

**Cary takes care of business.**

**Once Kate tastes the fruits of her betrayal, she seeks the sweetness of a richer honey.**

**Natalie lets a man of mystery turn her world upside down**

**Shelia risks her love for her husband by her penchant for bizarre experimentation.**

**Lina surrenders to a man not her lover when her lover tricks her with his twisted revenge.**

**To delve into the heart of passion, Ginger must give something up.**

–Can you feel that. She is pulling close to the triangle.

–What are you talking about? I see some things that look like triangles...

–It's the arousal triangle. It is a prelude to the explosiveness of the scene. It's something that you can sense as a viewer. Or it exists in the actual scene. But you can also measure it—it's your angle—except it's more involved. It involves things that you may see in a sequence, and you need to represent all at once in a single scene.

–Look at that it looks like a woman

–Once you have attained the arousal triangle, all else follows. It is more than endurance. As even the quelling of excitement is a transition to another layer of excitement.

We watched her massaging him. It took us to another stage of arousal. How could the scene contain this intensity. It had to open a new chapter.

–It's almost as if she gives in completely. there is no holding back. Everything now is about what stimulates in the most extreme form. Love as a heart attack. First note the **horizontal**. She has completely opened up for her to pleasure her. Stretched out completely so the whole body maps along that line. When he penetrates her, we revolve to that **vertical**. Everything about her body reiterates that conjunction—hence the vertical. Note the position of her legs. It emphasizes the erectness of their pose.

>>Now note how she wraps her legs around his body. Note the rings around the angle. How that takes all the focus. They are not thrusting. They are rocking together.

>>Then note the intensity in the reimposition of the vertical angle. She is on top of him and riding him with such verve. This repeats to a summit. They have escaped in the tangible quality of our involvement. We flow and now she is part of our world. Are you ready to talk to her?

LXI.

Cary takes care of business.

Cary was a statuesque blonde—almost country, in a flowing dress. Her hair was in tight curls. As she walked by he engulfed her with his stare. She had no qualms about this approach. She had already given herself completely to him.

As he kissed her he ran his hands along her back. He whispered in her ear as he became more forward. A deep embrace and he was already grabbing her sex.

Her skirt flew out. He followed the ruffling along until he was touching her butt. Her high heels seemed too much. But this only convinced him of the strength of his arousal. He rubbed her breasts as she ran her fingers through his hair. He poured himself inside her while she lost herself in the rippling waves. Her butt cheeks opened slightly as she bent down to give him pleasure. Her hair surrounded his hips as she buried herself in his crotch

The more that they engaged each other the deeper that she feel in the trance. She needed

something to keep her in the games as she felt herself fading fast. Her eyes faded to the back of her head. Her pierced breasts and navel only added to the sensuality of their contact. They rhythmically rode together. Her retreats were met by his advancements and vice versa. She couldn't hold herself together in the flow.

.They coincided in a seated position, their legs wrapped around each other. Their thrusting was constant. She surrendered without any hope of rescue.

His whole body now supported his gyrations. Her motions were more direct and cut right into him. This only made him push harder. Sweat poured from their body. They were completely drained.

He wanted to lick her crotch. All the sweat added to the electricity of the moment. Her clit sizzled with their energy together. She reawakened by this contact.

As he seemed to lose energy, he concentrated on a path of skin on her back. This was a site that she cherished. She was thoroughly engaged by this touch.

Why did these extremes seemed to invite the forces of betrayal? She started to expect so much from him. Often their contact was ideal. But sometimes it fell short, and she could supply no comfort. She became devoted to the feeling in itself. Their interaction was totally secondary to that high. In that endeavor, pleasure seemed paramount and she found many takers for her version of excitement. The flesh of her thighs led to the smooth underbelly. What she protected, she carefully yielded.

She became attuned to the fine variations of sexual prowess. The penis was this immense weight that was suspended about her. Her desire filled the entire horizon.

It was a whirlpool drawing everything in its wake.

The random pull of her what she needed meant that any coupling provided that spark. She groped the dark for a simple acknowledgment. Hand to hand. Hand to mouth. Mouth to mouth. She lived by the curl of the tongue and it found its play among any twist of flesh.

What some lover imagined took form in her dips and curves. She never would refuse because the flesh was entire consent. As her flesh swelled with the rush of blood, she seemed to vanish in the folds of skin and the protruding hairs.

–I can't stop for anything.

When a lover tried to slow her down, she'd find another. Someone who'd find reality in the fullness of her breasts or the rawness of her sex. Her only guarantee was some return for what she surrendered. Anything to keep her going.

LXII.

Once Kate tastes the fruits of her betrayal, she seeks the sweetness of a richer honey.

Edin had been seeking Kate's passion for months. They had been working together late at night. Sometimes their assistants had been there too. But often they were alone. Kate's design work was masterful. Edin learned a lot from her sleek, clean lines and sense of balance. but she always rushed back to her lover Andy. Maybe tonight would be there night.

–You look so great tonight in that yellow skirt. Why don't you let me kiss you

*What's a harmless kiss*

She first thought about Andy and how stupid she had been. But then it started to feel so good. It tingled Before long her breasts were exposed and he was going down on her.

--*Oral sex isn't really sex. Not if I don't touch your dick.*

But she saw his dick. And it was hard. She wanted to taste it. To suck it until he couldn't control it.

--I want you hard inside me

She had never felt Andy's tongue skim the edge of her ass. She opened up for Edin as he rammed his dick up her from behind. She just went delirious—abandon without any way of catching herself.

I'm not sure about this. I mean Andy found out. I don't want him pissed at me.

—Pissed. He doesn't know anything and I'm pissed as hell

She spent the week in depression. She didn't want to lose the house. But then she really enjoyed sex with Edin. Part of her relished the time at work. But she needed to cut it off while she still could.

—You've got to take a stand.

Edin never did.

--Why do I have to make a choice. What Andy doesn't know can't hurt him.

Each time that she was now with Andy felt weird. Surely he could see what was going on with her.

Did he even see what was going on?

—I'm going to have to get away for a week—it's for business. But I want a few days away from her.

—I could join you.

—I need some time by myself. It's what's good for me. It's what's good for us.

She really didn't believe that.

—Is something wrong.?

—Of course there's something wrong.

She saw the look in his eyes. She was aware that she was confusing him.

—It's not you. It's me.

But it was his problem. He was too ordinary.

But she had ordinary dreams. Ordinary dreams in an extraordinary body. She wanted to explore.

Edin felt the trip would provide them the opportunity that they lacked. The more that she enjoyed the sex, the more she realized this had nothing to do with Edin or Andy. She needed to take what she could when she could get it.

She didn't want to lose the house. But she couldn't pretend any more with Andy. The trip told her that...

### LXIII.

Natalie lets a man of mystery turn her world upside down.

--What turns you on?

—Anything. Passion with a stranger.

—Don't leave. What's your name.

—No names. We know each other by our sex.

Jason was an actor with an affection for drugs. He languished in the artefacts of his ecstasy. On coke, he felt that he had crossed over to the other side. This new endurance gave him

the insight that he had crossed over to the other side—that he could see Natalie in a way that she could never see herself.

He knew how she enjoyed pain and searched for a way to induce the most extreme agony in her. but one that would leave no mark. Not a sign of aggression but an internal searing. She could feel the edges of that wound. As it healed, it was the imprint of her new affection for him. He rubbed salve into the its corners. He ran his finger along its crevices. He stimulated this part of her with such intensity that she spread this passageway in a such a wide expanse. His vulgarity was profound and allowed him to sink deeper and deeper into her. She swallowed him completely. He became lost in the will that he created.

He needed to disguise the risk involved in this passion. He wanted to make her concentrate on her desire in its pure form. She hungered for their contact. He needed to make it more difficult. He needed to refuse her until she pleaded.

She needed to throw her life into jeopardy. Public encounters. Exhibitionism. Private rendez-vous in forbidden places. Have her break taboos. Break laws. Trespass and steal.

–What do you want to take?

–Something that is part of her. Something that she values most.

–Go ahead Natalie. Steal her heart.

–So you can take mine.

–Strip for me. Masturbate in front of me. Let me lick the cum from your pussy. Let me gag on your refuse. Your sweat pungent and intoxicating.

>>Get in the bath with your clothes on. Everything clinging to your body. My cock like an oar in the waves. Do you know that I am inside you, but where are we? All mouth and hair and lips and in and out.

>>Do you like this? If you do, it is not you. It is me.

>>What do you want?

–I want you to fuck me up the ass with a studded condom.

–That is not enough.

–I want to lick the rim of the bitch’s pussy who you have just fucked.

–More.

–I want to eat your shit. I want to fuck your corpse.

–What?

–I want to die inside you.

–That is not enough.

–I want to kill for you. I want to kill your lover.

–You are my lover.

–Then find someone else who I can destroy.

–You are already doing that.

LXIV.

Shelia risks her love for her husband with her penchant for bizarre experimentation.

Tyler was real busy with a new client. Shelia was feeling neglected. She started hanging around with Simone, her new neighbor. Experimentation was certainly her hallmark as she stopped by to find her going at it with the pool man. As she watched Simone, she imagined herself as willing as her new friend. She pulled up her dress and put her hands under her panties.

–You enjoyed that.

Shelia started to rearrange herself.

–It’s really OK to watch.

–Have you ever done it with a woman?

She blushed.

–Don’t be afraid to admit it.

–Admit what?

–That you might get into that sort of thing.

When Tyler came home, Shelia had made a special dinner for him.

–I thought that we were going to go out to eat.

Couldn’t he even appreciate all her work.

–Don’t you want to even try it?

–Honey, I had a big dinner at the office.

–I thought you were the one who wanted to go out to eat.

–I did. But my stomach is a little upset.

–What do you want to do?

–Maybe have you show me a little affection and then I can go to bed.

–I don’t think that I’m feeling that affectionate right now.

All she could think about was that incident with Simone this afternoon. Why had she never made love to a woman. At this point, she didn’t want to pretend that she was naive. If she had desires, she needed to give in to them.

As she sponged herself in her bath, she imagined Simone’s tongue licking at her legs. The action became more overwhelming, as Shelia just gave in completely.

–You were in bath a long time. Why don’t you...

She ended up yielding to him. She dropped her towel and he started to kiss her insides. She opened so easily to his caress. She opened up to him. Her sighs were massive and seemed to shake the room.

His pleasure was achieved without effort.

–Thanks, baby.

He rolled over and went to sleep.

Some consolation.

The next morning she saw Simone in her garden. She wore a low-cut top. Her breasts seemed delectable. She wanted Simone to make an advance.

–How are you and Tyler been doing well.

–Why do you ask?

–Something about you doesn’t seem right. You don’t seem too happy.

–We’re happy.

–He’s giving it to you.

–That’s all I’m getting.

Shelia was in a short white satin dress and little white shoes. Simone inched the dress up her legs and kissed her legs as she went along. She had thought about this all along but when it happened, it seemed so unexpected. When Simone tried to kiss her lips, she pushed her off. This was too much. But then she felt a mutual attraction. She kissed her lips, and rubbed her hands along the edge of Simone’s top. Simone took Shelia’s hand and rubbed it deep inside her

cleavage. Then she ran her hand under Shelia's dress. She reached into Shelia's panties and began to stimulate her. Shelia gave into her curiosity.

The orgasm was more intense than anything that Shelia had felt before. She loved Simone's golden hair covering her thighs, as her tongue found its way deep inside Shelia. After making love, the two lay by each other's sides.

–I hope your husband won't be jealous.

–He's going to be away on business in Minneapolis.

–Come on by for dinner.

She ran her hand along the outline of Shelia's lips. Shelia smiled—a honey smile.

She had seen Jerry before, but she had never met him.

–Simone has told me about you.

–I hope that she said nice things.

–Everything nice.

–You're a writer.

–I'm working on a screen play.

–I've got some friends.

–I'm not that good.

–I'd love to show them your stuff.

–You haven't read it. It's just crap.

–It'd be a favor. They could make suggestions to help you.

She loved his sense of caring. She wondered what was taking Simone so long in the kitchen. Jerry stared at her with desire. What was the spell that this couple had over her. She felt Jerry running his hand up her legs. She smiled. then she shook herself out of her reverie.

–I don't want to be indiscreet but Simone told me that you like to try new things.

She felt a little uncomfortable with his forwardness.

–Simone's trying a sesame butter sauce on the fish.

Why was she being so presumptuous.

The fish was delicious. They were sharing drink after dinner.

–Too bad Tyler couldn't have been here. He would have loved the fish.

–When is your husband getting back here. You need to invite up to our cottage for the weekend.

Simone brought dessert to everyone.

–I don't think that I can.

Her lips were a dark crimson. Her dress was a revealing rich blue. The skirt was very short. As she serve everyone, it moved higher up her legs.

Jerry seemed very suggestive.

–You wouldn't mind trying something.

–What?

–I've got this great run sauce for the dessert.

Shelia smiled. She imagined him dripping the sauce over her body.

–You do have a rich imagination.

–That's why I'm a writer.

Who was going to broach the subject first.

–I better get going. It's been a long day.

–Why don't you stay a while?

Everything's been great, but I'm falling asleep. Let me use your facilities before I go.

Maybe it was the fatigue, but it seemed that Jerry was looking in on her while she was in the bathroom. She took a little long freshening up. Almost intentionally, she left the door open. As she left, he grabbed her and pushed her to the wall.

-I've been waiting all evening to do this to you.

She wrapped her arms around him and drowned in her ecstasy.

Simone would have gladly joined in their adventure. But she felt like she had a secret to keep from her.

-You didn't sleep with my husband last night.

-I'm not like that. I don't usually lose control.

-The rum sauce wasn't too much.

She smiled. Oh, the rum sauce.

Simone seemed to exploit her guilt into another session in the bedroom. Jerry had come home from lunch and watched them through a crack in the door.

Simone slipped off Shelia's panties and started to gently caress her hips.

-There are dreams that we can't give in to.

Tyler came home that evening.

-What had been going on while I've been gone?

-I've been working on the script.

-I really hope that you can do something with it.

-I do too.

She rubbed her bare feet into the rug. She lay on the bed while Tyler hung up his jacket.

-Our neighbors asked us to dinner.

-They're really nice. I was there last night.

-We owe them a favor.

-Like what.

-We could ask them to dinner.

-Yes, we could.

At dinner, the talk turned to sex.

-I was pretty active in college, and then I met Shelia. I guess that she's enough women for me.

Tyler gave in to his voyeuristic tendencies. Simone had left the bathroom door open and seemed to be pleasuring herself.

-You like looking at my wife.

He jumped.

-No, go ahead. She's a beautiful woman.

-What?

-Go ahead.

Jerry went back downstairs. With wide strokes Simone provoked her desire. Jerry could feel himself touching her.

They met on the stairs.

-You were watching me.

-No, I wasn't.

-This is my house. I heard you sneak downstairs.

She exposed her breasts for him.

–You like them, do you.

Jerry pulled her to him and kissed her wildly. He ran his hands along her breasts. She reached under his pants and grabbed his penis. He loved how forward she was. She was on her knees sucking his penis.

They went back downstairs with a feeling of a shared secret. Tyler wanted to tell Shelia, but he felt held by his guilt.

–Honey, there’s something I want to tell you. I’ve had an affair. It’s over but I needed to tell you.

She was shaken to the core. Her games with Jerry and Simone were just that. they were temporary.

–How long has this been going on.

–For a while. I went up to Minneapolis to break it off. I’ve been distant from you.

–I missed you. But I think that I’m getting over it. It probably would be good if I got away for a while.

Shelia went to see her sister for the weekend. Simone took over where Tyler’s lover had left off.

–I know that you were with Simone while I was gone... I had her test you out. Simone is great. But I think that we need to end this charade before it goes any further.

LXV.

Lina surrenders to a man not her lover when her lover tricks her with his twisted revenge.

She had already accustomed to making love anywhere. In public with her lover she found that they created their own world away from everyone else. She was seduced by his charms, and when his spell became potent, she put everything else out of her mind. He realized her devotion. He lived off it and it frightened him. It was totally overwhelming. Once she felt his touch, she melted in his arms. The world seemed to quake under her feet.

Sensing the power, he wanted to test her resolve. He had her show up in a trench coat and heels—nothing underneath. The challenge seemed almost tame compared to what would follow.

Would she accept it while he brought in another lover. What if she felt the cat licks on her pussy and woke up to see another woman. Or risked scandal by having her escapades revealed to her office workers by a secret video.

None of this pushed the envelope far enough.

–Why can’t our love be enough for you?

–It is enough for me. It’s you who wants more. Lina, you are a fiend and it is my goal to show you how far you have progressed.

Already one of Tim’s friends seemed to have designs on her.

–I’d take care of you better than Tim.

–Roger, you don’t seem to understand. Tim says that he truly understands who I am.

–That’s part of his game. He’s trying to break you down to command you.

–But the sex is so mind blowing. I almost come before he has penetrated me. I tense up until I feel his touch.

–You are doing all this for him. It has nothing to do with who you really are. He has trained you like a dog. If he wants, you just bark.

–He’s your friend. You can’t say that.

But Roger did fuel her doubts. Somehow Tim got wind of the conversation and started to taunt her.

–I never made any promises to him. We just talked.

–But he knows about that side of you. Deep down, I think that he wants you.

Tim couldn’t spend the night with her. His doubts were growing.

She had felt the same way until their conversation, but now her doubts were much less severe. When he got home, she called.

–I wished that you hadn’t left so suddenly. I want to see you. I want to have you.

–Meet me at the Hilton. I’ll be dressed as Pierrot.

What were her risks. She wanted this all along.

The Pierrot that she met seemed so passionate. But he refused to take off his mask. This seemed so extreme when she saw him naked, hard on and all. For once, it seemed like sex for its own sake. And she fell for that purity of their emotions.

She expected Tim to come out of the shadows as her and Pierrot rolled around on the bed.

The whole story demanded another in the Pierrot mask. Instead, it was Roger who rolled out of the shadows.

–This is not how things are supposed to go.

–That was the ultimate test. Roger was trying to draw you out.

–Both of you are clowns. I rather would have had him.

LXVI.

To delve into the heart of passion, Ginger must give something up.

It was five in the morning by the time they got off work. They took out the trash and put it in the dumpster as they walked to the car. There was a marked fatigue in their gait. A long, long night.

He wanted to soak his rod. Just the immediacy of the bodies grinding together, her head bobbing back and forth. Could he possibly relate to her in any other way, see things that he never could grasp. The layers of their connection together. Her breasts flopping around and the two of them feeling that grip on each other.

–This is what holds together. Our appetite. We give this up and we’re like a fucking mountain. We don’t have heart or a soul.

–You never listen.

–What are you saying? You’re not going to break up with me.

–There’s not enough to hold us together to say that there’s something to break.

–I fuck you. We hang out together. What more is there to keep us holding on. That’s got to be love.

–Yeah, self love. I don’t need you anymore.

–Don’t you like what we got.

–I’ve got tired of telling you what you want to hear.

–You didn’t complain when I was giving you what you needed, when I was sensitive to your needs.

And she wanted to leave him. And what he was saying was so ridiculous. But she wanted something tangible at that moment. Something that only he could offer her.