard, and then went down on him.

She sucked with such verve. He felt triumphant. She sucked and sucked and sucked. She wanted him to come in her face. To rub the come all over her breasts. She stimulated herself. This felt so good. She put almost her whole hand inside her. He pushed her to the floor and was eating her out. His dick was still erect and he shoved it in. It hurt a little, but she love the aggressiveness. She commenced to slap him wildly. Harder and harder, as he fucked away. He slapped back. This increased the aggression.

XLIII.

Lara's fiancé pushes the game too far.

Lara returned from a night in the country to find her lover with his ex.

–It just happened. We're so comfortable with each other. It's not like I really lover her.

–It's not like you really love me. Maybe this is the perfect time to end things.

–Is that how you want it.

–Me. It's you who was with someone else.

–It's not like I'm really with her. I'm going to marry her.

–That's what you're telling me. What are you saying to her. That you'll be together

always. I can't believe you anymore.

–Do you believe the passion?

–Is that some kind of game that your playing. I believed the passion as long as I thought that there wasn't someone else.

–There isn't someone else.

–What do you call Vicki.

–And accident.

–Well you can have your accidents on your own because the wedding is off.

–Off.

–That's right.

–We've planned for so long.

–Well, we can unplan really quick.

–That's not really fair.

–It's how it has to be.

When she cooled down, Lara started to miss John. But she couldn't give in.

–We've waited our whole lives for this.

–It's too late. But I'm a sporting person, and I do want to give you another chance. If you remain celibate for a month, I'll marry you.

–What?

He found the plan preposterous, but he agreed to her terms.

It was easy at first. His guilt kept him in place. But when all the women that he knew found out the wedding was off, they started to apply the pressure. Vicki was the worst.

–Honey, didn't you dig our time together?

–Sure I did. But that was that. My marriage depends on that.

–You're not the marrying type.

–I've made the plans.

–So why don't you just hang on and then we'll carry on afterwards.

–That sounds like a cute idea to you.

–Cute because all you can think about is sex. I know you lover boy. I know why you cracked the first time. Why don't I come over?

–You come over and you know what we're going to do.

–There's no harm in that.

–I made a promise.

–And you can unmake one. I just shaved my legs. I know how that turns you on. Can't you feel your tongue crawling up them. Oooh, baby!

–Stop that.

–My breasts feel really good. I've undone my dress—full and ripe...

–OK. Come one over. But we're not going to do anything. We'll just have a drink.

Of course, he couldn't outlast Vicki's appeal.

–*What am I going to do now?*

Of course, John didn't want to marry Vicki. But if he stayed with Lara, this game was only going to continue.

–Lara, it's been 28 days, and I've been a good boy. Let's get together, and do some plans.

–We said a Monday.

–It’s almost time.

–We’ll talk. But I’m not giving in.

They kissed when they met at the restaurant. Lara imagined it was a kiss saved for almost a month. But her imagination would not get the best of her.

–You’re good.

–What?

What was Lara talking about?

–Real good. Maybe just three more days.

–Yeah.

–No. You think that I wasn’t going to follow Vicki. she was at your place last night. she didn’t leave until this morning.

–We’re old friends.

–I caught you old friends before, and I’ve caught you once again.

At least he had fun with Vicki. But now the fun stopped being interesting.

–Sorry, John.

XLIV.

Joan surrenders to an imaginary stranger

She shrugged her shoulders. She smirked. She pored herself a drink. She talked to an imaginary stranger.

–I’ve been waiting for you.

And their contact too quick for her to wonder. This sight. She wants it to mean so much more than it does.

–I’ve got a surprise for you.

–Is it jewelry?

Coming up the stairs, shrieking in her ears, she was unable to keep her balance.

Whose were those footsteps?

–I am her for you. I’m going to take you.

And that surprise again—the heavy breathing. The footsteps.

–Do you know what it is too totally abandon yourself to a feeling?

She reached in his pants to insure certainty of her pursuit.

Already she felt him throbbing inside of her. As she fell into the twists and turns of his desire, she opened up and let him suggest an inside.

Suspicion give way to cherishing, and they folded together. She tried to gain her composure. She took their high for granted.

In their interlude apart, she began to doubt his constancy. Why would her invitation to this elevated state only make him more susceptible to other appeals. Her doubts stripped him of his confidence. This only made him more subject to an all encompassing desire. Sweat filled without any other respite but the eternal churning of their loins. There was no pity in this contact. Only entire coincidence of their flesh.

Once they have pursued this same ecstasy, the bliss becomes more automatic.

–This is why you are so adept at your craft.

–It's not a craft. It's fun.

What price would she pay to maintain that high. She'd rather compromise for his pleasure, then risk her skills on an open market. Under those conditions, she could never save anything and escape seemed totally out of the question.

What would he be willing to pay to keep her around, to spice up his life. The moment that he saw things that way, the easier it would be for her to separate herself from him and his strange world.

So she attained an attachment to wealth that had nothing to do with him. It wasn't a strict equation. She held out for a more permanent connection. Some ice. Or just a barrier against depression.

Once pulled in by her preoccupation, there could be no distraction.

–I'm not into blow jobs for their own sake. They just seem to bring time to a halt.

For him, this just reduced her desire to something immediate. She worried that he might use this as his cue to leave. Here their contact only became more obscene. There was no hope of rescue.

This was vanity to the point of needing that recognition all the time. This guaranteed the rather exaggerated form of her sexual appetite. Nothing else could engage the full range of her desires. Not just for themselves but as a road to access some deeper mystery.

Since the stakes were so high, vanity was her only hope to keep her in the running.

–You seem bored. Do you need some company?

–What sort of company do you have in mind.

–The kind that turns you on.

He looks at her lips. They entice him,

–I am already turned on.

–How do they find women who will do this sort of thing?

–It becomes an opportunity. Look you're interested.

–But sometimes they seem so messed up. Look at her.

–Guys think that they know her personality by looking at her.

–And what does she do?

–She gets what she wants. She chooses bits of the images to create her identity. They are her mirror. Do they like her hair? Are they engaged by the look in her eye? Are they willing to pay for her time?

–I'd jump on that in a heartbeat.

–It's not just that. It's everything about her. Her soul. Her talents. Her dreams. Her troubles. Her mortgage.

–I'm just thinking about renting for a night.

–Even a night is a long time.

–Paradise.

–You seem happy.

–Who wouldn't be happy? Look at her.

- But does she have what it takes to support your fantasy.
- I wouldn't mind her supporting my fantasy. Or vice versa for that matter.
- There's a definite appeal opportunity. But would she really sustain an arousal triangle.
- Imagine her feet dangling at the edge of the bed, the heels just hanging precariously, while she hung on and fucked you to death. Can't you see that?
- But the triangle is too steep to maintain arousal. It's only explosive.
- So you delay the explosion point.
- That implies a suspension somewhere else. She's going to wonder.
- Wonder how? Who's going to make her house payment?
- What is her future with you.
- She's looking for a long hard one.
- Phil, you're always letting who you are interfere with what you see.
- I can't help but be me.
- Me is fucking up.
- You can't say that at all.
- Everyday get you close to what it makes it tick
- And then you can touch it.

She scurried up the bed and lay on top.

–I've got something to show you baby.

–I've got something to show the world, he smiled.

He liked how her naked breasts felt against his chest. Her panties floated on her rear. He wanted to feel himself inside her. The panties ringed the entryway, held them in their embrace together. Her legs accepted his firm caresses. She shivered for his touch. It pulled them closer. A tangle of legs and arms, and a center of fire.

He slipped his fingers underneath her panties and already he could sense that inferno. Moist and engaging. Mouth to mouth. Warm and dripping. Was this him, or more than his desire? Infected with this fever and trying to hang on. The panties dangling around her feet. The feet stretch out and she tosses the panties, takes him inside her. His tongue rolls around her mouth, drains her lips. The salty sweetness. A bite, the blood swelling, a potent salt.

A certain roughness in the contact of skin against skin. A sliding together...

–If everyone could...

–I want you even deeper inside me.

Her teeth scraped his penis. A love nip.

–Oooh

–Do that some more. Feel under here.

Opening of the shell and the soft underbelly. Her breasts wet with sweat and his kisses. She cannot back down against the swirling motions. Focused in her eyes. And below they orbit around each other. Probe, retreat and get buried deeper.

–Oooh—the thrill

–My word.

In and an in beyond in. What have you given me?

What could be his cure? He bit her ear. Macabre whispers.

–I am your ghost.

And they floated together.

Sweat beaded on her forehead. He pushed his face into hers and the two of them turned in this warmth. He licked the salty moisture from her. She yielded to his foray. He cupped his hands around her breasts and used them to brace his thrusts. The divided flesh again found its unity. They flailed in their passion. And these random gestures boiled and coalesced. Explosions arrested by a burst of shame. The only way to a more profound bliss was this falling away. Almost risking a loss of tension. They stopped by becoming absorbed in this lull. A free fall, nothing could catch them except renewal of this physical density.

Neither can let up. Their curiosities are incessant. Identities surrendering to the thing of this connection. For itself. Part of the machine as relentless. Not letting up but just driving in and getting shrouded more intently in their frenzies. The attack. A mutual assault. Nothing remains. Nothing but the incessant roar. The whirr in the hair and the skin and the muscles and the bones. Again this core that will not cease. They roll together. Bend and crack and seep out. Way past the brutality, the confession of their attachment to each other. And in the love that they want to hold them together, there is this thread of disgust. Nothing else can keep them with each other but the sheer force that keeps them driven. That lets them halt all other pursuits for this. Hanging there in their lethargy. All tropical and ready and accommodated. A clamminess emerges in its stickiness. What stays and stays. Not rewarded but hollowed out. And still laboring in their sweat.

Her full body, the waxed legs, pure want on display that needed completion. His head, his hair on her skin, provoking arousal. Pushing each other to a space that neither had seen before. That neither could stop. His face shoved into her crotch in its most elemental way. Wanting but not recovering from that attack that seeped into her every pore. He approached her while denying every aspect of her being except her need to submit. And that submission surrounded him. Licked the tip of his penis, sucked along the shank, drew him deep in her throat. The eternity of her hunger so dominant, nothing but that continued immediacy. To swallow him whole. Make everything disappear but her satisfaction.

What supported now only suggested the thrusting. The mooring together against these storms of passion. The delight on her face that she passed on to him. Something obscene in this transmission. And they rolled over each other in a succession of somersaults. They feared the energies and that reinforced their embraces. The cupped hand, the shared suspense, the thirst of the desert. He put his penis into her and she challenged him. The fine ass cheek taking his bite. Drowning his tongue. The fine curves of the ribs. The stretching of the muscles of the stomach. The smooth skin of the neck. the expanse of the back. The gentle wisps of hair. The hiding place. Spinning within spinning. Desire undoing flesh into a more defined longing. Where they stay together in these gaps. Where flesh cannot find its reply but gasps int its weight.

He was getting so good at this that he couldn't prolong the feeling. He needed her provocation. What brought them together seemed to push them apart. And she sat naked on the desk and opened herself up wider and wider and he just rode into this gap, glued himself to this silence. And this hunger dug deep into her. And she scraped her nails into his back. Knowing that if she made a more intense contact that they could not return from this agony. And he made

his transport into her so that she could not escape her devotion to the flesh. To suck the fruit. Let the bitter melt into the sweet. Nauseate into the honey. Bathe into tart cloying. The rift, the holding together. The spray, the rush, the flooding, the tidal explosions. The saving and then the binge. Despair giving into the orgies of the flesh. Needing to strip the nakedness of the flesh to get to a more elemental nudity.

Hanging upside down in her purity. Legs spread out for him. For him becoming so frightening as she felt less for her. Even in her sadness. Even in her ecstasy. Legs over legs and brought together in their isolation. Everything given to their intoxication.

–What are your secrets?

–I'm not supposed to do this.

–But you are doing this.

–You have passed me off to some other soul.

And they both roamed in these darkness.

–Can I take my meal now.

–Here take all of me.

–I want to taste what there is beneath this carnal hunger. The pacifying relief of the fruit. The refreshing juices sucked from the bone. From movement and silence.

–Release me from these terrible screams.

–What can you do for me? Can you pretend to hurt me.

–That's not me

–What if I ask you for something that will frighten you?

–I can only return you to where you've been before.

He returned her to sit on the desk. The body full in its nakedness.

Afraid that if she knew what he most cherished that she might take it away from him.

–If you take my breath from me nothing van repay the debt.

–You have informed on me. You have taken away my secret and left me with an unquenchable thirst.

Maybe a day of loving could produce the cure. But she had been dried out in the desert of his passion.

–What more can you take from me? My belief. Who are you? I don't need you in me. I am what you seek. But without me, you are becoming ugly. I'm afraid that no one can stop me.

–You're just mad because you let the life force escape.

She saw a hatred in this last comment.

–If you could just feel what I feel.

He wished that he could.

–That's what I've tried. That's what I've sought from you.

–But it didn't work. You just seem so ugly now.

–That ugliness is at the heart of your desire and you can't admit to that.

–You're just bitter because you can't possess what you see.

–I'm bitter because I can't escape the possession.

She felt an anger that even clothed, he stripped her naked.

–Can't you let me alone.

–You are alone.

She wanted to return to their sex and knew that it was impossible for him. She wanted to replace the hollow with appetite.

–Just because we both felt something so intensely doesn't mean that we felt the same thing.

–Is that your comfort for refusing to feel what you need to feel?

–You can't replace what you've given away.

–And you can create this monument and pretend that it brings you any closer to me.

–You've seen all this as sacred.

–Nothing less than your devotion to the passion.

–You can't let your fear hold you back from admitting that emptiness that surrounds you.

–So you can promise to fill it and then not deliver.

–You know what has driven us apart.

–You think that denial can you make claim that I am addicted. We've both pushed each other to this point.

–And that's what gave me the chance to break from you. Now it's not denial; it's my reality. What do you want me to do?

–Tell me that you need it.

–I'm all over it. If you let such passion take you over, you won't have time for anything else. It will drain you of everything. Suck the life from out of you

–How do you think you figured this out? Through me. I admit that hole that bores into you too.

–You think that we're going to fall into each other's arm. That we're going to find this attachment for each other. We're way past that. We can't go back.

He couldn't. He was already on the route to another pursuit.

She turned away in despair.

The trance of solitary desire fascinated him. That there would be no delay between that desire and his satisfaction. The vision would inspire the trance. The power confronted him, as an image of perfection rose up before him.

–What do you see?

A haze. Solidity in the fog.

Her close cropped hair accentuated the gold tint of her skin. Her nose turned up and her lips were tightly pursed.

Tall, statuesque. Midriff revealed and the giving in. To see was to look in. The panties hugging her lips. The deep imprint of desire. Her jeans pulled up tight. Her compliant pose surrendering to the turns of his gaze. Could she tell that he was looking at her. How far could she let him penetrate her consent. If he wanted something, she might frustrate his pursuit long enough. She might then that she was involved in his fascination. Only if I'm going to go along in this adventure. Already immersed in this trance, her form was burned into him. It was the form of his ecstasy. She seemed to fade as his zeal increased. The strength of her stomach muscles. The playful arch of her back. Incited to resolution in his fixation. His hands reaching under her top. So they might find that acquiescence where they both might coincide. If she couldn't go along with his outrage, she would when confronted by the challenges of her passion.

That her gyration would suggest consent. Where the least eluding might be the hint of that gyration. The ripple in the water. Her provocative maneuvers. This was not a playful game but a real effort to engage his interest. Or he pretended that the combination of gestures were intended and directed towards him.

Her reluctance became an enormous invitation. The line of the body an excessive affront to his reticence. To give in, to seek a clearer inspiration betrayed his utter certainty in her presence. Or the traces of her presence maintained even in her absence. Flesh burning in the mind. The body turning on that fire. Squirming and snapping forward into his incursions. what she could show because she did not want to reveal. Even hidden, not at all held away. but held back and then released. Letting her offer him you more than he could ever digest. As a trance there would not have to be any let up because he had spent so little energy in linking together. In the trance he was submerged in giving out, expending it all, because it was expended in watching, in entertaining.

She was becoming more and more disturbed by these weird stares. They just didn't pry. They made her feel ashamed.

–I can't keep this going. I don't want to participate. you're making me feel dirty. I wish that I had never gone along with you.

He worked to make her aware of the splendor.

–All these looks are just making you see the true power that you have. To make them all want you and frustrated that they can't follow through.

–They'll never have me. They're gross.

–But if they did have you or you had all them, you'd really get them going. You'd feel this wonderful energy. It'd warm you all over.

She felt herself more than ever on display. But she started to find a strange delight in this vision. That his caress would never be enough for new appetite.

–Thanks for showing me something new.

He felt spurred on by this new magnificence. She had passed off her own frustrations to him.

She balanced herself on the wall as she was locked in embrace with him. Her feet brace on the threshold of the door, they pushed into the structure. Bone against wood, but still slight, attractive, the painted toe nails. The pose had her butt pushing against the opposite wall, its crack spread to extend the balance. So her legs were spread even wider for him, to take him in smoothly. Her confidence and his self-assured thrusts. The friction concentrated at the tip, but eased by this geometry. As he pumped, she pushed harder against the wall with her feet. And he pinned her against the opposite wall, all engulfed in her flesh and her fierce kisses.

They are engrossed in this effort. The difficulty of their congress only adding to the immensity of the passion. Her feet lose their color through the effort. He wants the impossible. to kiss them, to lick the toes. This emphasizes the raw nakedness. He feels that angle of skin that mediates her opening wider. He rubs against it. The moist cauldron of their intercourse. Her tongue hooking on his mouth so as not to slip from the wall. The building rhythm propelling them together. Counter to the twists of the flesh, a solidity was implied. Where they could touch, but moved towards that gap. It was almost as if the bodies faded into each other. And there was this merging. Not a physical melding—a vanishing except for the mass of desire. Not

hers, not his, but IT. Oppressive and blue hot and unyielding.

She felt an immense vacuum of feeling. Just the mechanical dynamo whirring. She felt herself slip down this hollow and it consumed more and more. She tried to recover in this expanse and realized how deeply she had fallen. Maybe this was the extent of their connection. What so overwhelmed her, so impressed her and so frightened her. She shut down.

This was who she was. Someone who needed to submit. Here she was giving in. Or giving in, but not really going along. How could she ever hold back as she was dragged forward by this incredible pressure. In the physical clash, she felt delivered to another lull.

To stretch on past this tranquility, she resumed her place in the pushing, the absorbing of his force. the returning of that force. More than a extra physical opening up, she absorbed a probing inside her. Stripping back the walls of this cavity, a sheer mass palpitating. the beating of flesh tied to a primitive rhythm. A pulse. And alternation. A dizziness that she accepted and surrounded and enveloped her.

More than the inside of sex. She had already become used to that. This was her inside his inside. What had guaranteed a complicity in his lust. Where he had put aside hunger and just breathed his attachment to her. An echo even in their separation. To track along these walls was to run rough against these sharp edges.

Mouth to mouth, mouth to lip. to object. To see that attachment in the tension of all her muscles. Her tongue sanctioning his, each in its independence, in its possession. To kiss was to possess. Lip and tongue and breath, all found their entryway.

Her delight was new, unexpected, but still somehow prepared. She spoke in him and him in her. So refreshing, but still allowing this frenzy. Letting the frenzy take over. This frightening erasure of who she was. Devotion to her sisterhood. Its totem and its ritual. No names except those that take her back to the same identity. To do and be done to. To be done for...

So she could not be without being with it. And no exploration was sufficient but required re-acquaintance. And the loathsome risk that flesh might take the place for their pledge. The flesh of another. So their flesh, what held them was this commitment to more and more intense explorations. Of stripping their contact of everything but these obsessions. Again these pained moments suggested an eternity of separation. Nothing but these unencumbered thrusts.

Now was his now. And they could not get out without her yielding these increasing territories to it. And these rolling seas reclaiming their realm And her floating in their waves. Spinning whirlpools streaming though her. The edge of foam, bubbles popping in her. Trying to remain steady. She was getting high, enjoying this light-headed feeling. This glee all that kept her from losing awareness.

The more that she capitulated to these secrets, the more that she felt invigorated by these currents. Sparks ignited in her body. These faint touches, each interrupting the other. Whispers crowding each other out, swelling into stronger tones. Bellowing, fluttering, saturating her.

These cavities were now cavernous and drawing her in So monstrously foreboding that she could not conquer its heights, so she sustained herself in its emptiness. That she could not fill it, or take it over, but felt dwarfed by its majesty. Once engulfed by this loss, she felt anew this power. He became part of this adjustment. A squall ripping through the space. The wind

gaining solidity, ripping every foundation, every firmament, every resting place. This shaking, the quake, the turmoil.

Thinned out in this landscape, a rarity. A burning concentration, radiating out too far to recover. In this dangling out, the return that ties them together. Vines entangling and stinging.

A projection out that cuts through the currents, the wake, the wash, the rift. And the holding with him.

So unseen, and in this escape letting loose. Through layer and later, silken transparencies. Sparkling veils. Bunching and entangling.

What had they done, not done?

A calling out. A reappearance.

So aroused, linked together. Gagged by these tumbles, breathless in their entanglement. Forming their union in the rocky depression. Bruised by their gathering together. A lingering distaste plunging each into the other.

Regenerated by their faults, their lapses, they renewed in these honeyed zones. Noises, the buzzing. The root.

—I'm just giving you what you want.

She knew what this meant. Where the root was what pulled her apart, what impelled her to connect to him. This sweetness that they shared that made everything else bitter. Or else required a ferocity from the world that exceeded their passion.

That was where these silences overwhelmed her. Where she struck out for contact but was cut low by his resistance. When he did respond she extended way beyond his indifference. And she thought that she could feel this renewed energy in his touch.

It frightened her where this search might take her. Waiting for him, she might give herself to another who could muster the appeal more immediately. She might exaggerate this alien conquest. Feel so relaxed in its presence that she could give way more of herself than she had offered to him.

That he had paved the way for his own betrayal. He loved the risk, but was paralyzed by the consequences. In her body he tried to read her magic. Her attraction for him was rendered in his ability to last. To think about nothing but their coincidence. Hence the fragility. He needed an explosive initiation. That seemed to render a permanence to their entanglement. He could pass his hand through her flesh and vice versa. This was the source of their endurance. They were already in the final throes of passion and hence could repeat and repeat and repeat. A wonder!

How could she reduplicate that ecstasy? By bringing to an end her attachment to him. It appeared that abandoning this affection meant a deeper commitment to the feeling in itself. So she sought ritual to preserve that rapture in a new discipline.

If she held her breath she could maintain her heightened sensitivity to touch. His whisper enticed her to reveal. Not to her lover, but to some spontaneous assignation. As if picked from a line but thoroughly enjoying this attention. She did not let herself clumsily flop around his caresses. Each movement on her part followed a challenge on his part. His insistence dug into his skin. So immediate that she avoided any hope of prolonged interaction. He was her toy. She needed to pretend for him, for herself. To feign the chamber of love. Surrender as a giving away, an exchange. When she only wanted to take. Display her charms in all their eternity.

Gold embracing her sex, heating it up by its contact.

Her will could extend that contact. That was enough. Her new discipline. Concentrate her perception. Anticipate. And in the anticipation purify the touch. To touch her vulva. Already touching, but not touching. As touching deeper. To touch was already to touch deeper. To plunge itself into her. To let herself be touched deeper.

She felt the contact back and forth and again obliged by will. Not muscles, but will against will. And that floating in the contrary motions. She was electric. Electric to that touch. A touch that seemed to float on top.

Not just what happens, what kind of impression that it makes. Even those impressions all fade. How to make it last?

The thunder clap, the indelible impression.

She had learned how to make it echo in such profundity. Not just the touch but the burning memory. The salve to relieve the damage. Hoping for more of this surgery, the deep cut. A hollow cut.

She tried to hold her breath. Breath control was key to avoiding suffocation. But only by approaching that loss of breath could she attain the elation that had seemed to avoid her. This was the intention of her discipline.

If withdrawal engendered pain, then cruelty might dull that pain. In turn, a fondness for the sadistic might yield a skill at making it last even during moments of deprivation. The discipline became her ultimate devotion. Beyond muscle control and command of her breathing, she now was attached to suffering. Not that her search hadn't included enough suffering, but a commitment to a worse misery would only give her the chance to end its stranglehold

Had the discipline been grounded in an appreciation of balance. Did it imply surrender to a master? Or was the balance the point of liberation.

What could keep her held in participation? All these physical exaggerations. The lifelike and the grotesque. Anything animate that could stimulate. Anything inanimate that could suggest the natural course of attraction. The hint that would find form in its insistence. The repetition that would hypnotize. That would allow her to accept his aggressiveness. That would have her crave his frenzy. To seek his ferocity. A discipline that allowed her to accept his haphazard impulses. All these tempers that fueled his muscular expressions.

Where the discipline allowed the random contacts of the flesh. The streamlined certainties of muscle on bone.

What held back satisfaction? She did. All that her rule implied to prolong her enjoyment. That seemed to exclude that sweat-filled effort on his part. That made mockery of his attempts to tame her appetites.

She needed to protect herself against what she adored. She needed to stop. Hence these layers of mass, the numbness. And she was beset by this anesthetic. It was her high. Not to drift down into a depression. Or to follow this descent in a stupor.

She did not want to relive that solitude. Even her sensitivity to him seemed too much. Already she had admitted that he could occupy the focus of her creativity. She didn't want that sacrifice to reassert itself. Even these overarching fantasies needed to be curbed. An ascetic diet guaranteed her independence.

That didn't mean that she couldn't taste it. But what she tasted in a greater way were these after effects. They bore into her person.

Not grotesque—just neutral. And so this lag haunted her days. A desire to stay in bed. To remain motionless. Not wanting to disturb this glumness as a deeper cavity threatened to swallow her up. Hunger was no longer about a desire to ingest. She felt that she was the new delectable and felt herself displayed for consumption. The ravenous audience. How could she perform. She wanted to hide underneath the covers.

So she would not let herself disappear in this mediocrity.

She had got so used to making the feeling last that now she needed to learn how to make it stop. She wanted to cry foul for something that he had drained from her and she could never get back. She felt like a scarecrow, all crumpled up, without form stuffed with straw.

She looked for model to express this depression. Poetic souls who populated their nights with mystical cuddly toys. And these myths wrestled with her. She bargained with her own elimination. Figures so taken by their own images that the daze brought them closer to the cliff. To tempt what that they dare not follow through.

She was a scarecrow brought to life. When they breathed on her. Sucker the pith from the lifeless body.

—I want you to do what you are told.

And the wind blows you over and you roll with hi

—Laugh for me.

And the giggle captures the night. Someone breaks into your paradise. Chases you across a dark field. Grabs you neck.

—What do you want me to be like?

—You can start tender and then get vicious.

Take your intoxication. Letting someone tell you what to do. A long division. A mental twist.

You are surprised that you are dedicated to this order. Even to the point of pain. Your nails dig into your flesh. You have to maintain concentration.

You yawn.

—Keep talking to me.

Talk and work are now the same thing. To lead you to orgasm by the isolation of his desire. What was this phantom that had been threatening, now is the lover-warden for your masochism. Save it all for fashion. To starve yourself.

—I don't feel like eating.

Nothing even has taste. How can there be appetite without flavor.

He licks the salt from your wounds.

You need to rewrite the story so your passion seems minimal. He is this machine who grasps for another symbol to use to persecute you.

The crack of her ass opened on the universe. What did he need her to do or say?

—Do you like to explore new worlds with your words? How does he make you hang on? Is it him or just it?

He knew that she like to investigate. Dani. He said her name. Practiced her on himself. How he could get her to ask him for things. Things that he wanted. The whole thing. Her body.

something that would fit around him. Something that would tingle would it heard his name.

–Does he make you shiver?

So automatic for him. Like running down this questionnaire. Trying to find some place to bang in the answers. Not to let her answer back. Just let the answers fester inside her.

Before it was an imagination. But now the imagination was all too real. Her lover. Or some lover. Or some acts. Done for her. Done to her. Just back to her. And he answered back just enough to make her imagine that she was getting answers.

Could he upset that lover? That thing that consumed her without letting it consume her. It was her questionnaire. She filled it in as the lover filled her in. And if he was to replace the lover, he had to offer a question that he could not answer. It all seemed like too much work under the circumstances.

He didn't want more than that. He liked his automatic. And the lover for what he was wanted more than that. He wanted it all because down deep he was convinced that he was special. Convinced that he needed her because she was special too. When he disengaged from her, the lover let her memory linger. The lover needed his fuck. But was so tied to the contact that he was convinced that it was more than that. His nostalgia for the time on the beach. The walk. Watching her clothes stick to her body. Melt away. She had loved that look that made her feel special, that made her feel sexual.

What was it that let her be used by this situation? Not used by him because the lover believed the ripple up and down of his penis. That let him fall for her every time and convince himself that it was the wonder of their connection.

So how could he replace the lover and not just become another him. The interceptor. The intruder. His automatic questionnaire. He wanted the lover doing the work for him.

So he put this lover out of his mind as he hoped she would to.

–I've got a

And he would complete the sentence for her. Give him the opportunity. Give her the opportunity to sneak around on the lover.

But the sneaking would become these new ideas, things to entertain that she had not grasped. That if she stayed with her lover everything would end in their intersecting schedules. Their shared intimate vacations and their needed separate vacations. The extended massages and the massage boys and massage girls. Hands swollen by filling out paper work.

Was their touch fiery? Did they touch deep enough? Was their tip large enough. Did the client want to explore the other services. The dessert menu.

Why not start the exploration now? Was she afraid of the night? Did she need an aid to sleep? To make love? Was the remedy better than the deed itself.

–What do you got?

–Some for you.

Do you know what that some is? Or was it something that you just feel, learn to feel deeply.

She touched him as she talked. She did that to everyone. She whispered in his ear. Let her words fill him up.

–Do you like to explore?

And his tongue would explore. She would let him go along. So far along. Remembering

how these gestures were once resistances. And how she had let go of those resistances as her lover seemed to give something of himself. But what had he really given but his attachment to these delights. And now she gave up to the intruder with the same candor that she had saved for her lover. She reclaimed her body for herself.

This was her fear and the intruder's gambit. That the path of his tongue would be immediate, once and for all, just for that moment. So she would have to let him go. but that had become the fortress of her personality. That she couldn't let go without knowing that her lover, someone would be there to catch her. And if she let go now, all that would be there would be the massive quality of the experience. Sex which had formerly tied her to someone would tie her to no one. The more pleasurable the experience, the more it was authentically hers and had nothing to do with any lover.

That was why he truly was the intruder. The first and forever the last. From that point on, there could be no more invasions and she was being turned inside out. That what really got her off. But that made it necessary for her to be alone.

He loved that arrangement. Loved how he could catalogue their adventures. She could return to the catalogue to order. She could never really understand a failure of performance. Repair meant replacement. But what did her care. Familiarity meant worn-out. Preoccupation required constant delight.

How can you tickle me deeper? The line of her abdomen unhindered into her hips. And he could sense her freedom. That right combination and he was sloshing away inside her. Such an effusiveness that she even drowned in her honesty. She bit his lip.

Where could she send his curiosities. On a body already turned inside out. Front and back at the same time. He—a multiple lover.

—Do you know where I am? Know it is me?

Was their confusion in this sex partner. Could his twists be mistaken for the persistence of her former lover.

Ha! Former. And what could she do if the intruder sent her away. Was the passion so intense that she needed to run away.

Or did they modulate the passion sufficiently so neither one would feel a sense of attachment. Were they already prepared for that return?

This provoked an amazing session of love-making. What had started as a pure fuck made them both seek a respite. And in that lull, they hit a region of gross desire. Obliterating passion. He almost wanted to strike out at her. And she wanted to do away with him.

Their genitals acquiring this machine like pace. And then retreating into counterpoint. Mouth around mouth. Impossible geometries.

—We can't keep this up, she smiled.

—We have.

And she needed to be alone. And she resented him that he let her alone. And she did not want him to pursue.

Would this become a further addiction? An attachment that she continuously sought.

Something so automatic for him. Did he turn his glance back to her?

If it was this intense was it her new love?. Could he cut her off?

—Dani.

“There are too many loose ends here. There is really no possibility of an alternative story. You had something to do with this.”

I need to find someone who enjoyed this so much. But if I enjoyed this so much, why would I have stopped? A desire to torture her more. What I had pushed her to do.

“Are we going to get married?”

At first I believed it, and then I looked for every excuse for it not to happen.

Enough money to get her excited thinking about her plans so that she never saw what she could not anticipate her actual end.

“I’ve worked through the different versions of what happened. Now one thing seems clear. there are no alternative versions here. I did it. I had something to do with it...”

I left the hotel room. I had to really clean up the place. Things in the room that I didn’t want the maid to find. Polaroid Photos that linked me to what had happened the night before.

Why had I wanted the record. I wanted to make sure it was real. I wanted to pressure myself into accepting what was happening. That I needed to top what I had done previously to find someone who might enjoy the depraved visions that I savored.

This was what I had become. what my work had turned me into. Everyone was like this too. Just like this. if they jut gave in to their hidden dreams. They’d realize how really attached they are to things like this.

–You think that you can get away with this.

–I’ve already got away with it.

If I give it all up, everything that I’ve worked for you will you consent to be with me you don’t know how bad this makes me feel but I need to do it over and over again.

“If I could get that frenzy of my vision to overwhelm my everyday experience. Where that rush has me just fade into the haze of the daytime. I just get blown into the fog of experience. I am turned on for an eternity. The rise of arousal has its edge dulled by a more extended attachment.

I like what I see. I let her charms take me over. Just seeing it does it for me. The passions burns me through. The smile, the smooth skin. The filth. Sucked through by that bond, the physical glue that merges me with her.

The skin bends and soars to take the impressions of desire. I have melted with my gaze. I am submerged by my own stare that becomes what I am seeing and reverses as in a mirror. It is part of me.

In a crowd I am isolated by that pursuit. She is all of me. She is not even with me.

The blood ripples. I almost lose consciousness and we are together.

What we’ve have undergone together and what trails on. The vision will not stop in its

sliding, its rubbing, its friction. But it is not worn down by contact. And it still burns.

The skin is these tensions. Where we cannot get away. Are short of breath. Driven by these breezes. Hearts molded together. Inserting and withdrawing. Twisting and revealing. Exaggeration. Cold swelling. Warm contraction. The pangs which are not pangs due to these immense energies. Nothing falls away.

Eyes pierce. Lips explore. Expanded and then squeezed into the holding. The insipid spilling, holding back, elasticity. Glances coalescing into solid focus. Powerful grips. Suffocation and holding back and letting go. Down, down, down the stone wall, the wall of flesh, the framing of bone, nights without sleep. Nothing but the wait, the gasping for more. Flashes. Shadows and the hardening of fear. Falling in complicity with these whims. I want more.

The core of the clash of spirits. In a wrenching and a slamming together. Falling and falling and falling and then just exploding in the running together. The surprise.

Slipping from the resting place, the supports. Hooked together. The relapse. The release. Transfixed. Together in the letting go and returning. The spying on and the being watched and the closing off of the surveillance. All in this intercourse. Banging together. More parts to explore and stretch out. Fill in.

No identities but the identities of this passion.

Give me more. The curving and the smoothing out. Uncurling. Unfurling. Sprung.

Faster and faster boring inward and stuffed and broken and then seamless again. Not in you, but all of you.”

Tiffany watches things spin out of control.

Amanda wonders what nightmare she’s going to step in next.

Sinestra hopes her big break doesn’t break her.

Cleo decides this romantic merry-go-round has to stop turning.

Patty can keep on supporting her man’s fantasies.

Elaine can’t get her plans off the ground.

Jackie wonders what really turns her on.

Darla realizes that she a little exhibitionist. What most people do in private, she need an audience.

Penny doesn’t know why she is getting those awful looks.

Gervey throws it all away for a hollow night of victory.

Cindy lets it all go for the ultimate prize.

Monica reveals her character.

Trina finds there are no limits to the nastiness that she will tolerate.

Satin is drained. She feels that her luck is running out.

Carol goes for the ride of a lifetime.

--I want you to pretend that you want to hurt me.

--Pretend how? You want me to pretend but not do anything. You want me to act it out but not finish it. You want me to do it but not really feel it?

–You know exactly what I want.

–You want me to put my hands around your neck.

–And...
 –And fuck you deep....
 –And...
 –Tighten my grip...
 –And ...
 –You want me to strangle you...
 –I never said anything of the kind.
 –You want me to strangle you to the point of suffocation and if that isn't enough, you want that sort of thing to go on over and over again. And then one point, just accidentally, I might slip up and not be able to stop.
 –Are you trying to kill me?
 –What are you saying?
 –You said pretend.
 –The emphasis is on pretend. I wanted to see what kind of man you are.
 –And now you know?
 –I'm trying to see if you're money's where you mouth is.

XLV.

That's exactly how you want to think about it, that it's all pretend. Tiffany watches things spin out of control.

I woke up in this hotel room. I couldn't figure out what had happened. I had been tied up. Drugged. Beaten. I felt like a mess. I didn't know what to do. Where I could go. My purse had been stolen. I was a real mess.

I had met some guy here. Now what was he going to do. Pretend that I had wanted it that way. I'd seen that kind of thing before. Where the guy projects his own sick fantasy on you. Seen it and felt that this was the worst thing that could have happened to me.

It was one thing to get harassed on the street. but this seemed like it was something that I had brought on myself. Of course I hadn't. But the more that he thought about it, the more that he got me thinking about it. I started to believe his version of how things happened..

Believe it because that's how it seemed. I mean I like to party. Everybody does. You smoke something, you take something, it makes the sex easier. I mean unless you know your partner really well, it can be a real bitch walking around naked with him. Letting him look up inside you. So you know how it goes. You need to loosen up. And at that point you're open to suggestion. It's sucks if sex is always the same. The old in and out. And if you hardly know someone, it takes a while for that attachment to get itself going. So you want to have a little excitement. I know the whole thing about danger and he's all wanting it and getting crazy in the hotel room. More than that. If I don't have to help him get it up. Then that's a real kick for me.

I was pretty young when I got turned on just seeing guys' dicks. I mean all hard and that. I could almost feel them inside of me with just a good eyeful. So all that stuff in a hotel room, that's like the biggest turn on. It gives me such a sense of power and control. Here he is with something that I like. But then I get to tell him what I want. It's not like I'm some kind of hooker. If I found the mate disgusting, I wouldn't be in no fucking room with him. And I can tell. I mean that's what turn me on. that look. I know if he'll say yes when I approach them.

and it doesn't take much. I don't mean some loser stumbling around the floor. but a real spender. One who wants to show me a good time. Buy me some drinks. Gets me high. A guy who takes care of himself. Who works out. Who takes care of himself. Who has pride, a nice car. All the little details. I don't want to be seen driving around a ten year old domestic— a luxury import—a deluxe shiny new German car.

I've got taste.

When I'm with someone in a room, there's that moment that I know that he wants me. that he wanted to spend his money on me. And now wants to spend that special moment with me. And it doesn't hurt to be a little trashed because then I can feel how really deep that connection is. It's almost like cutting through a layer of bull shit and seeing the real man. Not some plastic cut out. And it's not too hard getting a guy like that to spread you out go down on you. Lets me know what I really like. He not doing it because he 's trying to act all cute. Or that it gives him the hope that I'll do the same. I do love to suck cock. But that's just a thing in itself. If he wants to give me a little action, I say go to it.

Some guys have that look. They know what a woman needs and what really gets her going. And this monster seemed liked one of those. For as much as I can remember

XLVI.

Amanda wonders what nightmare she's going to step in next.

I knew that it could have been me. That someone wanted me dead. When they found that girl in the hotel room, it was supposed to be me. I don't really like meeting guys in hotel rooms. but in the industry, you never know what's legit and what isn't. He was a friend of my agent and I wanted to get out of the trade. It has its grind. In some way when the lights come on, it's all the same. You're just a piece of meat. But this deal seemed to have promise. Once they see you naked, you figure that's your life. Then it's just a question of how much green. Show it and I'll go it. But then something came up and I didn't want to lose the contact. I called Cammie. I knew that it wasn't the same as me going myself. But maybe I could meet him later.

Now I don't think the job requires special action. Special's special and in some ways. it's all special. So I said what the hell. Or it ended up being her special. But it wasn't too special. And I'm not really in to kink. Whatever gets him off. Really whatever. I can dish it out. After all most guys are fucking pricks. I mean they feel good inside you. And I'll do blow jobs. But I mean hey what they hell is it all for if a girl can't get something out of all this. And I don't mean a pat on the rump. Or even a car or a house. I'm a star. A career girl. I can buy those things for myself. Just let me do my job. I've got some ideas for movies. I'm going to be a producer some day. Real legit.

So I send Cammie by as a substitute. A real career move. Next thing I hear this report on the six o'clock how this girl gets cut up in a hotel room. I mean what the fuck happened. I know Cammie's not the kind of girl to push a guy's button. This dude had to be one sicko. Kink's one thing. This turned into out and out torture. He's got to go down. I'd gouge his eyes out myself. but I know he's got money and a lawyer, a real good lawyer and in L.A. celebrity means something. For them, she's just another dead whore. They've got it in with the cops. This guy gives to the city. They'll find some assault with a deadly weapon charge on Cammie. Something to prove that he was defending himself. I've seen them rig these scenes before. He likes to get

hurt and uses it against the girl. There are probably marks all over his body. He likes it worse than rough. He likes them long gone.

I know that I would have drawn line on that sort of thing. I can see when it's getting out of hand. Cammie was just so fresh. The one thing that I'm afraid of is that he's connected. It's no accident that Cammie went down when it could have been me. They wanted to take me out. I know that for sure. So I'm sort of a witness before the fact and witnesses don't have a long shelf life. I've thought about getting out of LA. Maybe going to Vegas for a while. I know some girls there and I could get some work. Nothing in the biz. But maybe I'm getting to jaded for all that. but my big break. It's not like I stepped on anyone's toes. At least I thought that I didn't. You have to tell people what you think. Don't let yourself get pushed around.

But sometimes that's the fun in itself. Knowing how far to push. Who will and won't push back. And most of the time, it's one big act. But you have to catch on. It's the method. What are you waiting for? I mean what are you waiting for.

The promise. But every body out here is pitching. And the promise keeps us all going. that's why the sex can get real nasty. It has that reality that nothing else does around here. And that's why I didn't want to go to Vegas. This is my town. My psychosis.

—It was that guy. He's the one.

This was the ultimate game. To take him down for good. To turn off the lights once and for all.

XLVII.

Sinestra hopes her big break doesn't break her.

—I love a woman who knows how to use her body. It shows on screen.

Sinestra felt that this producer was being a little forward. He was almost drooling hors d'oeuvres on her breasts. Did she really have to put up with this kind of shit? Who was this guy anyway?

—I can get you a multi-film deal. You'd be sort of a sex advice columnist and women would send you their fantasies.

That stupid idea had been tried to death on cable. How did this guy ever make this party.

—So can my agent set up a test for the role.

—I've had some experience conducting an improv class. Maybe you could come by to my studio and see me.

—Here give me your card.

—I'm getting new cards made but I can write my number on an old card.

—Just don't spill any food on it.

—What?

—I'll call you Monday and we can get something going.

Now, she could get away from this creep. So far this party had been a lot of cards and a lot of drooling guys claiming to be producers.

—I mean there are limits to the adult industry. It's one thing to have a good body. but if you can't act then you're down to being an extra in exploitation. You need a personality with a zing.

Wilson was the street paved in gold he was expressing interest.

–I’ve got a friend coming in from Denver. he’s in charge of casting for my next film. We can slip you in with a small part and then..

–Who is this guy?

She caught her skepticism.

–He’s a casting director. Where am I supposed to meet him?.

–Give me your number and I’ll have a car come ‘round and pick you up.

That was too easy. Was this how it got started. She was getting sick of those roles where she had to milk her breasts while some guy seemed to be fucking her from behind.

–I’ve got to get out of this dead end.

–And what are you going to do? Become a waitress.

–I met a new producer. Oh shit. I’ve got to meet my sister at the airport. Cammie, could you take care of this for me.

–What? Pick up your sister.

–No. I have to meet this guy. They’re sending a car for me. Wilson told me that it was his casting director. Hera does his casting. So I know it’s just one of those favors. I can make it really worth your while.

–I owe you but this may be going to far.

–There’s a car and dinner at the Century. It’s hard as hell to get into the Century.

–He’ll know that I’m not you. I thought that it was your big break.

–I told you that Hera’s my break and Wilson already got me that connection. This is like icing on the cake and I haven’t seen Jenny in a year. It would really be worth it to me if you could take care of this.

–No problem. I’ll pretend that I’m you.

XLVIII.

Cleo decides the romantic merry-go-round had to stop turning.

Cleo didn’t want to sleep with another sleazy producer for a role in one of those stroke films. There had to be something better for an actress.

--I’m just getting tired on this Janine.

–At least it beats being a waitress. You’re in the biz.

–But not the way that I expected. Casting directors are more concerned about what kind of tattoo I’ve got on my butt and how I stand in heels than how I deliver a line. this gets sort of depressing.

–It’s work.

–But I’m having a tough time separating business and pleasure. The last guy that I wet out with just wanted me to get him introduced to some porn queen. This is perverse.

I’ve got friends in Palm Springs with a beautiful house. He’s going to Europe and needs someone to watch it. I told him that I’d help. But I have some location shooting to do. Let me give you the keys. Just hang around the pool and eat some good healthy food. you’ll come back to Hollywood with a new attitude.

Janine’s suggestion had done wonders for her. Why hadn’t she thought of this before.

With his large hands he gripped each cheek of her buttocks. He became more involved in

the sex.

–Sitting all day on the couch eating chips and getting high–this is no way to live.

–I’ve got a job. I make money.

–You make money selling drugs and sucking guys cock.

–At least it’s work.

–Sucking dick?

–It’s direct concentration on nothing less than what you’re giving him, an act of deep connection to a man.

--I want to make that first impression–to shape like wax

–I know who killed Andrea.

–I don’t think anybody cares about that little whore of yours.

–You had something to do with her death.

–Nobody died; it’s all a game

L. Patty can keep on supporting her man’s fantasies.

–We need to break up..

–We can’t break up. I have plans for both of us.

–I can’t be with you anymore.

–I still love you.

–You can’t love me anymore.

She tried to console herself by telling herself that she already had someone else. Larry had been asking her out. He was a nice guy. Not some kind of creep like Bill.

At dinner, Larry took his chances.

–I’ve always liked you a great deal. I mean you seem so confident at work. But there was this cloud that seemed to surround you. Just hold you back. And now.

She smiled.

–You’ve got great smile.

That made her night. She wanted to kiss Larry. But she couldn’t let it mean too much yet. So she savored the moment. Or was this just how things had started with Bill.

Bill started remembering the sex with Stacy. He needed to see her. Get it going again.

–You broke up with me, you creep. You fucked me over. You made me feel like nothing. I gave all of me to you. It wasn’t this game. some challenge to get me and then get rid of me.

–I can change.

–You’ve already changed. You were all charming like this when I met you. And you know I really tolerated your shit all along. But since we broke up I realized that there’s nothing at all between us.

–Maybe I spoke too soon. Maybe we should have
 She pushed her body against him.
 –How perfect.
 –You want but you can't have, want it because you touched it

–Let's do something. We need to talk.
 –I don't really have time.
 –You have to eat.

He started to feel bad for her. She need to get something back that she lost—her diary.
 her lost diary

Some guy, somewhere reading it .
 –You think that you know who I am or what I am

LI.

Elaine can't get her plans off the ground.

–Didn't I notice you in Fleishcher's Thursday.
 Her and hundreds of other shoppers.
 –Yeah, I like the organic stuff. It's a little extra but my health is worth it.
 –My name's Mark.
 –Nice meeting you Mark. Well, I've finished shopping. Got to get going.
 –You want to get something to eat some time.
 –I'm really to busy to do the restaurant thing. That's why I go to Fleishcher's. I can
 make stuff convenient for my schedule.
 –You have a great smile.
 –I'm really in sort of a hurry Mark.
 –What's your name.
 --Sam.
 As she spoke, she started to walk away.
 –We have to get together sometime.
 –We will, she said with a perfunctory tone.
 “Dear Elaine,
 It was good seeing you at the natural foods store. We have the same concerns about our
 health; that is who we really are.”
 When he next saw Elaine at the office supply store, she seemed to rush away from him.
 –Are you trying to avoid me?
 She smiled nervously as she rushed off.
 How could this path have been clearer? A car broken down on the side of the road. He
 swerved to avoid it. Or he sought it out.
 “Elaine, I need to see you. Let's meet for coffee at the Rift.”
 Mark nursed a cup of coffee at the Rift. he had been there since ten. It was one. He was
 staring at a girl reading. Every time she seemed to look up, he looked away. He wanted to say

something but what if Elaine came in and saw them sitting together.

–Sometimes I feel like that loneliest person in the world. Like no one really knows who I am, like I can never do what I need to escape.

–I can't offer you a miracle. Only what we can do together.

“How did you get my email address?”

“I got your license number”

“Were you following me?”

“No, it's not like that. **YOUR SMILE GAVE YOU AWAY.**”

“What?”

“I scanned your picture. I read it into a web site”

“You took my picture. I never said that I could take your picture.”

“I really didn't take your picture. I imitated your smile. Then I took my own picture. I scanned and then found a site that could trace smiles.”

“Somebody took my picture without me knowing it.”

“I don't know. Maybe it was a picture that you let them take.”

“But I never meant it to be on some web site.

“This is for your own protection.”

“What?”

“This feeling that you get.”

–Your smile gave you away.

–What do you do for a living?

–I'm your biographer. I love it because you're my hunger artist. You live and die for me...All I have to do is copy down your story.

–Then aren't you just living for my story. Aren't you missing your own life.

–But I'm catching everything about your life.

–I don't want to think that there's anyone in the world like that.

–There are in the government. A government worker who copies down everything about you.

Her body became an extension of his hand. Like he was touching those obscene bathroom drawings burned into his mind. He was stung by this grotesque perversion. Once he hit on this attraction, he was stunned into this single purpose.

Danger.

She sat on Vanessa's face. Sammy shoved her tongue deep inside Vanessa. She caressed her breasts. Pulled Sammy's panties off with her teeth. Lost herself in her luxuriant hair. Her saliva mixed with Vanessa's sweet honey.

Darien watched the video of Sammy and Vanessa

She licked her fingers. Slid her bra off. Outlined her breasts with her fingers, shoved both her hands underneath her panties. Her panties became moist

Watch the video enough to provoke the feeling of being inside—cradled inside. The enticement.

LI.

Jackie wonders what really turns her on.

This power takes me over and I don't know what the hell is coming over me. It just frightens me because it is so powerful. And I don't do anything. Leave a job, leave a lover at an intimate moment, miss an appointment.

I don't know what it is. It just carried me away. Nothing can stop that need. Like a stranger will seem that thing in me. I've got to have it. Got to have him. Screw everyone else. It's that charge.

When I was younger, I had this guy ditch on me right after we had sex. I told him to leave me a little something to get over the hurt. And that's how it started. I couldn't even do it if I didn't get something for it. And if I wasn't getting something for it, I'd just leave.

There was this guy who I was going with. And he took me to a real nice dinner. And when I got up to go the bathroom, some guy gave me the word. so I just told my date that I had to get out of there. And I did. I left with the guy I'd met in the restaurant. Went back to his hotel room and had sex. Really good sex. I even let him come inside of me.

Down deep I felt all numb. But he gave me something to ease the pain.

Even the guy who I was going to marry, I fucked over. I did his cousin after the rehearsal. And his fucking cousin told on me. Who'd have thought it?

Sometime I think that this all makes me a better fuck. And if I'm better at it than I'm worth more. one way or another. I mean even love is sort of a price. You give of yourself for that little extra for someone else. And you think for that little while that his cock is so much harder or so much bigger. Or that the pleasure lasts longer. Or that he's thinking about you if you're not around when in fact he's getting blow by some other babe.

I'm not stupid. It's all about getting paid. Getting something for it over and over again. I know what I'm worth. Gold.

I don't want someone giving up on me along the way. So while he's down there making his way I want him thinking about the only thing that really makes any difference. I want him really thinking about it and holding that thought as I suck him off and he gets deep inside me and pumps and pumps and pumps away. I want him heart attack pumping, this is my last day on earth pumping. If I don't get her jacked then my miserable life is worth nothing. Zero and I just want to blow my head off nothing. So I'll just give her what she needs. Fuck it and all.

And if you give up, give in too early, just fizzle under the pressure, just lose interest then you just can't pay the price. And that's what it's all about period. Holding your breath and waiting for the big bang. Or getting him to pay you so he can spend the whole night thinking about the that big splat. And you can just save it for later. You can save it until it all explodes in private. All mechanical and gooey and really personal and forever. That's all that's really worth.

Me worth it.

So I don't want him getting attached. Just attached to the fun. Maybe even addicted to it and then I can just turn him off. Cut him off. No more!

And then when I really need it, I can find some fresh face. So I don't have to sit around with him and watch crappy videos and chomp down popcorn and hear about how terrible was his first wife. Eat me out why don't you. You didn't come over for the video. You wanted your dick sucked. So pull down your zipper and let me take it out of its wrapping and put it on a bun with mustard and really go to town. I want a good fuck. Otherwise, I would have phoned the pizza man myself. And I want you to take care of me. And I'm not talking TLC. I mean real health care. The kind that's worth something. Not some dry cum on the side of my leg.

LII.

Darla realizes that she a little exhibitionist. What most people do in private, she need an audience.

She closed the bathroom door as she took a piss but had a weird suspicion that he was peeking in the key hole. She wiped away the urine and hoped that wasn't what he's be tasting. But what did it matter. Everything blended into that one brilliant flavor, sort of raw, decayed, fresh meat. That sweaty musky smell of cock. And she ran her tongue along the shank and came to rest at the hole. Almost sucking it out before it was ready. And he was obliterated by her suction. Not painful, but tingling enough to make him lose focus. She didn't want him to come. She wanted a little sixty nine and then a nice fuck.

She never minded if a guy touched himself when she bent down to pick something up. She stayed down one time long enough for this guy to do himself through his pocket. She gave him that look and then reached underneath his pants and just stroked it until her hand was all wet. then she licked it and rubbed it on his pants. He wanted to screw her, to go down on her. But she had had enough. Too much. She would have slapped him for less.

One day she just gave the gardener a peek. More than a peek. She knew what he was thinking about as he went to sleep. Her tight little butt and that dainty flower of her sex. Taking his erect cock in her hand she slid him into her aroused pussy.

—This is what you've been thinking about. Something pink and juicy.

But she felt that she was doing all the work. What was she getting for glorifying their stupid fantasies? But once she got started, she couldn't stop. She sort of puffed up her breasts to get him excited. The more that she gave, the more that she could then expect. Even if she were somewhat disappointed, the very weight of the whole process just got her thinking. If I could just meet someone who got how much I was putting out.

Things started to mean so much more. Gifts. Flowers. Jewels. Money. He had to work for these things. At least that's how it seemed. How else to get him to feel really good about what he did for her. Give him some extra. Open up more and then really squeeze in. Control those muscles to come on cue. Just to stimulate herself. And when that shower came over. nothing ever meant as much. She got it both ways. She could take home her bounty and then hold it back until the moment was right.

—Do you see what you like and what do you want to do to get it? The sighing and the sweating and the animal noises and the getting away clean. Doing it by just thinking about it.

And she got good at just that. Not even giving up anything. When he got his mangy dog cock in her she was totally elsewhere. And when he couldn't get it going, she'd say what the fuck. As long as I got something for my troubles.

–That was really good.

And if she could really hold it in more.

–That felt excellent.

Or she didn't care how it felt because she make it all come out right later. Just give me something tangible for my troubles. Something that I can look at when you're not in my face. Something for all my troubles. Because if it wasn't worth that much then it wasn't worth much of anything and if it wasn't worth much of anything then it wasn't worth anything at all.

--Can you dig it? Then get it out.

LIII.

Penny doesn't know why she is getting those awful looks.

She didn't want the break up to bother her. She had taken something to ease the pain. To forget. But it would probably be better to get someone over here. But who. Oh what the hell.

Penny took a long bath. Worked her hand through the water along her pubic hair, weaving it in the water. Sliding it along those willing lips.

The skirt slid over her smooth legs and she put on extra high heels to accentuate her intention.

–I've got something at my place to make all this worthwhile.

It seemed safe as she headed over to his place with some of her girlfriends. But they had left and here she was lying on his bed. They both had their clothes on. But she was toasted.

Really deep fried. Giggling.

–What's your name again?

–Seymour.

She broke out laughing.

–It's my name.

–She broke out laughing.

–My friends call me Sy.

–Sy don't lie.

–You are being really silly.

She moved in close to her and let him kiss her.

He twisted her around and started to kiss her neck. Breathe slower. Warm her with his breath. His fluffy kisses. Caresses. His touch. Gliding along her back.

–Don't stop. This feel so good.

He eased off the straps of the dress and reached around to massage her breasts. To take them in his mouth. She surrendered to his tenderness. Her break up seemed a thing of the past. Pulling up the skirt of the dress to reveal her panties. And his full hand fit under the pantie and start to stroke her. Tempt something in her that she could not resist. She braced herself on the bed but the spell became more and more potent.

Was she already drowning in waters too deep. She let herself submerge. And she let

every care rise up to the surface as she lost herself in the darkness.

Bubbling up were these massive tides. And these forces were the heart of her being. Perfumes of the abyss.

–Take all of me...Sy.

She couldn't sleep over at Sy's. She needed to get back home. And her fear struck her as so palpable. Could people see what had happened. And why.

She didn't want to go back to Sy. Thought her girlfriends were not looking after her interest by letting her go home with him. Letting him take advantage of her.

She had loved how she he had touched her feet, how he made her feet tickle. The kiss on the toes.

The power lingered. Intoxicated her. She sat at the bar so vulnerable to the enticements of the night before. Could the other men see her desperation?

–Let me buy you a drink.

–I've already got one

–Surly tonight.

–Sorry, my mind's elsewhere.

–You can't tell what I'm thinking.

–What?

–I just feel totally open. Unprotected. Like all my thoughts can read through glass.

–Bad time.

–Or too much of a good time.

–That sounds like a good beginning.

Was it?

LIV.

Gervey throws it all away for a hollow night of victory.

--It's been a terrible time for a lover.

–Gervey, what are you telling me.

–Cilly, you just can't give your heart away. It just gets broken.

–You're becoming a real philosopher. All you need is a haunted house to shut your dreams in.

–Am I looking pale?

–It wouldn't hurt getting a little sun.

As they dressed for the pool, the two women enjoyed shedding their clothes. They even looked at each other with a sense of enjoyment. The patches of hair sparse against their thin frames.

Like does in the spring forest, they prodded each other with light kisses.

–I've never tried this sort of thing.

She kissed Cilly.

--I have.

Cilly's experience frightened her. Like falling around a well she was dizzy before the coming passion

–Cilly, let's get out to the pool.

The apartment complex pool was empty except for the pool man. He wore white dungarees rolled up from the leg and no shirt. The sun had been kind to the ripples of his body. He smiled as he watched the two women sun themselves. Their bikini tops hugged their slight breasts. His mouth watered. But he didn't want them to catch his glances.

–Let's take him back to the place and fuck him together.

–Cilly, I'd need a pitcher of margaritas to get me that sexy.

–Well, this is a good place to start.

–I'm just getting ready.

–Two drinks coming right up

Gervey giggled. When Cilly went up back to the room, the pool boy got the courage to approach Gervais.

–You're cute boy, but you shouldn't let it go to your head.

–I just wanted to borrow some sun tan lotion.

–As if you need it.

–The sun gets bitter out here.

–And you'd like me to rub it in to make you feel a little better.

Cilly came back with the drinks to find Gervey stooped over the pool boy. Her hands kneaded deep into his muscles. And the cream made it so easy to find spaces of his desire in his flesh. And he found a sense of suspense in these twists of the flesh. A place to rest, to draw comfort.

--What are you two up to?

–I'm just making Jimmy feel good.

–Jimmy? My name's Robbie.

–Well, Robbie, you mind if another girl takes over for Gervey..

–I really should get back to work.

–Work. Who's watching? I've got an extra glass. here have a drink.

–If I get caught...

–We're going to tell on you.

The three polished off a couple of pitchers. They were giddy with excitement.

–Robbie, have you ever done two girls at one time.

–Not that I can remember.

–Don't embarrass him, Cilly.

--Why not? It might make him go for it.

–I really got to get back to work.

–You're too smashed to go back to work.

–I'm too duffed not to work.

As he reached for the skimmer, he almost fell into the water.

–Cilly, I think that we'd better help.

The three of them gripped the long pole of the vacuum.

LV.

Cindy lets it all go for the ultimate prize.

She had a weird feeling. Like she'd been someone else all her life. As if she had gone to bed as this other person and woken up in a new body. But there was still something unfinished in her life.

That emptiness pursued her the whole day. She went by to an old lover. But he offered nothing to her. After a fleeting embrace, she ran from his place, ran to a cab. She couldn't go back home. What could she do?

–Take me to the Starlight.

The Starlight was hopping. Old lovers and lost pursuits. This was crazy. What had brought her back?

–I know what you're thinking, Cindy.

–You don't even know me.

–But I know your name.

–Someone told you in the club.

–Cindy, I'm your worse nightmare. Someone who knows you for who you really are?

–Who I really am is someone who thinks you're psycho. So bug off, loser.

–I'm not a loser. I know where you were tonight.

–OK, you're just a psycho. You followed me from my partner's.

–No, I've been here all night. Ask the bartender.

–So you're a psychic, not a psycho.

She smiled in spite of her suspicions.

–You probably know Keith.

–Who's Keith.

–I've been asking the same thing since I left his place.

–Men.

–You're a man.

–I know. That's why I can say it.

–And you want something different of course. Not just a role in the sack.

–I can get that from any woman here. But you're a woman of quality.

–If you really knew me, then you'd know that I'm no shrinking violet. Don't call me a lady. I'm a real woman. Driven like everyone else here. We're all carnal.

–And you're looking for someone to call you by your name.

–Looking. I'm already found someone who can do that.

–And I'm looking for someone to call me by my name.

–What is it?

–Don

–So, Don, what do you want. Someone to do what you want..

She ended up back at his place. They fell to the floor and started kissing. If he delayed, gave her a chance to think about it, she might decide to quit. It wasn't just about the passion. It wasn't about the dream. It was about the reality. The immediacy of the sex. He just wanted to get inside her, so deep inside her that she couldn't deny this communion.

She threw her nudity at him and he flung himself at her. Let his tongue find her mystical self and expose it completely.

LVI.

Monica reveals her character.

After a certain point, I couldn't see myself in any other way. More than something natural, it became totally part of me. I almost expected that sort of thing all the time. It made me feel special like a star. I loved showing myself.

Wasn't it difficult to do this sort of thing? How did you get over the initial fear?

I had to realize that this was something that I was meant to do all my life. Before I started working, I had all these contradictory feelings. But once I let out those feelings I felt so great. It was difficult at first. I had to take something to relax. I'm not going to pretend that isn't part of the whole thing. But it's the same with your lover. If you get a little something into you, the body just gets so much freer. I don't want to lock up as it's going on. Then what good are you.

Aren't you afraid of all those people looking at you? Guys you don't know who think all those weird things about you?

You're talking about all men. Sex is something weird if you think about it that way. All men have their fantasies. And I can see it in their eyes. But this way I get paid for it. I get to control the scene. It's always my show. They think that they can have me. Own me. But there's always a part of me that they can't have. That's inside.

So what kind of opportunities do you see for yourself?

I write. I think that I'm a good writer. I'd like to do a novel. Right now I'm working on a script. It's sort of about the industry. I'm also working with a drama coach. I've had a few offers for some mainstream movies. Mostly cable stuff. I'm mulling over my options.

Isn't it hard turning off once you lived this life?

I know what's real and what's fantasy. But it's fun to play. To stretch the limits.

So there are risks?

I love the risks. You never know how far you can push.

But you've tested the limits and sometimes your partners aren't really prepared for that kind of reality?

No one is completely inexperienced with that sort of game. It's about the line between pleasure and pain. Knowing when to cross it.

But isn't the business all about pain? When someone makes a nasty comment about your body?

What about my body. My body's like this machine that I tell what to do. It's all about control.

And feelings? Can you turn those on and off?

I've got better at it over the years. Again, it's a matter of telling your partners what they want to hear. That's where fantasy is much part of reality. Sometimes you just freeze up. It happens to the best. Like I said, it helps to take a drink.

Or something stronger?

Passion is always something stronger. To live with that illusion. That there's more than all this.

So we come back to the pain. Without pain, there is no control. Otherwise, you get numbed by the fantasy. And that's the scary part. you need more and more pain to really get going. It's the fantasy in itself.

I'm not really into that kind of thing. That where it gets psycho.

But if you want to make it work right, you've got to stretch out a bit. Do things that you're not used to. And at first that's hard to do. Hence the pain.

It's not my pain. I've become too good at this.

But the anonymity of it all. Repeating the same things over and over again. The whole routine becomes sort of brutal.

I don't think I can say anything more for now.

You look great.

I've got a new physical trainer. And I'm doing yoga.

LVII.

Trina finds there are no limits to the nastiness that she will tolerate.

--You've promised to bring another girl.

--And you were going to get me more money.

--I need some time.

--Do I look like Macy's?

--I hope not. I was thinking a little more exclusive.

--Cute answer. So what do you need tonight. A sponge bath.

--I'm clean enough already. I was thinking something down and dirty.

--I was thinking that we'd just talk.

--I can talk to my TV set.

--But your TV set can't do this.

She licks her finger.

--I've got videos that would put your act to shame.

--So get them going because I'm not up to fun and games.

--What do you want answers? Because there are none. And if you stop getting off, you just stop all together.

--Maybe that's where I'm headed.

--I thought that you found me irresistible.

--It's the other way around. The rest was just an act to get you off. And if I can't get myself off then I lose interest in getting other people off.

--That's because you've stopped trying new things.

--Like hanging from the ceiling and getting whipped.

--I'd settle for the whipping part.

--I know you would.

--And then that other girl that you promised.

--This is not pizza delivery with extra cheese.

--Take a walk.

--I need a shower.

He pulled open the shower door. He kissed her on the shoulder. She turned around to face him. They kissed on the lips.

–Tina, don't ever leave me.

–Whatever you say.

As she soaped herself, he rubbed her to increase the suds. After she rinsed herself, his tongue made its way to her secret recesses. He buried his face in her. His finger squeezed her firmly.

–I thought that you were looking for something more daring.

–You felt a little dirty and I just wanted you to wash up.

–There's nothing more electric than sex after a shower.

Her palms cupped his chest.

–This is enough for me.

But she knew that it would never be enough for him. That this was exactly what frightened him the most.

As he lay on the bed, she sat on him, legs full spread and sweet.

–I love when you eat me out.

Was this all that she had for him?

LVIII..

Satin is drained. She feels that her luck is running out.

She had been promised the lead in an adventure film coming out for the spring. There was major studio interest

She felt that she had to push ahead—wait for better roles. How could she jump ahead a couple of career steps. Emotional life that she had always jumping ahead.

Remembering the good times--reminded her of something that she had done before.

A recollection of scenes. He kissed her shoulders. Her dress crosses her breasts. He plants his mouth on her stomach. He starts to massage her hips, her legs.

He spreads her ass wide to take his penis from behind. Greased it up with a lather of desire and sweat.

LIX

Carol goes for the ride of a lifetime.

She didn't know what had brought them together, why they felt so right together. They didn't seem right together. She liked to talk about her feelings. And she said very little. But she hardly knew what happened before she was back at his apartment. And they were in his bed and he was rolling his tongue along thigh. No resistance. Where they were heading. The power of him inside her. She wanted to prolong this feeling.

He was with her, all with her and she felt so much part of him. Never so connected as now. You are in me and I am in you. And she wanted him to hang on, not to separate. To stay this high. But to stay this high with him meant to last, to last higher and higher than he was up to now. Now more than now.

His excitement just inspiring hers. this creeping joy. His least adjustment affecting her, increasing her pleasure. And the tiny shifts in that coincidence between them. Expanding more and more and enveloping her. They both spun in this same turbulence and it overcame both of

them. It gained its threshold and just held there. They moved and moved in it. And if they did not move in it but remained there in a perpetuity and rested on the immensity. Trying to hold on as they both hurtled forward. Speed increasing and visions accelerating. Reference point moving past reference point. A whirring buzzed from inside this motion. A dull roar. A drilling roar. A dizzying hum. And then all explosion.

Such a clean flow that rolled over and over and out, this volume of the connection. Volumes, but also filling in density and this weight propelled them together. And she felt herself in this expanse of flowers. She knew that this fragrant ocean seemed so silly, but that was her feeling. She was surrounded by it. And they both merged into this perfume. Out of herself, out of her and him, all of it.

The next day she lay in bed thinking about him. She didn't want to admit that she was totally in love. But he seemed everything that she had dreamed about. And he felt drained by this encounter. Everything had been sucked out of her except the desire to reconnect. Her body was no longer whole without him inside her. And when he entered her that night she came totally undone. Just gave in immediately. And he still sought communion from so deep within her and she let her added fluidity give her an honesty which even frightened her. He could control this added fluency by submerging in its motions. Again they both held before their awe. Noise followed by floating in a prolonged silence. Time stopped. But they did not and flew past everything.

For them there was nothing but this coincidence of spirit. And the flesh became a temple. And they adored all that it contained.

–Don't leave; come back to bed.

And they could not leave and fed on each other. And the peaks were so intense that they became the hunger. Something more. all encompassing. If there was a part of them that held back to marvel at these heights, that reserve needed to surrender, get lost in the rush. And so they both underwent the spell again. And their breathing was intoxicate by their physical presence. And suggestion of here was the whiff of not here and so they turned in these sprays. Foaming over.

And day with him and days without him with him. What else could remain but to reenter this ride and submit to its empire. Sense gave way to sense. To smell what would knock out. Substantial in touch. Thirst quenched to engender a gasping even more profound.

–I hurt so much without you. And I even hurt with you in anticipation to what is to come. what I await. What I must have now but cannot. So I give myself to you.

No breaks and each overflow its own break to propel faster and faster momentums. Without flesh and all in the flesh.

–Oh you are me.

And he massage her mounds of muscular mass. Drew it from the bone and reconnected in all its passion. And she was electric and came alive in his hands. And these energies flowed back to him. And he let them wash through him and then just returned this detonation in such a climactic dynamite.

–Do you think that we could do this again.

–Never.

Cary takes care of business.

Once Kate tastes the fruits of her betrayal, she seeks the sweetness of a richer honey.

Natalie lets a man of mystery turn her world upside down

Shelia risks her love for her husband by her penchant for bizarre experimentation.

Lina surrenders to a man not her lover when her lover tricks her with his twisted revenge.

To delve into the heart of passion, Ginger must give something up.

–Can you feel that.? She is pulling close to the triangle.

–What are you talking about? I see some things that look like triangles...

–It’s the arousal triangle. It is a prelude to the explosiveness of the scene. It’s something that you can sense as a viewer. Or it exists in the actual scene. But you can also measure it—it’s your angle—except it’s more involved. It involves things that you may see in a sequence, and you need to represent all at once in a single scene.

–Look at that; it looks like a woman

–Once you have attained the arousal triangle, all else follows. It is more than endurance. As even the quelling of excitement is a transition to another layer of excitement.

We watched her massaging him. It took us to another stage of arousal. How could the scene contain this intensity. It had to open a new chapter.

–It’s almost as if she gives in completely. there is no holding back. Everything now is about what stimulates in the most extreme form. Love as a heart attack. First note the **horizontal**. She has completely opened up for her to pleasure her. Stretched out completely so the whole body maps along that line. When he penetrates her, we revolve to that **vertical**. Everything about her body reiterates that conjunction—hence the vertical. Note the position of her legs. It emphasizes the erectness of their pose.

>>Now note how she wraps her legs around his body. Note the rings around the angle. How that takes all the focus. They are not thrusting. They are rocking together.

>>Then note the intensity in the reimposition of the vertical angle. She is on top of him and riding him with such verve. This repeats to a summit. They have escaped in the tangible quality of our involvement. We flow and now she is part of our world. Are you ready to talk to her?

LXI.

Cary takes care of business.

Cary was a statuesque blonde—almost country, in a flowing dress. Her hair was in tight curls. As she walked by he engulfed her with his stare. She had no qualms about this approach. She had already given herself completely to him.

As he kissed her he ran his hands along her back. He whispered in her ear as he became more forward. A deep embrace and he was already grabbing her sex.

Her skirt flew out. He followed the ruffling along until he was touching her butt. Her high heels seemed too much. But this only convinced him of the strength of his arousal. He rubbed her breasts as she ran her fingers through his hair. He poured himself inside her while she lost herself in the rippling waves. Her butt cheeks opened slightly as she bent down to give him

pleasure. Her hair surrounded his hips as she buried herself in his crotch

The more that they engaged each other the deeper that she feel in the trance. She needed something to keep her in the games as she felt herself fading fast. Her eyes faded to the back of her head. Her pierced breasts and navel only added to the sensuality of their contact. They rhythmically rode together. Her retreats were met by his advancements and vice versa. She couldn't hold herself together in the flow.

.They coincided in a seated position, their legs wrapped around each other. Their thrusting was constant. She surrendered without any hope of rescue.

His whole body now supported his gyrations. Her motions were more direct and cut right into him. This only made him push harder. Sweat poured from their body. They were completely drained.

He wanted to lick her crotch. All the sweat added to the electricity of the moment. Her clit sizzled with their energy together. She reawakened by this contact.

As he seemed to lose energy, he concentrated on a path of skin on her back. This was a site that she cherished. She was thoroughly engaged by this touch.

Why did these extremes seemed to invite the forces of betrayal? She started to expect so much from him. Often their contact was ideal. But sometimes it fell short, and she could supply no comfort. She became devoted to the feeling in itself. Their interaction was totally secondary to that high. In that endeavor, pleasure seemed paramount and she found many takers for her version of excitement. The flesh of her thighs led to the smooth underbelly. What she protected, she carefully yielded.

She became attuned to the fine variations of sexual prowess. The penis was this immense weight that was suspended about her. Her desire filled the entire horizon.

It was a whirlpool drawing everything in its wake.

The random pull of her what she needed meant that any coupling provided that spark. She groped the dark for a simple acknowledgment. Hand to hand. Hand to mouth. Mouth to mouth. She lived by the curl of the tongue and it found its play among any twist of flesh.

What some lover imagined took form in her dips and curves. She never would refuse because the flesh was entire consent. As her flesh swelled with the rush of blood, she seemed to vanish in the folds of skin and the protruding hairs.

—I can't stop for anything.

When a lover tried to slow her down, she'd find another. Someone who'd find reality in the fullness of her breasts or the rawness of her sex. Her only guarantee was some return for what she surrendered. Anything to keep her going.

LXII.

Once Kate tastes the fruits of her betrayal, she seeks the sweetness of a richer honey.

Edin had been seeking Kate's passion for months. They had been working together late at night. Sometimes their assistants had been there too. But often they were alone. Kate's design work was masterful. Edin learned a lot from her sleek, clean lines and sense of balance. but she always rushed back to her lover Andy. Maybe tonight would be there night.

—You look so great tonight in that yellow skirt. Why don't you let me kiss you

What's a harmless kiss

She first thought about Andy and how stupid she had been. But then it started to feel so good. It tingled Before long her breasts were exposed and he was going down on her.

--*Oral sex isn't really sex. Not if I don't touch your dick.*

But she saw his dick. And it was hard. She wanted to taste it. To suck it until he couldn't control it.

--I want you hard inside me

She had never felt Andy's tongue skim the edge of her ass. She opened up for Edin as he rammed his dick up her from behind. She just went delirious—abandon without any way of catching herself.

I'm not sure about this. I mean Andy found out. I don't want him pissed at me.

—Pissed. He doesn't know anything and I'm pissed as hell

She spent the week in depression. She didn't want to lose the house. But than she really enjoyed sex with Edin. Part of her relished the time at work. But she needed to cut it off while sh still could.

—You've got to take a stand.

Edin never did.

--Why do I have to make a choice. What Andy doesn't know can't hurt him.

Each time that she was now with Andy felt weird. Surely he could see what was going on with her.

Did he even see what was going on?

—I'm going to have to get away for a week—it's for business. But I want a few days away from her.

—I could join you.

—I need some time by myself. It's what's good for me. It's what's good for us.

She really didn't believe that.

—Is something wrong?

—Of course there's something wrong.

She saw the look in his eyes. She was aware that she was confusing him.

—It's not you. It's me.

But it was his problem. He was too ordinary.

But she had ordinary dreams. Ordinary dreams in an extraordinary body. She wanted to explore.

Edin felt the trip would provide them the opportunity that they lacked. The more that she enjoyed the sex, the more she realized this had nothing to do with Edin or Andy. She needed to take what she could when she could get it.

She didn't want to lose the house. But she couldn't pretend any more with Andy. The trip told her that...

LXIII.

Natalie lets a man of mystery turn her world upside down.

--What turns you on?

–Anything. Passion with a stranger.

–Don't leave. What's your name.

–No names. We know each other by our sex.

Jason was an actor with a affection for drugs. He languished in the artefacts of his ecstasy. On coke, he felt that he had crossed over to other side. This new endurance gave him the insight that he had crossed over to the other side—that he could see Natalie in a way that she could never see herself.

He knew how she enjoyed pain and searched for a way to induce the most extreme agony in her. but one that would leave no mark. Not a sign of aggression but an internal searing. She could feel the edges of that wound. As it healed, it was the imprint of her new affection for him. He rubbed salve into the its corners. He ran his finger along its crevices. He stimulated this part of her with such intensity that she spread this passageway in a such a wide expanse. His vulgarity was profound and allowed him to sink deeper and deeper into her. She swallowed him completely. He became lost in the will that he created.

He needed to disguise the risk involved in this passion. He wanted to make her concentrate on her desire in its pure form. She hungered for their contact. He needed to make it more difficult. He needed to refuse her until she pleaded.

She needed to throw her life into jeopardy. Public encounters. Exhibitionism. Private rendez-vous in forbidden places. Have her break taboos. Break laws. Trespass and steal.

–What do you want to take?

–Something that is part of her. Something that she values most.

–Go ahead Natalie. Steal her heart.

–So you can take mine.

–Strip for me. Masturbate in front of me. Let me lick the cum from your pussy. Let me gag on your refuse. Your sweat pungent and intoxicating.

>>Get in the bath with your clothes on. Everything clinging to your body. My cock like an oar in the waves. Do you know that I am inside you, but where are we? All mouth and hair and lips and in and out.

>>Do you like this? If you do, it is not you. It is me.

>>What do you want?

–I want you to fuck me up the ass with a studded condom.

–That is not enough.

–I want to lick the rim of the bitch's pussy who you have just fucked.

–More.

–I want to eat your shit. I want to fuck your corpse.

–What?

–I want to die inside you.

–That is not enough.

–I want to kill for you. I want to kill your lover.

–You are my lover.

–Then find someone else who I can destroy.

–You are already doing that.

LXIV.

Shelia risks her love for her husband with her penchant for bizarre experimentation.

Tyler was real busy with a new client. Shelia was feeling neglected. She started hanging around with Simone, her new neighbor. Experimentation was certainly her hallmark as she stopped by to find her going at it with the pool man. As she watched Simone, she imagined herself as willing as her new friend. She pulled up her dress and put her hands under her panties.

–You enjoyed that.

Shelia started to rearrange herself.

–It’s really OK to watch.

–Have you ever done it with a woman?

She blushed.

–Don’t be afraid to admit it.

–Admit what?

–That you might get into that sort of thing.

When Tyler came home, Shelia had made a special dinner for him.

–I thought that we were going to go out to eat.

Couldn’t he even appreciate all her work.

–Don’t you want to even try it?

–Honey, I had a big dinner at the office.

–I thought you were the one who wanted to go out to eat.

–I did. But my stomach is a little upset.

–What do you want to do?

–Maybe have you show me a little affection and then I can go to bed.

–I don’t think that I’m feeling that affectionate right now.

All she could think about was that incident with Simone this afternoon. Why had she never made love to a woman. At this point, she didn’t want to pretend that she was naive. If she had desires, she needed to give in to them.

As she sponged herself in her bath, she imagined Simone’s tongue licking at her legs. The action became more overwhelming, as Shelia just gave in completely.

–You were in bath a long time. Why don’t you...

She ended up yielding to him. She dropped her towel and he started to kiss her insides. She opened so easily to his caress. She opened up to him. Her sighs were massive and seemed to shake the room.

His pleasure was achieved without effort.

–Thanks, baby.

He rolled over and went to sleep.

Some consolation.

The next morning she saw Simone in her garden. She wore a low-cut top. Her breasts seemed delectable. She wanted Simone to make an advance.

–How are you and Tyler been doing well.

–Why do you ask?

–Something about you doesn’t seem right. You don’t seem too happy.

- We're happy.
- He's giving it to you.
- That's all I'm getting.

Shelia was in a short white satin dress and little white shoes. Simone inched the dress up her legs and kissed her legs as she went along. She had thought about this all along but when it happened, it seemed so unexpected. When Simone tried to kiss her lips, she pushed her off. This was too much. But then she felt a mutual attraction. She kissed her lips, and rubbed her hands along the edge of Simone's top. Simone took Shelia's hand and rubbed it deep inside her cleavage. Then she ran her hand under Shelia's dress. She reached into Shelia's panties and began to stimulate her. Shelia gave into her curiosity.

The orgasm was more intense than anything that Shelia had felt before. She loved Simone's golden hair covering her thighs, as her tongue found its way deep inside Shelia. After making love, the two lay by each other's sides.

- I hope your husband won't be jealous.
- He's going to be away on business in Minneapolis.
- Come on by for dinner.

She ran her hand along the outline of Shelia's lips. Shelia smiled—a honey smile. She had seen Jerry before, but she had never met him.

- Simone has told me about you.
- I hope that she said nice things.
- Everything nice.
- You're a writer.
- I'm working on a screen play.
- I've got some friends.
- I'm not that good.

- I'd love to show them your stuff.
- You haven't read it. It's just crap.
- It'd be a favor. They could make suggestions to help you.

She loved his sense of caring. She wondered what was taking Simone so long in the kitchen. Jerry stared at her with desire. What was the spell that this couple had over her. She felt Jerry running his hand up her legs. She smiled. Then she shook herself out of her reverie.

- I don't want to be indiscreet but Simone told me that you like to try new things.
- She felt a little uncomfortable with his forwardness.
- Simone's trying a sesame butter sauce on the fish.

Why was she being so presumptuous?

The fish was delicious. They were sharing drink after dinner.

- Too bad Tyler couldn't have been here. He would have loved the fish.

–When is your husband getting back here? You need to invite up to our cottage for the weekend.

Simone brought dessert to everyone.

- I don't think that I can.

Her lips were a dark crimson. Her dress was a revealing rich blue. The skirt was very

short. As she serve everyone, it moved higher up her legs.

Jerry seemed very suggestive.

–You wouldn't mind trying something.

–What?

–I've got this great rum sauce for the dessert.

Shelia smiled. She imagined him dripping the sauce over her body.

–You do have a rich imagination.

–That's why I'm a writer.

Who was going to broach the subject first.

–I better get going. It's been a long day.

–Why don't you stay a while?

Everything's been great, but I'm falling asleep. Let me use your facilities before I go.

Maybe it was the fatigue, but it seemed that Jerry was looking in on her while she was in the bathroom. She took a little long freshening up. Almost intentionally, she left the door open.

As she left, he grabbed her and pushed her to the wall.

–I've been waiting all evening to do this to you.

She wrapped her arms around him and drowned in her ecstasy.

Simone would have gladly joined in their adventure. But she felt like she had a secret to keep from her.

–You didn't sleep with my husband last night.

–I'm not like that. I don't usually lose control.

–The rum sauce wasn't too much.

She smiled. Oh, the rum sauce.

Simone seemed to exploit her guilt into another session in the bedroom. Jerry had come home from lunch and watched them through a crack in the door.

Simone slipped off Shelia's panties and started to gently caress her hips.

–There are dreams that we can't give in to.

Tyler came home that evening.

–What had been going on while I've been gone?

–I've been working on the script.

–I really hope that you can do something with it.

–I do too.

She rubbed her bare feet into the rug. She lay on the bed while Tyler hung up his jacket.

–Our neighbors asked us to dinner.

–They're really nice. I was there last night.

–We owe them a favor.

–Like what.

–We could ask them to dinner.

–Yes, we could.

At dinner, the talk turned to sex.

–I was pretty active in college, and then I met Shelia. I guess that she's enough women for me.

Tyler gave in to his voyeuristic tendencies. Simone had left the bathroom door open and

seemed to be pleasuring herself.

–You like looking at my wife.

He jumped.

–No, go ahead. She’s a beautiful woman.

–What?

–Go ahead.

Jerry went back downstairs. With wide strokes Simone provoked her desire. Jerry could feel himself touching her.

They met on the stairs.

–You were watching me.

–No, I wasn’t.

–This is my house. I heard you sneak downstairs.

She exposed her breasts for him.

–You like them, do you?

Jerry pulled her to him and kissed her wildly. He ran his hands along her breasts. She reached under his pants and grabbed his penis. He loved how forward she was. She was on her knees sucking his penis.

They went back downstairs with a feeling of a shared secret. Tyler wanted to tell Shelia, but he felt held by his guilt.

–Honey, there’s something I want to tell you. I’ve had an affair. It’s over but I needed to tell you.

She was shaken to the core. Her games with Jerry and Simone were just that. They were temporary.

–How long has this been going on?

–For a while. I went up to Minneapolis to break it off. I’ve been distant from you.

–I missed you. But I think that I’m getting over it. It probably would be good if I got away for a while.

Shelia went to see her sister for the weekend. Simone took over where Tyler’s lover had left off.

–I know that you were with Simone while I was gone. I had her test you out. Simone is great. But I think that we need to end this charade before it goes any further.

LXV.

Lina surrenders to a man not her lover when her lover tricks her with his twisted revenge.

She had already accustomed to making love anywhere. In public with her lover she found that they created their own world away from everyone else. She was seduced by his charms, and when his spell became potent, she put everything else out of her mind. He realized her devotion. He lived off it and it frightened him. It was totally overwhelming. Once she felt his touch, she melted in his arms. The world seemed to quake under her feet.

Sensing the power, he wanted to test her resolve. He had her show up in a trench coat and heels—nothing underneath. The challenge seemed almost tame compared to what would follow.

Would she accept it while he brought in another lover? What if she felt the cat licks on her pussy and woke up to see another woman. Or risked scandal by having her escapades revealed to her office workers by a secret video.

None of this pushed the envelope far enough.

–Why can't our love be enough for you?

–It is enough for me. It's you who wants more. Lina, you are a fiend, and it is my goal to show you how far you have progressed.

Already one of Tim's friends seemed to have designs on her.

–I'd take care of you better than Tim.

–Roger, you don't seem to understand. Tim says that he truly understands who I am.

–That's part of his game. He's trying to break you down to command you.

–But the sex is so mind blowing. I almost come before he has penetrated me. I tense up until I feel his touch.

–You are doing all this for him. It has nothing to do with who you really are. He has trained you like a dog. If he wants, you just bark.

–He's your friend. You can't say that.

But Roger did fuel her doubts. Somehow Tim got wind of the conversation and started to taunt her.

–I never made any promises to him. We just talked.

–But he knows about that side of you. Deep down, I think that he wants you.

Tim couldn't spend the night with her. His doubts were growing.

She had felt the same way until their conversation, but now her doubts were much less severe. When he got home, she called.

–I wished that you hadn't left so suddenly. I want to see you. I want to have you.

–Meet me at the Hilton. I'll be dressed as Pierrot.

What were her risks. She wanted this all along.

The Pierrot that she met seemed so passionate. But he refused to take off his mask. This seemed so extreme when she saw him naked, hard on and all. For once, it seemed like sex for its own sake. And she fell for that purity of their emotions.

She expected Tim to come out of the shadows as her and Pierrot rolled around on the bed.

The whole story demanded another in the Pierrot mask. Instead, it was Roger who rolled out of the shadows.

–This is not how things are supposed to go.

–That was the ultimate test. Roger was trying to draw you out.

–Both of you are clowns. I rather would have had him.

LXVI.

To delve into the heart of passion, Ginger must give something up.

It was five in the morning by the time they got off work. They took out the trash and put it in the dumpster as they walked to the car. There was a marked fatigue in their gait. A long, long night.

He wanted to soak his rod. Just the immediacy of the bodies grinding together, her head bobbing back and forth. Could he possibly relate to her in any other way, see things that he never

could grasp. The layers of their connection together. Her breasts flopping around and the two of them feeling that grip on each other.

–This is what holds together. Our appetite. We give this up and we're like a fucking mountain. We don't have heart or a soul.

–You never listen.

–What are you saying? You're not going to break up with me.

–There's not enough to hold us together to say that there's something to break.

–I fuck you. We hang out together. What more is there to keep us holding on. That's got to be love.

–Yeah, self love. I don't need you anymore.

–Don't you like what we got.

–I've got tired of telling you what you want to hear.

–You didn't complain when I was giving you what you needed, when I was sensitive to your needs.

And she wanted to leave him. And what he was saying was so ridiculous. But she wanted something tangible at that moment. Something that only he could offer her.