

LISA

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

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

She was waiting in a booth.

–Lisa, what are you afraid of?

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

--That never happened.

–Don't you want to hear more?

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

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

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

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

–Are you wearing panties?

–You'll just have to check.

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

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

–And it didn't happen.

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

–Lover.

–This is too easy.

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

–Yes.

All dripping, and moving amongst the slipping and sliding.

This contact was becoming so reassuring. It put out of her mind those empty nights of waiting for something. The deepening waste an intoxication that seemed to twist around itself.

Not some shock, an immediacy, but the total enveloping of him around her. Therein lay the entry that she offered and I accepted. The dominating presence of the inner leg. The movement of the muscle. The heat of flesh rubbing against flesh. Extending further to draw in my intensity. Opening up further to fuel her reply. Not held down, but released by this liberty of motion. We spun together and were returned so prevalently to the that mass of skin that I gripped at the top of the leg. The path to the backside. In so doing, I pushed himself deeper into her. The surface of each body melded into the other.

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

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

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

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

–I don’t even know your name.

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

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

–Is that all you said?

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

–Is that what happened?

–What more do you want.

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

–So what’s stopping you?

–My clothes.

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

–That won’t be real.

–I’ll take my clothes off.

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

–Come closer.

I did. She started to stroke me.

–You shouldn’t play.

–I’m not playing.

She used both hands.

–Let me take off my clothes.

–Not until it’s time.

–And when will that be?

–You have to learn to wait.

But she couldn’t wait. She got on her knees and took my enormous member in her mouth. She licked around the shaft. Put each ball separately in her mouth. The she started to work on the whole thing, and she moved it in and out of mouth. The saliva became thicker and

thicker. Her lips felt so good. I sifted my fingers through her hair. She batted her eye lashes.

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

--Take them off.

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

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

She gave me a long kiss.

What could she tell her friend now.

The next stage required more risk. A house.

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

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

She loved its immediacy. The surprise.

—Who are you really?

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

—I could have a husband.

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

She look startled.

—I'm getting a divorced.

—Every guy says that to me.

—And you believe them.

—So this is your place?

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

—Some love equipment.

—It's feeling mighty rusty.

—Maybe I could do the sharpening.

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

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

—You're really liking this.

—I am.

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

—I'm glad that you're inside me

I smiled with her simplicity.

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

—How do you know my name?

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

–Good.

She was breathing heavily.

–What’s the challenge?

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

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

You’re a real piece of shit.

–I’m sorry but I’ve got to run.

Was this enough yet to open her eyes?

–I never do this sort of thing with strangers.

It was just getting stranger.

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

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

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

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

What could afford me the access that I needed?

–Lisa, I need to see you.

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

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

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

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

–I don’t want to lose this coat.

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

–I met a man in a dark hotel. I thought it was my lover. I got in the bed with the man. I let him do things to me. Things that were very shocking. Even in my other contacts I was not driven to this extreme. I loved all of this.

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

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

The stranger took off his mask.

I took off the blindfold.

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

–Who is touching me?

–What?

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

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

–You've wanted something like this all along.

–I never played along with this at all.

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

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

She called number of days later.

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

What a lame excuse.

–You want to continue where we left off.

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

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

–What are you looking at?

–I know exactly who you are?

–And I can easily change tomorrow into something else.

–You love surprises.

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

–What do you really want to see?

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

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

–This is hardly going to work

–It's working for now.

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

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

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

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

–What are you doing?

–I'm getting up

–You're not going somewhere.

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

--Let me touch your shoulder.

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

–You can't get your innocence back.

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

- But once you have the taste, you're going to need that.
- But love is better than any of this could be.
- It's all about that feeling of completeness, or maybe the lack of it.
- I'm not feeling good about this.

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

- You've done these things to me before and I want you to carry on as you have been. She wanted to catalogue the various aspects of her enjoyment.

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

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

-What do you need?

-I need you.

-Not just me. What about me?

-I need your erect dick. I need your thing.

-What about when I'm not aroused.

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

-Why?

-It's not for me. It's not for you. I just need it for itself.

-And.

-That's all I am—the connection to it—that's all you are—it. Coming to arousal. Taking further stimulations whose contours remind you of my body. Getting so hard that you can't exist anywhere but inside me. In my mouth, up my ass, in my pussy. I need to get you going more. I need to make you happen in the most extreme way. This is my most extreme. Pain and torture. Anything that prolongs that feeling. That keeps it going when it can't.

-What does this mean?

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

--Is this the ultimate of perversity?

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

-And what are you going to do about it?

-The only thing that is possible. I'm going to give everything that there is in me to this.

It is my imperial ambition.

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

–What of my other desires?

–And what are they?

–To repeat what made me feel good before.

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

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

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

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

–You have to worship that thing.

–Do you?

–Yes, yes, yes.

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

–I want you to give me maximum pleasure.

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

–So what is maximum pleasure?

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

–And what is that one thing?

–The body as a vehicle for my imagination.

–So be it.

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

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

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

summit of erotic expression.

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

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

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

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

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

–Then you have to do it in public. I want you to fuck a man—a stranger in public.

Someone who I randomly point out.

–What about the risks?

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

–That is the most psychotic thing.

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

–Whatever you want.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She moved with him inside her, moved for everyone to see. And in these motions, these

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

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

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

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

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

–But you told me to do it.

–I know. But you let yourself enjoy it.

–I didn’t think that I could.

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

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

–Don’t you want to know my name?

As she came, she just spat in my face.

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

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

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

--Everyone looks beautiful making love.

–Lisa, that is just total nonsense.

GINA

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

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

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

She tried college, but that didn’t go too well. She got a job in a travel service and was amazingly successful. She ended up owning the service by 25. While on a vacation in the Virgin Islands, she got noticed for the swim suit issue of a lesser sports magazine. And her career took off from there. Since she started late, she figured that she had a lot of catching up to do. And she

was often willing to do what it took to get ahead. She had accustomed herself to photos in swimsuits. A low-cut dress in a film shoot. Maybe strip down to her panties if the mood required it.

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

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

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

–I'm not going to have sex on screen.

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

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

That brought her a pretty penny.

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

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

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

–I'm not suggesting anything.

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

–Well I'm good.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I did just that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

–You don't know how mind blowing the experience can be. Around the industry, the adult industry, we call it erotic disintegration. You see these images of yourself that keep feeding on your pleasurable desires. It keeps getting more and more intense. It's totally crazy.

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

–That seems a little out there.

–No, I felt it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Damn. I felt privileged.

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

–You need to activate secure site protection.

I did—just for her.

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

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

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

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

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

As I came on her she acknowledged me.

–Thanks baby.

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

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

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

–Please stop!

The scene flashed before both of us.

–That's why Skip made you afraid. But that fear also inspired your performance.

–I never had sex with him, but a couple of times on set, he couldn't control himself. We all laughed.

–I thought he didn't like women.

–Nothing's that simple. We got along wonderfully.

–But you did have sex with Cinnamon on screen.

–It doesn't show anything of the kind.

–I can tell why's going on by looking at you.

–I'm not going to dignify that with an answer.

–You're being really evasive. Things start to go so well between us, and you get really evasive.

–It's not evasiveness. It's reality. You've crossed the line.

Whenever she started to get weird, I needed to sign off. I had started this special relationship with her, and I didn't want to let go. So I gave into her wishes.

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

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

CLICK HERE FOR PARADISE!!!!

–I can already feel paradise. I have arrived.

CLICK HERE! PAY MORE!

–I have my answer! I have crossed over!

PAY MORE! PAY MORE! PAY MORE!

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

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

LOVE

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

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

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

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

The site was so limiting, and only a psychotic would try to make contact otherwise. But if I didn't, she might be in danger. Was there any way to find her—to find someone else who might offer her the help that she needed.

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

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

She faced the screen. She puckered up her lips.

—I'm doing this for you!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wanted to contact her again. But I was becoming more and more convinced of the futility of my plan. She was a celebrity because she wanted to stay the way that she was. For her, the Seattle experience was ultimately no more real than one of her movie scripts.

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

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

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

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

I wondered.

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

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

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

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

Sylvia had noticed that there were some unusual features in the performance of Gina. She was trying to figure out what was going on. She thought that she'd ask Gina, but she didn't show

up on the set. This served as the basis for some unusual moves by the director trying to cover up for her absence.

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

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

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

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

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

–How do you know this woman?

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

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

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

–What do you do for a living?

–I'm a psychic researcher.

I could see that he treated me with real credibility

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

He still didn't seem too convinced.

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

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

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

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

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

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

–No, you don't understand.

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

–Listen to me!

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

–The tenderness factor has changed.

–Tenderness factor. That sounds ridiculous.

–I could measure it like a scientist. I’ve told you that I work on psychic research. Changes in blood pressure, heart rate—like a polygraph test. Adjustments to images. You know what it’s like.

–You’ve got to quit talking like this.

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

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

–I totally understand.

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

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

Was that sufficient. Maybe she was being drugged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was the appeal that smothered me in Gina? I thought that I was part of something. In the same way, she felt that sex could eventually liberate her from her confusion. I need her to

get back in the chat room. I felt that I knew something that really could help her. I felt that this last realization would clean me out.

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

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

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

—You have to do more than that. Don't think that I'm going to give in to you that easily.

—What do you want.

—I want it all.

—And if that's not enough. Isn't that your role. If I give a little, I'll only get a little piece of you. All I need is a relic, and I can fill in the rest. That's all I need.

—That's what they all say. But it never is enough. If you want the treasure, you have to take a risk.

—I already have what I want.

—But tell me. Is that really anything?

—It's all I need. I have you Gina in a way that no one can ever have you. I don't think that you can really appreciate what I am offering you.

—And what is that?

—That is love.

—That's good. That's what he said Saturday night as he bloodied my lip.

—And that's what you're coming to enjoy.

Had I got on the bad fantasy page—or the fantasy of bad...

This was too easy. It was the rescue game all over again. I imagined these hapless men at private photo sessions cradling their SLR's while pretending that Gina was the one for them. That the right shot could imply some kind of contact. That was all that they needed. All that they ever needed.

—I want to care. I have dreams. A life. How can you make it real.

—Gina, this is not my style. Either I'm confronting a terrible programmer, or you are really believing this shit.

I needed to scroll back a few pages—to reset the sequence.

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

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

I need a new body.

—**None of you knows what it's like looking down on the world from up here.**

Or what a good dinner could cure.

—Have you tasted these little fish?

—Those aren't fish. It's something synthetic.

—Swallow it. It's all the same.

–I just want to jump your bones.

–I feel like I'm slipping from the edge of the world and you're telling me that you're going to save me.

You can't wait until you've made the heights. To look down on something that seems so entirely natural and refreshing.

–I just needed to get away for the weekend. Away from everyone.

You need to jump!

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

–Everyone looks so beautiful when they come!

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

–I'll do whatever you want me to do.

Does anyone know this is happening.

–Gina, you've got to give me the unlocking key to go to the next level.

With the unlocking key, I could take over the whole site. I could liberate Gina from her imprisonment.

–Who's going to sign for this tab?

–Whoever's got the biggest romance sequence.

–Anything that you want.

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

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

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

A glassy stare engaged Gina. What was she taking?

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

–We need to really enjoy ourselves.

PRESS PLAY!

Her perfect lips.

–Do you want to talk about Seattle.

–I never really worked in a Dairy Queen.

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

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

–About your special skills.

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

I felt that I owned piece of her.

PRESS PLAY!

Gina, I need you.

-I wondered when you were going to call me.

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

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

-You've got to stop them now.

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

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

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

-This is the real Gina.

The glassy stare.

A slight giggle.

-Are you really enjoying this?

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

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

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

I can hold my breath.

I can hold my breath

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

There was less and less tenderness in her caresses.

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

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

-What?

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

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

CREDIT IS EXPIRED!

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

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

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

-You're making me embarrassed.

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

–I'm not thinking about you. I'm just thinking about how it feels.
See how see changes when you say something to hear.
–*When I kiss you, I just go all nutty. I can't keep my balance.*
–*Let me hold you up.*
–*Why? I just want to go to bed now.*
–*I want you to get me higher than I've ever been before.*
You can't stop me.

CREDIT HAS EXPIRED!

Can you stop yourself.

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

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

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

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

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

–Romance sequence number eleven.

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

TERMINATE!

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

–Can you do it again?

DARCY

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

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

She smiled.

–You realize how far we have gone.

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

–This is nothing.

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

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

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

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

She beamed.

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

–I want you to kiss me harder.

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

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

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

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

–And you think that you have found me.

Indeed I was becoming convinced.

–We are not together.

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

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

–Kiss me. Do this!

An echo. Disembodied.

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

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

–This is wonderful.

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

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

My fall.

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

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

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

--I can't hold on.

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

–We...

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

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

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

–In lovemaking, I can feel the imprint of the personality. Each act of tenderness need to

push the self to a perfection of technique, a total reflection of form and substance, beauty and action. The form of the book anticipates the acts of love and the flesh announces each gesture.

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

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

Sometimes I didn't understand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Executioner.

Darcy my Executioner.

–What have you done? Are you sorry? Why are you sorry? Will you beg for mercy?

Blood that dripped in me that waited to be shed.

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

–Punish me!

If she could just destroy me!

–If you could just destroy me!

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

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

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

I lusted after her.

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

There was a snarl in her smile.

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

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

She could not countenance such a resolution.

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

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

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

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

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

I've been in this place before.

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

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

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

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

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

Was I supposed to enjoy this degradation too?

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

–You are keeping me a prisoner here.

–Prisoner–you're being fed.

–I really want to be fed.

–I can't accommodate you.

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

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

The tight shorts hugged her ass. The work of months and months in the gym where each butt cheek formed that muscular indentation. I felt my hand press close to sculpt the form. She tightened the muscles more. This helped firm the definition. It gave her a sense of pride. It encouraged her sense of psychological domination. She could not hold back.

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

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

The same quality stretched down her legs.

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

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

–Are you training me for something.

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

–Doesn’t that feel just magical?

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

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

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

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

–I caught you looking again.

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

–Not a very fair cowboy are we.

–You really want a ride.

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

–I prefer bare back.

–Up my ass are you going to go.

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

–I’m ready for you, lover.

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

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

–I shouldn’t have given in to you.

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

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

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

–Why are you so mean?
–And you really know how to care for me. I was a friend of your wife’s. And you totally took advantage of the situation.
–Friend. You became her friend so you could fuck me. That’s what ended our marriage.
–You pursued me, and the marriage was over long before we ever met. I think that you made up this wife shit so that you could get me in bed.
–You seem to enjoy it.
–I do you when no one else is around.
–I love your game.
--Let me fuck you again.
–If it was just about you, I’d say no. But put it in.
And she just spread her legs and let me go at it. I directed it this time—at least until she hit that moment of frenzy.
–You love my dick.
–I love to come. And sometimes dick does it and sometimes is no time for dick at all.
–I love how you talk.
–I love how you love to come...so desperate.
–I...
–I want you to fuck me again now.
–I can’t—I’m not a robot.
For what it was, I was getting drowned by her immediacy. Either she was so submerged in that same intensity. Or else she was so driven to the surface, driven to enlightenment.
–This is way beyond what I signed on for.
–This is every bit your doing. That’s why I’m here. To let those automatic desire have a way to work themselves out. Doesn’t this all make you feel better.
–It did at first. But I sort of want it all to mess up. Just to show that it’s OK for me.
--Then let it mess up.
–Nothing’s forcing it to be any special way. It’s all your own doing. You’re trying to pretend that it’s me. I’m just taking your lead.
–Well, I’ve lost my give and take quite a while ago.
–That’s OK. It’s important that you work things out along the way. Don’t just bring your expectations with you.
–I’m way beyond expectations.
–But that’s the real beauty of this.
–It’s not that pretty any more. It’s pushing into territory that’s nothing less than perverse. How does that make you feel. You’re just a fucking dominatrix. And the torture scenes have become just too lurid for this participant.
–That’s sort of the beauty.
–I just can’t contain all this pain—it’s beyond my ken.
–Soak it in and it becomes a greater pleasure.
Who was she kidding? The rawness started to put me off. I needed to catch my breath, at least emotionally. Everything drove at such a fever pitch. In this she was completely inspired.
–This is all too funny. At first, I thought I was abusing you. But now I think it’s the other way around.
–That’s preposterous. You just can’t deal with a real challenge.

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

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

–It's not that bad.

She smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

–You're looking great tonight.

–Something's wrong.

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

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

–She’s been looking at me.

–She’s rather bored with him. Look at her staring in space.

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

–You want her don’t you.

–Darcy, I’m just looking around.

–You could be looking at me.

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

–I’m not jealous. I’m teasing you. Look at her again.

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

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

–Maybe it’s just something natural. We all have our bad days.

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

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

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

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

–You can’t stay on the edge all the time.

–Is that why you’ve come to me?

–I’ve always thought that you could help me.

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

–So now we practice torture together.

--You could say that.

–I am saying that.

–Torture is a blunder. What we’re doing is an art.

–I can’t tell where the canvas ends and the real stuff begins.

–That’s why it’s modern.

–Maybe I don’t like playing modern.

–But who’s going to rescue in the classic scenario.

–I don’t understand.

–Just because you put a mask on, it doesn’t make you a villain.

–And you want me to admit that I’m like you. That I have these desires to hurt people.

–You won’t.

–I’m not playing your game.

–That’s all you’re good at.

–So let’s go back to your place and finish what we’ve started.

–You’ve already played your endgame.

–Come on.

–I told you that you’ve had your fun. I’m going to clear my tab and get out of here.

The couple has left. Darcy paid her bill and decided to take off.

–You hear a siren and you just decide to go the other way.

–This is going to be a simple exit.

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

--We need to quit doing this. This is getting dangerous.

–I’m not holding you here. If you want to leave, leave.

–Then what are you going to do?

–Live my life.

--You give someone your confidence, and you start to hope for a little more.

--You feed off someone else, and you think that your lover owes you something.

–What are you trying to do? Cure me.

--You tell me about these rules for pleasure that you are working on. Are these real rules.

–It’s just a feeling that I get.

–So what’s the big deal about rules.

–You’re the one who seems so taken by rules.

–I just want to know what I’m doing. Keep things in order.

–I want you to touch yourself.

–I don’t need to. I can get the same feeling by just imagining things.

–Pretend that I am touching you.

–Does this stuff ever really work with anyone.

–Imagine that I am easing my way down your legs.

–This is sort of silly.

–And I’m lying on top of you. How does it make you feel?

–Like taking a shower.

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

–You’re not really getting in deep enough.

–Do you want it to hurt?

–I want to feel something.

I tried to thrust with more intensity.

–This still comes short.

–I’m doing the best that I can.

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

–You’re telling me this now.

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

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

–You sound like a zookeeper.

–I enjoy being with you.

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

–I thought that you were getting off.

- Don't flatter yourself.
- Flatter..
- Please.
- I could.
- You could continue this conversation on your own.
- What?
- Have you ever had a woman as a friend?
- You're my friend.
- You all this friendship.
- I told you I like women.
- Have you ever known a woman that you didn't try to seduce.
- If I don't try and seduce them, where's the fun.

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

-Darcy, I love you

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

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

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

-Isn't this what forms the basis of a relationship?

--Give me your hand.

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

-What kind of rules?

-Rules of pleasure.

-That's what I'm doing for you.

-Then don't ever leave me!

NIKKI AND TERRI

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

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

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

Terri answered back.

-I can't help it if they're well off.

-In one way or another.

They both laughed. Nikki had that confused innocence. Once it had got her in trouble, now she used it to her advantage. Her labia was pierced. She had a tattoo on her

backside—reserved for me with whom she had sex. She left no doubt what got her going.

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

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

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

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

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

—What did I hear going on here last night?

—Nikki, I was just getting a snack.

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

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

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

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

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

—When you've really shoved the vibrator in, you get to know your sexual geography. Plateaus and peaks that need to be mapped so that you can return to them in the act.

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

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

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

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

—You are so good to me.

With Nikki and Terri I started to sketch the region of sexuality just beyond the hypnosis of perfume. Now absorbed into the realm of the body, the sweet scent seemed to just hang there.

Too long apparent and now curdling. This souring of the smell now mixed with the realities of the flesh—much more intoxicating, much more potent. Where taste was entirely electric. Little currents popped on the tongue, as I licked deeper in Terri. Nikki tapped me gently.

—Why do you do this to me?

The passion was so murky—bathing in this attachment.

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

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

—Let me do the same for you.

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

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

—Come on Nikki, let him eat you out.

They both laughed together.

--I just want him to finger fuck me.

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

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

—Big boy, you're getting so sticky.

Terri continued stroking me. I felt like coming but instead let my lubrication only facilitate Terri's motion. She was licking my ass while I got off on Nikki.

When we came it would be stupendous.

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

—Do me some more, lover.

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

—This feel the best.

And it did.

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

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

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

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

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

–Come on suck me off.

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

–Don't you girls ever get tired.

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

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

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

–What?

–Big boy, baby doll wants more.

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

Terri and Nikki gave each other a slow passionate kiss. The kiss left them both numb. It expressed their attachment for each other. Too close to take it all in. They really loved guys. But they cherished what each could bring out in the other.

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

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

–Whip her!

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

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

–Go on. I won't mind.

She giggled.

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

were locked in that eternal paradox. The passion that saw itself and got off on that seeing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—I need you to do something for me.

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

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

—I want you to touch yourself.

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

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

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

—I already feel that way.

—I need for you to totally gratify yourself.

—I can only do that by sleeping.

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

—I'm feeling sick.

—Then concentrate that nausea until it almost explodes.

—That sounds perfect for what I'm expecting.

—And what is that?

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

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

—That's not enough to get me through.

—Come on, hon'. Do this for me.

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

She moved her hand from the edge of her butt cheeks to the rim of her vagina. I could feel myself enter her as she started to massage herself. A gradual hypnotic trance floated over

her. She became totally immersed in her pleasure. Her fingers became wetter and more pliable in their motion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

sustaining her pleasure. And in this way she made the best partner. She realized that her partner's ecstasies would only enhance hers.

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

I loved Terri's unbridled abandonment. On that basis she and Nikki formed their friendship. For both of them the body was one massive pleasure zone, and stimulation held sway. Satiation was only a platform for more intense explorations. Anything else was only a distraction. Held together by this mutual bond, they sought communities of similar players. Why stop once the far reaches of experience had been touched. These regions need ed to be mapped and investigated and conquered. This expansionist frame of mind made the body vibrate with these deeper rhythms that weaker pursuits might ignore. Even exercise or eating were all aspects of this intense pursuit that engaged the attention of the two women. Every corner of the body needed to resonate the same tone. Muscles took shape, and directed the observer to the waves of movement that the women conducted. Or the partner could get lost in the concentrations of mass and the crevices of definition. The body spoke to the partner in pleasure. No other concern could confuse the attention of the lover. Sex was omnipresent and the power was overwhelming.

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

Nikki answered some questions for me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

–Are you in the habit of chasing them away?

–When we're real to each other, they're not apt to run off.

–That's the same old story. Just an excuse not to face how bad things really are.

–I don't let anything affect me like that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

–Where did your exhibitionism start?

–It's not really exhibitionism, it's just something natural. Exhibitionists do it for others.

I'm just about myself.

–What about Terri?

–Terri is like part of me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not needing to face him, the sex came down to this—just this. This intensity that just drove Terri delirious. This was her sex bomb that needed the previous stages just so she could

detonate. She was way beyond the mystical qualities of her orgasm. He penetrated her from behind, and she just drove him crazy. She rode him so hard to the finish. It was his end and her beginning. Here she was back in her body, there in its most extreme way. Holding on just to sustain the weight of the feeling—almost blacking out. And just pushing and pushing.

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

His tongue cradled itself in this cluster of skin, this corner of flesh that came alive with his deep kisses. The seduction by the tight butt cheeks that so prepared the impression of his nose against her skin and the wandering tongue devouring her sex. He tickled her clit. Licked around her labia and plunged so deep into her.

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

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

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

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

—Do you want to see my tattoo?

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

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

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

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

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

--All that I have to do to get things going. Maybe go through their wallets, have them leave a gift for me. For what I've done for them. A present. I love presents Just leave a little gift for me. A few bucks. To know how long it really takes to get ready for them.

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

All this exaggeration suggested participation.

-I'm fighting for pussy power.

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

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

-Tell me something that I want to here.

What you actually see is never really there.

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

-He could be you if you are just interested.

She wanted a demonstration of his love.

-This is the only place that I won't let you touch.

-How much does it cost?

-More than you have in all the world.

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

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

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

-It's not just my fantasy you know.

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

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

-You are getting a little forward today.

-I'm just trying to capture that feeling. How does it affect you?

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

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

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

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

How did I know.

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

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

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

–Does this make you feel good?

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

–Can I get you a drink?

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