

Pleasure, as fragile as its practice, is linked to maintenance of privacy. Privacy offers the space to act out fantasy without interference from non-participants. In the pursuit of pleasure, he finds it necessary to protect himself from the scrutiny of law enforcement.

--Lane, do you know who this is?

--You're the one who always gets a hard on when he hears me talking on the phone.

--Do you know what I'm doing now. I'm looking at a Polaroid of your luscious little butt and I'm getting aroused just looking at it.

--And what do you think I'm going to do about it.

--You're going to touch yourself. Slip around in the slimy mess. Am I getting you going?

--And if I was?

--You'd open even wider and just thrust yourself into me.

--And that makes you feel how?

--That you're a part of me.

--And I am?

I imagined her face down on the bed, her finely arched back a testament to our passion.

--If I tell you that you're part of my fantasy.

--Which part?

--The whole part.

--Then I'm your fantasy. What kind of fun is that? Don't you want a bit of the unexpected.

--It's my fantasy that you do something unexpected.

--No that's my fantasy for you.

--I didn't think it had reached that point.

--I would have hung up on you a while ago.

I stared at Lane. She didn't see me looking at her. It was as if I was soaking her into my skin. What attracted me was being melted down and injected into me. I felt this energy pump through me.

--Art is so much like restoration. It's as if there's a painting already there. You have to match the lines extended by the artist.

--I'd like to go back to your place tonight.

She look rather startled.

--I've never really...

--I mean I need a place to stay just for the night. I don't really feel like driving all that way back to my house.

--I think that would be OK.

She understood the real reason for the imposition but she figured that she'd play around.

--Doesn't making love seem so much like painting? Creating the overall impression. Sketching the smaller regions.

She seemed momentarily fascinated. She tried to continue from where she had left off. She like to pretend that she spent most of her time doing her own work.. In fact, most of it was filling in the defects in these portraits, portraits by lesser artists than herself. She hated this work. Prided herself in her sensuality. It gave her the recognition that she so often lacked in her art. She didn't want to admit to this rather base devotion. But it was what motivated her. Her

creativity was only the excuse. And this laxity on her part could easily find remedy in a protracted kiss.

Maybe that was why men never really took her seriously. They didn't believe in her physical art. If she was compensating for something, then they couldn't trust her romantic pursuits.

Her make up demonstrated her flair. She tried to adjust for the lost originality. The fresh touches of a spring rain, now the neon splashes of a night on the town. The covering, the shaping. Underneath the effect, more effect. I wanted to kiss her neck. To say something of my intentions.

–I think you understand what I'm saying.

I was glad how I didn't tell her that I wanted to go to her place.

–Let's get out of here. You want to get something to eat.

–It's late and I've got the drive ahead.

–You could stay at my place. You know—just so you wouldn't have to make the drive.

She lay on the bed naked. Her back was an expanse. As I lost myself in its sinuous curve, time seemed to stop. I merged into her control, the flesh.

–It's not like I'm a fantasy that you can put back in the bottle.

But she was nothing less than that. And I feared that she would realize this. My kisses tugged at the pliability of the flesh. Her purrs and exploding smiles. Her shoulder blades, that angelic erring. I rested my hands on them and worked my way down her sides. They came to rest upon her hips. She turned around to face me.

–Is that all?

–I need to go.

–Like I said, is that all...

I pulled her hand and turned her around, as if to kiss her.

Seeing her breasts, the nakedness was more prominent.

A kiss on the small of her back. Deep in her sensual territory.

I wanted this to mean more. I was so absorbed in her body.

My arms embraced her, reached around her body. It was all sufficient. She hooked her arm behind her around the back of my neck.

Imaginative.

–Don't leave. Let's make up.

I pushed my face into her back. Submerged in the muscle.

–What?

She couldn't hear my whispers, my curses—is this all.

–What? You're not making fun of me.

If we made up, if I was inside her, I couldn't make fun of her. But until that point, every gesture seemed to mock.

–What if we went somewhere? The mountains, somewhere really nice. What if we went there for the weekend—just hid in our room.

I was already hiding, hiding from the day hiding from her.

–Are you afraid of me?

I had already pushed myself so far that there was nothing to be afraid of... And she knew that, feared that. Nothing that she could do could frighten me. Nothing except her. Letting the

fantasy become something real for me.

–I always thought that I needed something in my life to shake me up. I love to have sex when I'm on ex. Do you want to try it?

I was already trying, trying to make this mean something magical.

–Are you going to be thinking about me later on today?

I had this vision of her working at canvass. Painting oil with a knife.

–Each stroke is a restoration of something that was there before. Maybe a face changing. merging into her lover.

I held her hand as she applied the paint. Squeezed tighter to guide motions.

–Do you know what this means?

Something to get her excited. To get her going. I didn't think when I dropped her off that I'd still be here this late in the morning.

–When you start to encroach on someone's day time plans, then you start to really become part of their life.

That wishful thinking that was driving her attachment to the moment. that was her delight, that she had learned to focus the moment. Focus it for her pleasure, as if the pleasure would mean so much more than it did. But it would always stop at just that. Since she could put herself so totally in this connection, it offered everything that I needed for my enjoyment. There was nothing else. She had been so perfect because everything else that she did risked imperfection.

–I really want to see you.

But she had planned our intercourse for so long that she couldn't carry her communication beyond this honesty. She had saved her understanding for these revealing moments. She hoped that I would savor her eruptions. I couldn't. I just liked how they detonated.

I returned to my contemplation of her back. The tan, her fiery red hair curling on the expanse. Her empire. That I could pull her toward me as I penetrated her, to feel that immediacy of the communion. That she could embrace this physical image of her ambition.

I had seen it all, seen too much in a night. I had watched her for so many months as she sped around in the provocative lavender Karmann Ghia. It was a convertible, but I imagined the top as always up—a rainy season. I had always seen her warming herself by a fire. Knew that she could preoccupy for a night just as she had filled my fantasies of many nights.

Now we were at our impasse. The impasse that held me at the exit, that awaited further congress.

–It would take too long to explain.

But she wanted to tell her story.

–Why don't you join me for lunch?

It was already too late for lunch. She wondered if I was ashamed of her. Was I just staying there to feel sorry for her?

But she wanted me to stay with her for any reason.

–Sit down and look at me.

Lane hardly offered me the assurances that I needed. I needed a challenge that might confront all the ridiculous aspects of my desire that I entertained. I was zoned in some dance club. I wasn't going to leave here empty-handed. I needed to skim off some manifestation of all

this activity.

–You’re looking worse than I am.

–Correction: I’m looking way better than you ever could.

She laughed. Even the mirror spoke to my fabrication. She was totally confident and not afraid of my humor.

–Angela. Are you going to buy me a drink.

–Haven’t we both had enough for the night?

–I didn’t catch your name.

–What are you drinking, Angel?

–Some kind of poison that tells me the meaning of the night.

–I can tell you that for free.

–And.

–The answer is in your eyes.

–I can’t see the answer except by looking in a mirror.

–Exactly. And when you look in the mirror that answer has disappeared and you’re just looking at yourself. Very good. So you need me to unravel your puzzle.

–That may be the best line I’ve heard tonight.

–It’s the best line that you’ve heard in your life. Because it’s true.

–What’s your name?

–For every angel, there’s a devil. And you know where this devil comes from. I come from you, and I am here for you. Whatever pleasure.

We sat on a bench together. Her dark hair accentuated the blank stare that captivated her face. Without pretext I kissed her. As our embrace quickened, she rubbed her hand along my pants leg.

I was both engaged in her and also watching all this from a table across the room.

–The wonder is her hair.

–What’s her name?

–Angel.

–I’m going to take my angel home.

–She’s with some guy.

–That’s the puzzle of life. She’s never with anyone.

–Then he won’t mind if you just push him aside and take his place.

Angela was already locked into her connection to this lad. My interest could hardly disengage her from the honey that she tasted deep inside her. If I didn’t leave with Angela, then the night would dissipate in the haze.

I walked over and sat on a chair across from their bench.

–I couldn’t help noticing how the oppressive air of the night is starting to weigh down on both of you.

–Why don’t you buzz off, creep?

–I’d really have to, but then your little friend could never learn the pearls of wisdom that I have to share.

–She’s not my little friend.

Angela was intimidated by the aggressiveness of her companion and tried to subdue the situation.

–We were just leaving.

–You’re pretty quick to leave with this guy who you don’t even know.
 –Listen to me, buddy. I’m going to teach you to interfere in other people’s business.
 –Calm down. Why don’t you go get us all some drinks.
 He reluctantly obliged.
 –Do you make it a habit of bothering people that you don’t know.
 –I was just rescuing from the dragon.
 –I don’t need rescuing, Mr. Knight.
 –What do you need, Ms. Day.
 –Something that little pup can’t really offer me.
 –How about some real drinks in a cosier place.
 –And where might this place be? I’m not heading off to your house.
 –Daisy’s. I know the bartender. And the music is better than this dump.
 –I like the music here.
 –The music’s OK if you just stepped on a porcupine.
 –Ah! I did. I’ll meet you out front. I’ll tell him that I’m going to the bathroom
 The offer of drugs gets them every time.

Her desperation drove her toward certainty. She didn’t want to reach that awkward moment at the end of the night when the outcome was held in doubt. Something about his charm had struck her. Perhaps it was nothing less than her cockiness. He knew that he had it made.

SAMANTHA

Our troubles begin when we ignore our origins. To remain constant to ourselves, we have to continue to expand our territories. That is only proper.

I’m not evil...people think that I’m evil. I was researching my book on psychic influences on sexuality (or was it vice versa). I ended up at this website. I stared at the options. .This was more extreme than I had contemplated.

<u>TRULY 18</u> The hottest, youngest, horniest girls you'll find on anywhere!!	<u>SEX CRAZE</u> Absolutely the Most Explicit Site on the Net!! Incredible facial cumshots	<u>UPSKIRT TEENIES</u> Beautiful young girls in short skirts and white cotton panties!!	<u>SEX CENTERFOLDS</u> You know who they are and they show it all for you
<u>LESBO EXPRESS</u> Unbelievably hot women who just crave the taste of each other's pussies!!	<u>LATEX TEENS</u> The hottest teens poured into the tightest latex you have ever	<u>SEX ILLUSTRATED</u> Thousands of XXX images, movies and live chat with the hottest women around	<u>PRIVATE TEENS</u> Young beautiful and horny: they do it all!
<u>TEENCUMERS</u> Young beautiful and craving cum these teens sluts do whatever you want	<u>LIBERTINE MAG</u> Straight from the pages of Libertine, this is the hottest stuff you'll see!!	<u>FETISH MACHINE</u> No matter what your fetish is we have it here! Leather, bondage, S&M, and more!!	<u>ROCKIN' BABES</u> These girls will rock your cock.

My desperation assured me that I would be at this site again. Really it was no big deal I would want more.

When I returned it was no longer just those captions. But now here she was staring at me

Later that week I got a surprise email.

*Hi. My name is Samantha. I need your help
My parents were very strict. They wouldn't let us talk about sex. My father told me it was a sin to sit in a seat that had been just occupied by a boy because the heat of his body could be passed to me and I would have these impure thoughts.*

My uncle molested me when I was 11. He really didn't get along with my father. He kept these dirty magazines under his bed. I was playing in there and he found me. He saw me looking in the magazines and asked if I liked what I saw.

I found it so confusing.

What was this all about. He asked me if I wanted to try these things. Try them with him. It made me feel so dirty. It made me feel grown up. He told me that it was our little secret. Sometimes it felt good and sometimes I just wanted to throw up everywhere. I came to expect this. Our secret.

I told a friend at school and she said that something similar had happened to her. Only she hadn't gone along. She told her Mom and the man never came back.

If I told my parents, they'd have thought it was me.

I thought that you might understand.

Samantha

Where did you get my email address?

I got it off a list at work.. I just thought that you might be the kind of man who might understand.

Sam

Understand. What kind of trick was this? Was this part of the porno service. Or was it the FBI. Were they waiting for me to try to lure the girl across state lines.

Understand. I didn't understand. How did they get my address in the first place. I only went to the site by accident. Never downloaded anything. Just wanted to see an eighteen year old in a short skirt.

I never heard back from you. Why are you afraid of me?

Sam

Afraid of her. Was there a her to be afraid of?

Sam

Under the circumstances, it would be better if we stopped communicating.

I need your help. I'm being held in this place against my will. I'd do anything if you could help me leave?

Sam

Sam
How can I help?

You could send me some money. Enough for a bus ticket.
Sam

I felt this was all some scheme to extort money from me.

I need to see who you are. Please send me your picture

The next day she had sent a picture. She had a smile the white of sparkling sugar crystals. She looked all of twelve, all of seventeen, all of eighty. Years that take their toll and years that never let her age.

What can I do for you?
Sam

What indeed.

I have more pictures. I can send them to you. If you don't like the one that I send you.
Sam

What are you doing? What did you do today?

I went to the park. Got some sun. I don't really like too much sun. It's not really good for the complexion. Then I went shopping. I got a skirt and some panties. A new blouse.

Send me a picture of your new outfit.

It wasn't really anything special. Her blonde hair curled around her body.

What did you do today?

I did some writing. I'm working on a new book.

I wanted to take her in my arms. Tell her that everything was going to be already. Just hug her all night.

Do you have fantasies?

Was this question akin to the one about money. I thought that I was writing a machine. That the picture were pictures of an FBI agent's daughter. They were testing me with these questions.

My fantasy is to be a world famous author. Maybe win a Nobel prize.

How did that look in my FBI file? Like I was some kind of humanitarian.

You're disappointing me? What's your fantasy?

I felt like I was going public with all my thoughts. That this was some girl who had got a hold of her Dad's computer and was taking a grown up for a ride.

Did I dare tell her that I wanted to lick her little butt. That I wanted to run my tongue all along her insides until she quaked in the throes of sexual passion.

I thought that I told you.

No, silly. You're sexual fantasy. Mine is having an older man surprise me naked returning from my bath. And he pull my towel off and start licking my insides. First my clit, And then he would get turned on by all that was salty and electric. I all wet would welcome his tongue slobbering and ravenous. And when I could n't last any more, I would take his erect cock inside of me. And I would scream and scream and scream.

I was out of breath just reading the note. I wanted her to see me touching myself. I didn't want to have any part of this.

I didn't hear back from you. Were you touching yourself when you read my last note.

I didn't have to touch. I was aroused reading it. Over and over again. What was I supposed to do now. Ask for a meeting.

Am I shocking you? I want to know your fantasy. I'm your baby sitter. And I come early. And your wife is upstairs doing her make up. And you go up there, and say the baby sitter is here. We have to hurry. And you come down, and I am in the bathroom taking a piss and the door is slightly open and you see me naked, You stare at me, right at my sex. And you see the pubic hairs all erect. See how I have shaved my bikini line. And I hesitate pulling up my panties when I catch you staring in the mirror. You just stand there as I leave the bathroom and go into the kitchen. And I bend down to get something out of the crisper in the fridge. And you pull my skirt up and start to run your hand along me. You can feel that I am wet as you slide your finger inside. As you start to massage me, I slip my hand into your pants and feel your hard cock. You are so excited as we touch each other. This is fantastic. You cannot control it. I cannot control. I scream as I come. You want to get inside me. I slap you--dirty old man. Your wife comes down, and she is ready to leave. She doesn't notice anything except the fridge. It has swung open.

I don't have a wife. A baby sitter. A child.

I want to see you.

We have to stop this communication?

Once my Dad caught me touching myself. I had the door closed and he was looking for some holy book. He just opened the door and he saw me with my legs spread on the bed. Naked underneath my skirt. He put a blanket over me and closed the door. I didn't come down for dinner that night.

I can't write back. I am becoming attached to your love notes. The next day I look for more. There is nothing. Nothing for a couple of days.

Are you OK?

I didn't want to write you because they think that something is up. I'm getting tired of the pictures. I don't mind if they ask me to say things on the phone. But the pictures. Some of the other girls are forced to have sex with these awful men. You got to know what it's like.

They've never forced you to have sex?

I've had sex with some of these men who I don't know. Sexy men. Young men. For money. But not these really nasty ones. They can't make me do what I don't want to do. Well sometimes—I need the money and some of these pictures are disgusting. The girls eating each other out. I mean I like pussy now and then but this is gross.

Can't you just stop. Do something else?

I can't do any other kind of work. I need money. I could send you more pictures. Sexy pictures. I'm sure that you'd like that.

I can help you. I can.

The next day she sent me a shot of herself on a bed with her legs spread. I could see everything. And she was touching herself.

I was thinking about you.

I sent her twenty five dollars. Just to help. A couple of days later, she sent me another picture. A brunette. Young girl. With shapely breasts and smooth legs. And Sam was eating her out.

I did this for you.

I sent a hundred dollars. More shots followed. I craved them. I wanted live action. Paid two hundred for a movie. I got so excited watching them go at. I lost it totally when they sixty nined. Oh God! Fantastic. I imagined myself in the scene. Samantha with her pussy in my face and the other girl thrusting me up and down.

I need to see you.

I need to see you.

Now I was entering dangerous territory. Up to now this was all a set up. A giant computer sex program. It anticipated and catalogued the sex scenes to meet my growing excitement.

I imagined being met by another girl. Not Samantha. Some substitute hand-picked by the agency.

Or some high school girl meeting me at some small town motel where our illicit interlude was interrupted by her mother and the police. If they just didn't have caller ID when the girl called to say that she was going to be home late from school.

Or her mother meeting me at a motel. And her living out all her girlhood fantasies in a night of hot passion. Why would she even need email to add spice to her life. Surely someone on PTA had already caught her eye.

I called Lane. Maybe she could help me forget my recent stupidity.

It ended worse than I could imagine. I ended up submerged in a bathtub full of mayonnaise. I was bound and gagged. It wasn't in any way erotic.

–It's just my way of getting back at you.

–You can't get back at me that easily.

Temptation occurs when they take away something that you already own.

Oh, Eve, who cursed you with that name. Your body wrapped around mine like the serpent around the tree.

You smiled at me knowingly. You were wearing a white blouse and beige pants. You stared into space until you hook onto my glance.

–Seduction assumes that one party has no ambiguity about his actions. His partner caves into the certainty of her own desire. That she is creating a scene that he has already detailed. The end is programmed in his first look.

–You're not really looking at me.

I couldn't. I knew that I would melt in her.

–This is a terrible beginning to a seduction.

Assuming that I do not carry through with my plan. A dull ache greeted my morning. Oh Eve!

–I've had men look at me like that all my life. You want to sleep with me.

–And if you are denied?

–Then I know how much you are saving that desire. Saving it until you are alone. To act out your fantasy. Did you notice my legs. I just shaved them. You want to run your hands up my legs. Under my skirt. Your tongue—you want to let it travel inside me.

–I'm not following any of this.

And so in this scene, I am already inside of her. And I am hoping for some deeper opening. Afraid that her excitement is nothing more than a confirmation of the inevitable. At each point my interest traveling just ahead of my distraction. Her whole body overwhelms me.

–Don't you want to say something?

She see how distracted I have become.

–You haven’t even tasted your drink.

I smile.

I was still thinking of her that first day. In the tight pants that gave way to her high heeled sandals and her darkly painted toe nails.

–Was that what you were staring at?

I’m having trouble sorting out the details.

–Hello, my name is Eve.

I turn to face her.

–Oh I thought that you were talking to me.

Her partner smiles. His is in a suit–custom tailored. They are off to lunch.

–Didn’t you drop this?

She doesn’t look up. She doesn’t hear me.

–I’m really making a scene of myself.

Please call me! Eve

--I’m the guy that you met at the newsstand yesterday.

–So. I’m a busy woman. Is that what your mother told you to say?

–If I’m a naughty boy, you’re just going to have to punish me.

–Spanking never seems to do the trick any more.

I didn’t want to call. Wasn’t sure if I could call. I wanted this transaction to happen so very quickly before I lost my interest.

I decided that I needed to complete this deal. Quickly. Eve! I call her by her name. That is the beginning and the end. She feels that she has tempted. I have given in.

I wanted to show my hand early. That I am aroused. That she had no doubt that I was ready for the night. That I was willing to transgress upon every homely dream that sustained her life. That she was willing to throw her life away for what little this meant. A vague hint of eternal satisfaction. And the loss of paradise. Give me your keys.

I didn’t want my caresses to serve as a complement. I wanted them to be so much faster than she can process.

--Oh my legs...I just shaved them.

--I’m not interested in your legs. I’m only interested in this incredible yelling in my head. In this cavity. What can only be filled up by my thrusting away into you. Close your eyes because I don’t even know who you are.

I swallowed it all whole.

--Do you mind if I kiss your legs.

I needed a bolder stroke. She was adept at this. Although she did not want to let on. As if she missed an appointment and just happened to be here. And if she didn’t make her rendez-vous, she could just give it up for whoever was there at that moment.

That she came out that day to get fucked. As simple as that. So no insinuation on my part, no degradation could possibly match the humiliation that she had already imposed on herself,

Now it was starting to get interesting.

Are you cold? Do you need me to warm you up. And she is engulfed by that fear. A cold more bitter than any Arctic winter, the deep freeze of the soul.

Beyond any cold, Eve was beset by her own hollow. An emptiness that she faced every

time that she exposed the insatiable qualities of her desire. For her there were only desires that she could in fact satisfy. She resented this intensity that is part of her. The fatigue in her face betrayed this. That was the beginning and end of her adventure.

She clothed herself in a towel. She sat across from me on a chair. She was enveloped by this emptiness. I pretended to be busy. She had nowhere to go. She felt like she should be with me.

She tried running the details of our seduction scene in her mind. Instead, she only seemed to repeat that same emptiness. She needed the touch—didn't want to think what it might be like without. How could she experience that erotic surprise.

I wanted to capture that moment on camera—her surrender.

Does she know where I want her to meet me. Did she get my note.

I entered the room as if it was a coincidence. I asked her her name and made all kinds of excuses why I came in the wrong room. She waved me over to the bed.

REPEAT THE SAME SCENE

I saw her in the street. She caught my glance and waved me over. She then realized that I was not the person that she was hoping to meet. We stared in each other's eyes in incomprehensibility. I wanted to ask her name but realized this would postpone the seduction indefinitely. We started kissing without pretext. Did she know what was going on. I pull her into a doorway

I ran my hand along her smooth legs. I was kissing her furiously. I bent down to touch her feet. I kiss her foot and start to work my way up her leg. She shivered. I tingled.

I get lost in a corner of flesh around her knee.

—I've never done this before.

—Meet me at the Wellington.

She was waiting for me with a clear set of purpose. Her clothes were folded on the bed and she was naked on the bed. I pulled off the covers and spread her legs. I ran my hand up and down her leg and then started to work on her feet.

I was sucking her toes as she ran her hands around her sex. She wanted to touch herself, but she felt that I was forbidding her from acting out her feelings.

—When this is over, I don't want you ever contacting me again.

She felt warm inside.

She put down the phone and went to get a drink.

—Are you touching yourself?

—What?

—I want you to reach into your panties and start touching yourself.

She obliged without any sense of shame.

—How did you get my number.

—You love my deep voice. Can't you feel me caressing your insides.

I pull her over to me. Run my hand along her smooth legs. I start caress her feet. Nicely manicured nails and freshly painted. I reach down to kiss them. I tingle. She shivers.

Her breath finds a consistent rhythm. I can hear her sighing.

--When you kiss me on the neck, I go all funny inside. The feeling takes me over completely. You hold my heart in your hands. I repeat your name over and over again. When you brush my hair, I tingle all over. I am enraptured. When you kiss my lips, I am overtaken by your passion.

>>I want to offer myself to you. Look me in the eyes. Touch my breasts. Feel my flesh against yours.

She wants me to know about her intentions. She lets me open her shirt, Her breasts stand up. She rolls her head in reply as I massage her breasts. I begin to suck on her breast. The skin is taut and the tip tickles in my mouth.

She has prepared herself for me. I can smell the perfume. It invites me deep inside her. I slowly open her skirt and slide it off. Her sex is outlined through the panties. She can tell that I am aroused. I am drawn in by her affection. I am surrounded by her warmth. She draws me in.

We are both encompassed by the passion. We push to the edge of a suffocation. Our kisses are now without respite, and they leave us breathless. I push myself closer to her to catch my breath.

Already I have gone too far with you and I wonder what I have to save. A world that is more real than anything that we could share.

Her sinuous gyrations are hypnotic. I am totally absorbed in my reply. I release my tensions into her, and she intensifies our mutual torment. We love what requires such extreme concentration.

As we give in to each other, the surrender stops short of resolve. It only returns us to a more intense passion.

This passion makes me the most afraid. I don't think that I can recover from the full effect of these feelings. My blood boils throughout my body. I swell with my excitement.

And afterwards, only this hollow. Abandonment is the fate that awaits me. I can already sense your cruelty.

We both turn around in the turbulence that rocks us. She sees herself passing beyond concentration to total abandon. Her body breaks apart from the pressures of her enjoyment. She is amazed by the facets of her enjoyment. She needs to bring this to an end. She cannot.

—I have nothing left. You have drained me of all decency. I want to yield to your smallest whim. I feel enslaved by this devotion.

>>It's not really funny. It's tragic. I look inside myself, and there isn't this place to save me.

She feels the need to express this surfeit of pleasure—so much that she is breathless—gagging for air—don't stop. She lets out this tension with her exaggerated thrusts. She is here, but she is elsewhere.

--This is what I hate about myself. I want to fuck you all the time. But I really don't like

being with you at all.

>>I can't take the hollow. Sex will not fill it. It only makes me feel more empty. What have you done to me.

Tina invited me back to the web site. I felt more criminal pursuing one of these hot young teens. I started wondering if there was a record of my excursions. Nothing had shown on my credit card.

The more I watched Tina, the more that I heard her talk, the more that I felt that she was actually with me. She mounted me and I inserted my hard cock inside her.

–You know that's just what I like.

Not so fast buddy. If you want to play, you've got to pay. Please insert your credit card number.

–I only have two hands, and I'm using one of them on Tina. I don't think that I can reach over and get my wallet out of my pants without breaking my pose.

A camera seemed to record my moves. It gauged the quality of my erection. It observe my pupils to test my arousal. It participated in my stimulation.

What is Tina made of?

She is made of the combination of your voyeuristic peeks. The flashing of the retina. You are the camera and in you she comes to life.

–Baby, you feel so good.

But then you hit that summit. You hope that Tina might follow you to get a drink. Then she can give you a blow job on the way back.

What was **my** biggest fear? That Tina might turn out to be other than Tina.

–I'm not Tina. I'm Tony.

–Keep on sucking. You started as a woman. Finish me like a woman would.

After we've shared something so intense, I feel really close to you.

–It was intense.

–Not just the sex. I feel closer to you. It's almost like...love

–You can't say that if I didn't feel the same thing. We never meant it to be like that.

–But I can tell how involved you were with me.

–You can say that, but it really doesn't describe how I feel.

–How do you feel? I know that down deep you feel it too.

–I feel that we get on real good together. But you don't want to speak too soon.

–OK. That works for now. But if you take a while then you'll feel it too.

But I didn't. I just felt like this animal. I wanted to pour myself into her. But I didn't want to hear about her life. I had Jane. That was Jane. That was enough for me. That would always be enough for me. Sure we were going through some tough times—everybody does. I just didn't mind sleeping with a girl at the office and not telling her.

I explored on the computer for more action. What could I see for free and what demanded that I get out my credit card.

I went out to dinner with a colleague. A red head—I mean her hair. When I touched it, she smiled. I then tried to kiss her.

–Where did you learn that game. I’m not going to have sex with you tonight. I’ll give you a blow job in the washroom if you’ve got some coke. That’s all.

Thank heaven for small favors.

I could feel the world starting to swing in my direction.

There was little doubt what was happening in my life. I was starting to feel responsible for events reported on the news that had nothing to do with me. This was the entire opposite of Phil’s predicament. He was feeling unaffected by events that had everything to do with him but which were not reported on the news. It made me feel positively ecstatic. I called up Phil. We met for dinner.

–Don’t tell me that you have more evidence to dispose of. I just won’t do it.

Phil smiled.

–What’s really going on with you.

–That girl has become completely intolerable. I am not in the least attracted to her. Sure I’ve slept with her. But do you expect me to make something more of this than it is. She’s nice but she doesn’t know when to call it quits.

--You’re a psycho. You’re asking for trouble. You can’t sleep with her anymore. Cut her off quick.

Phil’s advice was always so clear. Too bad he couldn’t never take it himself.

But then I wasn’t ready to accept things. Sure Eve was becoming a case. But I enjoyed her. Maybe she had discovered a mystery about herself. It was finally getting easy for her to explore. Nevertheless, the radical outlook to which she was submitting her body may have been her limit. She was afraid to let herself go. She couldn’t work without a net, and so she never tempted the real heights.

I needed a diversion—something that appealed to my drive for pleasure without any reserve. I approached the empire of my desire. Why stop at the entreaties of Eve. I wanted this process to keep going over and over again. More Eves.

The web site offered gratification to my desire for multiple partners. “Do you want to kiss me?” It ended the break between desire and satisfaction. If I continued to play, it meant that I could satisfy every wish on my part.

This was the path to pleasure. Beyond my pleasure to a pleasure in general. I wondered what I could preview without being asked for money. I was aroused thinking about it.

Her eyes were closed, bathed in ecstasy. I slowly eased my way into her shadow. I became absorbed in her form—the empire.

–Do you want to be our house boy. We’ll keep you in the alley. We’ll do weird things to you. When we want to fuck you, we’ll bring you up from the dungeon. Your dick belongs to us. Our possession.

PERFORMANCE

You can touch me anywhere but you have to promise never to love me.

PARTICIPANTS

Two or more can play.

ATTACHMENT

I'm starting to love you. I can't live without you penis inside me.

--I feel so close to you. I want to be with you all the time. This is more than just something physical. I am totally taken over by my feeling for you.

Her name was Amy. She bent down to get something and then looked back up at me.
--I'm here to welcome you to the empire of your desire.

CONTACT

--I've been very bad.

I slapped her on the ass. It left a red mark.

--That hurt.

--I'm sorry.

I kissed it. I buried my face in her. I started licking her. I spread her legs. It felt so comfortable as I wedged my face inside of her. IT!

For what it was. All full and welcoming. I couldn't look at it without sensing myself inside her. The hole all so warm and inviting.

--What can you say to me to make me feel that you mean it?

--What?

She could tell that I was attracted to her but she was searching for more on my part.

--I can protect you. Make you feel safe. I am your rock in the desolate night.

She smiled.

I was entirely seduced by her avowal.

--I'm nothing with you unless you are inside me. Until you let me surround you and you fill me with your life. That is how I need you.

I met her at a doughnut shop. She caught my eye as I was walking out. I hesitated for few minutes at her table.

--You often come here late at night. Alone.

--Yeah. I'm doing work and I just need to get out of the house.

--Hi, I'm Amy.

What a coincidence. This site was good.

She stared in my eyes.

--What do you really want.

--Someone who I can love. Someone who knows that I love her for her heart.

She felt the warmth of my gesture. Why had I stopped.

CONTACT

He flopped his limp dick against her face. Even tumescent it was massive. With the succeeding stimulations it became harder. [Get someone in with an even bigger dick.]

So dominated by the quality of the erect cock, she couldn't help but give in. It left an impression on her being.

It drove her crazy.

I want to make you **HAPPY**

[I want to do things for you that your wife won't do.]

–I want you to take it in your mouth. Suck on the tip. Let your tongue wrap around the shaft. Let it snake in and out. Your lips are more luscious as they move their way up and down.

[This is real.]

More real since it was so large. So unavoidable. Everything in her submitted to IT.

As I grabbed my dick, she cupped her hands around his organ and slipped it in. The entry shot was masterful. Both in and out. And I felt myself part of their action.

–I can feel you in me now.

I could see the impressions of the penis in the ripples of her ass as he thrust in and out. In and out. Her body surrounded him. Nothing but the impression

PARTNERS

At her place, Amy introduced me to her roommate.

–This is Syrena.

Syrena gave me an intense stare.

–What are you doing here?

–Amy invited me.

–What are you really doing here? Did Amy tell you who she was? Why she can't sleep at night.

–Not really.

–She wasn't a bit forward with you. Rather suggestive.

–What do you mean?

–You didn't come here hoping to have sex with her.

–No. It was just a friendly conversation.

This was getting very weird.

–If I told you that I wasn't wearing any panties and I pulled up my skirt and showed you my snatch, would you put your penis inside me.

I was dumfounded.

–And if Amy sat on your face would you eat her out until your lips were red and chapped, Then would you plunge your dick up her while she hate me out. Could you do all those things?

POSSESSION

–Amy's going to come back in a bathrobe. While we're waiting, I'm going to massage your dick really hard. Then I'm going to pull up my skirt and sit on your face. Look at how long my legs are. They're so smooth. You really want to fuck me. See how bright my toes are painted. You want to suck them while you beat off. You want to come between my toes. You want me to suck you off while I get myself off. I already creaming as I talk to you.

>>>I hope you're hard. Amy's going to be in here in a few minutes. She's going to be in an open bathrobe. When she comes in, I want you to jump her bones. I'll lick your ass while you

really go to town on her. I want you to rub your cum all over her stomach. I'll lick it off while you come up my ass. Can you do all that for me?

FANTASY

–You are my fantasy man. You know why. Take a look at yourself. You can give me anything that I need.

>>I can give you anything that you want.

–Isn't this what you say to everyone?

–I can't remember.

She had a throaty sex voice. She was the perfect facsimile for my fantasy.

–Can I call you Eve?

–You can call me whatever you like.

–Do you really like that. How could you possibly like that at all.

CAVERN

I stared down this hollow. Its long walls could offer the answer to my question. I was filled with sense of utter meaninglessness.

--I can't protect you against your desire.

–I love you!

–What?

–You make me feel so **HAPPY!** I can do anything for you.

–You can make me happy by doing what I want when I want it. By not interrupting me when I am doing something important.

–You are losing touch with who you are. Amy, you can never escape from this world of yours.

–Now that you are part of it, you can't escape either.

Did you see that?

Amy allowed me to give in to my cruelty. I hated that about her.

–I'm not here to save you from yourself.

I loved how she took complete delight in fucking. Just pulling the dick inside her and wailing away. In her there was no pretense...just a fading away.

–You still don't know how to let go of your desire to inflict pain. That's why you come to me. It's the only thing that let you get rid of that hollow inside you. As long as it hurts someone else, you never have to let it touch you.

–It's not. It's just sort of a contest. I don't want to let it go.

–If you don't, then that is all you will be left with.

–And you can deal with the hollow in yourself.

–That is the only thing that I can deal with.

I was embroiled in this fantasy with Syrena and Amy. I felt like I was operating a lever. The ups and downs of their pleasure—they would take turns and things would switch from Amy back to Syrena.

—Who is enjoying this the most?

—You are. Because you get to feed off both of us.

—You have each other.

—It's not the same. You're calling all the shots. What do you want to see now.

—I think that my greatest pleasure is invisible. A knowledge that these games mean something.

—You want to hurt me, and you want me to feel good about it.

I don't know how to put it any better. But I just want to get off as many times and in as many ways as possible. Can you possibly understand what that means. And eventually that intensity might affect something really deep in another person.

—But the way it sounds, you just might destroy the other person.

—That's my prerogative. It 's my fantasy.

—But if you want to get someone else involved.

—You have to offer them something real. Even if there's a fantasy involved in the whole thing. You still need to start with something real. And what's real to you.

—You are! Everything about you.

—I want you to quit playing your role and be yourself.

—Even that will be a role as that prepares me for what is to come. For your commands. I don't mind fulfilling your wishes. I just want you to give me some credit for being creative.

—If you were really creative, you'd quit this.

—And go off with you. We tried that and you fucked my roommate.

—I wasn't alone.

—That was what you wanted. You had the one chance to be real with me, and you made that into a scene. You were off the clock. And you still wanted the same thing.

—This is all about total freedom. All desires all the time. Multiple arrangements. Anything that I could or would want.

—But the hope is that past that illusion, you find something to hold on to.

—Or someone like you.

—Or someone like me.

—Do you want me to love you?

—I do. That way I can refuse you and then you'll have to pay me more.

—Eve, when will you escape this hollow.

—When you fill me with the only thing that own. The only thing that you could ever give me. Do you want to give me that.

—Eve.

A man with an erect cock emerges from the shadows. She is ready for him. He spreads her legs and bends her down. He enters her from the rear.

I retreat.

I go to the next level.

I stared down the lithe sleekness of her back. My body straddled her. I bent down to kiss her. The skin had a rough quality to it. As I was drawn to the contact with her. I was delighted by the abruptness of the touch. Way more appealing than the vision of her expanse. I molded my affection to an electric warmth. Skin to skin. The kisses brought this intensity to the foreground. A purring. A merging. From kisses to the soft curl of the tongue. A trace of saliva. I traced a line down her back. Bone and skin. A magic. I felt myself becoming engulfed by the pungent nebula of her desire. And I was overwhelmed. Submerged. And I spun around this maelstrom. The churning. The transgression. Stunned by the sudden rush of pleasure. I floated just above unconsciousness. I embraced her legs and buried myself inside of her.

She swirled in the spontaneity of my caresses. I drew her in, sucking in her whole being. And she surrendered to this explosiveness. Twisting and turning to admit me deeper into this attachment. And the flesh now soared with a more extreme power. She melted in these ecstatic tides.

I licked more furiously and the more that my desire became elevated, the more she was turned around this vortex. Breathless. Screaming out. A scream that touched the sky and rebounded. And lost in the hollow of this smell, I was propelled hurtling into this elaborate coupling. I gagged in the sickening familiarity of our conjunction. Enraged. More, more more.

Face to flesh I was submerged in the flower of her appeal. And our intercourse was enthralling. I faded into the curves of her body. A place where I nestled my errancy. I was given wings. As I bent back, her body seemed to turn around me. Now a furiousness to my invitations. Nothing less strung us together. With each attained closeness, her skin seemed to stretch out. She surrounded and enveloped my kisses. Curve around curve. Merging, the provocative twists. I started to suffocate, but wanted her to carry me to a place of a more marked stench, my own desire as this putrefaction that I drink up.

Beyond this perfume, an inner stirring. A sweetness. Satiation only skimmed a sour bouquet, a curdling of my exploration, for me. To have let this sensation slip away left me so wanting. Circle upon circle of this burning longing. I wished to attain the cessation of this irritant only to have it begin in a more intense form.

Take me. From the succulent to the engrossing to the gorging. That sense of decay that prolongs into an eternity. The bouncing ripples. Moist and honeyed. These sugars shrill in their peaks. Pulled deeper and deeper into her play, her legs extend outward and I grasp their firmness. That her cheeks are a profound reply to the legs musculature. Drawn, incensed, bone over bone and flesh over flesh. Falling down the incline of my own paradise. And she is delirious. She rose and I fell and I could feel the coincidence of the two moments. I revolved around and around in an orbit of her.

I became absorbed by a nexus of skin. So engaged in its fold and tuck. In this crevice I buried my desire. The imaginary crossing of the legs traced a line that intersected in this hinge, this entry, this give and take, and I was taken. And here there could be no crossing of the legs for I was at that crossing. Wondrous, she took it all in it all in, and I was overtaken.

Her legs so smooth and they gave way to my interruptions. Oh!. Take me! And my hand would have got lost in this amplitude. But her tongue was even more irrigating. Trenches of skin—the crush deafening. The imposition.

Juiced, secreted, eliminated—a haze. I was a haze and I feel that I was getting driven along in this flux. Just short of fatigue, I pushed through this mass. My strength embraced me

Was she looking at me? I couldn't help looking at her.

Her smile greeted me

The mass of her body in front of me, I can sense her behind me. A tickle, a provocation.