

THE STORIES

Our biographies assume the form of a catalogue where we enumerate the prizes of our collection.

–The deeper and deeper that I get inside her, the more that I felt part of her. That there was this point of complete and utter candor on her part.

–That sounds like the kind of nonsense that you’ve always criticized me for.

–But you assume that you have that connection.

–It’s something that I can see.

–How do you see it?

–I just do.

–It’s not just what you see. She has to be in action. Or the sense of action. Whatever inspires you to arousal.

–You know it when you see it?

–Exactly.

–I’ve said the same thing.

–No really, it’s different. Look at that woman over there with the heels. You see there’s no strap. Just the long expanse of the leg. You just want to caress up the leg. Let yourself ride up that leg. Look when she turns, she’s wearing a slit skirt. She knows that I’m looking at her legs and she acknowledges it. I can almost feel that arousal already. See how the skirt hugs her thighs, accentuates her hips.

>>Look at the rich shade of her lips. How her top is low cut. You can sense how tight are her stomach muscles.

–So.

–That’s the triangle of arousal. It’s not just appeal. It almost knocks me out when I look at it.

–See it’s just that same look. It’s the halo of hair surrounding the pussy. I can just feel my penis ease into her.

–But that’s all you. You’re totally ignoring that quality of consent.

–But if she feels happy, then it’s all automatic. She lets you do what you want to do. she does things for you.

–Think about that image of the girl in the slit skirt.

–That’s not enough to get me going.

–So you expect her to lift up the skirt. See how smooth her legs are. You can feel her touching your penis.

–I don’t.

–You do and your arousal becomes all the more intense.

–And.

–You can feel yourself inside her.

–No, I can’t.

–You need to get more aroused. You’re watching a video and some guy takes her skirt off. he rubs her stomach. He pulls her over to surround his body.

–I see her in heels and panties.

–Doesn’t that turn you on.

–If she’s really there.

–He pulls her closer. Catches his finger in her bra. This causes him to push harder on her breast. She reaches under his pants. She holds on to his cock.

–I’m trying to hold on.

–Don’t look at me. Watch her.

–I’m trying thinking about what you’re saying.

–He pulls off her panties. See that crevice in between the cheeks of her ass. You imagine yourself wedged in there, sucking away. He guides her closer to him.

–So I’m inside her pumping away.

–And you can see that. Even more you feel yourself watching. Like a voyeur watching a couple get each other off. A sixty nine. Just dick and pussy, pure and wet and hard. Can you sense that?

–It’s starting to cloy at my awareness.

–In an even tighter way. Do you sense that connection?

–I imagine that I’m deep inside her.

–You want to know it. Know what you’re feeling. You watch a woman in the shower. The sponge is full and lathered up. She slides it along her leg to her love mound. She just slides it in and you see the lips separate. Another man spreads the legs of a woman. She bends down and her lips are isolated. Your focus.

–I am even harder now.

–She slides along your dick. She is positioning it to enter cleanly. She is wet and that initial contact in this crazy rush.

–I’m following you along.

You can sense that load that you now carry. The summit of your arousal. You want to come but that would hardly provide the full effect of this contact. Her lips are more inviting. the surround your penis. Everything in your lives for this sweat, the matted pubic hair, the moist flow. Now she rides you with such exuberance. You are ill with the intensity of your awareness.

–I want to come. I am inside her.

–They already have come, but you have not. You extend your arousal for another scene. This is complete flow. You already secrete but have not climaxed. There is no cessation to your flow. No beginning and no end. It is like you have melted in the flow. Your hard on has been stretched massively inside her. You have been extended to become part of her. **You merge!**

–There was no beginning and no end to this.

–Just this massive flow. You are with her and cannot escape. She has permeated you.

–That seems amazing.

–You didn’t want to go along.

–I didn’t think that it was real.

–Can she possibly answer for the intensity of that termination?

–Who is she? What did she expect from the start.

–She is holding her breath.

–Put in a video. I want to see.

–She is coming over to our table. What do I say?

–Complement her. How you love her lips. Her hair. Ask her to talk.

–Does she know.

–Of course she knows. That is why she is coming over.

–Let her come.

I expected Phil to forget everything that I had told him. He would get lost in his trance again.

–I’ve heard about people afraid to come to your place. Don’t go up to the Clayton house. You’ll never come out of there.

–Phil, that the sort of things that they say about you.

–I’m not kidding.

–Phil, my name isn’t Clayton.

–They say that there’s danger.

–Love is dangerous.

–You don’t love. I can’t love, and neither can you. We just know how to have fun.

Hadn’t I heard these stories before, catalogued these experiences. Weren’t they on video. Or they seemed more real than that. I had a sense that I had been in these scenes or perhaps had participated in the performances.

–I want you to take a peek at this stuff. It’s sort of crazy.

I started to sort through what Phil had given me. It gave me the sense of understanding, of a reality. I wondered if he understood, if he fell under the same trance that I did. These titles brought something to life.

A number of young women share a seaside house for a wild weekend. Their bikinis tightly hug their shapely curves. Sweat beads on their foreheads.

Sylvia does not want to yield to the appeals of the seduction.

Sunny doesn’t want to let go of her new found power.

Celia thinks that she can make a life without sex.

Brenda learns that experimenting can have its down side.

Shana is a lonely alien pining away for the charms of her home planet. She learns about the appeals of human sexuality from an assortment of

In a reverse sexcapade send up of Cinderella, Cindy is looking for the perfect fit after being abandoned by her rakish lover.

Steffie needs her life on screen to help her develop her experimental bent.

Rachel discovers a secret power whose source is her sexual curiosity

Brit realizes her future lies in a con job on her former employer.

A mysterious patients entices her analyst into a world of deceit and murder.

Sam realizes that the only way to live, really live is to play outside the lines.

Syrena realizes that the only way to really play is to get serious about lovemaking.

Jill realizes that a deeper love forces causes her to sacrifice a most intense sexual experience.

Abandoned by her lover, Kara finds comfort in immensity of her appetites.

**Tammy doesn't realize how far her experiments would take her.
Deana knows that her journeys had a hidden side. She doesn't know how frightening is her secret life**

**After losing a bet, Angie's luck takes a turn for the worst until she pulls a trick of her own.
Suzie gets embroiled in Jack's revenge plot against Miller.**

**Essie discovers that she has desire for the exotic way beyond those that she can imagine.
Jenna can't trust herself under the watchful eye of her boss's son**

Bobbi realizes that her sexual excitement is controlled by an external force.

**Sara gets more than she bargained for when she thinks that she can double cross Tom
Fawn's vacation only reminds her of her troubles.**

In sex, Wendy finds that she is introduced to the multi-facets of her personality.

Lana finds that this force from the beyond is really part of her.

I.

A number of young women share a seaside house for a wild weekend. Their bikinis tightly hug their shapely curves. Sweat beads on their foreheads.

Cheryl comes up from the beach, sand caked on her feet and legs. she sprays herself off with the hose. Her hair glistens wet in the sun. It hugs her breasts. As she walks through the door, her eyes accustom themselves to the dark of the inside. She take off her top; her breasts are firm and her walk gives off a sense of confidence in her body. She rubs her manicured fingers along her stomach and she pulls tight the wet bottom of her bikini.

When she gets to the bathroom, she rubs her hair briskly with a towel. Her breasts appear even more prominent through her actions. Her golden tanned skin is smooth and youthful. Her legs rise tall to the curve of her ass still pulled into the confines of her suit. The wet suit hugs the but cheeks and crack is precise. She feels fit. Slips the bottom half off. It pulls along her hair and slides along her sleek legs. She inspects herself in the mirror. The suit lies crumpled on the floor next to her.

Her long nails slide along her sex suggestively. She feels an energy, on the verge of an excitement. She massages her body with the white cotton towel. She pulls a robe around her, but leaves it half open. Her blonde mane contrasts with the dark pubic hair. All is highlighted by the tan.

She picks up the suit and hangs it on the shower railing. Then she goes to her bedroom and lies down on the bed. The robe straddles her legs. As she stretches out on the bed, her breasts are reveled. She pulls part of the robe over one of the nipples. She spreads out to relax, her legs extending across the whole bed.

Bobbi is still playing in the water. The sun is brutal and washes out everything but her silhouette. She does not rest, splashing in the surf. The sun catches her in a number of poses. Angles that accentuate the muscular turns of her body.

She is looking at a boy sunning himself on the beach. Fantasizing about the two of them spinning together in the sand.

She has had too much sun and her mind is spinning. She rushes back to the house. She sees Cheryl stretched on the bed. Her brain is still alive with the fantasy on the beach.

She goes into Cheryl's room. Cheryl looks up at Bobbi. Bobbi is staring at her seductively. Bobbi tells Cheryl about her fantasy. Cheryl is innocently touching herself.

Bobbi is uninhibited. She lies next to Cheryl and starts to touch her hair, caress her neck.

Cheryl is much more aggressive. She pulls Cheryl's top off and starts to lick her breasts. She sucks on the left tit. The full breast is pushed into her face. Both girls caress the other. From the casual to the forbidden.

Cheryl guides Bobbi's hand inside her. Bobbi starts to trace a path with her tongue along Cheryl's stomach. Cheryl yields to the caresses. She opens her legs and the robe spans the bed. Bobbi now licks along the walls of Cheryl's vagina. Her tongue cradles her clit. The tongue is rhythmic in its cat licks. Cheryl's who body seems to purr. She twists into the caresses. Waves of enjoyment roll over her body. Bobbi's arms pull Cheryl's legs close to her head. This increases the connection, the intimacy of the two women.. Bobbi buries herself into Cheryl. Deeply absorbed motions. Overwhelmed by her scent. Cheryl's legs entangle with Bobbi. The two bodies merge in the waves.

The robe is opened flat on the bed. Cheryl is completely naked and Bobbi is kissing the cheeks of her ass. Burying herself in the crack, working her way back to her vagina.

The two women start to eat each other out. A triumph of their shapely bodies. Each rises and falls in the caresses of the other. Ah!

Then the gestures are more assertive as the two are entangled from the waste down, each with her legs spread, their pubic hairs massaging the other as they rub vaginas together.

Bobbi gives willingly and Cheryl has her lips pursed so that she can savor the extreme passion.

II.

Sylvia does not want to yield to the appeals of the seduction. She feels her sedate life has replaced the hectic singles lifestyle. But her husband is ignoring her.

One night after work she greets him in a see through negligee. Her legs shine underneath the black lace. Her pussy both hides and is revealed.

Derek seems turned on. He leads her to the bedroom and the two are locked in an incredible passion. But after he has climaxed, he goes back to his work for the night. And she is left wondering what happened to her marriage.

She calls her friends Angie who suggest that they meet for drinks. Sylvia dresses, straps on her enticing heels and heads off to meet Angie. Derek doesn't even notice that she is gone.

Angie leads her Sylvia to a men's recreation club where the recreation is sex. Of course, Sylvia is shocked. Angie is prepared for this. While they sip drinks, a man in a suit approaches Angie. She introduced him to Sylvia. Angie take the man's hand and leads him to an upstairs bedroom. He goes inside and starts to take off his jacket and pants. She then takes Sylvia to an adjoining room where she can watch the action through a mirror. She is shocked when she sees Angie perform oral sex on the man. But he also obliges Angie. Soon the two of them are absorbed by a deep fuck. Sylvia hears Angie's ecstatic screams in the next room.

She haphazardly touches herself, but feels too uncomfortable to do anything more. If she is watching her friend have sex in the one room, who is watching her touch herself in the next room.

The next morning Derek asked her how she slept. He never realized the she was gone. The next week he has plans to be away on business.

Sylvia is hurt. She had held back from acting on her desire and this was how Derek is treating her. She is emboldened to go back to the sex club.

Angie has other plans but breaks them to accompany her friend.

Sylvia is in a short red dress. When a rather rough man starts to touch her dress, Angie comes to her rescue. While Angie runs interference a distinguished man enters. He has none of Derek's clumsiness. He is seeking new delight and is drawn to Sylvia. Before they go upstairs together, Angie warns Sylvia that no woman can please Julian.

When she gets up to the bedroom, Sylvia is all unsure of herself. Julian tells her that he knows that she is new and will try to be gentle. She is immediately drawn to him. She kisses him with real feeling. And he is drawn in her by her utter frankness. She removes his jacket. He undoes the zipper of her dress. As she sits on the bed she starts to cry. What has she lost. He pulls her close and she is reassured by his solidness. She kisses him with everything that she is. He is surrounded by her affection. He falls into her arms. He kisses her neck, whispers in her ear.

–Deep inside you.

This heat wells from inside. She kisses him again. Her loins burn. She wants him. She unbuttons his shirt and rubs her face, her hair along his chest. She kisses him again. The embrace is long and inflamed. She rubs her hands down the side of his body, over his stomach. She is reaching for his penis. It is already erect as he is overwhelmed by the situation. He undoes the clasp of her bra and slides one of her breasts into his mouth. The soft touch, the gentle lick. The two embrace on the bed. He is in his boxers, her in her panties. The dark blue panties makes an appropriate v across her legs. He slides his hand under the panties. The gesture is a strange combination of rough and gentle. She pushes his hand into her. And he is graceful in his massage. She is so ready to take him. He pull off her panties and starts to lick her insides. She flows into him.

–I want you in me.

She pulls off his boxers. They writhe together on the bed. He is satiated with the intensity of her emotion. More and more and deeper and deeper and deeper. Ah!

She is hooked and he starts to believe the connection. Caresses which are at first welcome become expected.

A twinge of guilt comes over her when her husband come back to town. She has sex with him, and he is over come with the new sensation that she awakens.

She tries to beg off the stranger. He is relentless. She agrees to see him once more and he becomes more aggressive in the sex–violent.

–I don't want to see you anymore. I'm going to stop coming here. I love my husband.

III.

Sunny doesn't want to let go of her new found power. She has just broken up with an abusive lover. She realizes how much men really want her. Want her all the time.

Jason meets Sunny in a bar by the beach. They make out in his car but she says that she has to leave. This is all happening too fast.

Her head is still ablaze from her desire when she goes home to Danielle. Danielle's man has stormed out in anger. Sunny starts to console Danielle. She runs her fingers through Danielle's long blonde tresses. Dani smiles.

–Sunny you have beautiful green eyes.

–But they always seem to bring me bad luck in love.

The two girls kiss. Sunny gives Danielle a weird look.

–I'm not really into women.

--I'm not either. But I like to try things. Ever since we started sharing a place together, I've admired your body. Maybe we could...

Sunny pushes her away. But Danielle starts to caress Sunny's hand. She starts to suck on her fingers. Sunny pulls Danielle over and kisses her. Both wear flimsy tops and their breasts seem to burst from them. Both women are caressing the other. Sunny really enjoys sucking on Danielle's ample breasts. She is lost in their comfort.

Now she is lost in her desire. She traces Dani's bellybutton. The sun rimmed tattoo. The ring. A short step to her shorts. She is not wearing underwear. Sunny is drawn to her. What she always felt inside her, she now shares with Dani. Dan is surprised by the ease of her friend's actions. Sunny's saliva mixes naturally with Dani's moistness. She is part of her.

Dani reciprocates her friend's actions. She slides off her shorts and makes time with her. Neither is taken aback by how right this feels.

That next night when Sunny is having sex with some guy that she meets in a bar, she is thinking about Dani. When he goes down on her, she remembers Dani's touch. She goes back to the apartment that morning and Dani gone. She has left a note.

It was too much for her to take. She always loved to experiment, but now she crossed a line. She didn't think that she could go back.

IV.

Celia thinks that she can make a life without sex. She has terrible luck with men. Her friend Rachel seems to be totally free. She uses sex to relieve tension. If a guy catches her fancy at dinner, she'll take him home with her.

Celia figured that if she couldn't be as free as Rachel then it would be better to be alone. One night she's at home reading and she hears a noise in the street. She gets up to see what it is. Nothing's there but when she's looking at a window across the way she sees a man and a woman having sex. He has her spread next to the window and she is sliding herself up and down across his body. Celia imagines that his man is working on her and she is so excited by the experience. She fingers the strap of her panties and starts to massage herself. She gives to the moistness as she notes the man and the woman crazy in their ecstasy. Celia moves her hand to mimic the rhythm of the man and the woman. The three are almost joined in a mystic union.

She finds that she starts to enjoy her ritual. She enjoys prying on this couple, taking what does not belong to her. It is almost as if they perform for her.

She concocts a scenario where the man has always wanted to approach her but is too afraid. He rents a room across from Celia's window and proceeds to enact his performance each night so that Celia can watch and become wrapped up in the scene.

Perhaps there is more to the story. One day the washer in Celia's place is not working and she has to take her wash to a Laundromat. The man is in there washing his clothes. He gives her a weird look. She gives him a look, as if she know him, as if he knows her.

He goes back to reading a magazine. As she is getting her laundry out of the machine, a sock drops to the floor. Both Celia and the man reach down to pick up the sock. They are face to face, close for the first time. He smiles. She laughs.

She imagines herself in the apartment with the man. He is thrusting in her, pushing her body into the window.

He touches her hand.

--I've never seen you in this place before.

–I normally do my clothes at home. But my machine broke down and I can't get it repaired until Wednesday.

–What are you doing afterwards?

She fumbled with her stuff, her words. What is he asking her.

–I really got to go.

She turns away. He touches her arm.

–Aren't you forgetting something?

A kiss. She wants him to kiss her. She twists away. Her glasses fall off.

–You really have beautiful eyes.

–Beautiful without my glasses.

She is touched. Feels herself melting in his arms. He always seemed so aggressive from the window.

–I know things about you.

What is she saying?

–What?

–I know who you are?

–Of course you do. I remember where we've seen each other before. You take acting lessons in the same building as my dentist. I remember you going in one day. It was all nasty and raining and you came stumbling in there with the biggest smile.

Again she is touched. Please, kiss me.

–Maybe we could go out...

–I just meant for a cup of coffee. I'm married.

–Oh.

So that was his wife.

–You've got an apartment 'round the way.

–Actually, I live downtown. I just have a client in the neighborhood.

V.

Brenda learns that experimenting can have its down side. It was a guy that she picked up from a coffee shop. Her fantasies have started to run away with her and her man was out of town.

Brenda had been eavesdropping on her fellow employees. So that's why Shannon had got promoted ahead of her. She was having it on with a Senior VP. What a lie.

She had always been so guarded at work. Did her job. Kept to herself. She misses the last train working late at the office. No cell phone. No nothing. She ducks in a coffee shop to see if she can stay with a friend who lives nearby. Worse luck. The friend isn't answering her phone. So she decides to have a snack.

VI.

Shana is a lonely alien pining away for the charms of her home planet. She learns about the appeals of human sexuality from an assortment of earthly Romeos

–You don't have to love someone to have sex with them

Love. Sex. What did all this mean? She saw people doing these things to each other. Was that love?

You can love someone without having sex.

–Come on, big man. Give me some love.

He smiled.

Was that what she was supposed to say?

–Are you from Mars or something.

–Maybe, a little further away from that.

–Don't they have sex on your planet.

She smiled.

–Women don't enjoy sex at all. But they feel obligated to have it. And men just have orgasms all the time.

He seemed delighted. She didn't understand what she had said. At least it made him entertained.

He tried to kiss her. What the hell was he doing. But he let her keep on. She felt a weird sensation in her body.

Is this love. I want some more.

Wherever he touched, she felt all these strange sensations.

–I like this thing love.

–That's not love. That's pleasure.

–Then pleasure me.

He lifted up her skirt and started to kiss her legs. This tickled a little. He licked around her silver lame panties. He was getting a real kick out of this. He started to rub inside her. She felt uncomfortable but she liked the feeling.

–Why am I here?

–You're here to have fun.

She hesitated as he took off her panties. He began to stimulate her with his tongue. It felt so intense. She couldn't control herself. The flow felt so weird. Like something that she shouldn't be doing. Was this what she was sent to this planet for.

She started to rub his penis. He moved her hand toward his member. It started to get big and hard. Then he put it inside her. It was hard getting it to fit at first. The she was full of the feeling.

He kept it moving inside her. She would feel better if he moved with her.

She felt herself overwhelmed in a swirling emotion. It went all the way down her—inside her deep. She almost forgot about him—just the feeling.

Then it shook her all over. She thought that she was going to die. The roar! All these noises. Her heart sped up. Could the body contain all this feeling.

–I like your love. Give me more.

But he couldn't. After he sprayed all over her, he was sprayed out.

–Can I see your penis?

–What?

Her approach lacked subtlety but it seemed to work. All the big penises in her felt so good.

–Give me you love stick, man!

–Now you love me!

–I like having sex with you. But I don't love you.
–I can make it work really well.
–But you're too much for me.

She was finding out what it was to be used. Not to be loved.
–I want to feel love. But I feel sadness. It hurts inside deep. Is this what sex is?

VII

In a reverse sexcapade send up of Cinderella, Cindy is looking for the perfect fit after being abandoned by her rakish lover. She tries to duplicate his rather checkered reputation by bedding some dubious characters. All in the hopes of duplicating her fortune with a love equally successful to herself.

It's not the car you drive, it 's the car that drives you. And thus Cindy is off to the races

–And then I followed him down the beach. I mean you knew he was a real stud just by looking at him in his trunks. Tight ass. You just want to kiss it all day. I followed him to this cove. No one was around. And he pulled out his dick. It was already hard. I just sucked him off then and there. Swallowed the cum. It felt so good. Bridget, I love to give blow jobs. Guys just go wild. Of course, Cindy's a loser. No guy would even let them touched her.

Randy looked with hatred at her stepsister Cindy.

–Randy, I don't know why they brought that ugly duckling into our family. Her father is such a gherkin.

They both laughed. Cindy felt mortified. She went back to her kitchen duties. Randy and Bridget went out to sit by the pool

–Am I ever going to escape these monsters.

Her stepmother was no better,

–Maybe if you changed the way you looked, guys would notice you. I mean when I was your age, all the guys wanted me.

–And you gave them exactly what they want.

Roger seemed the perfect antidote to this predicament. Cindy ended up winning a modeling candidate for his agency. This was after her picture had accidentally been sent in with her stepsisters.

She had her own blue convertible. She even became intimate with Roger. He let her live with him in his palatial Malibu home. And she learned all the tricks of the trade. She even learned about his preference for blow jobs. She really learned about that. Not just on a personal level. She was scandalized when she found his video collection of all the other contest winners. It was as if he used his agency to procure him woman.

Two could play the same game. If she had been won over to the appeals of wealth, couldn't she do the same for the men that appealed to her. As her career took off, so did her success with men. It wasn't as if she used a video camera. But she took them places that they had never been before.

–How did you get so good at this?

- I've learned from the experts.
- Did anyone ever tell you that you had incredible lips?
- The better to eat you with, my darling

Cindy certainly became the man eater. But it hardly erased the pain of her initial pain. Roger had betrayed her. It was too easy bringing pool boys back to the house. But she got to a point that she almost wanted to be caught.

- Where did he put the camera?
- What?
- I've been thinking about a new career.

VIII.

Steffie needs her life on screen to help her develop her experimental bent.

Too much of what happened to her was controlled by someone else. It was only on screen that Steffie felt the liberation of her personality

[I was staggering. Total fatigue. Bursting wide open, stunned to the point of unconsciousness. Short of breath, blurring vision.

The tape machine was messing up. Sputtering. The picture flashing in and out.]

-I love the marvelous surprise of giving some guy that I don't know a blow job. It opens up such possibilities. Leaves me totally vulnerable to his wishes.

>>Barely talking. A look. I let him figure me out.

"You've got a powerful stare."

"Pretty much as good as yours."

"But you were trying to strip me naked with yours."

"It's not really.."

"The hell it's not. Did you like what you see. Do you want to see more of where that's from."

"-I'm usually not so forward."

"-What do you call that then?"

>>He's thinking that either he's busted or that I'm just all dirty. But there's no way that he's going to walk off.

"I don't like it in here. It's a bit smoky. Want to step out for a minute."

>>In his car, you push him back in his seat, draw open his legs and undo his zipper. Then you just go to work from there. There's such a sense of excitement that goes along with that. He'll pretty well try anything with me after that. His face buried in my crotch eating me out while I'm thinking about something else—maybe a guy that I really want

She started to explore her fascination with a brunette with deep coloring. She was bursting out of her golden robe. Steffie wrapped her hands around her breasts and moved her whole body next to Jeanne's. They just glided back and forth together.

[I need something to concentrate on. The full breasts. Jeanne's body hunched over. Her panties—a bluish satin.]

Steffie slid her palm along Jeanne's stomach. The tips of her fingers were exaggerated by

her bright nail polish. Spread out they followed the edge of Jeanne's panties. She pushed the opening and further moved her hand down Jeanne's abdomen. It wedged in the lips and became wetter and wetter with her repeated stroking. Jeanne turned back to kiss her, and Steffie took her with deep wide kisses. Jeanne continued to gyrate slowly into Steffie's body.

Steffie massaged her with more and more gentleness. This engaged all Jeanne's senses. She floated in this ecstasy. The kiss became more and more intense. She exploded in her passion.

Steffie could feel Jeanne open herself more. She absorbed the wave of enthusiasm and this increased her commitment Steffie's deep touch. That touch was now part of her contortions, and she conveyed that accession to Steffie. Jeanne surrendered with all her soul. Her climaxes were a massive series of cascading mini-climaxes. She almost divided into multiple selves so that she could engage all these enchantments.

She pulled down Steffie's panties and began eating her out. Steffie swelled with the little catlicks. Jeanne's luscious dark mane fell over Steffie's legs. Jeanne gabbed her butt cheeks so that she could push her face deeper into Steffie's crotch.

Steffie went crazy. She hooked her leg around Jeanne's body and pulled her closer. The two balanced together, as Jeanne continued her stimulation. Jeanne plunged her whole hand into her own pussy to match the extremes of her oral inspiration of Steffie.

The two rolled around on the bed and resolved in sixty nine.

There was an air of anguish in Steffie's face. In reality it was a look of utter acceptance. Enraptured.

Deeper. Her body was overcome by the same reaches of passion. There was a focused tension in her legs that she radiated through her rhythmic answers to her lover.

In another scene, the two women observe a third while she masturbates. Alexis has a playful smile as she absorbs the rippling lilt of her arousal. Her recognition of her summit sends shudder through her whole body. Her whole body resolves to the point of the toes, where she expressed the massive quality of her feeling. Every fiber of her being is given over to this activity.

Steffie and Jeanne smile at each other. Alexis has approached an intensity that neither woman had yet attained. They feed off this image. More than ever they compete for the potential affection of Alexis.

In her vision, Steffie has already gone down on Alexis. Not to be undone, Jeanne waves her sex in Alexis' face. The licking, the sucking, the stuffing, the engorging. So lost in the sex that no other experience can penetrate their concentration.

—This will happen.

Steffie randomly finds a man. She has pressed all the strength of her body into an obliteration fuck. She grips her legs around the man. He thrusts with such force. But he met by a counter force. It is Steffie overcoming her submission to Jeanne. Even an obliteration of Alexis.

IX.

Rachel discovers a secret power whose source is her sexual curiosity.

She touched herself in a place that she had never been touched before. This is her performance for an audience. What would she really allow them to do to her.

Memories of something in a room.

me? --Is that how you want it. If I do what you say, will you admit to the things that you did to

--That's silly.

--No, I'll do even more intense things to you if you admit how you really hurt me.

--I never hurt you.

--Admit to it, and I'll let you go.

Rachel wanted to give full rein to her curiosity.

--Do you want to see what I look like?

--How do you want me to look?

--Athletic. Are you athletic.

--Very. I work out at least twice a day. Would you like to watch me work out. You can spot me as I do my exercises.

--If I say what you want me to say.

--Do you miss me?

--If I do.

--Would you like me to pay you a visit.

--If it says what you would like me to say.

--I sort of do what I feel. If I feel it at the time. How do you want me to feel?

--I want you to feel good.

--How does that make you feel?

--I feel real good too.

She checked herself in the mirror. Could she really make him look good?

--What are you hiding in there?

--A surprise.

--How can it be a surprise if I don't get to see it?

--You'll get to see it. You just can't see it now.

--How's it wrapped up?

--It's all tight and shiny. Otherwise, you could see it before the time was right. I wouldn't want that to happen.

--So how long do I have to wait to open it.

--How long can you hold out.

--Long enough. I can hold out much longer if you give me something to keep my mind busy along the way.

--What do you have in mind?

--Something that takes a long time to think about.

--I think that I have what you need.

--Can I get that now.

--Not so fast. You have to be willing to give up something if you ever expect to get anything out of me.

--Such as what.

--Time. You have to be patient. Much more patient.

--I can only be patient if there's something to hold my attention along the way.

--I've got something that you can hold.

--Can I touch it now.

--It's too far away to touch now. That's why it holds your attention.

--What could that be?

--It's going to cost you if you expect me to reveal all my secrets.

--I'm not going to pay for something that I can get for free.

X.

Brit realizes her future lies in a con job on her former employer.

--Do you want to go for a ride

--I've got a car.

--No, silly. That's not what I mean.

Brit smiled as she got in the car. What the hell was she doing. She was slightly excited about the whole thing.

He drove faster and faster. Tires screeched. What the hell was going on. He turned corners with such a sense of recklessness. Eventually he parked above the city. He held her hand as they looked at the lights.

--I'm feeling tired. I'm a mess I feel that my luck is running out.

--It's never too late to change your luck--to try something new.

--What did you have in mind?

--A little game.

--I'm tired of games.

--You got in the car.

--That doesn't mean what you think.

--So.

--This could mean opportunity.

She didn't think of Ray as her boss. She thought of him as more of a friend. So much for friends. He seemed to have a great life. And here he was asking her to jump at the chance. But it was a good a chance as jumping off this cliff there and then.

He reached over and kissed her.

--*What am I doing?*

She wanted to resist. She didn't. She just let him take it from there.

--That's perverse

--What?

--Of course I'll do it.

She started to feel that there were no limits with him.

–I'll tie you up and reward you in the morning.

But there was no morning and the promised promotion seemed not to be coming. He had screwed her over.

From this point on, Brit swore revenge. But the best revenge was no revenge at all—the secret conspiracy.

–You're just some kind of whore

–But a clever one.

–Let's see what you're made of.

–No, let's see what you're made of. I always thought that you looked so good on screen. that's what you're made of

–Are you saying that you taped us

–I thought that it didn't make any difference to you.

–Well it does!

–How much of a difference?

Brit got her promotion—a promotion over Ray. I mean if she could screw Ray, why couldn't she screw Taylor—Ray's boss.

She wondered if this was really her life.

If it was, then she'd give them more to see.

–I'm a star now—lights—camera-- action.

Why don't they let me go public with my movies.

XI.

A mysterious patients entices her analyst into a world of deceit and murder.

What was particularly different about this contact versus some other one. The dominant fear that all records had been lost. Everything had to be based on a recollection of the patient. He preferred to put as much out of his mind as possible. That way he could pretend that it was all do to her seduction.

When she first came to him, her silence was unbearable. He tried to prime her with what details that he knew about her experience. He became aware of an immense power on his part. That he could suggest anything to the patient, and she would have to accept it as true.

The fact that he could completely reform her personality left him with a particular fascination. Would she actually yield to any suggestion. Or at a certain point would he start to confront these consistencies. Collections of dust that would reflect her former personality. This residue seemed to threaten his entire task.

His absurd desire was to see her as some sort of servant. That he might give her meaning by commanding her. He asked her to bring him breakfast. To answer his telephone. To go on errands. He didn't think that he was taking advantage of her. He was just giving her structure to reshape her world. But was that enough. What commands might be too intense? What might be inappropriate? How could he strike a chord, maybe a chord too deep in her psyche?

He was a little afraid by her attachment to him. She needed his input. She needed the tasks that he assigned to her to provide some kind of order to her experience. she was devoted to them. But her connection with him seemed to go beyond that point.

Although her time with him was limited, she needed him to walk her back through her experience. How far had she pushed those around her? Could she engage him in the same sort of symbiosis?

Occasionally she would touch him as if she was groping for direction in the dark. He offered a reassurance that someone else might be undergoing a suffering as extreme as hers. In her heart, she really hoped that this was the case. She didn't want to think of herself as a patient. Rather, she started to see herself as an explorer. She knew that he was driven by the same thirst for knowledge. But in her heart, she felt that she had ventured much further than he could have ever gone. In that regard, he was the amateur who needed her commitment to pain to balance his own insecurities. Under these terms, she felt a sense of pride. That he had started the journey and fallen short. And her wingspan was way more encompassing than his narrow attempt. It gave her a sense of accomplishment to see herself now in this form.

She looked down on his meager attempts. How could he really attempt to tell her to do anything. But in this form, she felt more lonely than ever. He wanted her to feel something more for her. Not to feel pity on her. She wanted him to be really smitten by her.

He felt a sense of gratification in her progress. She had gone way beyond accepting commands. He valued the sense of independence that he now noticed in her actions. But how far could he tolerate this new path. For him, he feared that she was leaving his sphere of influence. He needed her to feel some sense of abandonment so that she might come closer to him again.

He wondered if maybe he was using her affection to make up for what he lacked in his life. She radiated a charm that he had never been able to get close to. The butterfly felt no intrusion at his intimate presence. It frightened him that he was so close. He felt that he was crushing her wings.

If he harbored a desire for her, it became harder to admit to this because she seemed so much a part of his world.

As he reviewed his notes, the story seemed to have changed. There was no one of the give and take that he previously attributed to the event. On that version, she had falsified her dilemma so she could mask a persona of an infinitely more calculated nature. Under those circumstances, his seduction was more of a defense against the threat that she posed to him. He did everything to remember that version of events. Moreover, it lent more credibility to the actions that he took. How he had resisted her advances at the office. She had even stripped naked for him, and he had been very circumspect in neutralizing the situation.

Later, she was involved in some quasi-criminal situation. A murder mystery or whatever. He had been her alibi. Almost in repayment, she bathed him in an even stronger light. He could not take the intensity of its rays. Now he felt himself totally overcome by this brilliance. It made him unstable. Beyond that, he was stunned completely by this light.

In memory, he could smell her with such intensity. Way beyond the sick turn of the perfume, he was drawn in by a more pungent scent. This impression was so intense on him and seemed to overwhelm all his experience. How had he been able to extricate himself from this nightmare. At this point, he was a pawn in a blackmail scheme. He had served his purpose. He had confronted a madness of his own creation. But this creation had become more and more

complex. What had he been searching for? The perfect alibi.

She sat on the desk and her black hose pressed tightly against her legs. Her ass spread out and seemed fuller, sexy. She spread her legs slightly and her feet rested on his chair. When he kissed her, her kiss was slightly acidic. It turned him on. She knew that this would shake him up slightly, that it would just push him over enough. He would stop thinking of her as a patient, and start thinking of her as a lover. She got a kick out of the game. There was really no risk to her. She was too far gone to worry about it.

And he was so thick in imagining it, **IT**, that when he touched it, he would already be long gone. She relied on it. When he got in, really inside, she'd be so far in his skull, that he'd already be paralyzed. What else could he do? He'd just be totally immobile while waiting for another shock. BOOM!

XII.

Elle is treated to a rocky introduction into the sex industry

What started as an economic arrangement just ended up being the worst disaster in her life. Sure he had a fast car, an elegant house. But it wasn't like he was going to share his treasures. Instead, he was more or less renting her time.

Rather quickly she lost interest in her lover. Instead she developed a fascination for a visionary. She felt that she was face to face with her fate. For him, a tattoo on the small of her back measured her intimacy with her ex-lover. He watched her, her legs crossed. That strange look of hers.

--If you're completely free--it's a madness

>>You can sense the danger.

>>We look to them, trailblazers who have got lost along the way. That they went as far as they could go. And then just in back of them are people like you, holding on for some glimpse of meaning. A bright ray through all the soot.

He felt that he saw a side of her that she had kept hidden from her lover.

--For a moment we share it, and you need me to lead you back to some clarity. Otherwise, you just wake up to the same hell.

But it was so much easier to go back to the house.

--I don't need a harbinger of death. I just want to escape the hell of my life,

For a moment her lover seemed like a breath of fresh air.

--You have to follow your liberty. Explore in public.

What was the source of his vision.

--I need you to risk what you have. to go to that point when you can't restrain yourself. when the utter nakedness of your desire is left in the air to heal.

--What are you trying to say?

--That you're going to slip down much worse than you have before. And if you try to catch yourself, you'll only slip up more.

The muscles on her legs hugged the bone. She had cast off the inessential, only the invitation. She slipped on the heels. She stroked her body. The tight thighs and abdomen. She turned around to look at her ass.

This was all in anticipation of her future audience. She recognized that once married to

them that her lover would become her ex.

It becomes so easy to exchange intimacies with stranger. So easy for them to respond to her flesh. How they could appreciate how the folds of fabric silhouetted her form.

She stripped. The crossing of the arms. The controlled revelations.

Who was she talking to and how long before he was going to try and pierce the veil? she could already tell that he wanted her body. But he was dealing with a greater immediacy.

–How well are the two of you getting on together.

But again she thought about the lover and how little he had given her. Now was the time to exact her revenge. She chuckled contemplating her new powers.

The stage gave her the chance to boil down her charms to a few select gestures. Everything for their attention. Sort of a contract.

She felt the same thing with her lover. But the contract was losing its efficiency and he had saved himself all too well. Wasn't there something that he could offer her for time served.

She gave herself to the new arrangement. Love and the bright lights.

The visionary watched her naked. he staged at her ribs. Then her pussy. Saw him inside her. But held fast to his resolve.

XIII.

Sam realizes that the only way to live, really live is to play outside the lines.

She's on the verge of getting married when she discovers her ne'er-do-well fiancé is double-dealing with another woman. Oh No! She is mortified. She goes to her friend Carmel for consoling but Carmel tells her that this is not a defeat but an opportunity. Sam has spent her whole life giving her desire to a man rather than taking what she needs from her lovers.

–It never works out that way. A man makes you all kinds of promises and then just gives his affection to someone else.

–Sam, you just haven't learned to appreciate what you have. What you can get with what you have. Whatever you do, you can't give away your heart.

Carmel works in a house of enjoyment where the men trade their lives for the delights of pleasure guides. The risks are immense. But pleasure creates its own rewards.

Dominic attempts to introduce Sam into this kaleidoscope of joy.

–You have erected this cage out of your desire. Sex can't be a chore.

–I've always had fun. I've enjoyed myself.

–It's more than that. You only had fun if he let you have fun. You only pleased yourself in anticipation of his return. I want to watch you just touching yourself.

Sam has dressed the part. She is in a short graceful black dress where the skirt flutters outward and almost begs for a rude summer breeze to speak its invitation. She has adorned her look with red high heeled sandals. The back straps seem to come undone so shoe dangles from the extended toes. They mimic the intensity of her hunger as her long fingers with nails polished silver ride their way up her legs, around the cheeks of her ass, and find their resting place underneath her blue panties. The panties compete with the movements of her fingers and add to the excitement of the voyeur. Her thick lips, a red metallic lipstick, are paralyzed in their reply to her stroking. The panties become more crumpled in the process as more and more is revealed. They are both a barrier to his view and imposition that goads him to a deeper reverie. But she is immersed in an even more profound reverie. One that has little need of his presence. And this inspires her more. That she can sustain herself while suspending him in the eternity of his

appetite.

This is where she yields. He peels off her dress and swallows and is swallowed up in the mass of flesh. Her breasts so tempting and so meager against the intensity of his want. His erect penis seems to fade into her. His gyrations punctuated by the motion of her sandaled feet planted on the bed. Dominic is hers and hence the ultimate fear.

Carmel has watched the progress of her novice. A not disinterested viewing. Her white cotton dress has fallen below her breasts. With one hand she touches her breast. her other hand is more adventuresome. Not wearing any panties, she makes her way through her mass of enjoyment.

–A woman is much better at offering pleasure to another woman. She knows what she needs.

And she figures that she does. Alone together in Carmel's room, the two start to explore in a way that startles Sam. Carmel is no stranger to the ways of the tongue and the surrender that is offered by a woman's body. Even with Dominic, Sam had held back. But once she crossed that threshold with Carmel, she gave and gave and gave.

She now learned that she could save that power and dispense it with man after man. But Dominic felt that he had offered something to Sam that demanded repayment. This was the threat, the risk.

–This is like some kind of crime. I've given you something and now you try to pretend that this is nothing. You've broken one of the cardinal rules of love-making.

–No. I've learned that there are no rules. You helped teach me that.

He tied her up to make love. At first, she thought that she was just yielding to her own pleasures. Something unexpected in desire that just let go, that surprises, that confuses, that overwhelms.

But she wanted to turn this confusion off and she could not. She was his prisoner.

–I don't like this.

She could sense this aggression in him as if he's cross the line if she didn't give him what he wanted.

And he still had that ability to invade her and just hang there imposing. She had escaped her fiancé for this.

XIV.

Syrena realizes that the only way to really play is to get serious about lovemaking.

–Do you think that there's a book that could teach me how to make love better.

Syrena was lying under the covers in a peach colored night gown.

–You do just fine.

Josh looked at himself in the mirror as he tied his tie.

–But I feel like there's something more.

–You're just perfect for me.

–That's it. I feel that I'm perfect for you but not perfect for me.

–You have to learn to surrender.

–Surrender. I've given my whole life to you. What more can I surrender.

She thought about this more as she floated in the pool. Why hadn't Josh said more. Was there more to be said. She always felt exhausted after their love rituals. Not just satiated, but hollowed out. She felt that she could see everything about Josh and she didn't enjoy what she

saw, not at all...

All his motivation began and ended in the futility that he brought to his passion. Evan is an old friend from college who she runs into at the health club. Evan had gone out with her roommate Beverly but Evan and her always seemed to hit it off so well. Syrena lost touch with the both of them when she moved to California and she just assumed that they had got married.

Funny how there seemed to be that old spark between her and Evan. The next day she went down to Evan's studio. His photographs were amazing. And she wished that Evan could find her soul like he had in his subjects.

He took a number of pictures of her. They developed together. His hand brushed hers, and they held in that silent frozen moment.

–What am I doing? You're a married woman now.

–Evan, I'm not happy. I want you to make love to me.

–I've never been like that. I just don't jump into things.

The next few minutes were awkward as they continued developing pictures. The longing expressed in one of the shots—her turning towards the camera.

–You can't rescue me Evan. But I need you.

He thought about her all night long. He couldn't sleep until he was lost in a fantasy about his former love. He eavesdropped as Beverly changed for bed. Syrena came out of the bathroom wrapped in her terry cloth robe. She approached Beverly from behind. A total shock for Beverly. She buried her face in Beverly's golden locks. The morning spoke of passion.

Evan massaged himself as he watched the lazy caresses of the two women. The muscles open up. The extensions of flesh and hair. Kisses and embraces of the tongue. As Beverly licked Syrena, he eased himself into an aroused Syrena.

Had he had this dream before. Had he attempted to enact this fantasy. What had frightened Beverly away. Did he want more than she could ever give. Did she want to play it safe.

He couldn't mess up Syrena's life to get back at Beverly. But he wanted to follow through with his curiosity.

XV.

Jill realizes that a deeper love forces causes her to sacrifice a most intense sexual experience.

[Is this leading somewhere?]

It was Jill's honeymoon in the Virgin Islands. She had gone to the beach for a morning swim. Randall was still recovering from the party of the night before. Terry was a native to the islands. An Australian, he relocated years before. He understood their charm and was ready to offer them to a willing visitor.

–You look like you've had a rough night.

–You can tell.

–Even with that hangover haze, you still give the sun a run for its money. We know a cure down her that would do you good.

–Anything that I can get.

As she drank down she was filled with a quenching of a more complete thirst, something way beyond the hangover.

–This stuff is toxic. Let me have another.

She whiled away the day with Terry and his homemade remedy.

–I’m married. That’s why I’m down here.

She now spoke of her marriage as if she had just painted her toe nails green or some other whim. She felt herself drawn under a narcotic spell. Feeling mixed with gesture. Long tropical kisses.

In a place she had never been before, her night with Randall seemed an anti-climax. She stared in space during dinner. Later, even his caresses seemed hollow. Was it fatigue that again sent him into a slumber after love-making.

As in a dream she wandered the night enticed by a cinnamon scent. A striking tanned presence. A woman submerged in the ocean stream. The waters lapping her legs, the tides reaching inside her, beckoning. This is how Jill wanted to feel her body. And she was twisted around these currents. The pungent sex. Spiced flesh. Flowered kisses.

She could not imagine returning to Randall’s bed. And she did not. She spent the rest of the night with Terry. The two of them rose and fell like the waves outside his hut. She gave without any sense of shame. And he welcomed her candor.

XVI.

Abandoned by her lover, Kara finds comfort in immensity of her appetites.

What’s that sound in the other room. Only the echo of her cries against the walls. This sadness was too overwhelming. Crying at the least little sound, crying in anticipation of that echo. Had her sorrow been that unexpected. Wilson was not the most imaginative lover. Or had he really saved his imagination for someone else. Hence his long business trips.

Kara stumbled against the wall as she tried to leave her room. Collapsing in the hallway. This was all too much for her. More than she could ever bear.

Jean brought over some wine. She hope to cheer Kara up. She didn’t realize she’d find Kara like this, in the darkness in the hallway. She fed her wine like nursing a baby. Somehow she got Kara smiling. When she helped her to her feet, her face got really close to Kara’s. Kara started kissing Jean. Maybe this was what she needed.

But Jean was taken aback by Kara’s aggressiveness. She figured it was the wine. But the two finished the bottle and started on some that Wilson had left. Jean never realized that she could be this free.

She was on her knees before Kara the next night that they prepared to go out. Something had awakened in both of them. The heels and the tight skirt were irresistible and Jean’s tongue traveled the way up the long legs. Kara moved her skirt up to accommodate Jean’s advances.

–Look. That guy’s staring at you. Do you think he knows you’re not wearing underwear. The escapades of the apartment carried over to the bar that night.

–He does now, Jean.

–He’s coming over here.

–I think that you embarrassed him.

But the embarrassment proved temporary.

–I don't really like having sex in public places, with strangers moreover.

–He felt so right.

Kara massaged herself as Bill penetrated Jean. He had followed them home from the bar. That's what friends are for. But despite his attraction for Jean, there was a magic in Kara that he could not resist, he would not resist. As he licked Jean, his face exploring this overly aroused partner, he pulled Kara over and eased himself into her. After Bill left, the women expressed amazement about their utter lack of inhibition.

–I'm just afraid that I can't control this. How do I say no?

–If he looks good...you know what I mean. Why hold yourself back?

–I'm just afraid that I want more than this. It seems too easy. Bill, the guy in the bar. I feel like it could have been anybody. That wasn't even me who did those things. It was the wine or my depression.

–Kara, you've never done anything like this before in your life. Accept it for what it is and enjoy it. Some day it'll seem even more magical and hold on to that.

–You seem to talk from experience. What about you and Bill?

–Bill's that way. Bill and I are that way. I learn to accept it, to enjoy it.

–You talk like this is something that you do all the time.

–It's something that we all do. Even when we commit to someone, we're always testing our powers. Seeing how far we can push and not give in.

–That sounds like the route to danger in itself.

XVII.

Tammy doesn't realize how far her experiments will take her.

She was on vacation from a stressful job. She had always wanted to go to San Francisco and finally gave in to her passion. It had been a long day of tourism, Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, the Cannery District. She was sitting alone at the bar of an out of the way place.

–I can see that you are a stranger here. Perhaps you could use a guide.

–I really don't...I can't...people that I don't know.

What did she have to lose. She motioned him to sit next to her.

–I'm Karl.

He had a worldly air. Something intimidating to a girl from Omaha.

–This city has charms that few visitors see.

She wondered why she let Karl lead her on, but off they went. It started calm enough. Dancing at a small cavern. Local performance art. But then the performances got really weird.

The Lizard was located in an alley way. Membership seemed required and Karl was her ticket inside. Long stairs, very narrow, very difficult to negotiate in heels led to the dungeon. Patrons gathered around a woman spread upside down on a rack while a man kissed her, explored her every perfume.

–I'm feeling sick.

Tammy almost fell over, but Karl braced her. The reality hit her as she turned away from the performance to see a leather boy performing fellatio on another. Where was she. What was expected from her.

–I've got to go. I can't.

She woke up in a room filled with hushed red light. She was in a bed. People around

her. She didn't struggle. She welcomed what came next. Her initiation. While one man massaged her feet, another woman kissed her face. A third undid her dress and opened her bra. Her breasts gave way to the freedom, the cat licks of her partner. By the time that Karl slid off her panties she felt totally part of this numbing experience. His tongue crawled inside her. His fingers filled the cavity, moved up to her clit. Oh wow. She gave and received. They all took part.

In the hotel the next morning she was afraid to admit to what she had undergone. This had seemed all perverse, but still it was so much part of her. How could she top this. She wandered in the mist of Golden Gate park that day. Everything else got put on hold.

She returned to the same bar where it had all started that night.

–You were lucky to get out of there alive.

Shelly filled Tammy in on the intrigues of the sexual underground.

–It was so exciting.

–And once you become part of their circle, they won't let you spin out.

–You don't know how really wonderful it was.

–As long as you give them what they want. But once you resist.

–You have to know the boundaries, what you are getting into before you start.

–It never works that way. They always like to ask more than you can ever give them.

XVIII.

Deanna knows that her journeys have a hidden side. She doesn't know how really frightening is her secret life.

Their kisses are so deep. Not reserved for anyone particular. This excites Deanna. What had led her to these dens of pleasure. Hidden lives for those locked in servitude at the office.

The hand of the whip rubbed along leather. Its insistence encouraging the unzipping, the plunging, the gorging, the satiation.

To watch others offer such invitations. Men obliged Lyla's strange offer. Deanna got hot just watching. Tim was new to the place and caught Deanna's eye as she gave into her fascination.

–There's something so perverse about this place. you can see how these people's everyday programming just gives into this mechanical sex.

–It only looks mechanical. Everyone here is participating. Every glance, sway, touch combines to give this place its total energy. There is no possession here. Everyone has escaped from their real world, from their intrusive lovers, from their crazed husbands, from their obsessed pursuers.

–You really don't know how to play. You have to let me go.

It's just natural to get attached to this sort of thing.

XIX.

After losing a bet, Angie's luck takes a turn for the worst until she pulls a trick of her own. Angie met a beaming Claire for dinner. She had just married Phil.

–Every love has its price. No one can hold her lover’s interest permanently. The flesh fades and withers. And there’s always a newer flame to strike the fancy.

–And you don’t know Phil.

–That’s just the glow of new love, Claire.

–Real love.

–You don’t know it’s real if it’s not tested.

–What are you telling me?

–That it may seem real for now, but brace yourself. You just can’t trust men.

–Angie, those days are gone.

Or were they gone? Did Angie feel jealous of her friend’s love or of her friend’s lover.

–This is pure love. I’m over the games of my youth, Angie.

–Those games keep your lover interested. Love is never something that’s pure.

Was this her challenge? Such cruelty had never really crossed Angie’s mind before.

Even if she realized that Phil’s love was not real, it was not her place to come between her friend and her new love. But she wondered if this love might not have its down side.

When she first met Phil, her worst fears were confirmed. He couldn’t take his eyes off Angie all dinner. Surely Claire suspected something. But if she didn’t, Angie wouldn’t be the one to burst her bubble.

That night Angie tossed and turned. She felt overwhelmed by her guilt. What could she do?

–What if we met somewhere?

–What are you saying to me?

–You know. You see what I see.

–Good night, Phil.

–Are you scared?

–I’m not frightened about things I know. And I know that you’re a real pig.

–And Claire’s told me about you.

–And she told me that those days are over for her.

–The days of working guys in tandem.

–Those things are private and in the past. No sex is good enough to destroy a friendship.

Lying on the bed naked, Angie peeled off the covers. She placed her spread legs on Phil’s shoulders. He pressed down on her feet. He was gathering her sexual energy into him. He started to kiss her ankles and worked her way around the bone. He could already feel her intimacy pierce his inner spirit. Ravenous in his kisses he immersed himself in her flesh. The smooth calf. His tongue worked its way up the lower leg. He buried himself the angle of flesh behind knee. The tension between this immediacy and the immensity of her complete desire. Buried in her sex. Up her thighs and lost deeper inside her. Now drenched by the scent, his union was complete in the physical. She drew him into her and they faded in their commingling. Nothing remained in reserve. They rode this tidal disturbance as it held them in its suspense. And when the wave rode over the wave, the two swirled in this massive flow.

The scene repeated with him on his knees before her on the bed. His drool mixed with her juiciness, her utter candor before him. And this saturated flow encouraged his entry into her. and she took him inside.

His tongue worked its way around the curves of her butt cheeks. Plunged deep into her flower.

–What did Claire ever do to you?

–It’s not a crime to be a beautiful woman. But that doesn’t mean that those around her might not feel justified resentment.

–You seem more vile than I could ever be.

All those nights of men preferring Claire over her had finally come to its resolution. But when Angie looked at herself in the mirror, she felt the same resentment towards Claire that she had always felt.

XX.

Suzie gets embroiled in Jack’s revenge plot against Miller.

Miller loved the adventure, the chase. But he held a preference for the easy resolution. If not for the intensity of his passion, revenge would have been the priority of his former lovers. But Jack was not so forgiving. He has submitted a story to Miller’s magazine. Miller rejected the story in a rather mechanical fashion. But details of Jack’s story reappeared in one of the stories of Kate Symons a couple of months later.

–Do you know what this means?

–Means.

–He stole my story.

–So sue him.

–It’s not that simple, Suzie. Symons is too good at theft. And if she’s done it once. She knows how to change the details, and Miller just lets her.

–Miller has his own skills.

–But self-defense may not be one of them.

--Maybe if we just left well enough alone.

–I’ve tried.

–And you can’t use this as an excuse to slide back.

And Suzie’s tight muscular body had that effect on him. If she pledged herself to him in sex, then maybe she’d be the perfect ally in his plot to snare Miller.

Miller had been a real prick with his recent lover. He had introduced her to the world of publishing. Got her work noticed. But all this had come at a price. And when Kate’s seemed to resist his further advances there was the threat that she might fade from her favored position. So it was no trouble for him to keep her interested.

But Miller was starting to lose interest. He wanted to keep Kate but not give himself to her. And so Suzie found her way in. She first approached Miller about a project that he had with the publishing house. How authors from the magazine would be featured in a first novel series. But Suzie got him interested in some of her own work. Suzie had a real voice. She understood the appeals of the sexual narrative. She could bring real life to the matters of the physical. Almost clumsy in her innocence, her explorations gave way to a formidable passion. Ingenues let loose in a candy store of smut. Miller projected his own fantasies on Suzie and she seemed to totally oblige.

–I’m glad that you could make it here for an editing session.

–The only thing that we’re going to be editing is your text.

Miller smiled before her frankness.

–There’s a real freshness to your style.

–Too fresh for you.

–Touche.

Her hand slid under his pants and massaged his penis. As they stumbled to the ground, her skirt rode up her legs. He ripped her panties and made his way in.

He slept well that night. Perhaps too well. An attachment for Suzie enveloped him and along with this a vulnerability to her designs.

She sealed her alliance with Jack that night. Her body seemed to open up in ways that Miller could never offer. But Jack seemed totally absorbed by his revenge plot.

Naked, Suzie massaged herself while lying naked in front of Miller. His arousal seemed to recall a feeling that she had formerly shared with Jack. Jack could still touch those hidden parts of her. But he could no longer acknowledge this power. For Miller she was still new.

Her breasts peeked at him in their firmness. He filled his mouth with her taut flesh. Her kisses and his penis inside her.

–I can't stop this feeling that I have for you.

Already the poison was starting to take effect.

–It's in the champagne.

He forced me to help him.

XXI.

Essie discovers that she has desires for the exotic way beyond those that she can imagine.

--Every woman loves to be looked at. To have men want her.

–Cinny, that's one thing. But to act on those desires. That's something completely different.

–But if you can't act on your desires, what good are they?

–I just don't want some nasty guy taking home his mental picture of me and acting on his desires.

–And that only makes him want you more. And when you refuse him. Eat your heart out baby! That's power.

For a moment the alcohol flashed an image around Essie's brain. Every man in the place going down on her. Then she just panicked

–I've had too much to drink Cinny. I just have to get home.

–What are you thinking about? I can see that look on your face.

And she had that look. When she got home Essie took a long bath and beneath the suds she could feel an energy. She stretched her smooth wet legs across the mouth of the tub. She stretched her arms across the legs and her hands slid down. Down into the water. Down into her. As she touched herself, she daydreamed about one of those rude men licking the corner of skin stretching down from her thigh. He just edged the borders of her hairs and she felt a prickling excitement. She welcomed his tongue as it worked its way around her sugar walls. As he plunged himself deep into her. She writhed to the rhythm of this fantasy, stroked to the ripples of passion.

–Take me.

Her dream lover was ready and entered her with all his pride.

She melted and slid beneath the bath water. A heat wave spread all around her.

The next night at the bar Essie got a massive charge as Cinnamon slid her top beneath her breasts. All the guys were watching her and Essie was envious of this attention. Cinny shook her head back and forth and her hair was aflame. It was all so public, all so new for

Essie. if she could only be this open.

The next week Cinnamon arranged a photo shoot for Essie. Guy London was impressed with her gentle style. Her inhibitions were the source of her smile. From a shawl covering her nakedness to the suggestive wisp of her pubic hairs, London captured these moods of Essie. and when she looked at the prints, she was looking at another girl. Becoming another girl. If she could radiate this power in print what awaited in the real world.

Back at the club she bought a producer's line about a film role. Bought it because she wanted to explore for herself. Explore how much she was attached to her curiosity. how she could make a man subservient to her whims.

–Can you feel that? Do you like that?

If she could just push her appeal to the point that he thought about nothing else, and then held that promise away from him. If he wanted her so bad, and she gave that charm to every other man around.

–Bring it on.

She could slip off her shirt and dance around in her bra. Even her bra and panties, a bikini. But there's no way that she could ever go further than that. It was one thing to do that for Guy London. And another if she shake it in private. But there was no way that could give it up in public.

That venomous wriggle around the pole. The vicious slink as she flashed her panties. As her skirt hiked up her legs.

Now the image was of these ruffians who couldn't get to sleep as they lusted after her. the hand sands and the somersaults. Legs held together then whirling like the arms of a windmill.

–I know what you're thinking about...something moist and sweet and peachy ripe.

–And I know what you're thinking about.

She watched him fingering a stack of twenties. The power to separate these guys from their money. She licked her finger and slid it glistening under her panties.

–You wish that you could touch me.

And he did as he gripped his money tighter.

She held her knees together while she sat on the bed. And she supplied just enough resistance to give them both pleasure as he pulled them apart.

–Oh Essie.

And his money would guarantee that this passion would not stop with his meager advances. She was opening herself up to a world of men.

XXII.

Jenna can't trust herself under the watchful eye of her boss's son.

Ben was so intent on what he was watching that he wondered if it wasn't him participating. He knew he was doing something pretty bad when he first directed is telescope across the way. It had been one thing to gaze at the stars. But now his gaze was anything but golden.

Alysse's night time performances first had the magic of a Vegas show. But the showgirl had an unexpected audience. She dipped and floated as she seduced an unseen lover. And unknown to her she had a new fan. But Ben's autoerotic moments were disturbed when the unseen lover revealed himself. His leather mask and erect member, all so provocative.

Ben couldn't let this surprise stop his fantasy. It was the man in the mask who was now his stand in. He did the things that Ben imagined. He had the stamina that Ben could only wish for. He had the adoration of Alysse that Ben craved. How far could he push this scene?

He didn't have to wonder as the man introduced strangulation into the performance. Alysse held on through the experience. Her eyes at the back of her head. Did he need to rescue her? But as the flush dissipated she was full of an even more intense bliss.

–I'm starting to really enjoy this. This make me afraid.

Ben was getting adept at reading lips.

–We've just started the games.

–That's what really frightening me.

Maybe this was just too much for Ben. He thought about stopping his viewing. But he was getting attached to Alysse. Maybe he could rescue her from this son of a bitch.

As she drifted under the spell of the mask, Ben wondered if this wasn't his cue. She fell under one more time. But this was her last call. She didn't come up for air.

The ghastly vision sent pangs of guilt reverberating through Ben's body. What if he had only trained his telescope at another house. For a moment this seemed to offer him solace. He watched his Dad's secretary as she came out of the shower. Jenna's body still shone in the mist. She dabbed the towel across her breasts and along her arms. She rubbed her breasts more vigorously.

What the hell was he doing? He could sense that had become addicted to the sadistic scenes of Jenna. Would Alysse go the same way. He needed to talk to someone.

–What have you been doing? Are you some kind of psychotic?

–I didn't do anything. I was just watching.

–You know what that's like. You know how that makes me feel knowing that you were watching me.

–I was watching her.

–Then how did you know that I was home?

–I saw your light on.

–You need to call the police.

–And tell them what.

–Tell them what you saw.

–That I've been watching this obsessive sex scene and just going along with it.

–Tell them what you saw.

–What did you see?

–That you saw your father kill his lover.

–What?

–Your father.

–How do you know that?

–He did the same thing to me. I just told him that I couldn't keep doing this.

–And he found someone else.

XXIII.

Bobbi realizes that her sexual excitement is controlled by an external force.

Derek booming voice filled the Miami night with spicy sex talk. Not just your lonely

hearts, the audience.

--Just when things seemed to get going, I just freeze up. There's something in me that won't let me enjoy sex.

-When you look in the mirror, what do you see?

-I don't know any more.

-If you don't know, how can you be loved. I want you to sit before a mirror. Now, tell me how it feels.

-I can't look

-No, come on. You need to look.

-I don't feel right about this.

-It doesn't hurt to look at yourself.

-Don't say that.

-Maybe you're not wearing the right clothes. I need you to change. Take off your clothes. Strip down to your panties.

-I can't.

-Come on. You're with a man who really cares for you. He's really into your body. I want to imagine that he's close to you. How do you feel?

--I'm feeling all hot. All tingly inside.

-What do you want to do?

-I want to feel good.

-Just give in to that feeling.

-How can I do that?

-You're feeling it deep.

-How do that?

-It's all tender. I'm giving in to the touch.

-What touch?

He had her sighing on the air. Ever woman around the city was being turned on by his voice.

Bobbi touched herself deeper and deeper. She reached so far inside herself and she made it work with such conviction. She orbited around this feeling. She turned the switch like she would turn a volume switch. And she just pored inside herself. She melted within and without.

The night demanded that she find Derek. He always stopped by Sensaround after work. Bobbi was waiting. Legs all the way up to her neck. He lost himself in that first glance.

-I'm sure I know you.

-Are you always so confident?

-I know what I want. And you know who I am. What's more is there?

-Personality.

-Well, let's go back to my place and you can show me that wonderful personality.

-And if I don't.

-You can always catch me on the radio.

-I've got a pretty good imagination.

-That's not all you got.

Maybe it was one thing to act it out in private, but this might have been going too far, even Bobbi.

Oh well, what the hell. Let's see how far this goes.

XXIV.

Sara gets more than she bargained for when she thinks that she can double cross Tom.

–I didn't cheat on you because I stopped loving you. I didn't cheat on you just to cheat on you. I just couldn't get through to you anymore

–What the hell is that supposed to mean? Is this something that you prepared to say to me. 'cause it sure doesn't make any sense.

–There were things about myself. Things that made me feel empty--really bad--and you didn't help. I tried to talk to you. Even physically you seemed to stay in that shell of yours. And I met men who made me feel good about myself. I'm not saying that feeling helped, but it meant something for me just for a while. And I like that feeling. Maybe it was just that consistency that I craved. But it did it for me. And you weren't listening at the time.

–And now you think that we can salvage this marriage.

–It's not about the marriage. It's about us.

–It's not about the marriage. It's about the sex. Was the sex better with those guys that you met.

Sara had gone over to Willie's after work with a number of coworkers. By the time the night wore down it was down to her and Tom and Ellen. She had suspected that Tom had something going with Ellen and this seemed like the perfect time to cut out. Ellen had taken a bit longer in the bathroom and Sara decided to leave when she got back.

–You're getting along with you husband Sara. What's your secret?

–There's no secret. I'm just happy.

–Happy. Really happy?

–Yeah.

She smiled in a rather blank way.

–My marriage has been going down the tubes. I've got a confession to make. Ellen and I have been having an affair. Or had an affair is more accurate. I think that she assumes since Jolene and I are breaking it off that this is going to be our big chance. That's why she's hung around so long tonight. I don't want to go home with her.

When Ellen came back, Sara made some excuse about having had too much too drink. Ellen agreed to drive her home and Tom took a taxi since he lived in the opposite direction.

–Is there something that you want to tell me, Sara?

–What?

–I saw you and Tom talking pretty intently. I assume that he told me.

–I'm your friend Ellen. You could have told me something.

–The way that things have been is more like I was your friend. Something's happened to me. I'm not really the same anymore. You don't know what it's like. I think about it all the time. I was afraid that the way that I was carrying on that everyone knew about me and Tom. We'd have sex on breaks. I'd just have to look at him and get wet. Jim never suspected a thing. And I'm sure glad.

–Are you and Tom going to break it off?

–I was going to meet him at a motel tonight. That's probably why he cut out so quick. You know that he's getting a divorce. I just thought.

But it was Sara who was really doing the thinking. Wondering about what it was like to just be completely absorbed by sex all the time. She and Ron had their moments when they were

kids. But it was so clumsy and Ron had always seemed to get the best of the situation. Now sex just seemed like something that she should do.

She didn't know what was getting into her when she called Tom from home.

–Tom that was really a shitty thing to do to Ellen tonight. I talked with her for a while and she seemed really depressed.

–It's better that we end it now.

–End it now that you've had your fun.

–I just don't want her to think that I'm divorcing Jolene for her. Jolene have had troubles even before I met Ellen.

–What kind of troubles?.

Sara had always liked Tom. he had seemed so polite. he had helped her with her accounts when she had first started at the company. And all that she could think about were those muscular shoulders reaching over for her. Pulling her in.

–I think that you need to do something to make it up to Ellen.

Something ended up being drinks for Sara and Tom the next night–drinks alone.

–I know that you that you and Ron have been doing really well together. I thought that you could give me advice on how to deal with Ellen.

–Advice. Ellen is taking antidepressants. You've been a real prick to her.

–It's not like that at all. I can't keep pretending that I love her when I don't.

–You don't love her.

–I like having sex. Really good nasty sex. Anywhere. Any time. And Jolene couldn't appreciate what I gave her.

–Couldn't appreciate it, or caught you cheating.

–It's the same thing. You only cheat because your lover can really satisfy your needs. How those words would come to haunt her.

At that moment, it seemed that Tom knew what a woman's needs were and how to satisfy them.

–I want to lick those sugar walls of yours. Lick them clean.

She tingled hearing him say that. Tingled for his naughtiness. Tingled because she was caught in the chain reaction. That Tom, this stud, preferred her over Ellen. Friendship be damned. Hadn't Ellen said as much?

Sara's initiation with Tom didn't last long. She got what she wanted. Her revenge for womanhood. After all, Tom still wanted her when they broke up. But she had moved on to a regional sales rep. Tom had taught her something about herself. About her powers.

This was what she tried to convince her husband of. But Ron was hurt.

–You just became some kind of fuck toy. And now you want me to take you back.

–Only if you want me back.

Ron felt that he could finally break this chain. From him the magic had drifted away.

–And I'm special to you as long as you can fuck me when you please. That game was over in high school.

–So what are you going to do. Become a tramp.

–I've got money. A good job. I'm the best salesperson in the Southeast.

–But you're a lonely person.

–You should know. You made me that way.

Sara needed to get out. She needed a man that night. Not one of her old flames.

Someone new and fired up.

After he closed the motel door, a sinking feeling came over Sara. It was not like she wanted to go back home. Nothing beat the kind of high that she felt at that moment. She lit a cigarette and stared into space..

XXV.

Fawn's vacation only reminds her of her troubles.

It wasn't as if Lamont had caught Fawn with another man. But she knew the worst was coming and she decided to get out of L.A. Phoenix seemed like a good place to get away. As her plane touched down, she thought about that last night with Steve. If she stayed any longer in L.A. things were going to start getting evil. She could still feel Steve's tongue sailing inside of her.

Once she got settled at the hotel, she headed down for the pool. One of those umbrella drinks and the potent Arizona sun sent her into trance. And in that trance she imagined Steve's chiseled body shaped by her gentle caresses. They stumbled around the entryway to his apartment. And their clothes melted away in the fire.

But the fire was the torrid noonday. His sure hand slid down her naked back until met by her grip. With his other hand, he worked his way up her thigh.

–Are you new to Phoenix. Do you need a guide.

She was startled out of her reverie.

–Steve?

–No. my name is Chris.

–Sorry. My name's Fawn. I was back in L.A.

–Unfaithful husband.

–What?

–Your ring?

–I'm on a business trip.

–By the pool.

--OK. I just had to get away from my husband. For good.

–I could help you get over a bad love.

–Love just doesn't work that way.

–I could just help you get over.

–I don't really work like that.

–So what makes you tick?

–I wish I knew.

And she wondered if she really did know. Or was she like a watch time piece ticking away by some unseen mechanism. As Fawn reached up to shade her eyes from the sun, she brushed Chris's arm.

--Sorry. It's been a long flight.

Chris undid his robe and sat in a long chair in his white boxer-style suit. He had that deep Phoenix tan.

–What do you do? Spend all your time sitting by the pool.

–No, just most of it.

–Rough life.

–My software firm struck gold early in development.

- And no your body too has struck gold.
- You know what they say about the sun.
- That it makes you do crazy things.

Like lose your top in the swimming. Fawn's auburn hair reached to touch her breasts. Chris did his own exploring.

XXVI.

In sex, Wendy finds that she is introduced to the multiple facets of her personality.

Her curiosity had no limits. Where she had once been reticent, her new self allowed her to try anything. If a guy invited her back to his place, it didn't mean anything. Sure, she lived with Alec. And they had said things to each other. About their love. But what he didn't know couldn't hurt him. Worse, he probably had all kinds of secrets about her.

-Why would you do this when it has not direct effect on how you feel? You're pleasuring someone else.

-What are you asking? Why do I give blow jobs? It helps me see who I really am. A reflection deep inside them of how they see me. A picture that they can't hide.

>>It might be my imagination but I can almost feel how they get more aroused. I can sense the blood flow, sense the penis get harder. Taste their character.

Already there was a transformation of self that she could touch. What made her give more and more. Not real in itself, but how she could relate more closely to him.

-This is how I feel when we are together.

Once out of the drink the bug hit her.

--I need to get something to drink.

She was already forgetting Alec. But she still had her limits. She had to feel that she was caught up in some situation. She didn't want to elect betrayal for its own sake.

-I'm not really cheating on him.

The next day the morning light was stark.

--Do I smell alcohol on your breath?

--Alcohol? That's mouthwash.

-Really minty!

I always wondered what this force was that drove me to do these weird things

If Alec really cared, he might show up from behind some dark corner. She tried to forget what had made her get her caught up in this silly game.

-Can I buy you a drink?

Already wondering what this meant.

--I don't know anyone here

and then I feel like I know everyone here and everyone knows me

And for a while, she had found someone who made her feel that she was right. that she knew what she was talking about

XXVII.

Lana finds that this force from the beyond is really part of her.

--I felt this force visiting my room and it kept visiting me. It didn't feel like a person had been there. It was more a ghost--an entity.

>>It was more intense than sex. It was so mechanical but so delightful. I was being drilled by this projectile. And I felt invaded, but it was also a part of me. It was from my birthplace, like another planet. It felt so creepy to know something so weird that was going on from outside of me was actually part of me. And I gushed from this contact. It was so natural.