

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

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EUCALYPTUS BOOKS
(a Snoop Kat Production)

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walking up and down the street by Okubo Park in Kabukicho like the rest of horny males, turned on by bare legs of the countless standing girls leaning against building walls, sitting on rails, playing with their phone displays while appearing to ignore the passersby, I ask myself do I really want to 'go for it,' leaving the question unanswered until I spy an unusually attractive girl dressed like the others, waist length beige button down blouse and very short jet black skirt, a bit prettier, legs more perfectly formed, whom I had noticed while she was engaged, atypically, a number of times, in the short span I've been there and my heart quickens as I decide and approach her. like most of the girls working the street she appears exceptionally young, nonchalantly standing, one leg crossed the other at the shins, wearing ankle sox and black platform shoes – the big issue being does she speak English. "konnichiwa, are you enjoying looking at your phone?," I smile facetiously. she laughs lifting her face partially. "you are very pretty. I'd like to have sex with you." we lock gazes and she looks me over carefully even before price negotiations begin, which I like, trying to decide for herself whether she wants to have sex with me or not at any price. as I noticed before several men who had chatted with her rather abruptly walked away as though they had some disagreement, making me think she may be hard to get. "do you have ¥25,000? I calculate it is between ¥5,000 to ¥10,000 **over** the normal limit, but I really want her and rather than try to talk her down say, "hai." "hotel, you pay," she adds. I nod. our bodies slightly come together without touching and I feel sex with her is going to be good. she looks around for the patrol which passed us once fixing on us suspiciously. she squeezes my arm and points straight ahead then moves her arm to the

right signifying when I get there I should turn the corner. “go ahead. I’ll follow.” I begin walking up the street and she waits a bit before moving. I am thinking it would be easier if I followed her but she knows the patrol is wise to that tactic and after turning the corner I slow down until she appears and gestures to the entrance of a building which I enter unaccompanied, she joining me moments later. now we are together and alone. it is not a love hotel with all its intricacies but it is very pleasant. she undresses and undresses me and insists we both shower, separately. she showers first reenters with towel wrapped around, cheeks flushed, hair up, looking gorgeous. after I shower, cleaning myself thoroughly, she, awaiting naked in the room, dries me briskly with a large bath towel and we get on the bed. what follows is the totally standard template – first on her knees, she bends forward and blows me, then condom in her hand, hesitates. “it’s ok if you don’t want to use it.” and condom pushed aside, we sensuously fall into an embrace and fuck, her sweet scented skin against mine feeling incredibly good, the tension between us being my wanting as much intimacy as possible, she, while accommodating, slightly withholding, teasing, being as detached, professional, as she can, so that when we finally come it is with mutual, considerably erotic, orgasms. there is some time left and I do not want to give her up and this extremely pleasurable ambience without more communication which I know would totally contradict her rules of behavior. “are you in a hurry to get back on the street?” “you are the third today but the first I had an orgasm with so I think finishing late afternoon or evening – a nightcap, would end a successful day.” she runs her finger across my lips and we kiss.. “I love you,” I say. it just comes out! “everyone has

a fantasy. I do too. I try to choose men I have some attraction to. whose attitudes have not hardened. but it is not always the case by any means." "but you wouldn't want to see me." "professional paid sex and personal relationships do not mix. I'm absolutely sure about that." I nod, "I agree." "if you want a relationship then you have to pay the price of courtship." "do you have such a relationship?" "iie." I look at her feeling her beauty, the untranslatable mystery of her being. she can't be more than 20. it makes me sad. but the love I feel for her is not fantasy I will nurture it as it dissipates in the punctual but chaotic trip back to my Shimokita apartment. right now, for me, the enchantment is strong and the holy trinity; sex, beauty, and love, are inseparable – the vision I've nurtured consciously from my first week in junior high school and I will never give it up.

