

So this friend of mine has a nasty blow out with his whore of a wife. And he calls me up looking for her. So what am I going I say? I tell it like it is. She's was over at my place maybe three or four days ago. And she was watching TV, and just starts coming on to me. And I'm feeling like some kind of a stud, like I've always wanted her. But at the same time he's my buddy. It's not like he's here. And I'm feeling like all stiff. But I didn't do anything. He never would have found out. But it didn't feel right. So I sent her home.

Well, he calls me wondering about it all. So I just tell him that she was over. And maybe he'd better do something. Or maybe not. Well, I thought that my friend would get mad at me. Like he'd get pissed that it wasn't **me** who called him up to give the straight dope. Or why didn't I didn't say anything until now? But he didn't say anything. He didn't get pissed off. It's like he was giving me permission to fuck his wife. And that is how it got started.

No boundaries. Anything goes. And so I started my descent into pornography. I lapsed into depravity. And I thought nothing of it. Like I was just feeling it was the natural course of things.

It was like a science. Women knew that I knew something. That I could discover their pleasure zone and this made them crazy for me to let them in on my knowledge.

When I watched a video it was as if I had x-ray vision. Or the video had been made just for me. The women seemed to be looking beyond the screen. Hey, you. They seemed to impart a special knowledge to me. They all appeared to give so much to the act. And I was overcome watching it. And this veil of enticement just rolled over me. I could stop it. The more that I got these winks from the videos, the more that I felt these women winking me at the street. At first I doubted the power. But once I started acting on it...

By the way I wish that I could say that I enjoyed my permission. Yeah, I took care of that little matter. Then after all that my friend gets all mad at me and tried to punch me out. I thought it had only brought us closer. I mean gee, we both shared something. Well, not really.

I told him that she was good, a good wife.

I wish that I could say that I was motivated by more than pleasure. Since I have started to act out my fantasies, I have been having a great time. I like to fuck and have met so many women who just love sex. It is essential, and I wonder how I got along the way I did. Sometime I feel that there is more to it. Like people have sex because they want something else. To be close. I always felt guilty about that. Like if I was with some woman, and I didn't come back for more that I had stolen something, her goddam soul. Now, I realize those types don't got no soul. The soul is just some wall that prevents them from enjoying their pleasure zone. As if guilt always held me back from being what I wanted to be.

It's not about my inner self. It about becoming something other than what I am. I noticed this with the videos. The women started to exist on a plane so far beyond their everyday lives. The mistake is when they give away their power. Think that it comes from some man. Those are the hardest women to get, to get to enjoy themselves. But they are the most satisfying. once they are released onto this path. They don't look back. The way of the flesh.

These women are just faithful because they are afraid. When they're drunk they want every man in the bar to eat them out. They start taking off their clothes. They want a different

man every night. But get one of these women on a night when their lover is out of town. And they've sucked your dick, you've touched every locale on the map of pleasure, and you're about to knock at the door and they hear luvy in the next room. The key is to take them to the threshold just bursting with enthusiasm. Ah the wonder!

"Tell me what you want."

No, let me tell them what they want.

Conscience is for weaklings, always trying to figure out what they should be doing. I let them tell me what they really want.

"What kind of friend are you. She's my wife. I thought that I could trust you."

"She put her trust in you. She gave you everything, and you just held back. You're just pissed that she told me more in one night than she told you in all those years of marital bliss."

It's as if I've stumbled on a truth of the universe. The Big Bang or something. What makes it all turn around. The force, pulling in and casting out.

It's hard to start acting out your fantasies. And for me it was a bitch. I mean these are things that you're not supposed to say. Just to let it happen. And they never do. But once you start, then you're fantasies don't exist inside you anymore. They're for real. Just turn around!

So I begin a descent into the world of pornography. At first it started out as e-mails from friends, curiosities. Can you imagine this? What are you looking at? These images haunt my everyday. I'm in line at the grocery store and something tips me off. Or I make eye contact with a woman on the street and I wonder if she has seen what I have. I can get off without imagining myself in the scene. I need to see more. Where previously the picture were unsolicited, I now start to look for the stuff. "Can you please send me some..."

And I feel that I am now walking in these landscapes. These dimly lit finished playrooms with the amateur suburban show off massaging their neighbors' enormous erect members. And although that is seldom the intention, there is some aspect of humiliation built into every one of these images. As if I need to wash my hands after just taking a peek. At the same time, the girl seems to look out to me to say help me. And I can feel her cry. She tells me that it's OK to touch myself anywhere anytime. Colleagues will come into my office, and I need to rearrange myself. Change the computer screen. I can't let them know that I am indulging in the very shots that they sent to me.

And then these really sick shots that go way past humiliation. And what do they say to me. Why would anyone submit to such a shot? That lust turns into this vomitous attachment, and I am a willing participant in handing the male actor the instrument of torture. And he has this big smile. And she is so coked out that anything and nothing will get her off. And his dick is hard as a board and resistant to every distraction. Me. Could be me. And I participate. Not then and there-- when I am safely at home in my bedroom. I touch myself. And everything oozes out--her life story. What got her into humiliation. Her history of sexual abuse and how I'm the only one who can get her out of a life like this. And her body--I am, she is what I want, she is--even in my fantasy I am at a loss for words. What I've had to do to get her to like me. To invent this history of submission.

--I'm not being forced to do anything. I like this. This is my free choice.

And I am no longer a tourist. I want to consume. I expect this ease of surrender on her part on the part of all these women that I am meeting.

--I want you to touch yourself.

Sex has given her a rather unambiguous character and she responds to a rather abstract command. Can she touch herself? Does she know how to touch herself? Would anyone but me be watching when she touches herself? Where is the self that she needs to be touched? Is it her whole body or something beneath the skin? Is she herself in the dark or under the influence? Then would it be any harder to touch herself.

And when she touches herself is she reaching through the image to touch me? Even the request that she touch me seems a lot more precarious. For now it seems fraught with risk, a request often met with her refusal. So the command of the pornographer as it appears linked with a lot more authority. I'll tell you what I want you to touch. To describe a place, a region of the body, a thing. While less ambiguous, this seems all the more insulting in that it so direct.

--I want you to suck my dick and polish my shoes while you're at it.

Now a sense of utter subjugation coincides with the command.

--I want you to touch yourself and I want to watch.

She pulls up her dress and slides her finger down her panties. The elastic of the panty is extended as she stimulates herself. This tension suggests more than what I see. The strains of her pleasure as performed for me.

Stop...

Wouldn't it be difficult to get her to do this...she does this all the time (We assume.)

--What have you been reading? Where did you learn about this sort of thing?

--I saw it on my computer.

--Is that what computers are for these days?

She's been doing this all along but to do it in front of someone else. She is responding to my request.

--Now that I'm doing what you ask, will you do something for me?

--It doesn't work that way. You can't ask. How you perform has to make me want to do something for myself.

She looks at me and knows what I want just by looking. She looks in my face and knows automatically what I want. And she wants me to have it. So begins my frenzied listening and watching. Going past the words to imagine what she is doing, what she wants to do. After you touch yourself, you will feel the spell. And she is again staring at me. Laughing and I want to get in close to let her know what I am feeling.

Let me touch myself, and I can touch myself without at all touching. And she is now my imagination. I can get aroused and stimulated without even being touched. Without doing anything!

--Let me touch myself.

I can touch without at all touching. Can you?

And it is becoming all the more real, so where is the fantasy. The frenzy that seizes me is real. And I am locked in this scenario.

An end in itself. to look at her touching herself. I want to drift to sleep. Another bed

time story. Another interruption. And I begin again.

–Have you ever touched yourself in the sort of way?

In the bedtime story, I am watching you get ready for bed. And you pop on a little teddy that reveals. And there you are in the bed pulling it up and exploring yourself, touching yourself. and if I could kiss where you touched. And you touch in a way that lingers too long except for the invitation that accompanies the touch.

I want to drift to sleep, but I can taste her fingers, her lips, her insides. And the more that her hands move freely inside her, the more my tongue slides along those sweet walls. And they become more and more slippery. And swollen. Take me. And even my breath is halting. My heart rate increases. I cannot sleep. Slip it in, in, in, in. She tosses her head back. Her eyes are closed. All that she can acknowledge is this pleasure. Knocked out by its intensity. And she feels me stiffen inside as I come. And I kiss her. The lips are now cold. But that seems so much more exciting.

The screen goes blank The story is over.

There is an afterimage of shame and vanity. And I am even more exhausted by this bedtime story. She is somewhere ready to start again.

–Do you have one more take in you?

Does she have anything left today. The parts of her body still hidden from the camera. The small of her back. The tender skin just below her sex. And the mirror of the camera slyly creeps in these forbidden zones.

And what is left for her is possession. Someone at home that holds too tight. That checks if she has been doing coke on the set. That comes inside her with a passion that he believes is the most intense.

She needs to protect herself against these intimacies, these invasions. And in the thin film rolled on the screen, that inside unavailable to all. What they all think that they are touching. What they are all too exhausted to complete on their own.

THE VISITOR

I love how you can pretend that this is something entirely spontaneous and you just love me to make my visit.

Oh you find this so exciting! Like it is something that you just let happen.

Or something that never happened.

Or a surprise that you never meant to happen.

You don't expect this. Or you pretend not to be awakened by my touch And you lie there immobile letting something so overwhelming happen but hardly affected by its wave.

And I am pulled in by a fever, a moist affection, drawn into the decay. And our breaths are both hot.

The warm decay. And she senses a fleeting touch, a force that just waves past her

–I wonder in my heart if could ever scandalize myself.

Where girl ends, and woman begins.

–I feel no shame. For none of this.

THE MEETING

--I noticed that you were following me.

She had noticed much earlier. She had wanted to be followed. She doesn't stop to scold me. Or to ask me to stop. We had made eye contact in the book store. And she left with that toss of her hair.

And now! I move closer to her.

--I want to offer you something. She lets me stroke that luxurious blonde bob that she has been slinging about her head.

--You're a dirty man.

--I just need to rest. Do you want to come with me somewhere and take a rest?

Is she really up to this sort of thing?

--I feel shame when I show my body to my boy.

What she is telling herself, what I can read in her eyes. The half smile. You are perfect for me.

And it is difficult pulling her skirt up. Her body seems to resist my motions. Too many layers and twist. What she does, does not want, will not. What is she doing?

The curtains are half-closed in the room. The ill presence of daylight when we need the cover of day.

When we are together...it is terrific. She is a powerhouse. An athleticism that seemed to contrast what I saw in the street. That is why I approached her. The flaw that I wanted to exploit.

--We are good together.

--I don't want you to think that anything special could come out of this. I had a good time, but..

She is in the process of dressing. She has her blouse on. She has straightened her hair. But she is walking around completely exposed from the waist down.

This is an intense reminder of our time together. An affront. A refusal. As she turns, the angle from the top her leg to the twist of her rear beckoned me, hooked me. For some reason she put on her heels without yet putting on her panties or her skirt, and this incenses my desire even more. I am still stunned by it all. Sitting on the bed. I pull her over by the arm and turn her around so that she was at face level. She. Perfect. Beyond perfect. And I push my face into her hair. My tongue sliding in the crevices, salty and electric. She gives into the lapping of my tongue and my saliva mixed with her wetness. Slopping. Both wetting those hairs, rough and inviting. As I lick she falls on top of me. The pungent odor overcomes me. Who are you? I can't know feeling smothered by the scent of her sexuality. The lips become engorged and her sugar walls became loose and swollen. I feel myself being drawn deeper and deeper in her. Here I can forget any sense of boundary between us. We two liquify. I roam in this sea. Only the movement of her hand and her the subsequent stimulation seems to offer any sense of punctuation to the erupting currents.

The layers of flesh that separate us become thinner and more transparent. And I rise and fall in these massive waves, I feel them pulsating through and through

THE JOURNAL

THURSDAY: She appears in a restaurant as he requested. And she is naked underneath her trench coat. She opens the coat to reveal a clump of hair. He grabs her emphatically, roughly. She lets him massage her in public view. She sits back and spreads her legs to better support the extreme movements on her part.

–Why are you doing such a thing?

And if she goes along with him. She feels that he is taking her back. And her excitement is performed for others to see so that they might become all the more excited by all this.

In this they are with her, part of all this.

That she would do this for him at any cost.

SATURDAY: I am having difficulty remembering this encounter. How they came together.. How he will draw her into his body. Her heels turn on concrete.

What I can't see. Will this end in the same way.

Will you take me again?

The heels scraping on a metal table to mimic the flow of their intercourse. Her legs seem so certain—the heels.

What happened?

He rolled my body out on a table. The natural inclination was to recoil in a sense of shame. But he completely saw me as compliant. And I remained like that for him. I lay back on the table and planted my heels on the table. I was still in panties and a bra. But they seemed to dissolve in his hands. I did not surrender my stance, my legs ramping up into the air up to the knees, the emphasis of the heels. He kissed the back of my thighs and I felt my whole body caught up in a whirlwind of caresses.

Imagine if this all disgusted you. If you had no reason to go along with him. But you still did anyway. And you would later tell yourself that you had regretted every minute of it. But you had really wanted him to degrade you more.

–Why?

–This would only add to the tension of the desire.

Her glee as she feels her body transported elsewhere.

--Can you describe what you see?

--It's hard to tell. I see a man and a woman. I can see her fear, his aggression. I can see her acquiesce. I can't.

–You have my permission

–He strips her bra off. He massages her ample breasts. He slips off her panties.

–Go on.

–He kisses her firm stomach. He penetrates her from behind. She coos. Now she is on top of him. She rides him.

–Continue.

–His hands his hands surround her breasts. She extends her tongue to kiss him. She pulls

down his pants and begins to run her tongue around his erect penis. She massages her legs to invite him. You see her ass. The plump cheeks. The cute bottom. She slinks around. She smiles. Her lips show her arousal.

–What next?

–He slides his hand between her legs, they glide along the moist lips. She sits before him and totally offers her nakedness. He digs deep into her. He thrusts but she but she complies with his motions. She offers her kiss to emphasize her assent. Her smile burns with an ardor that melts his resistance. His caresses slide down her breast.

>>She lets her love shine for the sunlight. Her love is full and awaits his entry. He gasps from how long he has waited. She slips out of her panties. Another scene. He takes off her clothes then he follows. He uses a sponge to bathe her. He massages her breasts. The reply of her firm stomach. He palms her vagina while she kisses her breasts. She gyrates as his hand reaches deep inside her.

>>He approaches her from behind. He pulls her body to his and the two rock in their intimacy.

My head is full of these descriptions. How to sleep. I am so tired. I begin my nap by imagining that I am falling down the Grand Canyon. And I let myself go. I am not afraid. I know that I will never hit the bottom.

The last time I was asleep I was sure someone was sleeping next to me even though I had gone to bed alone. She noticed that I was aware of her presence, and she tried to jump up and slip out before I noticed her presence.

REVEALED

The strip of hair that she shows when she slings off her panties. That patch. Slightly coarse, a reminder of this reality.

She lifts her body above his and starts to move in a gently rocking fashion. This is to imply the transport of penetration. That the intensity of her motion focuses on what is not seen but entirely implied, that he has engaged the entirety of her physicality in his intimate contact with her. That she pulses with the intensity of that contact. Her motions appear to exaggerate the rhythms of his internal blood flow.

We do not and cannot see the ultimate source of her excitement. And the success of the scene depends on her engaging our participation in creating what is entirely absent from our view. It is this excitement on our part that is entirely the provocation for her feeling. His presence dissolves in this enjoyment and we seem to indulge her whims. Our hearts start to beat fast and blood rushes to our head to suggest another layer of involvement in the scene.

Her breasts are prominent and draw attention to the motion by adding another plane of motion to the unified rocking of the rest of the body. They involve the hands, the desire to squish her body into his. For that moment the layers of her skin, firm but full, The curves of flesh mass together in her insistence. This is met by his direct replies as he pushes her deeper into him. She bends closer to him and brushes her breast against his chest. He grabs her legs and slides his hands up her sides until he is letting this mass flow into him.

Here we await her excitement in a moan or a scream. Not resistance, but a total surrender

to the movement.

I don't think that I can follow this description any further. If it's not real, then it just seems to prolong my misery.

If I could describe it in a way that I would want to be part of it, what would that include? What is that thing that just gives it all a tingle or, more than that, gives me the sense that it is breathtaking?

The flash of enjoyment. The sinuous waves of her body. The return to the body, the physical residue. My desire, enthusiastic past the wall.

Her bare legs show under the table, but the rest is dark, all the same...

THE ANGLE

All these exhilarating moment lead to the one fact, that he is inside her. The angle suggests the she is floating in air—flying. As she begins to soar she sucks him up into the pull of her flight. She covers him, gives in to him, draws him to her surrounds him, and he is overcome by the energy that she sustains. He plunges deeper into her as he feels her hurtle past him. He sees without seeing. The universe flashes past him. He does not breath and is inspired by this wind. The universe bends back and he feels its force all drive full-face into him. His chest collapses in from this momentum.

Less and less breath and the buzzing in his ears. The sound now a roar, explosive, the big scream, fingers scraping against pavement. A massive wave travels from him and she feels the snap rush into her. She returns this thrust. I cannot take this.

She gives way to the contrary motions. She melts in its whirlpool. He recoils against this liquidity. Again locked in the flesh

Nothing less than a return to the same angle. As if they couldn't do anything but thrust into each other to maintain their balance. AH!

They cannot stop. It's is not an option. Moreover, the ANGLE! All their being has and forever will be directed to this. This angle. I am. He is with her.

Nevertheless, this contact is an affront to him. That he could never have enough energy to counteract the challenge that is presented by their coincidence. Her. He is unsure of himself. Who he is through this progression as he feels the merging of all this is. And at this point he has been swallowed. Swallowed into a massive gel. He can feel himself struggle in the ooze. Where flesh is again a liquid mass. Drinking in the flow, quenching thirst, drowning in it to the point of suffocation. Inside all turned out. In me in me in you. Explode, the bodies compelled in to each other, one rushes over the other. She is inviting him, daring him to cross over and he can do nothing less than to take that challenge, take his life from him. I am watching you, I have been watching you all along. But it is he who glances down to know. And this is the challenge. Going along, all along just to be overwhelmed. And he is. He needs to be. Do it for enjoyment. That if you were in his place, you could do nothing but. Enjoyed as already exploded. You cannot even look on this or hear about it without that same sense of awe. So you must carry through.

Doubly defeated. Less himself to have been taken down this far. Less himself to have accepted a mission for us. Glee. He is there. This is his quest. And for that moment, he has lost

his anticipation and again moves out of himself into her. THE ANGLE! They are conjunct. And in the potency of the contact, he feels marvelous. Selected to accept the ebb of this tide. All awaiting him overcome. And in this wave he gives and holds back. His neck is bent back in the tremor. His whole body is seized by this jolt. He braces for the intensity of contact and it does nothing less than come at him, shake him up and down. Yes! Dash against any form that he can retain. The two alike burn in this electricity. But the angle is wearing him down through its sheer ecstasy. I cannot do anything less than but be in this flow. The crackle. The grossness of this seizure. To the point of throwing out all his insides. Take me higher. I cannot.

He has not abandoned his allegiance to the flow but already there is so little of him there. Or he is only there. Flesh against flesh, the two battering against each other. And this rhythm speaks for them. Flesh counter to flesh, whipped together. Masses rolling over each other. Very physical, the slaps, to hear the contact in its insistence. That he is done for, but hardly done. Frozen together, bound together. Inside, yes more, over and around you. This unity vanquishing him. He is himself as almost a regurgitate.

She is both behind him and in front of him. The phantom of their contact. And the movement is not quelled. But he is so far in it that he is still. Spent while being entirely unspent. At this point, he cannot separate himself from it. Slips down by it. Battled and overwhelmed by it.

He falls through the floor and the fall will not stop. Spread out further and further in this free fall. There he is splattered in this descending eternity.

An itch. A reawakening to the flow. A succeeding tremor that he rides into her flesh. Take me as I am. He cannot sacrifice himself, now phantom, he can only go along to wonder how far along this has all gone.

Planted firmly in this contact, the angle. The two of them. Having obliterated any ghost that had waved him off this scene, he is in her grasp. And over her. The angle. A ripple, now a stream, an ocean. She is turned around in these currents, nothing less than the angle. Prepared all along to just be this. AH!

How he started off. Ready to go, as if he was watching as he was doing it all. Can you take more of this. Of course. And this course will not arrest its circle of flowering. I am sinking, deeper and deeper in that whirlpool. And the angle is an imprint on his brain. Etched deep. It is his angle to which she has conformed.

And she falls further and further into the spiral. Falling backwards, head first, flipping but not going over, so again held precarious by their thrust. Ah!

And he senses the coronation by the sunshine of their coincidence. More. More. More.

Here, thus and nothing more. This Angle

RELAX

He fizzles. Nothing he can do, I can do. Where I have been led up to this point. I can't help it. THE ANGLE, so overwhelming that I gush. Obliterated.

This is the story of some kind of expert in pleasure. He does not just propose.

—I'll take you all on.

He prolongs his pleasure.

–Thank you.

I've got this problem. Between excitement and climax. Boom. THE ANGLE. YOU YOU YOU are just so exciting. BOOM! Collapse.

Splattered against the wall he is. THE ANGLE. Her body. Existing only so far as he is there. I am watching them both and I cannot take it...splatter.

RELAX. It is not time for you to give in.

"I'm not too good at this."

Who is going to say this. Who? He is an expert.

When it gets too good, so good, so intense and this is so much that way.

THE ANGLE. Her feet, the shoes say her, him, I can't.

This is starting to seem to real to restrain myself.

Taking it a little slower might better prepare him to...

Slammed in the head. This is too much for me to take. From the moment that I see the angle. The place of her body in proximity with his.

THE GEOMETRY

Two parallel thin black straps cross her feet. They underline the angle of the foot in relation to the rest of her body. The angle is direct, an anchor to the lines of thrust. The body moving to reenforce these lines. The feet seem to be propelled by the shoes, propel to fly off the anchors, to pierce the wall. To counter his motion, to inject his movement with a frivolity. Where even she feels suffocated by the weightiness of her actions, of the imposition of the angle. So the shoes frame the triangles formed by each foot. And these triangles emphasize the dynamics of her legs obeying the rhythms of his gyration. These clear lines also reflect the certainty of his penetration. That nothing less is implied by this arrangement. From the moment that he appears to have slide himself into her, the two bodies are subservient to this geometry. The end is already implied in this beginning. Or there is no end, an eternity of her motion, the angle of her body. We are seeing it from her angle.

Then from his angle. So the triangles of her shoes anticipate the triangle of penetration. This is the immediacy of contact. Contact with her lips because he has been accepted into her. The lines emphasize this. And we see a strip of her hair, shaved to express the everything of these gestures. that no distraction would be allowed from the purpose they have given to their experience.

You are perfect. Or the geometry is perfect. Or I knew that it always was perfect. A greater perfection than anything that I have seen previously today. That I could conquer these lines even at the point that I felt the most woeful earlier today. That no rejection could overcome my present triumph.

He wanted what he saw, what he had see, what he had expected to see when he saw her turn around and glance at him. Are you looking at me? He would be looking at her later that night. Or he would feel and be where he now looked. Or he could not look or could not see

what it was, what it was could only be now where he completed the angle of her body. That everything about her body implied a place where he would be. The momentum would thus increase from his presence. Knowing that he would look. That he had wanted to look from the beginning.

Do you see it? Where the lines crossed and where they would cross to form an inside. The line that seemed to split her in half. Did you come to see me?

Yes. I did. The moist kiss as the introduction. As already there. It would be perfect if you took me like that. To hold on so tight. As tight as was suggested by her being ready from the beginning to submit to these lines.

THE TRIANGLE

To have waited this long. To know what he was waiting for, but to wait and know. To see in the outlines of her...smile. Nothing less than an outline. Too much for words or only for words. This is what I expected from her. Didn't know what you would say. Knew all the time.

Do you have it? Or some time to spare. How can you say that? I like the way that you kiss would mean nothing at all about kissing. But contact. The lips, sliding together, the moist kiss. overwhelmed by the kiss as needing so much more. Do you know where this is going. Or do you have to know. Or do you already know. The lips are not lips. Nothing that she wanted to say, could say to stop it. A wink, the eyes. What are you looking at? All you have ever been looking at.

The crossing. Carried up in the excitement and the crossing over.

He pulls her over to him.

Or pulls her out of the way.

The taking off of clothes. Volunteering or allowing him to pull them off. The undone button. A clasp on her sandals. So easy to remove. That she was willing from the moment that she came in. He runs his hand down her...

Hand to hand. He pulls her over to him.

How much can we show, or do we need to show to let you know where this is going?

He kisses the back of her neck. She shakes her head, tosses her hair. Closes her eyes, opens her eyes to look at him. Do you have any doubt? Do you want to stop this?

Kiss me. He kisses her. He is buried in her kisses. Her hair in her face and he is buried in her kisses. The moisture brushes the hair. Already surrounded by the rush. Their bodies still separate, nervously moving toward each other.

And in contact the satisfaction of a desire that they had been carrying with them through time. Deep and elemental. And in their embrace a knowing inevitability settled the tingle of their bodies, as if the shivering could now stop.

He licks a trail along her stomach that stops at her bra. He surrounds her with cat caresses. He removes the bra and the breasts roll on his face. He is engorged with her fullness of her flesh. Again a trail of the tongue down to her panties.

How to imply without showing? How to show without showing everything? How to show everything and still maintain the excitement of the seduction.

His tongue is now warmed by the drift from inside. There the flesh is electric. Salty and animated. He can sense it sparks him completely. He has found a place that he wants to be. All absorbed by the delicate tenderness of her skin. The flesh dissolves in this current and he is gripped by its touch. Hypnotized by the silky glide.

When she draws him inside her, he can almost hear an intense shrillness. He pulls her toward him and cannot contain his ecstasy. His blood rushes to his head. Too dizzy. He runs his hands along her smooth legs. The rush is now so much greater. and he braces himself by driving deeper. And she accepts his motion. Pulls him out of himself.

In his hands he appears to attain the totality of her flesh and she in relentless in trying to draw him to her. She balances behind her and appears to disappear in this exchange. She will not let go. Nor will he. Not enough yet.

SUSTAIN

The picture suggests that they have already made contact. Before this a hope that they might get past that moment of suspense. Holding there.. But already submerged in passion. Frozen in outline. Drained of any sense of attachment except the rawness of the shared mania. As such this would be so immediate, but then that would return both to a more drawn out isolation. Accepting what they don't want about each other, their sickness.

And so they contour what holds them together, a desire to push beyond contact. In this way the angle is way beyond itself. In the midst of enjoyment and long done.

Way beyond revelation, they work to pry open new frontiers. His tongue seeks areas for exploration. Her face registers a combination of wonder and unresponsiveness. Once a level of excitement has been attained, they do all but maintain it. He is focused on his own inventiveness. For her all this is expected. Less and she would lose what concentration remains. Once she has achieved such ecstasy, a light disturbance and she is tossed back into a sense of the ordinary.

This is the flip side of his attempt to relax, to meld with the waves of pleasure. From this side, she expects creativity. She looks for signs of his waning interest. Overall a sense of astonishment covers her face. Dedicated, but slightly bored. Here she does not continue.

ILLICIT

She is so uninhibited with him because she is not in fact with him. He has betrayed Agatha with Novena. For him his encounter with Novena is eternal because it is temporary. Once the angle of her body has engaged his desire, he gives himself completely to the sex. He is not with her because he has convinced her that they should be together. She has been promised this utter release with him. That is why they do not notice Agatha in the room. That is why we do not follow Agatha down the stairs. We are looking for sex, not an adventure that leads to sex. We are privileged to this scene because it is illicit. It has nothing to do with the story. So we are not supposed to see any more of it. But we want to see it and enjoy it. We don't care about the story. Novena is everything that Agatha wants to be and cannot. Agatha is going to spend the rest of the movie trying to be like Novena. Novena is taking it for what it is.

Agatha took it because it was part of a promise. Face to face with the white hot passion of Novena, he cannot resist. He knows this from the beginning. He wants Agatha to be like this. She tries to be. And she just exhausts him. And she still hasn't got her point across. He has just been in her. But Novena is getting to him, at least until he put himself in her. He can never contain this passion; he must yield over and over again.

Will he wonder if Novena is with someone else when he is not with her? Of course, she is. Through the whole movie she will be fucking someone. So he has to have sex with her. Otherwise, she'll be with someone else. And something about that physical connection will escape. Agatha will look up at him after sex and ask him if it was good. She'll ask for more because she'll think that she need to exhaust him to make him feel good. Novena knows that she is already too much for him. Agatha has something to say about it. That's why it's her movie. Her sex will never match what she has to say. Novena's pleasure will always be more than what she says. So she has no need to talk about it. He doesn't want to lose Novena. He will give her things. He will give things to Agatha because he feels obligated. And sometimes he will plain forget. Agatha will wear a tight sweater so that he will want to see what is underneath the sweater. Whatever Novena wears, he will want to see underneath. We will always see what is underneath. He can't help giving in to her.

–Why are you with that woman?

Agatha knows not to ask. For her adventure, she needs to end it with him then and there. and she knows this. She's held herself back previously. She never felt that she could trust him. That is why she is attracted to her sex teacher. But she never could give in to his lessons because she always held back for her lover. No she knows that her lover is with someone else. So she can give freely to the lessons.

THE DREAM

I am standing outside the back door of the office where I saw Novena and the man have sex. She leaves the room. She is still in disarray, enough to engage her sexually at that moment. I can see her pubic hair and her naked breasts. She seems to recognize me and stop. If I had met her on the street, I would have coveted such a moment. As abrupt as it was, it left nothing available for me. Next thing we are sitting across from each other and she is still in a state of undress. It would be so much easier if she just touched herself to give me the needed invitation. but this is not about our sexual congress. She has no intention to get close to me. Just as he could not resist her body, she cannot resist the need to talk to me.

I want to tell her about my experiments, how she is my sex eternal. But this would not make sense for her.

–Why can't men resist me?

–Is that a problem?

–I just give in too easily.

–But they can't resist you?

–Maybe it really isn't that way. Maybe it's me.

–What do you want?

–That’s just it. I get what I want. I don’t even have to ask. So when they ask, it’s so automatic.

–So you want to go back in that room and say no.

–It’s not that easy.

–Do you want to go back in the room?

Her legs seem firm and succulent. They are not wet but seem to reflect a glistening light. I wish that I could go back in the room with her. But for us it would mean something else. She cannot be with me. It would just give her reason to resist him. And for the moment we can say that he is still in the room.

In this conversation there can be no resolution through touch. She will not touch me. I cannot ask her to let me touch her. She wants to end that cycle. That is why I see everything. I see her because it is all done.

THE RENDEZ-VOUS

I get my best candidates in book stores. Sometimes people are such fools. They let strangers know who they are without saying a word. The book is my best opening. Women telegraph their heart to me. There’s nothing to protect them. Why are you talking to me? You? I was talking to the reader. Someone who’d rather read than really get down and dirty and do it. Do it to herself. And to make you want to turn the page so bad and I just peel that book from your hand.

–You want to grab a cup of coffee.

–Coffee. For what. I’ve already figured out what you want. Something a lot stronger.

–And what is that?

–Sister, don’t play cute with me?

Romance is the code. And I play it like a real snoop.

–All your life you’ve been waiting for an opportunity like this. Let’s go somewhere really private.

Underground parking garages in the back of minivans are choice. Why are you driving around in this thing anyway? It’s a regular bed on wheels. Just climb on up.

–I really can’t take you to my place.

But that’s where I really want to go. I want to score some souvenir of the kill. It’s not like she’s going to track me down and say remember that time I cheated on my lover.

And you just show up unexpected in the same place, in her neighborhood.

–Did you come back for more?

–Actually I was looking for your friend. While we were having sex in your bedroom, I was staring at her picture.

–It’s not like she ever comes here.

–She’s supposed to meet me here.

And she stares into space with her mouth wide open.

–Here’s a book I thought that you might like...

I just sneak out of there to meet her friend. And she’s still wondering where she misplaced her address book.

I once knew this girl who'd call me from work on her cell. And she'd be in the bathroom masturbating on her break. And we'd be talking about any old shit. The market or gossip. And her hand was deep in her. Or both hands as she held the cell with her shoulder. One so easily sliding inside and the other prolonging that tingle.

–Do you want to get together later?

–Later. You're some kind of sex fiend. You're just dirty. This is all I really need.

And she got plastered in the middle of the afternoon. She kept calling. This continued on for a year until she married some lawyer from the office. Now I think about her now and then when I'm beating off or having some other women. But that's about it. Nothing really nostalgic.

THE ASSIGNATION

–Are you following me?

Or she was expecting me to follow her. It always starts out that way. More than that—we're both heading in the same direction. And she starts to get aware of me. It's not like I'm stalking. It always starts with a signal

EXHAUSTION

How old are you, how big's your penis, how much money do you have, where do you work, what kind of car do you drive? Who are you with, do you like it here? All these questions are distractions.

I am eternal. I'm a professional lover? Where can we go?

THE HUNGER

I sat on the bed. I was holding my penis.

She looked at me and smiled and then laughed.

–What is it?

I was naked. She was not. This was unusual. I don't know why.

–Are you going to do something?

She still said nothing.

–Aren't you interested in me, she wondered.

–Is something wrong?

–I don't want to have sex with you.

–Did I get naked for nothing?

–Why do you ever get naked?

–You're being flip.

–You're still holding your penis.

–Do you want me to massage it?

–It’s not doing anything on its own.

–Maybe you’d like to massage it for me.

–That’s suggest some kind of interest on my part. It’s not like you’re showing anything to me.

I fell off my horse.

–Why don’t you come over here and do something for me?

–I think I’ll just get dressed.

–You are dressed. Maybe you could take your clothes off and then just come over her and make love to me.

–Make love. You just want me to fuck you.

–I wouldn’t object.

–I would.

–What do you want?

–I want to leave.

–But I’m already naked.

–And you were born naked too. But that alone doesn’t give you any special privilege.

But it did. All I needed to do was to go over to her, whisper in her ear, rub my body against hers. And my inability to achieve arousal was only due to the a lack of proximity. And I gradually felt her warm insides surround me.

Of course, it does not happen like that. That is some other man. Someone who has already broken the thread. Ane if I let it break too, then I have lost the erotic link between us. Then it is just sex.

She remains at the other end of the room and starts to massage herself, as if she has picked up the fantasy that I have just traced. She collapses in a corner of the room and continues to masturbate. Now the pleasure is solitary. Her eyes are closed.

I get dressed and leave. The thread is already broken. And now I know that I have succeeded. Her whole life has been given over to physical pleasure. Anything less and she cannot survive. I can never partake of her pleasure again. But she cannot escape the hunger. Ao in her future when the right stranger approaches her on the street and just says, “Do you want to fuck,” she’ll melt in his arms. From then all she’ll wander the streets in the hope that she’ll find men who notice that glint in her eyes. Men who aren’t afraid to ask. Ask in a way that she can’t say no!

I needed something to make...to make up for how I was feeling.

–Honey, you’re a good lay and all. But I don’t know you and I got to get up at 7:30 in the morning. So you’ll have to get up and out when I get up.

What am I becoming?

I started to feel like some kind of whore

wait

you’ve waited long enough...

THE SHOW

I turn the channel to the movie. The jumble of legs, breasts, hips. He puts her breasts in his mouth. What this can imply. What they will not show. A close shot of her breasts.

What I want to see and what they will not show. And how they will imply something, something that I want. A hand that blocks my view. Is it part of the action or does it hide what I want to see.

They are in the bath together. Most of their bodies are submerged in the soapy water. Through the bubbles her legs bounce up and down as he caresses them, kisses them. His gestures carry us along to what lies below the surface of the water.

The focus, her breasts. So that they are saying so much more. Something he can react to. She can delight to his caresses. Their prominence on the screen. I can sense her delight. More intense, sense her touching me. My touching her, she gives way. The exaggeration—her breasts.

Another scene—the same rules of engagement. Her hips. She twist toward the camera. It cuts before we see a frontal shot. The breasts are suspended just above his mouth. A number of obligatory kisses, as if.

But the he indeed puts the fruit of desire in his mouth. He reacts to the impression of the nipple his tongue. The fullness of the breast more than his mouth can contain. In this his hunger feels a sense of satiation. And this again implies more, more than we are shown.

The promise of the scene fuels a desire. And the incendiary quality of what is shown is meant to be satisfaction itself. Enough to push a participating view way over the edge to a supremacy of pleasure. She is here, she wants me, she surrounds me, I am losing my head.

A close shot of her breast. A crappy image. But this only adds to the reality of the scene. The images are transformed from plastic to flesh, as I compensate with my attraction for her. My pleasure adds to what I cannot see. I know that I am meant to be part of this scene. This is where this film draws me in. What it does not need to show. The sex is in the way. Actually part of it, I cannot pull back for a medium shot, or cannot move around the bodies for an extra close up. They are entangled each in each. Legs entwined. A mix up And I like it.

Now if I had the close up! More realistically, I am starting to feel less aroused. What is not sex in this scene. Or what I want that could never be in this scene. Afterwards. I don't want to wait around this room. Wait for her to digest the whole experience. Imply more.

—I suppose this means that everything is all right between us.

He talks to the camera apart from her: “I just lost my desire for her body. And I started finding little things to fight about. Or I just wanted to fuck her. That was all. She wanted tenderness and I...”

Is this the same movie. Can this add anything to the viewer's feeling. Or it leaves me wanting to see more. Wanting to see them conjunctive. What do I have to go through. More phone conversations.

—Are you having an affair?

And if he answers yes, will the sex be more or less intense. He hesitates.

—Who is it?

He still will not answer.

—Do I know her?

It's your best friend. And do you want to join us. You can feel so much more direct in your attitude toward me.

She starts to cry, and now we want to see the woman who he is talking to on the phone. See her take off her sweatshirt. Rub her legs with skin lotion.

–Do you live with someone? Is she there now?

–I'm going to take this is in the other room. Just hold on.

He turns to his wife: "Honey, this is business."

Dirty business. So dirty that we will not see what he wants. If his wife comes around the corner and sees him stroking himself.

–You **are** beautiful.

Can't you say more than that?

–I feel like I'm living in an ice house here.

Where will they meet? In a supermarket parking lot. And have sex while the shopper are passing by the car.

–If we went to a hotel room, this would suggest that we want to cheat.

And they do not, do they?

We want to see him go back to his wife. We want her naked body stretched out on the bed begging for the fuck that had become so alienating to her. Knowing that if he would not fuck her, take her apart. That what awaited her would be so much more painful–excruciating agony. This is gross. pathetic. This is the farthest thing from what she ever could want. He is being force on her. She needs to go. But she is staying for my benefit. Staying because I am watching her. She is fucking him for me!

ME

talks to me

where does she talk back

WHITE SILK PANTIES

what covers my desire

my object of satisfaction

“Put these on for me my sweet”

PORNOGRAPHY

I turned to pornography after my ex left me. Voracious. A career. All I could think about was sleek abs or ample curves or pathways or crevices, turns of flesh, architecture, flourishes, revelation, insertion...all I could think about was what was underneath and more than that..The folds of the flesh. What she had been doing, was doing. The brain flash and flesh. When she wasn't with me, she was practicing with this faceless mass. When she looked at me, I knew her. But then I would lose her in a mass of bodies. Somewhere for me make contact, find comfort. put it in.

I enjoy the company of women. Only those that I could eventually fuck.

My ex is married to a dentist now. I always thought that he diddled her when she was out on anesthetic. She comes back all excited one day.

–I just love going to the dentist.

What was that about?

THE WOMAN

–How can you read this stuff. Watch this bull shit.

–I’ve wanted to be an erotic writer. Maybe change from my attachment to pornography and you’ll write “I grabbed her tit.” or “I fucked her good.” You think any woman is going to want to read that shit.

I didn’t want her to think that she was getting to me. Why was it bugging me?

–I’ll introduce you to my Mom as Leon Blaine author of *Loaded Peckers*.

–That’s just silly. Besides my name isn’t Leon.

–Has a nice wring for a pornographer. Why can’t anyone in the flesh industry be themselves? They all got aliases like major criminals.

–They’re stage names.

–Names for their pricks. It’s just the same. They all feel dirty about sex. And then can’t write about it in any other way.

–You got to say it. My pussy this. My pussy that. My pussy got me by today. Save my pussy.

–That’s just it. Half the time female eroticism isn’t much better. It lasts for the time being. But after a while you realize it’s all about pleasing little boys who won’t grow. A caress, a touch is just that. Not a prelude for you beating her with your cock.

–You like sex too.

–What’s that supposed to mean? Like I like to breathe. Or I like to eat a steak. You’re believing your own bull shit. Like the only women who can understand your shit are the kind of women that you don’t want to take to bed. It’s the other way around. You can’t appreciate anything natural. It’s all synthetic to you. Some lip gloss and pumps. It’s guys in drag...

What?

–You know what I’m saying. What’s natural ages and gets lost in time. You’re trying to escape your own mortality.

–Who isn’t?

She wasn’t wasting my time. She was confirming who she was. Helping me make sense of my confusion. But why was she wasting her own time.

I wondered, “What do you want to do now?”

–I thought that you had something that you wanted me to read.

–I do. But it’s not very good. I thought that you could help me.

HER SELF-HATRED

Sometimes surrender to the excitement needs to be unambiguous. Nothing does the trick like immediate revelation. Her surprise at my arousal leaves no doubt about my intentions. It is an indefensible position on her part. I have never met a woman who did not give in at that point. How could she do anything but?

Sure the act of undress must be planned. She has to think that this is what she wants, not something that I am forcing on her. At the same time, she needs to be struck by the utter daring on my part. He's not really doing this is he. And I am going along with it. I can't let her break her concentration or this would be the kind of thing that would get me arrested in heartbeat.

That I need to make her feel amazed before she can catch her breath. She needs to feel that utter disgust awaits her if she does not follow through with this fantasy. She know that a complaint will be her only recourse so my gestures must be direct and enticing.

Here she is facing the utter risk that accompanies our biology. That this desire is so dependent on what we are given and what would lose all quality of interest if it was taken away. That is what I am challenging her. She fears that this opportunity might be taken away from her. And this is every desire for her. The hope that she can break away from that useless lover of hers. That she can move to a better place. That she can have a better job, more money. She'll throw away everything that she has, fuck me in the living room of her wealthy lover. Almost ask to get caught, because all along it represents her promise for something more. That she can have the wealth without the servitude. That the only yoke that she need to feel is the explosiveness of her own desire. I can't ask for anything more than the immediacy of that revelation.

THE EDITOR

I need to confess that I have been intimate with the staff of female readers at our publishing house. It is a necessity, my duty. So I was in utter shock when our director called me in.

–How long have you been at this firm?

–Twelve years.

–And you've been one of our best assets, a real asset to the firm. In fact you've been a teacher to all the new hires. But you've certainly crossed the line.

–What?

–Rachel

–What?

–She's agreed not to file a lawsuit. But you can't embarrass us, boy. I'm going to need your resignation.

–What the hell are you talking about?

–Let me tell you that this is not the first report on you. We've tended to hold these things in. But there is nothing gracious about your method.

–You're leaving me in the dark.

–Rachel is ready to swear that you exposed herself to you and then you asked her to perform oral sex on you.

–Are the two of you trying to get back at me?

I am convinced that the director himself is having an affair with Rachel. The director is married.

He gives me a profound scowl. He remains silent in his righteousness.

–I'm tempted to file suit against the both of you for slander.

–You are hardly contrite after you've been found out.

–Found out! It's not like I caught the two of you banging each other on the desk.

He turned crimson.

–We're prepared to offer you an extensive severance package. It includes stocks as well. It's just better that we put all this behind us.

–I would if I didn't feel that my integrity wasn't being assaulted.

–I'm doing the best to be civil. You've been the one who's been the dirty player.

Confess up and take your prize and just wander off.

I want to hit the sanctimonious bastard..

–After what you've done I believe the firm is being extremely round with you.

–Get her in here, and let's see what she really has to say.

–I don't want you intimidating her more.

That was hardly what she said when I had her stooped over a desk. For once in her life Rachel was faced with real passion and what it might do to upset her ordered life. It was confusing for her to admit that she liked random sex with a man who had no intention of pursuing anything else with her. That she liked it more than what she had with the director, more than she ever had in any commitment. Down deep she was hooked on this mystery. I knew it; it had frightened her. That's why the assignation had been so easy.

–I know what you think about yourself. The director glared at me. You think that you're some kind of stud. Well, this sort of thing has a way of catching up to you.

I can tell that he is not measuring up to her fantasy. She is days away from cheating on this sniveling little cheat.

–Just remember that she loves it from behind.

BOOKS

So I am looking at some books on Japanese art and I see the manager of the book store and a couple of employees huddled around and pointing at me. The manager approaches me. A couple of his employees stand behind him like bouncers at a road house bar.

–I think that you better leave the store.

–I know the owner. I'm a constant customer. What's the problem?

–We've had a complaint from a female customer. That you were hassling her. That you said some lewd things to her. That they gestured to you in a funny way. These are not the first complaints.

–I don't know you. Are you new here?

–The other employees said some things about you. You don't sound like a very savory character.

–This is so ridiculous.

–I think it would be a good idea if you didn't come back to this store.

–I'm a customer. A good customer.

I have a large volume of art in my hand. Maybe this is making things more embarrassing as it is erotic art and the picture on the front offers the image of a man delighting himself with two naked women.

–We'd also advise you to put the book down.

Now I feel like a thief or worse.

–Have you took a look at some of the picture in this book? What kind of place are you running? At least if it was a sex shop, I'd know what to expect.

And what does he think. That people come to this place to buy books. This is not a nursery school. If it wasn't for the cruising, they wouldn't have any business. I'd be sitting around looking at a book and have to take a pee. I'd go into the toilet and see an employee stooped over some customer.

I continue to guard the book

–Put the book down and leave the store or we'll have to call the police.

This is only getting me more excited.

Are my skills getting rusty? Bad reports circulating about me. Desperate times require desperate measures. Needless to say the book is sitting on the coffee table. And I decide to go went back to the book store that evening when the managers have changed. I want nothing less than an employee to prove my point.

She's a college student, an art major. I tell her about the book of erotic art that I had bought that afternoon. That piques her interest. But it's not like I want her thumbing through it in my living room. She probably doesn't wipe her feet before she goes into a room.

–I love the human form. The body is the greatest form of art.

–I wish that I had the same ability to capture the sinuous lines of the body.

She looks straight in my eyes. I feel a charcoal in my hand as I trace the flowing curves.

–The mind is the best artist of all when desire invites the heat of the beholder.

My last comment causes her to blush. She looks deeper into my eyes. Then she turns away.

–Art is physical. The contact of the paper and the pencil when I sketch.

–Or the contact of a man and his lover.

–You're not are you...

I again gaze into her eyes and then lead that gaze away. She is looking down.

–Sometimes it's better not to wait. If you really want something in life and you wait, then you miss that chance. And then life just becomes a dull routine.

–Adventure.

Would it become necessary to open another volume of art. To ask about various positions. To drop a book and have both of us reach down to pick it up.

I brush the length of her long brown hair with my hand.

–I guess that I'm going to have to pay for this.

–Maybe, I can help you pay for it.

–Do you have a break coming up?

–They're not going to miss me on the floor. I'd like to show you some special books.

Next thing she's in the back with her skirt hiked above her waist. And she's not wearing underwear. And she takes me hot and anonymous. This is her art and I can sense a talent. My kisses seem to rub across her face.

She wants to tell me that this is the best that she's ever had. Not because it's slow and prolonged, but because she is risking so much in the process.

The manager eventually gets fired, and I continue my winning ways. Nothing more happens between me and my art student. How can it? She cannot deal with that much destructive force in her life.

Except for that threatening smile of hers. And she's taught me about the bookstore's secret collection that I feel the need to share with the other customers.

THE HOME

I generally make it a principle never to conduct my business in a lover's home. I don't want to become attached to her surroundings. Then I'll feel the need to take something to remember my time spent there. An ashtray or a vase. Nothing major. Just enough to disturb the sense of completeness that goes along with her place. The awareness on her part that some other man can feel comfortable in these surroundings. Her hope that she will not get submerged in the emptiness of her own desire.

I like that sense of power. If I cared more, I could just drive a moving truck up to the place and take away everything. Then I'd show up the next day and make love on the empty floor. Semi-clothed writhing in the midst of nothing. That is all we'd need.

She smiles. Maybe I could bring the furniture back.

If I promised never to return.

—Are you ever afraid of sex's incredible power? That it can cause you to do anything. I knew this man who was a record exec. And he had this client. A really famous rock star. Well, the band's on tour and the exec would visit the star's house and make time with the star's lover. So the guy returns from the tour and finds a journal entry where she describes having sex with the exec. Of course the musician has pull at the company and the exec gets fired. His wife leaves him. He has nothing.

—What's the punch line? That he stopped having sex.

—He gave up everything that he had.

I am simply amazed that the record exec didn't assert his privilege. All these stories seemed headed in the same direction. Detection and punishment. Is this what we want all along?

I always had a fascination for public sex. After all we're all subject to gossip. And we want to probe the lover's insides. Not just physically but an inside even deeper than that. And conquering that initial embarrassment is a passing through a wall, a place of incredible power. Nothing can distract me from a purpose, nothing can distract her from her revelation because what she is showing me is so much more incredibly humiliating than any embarrassment felt at the public eye.

Gossip is the expectation here. Dying to be reborn.

Temporary because it is eternal.

After such an adventure everything else seems faded, boring. No one can complain how I failed to measure up. Because my measure increases a thousand fold. Who else has the staying power to be watched.

She is humiliated because she hates to admit that nothing else would ever get her off. She is worse than a thief. Sex has stolen from her and now she wants to invade every public place with its scent. Her panting.

–Do you want to fuck me here?

–We’re going to get arrested.

When nothing less will do, she realizes that she has to ask for it anywhere, at anytime. A whim in a supermarket. The bluntness that put time at risk for that second. Stops his heart while he looks at her and recognizes nothing else, realizes his utter uselessness before this reality. And he is giving away to a power that he has never known before.

No longer does he wonder why me. Or does he check himself in the mirror to see if his hair looks right. He is afraid to face that ravenous creature looking back at him, feeding on his own helplessness.

–He found out and he left me. He called me a nympho. A slut. I told him that I liked it. that he always held back so much of himself and he didn’t even realize what he had become. That he had no power. That I could stomach his weak penis hanging there waiting for a response.

>>He wanted to fuck me then and there. And I wanted nothing to do with him. No parting shot. If he wanted to leave me, then he could just go. For that instant he realized how powerful I had become. I was his goddess, I was immortal. And I felt that every man would just freeze before the cauldron of desire that I now exposed.

Now that she can touch this power, she is useless to me. She has conquered the public, and now she is nothing but entirely public. I cannot share in her triumph. For her it is short-lived. It will devour her. It will devour me.

–So we have nothing to talk about.

–You know what to do. You have to get busy. The world is your oyster.

This is too easy. If I want it, she would give me--the keys to her place. Sign them over to me for good. I should have never brought back her furniture.

Did I have my powers back...

THE ARREST

–Ed, I need you to bail me out. There was some confusion about a check that I wrote. I know that they’re going to clear it up on Monday. I just don’t want to spend the weekend in this place.

Ed is an English prof at the college. Sort of a freaky type. The word always was that he and his wife were having these orgies... I never got invited. But friends of mine would say that Ed would greet them naked at the front door, and there’d be all these naked bodies crawling around the house. Once he told his wife to go out and fuck some guy and then come home with his cum on her face. Needless to say she divorced him.

He was the last person that I needed to give me a lecture.

–Did a woman complain? I’ve always told you that there are limits.

If there are limits, then he’s crossed over all of them. He was once the model for my adventures.

–Times have changed. People aren’t so up front about their desires. You have to be more devious. Meet a girl at choir practice, and then just tell her what a stand up guy you are.

Dumb at that. Had he lost his touch? Was that why he was lecturing me?

I really don’t know what got me arrested. It’s not like I’ve been doing anything out of the ordinary. And even if she decides to go further with her charges, she can’t make them stick.

You can’t ask to see something and then complain when you don’t like what you see...I don’t want to pretend. Things like this happen. I think one thing, so does she and then bam!. I’m getting fingerprinted in this old station house. Maybe I’m not as selective as I used to be.

But then how can you be? Sex is like that. When you start to really savor it, you look for prospects who have that same flair. She seemed a very perfect candidate. When I looked at her I imagined undoing the strap of her tan pumps, sort of a sling in the back. She was sitting down and looked up and smiled.

–New shoes.

–No, I really should get this strap fixed.

–It just won’t stay closed.

–Life sometimes has that same tendency.

–Mine does these days. I just got my wallet stolen.

–Today.

–Actually it all started a two weeks ago. I go to look in my purse for my credit card and it’s not there. So I cancel the damn thing figuring that someone took it.

By this time I am sitting next to her.

–Well, yesterday I’m making a purchase with the new one and it comes up no good–cancelled. And I look down and realize that it’s the old card. Shit! And the thief had gone back into my wallet and taken the new card and replaced it with the old one. Who knows how long it took before I realized it was gone?

–So how much did he take?

–What?

She suddenly realized that I was sitting next to her, sitting very close to her...

–Do you mind moving away please?

–Is there some problem?

I started to feel like the credit card thief.

–I don’t know what it is. I get claustrophobic.

It’s not like this was a crowd.

I’m telling you this because I really can’t remember what happened next. It ended up in a hotel room, and I was making love to her. We were there an hour and a half and the next thing I know I’m downtown locked in a cell.

Ed is real cool about everything. Sure I got a lecture but he did come and get me.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

How the object of my fantasy is nothing but that. Immediate in how real it is and might be. So nothing can stand in the way of my desire and my satisfaction. And how I pose my satisfaction suggests something about its immediacy of satisfaction, objects existing for just that. That my desire already has a place of satisfaction. So I can never be divided from the object of my desire. That she is real only insofar as she could satisfy my desire. That she could even assume to exist apart from my satisfaction—a travesty. It is ridiculous to assume that anything could even separate me from that fantasy. It is satisfied in its conception. For I can already anticipate every crevice that yields to my suggestions. Resistance would only be layers of skin that would unfold and give way under my touch. From the burning of my desire to the reality of my presence to the accession of her will, there is no hesitation. You are here. “You are here.” Thank you.

She is there to welcome me and already is. If I said maybe, then she would say yes now, all now, you are my now, immediate, perfect, now. Anything before could only be a preparation or would only be forgotten. Or remembered as faded. That we are meant to be together, to fit together.

Against this fit, she might wonder, might long for me when we are apart. Fantasy of fantasy. An object of my desire because a real object. Everything that I wonder about is satisfied in how the object is. And if it was any different, it would now satisfy my desire. It would not be an object for me. As if I anticipated all that it is before it a fantasy for me. For her it might have all been different for all that it is. She might not have met me. I might not show up that night. But for me the object is just that. In spite of her. And she knows what that is. Wishing it were not so, but knowing just that.

And she tries to think like that, exist apart from the fantasy. But her fantasy is just that—that she cannot exist apart from it. But for me, it is already part of me. She cannot have it or take it from me. My object. And for her without it. She wishes for it. She cannot exist without it. But for me it is. There is no need to fill myself with an object to preoccupy my attention. It is the object of my attention, and in that we come closer, she comes to me.

I am always and already there. To say it is to see it, and I do.

She being it can only be separate from it. She desires what she does not have. I possess it because I want it. *Vive versa*, if he wanted some hank of my flesh for hers, she could never have it by wanting for it. She wants me because I want something of hers. It all started with my pursuit. In that she might doubt it. I can describe what I want. She can only want what she does not have. When I see it, I know what to want, where to want, because it is flesh. She commits sins of the flesh because she wants to be wanted. She cannot have the object by wanting it. There is no mystery. Once she wants, she wants it because she had it and does not have it. She dies when I take it away from her. But my object of satisfaction is already taken away from her. It does not clothe me, or enfold me or surround me. It is part of me. She desires what I have taken from her. And what I give and take back. For everything that she gives of herself, she desires me. And I want it to be that way, that is my object. That is her flesh. It does not fold to escape me, it escapes her. She cannot get it back, she feels it cut her from the inside.

Her hair is piled in disarray on her head. She has a very frazzled look. I don't want to hear about her man. Or their plans to buy a house. Or what kept her up all night. She is wearing tightly fitting sweat pants and when she moves she offers an inadvertent revelation of flesh. And her curves make me want let my hands wander over her body. And I can feel open her intimacy to me all hot and wet. Can she sense the messy connection that we're sharing.

–I'm not worried about him at all.

–Want some really dirty sex?

And she feels her romance for men, anywhere anytime. And what she has given up for this guy, this house. And if you show something of yourself, let me just take it on for you. And just as I feel how easy the sweat pants slide off. And she wants me to slide myself in her. Where do you want to take this?

Here and now.

She has that weird smirk on her face. I want her to stare in my eyes, to see what I see. Nothing is said. Nothing can be said.

Did I want to rush home and fill in for what she could not say? Or did I want her to take care of me here and now, somehow. And the fantasy became more intense and more prolonged by what cannot be said.

And when you look at pornos what they show, what they exaggerate.

–My what a big cock!

And not only in desire does the object sustain arousal. But the more the focus of enjoyment, the more the focus of exaggeration. The grotesquerie. Everything speaks the unmistakable. Do it.

The breasts in the face—the hair—hands, face, ass...undone.

–You have the perfect body to help me act out my fantasy.

–Act out and fantasy are the key words here.

And the body of the desired becomes a necessary part of your body.

What I like to see best was the exaggeration. I did not like it for itself. I liked it because it reminded me that point when I started to do things not because I liked them but because I was driven to do them. That this power seemed to take me over, and I felt totally vanquished by this onrushing tide.

It wasn't like we were doing anything. Our machines were doing it for us. And I felt our bodies collide.

–You looked away so you wouldn't stare. But I knew that you were staring at me. And I went home all sweaty. And in the bath I touched myself and thought about your big cock just coming inside me. I want you to take me somewhere just dark and fuck me over and over again. And you don't want to waste what the two of you had worked for. But it hadn't been working—not in the least. And you want get fucked in a way that had nothing to do with the house or his work or his shitty mediocre problems. And all that promise that you had as a girl came down to this. Maybe a good fuck could remind you of what you meant before you got lost. I needed a good image to complete your offer. What neither of us could fill in by our glances at each other.

I want you, you here and now, no pretense, no promises, no make believe.

And for me this is the best make believe. To make up for what I can't do, can't say, don't want to take the risk, when I have already thrown it away.

It's a toss up.

GINNY

He brought her from Texas with the idea that she would marry him. It never struck me as too bright a move on his part. But it wasn't as if he had found love in the city. And he felt that time was running out. I was expecting some clumsy neurotic who needed someone to help her get dressed in the morning.

Of course he ends up helping her to get dressed every morning. But it's not as if she needs any. What did he do to deserve an affectionate soul like that? From the moment that I see her I take it as my mission to liberate her from his gaze. When she first looks at me, she has that special knowing smile that she continues to have to this day.

–Ric told me that you are an artist.

–I write.

–What? Travel books.

–No, I write dirty stories.

–Do you have some kind of problem?

–Don't you like dirty stories?

–I like to laugh. But I'm a good girl. If you're into perversion, there's got to be something wrong with you.

–Perversion. Who ever said perverse? We all love dirty stories. It's part of our nature...

–So why do you need these dirty stories. Is there something wrong with you.

–Do you like to masturbate?

I always thought that this was a stupid question. Do you like to like what you like? Of course not. But it always worked.

–What are you asking?

–Would you let me touch you?

–Ric...

–Screw Ric. Would you hold my hand while you beat off with the other?

–And then what are you going to do?

–I'm going to suck the other hand clean.

–You know that you're a pig.

–We all have appetites. I know how to satisfy mine.

I had already planted the seed for my adventure. Ric did not deserve such a passionate creature. But I could see him tucked in bed with her, his tongue between her legs while he tells her how close he feels to her. There is no faithfulness on his part because he does not have the imagination to cheat. You can't be faithful unless you have an actual temptation that you have to resist. Otherwise faithfulness is not a choice, but just a way of forcing her to stay with him. It was my duty to break them apart.

When you meet someone with whom you have that sexual chemistry, you can't fail to act on it. Otherwise, you lose. I need to hold out a promise to her for a more intense enjoyment.

She already knows that I want her and my perverse interest complements her desire for me. I don't want her to go back to Ric. I want her so humiliated that she can only return permanently to Texas.

–Did you have sex with Ric last night?

–Why did you think that I came up here? I wanted to be with him.

–So did you masturbate after he put that pathetic dick of his in you.

–Ric gave me pleasure. I didn't need anything else.

–It's not just about filling a need, it's about fulfilling a desire.

–I'm satisfied.

–So would you mind if I touched you.

–I told you that I am satisfied.

–Well, I am not. Give me your hand. Would you mind if I touched myself while I held your hand?

She laughs.

–You are weird.

–If you had sex with me, would you tell Ric?

–I wouldn't have sex with you even if I wasn't with Ric.

–Why?

–You're a dirty man. You'd have sex with me and then I'd never see you again. I'd just be a conquest.

–That's not how I am. I really wish that I could be with any woman that I make love to. But it never seems to work out.

Ric has an incredible weakness for strippers, and nothing captures this better than the image of his diminutive head nestled in the bosom of a lusty dancer. I want to engrave this image on Ginny's brain so that she can give in to me. And then her only option would be to hightail it on next plane back to Texas. But now Ric has his own private dancer, and the dance is going to keep on until she realizes that there's no money in this game, and she has saddled herself with this sex-crazed freak who brings next to nothing to her table. This is the city, not some fishing village on the Gulf. And there's a world here that she has never dreamed of.

Dreams--what if she'd become a dancer? What would drive her in an insatiable allegiance with lust and money? I don't want to appoint myself as her liberator but she did not grasp the extreme servitude to which she had surrendered herself. In my recent isolation, she offered more and more appeal to me.

Looking at her, I fantasize myself propped above her naked body while I kiss her and massage her breasts. Then I tingle in the electric moment of our two bare bodies on top of each other as she takes me inside her.

–Where's Ric?

–It's not like I'm his keeper.

–And you suppose that I am?

–That wouldn't be too far from the truth. Before you, the only way that he could even get close to a woman of quality was by paying her.

–And you're implying that he's doing as much with me.

–Let's say if you're getting nothing in return, then you're getting nothing.

- I care for Ric.
- Is that before or after you get high?
- I don’t get high.
- Then I don’t know what I’m smoking but I just can’t see what you see in him.
- There’s a difference between guys like Ric and guys like you. I’ve had guys like you all my life. They promise me the world but hey just want a roll in sack. Ric wants me.
- Because he can’t get anything else. At least there was a sack to roll around in. With Ric, you’d be better off falling off the edge of the world.
- You don’t know what it’s like.
- Let’s just say I don’t have to suck the little twirp’s dick to know what it tastes like. I’m gagging already just thinking about it.
- If you love someone, then you do things for them to make them happy.
- No, it’s vice versa. You love someone because they can make you happy.
- And he makes you happy?
- He’s good to me.
- Is that good to you because he’s no good in bed.
- Ric’s a great lover.
- And what’s your comparison, your Dad?
- What?
- Fantasies.
- What?
- Back to the dirty stories. They have to start somewhere.
- And.
- Yours start with every guy in your town wanting you. Rubbing their bodies against you in the Wal-Mart. Trying to take a peek at what you got. Having your body be the only topic of conversation for days on days. And some of them know every nook and cranny of what they’re talking about.
- I’m not some kind of whore.
- But it’s part of your power, your mystique. That every boy would give up the world for you. So you never have to give up a single thing to any of them. you can have sex with as many as you want and you’ll never expose an inch of that tight little ass.
- Is this how you make love to a woman?
- I’m telling it to you like it is. And here Ric comes along, and you think wow he loves me. But you got tired of all those hicks back on the Gulf, and you thought oh boy here’s my ticket to the big city. Did Ric sneak you in a suitcase?
- He paid for my flight.
- I’ve got you going. So you wake up in the middle of the night and faucet’s dripping and you say. “Hey, Ric baby, can you fix that faucet?”
- He’s not a plumber.
- And he’s going to rust your pipes. And you’d better get it fixed while you can now. I am moving so close to her, too close.

–It wouldn't be too far off if I said that you want to fuck me right here. You want me to bend you over, pull up that skirt and just shove it in. Bang you right here where he could catch us. You're not wearing any panties now, are you?

–That's a private question.

–You're not, are you? I know you Ginny. You get wet just hearing me talk about sex.

–It's not like that.

–You can't help yourself. When you get a whiff of dick, then you're ready to go down on the guy.

–If we went somewhere, you wouldn't tell Ric would you?

–Tell him what. That you let me lick your ass.

–I'm not going to let you do those things that you do to those whores that you hang out with. Just straight sex.

–And you're going to let me put it in.

–I just don't want you kissing me. then, he'll know.

–I want you to love me, not to hold anything back. To want it over and over. to be willing to sign your whole world over to this one twist and shout.

–Nothing's that good.

–Nothing's that good, because you've been holding back. Thinking that it's you who chooses who you have sex with. When you know it's sex, that power that is uncontrollable for you. Everything, every second a tribute to the fact you're a fox, drop dead gorgeous.

I'm telling her all this and I know that's what they made her believe in Texas. And we're in the corner of the warehouse, and she pulls up her skirt, and her juicy ass is face to face with me. And my tongue goes to town. Tracing the crack down to her mound of hair. And she is already wet. And my tongue slops around in the mess. She is in throes of passion. Her legs are thin and firm. My invitation. And I reach to massage her clitoris. And the attack is double and overwhelming. And I lick and lick and lick and the waves of excitement roll and roll and roll. And the next step is automatic in its simplicity. she takes me inside her. And I move to kiss her and she smells sex and is intoxicated. Once she has passed the bounds of the illicit, everything goes. And we thrust against the building, our clothes slashing against the brick. What she does not give up to this moment!

That night she comes to my bed all curious. And she leaves with nothing unknown. Ric comes looking for her the next day. All her stuff is gone.

I really wish that I could stay with a girl like Ginny. But what would we talk about. The sex... Sometimes our bodies are too much for our brains. We have to give in, because if we didn't what would we spend our time thinking about—other people having sex.

Even if Ric has a pot to piss in, what could she become? His sex slave. It'd get old, him telling her do this or that; it'd get old quick. She has a power in her and she has to use it. Otherwise, it would go to waste.

And me. What kind of writer would I make? I couldn't even sustain the seduction past the sene by the warehouse. What if Ric found out, found out before anything happened? Then she would have rushed in my arms.

–I'm afraid of Ric.

–What happened? Did he hit you?

–No, but he might...

–What?

–He thinks that I'm fucking you.

–What did you tell him?

–Nothing. But he has eyes.

–Did you tell him something.

–I said that if he didn't treat me better that I'd leave him for someone else. Then he said that no one would want a whore like me. Then I told him that you'd want me. That I'd seen how you look at me.

–What are you putting me in the middle of things?

She starts crying.

–Come here.

I hug her. Tears in her eyes, running down her cheeks.

–It looks like you just came in from a spring rain.

She smiles. Ir stoop down and kiss her

–I didn't want that to happen. You're not going to tell Ric.

–He already hates me. He thinks that you're cheating with me.

–Let him hate you.

I know where this is leading.

–You better leave.

Better means that I want her now. But she won't give at a moment like this.

Now I am on my way. Which is real and which is the fantasy. Her hair, her hair! Kind of unkempt, all wet like a spring rain. And I trace my tongue along her smooth legs and she shivers slightly until she is warmed by me insider her.

And that thought lingers with me as I watch Ric wander around in the dark, all drunk cursing the cruelty of his fate.

This story is worth one more visit. I don't want to waste time on this fantasy. So I'm wandering around the too room looking for screw driver. And she's looking for some sex toy or something and I don't see her in the air. And we both crouch down to look on separate shelves and when we stand up, we're eye to eye. She smiles and then blushes.

–What are you doing here? Ric didn't tell me that you'd be in here.

–I'm looking for a driver. A screwdriver.

Her blouse is low cut and just drapes across her breasts. She seems sweaty and I imagine that I can see her butt cheeks at the edge of her skirt.

–So have you found what you're looking for?

–I wish that life was that easy? Where's Ric?

–He went out for a video.

–And he sent you in here to look for some needed tools. Something to compensate for his useless trick.

–I came in here on my own.

–And are you going to leave on your own.

–It's not like I really want anything out of you.

–But if you could get it, then you’d take it.

I imagined holding my body against her. And in the disgusted state that I was, I’d take pleasure in her brushing her body accidentally against mine.

–Why are you holding my hand so hard. You’re hurting me...

–What?

–Did you say something?

She’s still standing about three feet from me. And I’m wondering how I’m going to get over there without making a fuss.

–Hand me that hammer, will you dear.

–You going to do some banging. It’s getting a little late.

–I don’t know what Ric would say if he caught us together. Although it’s not time I’d mind.

She hands me the hammer and I pull her over to me before she could let go. I let my imagine get away from me and glides up her legs to those firm cheeks. She gives in just enough and then pushes me away. Then she slaps me.

–You liked that.

–I slapped you.

–You took a while.

–I slapped you.

Enough of her skirt is touching me that it gives me the leverage to pull her over to me. She falls in to me, and I catch her. She braces on the table to get away. But my grip is firm. I do not force her. And she holds me for an instant, holds me to say yes—give it up...

I pull her close with her skirt flying up. And we fall together. We embrace each other and we start to pull each others clothes off. I nibble on those succulent breasts. And her stomach is full exposed with its invitation to her panties. I am overcome with the flesh. So solid. and the appeal of silk. And I pull down the panties with my teeth. And I am buried in her hair. And the moisture of her insides. I explode and explode. The buzzing in my head.

She is grabbing at my pants. Her hands reach down my underwear. Erect and ready for her. She swells around me. I do not thrust into her. Gentle waves rolling over and over and over and over. And this enjoyment rings around her and approaches me from behind and I am caught up by the flow to be pulled into her. The scream. An inner yell. And the blood rush. I cannot hold back. And I feel the walls break apart. I am not coming. I am fading into her. And the fade becomes permanent. And I look back and now she is deep inside me. The laugh. And then a return into the flesh, into pungent odors of her body. Nauseous because I have reached satiation, and I want to transform into something else so that I can have so much more, more than this. I am prostrate before this immensity.

–Who are you? You can’t leave me.

And in this giant wave, I feel the wash break over me. And we fold into each other and take up so much of the other. I want to turn away by the fear of this invasion. I hardly know Ginny. And now.

Can her leaving permit me forget that power? And I feel so destitute before the experience.

The fantasy needs a coda, an afer dinner mint.

Her bags are packed. Ric still knows nothing. And she stops by to say her peace. This is of course ridiculous. Her exit requires that she reject me and Ric. But I need the fantasy. she is in heels and a frilly dress. No hose. And her bare legs are too much to let go.

This is so automatic that it has to be someone else's story.

And I feel my hands rub against her legs until they twist into her sex. And she coos. Again fantasy as she looks at me across the room.

–This was all a mistake. You, me, this place, Ric. I should have stayed home. Gone to Dallas.

Become a stripper. And I see myself walking across the room and pressing my body against hers from behind.

Again fantasy. But I definitely feel the satin dress pull up, and she is not wearing panties and I caress her lightly, tickle her until I could feel the suck of her pussy drawing me in. And she bent down and let me slide myself between her legs. And I felt that woosh and an Ah on her part as we drew together. And my gentle rocking is met by her stubborn replies. And as she pushes harder, the rocking becomes a sustained thrust. And the undulating is frenzied but so very constant. She bursts with the excitement. And I fall over her in my completed enjoyment.

She would have needed to avoid this final contact. Unless sex was already so much a part of her being. The rawness of contact. Why Ric? This is still new to her. New because it had been with her along. She had hoped his money would make her new again. But Ric has nothing. And he never will. He treated her like a dog. I knew that she wanted to be humiliated. But I didn't give in to that. I let her humiliate herself.

WHAT'S INSIDE

I don't know how I got this picture. Maybe I took it myself. It's of my ex, April. I think I found the picture in her things. The dentist took it. Something of the amateur photographer.

She's naked. She has sort of a glazed-out smile. Like she's under anesthetic. Maybe she sent this to me in spite. I can see the edge of her intimacy, her pubic hair coiffed to cradles her sex. And it can tuck completely into a revealing swimsuit or pair of panties.

I remember my nights with her, and what I can't remember. Too afraid to face her new conjunction. And the picture suggests exhaustion. She says exhaustion. Her body speaks for her in what I see and what I don't see.

Inside. You can't see inside.

This picture could launch a thousand ships. It could inspire in reality more than she could ever imagine inside. The picture marks where she hits a wall. Where she stops at the smile. She tries to move outside of herself and hits the wall of the flesh, of her own body. Too much to contain in any one imagination.

This complication is underlined in the sure line of the razor on flesh. Not a full growth, lusty and comforting. But this certainty, her intention for sex. I cannot lose myself in this abyss. This is her new language, where she instructs the tongue in its inimitable duty.

What are they saying about her? That she cannot move outside of herself. That she is what we see.

And what's inside is her resistance to this image. Can you still love me the way that you used to? And I am trying to penetrate this image, to see what I saw in Ginny. What I felt with her but what I needed to let go as she took the plane back to Texas.

So what is inside is what she won't let go. What hasn't been uncovered by those endless nights of passion. What became that stalemate between her and me. The more that she talked about herself, and the more that I sensed the energy that motivated her, the more I felt that I knew what was inside.

The night that she was down in the kitchen crying by herself. She looked at me with a strange look. She wanted me to go back to bed.

I wanted to stay down with her, to say something. But the maybe I was the cause of all this.

–Maybe I'm unhappy because of you.

And our plans. The sacrifice. Has she just stepped into someone else's life.

–Don't you love me anymore?

What was still inside after all our time together. And if she took that from me then it was something that was inside me.

–You cannot know things that I really feel. What I've always felt.

I thought that was what our love was about. How we had started to move together, to sense things about each other. But I couldn't deal with her unhappiness. More than ever this is what she held inside. As if I became angry when I saw her freeze up.

–I can't enjoy making love to you anymore.

This picture seems to suggest a contrast. An exhibitionist, that she might try anything new. But I still knew what would never satisfy her. If he probes her with his drills could the pain provoke some remedy to what she felt inside.