

THE RAPTURE

--I know this place where I can run wild. Where my lover can sit and talk cars with some guy while I troll around for some hot girl who can share my passion. The studded heels, the long waxed legs. My tongue ringing its way along her. Her partner's firm hand gripping my leg, running its way inside me as my tongue pursues her darkness. His big, erect dick just sliding its way deep inside me as I eat her out. Something that my lover can never offer. This variety. I never have to settle for what I have. And then he just take me home and fucks my brains out.

>>When I drink, I get crazy and I like to play cat and mouse. Everyone likes the lick of the cat's meow and the gentle lapping on that little mouse.

>>I know what you like. It's hot and dark and juicy.

I was getting hard just listening to her. The merging into what I see--everywhere. This was my rapture. I looked in her face and saw the flame of desire. I wanted to grab her by her hair and pull it as I lost myself in her. Outrageous, she accepted and sought more.

--Why are you sucking that straw like that?

--It reminds me of HIM--only his is longer--ha!

--I'm not really thinking about that.

--I am--anything will do.

--I'm looking for a place where people like me can just hang out.

As I stared her in the face, I seemed to be somewhere else.

--You're only alive because of me.

But it wasn't her talking to me at all. Everything about her was just that one thing--that joy. No, it was Phil. He was telling me about it. How he pursued it all his life. Hope to bring it to life. Here he was the silly ventriloquist who longs for his dummy to come to life. The fool who eventually hears the dummy talking back.

And I felt myself caught in just that challenge. I was chasing the perfection. To find something in them, all of the faces--the heart--to steal it from them, to reach in and just take out their heart. As I listened to her talk, I felt every part of her body vibrate with that same rhythm

I saw myself back at her place. We were sharing something. The history of hundreds of bodies that had captivated her. All these combinations terminated in her embrace, her legs wrapped around me. And as I worked her harder, I felt her legs open up. I sensed something--a magic and I wondered about the source of this plateau. Could I stop her at that moment and turn on the lights and get her to reveal the meaning of that rapture.

--There's really nothing that I can say.

If she enjoyed it all that much, she was afraid of losing that power. Too much to talk about it.

--Come back to bed, baby.

Baby. I didn't have anything left. Nothing for her. I felt that impression deep in but felt there was little in her that could reply for that feeling in me.

I looked at her and smiled. Maybe the night held that circle of intimates that knew so much more about this ecstasy. Something more than she seemed to offer at this moment.

--Just because I don't talk about it the way that you do doesn't mean that I don't feel it just as well as you do.

--Tell me what you know.

–You always seem like a detective. Some kind of vice cop. What were you thinking when you were on your knee sucking his cock. Damn! I was thinking how hard his cock felt. And how I like the taste and how I'd love to feel it deep inside me.

–I wish life wasn't that complex.

–Smart ass. This is all your excuse so you can fuck as many women as you can.

–I'm just looking for answers.

–Your dick is the only answer that you're going to find.

–That's what's been frightening me all the time.

–Don't think about it. just enjoy it.

–Is that why you can't keep a lover.

–I get what I can when I can. I've got men. Men who take care of me. Who keep coming back. Who think that I'm the one. What else is there?

She was becoming the real philosopher here. I felt like I was looking at an ice sculpture on a hot day. Everything made so much sense for just that moment.

–Can you take care of me?

–I'm not going to give you money if that's what you expect.

–Then what are you going to leave me?

–A secret. A tip for the day.

–I'm not playing the ponies if that's what you're thinking about.

--you seem to have done pretty good at the track.

–Come back to bed, lover. We could go for another spin.

–And then I could get some answers.

–Does this work with your other lovers.

–I don't have other lovers. That would just be asking too much.

–Well you're really not playing the game. If you want to be the one, you've got to take care of me.

–I got you a couple of drinks at the bar.

–I'm not the twenty dollar whore you were looking at a couple of hours ago.

–What am I supposed to say to that?

–What?

–You act like you know something about me. You're no different than I am. You just talk a good game. You think because you're getting off in your head that it's the best sex in your life. The sex is me, lover. I've got a great body. And every time you look at it, you just get harder and harder. It's like you're making notes. Every page is a new chapter. But for me, it's just the same little bang bang trying to get off. I'm not nineteen.

–What are you saying?

–That maybe you'd have a better time with a girl who was impressed with this sort of thing.

The call of the night just rang through the room. And her charms were wearing on me. I had never been with someone who was so uninhibited. For a while I started to believe that this was everything that there was. So if I really had been searching for something, then here it was in the flesh, so to speak. And it was all in my head, then it was all spent. I couldn't challenge her and she couldn't challenge me.

I wonder what it had been like when she first starting bringing her lovers to the sex clubs. Had her endurance really surprised her. Did she ever have any real doubt about her body. That

sense of revelation, where the night seems to strip away all the pretenses of the day—did any of that really make an impression on her. When she felt her power or when she felt her utter helplessness. She had gotten so good because she didn't want to give in to those doubts. She had gotten so good because every second and every muscle in her body had given in long ago.

—Can I have one of your cigarettes?

—I thought that you quit?

—I'm feeling a little destructive tonight.

And I was. Down deep, I really felt something ripping me up.

I never lit the cigarette. I just chewed on it as I made my way out the door. Into the cruelty. Was I really spent so that I couldn't jump in the game again.

That was the lovely thing about drugs. They used to give me that lift I needed. To just get rid of the old identity and pop on a new one. Where else was the trace of a night of destruction.

—In the face, baby.

I thought that I had heard that earlier in the night. It was about 3AM and she was leaning over me. I was still nursing what was left of a scotch and I found myself nursing her. I cradled her in my arms. Tried to muster a kiss. I needed to save what little I had left. Just to impress.

—Darling, what time is it?

This was getting too risky even for me. I always knew the odds before. And now it was devil make care.

I couldn't even remember the women who I had been with earlier in the night. I needed a roster. Baby, darling.

—Who are you?

She looked at me with a big lipstick smile.

—Why I'm the girl who you're going to fuck tonight.

If I could still get it up.

She took my humor rather seriously.

—I've got some stuff at home that could make a corpse stand up and take notice.

I imagined it so tight and ripe under that short silver dress.

—Your dress is running up your leg.

—You just want to do me here.

I hope that I didn't lose interest before I got her home.

The next morning I wonder what I had gotten myself into. I was afraid. And pleasantly surprised when the sex monster of the night before turned out to be a rather articulate breakfast partner.

—So you enjoy breakfast at 2 in the afternoon. Is this some kind of habit.

I thought that was her MO. I myself was usually more business like about the whole thing. I was getting frightened about the breakfast habit. Fearing that the conversation's intensities could never match the explosiveness of my night before.

—Sex is never going to get you what you're looking for.

—And what am I looking for?

—Not love—more like some kind of spiritual enlightenment.

—And you're some kind of guru.

—I do what I can.

—So you've studied.

–I know more than most people that I meet. Like the way that you fuck. Sometimes you're this connoisseur and other times you're just a sloppy sop. The art just gets all unraveled.. But the worst part of all, you seem to believe that what you're doing has this deep purpose.

--All that from a couple of furtive gropes in the night.

–Sometimes I've got to be really tanked to let go, but I know what's going on.

–Like one of those maps of sexual positions and the corresponding level that each represents in spiritual enlightenment.

–You laugh, but you better watch out what you give out to strangers.

–And.

–You've been looking for types like me. But the one thing that you can't deal with is that we, for once, treat you like a sex object. You're fun. you're a real good fuck. You're really honest with your body. But you're not the one. You'd just complicate everything with your analysis.

–Is this some standard line?

–It's the new come off to match the old come on. What do you want? To tell you that you're a great fuck and I want to spend my life with you. You don't even believe that shit. And face it. There's just so much missing from your life. Things that I take for granted. You're hollow because everything that you have, you've given to sex. That's why I like. And I'd love for you to come back with me and fuck my brains out all evening. But it's not going to happen. Because if it did, then you'd get attached. You'd think that you were some kind of wonder that I couldn't do without. I know that you've heard this before, but you're getting it again. And this time...

She was good with the come back and I was getting too good at taking it. I just let her talk on. Maybe I needed a new game. I thought about it as I headed back to my place. I was glad that I hadn't gone back there with her. Simone. Maybe she just made up the name to hold my fascination. To keep the puzzle together.

My notes for the Academy at preoccupied for the last month. I found that the search had taken the place of the actual plans. This was something that I needed to test in practice. Practice makes perfect.

I thought about my last two encounters. Two in that one night. What?

Everyone had pushed it too far. They had lost touch with the newness. I needed to start anew. Swear off sex for a while.

I had everything that I needed at the house. Food for a week. I needed to test myself. Get back to my writing. Figure out what were my expectations for myself.

It was about four in the afternoon. I wanted to call Phil if there was a Phil left to call. See what had been up. But this would only appeal to my destructive side. I needed to take a week off. I was repeating myself. Needed to quit drinking. Maybe I needed a drink just to remind myself of what I had to do.

I needed to sleep. I had been substituting sex for sleep. I couldn't remember a dream that I had in the last week. Couldn't remember much of anything.

I wanted to take a shower–do something...As I lay down on my bed I felt the fatigue drown me. Visions.

–Lee.

–That's not my name.

–What? You're who or whatever I call you.

–I’ve already gone this route. Darcy or whatever her name was.

–It’s not like we all make up names. The game mistress gets to decide.

–This is all I need—a dream dominatrix.

–That would be giving in to what you want.

–Who are you anyway?

--Nina. Don’t you remember meeting at the Trocadero on the weekend?

–What I do remember is not wanting to remember.

–You can’t get rid of me that easily.

–Rid of. I just need to sleep. We start talking and the next thing the two of us are going at it. Then what’s the point.

So the dream continued but I was too tired to remember much else.

The interrogation by one of my encounters. I liked that idea. Maybe the stuff for a good story.

I called Phil the next morning but he was out. It was a woman’s voice. She said that he’d be out of the county for a week. I had a real desire to see Simone. I had planned to be alone but already I seemed to be giving in.

The number was disconnected.

I started writing. I liked the Nina character—maybe try to bring her to life again. But what could she say that Simone hadn’t already said to me. This added to my frustration. I needed a drink. Sure enough I was out of scotch. All the food in the world but nothing for a party. Maybe I could get that other girl to make it over here.

I couldn’t remember her name.

Nina

–Nina.

–Lee, you’re not going to get rid of me that easily.

–Remember that crazy feeling that you get when you’re young and you get drunk the first time. It’s like riding a wild horse and you don’t know how to hand it. That weird feeling. All hot inside. And it just grips you. It takes you over. It’s like that for a while. But then you start expecting that feeling. Pretty soon you just get drunk to balance off day. It’s what makes you feel normal.

–So is that what happened, Lee.

–I’m trying to make a point.

–What’s the point.

--It’s like with sex when it’s new. And you take that chance. But it makes you feel weird all over and you wonder if maybe you shouldn’t be doing this sort of thing. But then you get a real charge out of it. And you start expecting that.

–It’s sometimes worse than that. Sometimes it’s some guy who seems cool at first. But he’s just this total dick who only cares about fucking you. And you think that he likes you but it’s all a game. So you’re trying to make him feel good. And you go home and just feel like shit.

–And that’s the beginning of the disintegration. You start figuring that everything means nothing.

–Except that spark.

–Is this something that you see or is it personal.

--There’s this fear that I have that anytime someone might be following me. Watching me and trying to just draw the life from me for their fantasies. And this fear doesn’t just go

away. It's constant. this screaming from inside that won't stop. I want to know why. What that is. My nightmares. Something to explain the way I am

–And if you can't know?

–That's the weird part of it all. I just want to know for my own sake—just to figure out.

–And once you have...

–I really don't. Guys think that they have it all right when they meet some girl—like they have some special connection. Or they've really clued in to how she is. But it's just her thinking that something has to give and letting go. It has nothing to do with his bull shit magic.

–What are you saying?

–All your theories are just bunk.

--It goes further than that.

–You're hopeless. You destroy whatever you touch. Anyone who really loves you, you treat as if they have a disease. And you can't be tender at all. You don't know how to love.

–But that's just what you've been telling me about yourself. That you're just searching for that same explosive magic. It just ain't there—it can't be.

–What can you really know?

–I can tell a woman's character by watching her make love.

–And I'm sure she can tell just as much about you if not more.

–I mean by watching and not participating.

–A voyeur. What if she doesn't want you to see who she really is? Or what if her partner can't bring out what you could in her?

–She can't hide from me. She can play games with her partner. Or he can fail to acknowledge her vulnerability. But I can always see.

–Oh really. What if she doesn't want you watching her?

–They all do. They want to know what I know. What their lovers can't tell them. How their lovers are afraid of them. So they stop short.

–And you can tell all this. You can tell them all this. Aren't you taking something from them that they don't want to give? I wouldn't like it if you acted that way towards me.

–Look me in the eyes and tell me this.

–What are you trying to do? Make love to me here and now?

She smiled. She continued.

–Wasn't that Phil's mistake?

–As if he only made one.

–But wasn't that your point. That all his mistakes result from one. The most serious error.

–His lament. That he thought that he knew by looking. That his imagination was sufficient. She could come to life in his fantasy.

–And she couldn't?

–He stared too long but never really saw anything.

--But he knew how to make love.

–In the end it was just fucking. That was the source of his lament. He only wanted his lover when he wanted to take her down. And he wondered why he couldn't hear his desire echoed by her. He could see but he never could hear. He looked at those ripe luscious lips but they never said a thing.

–And for you.

–I am in a forest of sounds—a symphony.

–And?

–I can tell things just by looking. I can watch them come to life. Hear them talk to me. I don't even need to follow through on an imagination that offers everything for the taking.

–What are you looking for? You ultimate challenge.

–I am looking for the transport. I am ready to cross over. I can hear her talking to me.

I paused for a moment and contemplated Nina's presence. I listened to her reply.

–Curiosity is sometimes the only hope for rescue when the heart is weighed down so heavily.

–And what does that mean? Under such duress, the heart is totally vulnerable to the least little whim.

–You bury yourself in pleasure under the hope that maybe you can forget whatever might have brought you down in life. Like it's the one distraction from everything that just gets under the skin and drags you down.

–But that's not enough in itself. What gets you going?

–Some kind of risk. Something that really shakes you to the core.

–A carelessness. A desire to show off. To let things get out of hand. The hope that no one else is watching but the one person whose your focus. Or that maybe everyone is watching.

–Then you feel that you've reached that point—the magnetism that you just feel between you and another person. But how can you really know.

–It's almost like a science. Imagine a calculation. Like an angle.

–This sounds familiar.

–Of course it is.

–No, it sounds like something that Phil told me.

–More like something that I told Phil.

–So what is that angle?

–He was always obsessed by the feeling that it produced and ignored exactly what made it an angle—the combination.

–And what is it?

–The unhindered entry.

–That's it—what makes that an angle?

–The suggestion of readiness. As if nothing else is on her mind.

–On my mind.

–What do you know of this but the effect?

–What else do you know except your belief in a stronger effect?

–It's like someone else who knows—who sees—and you can feel it too. It's not just your partner but the feeling of being outside of your self.

–And what gets this sort of feeling going?

–Stronger desire. Seeing beyond what you really see. Where your desire just grips you completely and your partner is drawn on by that same feeling—almost cut in two

–But then the feeling just becomes an end in itself.

–Exactly. You can't take your feeling that seriously. It requires something more. A shaking apart of the self. But too often the partner starts to believe her inherent appeal. Where this is all about getting past the initial appeal.

–But this just seems that you are overwhelmed by the whole image of the appeal. What

drives you on.

--Her nicely manicured toes. Their form suggesting my arousal. And I suck them as I want to be teased. To let her draw me in I invite her to the utmost of these sensations. I feel my tongue sliding up the coolness of the leg. And my desire is broken in two. As I am drawn to her body, and as I resist my desires so that she can invite me into her. Her legs spread, the line echoed in the sleekness of the muscles. She beckons me. Folds around me. I have difficulty staying conscious, as I am stunned by the intensity of this feeling--inside. Another woman, an accomplice in this adventure yields herself to my partner. I lick my lover's ass as her face is buried in another woman's crotch. My cock is now so hard. And I get off on her getting this other woman off. Hair and skin and I'm just so deep into her banging away as she stoops over. And the bending accentuates the muscles of her hips which I feel so gracefully accept my movements. Breathless. And I want to smell all the odors that both give off. The breath, the deep kisses, genitals into the mouth, face buried deep inside--sweaty and pungent. Nothing so strong captivates my days and I just want to join this magic again.

I continue my narrative as Nina listens enraptured.

--The day tries to hide this passion. But the dark brew just steams in my every encounter. What does not lead to this communion is only distraction. Layers and layers of obscurity. I have to strip them away. To taste the flesh that resides at each level and just engorge myself utterly on these pleasures. Possessed by the indeterminate feeling but not held by anyone or anything that would get in the way of total devotion to this pursuit.

--This sounds like an invitation to something deeper--a truth. At the same time you seem so utterly deluded. Like you've a vampire that just sucks off your victims.

--And don't you melt when your lover spontaneously tells you that you're beautiful.

Nina giggles.

--But that's so perfect.

--That's not perfect. It's all part of his plan. Part of his subjugation. That he won't let you have that exquisite moment that has nothing at all to do with him. Do you know what I'm talking about?

--That's love?

--It's no different from my possession and it prevents you from ever learning the power of your rapture.

--Tell me about it.

--Once you have engaged all the previous stages that I have sketched there are three final options: delirium, abandon, and total annihilation.

--You sound so much like a vampire.

--No one has realized that up to now. But if you don't give yourself to this eternity then you cannot partake of its pleasures.

--But a lover has invited me to so much.

--All possession--you enslavement--this is your liberty.

--You're just taking his language and reversing it for your own perverse pleasures.

--Ones that would throw you into your own delirium.

--So that is the first state. I've talked about it before. When the sex has become such an independent pursuit that the body returns to its physical form and just throws everything into this forceful contact. The muscles tear to mimic the thrashing of the insides. Here there is utter coincidence between physical pleasure and supernatural transport. But the self stops short of

realization. Because the physical itself seems supreme. Hence the invitation to the next phase. Total abandon. It is important to distinguish total abandon from the after effects of delirium. After delirium, the body is convinced that any contact will mimic the spiritual transport. It develops a utilitarian pursuit that obscures access to the rapture.

–How does the soul get back on track?

–Delivery into frenzy and utter disassociation. The body needs to engage all its resources. To toss itself into this endeavor. Not to hold back for the spoils of conquest.

–Why doesn't that become an end in itself?

–The self has become torn apart and scattered into all the facets of pleasure. A random episode of oral sex triggers a set of related habits. Beliefs that the acts can engage the self in a totality. Domination by the self or the lover takes the place of any real direction.

–But isn't that good in itself. The trusted lover taking you to the point of extinction.

–But that is real extinction. The end in itself. The end without an end.

–What is next?

–We have touched on it—total annihilation. A streaming into this **mass inundation**. The whole body just erupts. It is total indulgence and eventual projection. The body slams into its form. Secreted and giving off. Each image, each smell is a projection outward and a return.

–A return to what.

–The body transfigured.

–And you can feel this all the time.

–A rapture!

–Wow!

–How does that make you feel?

–When it really easy, you just get swallowed up in the whole thing. Like a whirlwind that just takes your body over.

–Any you can't feel that vibration quelling from deep inside you that almost guides your every action. Once you have been held by this force, you can't let go. It engages every aspect of your being.

–I've never felt it like that.

–Are you telling me that you've stopped short of your rapture?

–I've taken it as far as I can possibly go.

–And what's held you back?

–What's held you back?

–Up to this point, nothing. Once I am engaged by that single focus, the preoccupation is overwhelming.

–What?

–I can sense the skin fold back as it surrounds my entry, so smooth and so excited.

–What prevents that from being the end in itself?

–Concentration. Resistance. Desire. Contact. And beyond that another contact that just races along. I hold to it with it and am tossed by that feeling.

–So what gets the seduction started.

–Revelation. A promise.

–Is that all?

–Her long legs enhanced by her high heels, the painted toes. Rising so smoothly. The dress hugging her frame. Her breasts...How she stands...how she captures all the energy in that

pose. I can sense her surrender. We interlock our bodies with one intent, the flow of movement.

–And?

–Can you see it?

–I don't want to see it.

–Can you feel it?

–What's next?

–From a suggestion of surrender the letting go has to be real. Have you ever really let go?

–What if I have?

–You know that there is no return. Not love. Not personality. At that point it is all about the flesh, any and all. My tongue is ravenous. Running the rim of her ass. Reaching deep inside her and spreading her out. I find her flower and taste its ripeness.

–And where is she?

–Nowhere but here. Everywhere but here.

–So?

–When I enter her, the flow is voluminous. And we both ooze together. Flesh melting in this ocean. Can you sense the currents?

–Can you?

–She coos. Her legs open up further. She wraps herself around me. I do no thrust as she accepts each motion. And the expansion is so wide on her part. She cannot contain it except to come back to its physical presence. IT!

–That is the balance that holds you together.

–Not our contact, but the contact of our sex. She opens up more and I take her from behind. Not our mobility is extreme. She bangs away into me. She seeks this stretching of the muscles. This utter explosiveness of body and sex. All of it just thrown into these fits of passion.

–And this exhausts you?

–Not if I am to follow any further. This is the real barrier. Where she just throws herself against this. It leaves her in wonder. It melds her with her partner. It makes her partner anyone who can terminate this incredible tremor.

–Where does the process end?

–It is eternal. Now the division ceases. It is truly the rapture. Each second is merely a drawing away from the whole for an eventual return. She feels the immensity of her desire in every glance. It sends her into a trance of desire.

–What prevents her from just giving herself to anyone and everyone?

–Nothing. Except that now she seeks those of her kind. Those who will not be intimidated by the overwhelming quality of their desire. She wouldn't mind just fucking in the middle of a public street, if the gawking wasn't the voyeur's protection against the honesty of his own desire. Wouldn't mind pulling a bystander out of the crowd and stripping him down to that pure force. If she didn't have to fear him believing his own invulnerability. So in this new power, she has become selective. She seeks to exhaust by her look, her glance, her smile. to watch her victims twist in their own curiosity. To shrivel in the face of their egotistical pursuits. The whirlwind that will just toss them away. Can you feel that rapture?

NOVENA

The gift is the way to guarantee possession of and avoid possession by. It determines the worth of the loved one, but hardly limits the lover.

--Novena, you are everything to me

As she sat on the bed, her silk bathrobe started to open. The ribbing edged her breasts. She spread her legs slightly to keep her balance. I put my hands on her shoulder.

–I need your help.

–Why do you always come to me when things are turning out for the worst.

I stared at her legs. I felt my hand brush up them, slide underneath the bathrobe. She lay back on the bed..

I pulled open the robe and looked at her body as I rubbed my hand down her legs.

She pushed her hand against mine as if to restrain me. But then she started to cooperate with my caress. Now it was her fantasy. She began to stimulate herself. She breathed rhythmically to match the caresses. The more the touch continued, the more aroused she becomes.

Already she was warm and moist–infectious. Her hair was moist. My hand moved unimpeded inside her. She started to murmur. With her sighs I could sense each crevice of a deeper inside. I felt myself sink deeper into passion.

I could hardly feel myself slip inside her. She surrounded me and I became lost in her all-encompassing ardor. I was unable to control my intensity.

I swirled in the tumultuous currents. Novena seemed to drift off in these waves. I pulled her closer to me and worked to refresh her in our contact.

Even her touch was otherworldly. We spun together in this torrent. Free fall. I felt my stomach in my throat. I tried to catch my breath. In her I lost all control.

We slipped together and she clung all around me. She pulled me to her with an unashamed ferocity. And I replied with an untamed explosiveness.

Our connection became so extreme that our contact absorbed this coincidence. We felt this tremor shake us to our core.

I teased the lobe of her ear with my kiss. This tenderness complemented our previous intensity. A gentle swelling of the hold between us.

She got tossed in the whirlpool. Submerged in this fixation, she reached out to establish her grip. As I went under, I felt the concentration of her hold.

Her screams transfixed me in our shared vision. Amazed by the ebbing flows of our interplay, I was sucked into bubbling eddies of our enfolding.

I tried to surface among these forces. Her face shone in the sparkle. We swayed together. The vortex pulled and swallowed us. The twists of the maelstrom siphoned all energy from me. I faded in this pressure. Now transparent in our synchronicity, I traced the curves of her body. My hands seemed to surround her completely as if I felt her fragility totally contained in my touch.

She surged in the possession. She escaped my hold and carried me along. I tried to brace myself as I slipped under her spell

My apprehension gave way to entire devotion. The fiery enticement and the icy ascent. We rose together and the engrossing attachment yielded to superb appeals of the flesh. How we could not deny what was so immediate.

I became drunken in the scent of her perfume. Orbit on orbit roared around us and we were dragged by these sensual galaxies. She drowned in her self admiration.

I became engaged by a total relaxation. Her appeal drove me wild. It brought me closer to her. I gave in completely to her advances.

The image of her body completely overcame me. My kisses worked down from her lips and swirled around her smooth legs.

As I kissed the inside of her leg, she purred. She sucked on her hand and tossed aside her hair. She threw herself completely into this magic. We spun together in this swoon-- the utter compliance of our bodies together.

I was pulled to the shrine. A faint rumble. Then the deadening ROAR!

THE BEATING HEART!

independent, miraculous.

Novena, I need to touch!

The appeals of the flesh only distracted from my more intense desire. To sense what made all things reverberate. The power. Lost in distracting rhythms, I found myself too long betrayed by a descent into pleasure. I needed a more constant delight.

Could Novena interpret these confusions? Could she point the way?

My interpretation had been all wrong. I had veered off in the wrong direction.

The pursuit could not continued unimpeded. I need something to slow me down. Not the continued probity, but a lateral motion. Then I feared a spinning around myself. A dizziness. Wasn't the flesh just a way to still my dizziness. Hence my discomfort after these moments of engagement.

–You can't expect me to be something that I'm not. There's only a thread that links me to any sort of enlightenment. Surely you've established a stronger link along the way.

–I've always got waylaid. Come on, Novena, give it up.

–I've given you everything that I can or will give you. None of this is special. You've seen it all along and ignored it.

–It's the women.

–And I'm different.

–You're everything. You're all of them.

–But I'm still just another illusion for you. You act as if the flesh is indeed an end in itself. It's not at all an end. It just your pretense.

–And if I snap the hold that it takes.

–One thing is supreme for you. That she feels it and that you let it go.

–Isn't that the path to paradise. That she can't let go. I can reach higher.

–I'm not the one to tell you that. I'm only a messenger. There's a vision that follows where the light is more radiant.

–Why can't you see?

–I wasn't given the power.

YOU ARE THE BEATING HEART!

I sought the miraculous bath. The heart surrounded by a fountain–fluid all sprayed out and bubbling around.

How can she know: Is her awareness only the complement of mine? Or does Novena have a special knowledge? Does her knowledge anticipate mine.

How she prepares: I see this avocation starting in a vague darkness. Something needs to get my attention.

How she invites: She beckons my caress. At first I seem to contain her. But she swallows me in her appeals.

She leads the way: Between the initial excitement of the attraction to the intensified desire due to touch emerges the assertiveness of her will.

Here in the body is devotion and invitation.

She is surprised by my caress!

Our connection depends on her making aware to me the most intense quality of this progression.

I. Novena, where am I?

To begin the journey, it is critical to leave the preoccupation of the flesh up to this point. You were offered the signs to guide your progress. Now, you have to let go of the appearances and move towards the light.

She is available: She knows the series of wonders that have carried me to this point. Not content with simple display, she needs to focus to underline her willingness

She is excited: She transmits the immensity of her passion to me. I am entirely blown away by her will.

Novena anticipated the seduction. She got my attention. I approached her but she seemed to already know who I was. She was all too easy.

I pulled her over to me. I ran my hand down her smooth legs. I started to caress her feet. Nicely manicured nails and freshly painted. I reached down to kiss them. I tingle. She shivered.

My tongue slid along her smooth legs. I found a corner behind her knee. Lost in this cavity, her flesh surrounded my tongue

She cannot contain her joy at this coincidence. Her rhythmic breathing engages her. She completely surrenders to the advances. ***THE LIGHT***

What I had waited for—a summation of these caresses. Her skin was fresh from the bath and the perfume penetrates and subdues. As I pulled open the robe, I saw the locus of my desire.

My arousal engaged her. She smiled as our contact reached a precipitous plateau. We held together in that extreme.

She is overwhelmed: Past the physical motions, she is drowned in the entirety of her own feelings. She can barely make me aware of her attitude as she almost loses consciousness.

Bewilderment suspended all reference for her. She gave in to the feeling. In its currents, she found a more profound tide.
THE HEAT.

The heat suggests our entry into a new locale. Her submerging makes her almost vanish before me. The flesh still present, but the mind elsewhere. She reaches to pull me in.

II Novena, now I am really lost.

Before you left your body only to take over another. In your reflection in me you recovered form. Already you are too far along the way to turn back. That is why I lost consciousness. I have crossed over and await your realization.

She makes me aware of what she feels: Beyond awareness, she give in completely to the forces that she has discovered.

Her body was in the grips of these tremors. Her muscles lost their tension and just gave into this intense writhing. I could hardly contain the strength of her thrusts.

She is overcome: She recognizes that this interaction has little to do with the appeals of the flesh. Nevertheless, these appeals seems more potent than ever.

Our caresses, our kisses, our motions together tried to express the random quality of the enormous powers that gripped us. We wanted to throw them off. We wanted to throw ourselves into them.

We join together: If not flesh, she fears the greater attributes that accompany our new communion. "This is not love of another. But just self love."

We merged. And so I became caught in the delusion that she was me and I was her.
THE DANGER

Where you travel now there can be no guide. Otherwise, you will not see the sights of your journey. Instead you will just try to please you guide.

III. How can I continue without you by my side.

You are inside me and I am inside you. Move past this ILLUSION.

She is given over to total devotion: The fear is now embodied in the flesh. That sex in itself becomes the portal to the supernatural. The practice become more important than the preparation. have vanished before the ultimate power of

The body needed to sense its expanse. Pain, the unexpected, the strange and bizarre all held appeal to explain her devotion.

The total crossing over: Novena, seems to have vanished before the ultimate power of these feelings.

She cannot explain how far the journey has propelled her. Everything seems to radiate with the crossing over.

We are far beyond the initial appeals of the flesh. I sense that I have attained a new form of experience but I am struck by the transience.

IV. Don't turn back!

POINTS OF CONTACT:

Attraction affects the attracted organ where this can be any particular organ or combination of organs.

What we see or what delights us in what we see. How it is made aware to us...

Her lips glistened with their combination of gloss and deep cinnamon color. They seemed to speak to the watcher. I tried to catch them in a glance, not to stare but let the image burn in my brain. She caught even my cursory view and her eyes lit up. The beige eye shadow accentuated the longing blue. She started to smile, then looked down, and then away.

I again looked at her. And her smile became deeper. The pull was overwhelming.

–I, uh...

–I know.

I wanted to touch her hair, feel her lips.

Her hair was a casual bob. She turned her head back and forth and then looked again at me.

–You were going to say something.

Appeal makes itself felt once the object of our attention has already focused our concerns. The appeal works at a deeper level than the attraction. Once focus has been engaged, the subject starts to fixate on his object.

I didn't want her to realized too much. There was already something unforgettable about our encounter. Her perfume was not overpowering, but once it struck its chord, its tones were omnipresent.

I glanced at her blouse—open nonchalantly. She touched the blouse—first to close it, then again to reopen it. She gave me a scolding look and then again concentrated her eyes on me in a seductive way.

–Yes?

Her legs were long and sleek, a particular shine in this light. With one foot she dangled a high-heeled sandal. I imagined running my hand up her legs. Her skirt was relaxed and gently touched her legs.

“I don't know if you want me to continue this charade.”

“I don't mind if you don't.”

She licked her lips and that accentuated their plumpness. I could feel the soft tones waft as she whispered:

–Now?

As I pulled her skirt up her backside, her cotton panties bunched slightly. She shook ever so slightly and brushed my boldness away.

Arousal progresses when the attractive appeal entirely focuses the subject. Each further revelation only confirms the intense degree of the arousal.

She undid her blouse and I buried my face in her breasts. While I licked around the lobes, she undid the blouse all the way and opened her bra. I started to massage around the border of her skirt. I reached under and felt her ass still covered with the cotton panties. Our kiss was so intense. She pulled back to look me in the face and then approached again.

She opened my belt and started to feel for my penis. It was already erect and I could tell that she was equally aroused. I wanted to penetrate her while we remained partially closed. She seemed to kick off her panties and the carelessness of this gesture got me so hot. I just licked all across her bush. I plunged my tongue into that warm mass of flesh. she was so wet and my saliva mixed with her moisture. Her legs wrapped around my head as we rolled over to the bed.

My shirt was off and I reveled in the feel of her breasts against my chest. Since my pants were already off, she only needed to slide off my boxers. My erection was so prominent, entirely confident in her arousal. I eased myself into her. And she wrapped herself around me.

Our motion was so graceful. And this grace transformed into a firm aggressiveness on her part. This only helped me to release my intense reply. I rode inside of her, and she traveled along with me. I felt her blossom again and again. I fought to resist. And when I finally came, I was so totally aware of her body. I just gave into the flow. And I felt this torrent. And she was still floating in her tremors. And the two motions conflicted and then radiated and then orbited.

We gave out into each other. I was still hard in her. I could feel a chill but we both moved closer.

STATIONS

If we recapitulate the seduction, we can easily get lost in its progression and not attend to its momentary intensities. So the intensities need to be registered one by one.

Critical to this registry is the isolation on the summit that provides dynamic to all other elevations. This is the point that desire emerges from any particular attraction to the general motivation of the lovers' coincidence. When the intercourse is provoked entirely for its own sake. A certain strenuousness governs this affirmation. Where the line of pubic hairs cross the vaginal walls, this region is the initial of this explosion. When the lover sees her utter commitment in her openness to her lover, she spreads herself open just slightly to propel herself more furtively.

What prepares this explosion. When is the arousal of a critical nature to commit all the forces of the lover.

Where arousal causes the watcher to engage his desire. Her full lips, the short skirt, the open blouse. He further opens the blouse and starts to massage her breasts. He undoes the bra and slips it off. As he cups his hand around the one breast, he uses his other hand to

place her breast in his mouth. His teeth press slightly against her flesh, and she delights in the contact.

She opens his belt, and pulls him over to her. As she undoes his zipper, she reaches in his pants to pull out his engorged penis. She licks the shaft and then pushes the tip through her lips. She rolls her lips up and down his erect member. He moves his finger through her blond hair.

He turns her around, and from behind, he pulls up her skirt. He eases off her panties and starts to kiss her butt cheeks. He spreads her legs and starts to dig his face deeper into her. He makes contact with her flower and licks profoundly. Then little cat licks. She is startled—in awe—amazed.

She sits on his face and his licking becomes more intense. To keep himself erect, he massages his penis. With his free hand he invites her to do the same. Both intensely aroused, he opens her up and slides himself inside. Carrying over from their earlier contact, she almost reaches climax. Their constant motion absorbs her intensity and directs it toward a higher plateau.

*This is the summit—the **CRITICAL STATION**. It is the beginning of the devotion to their commingling.*

*Once she has become aware of this intensity, she starts to thrust more. This is aided by them switching positions. Where she had previously been on top of him, she is now penetrated from behind. Sitting on him with her legs spread, she can raise the energy level of their contact. She rides him with such ferocity. Just the sex. Just the organs of utmost **AROUSAL**. A complete focus on nothing less than!*

He is ecstatic. Again facing each other with her on top, she surges to a more liberated connection. He has given himself completely to their contact. She still seeks to brace herself against this volatility.

As she climaxes again she loses all stability. She is thrown into utter delirium

He can't hold on any longer and just gives way to this utter flow.

In the curves of the flesh, they retain a reminder of their connection.

SCENES

Novena pulls on a strap on.

—I'm going to have a go over from behind.

—It's not like I'm queer or something.

—You just have to know for once how it feels.

—I think that I've tried this before, and it really hurts.

—Suck it up and take it like a man.

—Where have I heard that before?

She wanted me down on me knees and she made this whelping sound.

In pleasure the lines start to blur between desire and desirability.

—Quit talking dirty to me if you're not going to do anything about it.

—And what would you like me to do?

—I want you to reveal something about yourself.

—I've tried but nothing seems to come out.

My frustration was growing intense. I could see her slit through the diaphanous robe. Her bush just beckoned to me.

She opened her robe and sat on me. I was already erect, and I slid myself deep inside her.

Haven't we already tried that scene?

What kind of scene would you prefer?

--Novena, I still feel as weighed down as ever.

–Is there any rescue? It's not going to come from me.

Another scene. Torches on all the walls.

–All praise the almighty THING!

–Have I reached the end of my journey?

–I am only a messenger. I supposed to announce the coming of a force that will subdue all.

–Let's have sex before the coming.

–No, you'll have to watch me getting off but you're not allowed to participate.

–It never works out like that. You always give in to my preeminence.

–This is entirely comical. I can easily get inspired more prominently than by you.

All preeminence in imagery is to suggest the participation of the viewer. Hence the still image that captures the soul of the moving bodies. It inserts the viewer in the place of the lover so he can be with the one that he desires.

–Novena, it's my turn.

–You know that I exist only for you.

–That isn't what Phil said.

–Phil exists only for me, and I exist only for you so only you exist.

–So what. FUCK ME!

–Fuck off!

–That's how all my dreams have been ending up.

The tattoo on her left ankle suggests my possession. I feel myself rubbing my erect cock up her leg and coming on her stomach. Then she's just lick it off the softening cock.

It won't return to the resting state and is permanent in its flow.

Novena can testify to my preeminence.

Until now, I always felt the need to subside. Novena has invited me to a realm without tumescence.

Here we go again!

The man in the iron mask is fucking her from behind. Fires blare all around. Another woman in extreme heels is getting eaten out by Novena.

I have something to reveal to you. I fucked your ex-lover. All I could think about was how I did such a better job than you.

–Well, I fucked your best friend and your best friend’s friend both at once and I’m doing it right now.!

–All hail Novena.

RADII OF PASSION

When Eve first remarked on hollow that impeded her passion, I was taken aback. I thought that the intensities of our contact could have compensated for any doubts on her part. It had never worked for her, but our contact had been so much more intense. It’s critical to cross that juncture and suggest so much more attachment than the time together could allow. That separates the professional from the amateur. The amateur reveals only what corresponds to the existing intimacy between the couple. Professional seduction is borne of accepting no bounds. Neither the ass nor the words. Mouth to genitals, all forms of coming together. Beyond the bounds of courtesy. The lover on top just writhing away. The mechanical pushed to the spiritual. When my words could not match these intensities Eve feared lack of intimacy, as if she had achieved this ghost with some other lover. I winced. I laughed.

It reminded me of the same absurdity that had gripped Jane. And in the end it was just a cover for limitless passion. It so easy to see and condemn in someone else. We plot a relationship built on baby steps when a night of truly passionate coupling with a stranger can wipe out all the absurdity of the loving couple. Either you push it to the end, or you are swallowed in all the silliness of your plans. If you don’t know your lover as lover, then you will cease to know her as a lover.

In Sam’s case I was confronted with the limits of curiosity. And she fed me just as I fed her. I pretended that she could offer without my risk. But the pattern was so well laid out. It was a scheme to get money from me due to my increased shame. And the more that I fell in these snares, the more I sought further confirmation of her devotion. This was entirely absurd. Hence, I became an easy victim for Lane. Lane was entirely obvious. All immediate. No give and take. And from that she wanted something more. She expected a commitment of the heart. There can be no heart where there is no soul.

Lisa ended up being my preparation for Darcy. Lisa had pushed desire to these limits. And I started to expect the extremes that she offered. In turn, it seemed so easy to be cruel to Lisa. On the other hand, Darcy was a mistress in pain. And her understanding of the limits of the body made it easy for her to restrain and direct my desire. For this I became so attached to Darcy. And this was her art that she could entirely resist me. Due to her I sank in a great depression. I sought her in other women.

Hence began my rather devious experiments with the psyche. I simply sought subjects for my voracious desire. Its voracity was entirely attributable to my times with Darcy—my entire disassociation. And so I fell under the spell of Donna. Entirely icy and entirely distant from me. I maintained her in that realm. And to compensate I sought lesser fascinations. My time with Edith. The fantasies about Melba and Darling. The utter degradation of Dora.

And in all this wonder my only salvation has ever been Novena. Wherever could she take me.

Novena was on top of me and just fucking away. And in this mechanical merging, I could sense her transported to another place. A non believer, I could see her frenzy but could not myself cross over.

BYPASS

Her smooth legs entice me.

She appeared surprised by my advance as if she sought more of an awareness of her charms and with that awareness would come a reluctance on my part. I found none of that reluctance in her manner. Everything seemed bold and immediate.

–Are you a little afraid.

–Not at all.

Her calve muscles are elegantly defined as she seems to point her toes invitingly in my direction. I want to go along—I want to join in. The skin pulls tautly around the hips. Her firm backside and muscular thighs.

My hand works to separate her legs.

Does she know? Does she want the attention?

The folds of the skin where the hips joins the leg. From here she manages her erotic poses. All bare shoulder and arms and legs.

I grasp her backside. And she bends down closer to me. The cavity at the base of her butt cheeks.

Her body languishes on the bed before me.

Just by being with me, she suggests to her lover that their commitment is over. Even before I touch her. She has already given in.

To have made herself available suggested how she was opening her heart to me.

–That is the source of betrayal. When passion is so overwhelming, the loved one expects some kind of attachment on the part of the lover.

–I hated the way that you saw me. You just expected it all to be so automatic. You wanted me to break with you. You wanted me to do all the work. Then you wouldn't have to deal with the fact that you stole my heart from me.

–Very good Novena. Who are you imitating?

–It's easy with a doll of choice.

–I thought you turned off the video.

–But not the impression.

–How she walked into the camera.

The enticement and the acknowledgment. And that sign really doesn't give the loved one the chance to pull back.

If the sex is the giving in, then the lover has no chance to assess if this connection is right

for her. She finds that it's all a mess, but she's too deep. She just tries to enjoy the sex. And then she loses more and more along the way.

In another version, this betrayal only led to a more intense passion. Fearing further loss, she threw herself deeper into the sex. This made her freer. She wanted to show off. Hence the fingers grabbing at his cock. The entirety of her surrender.

The fragile balance between revelation and the negotiated surrender.

Each step suggested a further revelation. All naked, the only revelation was the intensity. Corners and turns that were unseen.

If the depiction of the breasts seemed exaggerated, it was only to underline the extreme quality of the lover's interest.

This supernatural interest as an excuse to cast off the lover.

-I've led you across.

What more can I do?

--You can never really know.

-What are you talking about?

-You have no heart. You'll never cross over because you have all the satisfaction that you're going to get. You live in a viewer's paradise. You see even when no one else can see. But that's it' That's all. You can't see the heart.

-I have I've seen it beating. Come on, Novena, take me there!

-It's not my place.

DORA

Something that he can't know, that he doesn't want to know.

Possession is the very core of passion. Everything else is the province of the idle. Underneath all leisure is this submission to duty, a desire to be ordered around.

She was one of Phil's rather hapless attendants or someone who would later emerge in that role. In one version, I saw her waiting for a subway train. A student coming from class. Or a student looking for a master.

I didn't need her pointed out to me. She wore her history like an old coat. Feigned innocence. Addictive curiosities.

-What are you studying?

Perversions. Meandering off the straight and narrow.

This aimlessness was at the heart of her moral devotion. And she wanted to be derailed from her commitments.

I see myself as part of Dora's story more as a sketch, a character model. Rumor that she may have heard and incorporated into a fantasy.

At some point Phil may have approached her at the rail station. Or I may have

encouraged him to approach her and never heard more about the story.

–I wanted to be impressed by luxury.

Where the suppleness of the flesh yields to the attractions of gold.

–Did you drop something?

It was too warm for me to have been wearing gloves, even too warm to have brought them along.

–What are you reading?

This immediacy of the passage from looking into her eyes to feeling something so substantial. I wouldn't have taken on the project for a risk any more than that.

Selective torture by her occasional lover.

She would never admit to that desire. She would seem to eschew pain. Her whole attachment to him was based on her attraction to pain. All a product of a gradual reluctance to admit to her love of pleasure. From early on this resistance was incredible and palpable. To give in to the touch was to admit to an entirely corrupt nature. So her whole body cringed with the onset of any intrusion. The air seemed to envelope her in a cloud of disease. But she felt a secret pleasure in each breath. The pollution was part of her.

So the incursions of flesh seemed to bruise all the more. And these invasions she relished in all their transgressive qualities. The hurt was her invitation to a more profound damage. And nothing less ordered her everyday experience.

–You are casting her in such a devious way that it seems to permit your worst treatment of her.

–Hardly anything of the sort. I'm just trying to account for her most unusual tastes.

–Almost a delight in anesthetic. A numbing of the soul so that any gesture becomes dull when removed from a sense of threat. Sort of a junkie's lament. That the meager dose can't get her off. Hence the devotion to the grotesque.

How could I have found an ideal subject. Or was the very ideal what made it all so elusive.

–Where did the actual encounter take place? Why did she allow you to approach her?

–She looked at me. Almost invited me. Of course, her denial of this first gesture was of essence to her personality. That these forces seemed to move her, to drive her and she could never figure out the origins of that pull. It gave her the license to go along with any appetite and redirect the source to something entirely independent of her will.

I was leaving the tax office. I had been there all day. I had challenged and won. She almost bumped into me rushing in the door. I held it for her and let her pass.

–Thank you, she smiled.

I could taste her breath. It was sweet and enticing.

I walked slowly to the parking lot. What time was it?

–Drats.

I turned around to face her.

–They closed the office just as I got in there. I had to take off time to get over here. And the traffic really sucked.

I looked into eyes, all big and so angelic.

–Traffic's pretty bad around here. Maybe there's tomorrow.

–Maybe’s going to be too long.

–You look like you could use a drink.

My offer took her aback. But it also seemed to ease some tension on her part.

–I really should go.

–It’s not like the traffic’s any better now. And you’re surely not going back to work.

She smiled. The perspiration beaded around her forehead. It was a hot day and the slate afternoon sun was still beating down.

As I pushed the golden hair away, I lapped up the sweat on the nape of her neck. She yielded with delight.

–I better go.

That same moisture glistened down her back as I eased myself into her. I found a patch near the wing of her back to rest my kiss, to merge into her flesh.

She concentrated her gaze on me. I dwelt in that concentration. That encounter with a stranger.

–From the moment that I saw you, you made me feel so at ease, more at ease than I ever have in my life.

Had I done anything of the kind? I imagined myself walking on to my car.

–It took me all afternoon on the train. I came from up north and there was this nasty delay. The air conditioning broke down.

Her eyes sketched a sex scene. I became part of her eyes. If I let this gaze slip, then everything after this would be an imposition. she wanted something so immediate, so liberating from her mundane everyday. From her teachers, her mother, her lover—to get away from them all.

My delay. I had a story. But my story, not her story. I didn’t even want to offer her a story. It had been a long afternoon.

I worked my way up her legs. She gave herself with such a sense of surrender. Nothing holding back.

–Do you do this often? Accost strangers.

She smiled at my suggestion.

My daring. At this moment I bent slightly forward and whispered in her ear.

–I know what you are running from. What you can’t grasp. What only the body can tell you. Your body with another’s. No one’s really touched you before have they?

And my words penetrated a fear in her. A fear that she had given into the moment that she smiled me. She could feel me inside her from that moment that I had tasted her breath. That she had got close enough at that moment to let me know.

She had wanted to be disturbed from her everyday hum drum. To sense my tongue as it explored her reticence, as it won its kingdom inside her.

–You feel so good for me.

If I had failed that occasion, I would not get that opportunity. But that was her talking inside of me. So many times I had already performed this scene. And would not want to risk the run through with an amateur. I didn’t need her suicidal attachment. That clinging that threw everything into abeyance.

She got into her car and sat there. Maybe a call on the cell phone to a lover. I too waited a while in my car. Waited for her to drive off.

I felt myself submerged insider her rocking away and her lulled by the rhythm, seeking a

stasis, a permanence. And I rolled along the waves of desire, floated with her. A shaking, a tingling.

And I go over the scene. I bring her expectations to what I doing. And that openness of her body as it surrounded mine. As it slipped around me.

I surrendered as she has surrendered.

–Let's get a drink.

–I don't like to think about it like that, as separate as from who I'm with.

She couldn't imagine a night where her lover might get bored with her. Get turned on by the very facility of his ability to seduce a stranger. He snapped his fingers.

Or she could and that was the heat in her breath. In the bath her whole body plunged under water and she surfaced to the caresses of the sponge. The reinvigoration of the water on this sweltering day. Would she let someone in her bathroom to watch her while her lover was still at work.

–Would you mind?

As I worked the sponger under her breasts. A tickling. She giggled.. As the water exaggerated the tightness of her flesh. And the flow of desire so that her body just formed around mine.

--Dora, kiss me. That enveloping kiss where the tongue seems so prominent. A touch of awe.

Dora.

What if I had just walked to my car.

Now could she recast the encounter. Sitting nervously in the bar with a mind for nothing else. This was the betrayal that she had already imagine. that her imagination had made real required this retaliation.

–This is so silly.

Why not start the scene with a phone call.

–I love your voice.

–Something about your presence that made me feel confused. It's your confusion. I can make you feel more certain about yourself.

–What are saying?

--By telling you something. Challenging you. Giving you a purpose.

--And what might that be.

–Like a game. A task. Put you on the clock. how long is it going to take you to get your job done?

–What do you want me to do?

–I want you to go to the Hyatt. Room 234. I want you to take your clothes off and wait in the bed with the lights off.

–Where's the clock?

–I want you to leave now. To be there in an hour. A man will enter the room, enter the bed and you will make love to him.

–And the man is you.

–No, while you are doing this I want you to call me and tell me how this feels.

–It's going to feel weird. What if this man is some kind of psycho?

–You want a story with a deeper sense of continuity, as if it has already happened.

–What do you look like?

–Where did you get my number?

–Are you sexy? Do you know how to make a woman feel beautiful?

–What is your name?

–Dora.

–How did you get my number?

–I rang you accidentally. And I couldn't do it again if I tired so don't get off the phone. you seem like a dirty man. A guy who likes to follow strangers home and fuck their brains out.

–You seem like someone who likes to taunt dirty men. What are you wearing Dora?

–A bra and panties and I want you to come over and bite them off.

–That's certainly makes me excited. Should I bring some motor oil too?

–What?

–Dora, you have to use your imagination.

–I am. I know what you want. Why you are staying on the phone. How you imagine me to be. And you like that. I am your fantasy. A girl, a young girl just ringing you on the phone and talking sex to you.

–Are you alone?

–I'm not going to answer that.

–It's easy saying this on the phone to someone that you don't know. Call from an untraceable line. And just push danger to the edge. If you go this far there's no stopping. You know that you will have to give in.

–You paint an ugly scene.

–An you love this ugliness. It points out how you feel down deep. How you'd really love to be taken out of yourself, out of that thing your hate. Propelled by your beauty. That's what gives you confidence in this risk, but also what scares you the most, that will become attached to this grotesque quality, this dirtiness. You want to be defiled.

I wondered how far I could push the exploration before she would hang up. How to widen the band of acceptability. To introduce the invitation.

How I had practiced this conversation, learned to work the hesitation while still implying the fear. Left it up to her to discover the danger. That she didn't hang up on this wrong number.

–This isn't wrong because it's something that you always wanted.

And how I had netted her. Trawling for that loner committed to nothing less than total enjoyment. A body of pleasure that seemed to explode out of the self. That had made a break with her isolation. That had created a universality of her pleasure.

You wanted to talk about your loneliness as if this was your aphrodisiac. To know that this was all that we were. Her words, her words seeking flesh. Not enough, an urge to just delve deeper.

–Do you want me to go on? You want to hear how I can take care of..

–Take care of, like gotten rid of.

--I'm afraid of nothing.

She knew that this threat always followed her. And if she could push a lover to do what she could not do to herself.

–Can you put this inside me?

And she meant poison. And I had to find that poison.

She stared at me trying to raise that satisfied look, an urge to lick down her shaved pubic

hair to her pussy. The prominence of my attachment—my fixation on her stare. Hence we saw the intersection of our desires in an angle, what made penetration facile. And along that same angle, an opening on her part. And a need to protect herself from this utter honesty—the need to surround, to draw in everything that threatened her.

Again the intersection on her sex—the apex—angle to angle. And she surrounded it with an air of indecision—a pose—a refusal to go along. How could she hold up against such forces?

--Do you want a chance to leave your present life behind? To never be recognized on the street. Never harassed by phone calls at night. To escape completely. Would you like that?

She stared at me perplexed.

—And how can you do this for me?

—Your lover. To live a life that he knows nothing about. Total freedom.

“I’ll do whatever you want. Just command me.”

—In the end it will all be the same. I’ll still have to work to live. And the moments grinding down in the office. The time spent going back and forth to work.

—This could be your new life. One devoted entirely to pleasure.

—Whose pleasure? Yours?

She wanted to give herself to luxury. The hope that her excitement might just be enough to fuel her every waking minute. In the excesses of passion, her body offered this new geography. Masses of oceanic space. Tidal waves extending across the expanse. And then these crevices where she could hide. She let the waves again sweep over her. To inhabit these underground hideaways.

To recast her wardrobe. A wardrobe just enough to cradle and envelop her sex. That seemed to flower from her fire. From the tropics outward radiating the heat wave. A delicate panty slipped over her. The garter’s cradling her waste. The sumptuous muscles of the stomach yielding to the curves of her breasts and the lace of the bra. The dangling strap. The clasp. The concentric decoration. A pearl adornment. The thin strip extending across the back. The path of skin from strap to the edge of the hair. The hair hanging down. Swept aside. The rhythmic sway. The dark stocking attached to the garter. The dress just long enough to cover that interplay. The rich ruby lips. The clue, the key. Give me your hand.

The heels, the open toe to reveal the crimson painted nail. Her finger nails. The threat.

—Would you like to escape your former life?

What message to scrawl across this new world.

A negligé received in delivery. To cover transparently. Arrest desire just enough. Displace it in the folds of the fabric. The roughness, this new reality against the lips. His lips. Pursuing and lost in the form.

—Put it on.

—I’m wearing it now.

How could she extend this now into an eternity? The now whispered into the phone.

Directions to a rendez- vous. Directions that might get lost. Another phone call.

Unanswered. The delay.

—Do you want to get away?

And she’d try. Try to fit into these new costumes. Going over in her mind where this was taking her. Where this could take her.

—I really want none of this. I like him.

–Who?

–My life. My lover. What I have...

–It's not yours. It's his. Theirs. Your mother, your sister...someone who they want you to be. Someone else.

She needed her own clothes. Clothes that had nothing to do with their desires for her. Clothes that really made her look sexy.

Not clothes that met his expectations. But what might engender her fantasies.

–Everyone is looking at me.

And the fear that each glare would exaggerate a flaw. All these men staring. And she hid in the vision of these women who disappeared in their own perfection. Sketches, shadows, trails, silhouettes. These ghosts.

–Without him I lived in a cage. He gave me the chance to walk out of it.

–He is your cage. And the longer that you stay with him the deeper you are locked inside.

–How can you say that?

–Even your denials. I'm just seeing him. He doesn't want me to see anyone else. I told him that I'm not seeing anyone else. He has his friends.

–And I do too.

–Almost your revenge. And is it a fate that you have picked out for yourself. Or a path along which you are drawn. Sucked in. You are on display. And you know that if you run away, you've left yourself behind.

–I don't like to think about it that way.

–Why? Because that is too accurate.

–You're not supposed to be here. I shouldn't be doing this.

–What should you be doing? I want you to kiss me.

–This is cheating on him

–Take off your dress. Take off your panties. Now get under the covers. Imagine that I am in there with you. Touch yourself.

>>Your sexuality is owned by your lover. Only be doled out to meet his needs.

–He says that I like sex too much.

–You like sex because you want him to need you. He doesn't need you because you are part of him.

Her nightgown was pulled up to reveal herself. Her sex beckoning...

–I can't. He'd know. He could read the betrayal on my skin.

I felt my hand touching her tenderly. The smooth yielding. Giving way to the motions of the fingers. The enticement. The ease of her response.

–I want you inside me.

She hesitated before my self-certainty. She pulled away from my touch.

–Not here, not now.

Why didn't she take a more active role in this revelation. Worse if this meant something to her besides that kick, that anesthetic. If she could just challenge him, escape the guilt.

I couldn't give into this scene with its associated complications. The enactment had already taken her far enough to embarrass her lover. Anything more would suggest that I wanted

to substitute myself for his rather tawdry role.

Perhaps this would be better if I cast someone else in my role. Someone who might get more joy in the obvious.

–I'm not here to entertain. An excursion into your escapist fantasies.

Luxury facilitated her desire to wander. The tinkling of a fork on a wine glass. A frozen desert. A ride in a limousine.

–I can get you out of work tomorrow.

She was floating on air.

He was her lover torturer

I observed the length of her extended leg, my rough touch. Licking up her leg until I arrived at her sex. Burying myself in her. Licking her clit and shoving three fingers up her vagina.

–I want more than this.

What I could not offer—easy entrance and exit.

–I feel like you're degrading me.

–He's already turned you into dirt.

–And you take advantage of that situation.

–So be it—you love it.

This was supposed to be my ultimate conquest—it is so boring.

–You're so boring. All imagination—your imagination—your fantasy, but nothing for me.

–Go wash your ass, and then I'll lick it with some whole milk.

The touch

--I want to take away your breath. You know what that really means. That you're only life line is desire, sucking up the flesh of another. That your sighs only feed a more intense coupling. Where nothing else can sustain your breath.

–Give me more!

She succumbed to a desire deeper than flesh. This deafening frenzy that her tranquility protected. Only self destruction sustained this pursuit. My avoidance of cruelty and her total devotion to nothing less. That if she let herself really listen all she can hear are her own screams. This was the narcotic of her slumber. So that dreams were only the portal to nightmares. And nightmares only the reflection to the solidity of the daylight.

If she didn't hate herself already, the disgust would be overwhelming if not for that intensity of her passion. So she came in contact with this incredible rush. It almost knocked her against a wall with its power. Even in anticipation this sensation was awesome. She braced herself against the first wave. Lost in the tide, she was shaken by the undertow.

–Do you know why you're here?

–To take you to the edge. To push you over.

–And what do you expect of this?

–Nothing less than your complete devotion.

Without that she would return to the feeling of decay. that se was falling apart, rotting before her very eyes. That she had to shield her face against the ravages of the morning light. So the devotion to the bliss of night's outrage.

–Suppose why you wanted this coincidence.

If she could avoid the acknowledgment of her lover. Just enough to prick her consciousness. The drops of blood on the rose.

I constructed each scene to correspond to an abstract design. Anonymous partners.

–Can you describe these men and the size of their penises?

–To start with, they were all larger than yours.

I need to wriggle out of this–head for someone else's place.

I felt these incredible pangs in my stomach. Every muscle tensed up. I could talk but barely. I couldn't move a muscle. Paralyzed.

–Dora, what are trying to do to me? Poison me.

–It's nothing. It just immobilizes you.

–What? Are you crazy?

I could barely muster the intense anger that I was feeling.

–I didn't want you going anywhere. I didn't want you threatening me. None of your tricks. I wanted you to listen.

–What didn't you just bury me?

–You have to know things.

–And you think that this is your chance. This is just crazy.

–All those girls that you've tortured. You have to feel what it's like.

–What it's like is just crazy. Don't you have some antidote?

–You'll have to wait it out. Like you've told everyone else.

–Are there any permanent effects from this?

–You'll be OK. Just don't resist it. You can still breathe. You just can't go anywhere.

–Thanks.

–What do you know about me?

–I've created this affection so that you can see about yourself, respond, act out. I need you to tell me about yourself. How you see yourself.

She wanted to relate a story to me. It was about her sister. Her sister had been killed in a car accident. She didn't find out about it until she got home from school. Her mother was in tears. It was the first time that she remembered seeing her mother cry. After the funeral her mother seemed to bury her feelings. She expected the same of her daughter.

–You can't keep thinking about this all the time. It will drive you crazy.

That's what her mother started telling her. She resented her mother, almost felt that her mother had killed her sister.

I always felt that if I could somehow contact my sister, have a chance to talk to her again

that things would start to make sense again in my life.

–Are you listening to me?

–Yes.

–You were waiting for something to happen. That you learned to tell these stories to get the sympathy of people.

–What are you saying?

–You never had a sister.

Change the stories that you can somehow change the effect that they might have, and in an even wider sense, affect their outcome.

She sort of wished that her child might just disappear, her child, my child.