

Desire is its most extreme when circumstances bind my partner to its yolk. It is also when I am least affected by it.

I told myself over and over again that I loved Jane. My whole life had been devoted to her, our plans. I had just returned from a meeting of the Psychological Society when I got the news that my wife was pregnant. I was overjoyed. But this was the beginning of my transformation.

When I first gazed into her face, I could sense that spark of life surrounding her. I had never observed to be so beautiful. Our communion felt renewed. I kissed her with such an intensity that I shivered. I was almost knocked down by the power. We made love that night with a sense of unity that was so overwhelming. I remained in this haze for a week. I felt all her tenderness. But I had also met a mind-blowing power that I had never come across before. Something that had nothing to do with her. And this power had been there all along. That she had hid it from me. And even now in giving in to her, I felt that she was sucking all my energy from me. That she had always been doing this. She didn't want to let me know what was going on between us. She still didn't want to. After that blissful week, I had to leave town to see my professional adviser. I've always harbored a secret crush for Lana. But our relationship had always been above board. And even as I felt my attraction increase, I did nothing. But this was an attraction that had nothing to do with Jane. I originally had an early flight the next day. But I decided to stay in New Orleans an extra night. Lana recommended that I look up a grad student of hers, Shelly. I invited her to meet me at the hotel.

At first, I found Shelly extraordinarily plain. I found this encounter so shabby. When I thought about the renewed attraction to my wife, I wondered what I was even doing here. What was I doing here? I felt that if I got really drunk, I could make the get together seem a little more enjoyable. It was almost as if Shelly was talking to herself, rehashing theories from fifty years ago. I hated her self-centeredness. After all, Jane was already thinking in terms of new life, opening the universe to a greater magic, and Shelly was wondering where she could get drugs for the weekend.

—I read your book.

—Oh, really.

I figured that Lana had made it part of her required reading. Not that my book was that bad, but I didn't think that I had said anything all that special.

—You don't really see a link between the will to power and a lack of affection.

I felt that Shelly was hitting at the heart of my relationship to Jane with her pop psychology.

—That's hardly an accurate characterization of my work.

—The stuff that I really like was the connection between sex and the supernatural.

I sounded like bad porno.

—You're just ignoring such a mass of recent anthropological study.

—I wasn't studying the supernatural, but simply the effect of some dream states,

—I'm not saying that I couldn't see the connection. At least, I did until my last few partners.

—What?

Jane distracted me from Shelly's meanderings. I had wondered if we could stay together in a permanent sort of way. I never placed much faith in attraction in and of itself. Nothing is

more empty than being with someone whose charms wear off when you see their soul.

Not that Shelly wasn't attractive. Something about the turn of her mouth had me taking care of things in the bathroom before we got our next drink.

She stared at me and seemed not to get the acknowledgment that she wanted.

–I was talking about my sex partners.

I stared back, but in a totally blank way, devoid of any passion.

–What sex partners?

I felt like she was telling me about her data for her thesis. She next wanted me to ask her if she liked sex. I detected as much as she wriggled in her seat.

–What are you studying?

I said it in a dismissive way. I just wanted her to go on. And on she did. She mistook my inquiry for genuine. But this gave me another chance to tune her out.

Why had I really married Jane? It wasn't that it was just comfortable. She had been the foil that I needed. Especially when I felt like giving up my work. Maybe just getting a job in sales. I could talk with her out my work. She helped on the books. And she was a loving partner. None of the rigidity that I could sense in Shelly

I didn't want it to get back to Lana that I had had sex with Shelly. First, I had just told her about Jane. And moreover, she would be jealous. But this would be all the more reason for the pursuit. To conceal it from both Jane and Lana. In fact, I had always wanted Lana. She had once severely embarrassed me, questioned the foundations of my work

I remember how Jane had consoled me. This was before we were married. In fact, it was a time that I had this enormous thing for Lana. And she devastated me. Lana was even questioning my data. It was as if she had literally knocked me down trying to chase down a cab. And I had been lost in my admiration of her. In part, I had discovered a flaw in Lana's work. But she would have none of this. And she picked apart my data rather severely.

So this could be my easy revenge. But it was seeming all too easy. Part of me just wanted to hurt Jane. To hurt her because she had always been my second choice. And part of me knew that Shelly accession would show such a weakness in the little empire that Lana had built around herself.

It was simple–too simple. Shelly already wanted me as a addendum to her research. I'd rather return to my room for a late movie.

–Have you every had a champagne enema?

–Huh? Is this what you're learning in grad school. Next thing you'll tell me how you've been making pipe bombs.

I imagined one of those coy diagrams of sexual positions on her wall. No doubt she had minored in the Kama Sutra.

She gave me a crafty little smile. A smile that said technique could be the wonderful complement to caring.

–I never really cared for anyone in my life. I've tried. I've had my heart broken. But it didn't take me long to realize who the jerk was that I was dealing with and I got over it.

What disturbed me was her fascination for S&M. It had all the air of the amateur. The result of willing partners, subordinates to her rather pedestrian imagination. This is what Jane had saved me from.

But this circumstance raised a sadistic side in me that I had seldom seen before. My victim was Jane and my torture needed to be the ultimate. not the death blow of betrayal but the

more fashioned arrangement of her betrayal of me.

–And what if your partners don't oblige by satisfying your curiosities and welcoming a prolonged stay in the hospital?

–I'm a student, not a dominatrix.

Hadn't I seen that on a t-shirt on the campus when I visited Lana.

–A student of the art of suffering.

–I've explored cruelty. When we say no, it hurts, it's often a defensive layer that shuts out our access to a radical form of pleasure.

–And this is your new religion and you are its high priestess.

–Don't be silly. I just know that pleasure brings with it a little sting.

–Pleasure, sting. Where's feeling, loyalty, confidence...

–Are you telling me that you can't bear it?

This Halloween of emotions was getting to me. She had presented her deal and had amazing difficulty trying to close.

I imagined a movie where we cut to our naked bodies grinding in some hallway. I saw the edge of her pussy lapping against a railing as I penetrated from behind.

–You really like this.

She smiled as I kissed her, almost sucked off her face.

But I couldn't imagine mounting one stair. Nevertheless, my hunger was whetted. With barely a trace of Jane, except for this intense hatred. Why was she trying to weigh me down with her stupid life. It was me not her, all along. And I had held myself back. I decided to confess to Shelly.

–Since I found out my wife is pregnant the sex has been incredible. I know that she's felt so free. But it really has little to do with her. It's this excess in me that I've been holding back all my life. And now it's so easy to release and I am getting carried along in this flow.

She again squirmed in her seat as I told my story. But my excitement got all the more intense as I continued to talk to her. I could hardly see her, just feel my warm dick rubbing inside, all the flow, all so smooth, her body...ah. And as I came, I could feel these flood gates open up and rush and rush and rush. And I need her to kiss me so deep. This merging, her part of me, part of this energy.

I knew that face to face with this immensity that we would be temporarily overcome. I felt it in her. That this most intense sex would suggest a connection for her that she had been trying to avoid. In this yawning chasm between us, she would reach out and try to reach for me.

–And this is where the supernatural comes in. All your days are taken by this power, somewhere, elsewhere. Knowing that someone else might grasp this power

Was this our cue. Where we could not even sense taking the elevator. Not even recollect taking off our clothes. That in this meeting we were always together. I could only remember these dirty gestures with my hands, how good oral sex would be for her. And how this was her favorite ritual. And she showed me these signs that she had learned to alert strangers of her passion. And what I wanted to hear about how she would extend her pursuit every where and anywhere. With a substitute delivery boy. With a waiter who had caught her fancy.

–Is it any different than fucking the same man over and over again until he starts to believe that he owns your body and you only let him go where he wants to go. That is why I felt the need to hurt my lovers.

We both needed another drink. Just to keep us in place. It was no longer a question of if

but when.

–Have you ever tried multiple partners?

And I imagined how my life with Shelly would require me to adapt to her increasing appetites. And mine would increase too. WE would scoop up all available neophytes and initiate them into our new religion. These new geometries fascinated. How I would find pleasure in her sucking on another woman's tongue. how this would make my hard on seemed greater, dick seemed engorged, my thrusting into her all the more frenzied.

–I want to fuck you until neither of us can even walk.

She smiled at my invitation.

Did I really make that silly proposition. All this seemed like such a contrast with the mystic sense of fulfillment that Jane had offered me.

All this daydream that had accompanied Shelly's relating to me her research.

–Don't you have anything to say?

–Say. I just told you all about Jane. Jane...my wife. I told you about my problem.

–All we've done is talk about my work. I asked you about yours but you just got so defensive. Lana said it would be difficult. But she really thought that you could be helpful. So I again wondered about her. What of all the hints.

–Weren't you saying something about research on the effects of suffering?

–This is psychology, not religion. My word was cruelty.

–You can't talk about sex these days without someone thinking that you're coming on to them.

–So you do like it a little rough.

–Rough is going to be getting up in the middle of the night to change a diaper.

–Just don't let the pin slip.

I imagined her sucking a drop of blood from my finger.

–I thought that you had to get to bed early.

–I already canceled my flight.

–Oh!

–Lana really impressed how you might offer me some insight.

–Have I?

–It's already pretty late. I told her that I try to make it back to the University in the morning.

–I know that she has conferences so you won't get to see her before eleven.

–Do you really want to have some fun?

The next thing we were sitting upstairs on the couch of my room sharing drinks. She stood up and walked to the window.

--A lot of husbands have affairs when they find out their wives are pregnant. You're really no different.

–I'm not having an affair.

–You will. If not tonight, some time.

I walked up to her and pushed her into the window. With my hand I slid up her dress and glided my hand along her smooth ass lower and lower until I made contact. Already the dry edge started to moisten and I massaged in gentle flips. I knelt down and pulled her into my face and let my tongue pursue its course.

–Ah!

–Do you mind if I get another drink?

All this time, she had been sitting quite a ways from me. This distance started to seem all the more enormous as she got up from the couch.

–If I slept with you, I wouldn't want it to be just this one time.

–I don't even live here.

–Exactly. I'd want you to keep sneaking back for visits. I'd want to come to LA to see you. To have you meet me at a hotel. To sneak into your house and fuck you bad while you're wife was at work.

She turned to face me and her lips seemed so full and the angle where the two lips came to a corner just frightening. Her lips so glossy, so inviting. And she walked over to me all the while lifting up her dress and she wasn't wearing panties and she just shoved her bush in my face and I lapped it up. the fluid, the saliva and her succulent vulva.

–That's all I want from you is to be eaten out. Now take out your dick and beat off and come on my stomach.

Then she slapped me.

--You're a degrading little mother fucker.

And my penis was still hard and she tossed off her dress and I just fucked her over and over and over again.

–You like this sort of thing. This ain't something new. You've been up to this all your life.

And the two of us were in the bath and I pushed her up in the tub so her pussy was above water level and buried my face in her...ah!

We're almost out of alcohol.

She sat down again distant from me.

–Are you wearing panties.

–Of course I am. With a dress this sheer. I should have on a slip.

Her breast were firm, petite and outlined by the dress.

–We should have never come up here.

–What are you going to do about it. Are you going to punish me.

She slapped me hard.

–You really like that.

She hit me harder and the sting made my penis erect.

–This isn't really fair.

She lifted up her dress and she wasn't wearing panties.

–Come on fuck me. Can you get it ready.

And all this dirty talk had got her aroused. and I just slipped it in and felt such a sense of relief when I came inside her.

–Come inside me!

She sat back on her side of the couch. It's weird how men think that if you talk to them about something intimate that you want to have sex with them.

As she stretched out I could see her dress pull up to reveal her white cotton panties. Just a edge. And I wanted to reach over, I reached over to touch them. with her right hand she caught me and with her left she slapped me.

–Didn't your mother ever tell you it wasn't polite to reach under a woman's dress.

–Didn't your mother tell you it wasn't nice to make a promise that you couldn't keep.

–How many time are you going to come if I let you in. Four, five, six...
–I'm not a fucking machine.
–But are you a machine that fucks.
–You know the game is so good, but after it's done, it gets kind of stale.
–You can already smell my pussy. All fresh and washed and ripe.
And her perfume mixed with that pungent smell–humanity.
–This is your god.
And she took off her panties and spread her legs for my sight. As I moved over to her tongue wagging, she got up from the couch.
I undid my fly and took out my dick.
–I want you to suck me off.
She obliged on her knees and as she did she massaged herself.
–She swallowed my cum with a sense of glory.
–You are sick and degrading.
–Lana told me that you were a pretty useless fuck. But if a girl just wanted some fun for a night.
–I never...
–You have a terrible memory. Lana said how you wanted her, thought about her all the time. She could smell the effects of masturbation when you met for early morning sessions. Thumbing through the pornos for the perfect picture to get you going, all the while thinking of her. That's why you picked that hopeless little wife of yours.
She got up from the bed and went over to her purse.
–You don't mind if I get a little coke. She lay out a line on her cosmetics mirror. After snorting she rubbed the remainder around her gums and then took the rest and dabbed her still moist vagina with it.
–I want you eat me again. And that mix...
I returned from the washroom. Shelly was almost asleep in her seat.
–I could call you a cab.
–No, I'm OK. Didn't you say that you had some alcohol in your room. I really want to see that paper that you were working on with Lana.
We rode the elevator rather nervously. My fantasies were getting really ugly. And I knew that she was catching on.
–I'm not going to hit you.
I kissed her in the elevator. I was afraid that I really meant it.
–Could you love me?
I needed her to ask that question. I needed to hate Jane.
–Maybe this isn't such a good idea.
–Idea...you were supposed to go back to LA a couple of days ago and we've been surviving on room service and flesh al this time.
My familiarity with her body was causing me to lose any memory of Jane.
–You know why you're doing this. You just want to get back at Lana.

Memory is the last trace of ownership of a lover. That is time's regime where she devotes herself to its certainty.

Shelly agreed to meet me at the airport and promised that we'd go out for beer and pizza. If figured that she was a little fearful that I had met Jane while in Detroit. Jane and I went to Michigan together, and I hadn't seen her since our days at Ann Arbor. Os it wasn't surprising that Shelly was silent on the ride to pizza place. Not that she didn't say anything. There was just a touch of anxiety in our exchanges.

-I guess you're glad to be back.

-It's good to see you after being gone.

I tried to kiss her but she resisted.

-I'm coming down with something. I just don't want you to catch anything.

-How have things been? How's Ruffles?

It was her cat but I felt the need to humor her about it.

-Ruffles is just OK.

-That sounds good.

Instead of turning for the restaurant, she started to head for the house.

-You missed the turn.

-I didn't miss the turn. I intended to go this way.

-Did you forget something at home?

-We're not going out for pizza. At least, I'm not. I've been doing some thinking while you were in Michigan.

-Nothing happened.

-See! It's always about you.

-Stop the car. I got to get out.

-You're acting weird again.

-Weird.

I got out the car.

-Get back in the car.

-Something going on.

-I've just been doing some thinking.

-Is something wrong. Are you seeing someone

-Don't get mad.

-Get mad?

-It's Ellen.

-You and Ellen have been hanging out with some guy.

-No, I've been spending time with her.

-Spending time. What do you mean time. You always spend time with her.

-No, special time.

-Ellen is scum. She'd take advantage of any situation.

-It's not like that. We get on well together. She listens to me. Unlike you.

-Listen. what have the two of you been doing. You're nothing but a bloody whore.

-She's my friend.

-Friend. You're a married woman.

-And you and Jane.

-We used to work together.

-Work. You always had a crush on her.

-So what. It's not like I did something.

I wondered if this was really my life. How had things become this bad. Did I just lack imagination? Should I have been done something. Or maybe I did say something to Jane that tipped all this off. Some kind of balance that Shelly could read, read before I went to Michigan.

But then I imagined Ellen aggressive with Shelly as Ellen always was. It was one thing to play on Shelly's insecurities. But I had visions of Ellen giving Shelly a massage, a deep massage. Sexual touching, so playful at first. And then the hands wandered further. The longing kisses. The naked bodies together in the sun. Ellen was so confident about her body. And Shelly seemed to draw her confidence from Ellen's.

When I first met Ellen, I noted that attraction, that air about her. I couldn't stop thinking about her. I think Shelly knew this.

Ellen and Shelly went way back. Shelly had been pushed onto the street by her step father. Ellen taught Shelly, fed her, helped her out.

And Ellen was always there in the shadow. Because there was no Shelly—only Ellen. It wasn't like Ellen just liked women. She was a legendary lover. She taught Shelly about men. And in each of Shelly's caresses I always felt the trace of Ellen's teaching.

Shelly always talked about Ellen although Ellen moved to LA years ago.

When I first met Ellen, I felt like I was meeting the spirit of Shelly, what I really fell in love with. And when Ellen was around, Shelly just became like a little mouse.

Ellen took advantage of this. Even when I was around, she showed off her nakedness. she used to sunbathe naked in the back. Some days I would spend the afternoon staring, an activity encouraged by Ellen but never revealed to Shelly. It became so intense that I felt that I was making love to Ellen and Shelly was just the vehicle for my search.

One morning when I didn't have any meetings, I slept late. Shelly was at work. Lane walked into our bedroom naked and went into the bathroom and proceeded to spread skin cream on herself. I watched her long legs propped up on the sink. All freshly shave and tan. She smoothed the cream along the full length. She even touched herself with full knowledge that I could see her from the bed. And her caresses were so casual and free.

Another morning she heard me up. She was in the bedroom with a female lover. Ellen let me watch as the girl ate her out. Oh Ellen! Let me watch as I could see in the mirror how her face was focused on me outside the half-open door.

All these baited invitations. I could hear her belittling me to Shelly. Things got worse and worse.

—Why are you torturing us like this?

—Torturing you. You love this.

—Love what.

—You love to suffer.

—Huh?

—You're cruel. That's why Shelly's with you. She can't resist your force. Her will is weak. But that's going to change.

She smiled. I wanted to do something.

—You want to hit me now. Go ahead!

She laughed.

As she walked past me her bathrobe came open. She Brushed me, her lips almost touching mine.

—You just want it. If you want it so bad, why don't you take it.

And I did want it.

–You’ve never heard of love. You can’t understand something that simple.

–If that’s what’s holding you back then you’re sadly deluded. There’s no love between you. She just loves your dick. And eventually that will change. When she figures out the coward behind the mask.

–Coward, you think nothing of hanging around here sucking off of our hospitality.

I tried to grab out for her. To pull her close for that kiss. But she was already too far off. Her bathrobe came all the way open. She just stood there staring at me, her mound of pubic hair all lush and appealing.

I found myself on my knees eating her out. As if any struggle all came to this. Her lying back on the bed, pushing my head into, choppy breath, punctuated with deep sighs.

–Is this new for you?

–Why don’t we call a truce, just get something to eat.

How my weakness betrayed me.

–Pizza and beer. I hear that’s your favorite.

She put on a dress and heels, a sheer sandal. She left little doubt that she wasn’t wearing panties. She ate with a massive spirit. Drank and laughed at my jokes.

–Sex is a major part of my life. If I see someone that I like, I have to have them. No cost.

–And what if you’re committed to someone.

–No one’s ever held me back.

–Is that your threat?

There was something lovely in her. Something that I despised and wanted to get control of.

–Desire has no name. You can only surrender to it. You can’t contain it.

–So why don’t we have sex.

–Shelly wouldn’t be happy. She wouldn’t understand.

–Have you had sex with Shelly?

–You wish. That would give you your excuse.

–But what about us.

–I’m not attracted to you.

–Attracted, that doesn’t seem to make any difference.

–It does. I know that you want me.

–Know, you encourage it. That effort must count for something.

–You see a naked body and you figure I want her and she must want me. You’re not irresistible.

–And you are?

–That’s what they tell me.

–And you aren’t the least curious.

–You’re married to my friend and you’re so clumsy. Besides your dick probably isn’t big enough for me.

–Dick. Your with women all the time. That doesn’t seem to be a big deal.

–That’s just the point. There’s nothing like a big erect dick to fill me up. Sometimes I just come as he gets close to me. And then again when he’s in me. Again and again and again.

–Are you trying to make some kind of theory of this.

–Of getting dicked?

–And?

–I’ve thought about it.

–And that’s why you’re staying with us. You can’t get any work done.

–Let’s call what I’m doing research.

–How many lovers have you had in your life?

–That’s your game.

–Five hundred? A thousand.

–I haven’t had you and I’ve had your wife. Is that what you want to hear.

–I think that I just want you to move on.

–It’s way past that now.

–And what’s next for us?

–You’re going to cheat on Ellen. She’s going to leave you. You’re going to realize that you’re a no one.

–I’ve never cheated on her.

–Not for lack of trying. You just lack for imagination. It’s so easy. That waiter over there. I want to fuck him. He’s got a break coming. Get another pitcher and buy the time that you’re finished, I will have sucked him off and will have come in me.

Ellen and I were tanked. We laughed on the way home. In the drive way she let me kiss her, let me stroke her breasts. I could see her dress come up as she sucked on my tongue.

She looked down with a sigh and a big smile.

–Go ahead, put it in.

Her vulva was swollen with blood. So were my lips. She bit on me. She drew blood.

I felt my dick slide into her, that easing in and sense of relief on her part.

–Come on fuck me.

–This is our secret.

–This is my secret.

I couldn’t follow through. A wave of immense guilt washed over me. She would use this against me.

I felt as much when I found myself screaming at Shelly from outside the car.

–Get back in here. You’re being silly.

And I was. I wasn’t faithful because I loved her. It was because I despised her.

We both agreed that Ellen had to move out. This came as no surprise to her as she was already packing her stuff when we got home.

That night I really fucked Shelly–fucked. I exploded. I felt massive. But it wasn’t Shelly who was on my mind. I again saw Ellen’s luscious pussy frothing for me. I had let go of a good thing and I didn’t know what to do. Ellen had propelled me to a point that I couldn’t cross. But she had exposed part of me that felt so helpless.

–You were great. I think that I’ve been much freer since Ellen and I started having sex.

–What?

My jaw dropped. My whole body turned weak–what?

–What?

–We’ve been having sex since she moved in. I came back from work when you went to the office. It was great. Sometimes she’d bring other people back, men, women. It was mind blowing. But none of that even matched what we just did. That’s why I want you. I want you inside me.

We kept fucking, fucking that night. Nothing had come close to that physically. But Ellen was a constant reminder to me. A vague sense that something was over between Shelly and I. I was this dam holding back the flood. And I knew that the current was getting greater and greater.

I had never wanted Shelly like this. I had stayed with her because I never had to worry about something like this. Ellen had deformed her.

And deformed me because I needed her presence to maintain this savage energy on my part. I couldn't call her back. That would be the end between Shelly and me.

I went to the office that night. I just had to get away. I called Jane and we talked for hours. She seemed to understand so well.

–I need to come up there to see you.

–It's a bad time. Howard's come back from his trip.

–Howard. You know Howard. He's my lover.

The words cut me. I knew nothing about Howard.

–Is he a good lover?

–He's adequate.

I felt like I needed to end the conversation. I felt like I needed some reassurance from her. I felt like I needed to seduce her.

There I was in my office touching myself

Ellen needed to have a baby. It would ground her, change her focus. Maybe dull her desire.

–I just can't take things like this.

–I don't want a child. I can't get pregnant. I like working and I need to keep working. Besides, I'm feeling so good about us. I could have a baby in a few years. Maybe five years from now. But we need to get reacquainted.

That's really what we did. We started getting into each other.

I had to go to Cincinnati that weekend. Really, I was meeting Jane.

–I can't go with you.

–I'd love to take you with me.

–I can't. Not now. I've already got the ticket and the reservation. I'll be back on Monday.

Jane and I spent an awkward night walking around the river district. I was drinking heavy, too heavy for what was to follow. We were sharing a room. I was almost passed out on the bed when she came out of the bathroom all wet from the shower, her terry robe open, the moist skin, so smooth, so adorable. This was a scene that I had always imagined. What had never come to pass. I thought of Shelly as I passed out.

Actually, I thought of Ellen.

–I've thought about this all my life, wanted it, still want it. But it's just been so tough between Shelly and me right now. I'll be better later tonight.

But I wasn't. I start getting mad at the least thing. Jane knew me. Knew that this was not like me. She was so patient.

–Honey, maybe it's better that we don't do anything.

Jane was everything that I wanted. There was something so fresh in her smile. It filled me with such joy. A joy that I had never know in sex, never known with Shelly. But my blood was infected. Infected by that kiss with Ellen. Why didn't I just grab both worlds. Encourage my imagination but find delight in being with Jane.

I knew where that would go. Jane by herself would never be enough. I'd need to feed my imagination. Images, encounters. From strip clubs to call girls. Just because I couldn't express what I was really feeling.

Saturday night Jane crawled naked into the bed and wrapped herself on top of me. We just held each other close as we fell asleep.

I was terrible. I couldn't cheat on Shelly no matter how much I wanted Jane. Jane felt pissed. she had made her way all the way to Cincinnati just to meet me. She had expected sex and there was none, just a botched kiss at the airport.

She had already rehearsed this moment.

–I know why. That's the whole point. I thought that I needed to see Jane.

–There is no Jane.

–It's OK to give your weekend to her.

–That's my last weekend. Any trip, I want you with me.

I now felt that she had become Ellen. The trespass in catching her naked. I came up behind her and touched her inside

She curled up...

Love is this precious stone to which you cling. Gradually you are stripped of all allegiance except to that glitter.

Cavernous and cohering she is the locus of all attraction. And in this solidifying nexus the passage is entered overwhelmed with the drive for pleasure. That push to overcome all restraint is extended by a most intense joy, the tearing that accompanies the pain only prolongs the depth of this incursion. She is not just stroked, provoked, her whole insides are complete with this swelling. Give me everything.

Ellen was aware of nothing less than this invasion. And she accepted it. Welcomed it. She felt compelled by this touch. More than that, it seemed to suck everything into her. Not the lure of the erect penis. That glossed over the immensity of her sensation. She was enamored by the stone hard fuck, the fist.

–This may seem brutal to you. But anything less, and I am only partially engaged by the physical. And that excess that I cannot muster leads to distraction.

And so I became absorbed in gratifying her.

–Come on, give it to me. More, more, more.

And in the fear that I might too easily be replaced, I became totally subject to her whim. And the whim became devotion, so dominant. Everything, everyplace yielded to this vacuum. The pressure again gathered all in its wake.

What had been before, for her, for me was given over to the fullness her satisfaction.

Every second, every nerve bubbled with her hunger. All attention to her needs.

I seemed to shake under the oppression of this appeal. I wanted her in all its immediacy. I need to have you.

If I had felt the same intensity that she so easily absorbed then I would have fainted under the weight of this oppression.

–Give me more.

But she had her more. She didn't need any more. I didn't need to be afraid.

The swirl of the tongue. The trickle of flesh. The spiral of the whirlpool.

–Do you want me to do something?

In the crevices of her toes, I could taste that same immersion in the flesh that caught me in the curves of her legs, the expanse of her smooth legs. The nervous squirming. My whole face framed by her skin. I collapsed on contact. She shook her head as she drew in the promise of her appetite. She gagged under the oppressive bliss.

–You're still holding back.

She opened her legs to take me in. She opened further to suggest further level of excitement. And my thrusts opened a layer of liberation for her.

I wanted her to give up something that she held back.

Give it.

The fist all lubricated and the passageway yielded to it. And her muscular strength surrounded, held tight. This was the summation of all previous encounters. This was all that she had expected.

I sense an element of degradation. This was entirely raw. Nothing to protect her. Not holding back. Just utter surrender.

All that mass of cruelty that she turned into this focused delight. I can't breathe. I can't take this. Get it out.

She felt all this but said nothing. She resisted to make the pain more intense. It was all totally physical. Every nerve, every muscle, every hand of hair, every mass of skin.

Beyond merging, this was obliteration. I pounded, drove into her not so she would lose herself. She was totally into this. I became a tool.

Could Ellen ever know a tenderness. That she needed this stretching just to feel something gentle.

It's mystical, like a yoga.. Tenderness keep you off guard so when you are gripped by this power, you are totally consumed by it.

And I wondered if all experience just ended here with her. This was not about faithfulness. The whole connection was utterly corrupt so there was no where else to go. And this eternity of desire was why I need to talk about this. to write about it. In the words, it could not stop, there was no cessation to this coupling. We were naked in the words, naked and in awe of our togetherness.

I never imagined such a coincidence. And for this time I thought that we were meant to be together until the ends of time. She did not have to say fuck, or cherish. We were always at the same time in it and out of it.

There could be no torture in our cohesion. We maintained a consistency in that everything that attacked our conjunction was already part of the interaction. I feared giving into to a deeper cruelty.

I became bitter in my fear that I would have to pursue further levels of pain. That she had

hardly saturated her attraction to cruelty.

–Are you afraid of me now?

–It’s just I don’t know what you are going to ask of me next.

–I just want to be happy.

–Are you happy being with me?

–Do you wonder?

–Things are getting a little scary. How far will you push? Is this what you’ve expected from your other lovers/

–You need to relax. You have nothing to worry about.

But I really did worry. The tie between us seemed so tenuous. As long as I could challenge her, she continued to stay attached to me. But what was I doing that was so special. What new tastes was she developing. I wondered if she was talking with her friends about our bedroom activities. Did they enjoy the sight of blood. Did they want sex to take them close to death. To feel pleasure from that precipice.

–You really are into this sort of domination. When I ask you to do things to me, you don’t analyze anything that I ask. You don’t wonder that maybe I’m out of sorts. Maybe I’m a lunatic. It makes you excited to see me scream. If I asked you to slap me around, would that be OK with you.

–No, it wouldn’t. why would it be OK with you. If you knew what to expect, would that preparation take all the surprise out of the act..

–I’m not interested in actual surprise. It’s just the force.

–But then you can’t get off without it and you just expect more of the same thing. It wears down your ability to feel real pain. Or you go into this zone where everything is irritating. Everything is a threat. And that cuts you off from this monster of a desire. And when you’re a monster, there is no tenderness.

–It’s not like that. I still enjoy the pampering.

–But you also like it when I rip your clothes.

–Clothes are just a entry way to fucking. I know that’s how you like it.

–I’m not looking at you to just be my fantasy.

–But that’s how you’re making me feel. Like I want these things.

–But I can tell that you do.

Did I? Was I going along with this psychosis. If I couldn’t help her to death was suicide her next response.

–This is not about death. It is about life. You experience pain and you know you are alive. You concentrate on pain as a way of prolonging your orgasm. If you gave into pleasure, then you would immediately succumb. But the pain acts a wall to the giving it. It’s the dose that intensifies the enjoyment. It makes us feel so together. And once you do give it you just cross over into this neverland that seems to continue forever. It not that first wave, but the massive wave that follows, that just rains on you. It’s all about reaching that point. Crossing over and not coming back. The body must be sensitized to this feeling.

Too often I felt my body just going along. Lagging behind the flow. Hoping for an orgasm to end this tedium. Did I have to keep this going? I almost wanted her to cheat on me. To find someone else who could sustain this level. And the search. Who could satisfy? I imagined some psychotic looking for a subject like this. Someone who didn’t know when to stop.

And now could I stop. If I let Ellen leave me, what would be in store. If I even suggested one of her tricks to a former lover, would I get arrested.

For the moment all I could think of was Ellen's tight ass. I felt my hand slap it. My tongue caress. Finding deeper caresses, her perfumes.

I was in my office but I started masturbating just thinking about it. Would this weaken my performance of the night.

Maybe I could meet her for lunch and take care of things in the restaurant bathroom. the door locked, her sucking me off while the other patrons went about their duties.

I washed my hands.

-Who are you thinking about right now.

Of course it was her. My new tastes would frighten the others in the department.

-Have you thought about needles?

-Drugs?

-No, silly. The pain.

Was this a test? Or just an image.

I saw her tied up on the wheel. I flipped around from her spread legs and luscious pussy to her lips all full and scarlet. The two of us tied together in a constant copulation. Who was conducting this exercise. We had no doubt brought a master into this event. Who could bring more dynamic into this affair.

--What about your ex-wife Jane?

Jane had always hated Ellen. Besides, we were never married. Almost. We almost had a child together. Of I thought about it. I had wondered about Jane.

-I'm not really your type.

OR

-I'm not that into sex.

That was always the prelude to betrayal. Like saying that I'm not into oxygen. Just wait until you stop breathing polluted air.

-I'm sure you've thought about bringing Jane into our games. I'd love you to have her over. She's never been licked.

-That's not really fair. I just wish that you wouldn't bring Jane up.

-But I already have. She has a great ass. Not as good as mine.

Ellen had her midriff showing. I wanted to lick down her bell button to the edge of her pants and let my tongue invite just beneath the elastic of the panties.

-I've decided that I don't want to have sex with you for a week. I don't want you to touch me. You can touch yourself, but you can't touch me. I just want you to talk dirty with me. Make me want it so bad.

-And when we do it, it'll be so great.

-No, I'm going to find some young guy with a big cock and bring him back here and you can watch me blow him off and then he'll just fuck me up the ass, while I masturbate.

-I knew that it was coming to this.

-Coming to this. You are naive. You think that you're the only one that can ram his fist up my pussy. My hairdresser has come over here. She even brought a couple of guys for an orgy. You are an idiot.

I was getting mad.

-Now you want to beat me. Go ahead. That's what I want.

And she did. And I fucked her. And she came as I inserted myself inside her. And again as I made my way inside her. Again and again and again.

–I am your fantasy and that’s what you’re so afraid of.

I didn’t. That I could suggest anything and she’d be game. That I would suggest anything and she’d be game.

Between public sex and multiple partners, bondage, degradation...What were the limits? That I was grasping something about my own ugliness. And since it was so pleasurable how could it be ugly.

–How could you ever be ugly?

Little wonder that mystics had sworn off sex in their route to happiness. It was fraught with the obsessive. It was ridden with deception. If a partner couldn’t satisfy to an appropriate level that night, another was in the wings.

–Fist me hard.

Was this intercourse better if conducted anonymously?

It seemed easier to free myself of this burden. To let go of all illusions of intimacy. Or let her have these excursions while I reserved her deepest kisses for me.

–You can do anything to me, but I won’t kiss you. Only my boyfriend can kiss me.

But a particularly vibrant lick up and she’d be kissing all the way.

–You were so good.

Good, I’m the best.

And it was getting better and better as this went on. I needed new tricks. Devices. Machines. Sucking and fucking machines while I massaged the metaphoric temples.

No one does me better.

I still felt like some amateur. That I had not enslaved nations to desire.

Ellen was an empire. Her whole body invited the world. They bled from the eyes as she was too much to look at. If she went whoring on the street, could she bring back the world.

–I don’t want you to touch me. Just feel the caress of the tongue slide along your firm shaft.

And she’s laugh as she maintained her distance. Shouting her commands while I pumped her on a stage rise above them all.

Fainting just to look at her face. To stare into her blue eyes.

–You are amazing.

She laughed. If she met me now, would she go for my propositions. Just another dirty man.

–I love fucking in the car. Of before going out for dinner.

And she came to expect it. Said she wanted to cuddle. But she wanted to go deep, to stay deep.

–Can I take you deep?

–Of course.

So to exclude any other man, I lathered up my fist. All oiled and ready. Nothing more could fit into this cavity.

Maybe your fist is getting to be too small.

Put it in their with your dick. Or both hands.

And a tidal wave engulfed the whole world.

–This is a disaster.

–Just come and then eat me out. I got to go.

And she loved to command. And I loved to obey.

–I can't do anything for you today. Just lick me up.

Sex to go.

Go.

I just don't know.

–Let me give you a blow job. That will make you feel better.

And her thick lips and blonde hair wrapped around my erect member.

–I am feeling so much better.

She let me fuck her. When she came, she got dressed and just left. I imagined her going to another run.

I loved when she admired herself in the mirror. With her there was no doubt and she was always checking herself out. Pushing me aside.

–I once beat off in the dressing room of some mall boutique because I couldn't help admiring myself in the mirror. It was like I was someone else. A star. And if the sales girl had come in, I would have eaten her out.

I loved this public tantrum.

Are you decent? She never was. I never wanted her to be.

I knew that she was using coke. It helped keep her in shape, keep her awake, going forever.

It's the way it should be. And I expected her to be gone for days. Just getting it. IT's not like it's free. You have to be their friends.

Guys stroking themselves all day and talking about cars.

–They're good!

He's getting penis enlargement.

And I saw them in the mirror admiring the erect cocks, all laden with dripping cum waiting to blow.

–Can I help you?

–I just hate coming down. And I figured out a way that I never have to.

Hence the need for more pain. Pain reversed the depression.

And she was coming home with bruises. Was it needles or rough sex.

–There are no needle marks on my body. No bruises.

And my tongue explored the territory. Even licking her nose. Her lips, her tongue. Inside her.

I could not question her. I was becoming part of her.

–You should have married Jane.

–I thought that I did.

–I thought that was Shelly.

–I want to fuck you again.

–You don't have it in you.

And I reached that point when desire just flowed over you, when you measured what it's all worth. And I felt that I was losing my erection. She just started hitting me. Hard. I could sense a nose bleed. I was getting into this. And my orgasm just hung their. A presence just before me, out of reach until she stopped hitting. And I came and came and came.

–What's going on?

I called Jane.

–It's 3:30 in the morning.

–I've got to get out of here.

–What?

–This is getting to crazy. One of us is going to kill the other. I've got to find a way to get over this.

I didn't go to see Jane. I just needed a vacation without Ellen. I just sat comatose in a chair. But I missed the action. I found myself planning more bizarre geometries with the vacationers who walked past me. That they would see in my state the suggestion for more adventure.

I could not escape my new pleasures.

Once the physical territories have been conquered, kindness invites us to more bizarre lands.

–Do you ever feel that straight sex just isn't enough. That maybe you need an invitation to something a little more bizarre.

–Are you thinking about other partners.

–Am I adequate for you.

–You're perfectly fine.

–Have you ever used a vibrator?

–Of course, it's every lonely women's best friend. But why are you asking me this now?

–I've been thinking.

But she hadn't. Not in that way. She was shocked by my suggestion. Not so much for its brutality but because it seemed to destroy what basis of communication that we had developed.

–If I needed something more, I'd tell you. I know that your friend Ellen has filled you with all sorts of stories. But all women aren't like her. Thank God.

–Sometimes I think that you're sort of a prude when it come to sex.

–I've experimented, but it's just not for me. I want someone that I can count on. Count on not to ask me to do something too weird.

–But that's not enough for me anymore.

–Have you every thought what it would be like if you gave in to such fantasies? You wouldn't know where to stop.

–Yes, you would. You'd stop when the pleasure became overshadowed by the pain.

–You seem to say that with some real knowledge.

–It is a sense of knowledge. I've experimented in the mind. It's part of my work. I've talked to subjects in various studies I just think that pain is all part of this process. And we need to break through the barriers that we've created.

–We do. We always try new things. Shows, new restaurants.

–But I don't really feel affected by any of this.

–I'm not going to let you torture me.

–Not torture. You just need to stretch your version of enjoyment.

–Have you been trying this out with someone else. Just go ahead. Because I like what we've got.

–You have nothing to worry about.

–I just don't want to feel that our love-making is some kind of contest. I want to be with you. Not with all my old lovers.

–All. Were there that many?

–I don't mean it like that.

But I did. And I thought about it all the time. I went over the combinations. As goddess I did my contempt for Jane grow. I despised her.

Contempt fuels the most extreme desire. There are no pretenses about gratifying the tender illusions of the lover.

Once I realized Jane's designs on my wealth, I quickly woke from my romantic slumber. What assets that weren't gambled away were safely protected untraceable off shore accounts. When we made our settlement, she was convinced that I was the n'er do well that her friends had warned her about. It was much easier to disengage from her financially than it was emotionally. And I still bore the scars of our time together. It was hard to admit to the separation. The financial disagreement made it much easier to pretend that there was nothing more between us. I yielded to that certainty. What more was there to love than that?

If I really expected to prolong my time with Jane, I needed to become certain about her designs on my money. Even if I was a good for nothing in my youth, my future might hold more promise. I did not want to mortgage that dream to the rather pedestrian concerns of my lover. She had first wrapped her plans for the future around my dream. But now she found my pursuits as nothing less than tedious. She figured it was an excuse to always have available women waiting in the wings.

For so long I was devoted to Jane—really devoted. And this attachment weighed heavily on my every decision. I never believed that she could entertain an alternative to our shared paradise. This desire was made more evident to me as I contemplated temptations to our bliss. What else could I do to test the summit of my commitment.

If Jane hoped to lock me down with obligation, I needed to distract myself with the limitless wonders of my imagination. I had trained my charms in the submission of Jane. I didn't want to waste my years of refining the craft.

I always felt that some pretext was necessary before I actually strayed. And this abstraction was at the forefront of the restraint on my part. If I was to focus on the appeals of others, this would only confirm my intended route down that path. I let associates throw compliments my way. And I was always polite. But flirtation often seemed the remotest thing on my part. Instead, I plotted romance scenarios. I fell in love with images and concepts. And I pledged my undying love for Jane.

As Jane became more preoccupied with plans for our life, I felt less and less part of my own experience. Where my friends seemed off limits for my pursuits, Jane's friends seemed to have a special appeal for me. I told Phil about my fixation.

–What use is a distraction if it's not the basis for action. Otherwise, your frustration is only going to get the better of you.

–I just channel my energy towards Jane.

–And when Jane's delights start to pale...

My scenarios were becoming more complex. How could I transmit my affection for a friend without her catching wind of my plot. Eyes would wander, but this was never the basis for

anything solid.

–Do you think that your lover has straying eyes.

My impressions had to be strong enough that the receiver would feel guilty for permitting my invitation. I felt like I was the part of a circus. It all seemed so wonderful.

After our first year of marriage, the revelation of Jane's pregnancy ended up being a crushing blow. In the depths of my being, I was fatally convinced that this had been the worst decision of my life. I was convinced that I was irrevocably tied to a woman with whom I had nothing in common. Complicating matters, I felt that I harbored a secret loathing for her. Nothing could end my imprisonment in a reality whose shock was now dawning on me.

When I told Jane that our engagement was over, it broke her apart. She had never contemplated a possible termination of our alliance. I was completely relieved that I had not followed through with my initial plan to marry her.

My attachment for the bizarre was no doubt fueled by Jane's pregnancy. The news was not really devastating to me. But I began to feel more and more separate from her. She ceased to interest me. I was still willing to maintain a pretense. But my real interests were elsewhere.

If I had not actually been involved with Jane, it would have been necessary to invent my fixation for her in order to explain my unusual and insatiable pursuits.

DONNA

The last refuge for a romantic is his incapacity to perform. So he builds his monuments to love.

I needed someone to rescue me from the night. Someone who still feared its power and could take me out of the place. Who realized how terrible it was for me and could reach out and just pull me across.

She hid in a corner. Too afraid to become part of what was dragging us all down. But she needed to know that force. To wake her up from her slumber. I reached over for her. Tried to get her attention.

She was oblivious. Perhaps that was her charm.

Donna. Straight long hair, bangs. Big eyes—heavy mascara and ripe red lips. A slicker in a rain storm.

She looked down. Didn't want to make eye contact. Realizing to move in the light was to enter the stage area. She preferred to drown in a drink on the wings of the action. To make her own action. Stars approached her and quickly faded out in her intensity.

Next week I saw her again. That fleeting glimpse. Gone before I could catch her attention. William tried. William with all his charm and cavalier airs. Too much for even her to resist. She gave him all that she could. All that he could command. And then even he faded next to her sun. And she took her light elsewhere.

She didn't need our artificial sun and iv supports. She stayed alive on her own sunshine. Somewhat envious of that light. Of her heat.

No wonder non one really noticed. Or they all wished that they could.

–I can't really rescue anyone. I have it pretty bad myself.
As if her condition was a permanent flu of the soul. Loss of rhythm. A shade of paralysis.

A heart given too long and too hard.

I knew the symptoms.

Donna began a new episode in the pursuit of the romantics. She accepted reluctantly the center of this universe. She had always existed in this same possibility and had wanted to touch something genuine for once.

We laughed. I laughed.

She was our new real gold. The precious metal in our midst. The solid form against which we measured all our former foolishness.

She wanted that sudden hilarity. Something abrupt that might interrupt her attachment to a more prolonged quest. Love and loss.

–I'm not playing a game. Just wanting something lovely.

She had that wonder of peppermint candy. The certain menthol filling the lungs. Lighter than a kiss, longer than an embrace. The sweet leap.

Donna got overwhelmed by the day, fading in the absurdity of the sunlight. Lagging behind in the crystal overload. The neon confluence of night splitting apart in these morning explosions.

Her curiosity seemed everlasting. The fascination lasted in her absence of the week. Hoping that she might reappear after a week of fast.

The gaslight firing the night. Day in night. That brief seduction. Not to follow up but just to sacrifice to the darkness. Not even trying because it might throw into doubt the gamble of the heart.

Her suitors could never keep up with her energy. Or they would get eaten up by her reticence. Asking for something that she would not give up so easily.

Sure, she's act out. Act out all too well and all too deeply. But always shading the heart.

–I'm not motivated by purity. I'm motivated by heart.

–Is that purity of heart?

--Don't be silly.

William passed by her. Stopped and turned. Smiled. Whispered in her ear. She laughed. He walked on. Another time.

She was already captured by the lights.

[Where are we?]

We were watching her. In my vision. As if I caught a glance on the street. Remembered. Brought to life.

–Can you get her to talk?

I was having enough trouble getting her to walk. Or get dressed. Paper dolls, mix and match. Which skirt with which top. A blouse, a scarf.

Where did she get the clothes?

She giggled. She wouldn't reveal her secrets.

Follow her to the mall.

–I don't shop at the mall.

–That's not really true.

She wouldn't reveal her secrets.

When they won't reveal, you have to start making things up.

–I'm really not like that.

But if the stories stopped could she survive.

–It's not like I'm a celebrity.

She brushed her long auburn hair.

[Is that the right color. How did you see this.]

Was I cheating by running the camera for her. Trying to capture these moments.

–There's nothing momentary except for you.

This nostalgia seemed to dominate how I was feeling about her. I really wanted to tell her something of how I was feeling. But she really wasn't giving me much of an opening through the whole thing. If I told her how I was thinking about her, then that would really destroy the magic of the whole connection. And it was all about magic.

I remembered when I had first committed her name to a page–Donna. D-O-N-N-A.

I felt that I had named that special connection between us.

She smiled and then turned her back on me. This would be the hallmark of our interaction.

–What do you really expect of me?

–Where do you get those clothes.

When I thought about Donna, I thought about velvet and dark colors–deep greens, burgundy.

–You can never capture the way that I think.

It was such a mystery to hear her talk. With her eyes averted and her whispered tones.

–Will you please speak up?

What was she hiding?

[Of course, nothing. Otherwise, the mystery would have been more mysterious.]

The less she said, the more I felt attracted. I gave in to my attraction. I felt attached to her.

–When you love someone, you just give them everything. You have nothing to protect yourself.

I had nothing. Was she talking about me?

I saved up all these illusions to share with her. The bank was becoming overcrowded.

She never seemed to give me any time to tell her about my dreams.

[That could be the reality of our connection–there was none.]

I tried to look her deep in the eyes. She was concentrating on something else.

We always seemed to show up at the same events. I took this to mean something–that we shared the same passions.

–Did you hold your breath as long as I did?

–I'm not good at holding my breath.

–What about when you kiss?

–I've never thought about it.

–Had she?

The rather short time devoted to our engagement was not a factor in how deeply it affected me

The fire radiated by Donna was so intense, it only made sense that she could not bear the

interference of the sun. She protected herself in a world of silence and darkness. There she reflected the depths of artificial light. In the day time, her colors always seemed so stark. I could see her running from the cruelty of the midday. Heading for protection in more certain shadows.

She caught on that I was her beacon. It gave her a sense of added power. But she didn't want to let on in a too intense way. Again she averted her eyes. And she let my rays pierce a more profound darkness.

She almost existed immaterially. No wonder I had such difficulty breaking her emotional wall. Her presence seemed to fill my every moment. It replaced the doubts that had previously haunted me. Just a smile would light my day.

For a long time, I seldom saw her with a man. This further advanced my fantasy. When I first saw her with someone, it was sort of an idol—longish hair—all glamorous—a girlish carefree.

She kissed Donna. But I saw him making out with her friend in a corner. All very exchangeable. I approached Donna briefly.

—Great talking to you. I should really get back to my friends.

She traipsed off leaving me to wonder. How did she hold together that outfit. Her slight frame seemed to become more formidable the more time that she occupied my fascination.

—Don't say those things.

I couldn't help it. I caught her at a show, and thought that I had her undivided attention until her man showed up. I felt that I scored some point when I spied him with another girl at a social event.

A week later, I watched Donna lose some of her composure.

—When you give too much of yourself, you don't have much of a chance of recovery.

She didn't wait around for further exploration. I was left standing there to ponder her mystery. She was like a tapestry that involved me.

—I want to explore the ways of the heart.

Her vision became more and more clouded with the coming weeks. Her ability to hold her liquor decreased. The floor started to be her occasional companion. She often left draped over her companions. Where was the mystery that had so held me to her.

One night she actually confided in me. I felt like I was a spectator at a performance. She would only talk in general terms. About wandering hearts and inflamed passions. I wish that I could be burnt in the extreme. But near me things were always ice cold.

I was only reminded of my problems with Jane. Or I pretended some significance to my problems with Jane so that I could feel more deeply involved with Donna. My speculations only grew worse with that association. She encouraged it. If I had tried to kiss her that night, I would have destroyed any chance with her. But that wager was becoming riskier and riskier.

A scandal only added to my wonder. Ange had gone to the bathroom and was gone a little too long. Donna and Ange's man Jack found their own place on the dance floor. The wrestling match grew more furious. No doubt Jack fed her with promises of drugs. The once obscure drives of Donna were now crystal clear. Ange returned to find them both gone. She had that strange look in her eye—a lost puppy. Lost more than I could do anything about.

Donna offered me neither consolation nor sustenance. And that made it harder to let go. My castle in the sky was magnificent. Only now was it coming down due to its own weight. Even now my attachment to Jane was becoming my undoing

KELLY

The point of going under completely is to figure out how can anything else between me and a women ever even speak to that degree of contact that we achieve sexually.

“I’ve been reading these stories intently. Are there models for these women that you talk about?”

I have to wear gloves so I don’t shatter the illusion for reality.

Everything about me is involved in my contact with Kelly.

I pulled her over and kissed her. A wet involving kiss. She was surprised that I was so forward but she could hardly resist. That warm feeling inside just overwhelmed. When I felt herself going under, just melting completely

The wild rustic incense of her body filled me and paralyzed me. My tongue buried itself in the thick tuft of her hair. I worked my way through to the raw flesh. I spread my saliva over her clit. Soon this mixed with her juices that wet my chin with my more intense motions.

–I can’t answer for the feeling that you have. I can only talk about what I actually do with you.

–So you don’t feel that there’s any connection between my feelings and what we do.

–Of course, there’s a connection. But those feelings are all tied up with your history.

Things that have nothing to do with me.

–But it’s because of my past that I’m attracted to you.

–That’s great. But I’m not part of your past. And if you dwell in that past, you’ll never appreciate the present.

–I do. I want to cherish the present. But I don’t want to lose what we have.

–I really don’t know if this isn’t all too much for me.

–Maybe it is. But that’s what makes life so great.

She wanted to explain herself to me. I let her go on.

--I dreamed that I was climbing up Rapunzel’s tower. My ascent got lost in her luxuriant blonde hair. As I climbed my desire became heightened. But my fear also increased. This vertigo gripped me all over. I was too far along to give up. I needed to pull harder and harder. I almost felt myself turning around and around. Only my deep breaths short-circuited my dizziness

>>After this dream I was affected by this most fearful acrophobia. A stair well would send me into fits. Shaking and sweating. Loss of balance. Worse, unconsciousness.

>>I sought psychiatric help—to no avail. It seemed to affect my sexual life. A state of arousal would itself bring on its own form of discomfort. I couldn’t bring myself to climax. I spun around in my confusion.

>>I was dating this guy Steve. It was all about the sex. At least it was at first. It was a point of my life where I first felt OK with oral sex. He’d go down on me and I’d be in heaven. I’d just coast through the rest of the intercourse. I’d just loose myself. But that’s when I had the dream. Before the dream I’d get off two or three times with hardly any effort. But now I had to keep showing exactly how to stimulate. I felt that we were using a text book. And he started

getting tense.

>>Steve was always a boring guy, except in bed. So when the sex went, things really screwed up. I was pretty sure he had another girl with none of my hang ups

>>Then I started hanging around with Will. But Will had less experience than I did. I could tell that he didn't like going down on me.

–Kelly we're such good friends. It just seems dirty.

–It's not dirty. It's natural.

–I feel like I'm getting swallowed up in you.

>>He could never keep it going very long. And I just didn't feel right being sexual with him.

>>I starting devoting myself to hiking and riding my bike. I became a fanatic about fitness. This substituted for my fear of sex. And I started hanging out with guys who were sort of abusive. I'd have sex on the least pretext. Even if I couldn't get off, it was important to make him happy. I became sort of obsessed with guys' dicks. Just the bigness inside of me gave me a sense of conquest.

>>I remember that I had this other dream about all these towers with spiky tops. I laugh when I think about it. I also started to conquer my fear of heights. I could suspend myself off the balcony of a tall building. I became sort of daredevil.

>>When my sexual desire kicked in again, I just lost control. I wanted to hit that peak. To have him with his face soaking up the sweat of my crotch. To pull him closer as he went animal inside me.

>>Then I'd ram his big cock inside me and let him bang around in all the sloppy mess. Just pump me real good.

>>A friend gave me a vibrator as a novelty gift. It felt so good sliding in the hole. In and out and in and out. I wanted a dick that was as obedient. I really became an orgasm addict. I just wanted to get off. If I met a guy who I liked, I wanted him to be hard all the time inside me. When he wasn't, it felt like he was cheating on me.

>>It gave the perfect excuse to collect other lovers on the side. Take a trip with one while the other was resting from our nightly work out. A man was just something to hold a flesh vibrator. Swing away.

>>If he stopped liking sex, I started to doubt his motive.

–You've become this sex-crazed monster. You'd probably doing it with a dog.

–Do you really love me. Or are you just using me?

–That's the same question that I was wondering about you.

>>I could never really understand why these guys wanted to be around me all the time. We'd just have sex. And then they'd just disappear. They'd be off with another girl. Or just find other things to do.

I watched Kelly move around the room. I really didn't have any fondness for her stories. Even her body didn't turn me on all that much. But something about her said sex, fuck me again and again. I pulled her over to me and slid off her panties. My tongue followed the line of her ass. I plunged deep inside until she bent down and spread wide for me to find the sweet lips of her pussy, I licked all around. And kept sucking and sucking until she was good and wet. Then I pulled my dick out. It felt so easy—so easy and natural I just banged away while I pulled on her big ass. She was a real screamer. I tried to match her sighs. It felt so great. Fuck, fuck. I

rubbed her legs. Reached around to massage her clit. She was going crazy.

I pulled her hair and twisted her around to lie on the bed. I just entered her and banged and banged and banged until I completely exploded—just went WILD!

She blasted with me and the two of us went off in a blaze.

While I was inside her, I felt so much a part of her. But down deep things were just the opposite. I was torn in two by the intensity of our pleasure.

—Would you mind going again?

Who could answer this question? Our connection was so tenuous. But the sex just said so much. I loved it when she spread her legs so she could mount me. Where her skin folded over as she bent on top of me. The smooth rocking back and forth once I had slipped my dick inside her.

Her eyes rolled and she licked her lips, then her fingers.

Her rocking became more consistent. I could hardly maintain my composure. I relaxed. I got harder. She pushed into me with renewed enthusiasm. She caught a wave and just kept pumping over and over again. I could hardly keep up with her vigorous motions.

I found a high to sustain my relaxation and I pumped more intensely. She cupped her hands around her clit and engaged herself with such commitment. When she came it was in massive waves. I submerged in their wake. When I tried to come up, I was getting tossed and sent down into the depths. My climax was weak and dispersed.

—That's all for today.

I felt that I was at a show. This made me feel worse. I resented her. But this wouldn't stop me from seeing her. I loved the sex, and she was becoming attached to our time together.

She wanted to continue her stories and I felt entertained by her.

—My desire to conquer grew. If I met a new man, I had to prove that my old lover meant nothing. I'd shove my new conquest in his face. I'd make love in public. Even let the new guy get dirty with me. Let him feel me up with everyone watching. I didn't care. And I wanted him to take me to climax. Just to let everyone know. My ex would just lose it.

>>What could he expect. He was no longer part of my life. I couldn't let him affect me in any way. Sure I got into sex for its own sake. But who isn't that way. It sucks to get your heart broken.

>>My body got harder and harder. No fat. All the muscles had great definition. I felt so complete. Things turned weird when I got abandoned in a hotel on one of my sex jaunts. I was doing things that weren't me.

>>I had to find a man that cared. David seemed like that kind of guy. He had his own accounting firm and a beautiful house—a regular palace. He let me stay there all the time. I took time off work. He supported me. But I felt like another piece of the furniture. He assumed things. And it was so boring.

>>He was so easy to cheat on. At first, I was choosy and very discreet. Then I started to screw one of his friends. I came in from sunning myself one day and looked at myself in the mirror. It was weirder because I had to get used to the indoor light. But that added to the unreal feeling about it all. What had I become.

>>I snuck out of the house while David was gone. I even stole something as a memento. It never really meant that much to me, and eventually I sold it.

>> I thought that I needed to pay for my sins. So I went to live with one of David's friends. He was still married. But his wife was with her mother. He told me that he was going

to get a divorce. Bruce was too charming. And a real fuck. He also had a girl going in the office. He was David's assistant, but he told me that he was going to take over the firm. He had dirt on David. He had dirt on everyone.

>>I knew that Bruce was a jerk, but I started to really like him. He didn't care for me that deeply. He didn't care for anybody. But he took care of me and that was all that mattered. I also had some delivery boy come by at noon and slip it to me. Once Bruce came home for lunch and the boy had to sneak out the back way. Bruce asked about the kid's truck, and I made some excuse.

Once she had led me down this path, was there any way that I could ever offer her any credibility. What could this Bruce have been thinking. "Take care of her"—what nonsense. I did all that I could to contain myself as I heard her continue. When we had sex later on, I put the stories out of my mind. Or they inspired me to just push things to the limit. She had nothing to hold back.

I felt this sense of complete unity. That feeling shone in her face. It pulled me along. I just let loose—oh what a feeling.

—This is so different than the other guys that I've been with.

For once, someone's not listening to your shit.

—What do you mean?

—I feel that you really care.

—I told you not to believe that sort of stuff. We have good time together. You're a big girl.

—You're just saying that.

—Saying it because that's how it is.

She wanted to paint me in a corner. She felt the need to analyze the sexual stages in her life. That this might make sense of what was going on with us.

—There was this period of instability in my life that continues to this day. Where I gradually became more and more lost in the realm of physical pleasure. I was almost a sacrifice to my own being. A perverse magic that still haunts me.

>>This profanity meant that I couldn't find pleasure except by risking my sanity. Except by hurting myself in some way.

>>I figured that I needed to track things back to the beginning. That maybe I could find the source of all my troubles.

>>When I was much younger, sex posed this immense threat to who I was. I'd hang around these boys who were nothing like I really was. I just like the way that they looked. Or how they made me look. So after I'd been with them for a while, I'd just have to get away. Just spend time by myself.

>>After a while, I found that there wasn't much difference between how I was on my own and how I was when I was with those guys. That made me more afraid. I realized that it didn't matter to them if I was really enjoying myself. So if I found some guy who was totally hedonistic, that just made me so excited.

>>I'd spend all this time in the dark about who I was or who they were. But the most exciting part was how easily I'd give in to the same sort of shit. I just want to get powered up. It almost seemed better that I was getting used. Otherwise, I'd have to deal with their shit all the time. Really, how could I ever find anyone to care for me under these circumstances.

>>I wanted them to leave. It kept open my possibilities. But here was the real tragedy. I

also wanted them to care for me. I was just sort of pathetic.

>>When you just give up, that seems the worst part of your life. And you wonder some night if this is the end of it all. Are you ever going to get out of this mess? That's why it helps to drink. It helps the exaggeration. That it really makes a difference how cute he is, or how big his dick is.

>>The worst part is you see these two people on the street and they're just like most perfect people for each other. And you wonder why you can't find someone exactly the same for you. That's just the really stupid part about it all. Completely his sentences or rubbing the drool from his chin.

>>But after sex, you still can't get him to open up.

"Open up"—what the hell could she be talking about. She never gave anyone else the time to do anything like open up.

—You know sometimes you're such an asshole.

What was she saying to me?

—I'm just feeling sort of insane today.

—What?

—Why don't you bend down, and I can show you really what you feel about me.

—I want a little more in life. There are other people who can give me what I need.

What was this bull shit? It was ridiculous of her to try to intimidate me emotionally.

—I think this is working.

—That has to be the most ridiculous thing that I've ever heard.

—You're the one who's looking for caring. What do you think I can give to you?

What was I looking to do. I knew that Kelly was sort of a liability to me. But now I was trying to play along with her stupidity.

—Let's just get this over so I can do some other things.

—Now, you're starting to sound like me.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH AND YOU WILL KNOW!

Kelly thought that she could combat my indifference by turning her life around. Diet. Exercise. Self-help books.

At what point did Kelly become aware of her disintegration. She was so immersed in her new athleticism that she completely lost touch with herself. If it required too much concentration on her part, she would quickly lose interest. There were concentrations in her experience which demanded more attention.

--Do you like how my legs look. Don't my new shoes just show them off?

They did. She was certain of that. And so was I. To certain. I didn't need her reminder, nor did she. But then she did. She ran her hands along her legs.

Where was that moment where her experience said no to her. Even in her confusion, she found a new certainty. She couldn't be afraid of not being loved, because her actions meant that she should be loved. And if she was not, her condemnation ended up being so much more formidable than her feelings of dejection. This was the fortress that she used to protect her ill gotten gains.

--This must prove that you love me.

Couldn't anything prove as much. Even with Jane, I never encountered such stubbornness.

in the face of contrary evidence. I could sense her body coming apart before me. She assumed that she was finding these new unities. The work out seemed to give her the ability to impress her will on a resistant body. At the gym, she was subject to all these stares from strangers. She resented it, but she also found the source of a new power. Once she gave in, there would be no hope on her part. What they saw was what they got.

--I haven't gained any weight.

If she had, then the program wouldn't have been working. Of course it was. It was the contrary to a disease but still following the same pattern. The body was recomposing a new unity. Choking and stomach pain. Nausea and blurred vision. Only for Kelly these deficiencies were her minor successes. The definition of her thigh muscles. Her new endurance. The new appeals of ass or abdomen. The looks by her new fans.

She adjusted her skirt. This would soon be coming off. Clothes hugged her new intentions. She wanted to get past her yielding to her desire. But that desire itself was only a pursuit of a more intense pleasure. She closed in on this goal with each surrender of principle. This only drove her back to the work out room with new enthusiasm. There wasn't an ailment that didn't find its reply in a new exercise. Her confidence was overwhelming and awaiting immediate assault.

For Kelly the only clear offense was her new defenses. And that's exactly the response that she craved. For the most insidious attacks were those that she most cherished. She had most to fear in her allies. The most to worry about in the sneak attack. She had shored up her front line with such assurance. Even her flanks were guarded. But the shield was entirely subject to penetration. This surrender she cooperated with fully.

What was Kelly protecting? Her inability to really affect her own emotions. And by extension, her inability to influence anyone else. She took minor victories as declarations of a total rout. And this just made her vulnerabilities all the more exposed. Everything about Kelly was something that could be seen. And she knew this so she had to constantly repair every minor defect.

For her own part, she was the moth heading for the flame. And the fires burned too bright and seemed more appealing the closer that she got. The wonder wasn't how far she fell. Rather, she attempted to convince other people of the reasonability of her erring.

Her body then followed the same disintegration as her overall personality. She more or less sold out all the parts to the highest bidders. And she awaited with great anticipation these bids.

Her thighs were tanned and bordered by the straps of her panties. I reached underneath the strings and pulled them off. The back pulled against her ass. Her legs looked sleek. I ran my hands up and down--so smooth. It made me hard. I wanted to let her know how her appeal intoxicated. She laughed as if this was all expected on her part. I stretched her out on the bed and started to eat her out. She expected this. Had grown use to the automatic quality of our contact.

Her legs spread wider apart and she dug her heels in the bed. Her toe were in a point and this directed my attention to her overall position. I pulled closer her legs to surround my cheeks, buried my face in her thighs. She loved the feeling and squirmed slightly. I inserted myself into her. She moved upward to accept me.

How long could I maintain this illusion with her. As long as she could answer back with the body of hers.

–Sometime this is going to have to stop.

What?

Who had spoken. Nothing intelligible. She felt more connected to me with my further incursions. She could not hold herself together. She lost herself completely. I stretched the cheeks of her butt apart and massaged her pussy. The flesh was so responsive, and I eased apart my passageway. She obliged by opening herself still more.

I entered her with complete resignation on her part. She could not emphasize her physical thrust with such verve. I was mesmerized. Just by IT. She went way beyond. This was the eternity of her connection. She had kept on—she had acquired a proficiency. I gave in.

How could I break her conviction. It seemed too easy to betray. Or I hope that she might acquire her former adventuresome character. This burden was enormous. I wanted her to make the break. And I started to make something about the sex. I became enamored with her pussy. With it. She wore her jeans tight to emphasize her features. I loved to touch her panties. The smell. Her taste.

I couldn't pretend it was more than that. Her illusion was just the contrary. That all these little features were simply an invitation to the person. For me, they were only impediments. They were the lures that had always got her caught up in dead end romances.

–I'm a hopeless romantic. You can't change it.

I felt the emphasis was on hopeless. It was becoming worse.

–If you left me, I don't know what I'd do.

She needed a pretext. Her desire hardly seemed sufficient. If she might only want more. The unexpected quality of the oral sex. Perhaps another partner. Thrills that were still spontaneous, that still surprised.

–I just pushed things to such a limit when I was younger. Now I value honesty.

–So do I!

And I did. Valued it because now it filled me with such a sense of certainty about her.

Kelly thought by invoking tenderness that she could win me back. She bought this fur glove with which she caressed my face. She wanted me to strip naked and let her touch my whole body with the thing. It looks like a bear claw that had been appropriated from some poor creature in the woods. It was sad.

I just wanted her to touch her whole body with the thing. When it was moist I'd be ready to play along with her new sensitivity. So much for caring. This was becoming worse than a sham.

We met one day for lunch, and she was back to telling her stories. Stories that had nothing to do with our problems. When I heard them, all that I could think about was Jane. Did she get it? She only saw the world as it applied to her. It got worse.

Early on she had made the mistake of associating sexual practices which seemed taboo to her with some kind of special connection with her lover. This led to the most detrimental situations. Here she was abandoned in some motel in Phoenix wondering if her ex was going to come bail her out of her broke down life. The more that she gave, the more he just fucked her over. If that wasn't enough, he fucked one of her friends in front of her. If this was all part of the game.

I wish my imagination had been pushed to that extreme. Maybe I had to learn from her. Something that had seemed so obvious to this ex, but she had to be slapped in the face to see.

–You hurt me.

–What? I didn't do anything with you that we haven't done a million times before.

She hadn't withdrawn her consent. She was just losing part of her will. I could feel the pleasure eroding. And she had just let up. Her pain.

Was this her hint that things had to end? How long can you keep something going before the pain knocks you out?

Kelly wanted to make sense of the absurdities that had followed her all her life. The lover that she had supposedly caught with her sister.

–I didn't know that you had a sister.

She was feeling more and more like a replay of an earlier experience.

–I didn't know she was your sister.

–You needed to look much closer.

–I tried, but I'm afraid of height.

I was becoming afraid of a lot more than falling from a tall building.

–Isn't that supposed to be my story?.

--Things are just flying back and forth. It just goes with the territory.

And the territory was becoming more spotted as time went on. So much for fate.

She was becoming wary of this awakening of the senses. She preferred that things just remain frozen as they were.

–That's how I sort of like things.

–You're the one who's complaining how I can't show my feelings.

–I don't want to see those feelings.

Again the fear that if she really let go, all bets would be off.

–Do you want to leave me?

–I never said that.

–I don't have to be a fool to see it that way.

–I never said that.

Was I trying to hold her back after she had given me the chance that I had been hoping for.

She kept it going with pain killers. When she overdosed, her psychiatrist advised her to keep away from me.

–We have to sacrifice for love.

DIANE AND JANET

Personality is only the end result of desire's raw power. Everything starts with that gagging desperation that is immersed in self-destruction. To restrain this fundamental impulse is to curtail the full character of the self. The passions are only inflamed.

Diane left work while clutching her cell phone.

–You can't wait to call him?

I didn't give her the chance to answer as I ran to my car. She needed to make her call as she couldn't let that immense silence touch her emotional certitude. She didn't want to break

that lifeline that maintained her contact with her lover and their duration of carnal immortality. Lost in that expanse of cascading orgasms, she reached an eternity that she didn't want to give up no matter what. Those unbearable hours at work just made her crave their time together. Without the cell, she would have to admit to the inevitable limit on their passion. But when she thought of their time together she was crushed by the immensity of her enjoyment. Almost numb she lay there and felt herself transported to another world. Time and again she migrated across this golden highway of sun shower and falling stars.

–What are you looking at?

–Don't tell me that no one's ever looked at you like that before.

–That's a dirty look.

She knew what to do with that look.

–No, it's a really dirty look.

She smiled.

I'd rather be with Diane than Jan. Not that I didn't want Jan. She seemed to jump out of her clothes while I looked at her. But Diane had lived to be looked at. She had worked at it. her whole body performed. Jan loved sex—she was sexy. Diane loved to be looked at being sexy. Jan that honey blonde full of joy. And Diane all ice cold.

–I want you to watch me take off my clothes.

–And if I put you in a bad position.

–I'd finish you off. You know what we're talking about. I'll see you out with other girls, you'll see me at work.

–That won't stop you from playing games like this.

–So what.

–You've never admitted to yourself that you'd just like some fun.

–I don't work like that.

–I'm not telling you to leave your boy. We jut need to improve our lot.

–I told you. I don't work like that.

And if she did go along, she'd have to give in to all her misgivings about herself.

The room sizzled with her power. She wanted me to want to be inside her. She was flush.

–It's so easy, too easy. Some guy slips his hand down your panties and the next thing you've given your universe up to him.

–We are created from our desires. To explore, to give yourself up to these mysteries.

–This is no mystery. I've seen these men drain all my energies.

Something about her seemed attached to this very strain. And I shivered as I sensed that bitterness in her. Again she smiled. All this hunger. Her arrangement with her boy already had been riddled with doubt. And that very act had engineered this constancy, this eternity to her commitment. To show, to be shown to the world was to push on towards her love for him. And she worshiped the all of him. His tenderness dissolved in the incredible hardness of his penis. His big erect thing. The totem of this religion. To touch it was to send her into fits. Frenzy at their coincidence. And this expanse so far out of this world..

On her knees giving him oral sex. The amazing connection between them. He looked down at her blonde hair, her body. He lost himself. But lost, he was so grounded that her bewilderment pushed into this nether region.

–Sex is not something that I can give away.

She was already telling me too much about herself. Confirming these images about her.

If I could describe their intercourse in such rich tones, then I had access to a commerce way beyond theirs.

–You really think that it is that easy.

I was aware of an unease on her part. Aware of the depth of her sorrow when she separated from him. How the breaking of their connection would seem to destroy her.

This could be my only goal. For her to stay yoked to this intruder, her desire would forever be locked away from even herself. That it would be tied up with these murky visions of a career and property. Her sex would be mortgaged before long. And once it was sold off, what would remain with these two.

–So you’re planning a career in real estate.

–I want to buy my mom a house.

–You are so full of honor.

–Are you making fun of me?

–Not in the least. If we just live for pleasure...

If we just live for pleasure, then we really live. Otherwise, we are somnambulists. And pleasure is most extreme when we contemplate its cessation. That our enslavements will only exhaust devotion. It is raw when it is not. Fucked, fucked around and fucked over, there was a part of her that Diane could never reveal while she stayed with her lover.

–You’ve done this before. Invited women to this paradise just to abandon them

–I leave them to savor their enjoyment. To realize something that has nothing to do with me.

–And how did you get to be so good?

She was seeing her new penis. And it so corresponded with something in her. The melting ice, all so firm but dripping away.

–I know how all this frightens you.

–I’ve seen more, felt more...What do you I think that I am waiting for? To let you put your limp dick in me. What a chore! Do you need some help just carrying that pathetic thing around.

–It’s a knowledge that you are already way past the physical.

Her hand ran along the table. Touched her cell phone.

–Call him. I want you to call him.

–I’m thinking about you, honey. Really thinking.

–Keep going.

–I just wish that you could sneak in the restaurant and wait for me in the stall of the women’s washroom. Just give me a little lunch time present.

–That’s pretty good.

–I’m getting wet just thinking about him

–Repeat that.

–I’m getting wet just thinking about you.

And wherever he was listening, he just wanted to touch himself, He felt all the blood rush to his head.

–Something’s too easy about this.

–That’s what I said.

Two fingers, slipping down her panties moving from dry to moist to dripping wet. She started as she felt him slide into her. A sense of completion.

–You know all of him is with you.

–Oh baby, you’re fantastic.

The swirl of his motions were matched by the twists of her appetite. She closed her eyes and sunk deep into herself. So deep. Further and further inside.

–Take me, baby.

And he plunged deep into her midst.

–I can’t take any more of this conjugal bliss.

–There is so subsiding of this ecstasy.

She put down her phone.

–Do you do this all the time? Don’t you know that the ultimate joy is never having this reassurance. In starting to feel disgust for your lover. In turning away.

She was on the verge of laughter.

–Does this work?

–It’s inspiring a deeper desire for him, isn’t it.

And she knew that I was right. And she didn’t seem afraid. After all, she felt that he was constantly inside her.

–Your bliss is deceiving about your immortality. You can’t even contemplate the bliss that could take you to the next phase.

–There is no next phase. I have arrived.

But you can’t invoke this energy independent of him. You are chained to his whims.

–It doesn’t work like that.

–You are chained until you feel the depths of your attachment possessing you. Sucking out everything that you are. All that is with him because it has nothing to do with you.

And she felt herself absorbed by this bondage.

–What’s next. What’s really next. Surrendering to his more bizarre fantasies.

–I’ve already tried things with other guys and it never works out.

–Tried but never went all the way. And as the two of you stare into each other’s eyes, you know that none of this is going anywhere.

–This is so presumptuous of you. I’m getting my real estate license. We’ll have our own house.

–And what are you protecting?

–You can’t know what it’s like.

–I just did. You let him crawl inside me.

She blushed.

–Want to make love to me right now.

–You’re over confident.

I knew that she couldn’t say yes. That she had just said yes. I didn’t want to think about sex with her. That would only balance her trajectory and end in an affair that was nothing but tragic.

And wouldn’t I just be a stand in for him.

–Your penis isn’t quite as large as his is.

You’re already wondering. And I couldn’t. I thought about Jan. Penetrating from behind, the romp. She too had a story.

Her breasts fell out of her tight shirt. I put one of them in my mouth. Plump and

–Do you know that I think about you.

–She wanted to walk off.

--Do you like to get high

And I felt us sharing the same high. Making love afterwards.

–Let's something to est.

Janet was more of a challenge.

–Steve's been so good at helping me.

I didn't want to hear about Steve. In some ways, she didn't either. You could sense that rugged quality to how she approached things.

–I'm just afraid of being a little too confused about things.

What things. She always roared into problems with all the answers. But then she hit that lull. What kept her going during those moments. She could always fall back on Steve and his success. He had almost saved for a down payment on a house—it would be their house—at least she told herself that. She couldn't even think about what might happen if that dream didn't work out. She had given him so much of her time, just supporting him.

She had been judicious with her cell phone. She didn't ring him up when she got off work.

–This is only for emergencies.

Down deep she wanted an emergency to give some kind of validity to her life.

She felt tired. She didn't want to see Steve tonight. She rubbed a skin cream into her breasts. Held the breast while she used the other hand to work the cream into the skin. Something about the cream seemed to warm her up. She loved that feeling.

She continued rubbing the cream into her legs. She would not restrain her desires. She reached under her panties, and caressed the edges of flesh. She worked deeper as her sighs suggested her giving way to feelings of relaxation. Steve could never take his time with her body. Neither could she.

She admired Steve because he recognized that drive that had overcome her. This had taken the place of her desire. Steve worked his way into her with the same insistence that time appeared to dominate her every moment

Except for now. She yielded to the gentle sway of her hand. Deeper energies from within her now took over. Even her hand just seemed to follow these massive flows. Her eyes were closed in a sort of meditation. Her lips seemed to whisper the password that unlocked all her sensations. Everything vibrated with that excitement. She took a long breath. It measured the complete range of these feelings.

What made her different than other girls that she saw around her. She tried not to get caught up in the same confusions. But it was becoming more and more difficult. She had a plan. She'd finish school, marry Steve, buy a house. But it all seemed too remote. She saw things with such clarity. But she could never follow through. Just kept going as she was expected.

If she left Steve, where would the purpose go. Sure, she had discovered something in herself. But she needed his help to make the picture stand out in focus. Maybe she was just following what he was telling her to do. Why was that really a problem. She told herself that she was in love.

–I don't want my story to get too complex.

She feared that she had worked out that fine balance with Steve. And she didn't want to upset it. If he found a way to really give her pleasure, she'd start wondering what had taken him so long to see things. This would be his undoing as she would value that pleasure for its own sake. This would be the dissolution of their relationship.

What more could she ask for. She wanted to be happy and convincing herself was half the battle. So she learned to appreciate the meager rewards that she now received.

How had she reached this point. She didn't want to go backward. She looked at so many of her friends who just drifted. She tried to work on her smile. This would make things better.

—I really hate it when people just complain all the time. We've got this bitch in the office who just won't shut up.

—Yeah. I agree. Some people!

Did she really agree with Steve? Could she go along with his little quirks any longer? She thought about her session after her shower. It had been very sensual but not extremely romantic. Maybe there was a man who held that appeal for her.

The dress clung to every facet of your body. The underneath of the foot was a reply to the bulge of your sex. The dress tugged at the mass as you pulled it up. Pulled it off. Your succulent breasts had been pushing out of its tight form. You cracked a smile that betrayed every opening in your spirit. And your pubic hair was neatly shaved but thick and inviting. A carpet that said fuck me. And your toes curled as you opened your legs. I swung my head over your shiny legs. I rubbed myself, rubbed your legs as I started to work on your pussy. The drift of hair against my face, and the salty taste. The pungent odor. Everything welled from inside you. You shook your head against the rhythm, a more intense pleasure. You folded over in this foray. I wrapped your legs around my head. You flowed and flowed and sighed and got carried along.

—Put it inside me.

I had never felt my penis so erect. You wrapped your legs around my ass. Not a banging, or a thrusting, a total acceptance inside. An ocean of sensation. So a rhythm beyond us both that waved over our undulating. And you shook as you gave into the floating.

And you needed that sense of the fuck to get to the next point. And I was driven by those legs and your pubic hair, the feeling of being inside and outside of you. And you opened wider to admit to this perversity that we shared. That nothing else mattered but just this. You almost broke in two to draw in all this energy.

Your legs wrapped around my neck to suggest an impossible elasticity in our bodies. To suck and fuck and kiss at the same time.

—Do me!

And I felt all this power fill my penis. Instead of surrender I welcomed the rush. Your skin, your flesh wrapped around me. And I felt layers of this interpenetration, your skin, my skin, the sweat, the lubrication...

And I was now penetrating you from behind and you felt these motions on your clitoris and the pleasure magnified. And deep in you, you were filled with this electricity. And your pumped as I pushed in and out. A guttural scream from you, a gasp. More and more. Then I pressed your legs closer to hold tight to my penis. And I propelled myself with such force that you utterly accepted.

And then a gasp, a giving way and you would not give way.

Again on top of you, and your legs stretched out so wide, a wingspan, and my arms

holding your legs. A liberation in this communion. And I rolled over as you rolled over as I rolled over...AH!

This was all that mattered for you, for me. And you're firm legs spoke to this incredible screw.

–You're so wonderful, give it to me.

And you rode me home. On top of me, you rode me hard. And your legs moved up and down with no sign of fatigue. Every action getting so involved. And I tried to hold back. And I felt myself giving way. So I pumped as you pumped. Jolted. Got so intense. Suggested resolution and you were drawn in this feint as I became drawn into your body.

I pulled you down to kiss you, suck your breasts and you opened even wider. And collapsed on me in a more profound conjunction. Now you were thrown into this copulation by every fiber of your body. And it was all flesh. And as I flowed into you, you into me and more and more.

And an aftershock after the wave of giving in. And giving in and giving in. The bones of your legs and your hips so defined so clear in their instruction to all the flesh, the muscle. My cum, you loved my cum. And it mixed with your juiced and we bathed in it all, the sweat, the flow, the flesh, you and me. UH!

Could she give in to such a phantasm. His explicit desire contradicted the intimacy that she had protected. Even Steve's fumbling seemed a better alternative to a lover extreme confidence. At least, Steve found his extremes in her. Janet did not want to become one of his conquest.

Her firm cheek bones. Her breasts. Men had always found such appeals in her before. Was she settling by taking Steve.

She imagined this night time lover banging a sex-crazed tart on coke on the sink of a locked public washroom.

–We're doing our business.

What was that business? Had Steve somehow excluded her from her true mission in life. That quick rush might be more intense than all the dismal low intensity couplings that she had grown accustomed to. Could he try anything new without making it so trite and mechanical.

At the gym she still felt the girlishness that gave her the spring in her step. But Steve's yoke was getting harder and harder to bear. Maybe a longer kiss when she met him that night. Or a lingering embrace—flowers—a spontaneous gift—"I love you". But his love seemed so terminal. Terminal—like a disease and this made her really afraid. Did she need to do something about this? She locked the door behind her as she went to toilet. She wanted to stay in there for the rest of the day. What was this all about? If she just had the time to get really trashed. Maybe just burn one.

“Do you like to get high?”

She felt like she was already giddy with her depression. No, she wasn't depressed. She just needed...what...IT.

–Janet.

She turned around.

–I didn't expect to see you here.

–I was just buying myself flowers.

–Wow. I was just going to get some lunch. Want to come.

She didn't have anything to do for the rest of the afternoon. She agreed.

–I'm surprised to see you. What has it been? Three months?

–Four.

–A time isn't it. How have your studies been going?

–I took off the semester. I knew that was coming.

–Have you been doing any writing on your own.

–I keep a diary. But I told you that I really don't like to write.

–But those stories that you did were so good.

–That was just for some class. I not that good at English. Just maths and science.

I looked at luxuriant blonder hair. She smiled. I noticed the roots. It added to her charm.

–I have been working out a lot.

–Everyone seems so health conscious these days.

–It makes me feel good.

–I thought that you were going to get married.

–We postponed it. Everything was moving so fast in my life.

We exchanged more small talk as we ate. I wanted to get her to do something else. But I had already been forward enough by inviting her to eat. I knew about Steve.

–Steven and I haven't been getting on so well these days. But that goes with the territory. When we work so much and hardly see each other.

–Do I frighten you?

She smiled. I felt that I was going to have a very difficult time trying to relate to her. I wonder if she knew about the details of my research. She was genuinely interested.

–There's weird occurrences in my life. I felt that if I could explain things that I might feel happier about my life.

–So things are bothering you.

–I don't want to make a big deal about it. But there are things. I feel that in time I'll get over what ever is bringing me grief.

–Sometimes it's not that easy.

She remembered her episode of auto-eroticism from the other night. She looked me in the eye as she ran through the fantasy.

–I really think that you can help me.

And if I couldn't, she could always run back to Steve. That would be just fine for me. I felt that she'd find a unique pleasure in just letting me glide away inside her.

She suggested the gallery, but I instead invited her to an afternoon matinee. The movie was a romantic comedy, very sexual as far as those things go. That had not really been my attention. But she held my hand as I walked her back to her car. Then she hugged me and left. This was not the sort of thing that I'd moon over. But it did give me a nice feeling—nice.

I got caught up in my work for the next few days. It was her who ended up calling me. She suggested we meet for Sunday brunch. Steve was away at this parents'. What fortuitous coincidence.

She met wearing a glorious spring dress. It really raised my spirits. She had been thinking out our last meeting. All the feelings that went with the romantic comedy had captured the changes in her emotions. She wore a big smile.

–I was glad to get out of the house. All reminders of things that I don't want to think about.

She gave me a big hug.

–Are you hungry? I’m famished. I haven’t eaten since yesterday afternoon.

We spent much of the brunch floating on champagne cocktails. She started to get really crazy.

–I don’t know what it is but I’m feeling like I could do anything. I could get away with anything.

–Get away with? Who’s minding your business?

–Mind your own business.

She roared with laughter.

–Mind your own business!

–You’re getting a kick saying that.

–I’m just trying to figure out what that means—mind my business.

–Our business is to get some food before there’s noone left.

I watched her munch on large chunk of salmon.

–I don’t really like eggs.

She spoke as a fried egg came apart on her plate. She kept eating.

–We are becoming silly. No limits as the say... no limits.

She looked across me, and we both stared in each other’s eyes. No limits!

We had been the last to leave. As we finished, the effects of the champagne started to wear off.

–We really shouldn’t be doing this.

We needed to stop. But we didn’t. I gave her a deep kiss as we walked out of the restaurant..

–Do you know what I do when things like that happen? I just take off all my clothes and start running around like a lunatic.

–Well, you just do that!

I had this vision of her running in her frillies in front of everyone.

–I was thinking of somewhere more private.

She realized that she had gone too far, had spoken out of turn but she didn’t know how to retreat.

–Oh God, what have I done?

What had she done? I gave her a hug to reassure her, but she started nibbling on my neck. Then my ear. She whispered to me.

–I want to take you home.

I smiled. I thought it better to take a room down here. We both knew it was awkward. But the whole night was starting to get awkward, and we had to make the best of a bad situation.

To make the best of things.

Making lover with her was an immense relief for me. She opened with such a sense of candor. There was nothing furious in our passion. Just a gradual warming to a boil. We both fell under the spell. Our nakedness felt so natural. She often smiled even in the heat of our passion.

There were no hesitations on her part. She gave easily and freely. And I followed her lead.

We could not turn back. She ended up breaking with Steven. And we spent some more time together. But there was no pretense that I was the reason for the break up. It was all too

soon to start something new. I reveled in her desire.