

–How do they find women who will do this sort of thing?
–It becomes an opportunity. Look you're interested.
–But sometimes they seem so messed up. Look at her.
–Guys think that they know her personality by looking at her.
–And what does she do?
–She gets what she wants. She chooses bits of the images to create her identity. They are her mirror. Do they like her hair? Are they engaged by the look in her eye? Are they willing to pay for her time?
–I'd jump on that in a heartbeat.
–It's not just that. It's everything about her. Her soul. Her talents. Her dreams. Her troubles. Her mortgage.
–I'm just thinking a out rent for a night.
–Even a night is a long time.
–Paradise.
–You seem happy.
–Who wouldn't be happy? Look at her.
–But does she have what it takes to support your fantasy.
–I wouldn't mind her supporting my fantasy. Or vice versa for that matter.
–There's a definite appeal opportunity. But would she really sustain an arousal triangle.
--Imagine her feet dangling at the edge of the bed, the heels just hanging precariously, while she hung on and fucked you to death. Can't you see that?
–But the triangle is too steep to maintain arousal. It's only explosive.
–So you delay the explosion point.
–That implies a suspension somewhere else. She's going to wonder.
–Wonder how? Who's going to make her house payment?
–What is her future with you.
–She's looking for a long hard one.
–Phil, you're always letting who you are interfere with what you see.
–I can't help but be me.
–Me is fucking up.
–You can't say that at all.
–Everyday get you close to what it makes it tick
–And then you can touch it.

She scurried up the bed and lay on top.

–I've got something to show you baby.

–I've got something to show the world, he smiled.

He liked how her naked breasts felt against his chest. Her panties floated on her rear. He wanted to feel himself inside her. The panties ringed the entryway, held them in their embrace together. Her legs accepted his firm caresses. She shivered for his touch. It pulled them closer. A tangle of legs and arms, and a center of fire.

He slipped his fingers underneath her panties and already he could sense that inferno. Moist and engaging. Mouth to mouth. Warm and dripping. Was this him, or more than his desire. Infected with this fever and trying to hang on. The panties dangling around her feet. The feet stretch out and she tosses the panties, takes him inside her. His tongue rolls around her

mouth, drains her lips. The salty sweetness. A bite, the blood swelling, a potent salt.

A certain roughness in the contact of skin against skin. A sliding together...

–If everyone could...

–I want you even deeper inside me.

Her teeth scraped his penis. A love nip.

–Oooh

–Do that some more. Feel under here.

Opening of the shell and the soft underbelly. Her breasts wet with sweat and his kisses. She cannot back down against the swirling motions. Focused in her eyes. And below they orbit around each other. Probe, retreat and get buried deeper.

–Oooh—the thrill

–My word.

In and an in beyond in. What have you given me?

What could be his cure? He bit her ear. Macabre whispers.

–I am your ghost.

And they floated together.

Sweat beaded on her forehead. He pushed his face into hers and the two of them turned in this warmth. He licked the salty moisture from her. She yielded to his foray. He cupped his hands around her breasts and used them to brace his thrusts. The divided flesh again found its unity. They flailed in their passion. And these random gestures boiled and coalesced. Explosions arrested by a burst of shame. The only way to a more profound bliss was this falling away. Almost risking a loss of tension. They stopped by becoming absorbed in this lull. A free fall, nothing could catch them except renewal of this physical density.

Neither can let up. Their curiosities are incessant. Identities surrendering to the thing of this connection. For itself. Part of the machine as relentless. Not letting up but just driving in and getting shrouded more intently in their frenzies. The attack. A mutual assault. Nothing remains. Nothing but the incessant roar. The whirr in the hair and the skin and the muscles and the bones. Again this core that will not cease. They roll together. Bend and crack and seep out. Way past the brutality, the confession of their attachment to each other. And in the love that they want to hold them together, there is this thread of disgust. Nothing else can keep them with each other but the sheer force that keeps them driven. That lets them halt all other pursuits for this. Hanging there in their lethargy. All tropical and ready and accommodated. A clamminess emerges in its stickiness. What stays and stays. Not rewarded but hollowed out. And still laboring in their sweat.

Her full body, the waxed legs, pure want on display that needed completion. His head, his hair on her skin, provoking arousal. Pushing each other to a space that neither had seen before. That neither could stop. His face shoved into her crotch in its most elemental way. Wanting but not recovering from that attack that seeped into her every pore. He approached her while denying every aspect of her being except her need to submit. And that submission surrounded him. Licked the tip of his penis, sucked along the shank, drew him deep in her throat. The eternity of her hunger so dominant, nothing but that continued immediacy. To swallow him whole. Make everything disappear but her satisfaction.

What supported now only suggested the thrusting. The mooring together against these storms of passion. The delight on her face that she passed on to him. Something obscene in this

transmission. And they rolled over each other in a succession of somersaults. They feared the energies and that reinforced their embraces. The cupped hand, the shared suspense, the thirst of the desert. He put his penis into her and she challenged him. The fine ass cheek taking his bite. Drowning his tongue. The fine curves of the ribs. The stretching of the muscles of the stomach. The smooth skin of the neck. the expanse of the back. The gentle wisps of hair. The hiding place. Spinning within spinning. Desire undoing flesh into a more defined longing. Where they stay together in these gaps. Where flesh cannot find its reply but gasps int its weight.

He was getting so good at this that he couldn't prolong the feeling. He needed her provocation. What brought them together seemed to push them apart. And she sat naked on the desk and opened herself up wider and wider and he just rode into this gap, glued himself to this silence. And this hunger dug deep into her. And she scraped her nails into his back. Knowing that if she made a more intense contact that they could not return from this agony. And he made his transport into her so that she could not escape her devotion to the flesh. To suck the fruit. Let the bitter melt into the sweet. Nauseate into the honey. Bathe into tart cloying. The rift, the holding together. The spray, the rush, the flooding, the tidal explosions. The saving and then the binge. Despair giving into the orgies of the flesh. Needing to strip the nakedness of the flesh to get to a more elemental nudity.

Hanging upside down in her purity. Legs spread out for him. For him becoming so frightening as she felt less for her. Even in her sadness. Even in her ecstasy. Legs over legs and brought together in their isolation. Everything given to their intoxication.

–What are your secrets? –I'm not supposed to do this.

–But you are doing this.

–You have passed me off to some other soul.

And they both roamed in these darkness.

–Can I take my meal now.

–Here take all of me.

–I want to taste what there is beneath this carnal hunger. The pacifying relief of the fruit. The refreshing juices sucked from the bone. From movement and silence.

–Release me from these terrible screams.

–What can you do for me? Can you pretend to hurt me.

–That's not me

–What if I ask you for something that will frighten you?

–I can only return you to where you've been before.

He returned her to sit on the desk. The body full in its nakedness.

Afraid that if she knew what he most cherished that she might take it away from him.

–If you take my breath from me nothing van repay the debt.

–You have informed on me. You have taken away my secret and lft me with an unquenchable thirst.

Maybe a day of loving could produce the cure. But she had been dried out in the desert of his passion.

–What more can you take from me? My belief. Who are you? I don't need you in me. I am what you seek. But without me, you are becoming ugly. I'm afraid that no one can stop me.

–You're just mad because you let the life force escape.

She saw a hatred in this last comment.

–If you could just feel what I feel.

He wished that he could.

--That's what I've tried. That's what I've sought from you.

–But it didn't work. You just seem so ugly now.

–That ugliness is at the heart of your desire and you can't admit to that.

–You're just bitter because you can't possess what you see.

–I'm bitter because I can't escape the possession.

She felt an anger that even clothed, he stripped her naked.

–Can't you let me alone.

–You are alone.

She wanted to return to their sex and knew that it was impossible for him. She wanted to replace the hollow with appetite.

–Just because we both felt something so intensely never meant that we felt the same thing.

–Is that your comfort for refusing to feel what you need to feel?

–You can't replace what you've given away.

–And you can create this monument and pretend that it brings you any closer to me.

–You've seen all this as sacred.

–Nothing less than your devotion to the passion.

–You can't let your fear hold you back from admitting that emptiness that surrounds you.

–So you can promise to fill it and then not deliver.

–You know what has driven us apart.

–You think that denial can you make claim that I am addicted. We've both pushed each other to this point.

–And that's what gave me the chance to break from you. Now it's not denial; it's my reality. What do you want me to do?

–Tell me that you need it.

–I'm all over it. If you let such passion take you over, you won't have time for anything else. It will drain you of everything. Suck the life from out of you

–How do you think you figured this out. but through me. I admit that hole that bores into you too.

–You think that we're going to fall into each other's arm. That we're going to find this attachment for each other. We're way past that. We can't go back.

He couldn't. He was already on the route to another pursuit.

She turned away in despair.

The trance of solitary desire fascinated him. That there would be no delay between that desire and his satisfaction. The vision would inspire the trance. The power confronted him, as an image of perfection rose up before him.

–What do you see?

A haze. Solidity in the fog.

Her close cropped hair accentuated the gold tint of her skin. Her nose turned up and her lips were tightly pursed.

Tall, statuesque. Midriff revealed and the giving in. To see was to look in. The panties hugging her lips. The deep imprint of desire. Her jeans pulled up tight. Her compliant pose surrendering to the turns of his gaze. Could she tell that he was looking at her. How far could she let him penetrate her consent. If he wanted something, she might frustrate his pursuit long

enough. She might then that she was involved in his fascination. Only if I'm going to go along in this adventure. Already immersed in this trance, her form was burned into him. It was the form of his ecstasy. She seemed to fade as his zeal increased. The strength of her stomach muscles. The playful arch of her back. Incited to resolution in his fixation. His hands reaching under her top. So they might find that acquiescence where they both might coincide. If she couldn't go along with his outrage, she would when confronted by the challenges of her passion. That her gyration would suggest consent. Where the least eluding might be the hint of that gyration. The ripple in the water. Her provocative maneuvers. This was not a playful game but a real effort to engage his interest. Or he pretended that the combination of gestures were intended and directed towards him.

Her reluctance became an enormous invitation. The line of the body an excessive affront to his reticence. To give in, to seek a clearer inspiration betrayed his utter certainty in her presence. Or the traces of her presence maintained even in her absence. Flesh burning in the mind. The body turning on that fire. Squirring and snapping forward into his incursions. what she could show because she did not want to reveal. Even hidden, not at all held away. but held back and then released. Letting her offer him you more than he could ever digest. As a trance there would not have to be any let up because he had spent so little energy in linking together. In the trance he was submerged in giving out, expending it all, because it was expended in watching, in entertaining.

She was becoming more and more disturbed by these weird stares. They just didn't pry. They made her feel ashamed.

–I can't keep this going. I don't want to participate. you're making me feel dirty. I wish that I had never gone along with you.

He worked to make her aware of the splendor.

–All these looks are just making you see the true power that you have. To make them all want you and frustrated that they can't follow through.

–They'll never have me. They're gross.

–But if they did have you or you had all them, you'd really get them going. You'd feel this wonderful energy. It'd warm you all over.

She felt herself more than ever on display. But she started to find a strange delight in this vision. That his caress would never be enough for new appetite.

–Thanks for showing me something new.

He felt spurred on by this new magnificence. She had passed off her own frustrations to him.

She balanced herself on the wall as she was locked in embrace with him. Her feet brace on the threshold of the door, they pushed into the structure. Bone against wood, but still slight, attractive, the painted toe nails. The pose had her butt pushing against the opposite wall, its crack spread to extend the balance. So her legs were spread even wider for him, to take him in smoothly. Her confidence and his self-assured thrusts. The friction concentrated at the tip, but eased by this geometry. As he pumped, she pushed harder against the wall with her feet. And he pinned her against the opposite wall, all engulfed in her flesh and her fierce kisses.

They are engrossed in this effort. The difficulty of their congress only adding to the immensity of the passion. Her feet lose their color through the effort. He wants the impossible. to kiss them, to lick the toes. This emphasizes the raw nakedness. He feels that angle of skin that mediates her opening wider. He rubs against it. The moist cauldron of their intercourse. Her

tongue hooking on his mouth so as not to slip from the wall. The building rhythm propelling them together. Counter to the twists of the flesh, a solidity was implied. Where they could touch, but moved towards that gap. It was almost as if the bodies faded into each other. And there was this merging. Not a physical melding—a vanishing except for the mass of desire. Not hers, not his, but IT. Oppressive and blue hot and unyielding.

She felt an immense vacuum of feeling. Just the mechanical dynamo whirring. She felt herself slip down this hollow and it consumed more and more. She tried to recover in this expanse and realized how deeply she had fallen. Maybe this was the extent of their connection. What so overwhelmed her, so impressed her and so frightened her. She shut down.

This was who she was. Someone who needed to submit. Here she was giving in. Or giving in, but not really going along. How could she ever hold back as she was dragged forward by this incredible pressure. In the physical clash, she felt delivered to another lull.

To stretch on past this tranquility, she resumed her place in the pushing, the absorbing of his force. the returning of that force. More than a extra physical opening up, she absorbed a probing inside her. Stripping back the walls of this cavity, a sheer mass palpitating. the beating of flesh tied to a primitive rhythm. A pulse. And alternation. A dizziness that she accepted and surrounded and enveloped her.

More than the inside of sex. She had already become used to that. This was her inside his inside. What had guaranteed a complicity in his lust. Where he had put aside hunger and just breathed his attachment to her. An echo even in their separation. To track along these walls was to run rough against these sharp edges.

Mouth to mouth, mouth to lip. to object. To see that attachment in the tension of all her muscles. Her tongue sanctioning his, each in its independence, in its possession. To kiss was to possess. Lip and tongue and breath, all found their entryway.

Her delight was new, unexpected, but still somehow prepared. She spoke in him and him in her. So refreshing, but still allowing this frenzy. Letting the frenzy take over. This frightening erasure of who she was. Devotion to her sisterhood. Its totem and its ritual. No names except those that take her back to the same identity. To do and be done to. To be done for...

So she could not be without being with it. And no exploration was sufficient but required re-acquaintance. And the loathsome risk that flesh might take the place for their pledge. The flesh of another. So their flesh, what held them was this commitment to more and more intense explorations. Of stripping their contact of everything but these obsessions. Again these pained moments suggested an eternity of separation. Nothing but these unencumbered thrusts.

Now was his now. And they could not get out without her yielding these increasing territories to it. And these rolling seas reclaiming their realm And her floating in their waves. Spinning whirlpools streaming though her. The edge of foam, bubbles popping in her. Trying to remain steady. She was getting high, enjoying this light-headed feeling. This glee all that kept her from losing awareness.

The more that she capitulated to these secrets, the more that she felt invigorated by these currents. Sparks ignited in her body. These faint touches, each interrupting the other. Whispers crowding each other out, swelling into stronger tones. Bellowing, fluttering, saturating her.

These cavities were now cavernous and drawing her in So monstrously foreboding that she could not conquer its heights, so she sustained herself in its emptiness. That she could not

fill it, or take it over, but felt dwarfed by its majesty. Once engulfed by this loss, she felt anew this power. He became part of this adjustment. A squall ripping through the space. The wind gaining solidity, ripping every foundation, every firmament, every resting place. This shaking, the quake, the turmoil.

Thinned out in this landscape, a rarity. A burning concentration, radiating out too far to recover. In this dangling out, the return that ties them together. Vines entangling and stinging.

A projection out that cuts through the currents, the wake, the wash, the rift. And the holding with him.

So unseen, and in this escape letting loose. Through layer and later, silken transparencies. Sparkling veils. Bunching and entangling.

What had they done, not done?

A calling out. A reappearance.

So aroused, linked together. Gagged by these tumbles, breathless in their entanglement. Forming their union in the rocky depression. Bruised by their gathering together. A lingering distaste plunging each into the other.

Regenerated by their faults, their lapses, they renewed in these honeyed zones. Noises, the buzzing. The root.

—I'm just giving you what you want.

She knew what this meant. Where the root was what pulled her apart, what impelled her to connect to him. This sweetness that they shared that made everything else bitter. Or else required a ferocity from the world that exceeded their passion.

That was where these silences overwhelmed her. Where she struck out for contact but was cut low by his resistance. When he did respond she extended way beyond his indifference. And she thought that she could feel this renewed energy in his touch.

It frightened her where this search might take her. Waiting for him, she might give herself to another who could muster the appeal more immediately. She might exaggerate this alien conquest. Feel so relaxed in its presence that she could give way more of herself than she had offered to him.

That he had paved the way for his own betrayal. He loved the risk, but was paralyzed by the consequences. In her body he tried to read her magic. Her attraction for him was rendered in his ability to last. To think about nothing but their coincidence. Hence the fragility. He needed an explosive initiation. That seemed to render a permanence to their entanglement. He could pass his hand through her flesh and vice versa. This was the source of their endurance. They were already in the final throes of passion and hence could repeat and repeat and repeat. A wonder!

How could she reduplicate that ecstasy. By bringing to an end her attachment to him. It appeared that abandoning this affection meant a deeper commitment to the feeling in itself. So she sought ritual to preserve that rapture in a new discipline.

If she held her breath she could maintain her heightened sensitivity to touch. His whisper enticed her to reveal. Not to her lover, but to some spontaneous assignation. As if picked from a line but thoroughly enjoying this attention. She did not let herself clumsily flop around his caresses. Each movement on her part followed a challenge on his part. His insistence dug into his skin. So immediate that she avoided any hope of prolonged interaction. He was her toy. She needed to pretend for him, for herself. To feign the chamber of love. Surrender as a giving away, an exchange. When she only wanted to take. Display her charms in all their eternity.

Gold embracing her sex, heating it up by its contact.

Her will could extend that contact. That was enough. Her new discipline. Concentrate her perception. Anticipate. And in the anticipation purify the touch. To touch her vulva. Already touching, but not touching. As touching deeper. To touch was already to touch deeper. To plunge itself into her. To let herself be touched deeper.

She felt the contact back and forth and again obliged by will. Not muscles, but will against will. And that floating in the contrary motions. She was electric. Electric to that touch. A touch that seemed to float on top.

Not just what happens, what kind of impression that it makes. Even those impressions all fade. How to make it last?

The thunder clap, the indelible impression.

She had learned how to make it echo in such profundity. Not just the touch but the burning memory. The salve to relieve the damage. Hoping for more of this surgery, the deep cut. A hollow cut.

She tried to hold her breath. Breath control was key to avoiding suffocation. But only by approaching that loss of breath could she attain the elation that had seemed to avoid her. This was the intention of her discipline.

If withdrawal engendered pain, then cruelty might dull that pain. In turn, a fondness for the sadistic might yield a skill at making it last even during moments of deprivation. The discipline became her ultimate devotion. Beyond muscle control and command of her breathing, she now was attached to suffering. Not that her search hadn't included enough suffering, but a commitment to a worse misery would only give her the chance to end its stranglehold

Had the discipline been grounded in an appreciation of balance. Did it imply surrender to a master? Or was the balance the point of liberation.

What could keep her held in participation? All these physical exaggerations. The lifelike and the grotesque. Anything animate that could stimulate. Anything inanimate that could suggest the natural course of attraction. The hint that would find form in its insistence. The repetition that would hypnotize. That would allow her to accept his aggressiveness. That would have her crave his frenzy. To seek his ferocity. A discipline that allowed her to accept his haphazard impulses. All these tempers that fueled his muscular expressions.

Where the discipline allowed the random contacts of the flesh. The streamlined certainties of muscle on bone.

What held back satisfaction? She did. All that her rule implied to prolong her enjoyment. That seemed to exclude that sweat-filled effort on his part. That made mockery of his attempts to tame her appetites.

She needed to protect herself against what she adored. She needed to stop. Hence these layers of mass, the numbness. And she was beset by this anesthetic. It was her high. Not to drift down into a depression. Or to follow this descent in a stupor.

She did not want to relive that solitude. Even her sensitivity to him seemed too much. Already she had admitted that he could occupy the focus of her creativity. She didn't want that sacrifice to reassert itself. Even these overarching fantasies needed to be curbed. An ascetic diet guaranteed her independence.

That didn't mean that she couldn't taste it. But what she tasted in a greater way were these after effects. They bore into her person.

Not grotesque—just neutral. And so this lag haunted her days. A desire to stay in bed. To remain motionless. Not wanting to disturb this glumness as a deeper cavity threatened to swallow her up. Hunger was no longer about a desire to ingest. She felt that she was the new delectable and felt herself displayed for consumption. The ravenous audience. How could she perform. She wanted to hide underneath the covers.

So she would not let herself disappear in this mediocrity.

She had got so used to making the feeling last that now she needed to learn how to make it stop. She wanted to cry foul for something that he had drained from her and she could never get back. She felt like a scarecrow, all crumpled up, without form stuffed with straw.

She looked for model to express this depression. Poetic souls who populated their nights with mystical cuddly toys. And these myths wrestled with her. She bargained with her own elimination. Figures so taken by their own images that the daze brought them closer to the cliff. To tempt what that they dare not follow through.

She was a scarecrow brought to life. When they breathed on her. Sucker the pith from the lifeless body.

—I want you to do what you are told.

And the wind blows you over and you roll with hi

—Laugh for me.

And the giggle captures the night. Someone breaks into your paradise. Chases you across a dark field. Grabs you neck.

—What do you want me to be like?

—You can start tender and then get vicious.

Take your intoxication. Letting someone tell you what to do. A long division. A mental twist.

You are surprised that you are dedicated to this order. Even to the point of pain. Your nails dig into your flesh. You have to maintain concentration.

You yawn.

—Keep talking to me.

Talk and work are now the same thing. To lead you to orgasm by the isolation of his desire. What was this phantom that had been threatening, now is the lover-warden for your masochism. Save it all for fashion. To starve yourself.

—I don't feel like eating.

Nothing even has taste. How can there be appetite without flavor.

He licks the salt from your wounds.

You need to rewrite the story so your passion seems minimal. He is this machine who grasps for another symbol to use to persecute you.

The crack of her ass opened on the universe. What did her need her to do or say?

—Do you like to explore new worlds with you words? How does he make you hang on? Is it him or just it?

He knew that she like to investigate. Dani. He said her name. Practiced her on himself. How he could get her to ask him for things. Things that he wanted. The whole thing. Her body. something that would fit around him. Something that would tingle would it heard his name.

—Does he make you shiver?

So automatic for him. Like running down this questionnaire. Trying to find some place to bang in the answers. Not to let her answer back. Just let the answers fester inside her.

Before it was an imagination. But now the imagination was all too real. Her lover. Or some lover. Or some acts. Done for her. Done to her. Just back to her. And he answered back just enough to make her imagine that she was getting answers.

Could he upset that lover? That thing that consumed her without letting it consume her. It was her questionnaire. She filled it in as the lover filled her in. And if he was to replace the lover, he had to offer a question that he could not answer. It all seemed like too much work under the circumstances.

He didn't want more than that. He liked his automatic. And the lover for what he was wanted more than that. He wanted it all because down deep he was convinced that he was special. Convinced that he needed her because she was special too. When he disengaged from her, the lover let her memory linger. The lover needed his fuck. But was so tied to the contact that he was convinced that it was more than that. His nostalgia for the time on the beach. The walk. Watching her clothes stick to her body. Melt away. She had loved that look that made her feel special, that made her feel sexual.

What was it that let her be used by this situation? Not used by him because the lover believed the ripple up and down of his penis. That let him fall for her every time and convince himself that it was the wonder of their connection.

So how could he replace the lover and not just become another him. The interceptor. The intruder. His automatic questionnaire. He wanted the lover doing the work for him.

So he put this lover out of his mind as he hoped she would to.

–I've got a

And he would complete the sentence for her. Give him the opportunity. Give her the opportunity to sneak around on the lover.

But the sneaking would become these new ideas, things to entertain that she had not grasped. That if she stayed with her lover everything would end in their intersecting schedules. Their shared intimate vacations and their needed separate vacations. The extended massages and the massage boys and massage girls. Hands swollen by filling out paper work.

Was their touch fiery? Did they touch deep enough? Was their tip large enough. Did the client want to explore the other services. The dessert menu.

Why not start the exploration now? Was she afraid of the night? Did she need an aid to sleep? To make love? Was the remedy better than the deed itself.

–What do you got?

–Some for you.

Do you know what that some is? Or was it something that you just feel, learn to feel deeply.

She touched him as she talked. She did that to everyone. She whispered in his ear. Let her words fill him up.

–Do you like to explore?

And his tongue would explore. She would let him go along. So far along. Remembering how these gestures were once resistances. And how she had let go of those resistances as her lover seemed to give something of himself. But what had he really given but his attachment to these delights. And now she gave up to the intruder with the same candor that she had saved for her lover. She reclaimed her body for herself.

This was her fear and the intruder's gambit. That the path of his tongue would be immediate, once and for all, just for that moment. So she would have to let him go. but that had

become the fortress of her personality. That she couldn't let go without knowing that her lover, someone would be there to catch her. And if she let go now, all that would be there would be the massive quality of the experience. Sex which had formerly tied her to someone would tie her to no one. The more pleasurable the experience, the more it was authentically hers and had nothing to do with any lover.

That was why he truly was the intruder. The first and forever the last. From that point on, there could be no more invasions and she was being turned inside out. That what really got her off. But that made it necessary for her to be alone.

He loved that arrangement. Loved how he could catalogue their adventures. She could return to the catalogue to order. She could never really understand a failure of performance. Repair meant replacement. But what did her care. Familiarity meant worn-out. Preoccupation required constant delight.

How can you tickle me deeper. The line of her abdomen unhindered into her hips. And he could sense her freedom. That right combination and he was sloshing away inside her. Such an effusiveness that she even drowned in her honesty. She bit his lip.

Where could she send his curiosities. On a body already turned inside out. Front and back at the same time. He—a multiple lover.

--Do you know where I am? Know it is me?

Was their confusion in this sex partner. Could his twists be mistaken for the persistence of her former lover.

Ha! Former. And what could she do if the intruder sent her away. Was the passion so intense that she needed to run away.

Or did they modulate the passion sufficiently so neither one would feel a sense of attachment. Were they already prepared for that return?

This provoked an amazing session of love-making. What had started as a pure fuck made them both seek a respite. And in that lull, they hit a region of gross desire. Obliterating passion. He almost wanted to strike out at her. And she wanted to do away with him.

Their genitals acquiring this machine like pace. And then retreating into counterpoint. Mouth around mouth. Impossible geometries.

—We can't keep this up, she smiled.

—We have.

And she needed to be alone. And she resented him that he let her alone. And she did not want him to pursue.

Would this become a further addiction? An attachment that she continuously sought.

Something so automatic for him. Did he turn his glance back to her?

If it was this intense was it her new love?. Could he cut her off?

—Dani.

“There are too many loose ends here. There is really no possibility of an alternative story. You had something to do with this.”

I need to find someone who enjoyed this so much. But if I enjoyed this so much, why would I have stopped? A desire to torture her more. What I had pushed her to do.

“Are we going to get married?”

At first I believed it, and then I looked for every excuse for it not to happen.

Enough money to get her excited thinking about her plans so that she never saw what she could not anticipate her actual end.

“I’ve worked through the different versions of what happened. Now one thing seems clear. there are no alternative versions here. I did it. I had something to do with it...”

I left the hotel room. I had to really clean up the place. Things in the room that I didn’t want the maid to find. Polaroid Photos that linked me to what had happened the night before.

Why had I wanted the record. I wanted to make sure it was real. I wanted to pressure myself into accepting what was happening. That I needed to top what I had done previously to find someone who might enjoy the depraved visions that I savored.

This was what I had become. what my work had turned me into. Everyone was like this too. Just like this. if they jut gave in to their hidden dreams. They’d realize how really attached they are to things like this.

–You think that you can get away with this.

–I’ve already got away with it.

If I give it all up, everything that I’ve worked for you will you consent to be with me you don’t know how bad this makes me feel but I need to do it over and over again.

“If I could get that frenzy of my vision to overwhelm my everyday experience. Where that rush has me just fade into the haze of the daytime. I just get blown into the fog of experience. I am turned on for an eternity. The rise of arousal has its edge dulled by a more extended attachment.

I like what I see. I let her charms take me over. Just seeing it does it for me. The passions burns me through. The smile, the smooth skin. The filth. Sucked through by that bond, the physical glue that merges me with her.

The skin bends and soars to take the impressions of desire. I have melted with my gaze. I am submerged by my own stare that becomes what I am seeing and reverses as in a mirror. It is part of me.

In a crowd I am isolated by that pursuit. She is all of me. She is not even with me.

The blood ripples. I almost lose consciousness and we are together.

What we’ve have undergone together and what trails on. The vision will not stop in its sliding, its rubbing, its friction. But it is not worn down by contact. And it still burns.

The skin is these tensions. Where we cannot get away. Are short of breath. Driven by theses breezes. Hearts molded together. Inserting and withdrawing. Twisting and revealing. Exaggeration. Cold swelling. Warm contraction. The pangs which are not pangs due to these immense energies. Nothing falls away.

Eyes pierce. Lips explore. Expanded and then squeezed into the holding. The insipid spilling, holding back, elasticity. Glances coalescing into solid focus. Powerful grips. Suffocation and holding back and letting go. Down, down, down the stone wall, the wall of flesh, the framing of bone, nights without sleep. Nothing but the wait, the gasping for more. Flashes.

Shadows and the hardening of fear. Falling in complicity with these whims. I want more.

The core of the clash of spirits. In a wrenching and a slamming together. Falling and falling and falling and then just exploding in the running together. The surprise.

Slipping from the resting place, the supports. Hooked together. The relapse. The release. Transfixed. Together in the letting go and returning. The spying on and the being watched and the closing off of the surveillance. All in this intercourse. Banging together. More parts to explore and stretch out. Fill in.

No identities but the identities of this passion.

Give me more. The curving and the smoothing out. Uncurling. Unfurling. Sprung.

Faster and faster boring inward and stuffed and broken and then seamless again. Not in you, but all of you.”

Tiffany watches things spin out of control.

Amanda wonders what nightmare she’s going to step in next.

Sinestra hopes her big break doesn’t break her.

Cleo decides this romantic merry-go-round has to stop turning.

Patty can keep on supporting her man’s fantasies.

Elaine can’t get her plans off the ground.

Jackie wonders what really turns her on.

Darla realizes that she a little exhibitionist. What most people do in private, she need an audience.

Penny doesn’t know why she is getting those awful looks.

Gervey throws it all away for a hollow night of victory.

Cindy lets it all go for the ultimate prize.

Monica reveals her character.

Trina finds there are no limits to the nastiness that she will tolerate.

Satin is drained. She feels that her luck is running out.

Carol goes for the ride of a lifetime.

--I want you to pretend that you want to hurt me.

--Pretend how? You want me to pretend but not do anything. You want me to act it out but not finish it. You want me to do it but not really feel it?

–You know exactly what I want.

–You want me to put my hands around your neck.

–And...

–And fuck you deep...

–And...

–Tighten my grip...

–And ...

–You want me to strangle you...

–I never said anything of the kind.

–You want me to strangle you to the point of suffocation and if that isn’t enough, you want that sort of thing to go on over and over again. And then one point, just accidentally, I might slip up and not be able to stop.

–Are you trying to kill me?

- What are you saying?
- You said pretend.
- The emphasis is on pretend. I wanted to see what kind of man you are.
- And now you know?
- I'm trying to see if you're money's where your mouth is.

XLV.

That's exactly how you want to think about it, that it's all pretend. Tiffany watches things spin out of control.

I woke up in this hotel room. I couldn't figure out what had happened. I had been tied up. Drugged. Beaten. I felt like a mess. I didn't know what to do. Where I could go. My purse had been stolen. I was a real mess.

I had met some guy here. Now what was he going to do. Pretend that I had wanted it that way. I'd seen that kind of thing before. Where the guy projects his own sick fantasy on you. Seen it and felt that this was the worst thing that could have happened to me.

It was one thing to get harassed on the street. but this seemed like it was something that I had brought on myself. Of course I hadn't. But the more that he thought about it, the more that he got me thinking about it. I started to believe his version of how things happened..

Believe it because that's how it seemed. I mean I like to party. Everybody does. You smoke something, you take something, it makes the sex easier. I mean unless you know your partner really well, it can be a real bitch walking around naked with him. Letting him look up inside you. So you know how it goes. You need to loosen up. And at that point you're open to suggestion. It's sucks if sex is always the same. The old in and out. And if you hardly know someone, it takes a while for that attachment to get itself going. So you want to have a little excitement. I know the whole thing about danger and he's all wanting it and getting crazy in the hotel room. More than that. If I don't have to help him get it up. Then that's a real kick for me.

I was pretty young when I got turned on just seeing guys' dicks. I mean all hard and that. I could almost feel them inside of me with just a good eyeful. So all that stuff in a hotel room, that's like the biggest turn on. It gives me such a sense of power and control. Here he is with something that I like. But then I get to tell him what I want. It's not like I'm some kind of hooker. If I found the mate disgusting, I wouldn't be in no fucking room with him. And I can tell. I mean that's what turn me on. that look. I know if he'll say yes when I approach them. and it doesn't take much. I don't mean some loser stumbling around the floor. but a real spender. One who wants to show me a good time. Buy me some drinks. Gets me high. A guy who takes care of himself. Who works out. Who takes care of himself. Who has pride, a nice car. All the little details. I don't want to be seen driving around a ten year old domestic— a luxury import—a deluxe shiny new German car.

I've got taste.

Sp when I'm with someone in a room, there's that moment that I know that he wants me. that he wanted to spend his money on me. And now wants to spend that special moment with me. And it doesn't hurt to be a little trashed because then I can feel how really deep that connection is. It's almost like cutting through a layer of bull shit and seeing the real man. Not some plastic cut out. And it's not too hard getting a guy like that to spread you out go down on you. Lets me know what I really like. He not doing it because he 's trying to act all cute. Or that it gives him the hope that I'll do the same. I do love to suck cock. But that's just a thing in

itself. If he wants to give me a little action, I say go to it.

Some guys have that look. They know what a woman needs and what really gets her going. And this monster seemed liked one of those. For as much as I can remember

XLVI.

Amanda wonders what nightmare she's going to step in next.

I knew that it could have been me. That someone wanted me dead. When they found that girl in the hotel room, it was supposed to be me. I don't really like meeting guys in hotel rooms. but in the industry, you never know what's legit and what isn't. He was a friend of my agent and I wanted to get out of the trade. It has its grind. In some way when the lights come on, it's all the same. You're just a piece of meat. But this deal seemed to have promise. Once they see you naked, you figure that's your life. Then it's just a question of how much green. Show it and I'll go it. But then something came up and I didn't want to lose the contact. I called Cammie. I knew that it wasn't the same as me going myself. But maybe I could meet him later.

Now I don't think the job requires special action. Special's special and in some ways, it's all special. So I said what the hell. Or it ended up being her special. But it wasn't too special. And I'm not really in to kink. Whatever gets him off. Really whatever. I can dish it out. After all most guys are fucking pricks. I mean they feel good inside you. And I'll do blow jobs. But I mean hey what they hell is it all for if a girl can't get something out of all this. And I don't mean a pat on the rump. Or even a car or a house. I'm a star. A career girl. I can buy those things for myself. Just let me do my job. I've got some ideas for movies. I'm going to be a producer some day. Real legit.

So I send Cammie by as a substitute. A real career move. Next thing I hear this report on the six o'clock how this girl gets cut up in a hotel room. I mean what the fuck happened. I know Cammie's not the kind of girl to push a guy's button. This dude had to be one sicko. Kink's one thing. This turned into out and out torture. He's got to go down. I'd gouge his eyes out myself. but I know he's got money and a lawyer, a real good lawyer and in L.A. celebrity means something. For them, she's just another dead whore. They've got it in with the cops. This guy gives to the city. They'll find some assault with a deadly weapon charge on Cammie. Something to prove that he was defending himself. I've seen them rig these scenes before. He likes to get hurt and uses it against the girl. There are probably marks all over his body. He likes it worse than rough. He likes them long gone.

I know that I would have drawn line on that sort of thing. I can see when it's getting out of hand. Cammie was just so fresh. The one thing that I'm afraid of is that he's connected. It's no accident that Cammie went down when it could have been me. They wanted to take me out. I know that for sure. So I'm sort of a witness before the fact and witnesses don't have a long shelf life. I've thought about getting out of LA. Maybe going to Vegas for a while. I know some girls there and I could get some work. Nothing in the biz. But maybe I'm getting to jaded for all that. but my big break. It's not like I stepped on anyone's toes. At least I thought that I didn't. You have to tell people what you think. Don't let yourself get pushed around.

But sometimes that's the fun in itself. Knowing how far to push. Who will and won't push back. And most of the time, it's one big act. But you have to catch on. It's the method. What are you waiting for? I mean what are you waiting for.

The promise. But every body out here is pitching. And the promise keeps us all going. that's why the sex can get real nasty. It has that reality that nothing else does around here. And

that's why I didn't want to go to Vegas. This is my town. My psychosis.

–It was that guy. He's the one.

This was the ultimate game. To take him down for good. To turn off the lights once and for all.

XLVII.

Sinestra hopes her big break doesn't break her.

–I love a woman who knows how to use her body. It shows on screen.

Sinestra felt that this producer was being a little forward. He was almost drooling hors d'oeuvres on her breasts. Did she really have to put up with this kind of shit? Who was this guy anyway?

–I can get you a multi-film deal. You'd be sort of a sex advice columnist and women would send you their fantasies.

That stupid idea had been tried to death on cable. How did this guy ever make this party.

–So can my agent set up a test for the role.

–I've had some experience conducting an improv class. Maybe you could come by to my studio and see me.

–Here give me your card.

–I'm getting new cards made but I can write my number on an old card.

–Just don't spill any food on it.

–What?

–I'll call you Monday and we can get something going.

Now she could get away from this creep. So far this party had been a lot of cards and a lot of drooling guys claiming to be producers.

–I mean there are limits to the adult industry. It's one thing to have a good body. but if you can't act then you're down to being an extra in exploitation. You need a personality with a zing.

Wilson was the street paved in gold he was expressing interest.

–I've got a friend coming in from Denver. he's in charge of casting for my next film. We can slip you in with a small part and then...

–Who is this guy?

She caught her skepticism.

–He's a casting director. Where am I supposed to meet him?.

–Give me your number and I'll have a car come 'round and pick you up.

That was too easy. Was this how it got started. She was getting sick of those roles where she had to milk her breasts while some guy seemed to be fucking her from behind.

–I've got to get out of this dead end.

–And what are you going to do? Become a waitress.

–I met a new producer. Oh shit. I've got to meet my sister at the airport. Cammie, could you take care of this for me.

–What? Pick up your sister.

–No. I have to meet this guy. They're sending a car for me. Wilson told me that it was his casting director. Hera does his casting. So I know it's just one of those favors. I can make it really worth your while.

–I owe you but this may be going to far.

–There’s a car and dinner at the Century. It’s hard as hell to get into the Century.
–He’ll know that I’m not you. I thought that it was your big break.
–I told you that Hera’s my break and Wilson already got me that connection. This is like icing on the cake and I haven’t seen Jenny in a year. It would really be worth it to me if you could take care of this.
–No problem. I’ll pretend that I’m you.

XLVIII.

Cleo decides the romantic merry-go-round had to stop turning.
Cleo didn’t want to sleep with another sleazy producer for a role in one of those stroke films. There had to be something better for an actress.
–I’m just getting tired on this Janine.
–At least it beats being a waitress. You’re in the biz.
–But not the way that I expected. Casting directors are more concerned about what kind of tattoo I’ve got on my butt and how I stand in heels than how I deliver a line. This gets sort of depressing.
–It’s work.
–But I’m having a tough time separating business and pleasure. The last guy that I wet out with just wanted me to get him introduced to some porn queen. This is perverse.
I’ve got friends in Palm Springs with a beautiful house. He’s going to Europe and needs someone to watch it. I told him that I’d help. But I have some location shooting to do. Let me give you the keys. Just hang around the pool and eat some good healthy food. You’ll come back to Hollywood with a new attitude.
Janine’s suggestion had done wonders for her. Why hadn’t she thought of this before.

With his large hands he gripped each cheek of her buttocks. He became more involved in the sex.

–Sitting all day on the couch eating chips and getting high–this is no way to live.
–I’ve got a job. I make money.
–You make money selling drugs and sucking guys’ cock.
–At least it’s work.
–Sucking dick?
–It’s direct concentration on nothing less than what you’re giving him, an act of deep connection to a man.

--I want to make that first impression—to shape like wax

–I know who killed Andrea.
–I don’t think anybody cares about that little whore of yours.
–You had something to do with her death.
–Nobody died; it’s all a game

L. Patty can keep on supporting her man’s fantasies.

- We need to break up..
- We can't break up. I have plans for both of us.
- I can't be with you anymore.
- I still love you.
- You can't love me anymore.

She tried to console herself by telling herself that she already had someone else. Larry had been asking her out. He was a nice guy. Not some kind of creep like Bill.

At dinner, Larry took his chances.

-I've always liked you a great deal. I mean you seem so confident at work. But there was this cloud that seemed to surround you. Just hold you back. And now.

She smiled.

-You've got great smile.

That made her night. She wanted to kiss Larry. But she couldn't let it mean too much yet. So she savored the moment. Or was this just how things had started with Bill.

Bill started remembering the sex with Stacy. He needed to see her. Get it going again.

-You broke up with me, you creep. You fucked me over. You made me feel like nothing. I gave all of me to you. It wasn't this game. some challenge to get me and then get rid of me.

-I can change.

-You've already changed. You were all charming like this when I met you. And you know I really tolerated your shit all along. But since we broke up I realized that there's nothing at all between us.

-Maybe I spoke too soon. Maybe we should have
She pushed her body against him.

-How perfect.

-You want but you can't have, want it because you touched it

-Let's do something. We need to talk.

-I don't really have time.

-You have to eat.

He started to feel bad for her. She need to get something back that she lost-her diary.
her lost diary

Some guy, somewhere reading it .

-You think that you know who I am or what I am

LI.

Elaine can't get her plans off the ground.

-Didn't I notice you in Fleishcher's Thursday.

Her and and hundreds of other shoppers.

-Yeah, I like the organic stuff. It's a little extra but my health is worth it.

-My name's Mark.

-Nice meeting you Mark. Well, I've finished shopping. Got to get going,

–You want to get something to eat some time.

–I’m really to busy to do the restaurant thing. That’s why I go to Fleishcher’s. I can make stuff convenient for my schedule.

–You have a great smile.

–I’m really in sort of a hurry Mark.

–What’s your name.

--Sam.

As she spoke, she started to walk away.

–We have to get together sometime.

–We will, she said with a perfunctory tone.

“Dear Elaine,

It was good seeing you at the natural foods store. We have the same concerns about our health; that is who we really are.”

When he next saw Elaine at the office supply store, she seemed to rush away from him.

–Are you trying to avoid m?.

She smiled nervously as she rushed off.

How could this path have been clearer? A car broken down on the side of the road. He swerved to avoid it. Or he sought it out.

“Elaine, I need to see you. Let’s meet for coffee at the Rift.”

Mark nursed a cup of coffee at the Rift. he had been there since ten. It was one. He was staring at a girl reading. Every time she seemed to look up, he looked away. He wanted to say something but what if Elaine came in and saw them sitting together.

–Sometimes I feel like that loneliest person in the world. Like no one really knows who I am, like I can never do what I need to escape.

–I can’t offer you a miracle. Only what we can do together.

“How did you get my email address?”

“I got your license number”

“Were you following me?”

“No, it’s not like that. **YOUR SMILE GAVE YOU AWAY.**”

“What?”

“I scanned your picture. I read it into a web site”

“You took my picture. I never said that I could take your picture.”

“I really didn’t take your picture. I imitated your smile. Then I took my own picture. I scanned and then found a site that could trace smiles.”

“Somebody took my picture without me knowing it.”

“I don’t know. Maybe it was a picture that you let them take.”

“But I never meant it to be on some web site.

“This is for your own protection.”

“What?”

“This feeling that you get.”

–Your smile gave you away.

–What do you do for a living?
–I’m your biographer. I love it because you’re my hunger artist. You live and die for me...All I have to do is copy down your story.
–Then aren’t you just living for my story. Aren’t you missing your own life.
–But I’m catching everything about your life.
–I don’t want to think that there’s anyone in the world like that.
–There are in the government. A government worker who copies down everything about you.

Her body became an extension of his hand. Like he was touching those obscene bathroom drawings burned into his mind. He was stung by this grotesque perversion. Once he hit on this attraction, he was stunned into this single purpose.

Danger.

She sat on Vanessa’s face. Sammy shoved her tongue deep inside Vanessa. She caressed her breasts. Pulled Sammy’s panties off with her teeth. Lost herself in her luxuriant hair. Her saliva mixed with Vanessa’s sweet honey.

Darien watched the video of Sammy and Vanessa
She licked her fingers. Slid her bra off. Outlined her breasts with her fingers, shoved both her hands underneath her panties. Her panties became moist

Watch the video enough to provoke the feeling of being inside—cradled inside. The enticement.

LI.

Jackie wonders what really turns her on.

This power takes me over and I don’t know what the hell is coming over me. It just frightens me because it is so powerful. And I don anything. Leave a job, leave a lover at an intimate moment, miss an appointment.

I don’t know what it is. It just carried me away. Nothing can stop that need. Like a stranger will seem that thing in me. I’ve got to have it. Got to have him. Screw everyone else. It’s that charge.

When I was younger I had this guy leaving on me after we had sex. I told him to leave me a little something to get over the hurt. And that’s how it started. I couldn’t even do it if I didn’t get something for it. And if I wasn’t getting something for it, I’d just leave.

There was this guy who I was going with. And he took me to a real nice dinner. And when I got up to go the bathroom, some guy gave me the word. so I just told my date that I had to get out of there. And I did. I left with the guy I’d met in the restaurant. Went back to his hotel room and had sex. Really good sex. I even let him come inside of me.

Down deep I felt all numb. But he gave me something to ease the pain.

Even the guy who I was going to marry I fucked over. I did his cousin after the rehearsal. And his fucking cousin told on me. Who’d have thought it?

Sometime I think that this all makes me a better fuck. And if I’m better at it than I’m

worth more. one way or another. I mean even love is sort of a price. You give of yourself for that little extra for someone else. And you think for that little while that his cock is so much harder or so much bigger. Or that the pleasure lasts longer. Or that he's thinking about you if you're not around when in fact he's getting blow by some other babe.

I'm not stupid. It's all about getting paid. Getting something for it over and over again. I know what I'm worth. Gold.

I don't want someone giving up on me along the way. So while he's down there making his way I want him thinking about the only thing that really makes any difference. I want him really thinking about it and holding that thought as I suck him off and he gets deep inside me and pumps and pumps and pumps away. I want him heart attack pumping, this is my last day on earth pumping. If I don't get her jacked then my miserable life is worth nothing. Zero and I just want to blow my head off nothing. So I'll just give her what she needs. Fuck it and all.

And if you give up, give in too early, just fizzle under the pressure, just lose interest then you just can't pay the price. And that's what it's all about period. Holding your breath and waiting for the big bang. Or getting him to pay you so he can spend the whole night thinking about the that big splat. And you can just save it for later. You can save it until it all explodes in private. All mechanical and gooey and really personal and forever. That's all that's really worth. Me worth it.

So I don't want him getting attached. Just attached to the fun. Maybe even addicted to it and then I can just turn him off. Cut him off. No more!

And then when I really need it, I can find some fresh face. So I don't have to sit around with him and watch crappy videos and chomp down popcorn and hear about how terrible was his first wife. Eat me out why don't you. You didn't come over for the video. You wanted your dick sucked. So pull down your zipper and let me take it out of its wrapping and put it on a bun with mustard and really go to town. I want a good fuck. Otherwise, I would have phoned the pizza man myself. And I want you to take care of me. And I'm not talking TLC. I mean real health care. The kind that's worth something. Not some dry cum on the side of my leg.

LII.

Darla realizes that she a little exhibitionist. What most people do in private, she need an audience.

She closed the bathroom door as she took a piss but had a weird suspicion that he was peeking in the key hole. She wiped away the urine and hoped that wasn't what he's be tasting. But what did it matter. Everything blended into that one brilliant flavor, sort of raw, decayed, fresh meat. That sweaty musky smell of cock. And she ran her tongue along the shank and came to rest at the hole. Almost sucking it out before it was ready. And he was obliterated by her suction. Not painful, but tingling enough to make him lose focus. She didn't want him to come. She wanted a little sixty nine and then a nice fuck.

She never minded if a guy touched himself when she bent down to pick something up. She stayed down one time long enough for this guy to do himself through his pocket. She gave him that look and then reached underneath his pants and just stroked it until her hand was all wet. then she licked it and rubbed it on his pants. He wanted to screw her, to go down on her. But he had had enough. Too much. She would have slapped him for less.

One day she just gave the gardener a peek. More than a peek. She knew what he was thinking about as he went to sleep. Her tight little butt and that dainty flower of her sex. Taking

his erect cock in her hand she slid him into her aroused pussy.

–This is what you’ve been thinking about. Something pink and juicy.

But she felt that she was doing all the work. What was she getting for glorifying their stupid fantasies? But once she got started, she couldn’t stop. She sort of puffed up her breasts to get him excited. The more that she gave, the more that she could then expect. Even if she were somewhat disappointed, the very weight of the whole process just got her thinking. If I could just meet someone who got how much I was putting out.

Things started to mean so much more. Gifts. Flowers. Jewels. Money. He had to work for these things. At least that’s how it seemed. How else to get him to feel really good about what he did for her. Give him some extra. Open up more and then really squeeze in. Control those muscles to come on cue. Just to stimulate herself. And when that shower came over, nothing ever meant as much. She got it both ways. She could take home her bounty and then hold it back until the moment was right.

–Do you see what you like and what do you want to do to get it. The sighing and the sweating and the animal noises and the getting away clean. Doing it by just thinking about it. And she got good at just that. Not even giving up anything. When he got his mangy dog cock in her she was totally elsewhere. And when he couldn’t get it going, she’d say what the fuck. As long as I got something for my troubles.

–That was really good.

And if she could really hold it in more.

–That felt excellent.

Or she didn’t care how it felt because she make it all come out right later. Just give me something tangible for my troubles. Something that I can look at when you’re not in my face. Something for all my troubles. Because if it wasn’t worth that much then it wasn’t worth much of anything and if it wasn’t worth much of anything then it wasn’t worth anything at all.

--Can you dig it? Then get it out.

LIII.

Penny doesn’t know why she is getting those awful looks.

She didn’t want the break up to bother her. She had taken something to ease the pain. To forget. But it would probably be better to get someone over here. But who. Oh what the hell.

Penny took a long bath. Worked her hand through the water along her pubic hair, weaving it in the water. Sliding it along those willing lips.

The skirt slid over her smooth legs and she put on extra high heels to accentuate her intention.

–I’ve got something at my place to make all this worthwhile.

It seemed safe as she headed over to his place with some of her girlfriends. But they had left and here she was lying on his bed. They both had their clothes on. But she was toasted. Really deep fried. Giggling.

–What’s your name again?

–Seymour.

She broke out laughing.

–It’s my name.

–She broke out laughing.

–My friends call me Sy.

–Sy don't lie.

–You are being really silly.

She moved in close to her and let him kiss her.

He twisted her around and started to kiss her neck. Breathe slower. Warm her with his breath. His fluffy kisses. Caresses. His touch. Gliding along her back.

–Don't stop. This feel so good.

He eased off the straps of the dress and reached around to massage her breasts. To take them in his mouth. She surrendered to his tenderness. Her break up seemed a thing of the past. Pulling up the skirt of the dress to reveal her panties. And his full hand fit under the pantie and start to stroke her. Tempt something in her that she could not resist. She braced herself on the bed but the spell became more and more potent.

Was she already drowning in waters too deep. She let herself submerge. And she let every care rise up to the surface as she lost herself in the darkness.

Bubbling up were these massive tides. And these forces were the heart of her being. Perfumes of the abyss.

–Take all of me...Sy.

She couldn't sleep over at Sy's. She needed to get back home. And her fear struck her as so palpable. Could people see what had happened. And why.

She didn't want to go back to Sy. Thought her girlfriends were not looking after her interest by letting her go home with him. Letting him take advantage of her.

She had loved how she he had touched her feet, how he made her feet tickle. The kiss on the toes.

The power lingered. Intoxicated her. She sat at the bar so vulnerable to the enticements of the night before. Could the other men see her desperation?

–Let me buy you a drink.

–I've already got one

–Surly tonight.

–Sorry, My mind's elsewhere.

–You can't tell what I'm thinking.

–What?

–I just feel totally open. Unprotected. Like all my thoughts can read through glass.

–Bad time.

–Or too much of a good time.

–That sounds like a good beginning.

Was it?

LIV.

Gervey throws it all away for a hollow night of victory.

--It's been a terrible time for a lover.

–Gervey, what are you telling me.

–Cilly, you just can't give your heart away. It just gets broken.

–You're becoming a real philosopher. All you need is a haunted house to shut your dreams in.

–Am I looking pale?

–It wouldn't hurt getting a little sun.

As they dressed for the pool, the two women enjoyed shedding their clothes. They even looked at each other with a sense of enjoyment. The patches of hair sparse against their thin frames.

Like does in the spring forest, they prodded each other with light kisses.

–I've never tried this sort of thing.

She kissed Cilly.

--I have.

Cilly's experience frightened her. Like falling around a well she was dizzy before the coming passion

–Cilly, let's get out to the pool.

The apartment complex pool was empty except for the pool man. He wore white dungarees rolled up from the leg and no shirt. The sun had been kind to the ripples of his body. He smiled as he watched the two women sun themselves. Their bikini tops hugged their slight breasts. His mouth watered. But he didn't want them to catch his glances.

–Let's take him back to the place and fuck him together.

–Cilly, I'd need a pitcher of margaritas to get me that sexy.

–Well, this is a good place to start.

–I'm just getting ready.

–Two drinks coming right up

Gervey giggled. When Cilly went up back to the room, the pool boy got the courage to approach Gervais.

–You're cute boy, but you shouldn't let it go to your head.

–I just wanted to borrow some sun tan lotion.

–As if you need it.

–The sun gets bitter out here.

–And you'd like me to rub it in to make you feel a little better.

Cilly came back with the drinks to find Gervey stooped over the pool boy. Her hands kneaded deep into his muscles. And the cream made it so easy to find spaces of his desire in his flesh. And he found a sense of suspense in these twists of the flesh. A place to rest, to draw comfort.

--What are you two up to?

–I'm just making Jimmy feel good.

–Jimmy? My name's Robbie.

–Well, Robbie, you mind if another girl takes over for Gervey..

–I really should get back to work.

–Work. Who's watching? I've got an extra glass. here have a drink.

–If I get caught...

–We're going to tell on you.

The three polished off a couple of pitchers. They were giddy with excitement.

–Robbie, have you ever done two girls at one time.

–Not that I can remember.

–Don't embarrass him, Cilly.

--Why not? It might make him go for it.

–I really got to get back to work.

–You’re too smashed to go back to work.
–I’m too duffed not to work.
As he reached for the skimmer, he almost fell into the water.
–Cilly, I think that we’d better help.
The three of them gripped the long pole of the vacuum.

LV.

Cindy lets it all go for the ultimate prize.

She had a weird feeling. Like she’d been someone else all her life. As if she had gone to bed as this other person and woken up in a new body. But there was still something unfinished in her life.

That emptiness pursued her the whole day. She went by to an old lover. But he offered nothing to her. After a fleeting embrace, she ran from his place, ran to a cab. She couldn’t go back home. What could she do?

–Take me to the Starlight.

The Starlight was hopping. Old lovers and lost pursuits. This was crazy. What had brought her back?

–I know what you’re thinking, Cindy.

–You don’t even know me.

–But I know your name.

–Someone told you in the club.

–Cindy, I’m your worse nightmare. Someone who knows you for who you really are?

–Who I really am is someone who thinks you’re psycho. So bug off, loser.

–I’m not a loser. I know where you were tonight.

–OK, you’re just a psycho. You followed me from my partner’s.

–No, I’ve been here all night. Ask the bartender.

–So you’re a psychic, not a psycho.

She smiled in spite of her suspicions.

–You probably know Keith.

–Who’s Keith.

–I’ve been asking the same thing since I left his place.

–Men.

–You’re a man.

–I know. That’s why I can say it.

–And you want something different of course. Not just a role in the sack.

–I can get that from any woman here. But you’re a woman of quality.

–If you really knew me, then you’d know that I’m no shrinking violet. Don’t call me a lady. I’m a real woman. Driven like everyone else here. We’re all carnal.

–And you’re looking for someone to call you by your name.

–Looking. I’m already found someone who can do that.

–And I’m looking for someone to call me by my name.

–What is it?

–Don

–So, Don, what do you want. Someone to do what you want..

She ended up back at his place. They fell to the floor and started kissing. If he delayed, gave her a chance to think about it, she might decide to quit. It wasn't just about the passion. It wasn't about the dream. It was about the reality. The immediacy of the sex. He just wanted to get inside her, so deep inside her that she couldn't deny this communion.

She threw her nudity at him and he flung himself at her. Let his tongue find her mystical self and expose it completely.

LVI.

Monica reveals her character.

After a certain point, I couldn't see myself in any other way. More than something natural, it became totally part of me. I almost expected that sort of thing all the time. It made me feel special like a star. I loved showing myself.

Wasn't it hard to do this sort of thing? How did you get over the initial fear?

I had to realize that this was something that I was meant to do all my life. Before I started working, I had all these contradictory feelings. But once I let out those feelings I felt so great. It was difficult at first. I had to take something to relax. I'm not going to pretend that isn't part of the whole thing. But it's the same with your lover. If you get a little something into you, the body just gets so much freer. I don't want to lock up as it's going on. Then what good are you.

Aren't you afraid of all those people looking at you? Guys you don't know who think all those weird things about you?

You're talking about all men. Sex is something weird if you think about it that way. All men have their fantasies. And I can see it in their eyes. But this way I get paid for it. I get to control the scene. It's always my show. They think that they can have me. Own me. But there's always a part of me that they can't have. That's inside.

So what kind of opportunities do you see for yourself?

I write. I think that I'm a good writer. I'd like to do a novel. Right now I'm working on a script. It's sort of about the industry. I'm also working with a drama coach. I've had a few offers for some mainstream movies. Mostly cable stuff. I'm mulling over my options.

Isn't it hard turning off once you lived this life?

I know what's real and what's fantasy. But it's fun to play. To stretch the limits.

So there are risks?

I love the risks. You never know how far you can push.

But you've tested the limits and sometimes your partners aren't really prepared for that kind of reality?

No one is completely inexperienced with that sort of game. It's about the line between pleasure and pain. Knowing when to cross it.

But isn't the business all about pain? When someone makes a nasty comment about your body?

What about my body. My body's like this machine that I tell what to do. It's all about control.

And feelings? Can you turn those on and off?

I've got better at it over the years. Again, it's a matter of telling your partners what they want to hear. That's where fantasy is much part of reality. Sometimes you just freeze up. It happens to the best. Like I said, it helps to take a drink.

Or something stronger?

Passion is always something stronger. To live with that illusion. That there's more than all this. **So we come back to the pain. Without pain, there is no control. Otherwise, you get numbed by the fantasy. And that's the scary part. you need more and more pain to really get going. It's the fantasy in itself.**

I'm not really into that kind of thing. That where it gets psycho.

But if you want to make it work right, you've got to stretch out a bit. Do things that you're not used to. And at first that's hard to do. Hence the pain.

It's not my pain. I've become too good at this.

But the anonymity of it all. Repeating the same things over and over again. The whole routine becomes sort of brutal.

I don't think I can say anything more for now.

You look great.

I've got a new physical trainer. And I'm doing yoga.

LVII.

Trina finds there are no limits to the nastiness that she will tolerate.

--You've promised to bring another girl.

--And you were going to get me more money.

--I need some time.

--Do I look like Macy's?

--I hope not. I was thinking a little more exclusive.

--Cute answer. So what do you need tonight. A sponge bath.

--I'm clean enough already. I was thinking something down and dirty.

--I was thinking that we'd just talk.

--I can talk to my TV set.

--But your TV set can't do this.

She licks her finger.

--I've got videos that would put your act to shame.

--So get them going because I'm not up to fun and games.

--What do you want answers? Because there are none. And if you stop getting off, you just stop all together.

--Maybe that's where I'm headed.

--I thought that you found me irresistible.

--It's the other way around. The rest was just an act to get you off. And if I can't get myself off then I lose interest in getting other people off.

--That's because you've stopped trying new things.

--Like hanging from the ceiling and getting whipped.

--I'd settle for the whipping part.

--I know you would.

--And then that other girl that you promised.

--This is not pizza delivery with extra cheese.

--Take a walk.

–I need a shower.

He pulled open the shower door. He kissed her on the shoulder. She turned around to face him. They kissed on the lips.

–Tina, don't ever leave me.

–Whatever you say.

As she soaped herself, he rubbed her to increase the suds. After she rinsed herself, his tongue made its way to her secret recesses. He buried his face in her. His finger squeezed her firmly.

–I thought that you were looking for something more daring.

–You felt a little dirty and I just wanted you to wash up.

–There's nothing more electric than sex after a shower.

Her palms cupped his chest.

–This is enough for me.

But she knew that it would never be enough for him. That this was exactly what frightened him the most.

As he lay on the bed, she sat on him, legs full spread and sweet.

–I love when you eat me out.

Was this all that she had for him?

LVIII.

Satin is drained. She feels that her luck is running out.

She had been promised the lead in an adventure film coming out for the spring. There was major studio interest

She felt that she had to push ahead—wait for better roles. How could she jump ahead a couple of career steps. Emotional life that she had always jumping ahead.

Remembering the good times--reminded her of something that she had done before.

A recollection of scenes. He kissed her shoulders. Her dress crosses her breasts. He plants his mouth on her stomach. He starts to massage her hips, her legs.

He spreads her ass wide to take his penis from behind. Greased it up with a lather of desire and sweat.

LIX

Carol goes for the ride of a lifetime.

She didn't know what had brought them together, why they felt so right together. They didn't seem right together. She liked to talk about her feelings. And she said very little. But she hardly knew what happened before she was back at his apartment. And they were in his bed and he was rolling his tongue along thigh. No resistance. Where they were heading. The power of him inside her. She wanted to prolong this feeling.

He was with her, all with her and she felt so much part of him. Never so connected as now. You are in me and I am in you. And she wanted him to hang on, not to separate. To stay this high. But to stay this high with him meant to last, to last higher and higher than he was up to now. Now more than now.

His excitement just inspiring hers. this creeping joy. His least adjustment affecting her increasing her pleasure. And the tiny shifts in that coincidence between them. Expanding more

and more and enveloping her. They both spun in this same turbulence and it overcame both of them. It gained its threshold and just held there. They moved and moved in it. As if they did not move in it but remained there in a perpetuity and rested on the immensity. Trying to hold on as they both hurtled forward. Speed increasing and visions accelerating. Reference point moving past reference point. A whirring buzzed from inside this motion. A dull roar. A drilling roar. A dizzying hum. And then all explosion.

Such a clean flow that rolled over and over and out, this volume of the connection. Volumes, but also filling in density and this weight propelled them together. And she felt herself in this expanse of flowers. She knew that this fragrant ocean seemed so silly, but that was her feeling. She was surrounded by it. And they both merged into this perfume. Out of herself, out of her and him, all of it.

The next day she lay in bed thinking about him. She didn't want to admit that she was totally in love. But he seemed everything that she had dreamed about. And he felt drained by this encounter. Everything had been sucked out of her except the desire to reconnect. Her body was no longer whole without him inside her. And when he entered her that night she came totally undone. Just gave in immediately. And he still sought communion from so deep within her and she let her added fluidity give her an honesty which even frightened her. He could control this added fluency by submerging in its motions. Again they both held before their awe. Noise followed by floating in a prolonged silence. Time stopped. But they did not and flew past everything.

For them there was nothing but this coincidence of spirit. And the flesh became temple. And they adored all that it contained.

–Don't leave; come back to bed.

And they could not leave and fed on each other. And the peaks were so intense that they became the hunger. Something more, all encompassing. If there was a part of them that held back to marvel at these heights, that reserve needed to surrender, get lost in the rush. And so they both underwent the spell again. And their breathing was intoxicated by their physical presence. And suggestion of here was the whiff of not here and so they turned in these sprays. Foaming over.

And day with him and days without him with him. What else could remain but to reenter this ride and submit to its empire. Sense gave way to sense. To smell what would knock out. Substantial in touch. Thirst quenched to engender a gasping even more profound.

–I hurt so much without you. And I even hurt with you in anticipation to what is to come. what I await. What I must have now but cannot. So I give myself to you.

No breaks and each overflow its own break to propel faster and faster momentums. Without flesh and all in the flesh.

–Oh you are me.

And he massage her mounds of muscular mass. Drew it from the bone and reconnected in all its passion. And she was electric and came alive in his hands. And these energies flowed back to him. And he let them wash through him and then just returned this detonation in such a climactic dynamite.

–Do you think that we could do this again.

–Never.