

I am totally wiped out. Scattered. I am having visions. Nothing too serious-- scattered images. This is something that is more intense than any sexual fantasy. Bodies--immobile. This doesn't make sense. I am starting to become afraid of myself..

She looks up at me from the bed. Just her eye.

I don't like to look back at things like this. Last night I had a dream that I was drowning. I woke up gasping for air. When I see someone who attracts me, I feel a sense of panic.

Wake up, wake up. I am feeling suffocated. This outrageous dream. None of this happened. It was a game. Halting breaths...giving and taking

I become her protector against characters whose twisted natures hardly exceed my own. She confides in me.

–He took me captive in a warehouse. He wouldn't let me go while he forced me to watch these people have sex.

If I could get her to tell me more. That I'd find an exquisite passion in her relating to me the details of these encounters. But then I do not want to become the inquisitor. She wants to tell me.

–She was naked on a bed in the middle of the room. And the whole room seemed to come to its apex in her sex. He enters and starts to rub her hair. Extend his hand so that it slides into her. I want to touch myself. I am watching from a balcony. they cannot see me. His tongue finds it tender reply in her floating turns. She wraps her legs around his head. He is still dressed. But he is erect and he shares his arousal with his partner. She opens wider to take him in. She grabs for his penis and pulls him in. I am breathless as I watch them writhe on the bed.

–Could you have left at this point?

–Left. When they were going at it with such ferocity. I was liquid with my excitement and seemed to melt with them. I was transfixed. I couldn't move. I felt him in me. Deep, hard and I gasped with each motion. And I sensed them watching me. Even though they didn't know that I was there. And my desire was uncontrollable. Dripping. Overcasting me. I needed to brace myself with my free hand, and my other hand had a life of its own. And it was not enough and I pushed both hands in me. Felt them pull something out, draining me as I gave in more and more. Let me join in. And I could see them in the corner of my eye. My eyes felt closed.

>>From this point forward I felt married to this place. And I wanted to get out. I felt stricken by this new imprisonment. As if he had visited me with a curse. I wanted to drown in this stranger. To have him take me from behind. Let his penis slide along my firm ass cheeks and find their warm, moist destination.

>>I spread my legs in a balletic pose and became overcome when he rolled over and over me. But no one touched me. My teacher compelled me. He forbade any contact. And I wanted him inside so bad!

I become excited by this contradiction. I want to act out this fantasy. As I touch you, you freeze up.

–He forced me to do these awful things. I am sure that he was taking videos of all this. He forced me to do the most horrendous things

–Did he drug you?

–He threatened me with harm. Said that if I did not stay with him that he would haunt me eternally. It made no sense. I had this vision of him appearing in my place at night.

>>I felt that he had made me part of his night breed. He threatened me.

–Threatened how?

–I knew he would do things. I was afraid, afraid that he would do things

I need to keep my distance from you. You will have more to tell me. But there is little that I can do at this point.

The police stop by to ask me about some diamond earrings that were missing. This is so ridiculous. It's not like I need money. The police are harassing me. What do they want with me. It seems that when you find yourself that far out that you become a target for extra scrutiny. Can't I live my own life.

I remember her wearing the earrings. They sparkled as she smiled back at me.

–There's that twinkle in your eye. I could see it from across the room.

I go get a drink, and while I'm talking to some business associates, she finds me.

–So you like my eyes.

She's beaming in front of me. If I touch her, run my hand across her back. the caress cuts her in two. She's going at it in her walk up. And all I can think about is her midriff, exposed and sharply defined. How she yields so automatically to my touch. At the end of this smooth path, we remain connected. I've become part of her, and she of me. This all seemed too easy.

I want something to remember her. My souvenir. I slip the earrings in my pocket as I leave her place. It's not like I want to come back and this gives me a reason not to. Besides I resent their shine. They're the one thing that hold out promise for her in this morass. They adorn her rather meager dreams. And who am I to say, as I run my fingers underneath her top and touch her firm breasts. By keeping it all so tight, her whole world, this gives her the sense that everything is OK, when it is not.

I just love scooping up the little things from the dresser and slipping them in my pocket. Better than the physical contact that I just enjoyed, I would have loved just to see her face when she realized that they were gone. Like I could steal her identity in one full swoop.

I hate admitting that I am glad to have ripped this off from her. Hell, I'm running out of options. This lifestyle has become so debilitating. I need to maintain this high life. But it takes its toll; it's harder and harder to make deadlines. And I need a more arresting high every time.

Assuming that she had not realized that the diamonds were missing.

This is worth more than even gold.

–I don't like to take chances by asking guys that I don't know back to my place.

–But you have an attraction to mystery.

–You could call last night that.

She feels her body plunge in lust.

–Is there nothing stopping us now?

–Only your desire.

She laughs.

The trail is still warm from last night. And my tongue traces the grooves still fresh on her flesh. This is too easy. Has she nothing for me tonight?

We fall together. Our two bodies spring coincidentally.

–I really can't help myself.

And she realizes that she wants more than that. Only by letting herself open up so widely. As if she offers all her treasures to me. I need her key. The number o her bank out.

A touch that whispers it all.

–Have you ever crossed to the other side?

She could only have crime in mind. As if she became ripe under the influence of larcenous admirers. Who knew what she liked. They stole what they had already given her and gave it back to her as gifts.

–I can't stop myself.

It would be much fun to admit to kleptomaniac tendencies. Maybe she has a gold lighter. Cash—that draws too much suspicion. But a necklace.

It's only a short step to doing favors for friends. I can get you money if you can do me a favor. Then the line—offering yourself.

The gamble—the direct touch. Can you resist?

Where did they hide the stash?

–Can you do a little job for me, take care of someone?

–I'll do anything and anyone to make this happen.

And she would.

To push the bounds of public disgrace. Not to refuse, but just give in, to anything at anytime.

How does she prevent people from saying things about her?

Hence the confrontation between two forces. The two forces that rip at her.

–I need money

And I really do. And she is my captive.

–What would you do for something that would make you really happy?

–Are you talking about...drugs?

I need to find you. Like I tested myself with her because I wanted to get closer to you. And you have this need to explore your hunger.

–Is there something that you are afraid of?

And I wondered what had drawn you to this master. Did you realize what had attracted you to him was so much part of you? I needed to find out more.

–I wish that he had just let me die. Once I became exposed to his way of life, there was nothing that held me together. Fear took the place of love.

I know all the standard texts that have inspired your master: Slasky, Barris, Williams. How he wants to destroy your desire. To strip you to a raw hunger that gave you no solace in romantic imagery. No residue in delight to redeem the lover in her quest. All the trappings only make you try to hide your ravenous appetite, your tribute to this inexhaustible craving. The innocent could still hide in her rather weak attractions. It's not the yearning, it's the beautiful boy. And you dwell on this image of the lover. It helps you make it though the day. But that overwhelming feeling is just that. And if you give in to it, then you cannot stop the drive. Everywhere, everyone, everything needs to surrender to that power. No one can withdraw love from you because you are everywhere.

–This first step is ugly. He tortures me, stimulates me. And in this assault he splits me in two. He takes my heart and disintegrates it. So I feel hollow. I want to fuck over and over again. Just in the hope that I might get back to the tenderness that I have lost. But then I use tenderness like a stuffed toy, to make my lovers think that they are loving more than a rag doll. That their desires haven't obliterated me from the get go.

>>But they have. They never see me. They see their attraction. Someone they want to

own. A give and take. My teacher has shown me these awful things about myself. As that is all I can stand. All I want. To take these men on these fantasy rides. But so push the fantasy that they see these horror in their hearts. That they cannot satisfy this longing. But I just shit on them.

>>All because of him.

And I am becoming seduced by this vague appeal. That you have started to develop this tenderness in me, this desire to rescue you. And I realize the deluded brilliance of your teacher. That you develop this hope for the damned. And it is not just a vague promise. But they feel engulfed by their attraction. Maybe you can give them a clue why they are so empty.

When you see the utter nothingness in their concerns, you feel depressed. And you act out this depression in your caresses. You give everything that you have in the trail of the tongue, the plunge of death, taking him into you, kisses that explode into oblivion. So he believes the sex. And feels that if you take it away that nothing is better than death.

–If you leave me, I’ll kill myself.

–You’ve already killed yourself by being with me. All you’ll do is damn yourself forever.

There’s a glint in your eye. Even in your confusion you have not fallen as far as he has. And your master has honed this to a science. At its most intense, you want your guide back. That he might offer some pattern in this morass. You feel your body swirling in the universe without a center—cast off against a starless mass.

IT

What is it? IT, his fingers wedged into the palm of her hand. The cupped hand seems to swallow the fingers.

He tries to wriggle out the hand; she holds on for dear life.

–Do you want to kiss me?

No one say anything.

She puts her free hand over the other so that he has to use more effort to slip out.

A sense of release. Separation. He want to get back in, where his hand is cradled.

Where the fingers slide along the meat of the hand.

She makes every effort to hide herself, to hide her body from his. Nothing but it—this wedge—this curve.

She doesn’t want to make contact. He wants to feel her body brush against his. The preview of his sliding across her, inside her.

–This is not really a good night for us.

And does he feel crestfallen. Of is he going to try himself somewhere else.

–Does it feel right?

IT. She knows about it. Does he want IT?

She holds back. She does nothing. She looks in his eye and turns away.

Not him. What give it to him.

He’s not emaciated but lean enough that his whole body says trunk ,shank, penis. And she looks at him and can automatically feel herself taking it. And all resistance on her part melts. Anything less than this picture gives her the ability to say no. But for all that she sees now it

completes that view that she has to take it the way that it is. She doesn't say it. She doesn't have to. He knows as she just opens up to take him. He finds it. Her all ready.

She opens up and he just does it. He floats inside her. They mix together. He finds it. Is ready for it.

If he could just get at it.

And the two hands fall apart. And his fingers lose the support that she offers and fall away. She tries to catch them with one of her free hands, but they fall just outside her reach. The air offers no resistance and they fall to his side.

How to spark this fire. To slip through this opening offered by the folded hands. The folds of flesh. His insistence.

If he knew that his entryway is unencumbered.

–I've been waiting for you.

That the skin would surround him and embrace him.

Almost take flight into him.

He wants to get through to get in the clear. Push through the opening to get so deep inside the clear. The passing through. Having been near it.

She feels that part of her, IT, almost disembodied. Now part of his insistence. So the hand just yields to his motions...not yet as the image

THE CAVITY

Her hand curves around his fingers. He is tied to a chair. She has her back to him. She open up the cheeks of her firm ass before him. The opening, not for him but for me. Not just wide enough for him to enter her. But for me to see. At some point this entry had become AUTOMATIC. Something that she had no power to resist. What specter had haunted her girlhood nights. This creature that floated the night and robbed from her.

And he is erect and thinking that she is doing this for me. But she was doing this like this before he got in the room. He is tied up but she appears to submit. And she open wider. To say that she can escape that past. But I see her do it. She is doing it for me. Or for IT. Something that has nothing to do with either of us.

I feel that I am becoming more and more overwhelmed by this passageway. This corridor starts to completely envelop me. And I am wandering so long and so small. I am lost.

THE VENTRILOQUIST

–The TV is talking to me.

And it is. She'll give herself to him. But it is never enough, never as extreme as the idea that I have. She'll look disinterested as he thrusts into her over and over again. she has already used the sex to transport her to somewhere different. As if she has given her body over to this thing and if she stops.

–It all happens so easily. After all, she wants it, wants it so bad. And I know others think that they are gaining the same intimacy with her. But I see the hurt that she has undergone, her

pain. When she smiles, finds that no one can understand. Wanders the streets looking for that perfect bang (!) I am with her.

That look. That extra push. That attack that he can't prepare. Where she almost believe the love that they express to her. STOP IT!

IT! You've got a perfect. Distill it down to just this. Tender, slightly ripe. The fruits of my labor. This is you. Not other.

She turns.

Maybe that ring on the lid. The metal, the sharp tingle. And my tongue longing to taste it. Until I am so hard that the pain is excruciating. I am enveloped by this feeling.

THIS! IT! My paradise.

Disembodied. Did you see it. It is speaking for you. And I turn to the screen. See it on screen. I knew it was you.

Speak to me.

Will it.

It cannot.

I know how perfect we are for each other. Meant to be.

It folds around me. I submerge in it. Lick up to the clit and feel the blood rush in the flesh. Feel it swell. Welcome me. I dive. The waters are excited by my arrival.

I turn away from the screen. It is all around me. I feel it gush in me. I am flush in its pleasure.

In this moment IT talks.

What she knows. what she gives in to. But what she can never say.

—Oh! Take me!

And the words bubble up from this deep hearth of its being.

Am I moving my lips. Too deep in pleasure to do anything else, but hear the words.

Like a flash of light they project upon a wall. But I am moving my lips.

The lament. IT will only speak when I move my lips. And she is saying something.

Why didn't I turn down the volume of the TV. I did. And I'm reading lips, loose lips. And they come back to me so amplified. This volume is blaring in my head. I cup my hands over my ears. But I am being fucked so hard, and I try to brace myself.

What is this. I feel that I have my eyes closed. I can't open them. And the feeling is just so intense. The thrust are shaking all the life out of me.

PUSH!

I almost fall out of the bed.

SPEAK TO ME!

—YOU ARE THE ONE! I AM HERE FOR YOU.

I feel like I am having a heart attack. And I pass out with the pain. My whole body yields to it. This tidal wave sweeps over me. Life has been taken from me.

NEW RULES

do **others** illicit for me

like the way you dance

seen you before

swapping-- betting--game
to the center of the universe

ventriloquist
she's talking to me

THE GAME

One morning around 9AM she shows up at my door.

–How are you doing?

–It's nine in the morning. You're waking me up early. Can't you see that I'm dead?

–I need to talk to you. that dealer guy that I told you about is trying to kill me.

–Kill you. I should kill you for waking me up so early.

–He's really after me.

–I don't really care. I'm going to tell him where you are if you don't leave me alone.

Who the hell are you talking about anyway.

–That guy that I was with the other night.

–You never told me anything about him. One minute you're talking to me and we're getting all mushy and the next thing you go home with him.

–OK, I made a mistake. But I still need your help.

–I was going to marry this guy. He'd given me a nice ring. I'd been showing it off for months. So we had this engagement party. And one of his friends from college comes into town. We realize that we both love antiques. And I tell him that I'll take him around the next day. We hit the shops and he complains about the selection. And I figure it would be like that. I mean we were just making time. So we stop by The Laurels for lunch. And the place is all nice with business people making deals in the corner and all. Well, he gets me in the bathroom doing lines...Imagine that. The he tells me that he'll give me some more if I show him my tits. And I say what the hell. It's some kind of game. He starts massaging them. Pushing his body next to them. Next thing I'm in a stall in the men's washroom going down on my fiancé's friend.

>>I really can't tell my lover what happened. He'd break up the engagement right away. but I start feeling all guilty. And his friend's over at dinner and I'm just the royal bitch to his friend. So the friend corners me and asks what's wrong. I tell him that it was a creepy ting that we did.

>>Then he tells me that he has some more at the hotel. I say that I'll sneak out. And do. So there's my fiancé at home in bed and I'm out doing coke with his best friend.

>>So I'm feeling all shitty about myself. And I tell the guy that I need to go. He figure that I came over for sex. But I just wanted his blow. So I go down to the bar and I meet some

other guy. And I'm up in his hotel room doing him. And I'm saying to myself why am I getting married. On the other hand if I don't get married what the hell. I'm going to keep doing this for the rest of my life. It's not like I want to sleep with a different guy every night. I've tried to remain faithful

>>I was almost married. Really. And I find out that the guy's doing some Laker girl in Vegas. That's my luck with guys. The nice guys just don't hold my attention. And the losers all tell me that I'm the girl that they want to go straight with. If you can't kick it on your own, then don't come looking for me.

-So you come looking for me.

-I told you that guy's looking at me.

-What did you do-steal his stash?

-Actually I stole his heart.

-So you stole his stash.

-It wasn't like he was going to use it.

-I feel like turning you both in. Or turning him in and then telling him that you did it.

Talk about fireworks.

--If you let me stay I'll do anything you want to.

-I'm a sexual explorer. I'm not an addict.

Of course, I did her. It was a perfectly lame fuck and she's all moaning and pretending it was something special-which it wasn't.

-Don't think you'll ever get a ring from me. And just don't steal anything. I've got to go out.

A reader wonders if I exaggerate, if my reality is this extreme. I can't capture the full intensity of everything that I see...

I really want to quit.

I felt it grow to the size of a pyramid

-Can you guess?

And if I do she's agreed to sleep with me. She's already spent a life of saying too much and giving up for too little. Do you want to show me something. Or what really are you not showing? Everything, I assume.

And so we meander around the same game. The variations on the mating game. Spin the wheel and get your match. Nothing to challenge me in any of this. Or all the challenge given over to time. The more the time, the less my interest.

-You win.

But how can I win?

If you can guess my middle name. If you can guess when I am born.

And it all slips away so easily.

It's much more blatant. Anyone and everyone. She wants anyone and everyone because she wants no one at all.

The game is her substitute for the give and take of intimacy. Or even the less intense back and forth of the pick up. This game just says it is all chance. Whether the mutual attractions coincide and for entirely how long.

–If you remember, you can have anything that you want.

And when she played for action, every gesture seemed to imply a fortune. But the fortunes turned to sand and now there is only the implication.

Both her hands clasped in mine. Her breath on my neck. What is this worth. She sucks on my finger. Twice as much as the previous two gestures. And then so much less. Because it is too direct. It does not linger.

I push her wrist against the wall. Not too much pressure. And when she recalls a more vicious crush.

–Do you want to go upstairs?

For me we already are upstairs. The odds won't coincide.

Ten times.

–I remember once in Vegas I turned one hundred dollars into a thousand. And there was some high roller at my table who broke the bank. He didn't even notice me.

What did he make? Thirty thousand. And he didn't even glance at her. Thirty time ten times. Three hundred times.

When did she cross the line? Or when she was unable to cross?

Can I touch your...

He did not. He left the table. One on one. Just and in and out.

And there was not. Nothing of the sort. she threw all the money that she had on the table. He didn't look over.

Why hadn't looked at her—her breasts—her ass. She would have sucked him off if he had looked over. But she had been bluffed off the table. Forced to take all her winnings. Her measly one thousand.

One thousand days at a dollar each.

Or we redo the scene and he's copping a touch while she's playing the table. Pushing his ass into hers and just rubbing. And she thought it was the whole crowd involved like that. They were all pushing her. So she felt closer to them all. Like she could pick any one at any moment. but it wasn't really working like that. she had hit her limit and she is telling me now what is my limit.

But now I need to guess. I want to have this all taken care of tonight.

I want to win the spin of the wheel.

She approaches me in a bar. Trying to make up for a lost time.

--How old do you think that I am? Do you think that I'm pretty?

I thought that she was lobbying me for a compliment.

–I've always thought that you were really attractive.

She smiles.

–You're smile lights up your face.

–I've always wondered about you.

–It's true. I'm not really into sex. I like to see naked women. But I'm sort of impotent. I wouldn't mind watching you stretch, but I don't think that I could do it myself.

She looks at me sort of strange.

–The coke. Doesn't it make sex better. I never really knew myself. I mean. I've been trashed and it never did the trick. But it made me want it. But what about coke...

She doesn't know what to make of my question. Like maybe I am calling her a whore.

–You do like to...

She flushes red. I have visions of them doing powder off her pussy. That numb lick. She perks up as she lets her imagination lead her.

She looks me in the eye. So direct, like I'm already inside her.

–Are you good?

–No one's turned you down in a while, have they.

I see in her eye that she didn't have the will to. That's why she has avoided me. Sex would have cut right through her resistance. And I feel a coming together between me and that lost will. It would be like trying to resuscitate a heart patient. But I need some assurance through it all.

Her hand hangs by its side. I hold it. Brush it with my touch. She smiles. I know that she has been doing this too long. That it is all a prelude to the only thing that will ever hold her together.

If she asks me...

–Do you have some?

Can the sex ever be something but second best, sort of an echo of that trailing eye. So I've got her all junked out and she's wondering if that little jolt will be enough to make up for that kick that she's not going to get. How can she prolong her interest if she's not that high. She doesn't want to come down either way. She smells dick. She thinks that if she gives it away really free that she's going to get something special any return. She's forgotten how to do it any other way.

–I'm clairvoyant. When were you born?

–Years ago.

–No, when's your birthday.

–The moment that I come inside you.

She is take aback with my frankness. Embarrassed. She wants to bolt. But my bold move is all that can mimic that rush that she's not going to get tonight.

I move in close and kiss her. It's one of those constant kisses, fuck kisses, break the boundary and explode, take your clothes off and just do it in front of everyone kisses.

She whispers. "Fuck me here. Hard. In the bathroom."

She is out of breath. She cannot whisper. She wraps her bare leg around me. I am pumping her right there.

Nothing around us makes any difference. It's empty. It's crowded. Everyone's looking. No one's looking.

And I want a look to prolong the desire before I touch her. Before I kiss her.

She moves in ready to kiss. At that moment she notices one of her dealer friends. Next thing she's kissing him, embracing him, twirling around with him. I slip out of the place. Good thing. Not now. I make a mental note to come back to this.

I see her at the mansion next night. It's a swap meet but I'm there just to hang out, to run through the possibilities.

--It's getting late

--Are you going to leave

--No, we're going to leave—together Go back to your place.

She has to catch her breath. She can taste it.

What happens here. I don't want to have sex with her. Or if I do she'll just ramble on and on.

–I don't really like sex any more. Not really. I've got the vids; they just take care of it so much faster.

Is it all too fast. I'm sitting on the couch in her living room. She's in a robe and I can see her ample breasts. This is enough for me.

–I'm trying to get out. Put all this behind me. I've got some dealer who wants my blood. Who claims that I owe him. For what. I gave him something and he gave me something. He's gone all around the town telling everyone that I'm a rat. I want him...dead. And he wants to kill me.

And she really expects some guy that she picks up at a sex house is going to do anything about this little mess. Doesn't this sort of thing go with the territory. Little people who are trying to order around the rest of the world.

Are we ever going to do anything or do I need to leave?

Maybe I expect her to swing open the robe and then just open my fly and suck me off.

–I didn't know that you were a writer. I have this book idea.

Oh boy! Not another book about a junkie who gives it up for some stash.

–I liked English in college. I love to read. What's your favorite book? I like to read magazines. It makes me feel informed.

I feel paralyzed.

Would sex have made it easier? Or is that why this is so easy. She needs to talk. She wants to confess something.

–When did you first have sex?

–I don't know. Maybe I was about seventeen.

–That's not true. Tell me when you first let someone get you off.

I am asking her to take off more. But she is already way past exposed. Hammering the bone again concrete—it's hollow.

I'm going out of my head. Just talking to myself. You're doing this, and you're doing that. Trying to pick up on where I left off.

I flip through the TV schedule.

After she feeds, she moves on to others.

What is forbidden. No one can know about this. We can't even let each other know that we feel like this.

But then each act must be so public that it pushes the bounds of detection.

--What are those two doing down there?

They're sitting on the stairs leading to the mall. She's not wearing panties, all legs, has her skirt hiked up all the way. And she's sitting on him. He's in a long coat. He has the coat wrapped around her. And he's eased it in, all in her. Hmm.

How does this movie start? She looks down at him. Yes, it's there. It's erect. Are you touching yourself? She looks at you through the TV screen. This is just for you. But she looks

down and it has to be more than erect. She sighs. It's going to dig deep leave her more excited. She looks down. She's not really looking down. She's looking at you. And she's saying that I know you're touching yourself. And I want to be there, going down on you. Whew, is it large. And she's going to drip all over him as he gets in. She's going to get off just as it brushes her. Give it to me. Give it to me. And it's just so big.

And in this scenario, it is everywhere. The more I have eased myself into her, it has become bigger and bigger and bigger. It fills the room. It is the room. It obliterates. It is everywhere. I will never let off because it is everywhere. As I start to fade somewhere else it will be equally erect, all there. Novena has got to know. She knew when she entered the scene.

And the next scene is a public sex act. And she's doing it with someone else. And he's looking on, our hero with the member. And he can't follow along, can't get aroused to accompany the two just sloppy fucking on stage. He feels hurt, just embarrassed being there.

But you don't. You just have to fuck along with the other guy. Oh good!
And then you need to wait for some other guy.

There you are with your big thing and it's almost there with his flaccid thing. And you're still ready to go. You don't want to lose it. Want some girl to take him somewhere and let her take him. And she spreads herself in a gymnastic pose, just so erect and hard like you are. And you just let it in. Whew! Whew! And she is hard and you are hard and harder and oh so hard. Will you come.

You hold back and she scrapes at the back of your brain. Bang! bang! bang! And the next scene never meant as much. And she's down on the bed. She pushes him on the bed and falls on top. And you're still erect and Oh so hard and hard.

--What's that thing, boy? Don't hide it.

And every bit of her is tied tight. The clothes just pulled tight. And she takes them off. Breasts all up there.

--Are you ready.

And you want to go in but not yet and she shoves herself in his face. And he starts licking and licking. Slobbering it all up. And her hair is all rammed in his face.

You want to watch more. But you cannot. She let you up inside. And you are there with her, over and over and over. You are ready but not yet.

The screen is blank, and you are completely inside. You are not watching, not touching yourself. Novena is on top of you. You are inside her. She is all around. In the whole room.

I'm walking along in the street, and I'm back going on Novena. I gasp and I'm back on Novena.

She looks at me in the street. Is it too far to say anything or is this all I can say. Day after day. And I'm so hot and tired and she just slips out of the shower and into me. Bang!

Can I tell her what I see in her eyes? Will she look at me long enough to let her know, to look back?

I lick my lips. Move close enough to her to smell her perfume. Just out of the bath. That is enough to let me hum along. Her smooth legs. Just for me.

--Is there anything that you want to ask me?

--I'm sort of with this guy.

--Sort of means everybody knows. There's nowhere we can go. But here, now. Where is that here, now?

Where is the guy? Is he in a store? You want to go to my car in the parking lot.

And he comes out and he's looking for her, looking for her car, where did they park.
Where is the guy? Is he out of town. And she has the keys to his apartment. And you rush over there. In his bed.

--I think that's he's cheating on me. You want him to cheat on you.

And her whole body is this juicy mass, a swamp, a fresh stream. Ah!

Can you read along without keeping track.

And do I lose my voice, or is this my only voice. I let them all see along, see along with me...

That everything that they are, in the street, hides their flesh all tingling and throbbing. And the blood just nourishes the brain. It prepares the take off. And they all dissolve into this eternity. BOOM!

It's this guy. It's me. It's none of this.

--Can you remember what you did the night before last? Who you were with? And you come in and she is on the bed with some guy. And you want to leave, but you need to look at her face. She is totally into it, totally preoccupied with him going over and over on her. Yeah! You want to step in between them. And she is almost bored. Almost methodical. But take it away from her and she'll become cranky. Just bitched off. Fuck! fuck! fuck!

So she is pumping so hard on him. And your eyeballs are coming out of their sockets. Yeah, yeah yeah. She's going so out of herself. Riding and riding and pushing down and getting thrown off, and holding on to him and pushing.

In another scene she is pushing so hard. A new position so that she can push harder and harder.

And then you're in the scene from the next night. The two girls. And you see her shoving her face up the other's ass into her vagina, so deep behind and into her.

Carving her out with her hand. Putting her hand in her hand, so inside, but the inside that she has created. Where her tongue will lick across, will tingle, will surprise. From behind, she does not see it coming. Only the caress and she goes along...ah!

How can I get this to happen. Or I can't believe this is ever going to happen.

No more affection. Kisses that travel across the universe. She kisses her partner's breasts. Will you come along with me. Again a trail of saliva down the stomach. So now she cradles her face in the lover.

Can you stretch me out? I'd like to hitch a ride with both of you.

--We've been waiting for you.

--Do you want something that we know?

--I want to get in on this game. I want to offer you pleasure.

--You can't offer us what we already have.

--We want something from you that your afraid to give.

--Love.

--Something that you've never given before.

I turn away from the screen.

It's Novena.

On screen or off.

How did you get in the room? The door's locked.

--You gave me the key.

--You saw what I was watching.

–I worked with one of those girls.

–Worked with...

–I taught her and she taught me.

I turn over. My back now turned to the wall.

Alone in the room. What is the TV saying?

The lights are harsh. She is dressed only in heels. She bounces back and forth. I've seen this scene. A fast forward. He stretches out his stomach. He maneuvers himself in her.

Gazing through this window of flesh. He seems to draw this invisible line to himself and they balance on its elastic. He is drawn up into her.

Everyone watches in the room. They want to join in. But the communion is exclusive. They blend together into this thrusting mass. And the crowd are like satellites orbiting the mother world.

I want to play along. I want to touch you.

I am trying balance myself. Only the contact between the two bodies prevent them from falling. And I have already merged with them. A wake of freedom slices across the scene.

She is his charge. Why anyone would have left her with him? Even he detects something unusual in the arrangement. Has her curiosity been stunted or has she given into vain appeals before.

He is surprised when she always comes to him with questions about sex. At first, he is struck by the inappropriateness of it all.

–It's better not to worry about that now.

And what should she think about while she touches herself. How long is that OK? If she likes the tingle, is it OK to keep touching? Maybe to stimulate even if it uncomfortable at times.

What about her feelings that it is dirty? The strange smells. How far she has engaged her young friends. Is it OK to practice on girls she knows? How old is too old?

What does an erect penis feel like. Does it do something different if you touch it?

Her questions are sometimes provocative. Something that she has seen that she was not supposed to see. What she went out of her way to see. To think about all day.

Can you...just by kissing?

Who had she been kissing? She told me about a twelve year old friend who bragged to her friends about her twenty two year old lover. How she'd sneak over to his apartment and get her high. How he's put his hands down her panties.

What about this sex thing with the mouth? How guys would put their tongue down her privates, and how her friend went all crazy with this.

–I don't want you doing anything more than that. I don't want to get no baby no.

But her friend was sucking his dick. And now she was much older than that. And she'd been afraid of all that.

But he never heard the fear in her voice. As if she had been the twelve year old and what got her to that point.

In his charge...if she is much older than we first believe. And this illusion between them gives her a chance to relive this little problem. Where did it begin and how did he get in on it?

That total devotion where she traced her creation to her flesh surrounding his erect penis. And nothing about her exists before or after that point. Where did he find her—a runaway? She

ran away to live with him. That was his offer. She wouldn't have to do anything all day. She' could sleep for all but four or five hours. Have fantasies. Maybe get drunk. Or touch herself.

She leaves the door of the bathroom so he can see inside. And she is touching herself. Not really going along with it. As if she is touching someone else's body and feels nothing. But he is excited. He wants to visit her.

She knows that he is looking. Then she gets up and abruptly slams the door. The water is running. It makes him think that it is a continuation to what has already gone on. He wants to open the door. When is anything going to happen?

How long since you ran away? That she's been telling the same story for ten years. And before that when she brought guys over to the house.

What started all this? And he's on all fours, looking for something. He's trying to sneak in.

For her what started all this?

And she pulls the cover over her face. She's playing tent. Or hiding herself. She wants him to think about her when he touches himself. What will this make him do next?

Did they hurt her to make her to these things. And can he rescue her now.

He's asleep and he senses her come in the bedroom and lie down beside him. He moves over to touch her. It's nothing.

That morning she looks at him weird. Is she going to class? Is there anything that he can do for her. All this is starting to feel damaging to her—to him.

The questions stop but innuendoes become more extreme.

—Were you in my bedroom last night?

—I thought that you...

—I mean I don't think that it would be right. I got up last night and was looking at your videos.

His face becomes red.

—I don't think I would enjoy sucking on a man's penis.

Something is bizarre in her remark. Something said after the fact. After a host of facts. I don't want you to think that I'm innocent or anything.

She seems to exist as the flesh that surrounds his.

Was this the start of the game. Innocent remarks about the body that got directed to her groping. Sexual touching, premature, untimely. That someone would punish her, tell on her. And she grew to enjoy playing along. Not to enjoy it would mean enduring all her agony. damaged by her own innocence I won't touch you. I just want you to touch yourself. and the guilty looks. he didn't want to think about this time. Had their interaction been any different? Had she come to him for protection against this thing? And he was aggressively pursuing this.

She comes into his room at night. In a trance, but needing the spell to reveal herself. In a nightie she spreads her legs for him to see. Then she starts to touch herself. He licks around her finger. he starts to lick deep in her. She wraps her legs around him to bury him deeper. In this pleasure she obliterates all memory of her past. He loves to help her along.

She then starts to get defensive. Pushing him away. But not really saying much of anything. The next day she will admit to nothing. he starts to feel bad about what happened. Maybe it didn't.

She needs someone—someone who can kiss her. She doesn't want to remember. What

brought her into these cascading illusions—him.

Before all this. Colored shadows and a sickly sour smell. Picture your insides—show yourself. a captive to this invitation

I want to leave now. And the shadows swirl—swirl in you. Concentrating just to survive.

—Why did you come in my room?

—I didn't.

—You were there—in me...

He is even more embarrassed. Not that he hadn't thought about it.

The Accusation.

—It's just imagination.

Or an invitation.

—When are you going to let me leave?

—You can just go.

—Go where?

He is feeling worse and worse about all this. Never thinking it would come to this, he wishes that it would just go away.

All day all he can think about is her. She waits for him to come home. She greets him at the door in a revealing robe. Her hair just hangs there. She wants his touch. He wants nothing less.

When he 's not there, she thinks about sneaking out. And there is this incredible barrier which seems to surround the threshold. Then she becomes attached. His penis moving up her leg. She is already open for him. She will flow even before he has contemplated his entry.

Her whole body dissolve with him

Everything before this was a prison. She could have never conceived of such massive enjoyment. A swoon of passion.

Two women are going at it on a living room table. The one with curly dark hair is spread out in a gymnastic pose, showing it all and more and more. Her partner uses her hands to shape the walls of her partner's vagina. Then her caresses are more intense and thrust inside her. I can feel the flow. To feel it as Oh so real. My hands, her hands guide me into her lover. I slide into her vagina form behind. She looks back at me. Oh so real. To feel as Oh so real. I need to really try this. As I give way, the TV starts to fade.

The other day the police came to see me about some runaway. They stayed for a while. they asked to look around. What do I have to hide? I 'm not really into girls that young. Sex is all about letting the bug drain you of your time, of your youth. But that goes too far—no sport. I love the moment when desire is so desperate, when everything is exaggerated. Because it's all about to disappear. So perfect at the precipice

Having been out, the entire evening, I wake in daze. Out—out of my mind. She is staring back at me. Lying on the bed motionless, just staring.

--Do you want me to leave?

She doesn't say a thing. As if I have already left. The door slams. But I am still frozen in the darkness. What has drained me? Are you doing this to me? Are you?

--Do you seem any less clever now?

The fatigue has left me submerged in this ocean of my own helplessness. I cannot get up from the bed.

Is she still here. I think that I see eyes staring at me.

--I want to try something.

--What?

--Give me the penknife.

--What are you doing?

--You're going to like this?

--What the hell are you doing? You're hurting me. Stop that.

--Have you ever tasted the blood of a lover?

--Isn't that rather dangerous.

--It's all dangerous in one way or another.

--What are you doing?

--I'm tasting you. Let yourself give in.

--This is perverse.

Motionless on the bed one or the other.

In one form this story is told and untold. That I cannot wake up from a nap. That this is what love-making has done to me. Did she take my wallet, my money? Did she rob me of my identity?

I am again inside her. A flashback. A false trail.

--I wanted to ask you to stop while we were doing this.

--And do you want me to stop now?

--I want you to never stop. I need something from you to know that this will never stop.

She works her way to kiss my neck. To bite me there, to draw blood. A welt. A mosquito's kiss. I bounce even before she has planted her mouth.

--This isn't fair. It really isn't.

And it wasn't. I pushed her body. She didn't respond. Maybe passed out. Or drugs. It had to be drugs.

--I have something for you. To help you remember, help you enjoy this.

--I already am enjoying this.

But my aggressiveness was starting to frighten her.

And did she go.

I'm alone in this apartment. On the bed.

Where are my clothes. I want to leave. Need to leave.

--Let's do this one more time.

--I don't have anything else in me. Do I?

--You never know. Pain. You need more pain to keep you going.

And that's how it seemed to work for her, for them all.

--When did it start like this?

This is a new story.

--Did it start with your enjoyment.

--I never enjoyed it at first. It was more like fear. Pain. It is just enough to take the pain away. And after that, you just get so afraid of coming down like that, that you wouldn't mind doing it again. From then on, it's all about being a vampire, getting off on their stories. It's not something that they say. It never is. The story is all about this hollow. And the only thing that

fills it in is the touching. And the more that you touch, the more that you hate it. You crave it. You hate him, he hates you. Because he has it over you. He wants you for one thing and that's all you want. You crave it. Him coming up into you. I just come thinking about it, his smell. It fills this room. And this is your hotel room. I smell them all the same.

>>And this is where I create my longing from these men...I hate them... you for instance...I want to leave...but if I leave then I'm alone with what I've done. And it hurts so much. So much at first. And so very much once you've gone. But that's all of it. And when it's really going along and I'm in it and he's in it. He's so deep in himself. The me that he's created for himself and he just believes and believes.

>>I get nightmares, deep nightmares. And I don't know. Where I've been trashed. These guys with a wink following me back to my place. If I resisted, it would have been brutal. But I skate one that threat. I know that their touch can get me there. These men are gross. And somewhere I remember trying to stop it all. But do I tell them. Can I tell them? I need them in me. I need that initial reassurance. But at that point I realize that I wanted none of this to happen. And if I see the again, I say fuck...I'm not going to do it again. And I don't until they get too close. And then I've got my hands down their pants. I want it to happen right here, right now.

>>I hate mirrors. I hate it all. I don't want to see that I'm in this place. But then I love it. I want to be perfect so that he can't catch me at it. That he thinks that he got a prize. Perfect because I want to be ready to do it again. That little bit that remains that holds them all together. That makes the next one taste where his predecessor has been. And his caress, the trail of his tongue, his hard penis inside me, all this is just a preparation for the next one that is to come. Not to let him know, until he smells nothing but that on me. Where he can't ask and when he does, I can always cover my tracks.

>>-Have you been drinking?

>>-Hell, no. That's mouthwash.

>>And the best part of it all is getting up from a lover's bed and going out to get a new lover. But coming back to the first. To keep him in the fold. There is no shame in any of this. I am being completely honest to my pleasure. None of them are satisfying because they all want to know how good they have been.

>>Except for one guy. He didn't ask. He too never to ask. Only to give me what I wanted. And for that he knew that his time was short. And for what it was, it was everything. And for him, I could give up my wandering. I gave up my wandering. but then one night, he did not come. And from then on it was over. He wasn't going to be found after that. I had been found out. He knew it. But he did not want to be found out.

I didn't want any more of this. I don't know why she had told me any of this. But I needed to hear this. This needed to inform my search. I wanted to find someone who was a captive. Who was at the point of just becoming captive. To capture all that it meant.

I'm was advertising an oak chest. She calls me up.

-Is this an antique.

-It's about sixty years old. It was my grandmother's.

It isn't, but that makes it sound much more quaint.

-I'd like to see. Could I stop by?

-Yeah.

–Is this a bulky thing. I mean is it very weighty.
–Yeah, it’s fairly solid.
–It’s built pretty well.
–Yeah, it’s finely crafted out of wood. It’s heavy.
–Can you help me move it. I mean you’re a big enough guy to help. Would you mind if I brought a guy with me to help.
–No, that would be OK.
–So is this piece sort of unusual.
–It’s just an oak chest.
–Unusual. My place is sort of unusual. I’m sure you must have that kind of streak in you too.

This is taking rather long for such an easy transaction but I like listening to her voice.
–I know I’m a stranger and all, but would you be into unusual things.
–I really don’t want to buy anything right now. That’s why I’m selling the oak chest.
–No. Things. Do you like unusual things?
This is usually the kind of question that I am asking.
–Do you like trying things that you’ve never done before?
–What?
–Sex. Sex with people that you don’t know. that you meet on the phone.
--And...
–Sex. I’m five seven with blonde hair. Nice tits. A tight ass. And I like to fuck. Do you want to get off with me? You’ve got a nice bed.
–Yeah, it’s sort of an antique.
–Would you mind if I brought my friend. He’ll make me feel safe.
–That’s OK. Is he going to join in.
–Have you ever been with a guy?
–I’ve had sex while other men have been there. But never actually with a man.
–Don’t you wonder if you might like it. Because I like it a lot.
–I don’t know.
–Well, I’ll have sex with you if you let my friend touch you.
–I don’t know.
–I want him to suck your cock. How many times can you come in a night?
–Two or three.
–How about seven. We both know techniques. You’ll come when I walk in the door.
That’ll be one.
–Why don’t you just come by yourself?
–I can get any man that I want. I’m doing him a favor. Why don’t I come over and you can look at me and let him suck you off.
–That’s not really me. Why don’t you come alone?
–I’m not coming for you.
–Maybe I don’t want to do this?
–You’ve already started doing this and now you don’t want to stop.
–I’m going to hang up.
–I want your address.
And she’s right. I’ve got a hard on waiting for them to come over. And when she walks

through the door all I can think about is her body. And she keeps her clothes on while he undresses me. He's a big beefy guy with a brush cut. And he's going down on me. There she is in the corner of the room. And she's got her hands in her panties and she's beating off. And he's sucking me. And he loves licking around the hard member. Or tickling my balls with his tongue.

Have I done this before?

And I want to get off. And she comes over to the bed. She pulls up her skirt. No panties. And I slide it in her full pussy. And he slides his penis into me. And the three of us dissolve into that flow.

I am lightheaded. I want more.

They oblige. Who are these people. Why are they in my house.

I hang up the phone. I turn off the lights.

They are both wrestling naked on the bed. He pushes her against the wall. THUD! The crash surprises both of them. Did I push you with such force. She returns off the wall onto the bed with such an intensity. She is being tossed around like a rag doll. Her recoil catches him off balance and knocks them both over. They scramble in the tangle of the two bodies. He braces himself by pushing her down. She reacts and knocks him down. Her forearm slams into his face. The smart of that blow balances between pain and playfulness. He wants to resolve this ambiguity. She sees that in his eyes.

Who is this? What is this? This reminds her too much of previous horrors in her experience. If she still wants to play. If she still finds it funny. She does not.

She tries to get up from the bed. He slams her down. She looks up at him in disbelief. He knocks her down. She forms a fist. But she has no leverage. She tries to maneuver as he moves on top of her. Her movement makes him unsteady. He catches the windup of her punch. This leaves him unguarded. She expects nothing less. She lands a blow to the end. That hesitation. This is much more than either of them expected. They both stare at each other. Did that hurt? She has drawn blood. His nose, her cheek. It was so accidental, the punch just glanced off his face. But somehow contact. He is touching his face. Looking at the blood. It seems more severe. The anger that he already feels seems more focused. Realizing this, she sits up. She has now positioned herself that he can easily throw her off balance. They again wrestle, but the spirit is more intense. And the flowing blood makes it seem so much worse. He laughs in a rather sadistic way. And she feels this opening, as if she is being sucked into this frightening place that she knows all too well, but she never wants to admit exists. For a while her resistance seems to hold sway. But he again catches her off guard and he is slamming her again and again onto the bed. This seems like a wrestler's pose. It is somewhat of a game. But she is getting overcome by her utter helplessness. In this her rage melts to fascination. If she did not choose this predicament then everything about this situation is all the more hellish. Nothing less than a complete threat of all that she is now hangs over her. She cannot overlook the viciousness on his part. Where she has replied in kind, she has started to enjoy the combat. This disturbs her, this demoralizes. But it she who wants to deliver a death bang. And she cannot. She wants to let go to what this is becoming. Where he is carving her completely out and replacing her insides with this raw hatred. In that aggression all his past contentiousness is stripped to the bone. This is the absurd energy that holds the two of them together. And they both roll off each other and seem to encircle each other in these undulations. At the same time, he is exercising his iron will.

And these layers of tenderness have already been burned away. At this stage, she can feel nothing less. This is sick. He has captured so much from her before this combat has ensued. And he stakes his claim even further with these new forays. She sees something unlike she has seen before. She is crying, sick with what this is. But for this moment she is offering herself to nothing less than this explosiveness. This shakes her to the heart of her complacency. He knows what is happening, and in this he finds delight.

Her pain is now physical and at the center of her personality. He soaks the wild flow of this moment. He wants to get deeper and deeper inside. Not to ask; for this moment he has assumed all consent. And she resists at the foundation of herself. But she is also guiding his motions. She cooperates as he pins her to the bed.. Nothing but his victory in these motions. Utter humiliation on her part. But she is just a player in his ritual. She wants him to embarrass her more. To laugh at the flimsiness of her nakedness. And she takes him in her. But he does not abandon this terror on his part. And she feels a layer of her experience open up, face to face with herself, a past that it was too easy to forget. And a past that he wants to relive in cruelty. All her history up to this point had suggested that they could atone for their brutality to her. Now the brutality was the only thing that made sense to her. Once they all had carved so deep, that she found herself leading them down to this awful place.

This is her desire in all its purity. It is pure because it is dirty. Dirty because it erases her face and leaves her subject to his whims. She realizes how she has given herself over to this domination. She plans her life around it. So everything else just seems to float in haphazard fashion. And she did not think that she had picked him out for just this moment. But he too has been denuded of all character except this fierceness. Ultimately she knows that he has nothing to do with this. That's why she hates him so. That is why she is so attached. He is necessary for this illusion. He is her killer.

Once he has entered this game, his emotions are too great to hold in check. He is pushing her head against the bed. Can she still breathe. She is surrendering to his sex, coming over and over again in a flowering of this strain. I want you to do this over and over. And he has his hands around her neck and he is holding her on the bed. And he is nothing but this homicidal wiggle. And she can never forgive him. And she is bonded permanently to him. Powerless.

It's all in him. It's always all in him. But he is so given to the violence. He was the perfect candidate because of his supposed command of himself. It's his way or no way. But he is nothing. He is still kneeling on the bed. She does not move, the open eyes just stare.

And somewhere inside she...