

FOUR SHORT PIECES

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A SNOOP KAT PRODUCTION

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2022, 2023, 2024

### Transmission

“are you too cheap to take me to a hotel?” she unbuttons her blouse, shiny avocado-platinum hair askew, covering her bare shoulders, shimmying in a coal black skirt raised to her navel, bra dangling, breasts hanging, lipstick pale, sensuously worn. “is this good enough?” pulls knees up, long bare legs sprawled. “more than but why not here (an AI Sex Robot warehouse)?” “someone might come.” “at this hour, doubtful. I don’t really like hotels. we can stay here as long as we want, even sleep over. are you cheating on someone?” “not exactly.” “you’re wearing a wedding band on the second finger of your left hand.” “I should have removed it. let’s not talk more. come over here. suck my titties.” he does which are so perfectly formed as to seem artificial. “eat me.” there is a hush, the implementation yielding several minutes of intense silence. she turns on her knees without speaking, face to the back of the sofa, lewdly raises her rondure form. “spit on your cock first.” his hand reaches round her slim waist gripping both breasts, spreads cheeks, and lubes cock with his saliva before sinking it in. another hush as they fuck silently for a very long time without coming. “I’d rather be screwed by you than do the red carpet at the Met Gala,” she says as she fondles and licks the slick, stiff prick. “I don’t want to knock you up.” “you can, I’d like that. if you do I’ll take the pill,” she quips, barely able to speak, his cock stuffed in her mouth. then she feverously sucks, effecting another moment of intense stillness. she rests her head on the back cushion, a delicate, almost inorganic flicker in her eyes, indolently, half seated half reclining, the black loose hem of her skirt invitingly framing her upper thighs, raises her legs and spreads. “fuck me and don’t stop. I won’t be satisfied until I have no

thoughts!" he gets off of her at dawn, exhausted, but enthralled, by the almost machine-like efficiency with which she did it. she smiles, face flushed with satisfaction, whispers sheepishly, her voice high and oddly tinny. "fuck my b-hole one more time." they seamlessly move, two phantoms in the semi-darkness, silently, until the last of his semen is spent. he withdraws his cock. they quietly, reflectively dress. she sends a text before they kiss and exit to the sound of early morning traffic, and separate, each to their own transport.... a man is waiting for her in a late model Porche SUV. they smile and kiss. now, both seated in the vehicle, his prosthetic hand reaches under her hair, removes a small portion of her shoulder, and plugs in a cable there. then connecting it to the DC outlet, they drive off.

a piece of cake-

“he said he’d be a little late, about 9.” “given the time we have to leave tomorrow perhaps you could pass.” “it occurred to me but then I’d need to try and kill time waiting. besides I’m looking forward to going out.” “well try not to stay out too late.” “that won’t be a problem.” she gives him a kiss her lipstick lightly streaking his mouth, her straight dark brown hair brushing her cheeks looking exceptionally sexy in a short creamy cotton dress. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” she kisses him again this time burying her tongue in his throat. “I don’t know how much longer I can let you stay on the wagon,” he says, referring to sex not drink. she laughs.

she and her date start out very casually having no particular place to go. her first observation is he’s better looking than she remembered, also more playful and relaxed. and she’s glad of her decision to go out with him instead of anxiously waiting through this night for tomorrow. she’d been feeling some misgiving about the commitments of the trip, and to just be out and about is somewhat offsetting the surprising pressure of these feelings. the warm night breeze coming in from the desert, and with it a not completely definable, promise, inviting them not to lodge themselves indoors, particularly appealing now, and ironic, as the ‘trip’ will be mostly outdoors and although he’s being cool and it’s quite obvious his intent, it is something she’s in the mood to play with. she’s content to just be with him as first they stop at Skylight Books where he buys Izumi Suzuki’s recently released collection of stories, Hit Parade Of Tears, and she purchases Milk Run, a now rare first book of poems by Kate Braverman

as well as a signed edition of *Mysteries Of Small Houses* by Alice Notley, and for her boyfriend, Susan Sontag's *Reborn: Journals And Note Books, 1947-1963*, just making the 10 pm closing time, before having, as neither of them had eaten dinner, a beer and vegetarian tacos, sitting on a patio across from a gallery on Santa Fe Ave., then smoking a small amount of pot and seriously making out parked alongside a row of shipping docks in a darkened graf filled-homeless warehouse area. "let's go to a motel." he suggests-implores, his voice husky and slightly shaking, but taking on an exploratory, non-committal tone she again flashes on having to get up early. she's still not sure whether to do what she has planned to do, or do what she wants to do. at the same time facing the anxiety and the fatigue of getting up early when she'd rather sleep after a night out, to confront the rigor of carrying out the plans she's not particularly drawn to, could result in a far more rewarding self-changing experience than just passively letting it go. "I have to get up early tomorrow to go camping with my boyfriend in the western states for a week before getting back to the grind." "we can go back now if you like." soon as he says this her stomach flutters and her mind flips to the opposite. she's happy with being with him on this date and not happy thinking about tomorrow. she now accepts she is about to get off the wagon instead. "a motel," she says, is too impersonal," looking at him with a blank expression so glamorous, so irresistibly impossible to reject, he gently confirms, "then we can go to my place." and the rush she feels is complete enough she knows the page has been turned.

sitting next to him fully dressed on his bed she's feeling

rejuvenated as he deftly unhooks her bra straps, their kisses becoming hotter and more intense before relentlessly coupling naked from the waist down, then the night ticking slowly away measured in orgasms until fully satisfied before dawn they separate. how she needed that. what better way to spend one's time. total involvement. no future. no plans. all pleasure.

when she calls her boyfriend to tell him she got back late, hasn't slept, and doesn't feel up to going, he appears neither disappointed nor resentful and says it will be easier to do the more demanding parts of the trip alone. there is a moment's silence before he continues. "but your gear is packed. why don't you make your breakfast. you can still go. you can sleep the whole day while I drive. and the first night we will be staying in a motel." with that her conflict mildly reemerges but quickly subsides. she'd rather spend the day immersed in the sexual satisfaction of the night before but knows that would soon dissipate and the day could become dreary no matter what she decides, which is to assent. she likes the idea of her sleeping head resting on his shoulder while he drives. the sun is just rising. "let's make the liftoff time an hour later when I come by." "good," she replies.

## Homeland Security

after dropping off a package at the Atwater Village P.O. she goes to a neighborhood coffee shop having the need to drink something cold and sweet, but stimulating. while headed toward the entrance she spies the smiling face of Jerry's closest friend, Albertson, sitting outside. he's almost finished his drink but invites her to join him. they engage in pleasant chit-chat before leaving together. as they stand on the street basking in sunlight both acknowledge a need to not yet part. and just start walking ending up at a small park adjacent to the L. A. River. "what is Jerry doing today Beth?," Albert asks, looking at her with surprising intensity. "truthfully I'm not sure, most likely working on his stories collection which now has a publication date," she answers, returning his look, "at the time I got up he was already gone." Albert nods. he has always had an attraction to Beth and thinks she has a nominal suppressed attraction to him if he can trigger it. but what kind of a 'lover' would cuckold his best friend. "I have a feeling not to waste the day with trivia and I'm really enjoying your company, Beth," he says, after they've been chatting, joking, and laughing a while. "and I yours," she replies, playfully touching a pock scar on the upper arm of his well-endowed physique, but a bit uneasy of the nuances quickly developing between them. "I have no further plans for this afternoon," he says, deciding to go for it, "would you like to come over to my place?" there is a silence between them, Beth feeling a rush as she absorbs the evident reality there is only one reason for him to be asking that. "I haven't, either," she finally decides, and they arrange to meet an hour from then which would be about 4:00 pm.



it's 7:30 pm. Beth usually calls Jerry if she's going to be late so he can fix his own dinner. when she calls she says she got caught up in her project and is not sure when she'll be back, her voice oddly cracked. he can't ever recall a similar situation with her. but their relationship is built on trust. then Jerry calls his friend to let him know he'd emailed him several copies of his graffiti files. while on the phone Albert tells Jerry he and Beth ran into each other earlier, but doesn't tell him at this time she is still with him and things with them are going `quite well'. at about 9:00 pm Beth calls Jerry again. as neither she nor Albert truly want to be parties in a deception she admits where she is and what they are about and plan to do. "don't wait up for me," she says. Albert takes the phone from her. "Jerry, I don't want to grieve you but fucking Beth is so deeply my need now I would not be able to go on without doing it with her. she's so sexy, demure, petite, a thrill." abruptly taking back the phone Beth says, "I'll talk to you when I get home." "when will that be?" probably at least not before 5:00 am. we'll most likely sleep together afterward to unwind. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow!" Jerry asks her to describe what she is wearing. her voice softens. "what I usually wear when not going out – print (violet) blouse, dark skirt (showing her fine legs he thinks), my thin navy waist length coat, it'd gotten a bit chilly but it's off now, and my comfy beige slip-on shoes." in her clothes he pictures her fetching look, her green-blue eyes. his friend is right about her – sexy, demure, petite, a prepossessing picture. "put back on your coat if you get cold." "bye." "bye."

they undress each other slowly, kissing, he removing her skirt, her blouse, her bra, tenderly feeling her up. she undoes his

pants, pulling them off, lowering her mouth to his stiff cock. .they come together on the bed after having had an incredibly **relieving** first fuck, then continue through the night, both dotting on every minute of it.

Beth's time estimate is just right as her key turns the front door lock at about 5:00 am. she showers before going to the bedroom, more for Jerry's sake than hers. she sleeps soundly for several hours, arms wrapped around him. then they get up, make a late breakfast, spend the day, Jerry listening to Beth's lengthy description of the events that materialized the day and night before, necessarily, or immodestly, perhaps, sparing no sexual detail, confiding she had a particularly strong orgasm while being eaten, a not infrequent occurrence in their own, generally highly charged, sexual diversions, satisfying Jerry to the extent he won't mind holding off having sex with her until she's truly horny enough to want him. "do you care about him?" "no, he doesn't need me to care about him, I care about you.

"I want to spend the day kissing you, being close to you, gently making love," she says, consumed by mellowness and a feeling of completion. "it's the after play, the intimacy that occurs after sex, isn't it Beth?" "yes, but spending it with you not Albert." "but it's still the case it's sex that occurred with him." "that is interesting, but it entirely depends on how **you** feel, Jerry. did my having sex with Albert make me more or less desirable?" "neither. but the occasion to picture and feel someone you are close to having sex with another, if that relationship is tentative and vulnerable, has to be, I think, both painful and naturally erotic.

“your sexual wild streak is part of my attraction to you although you’ve kept it till now ambient rather than active. in you, it’s even more pronounced, or should I say, thrilling, because of your physical and mental qualities which contrast it!” “I’ve not been particularly aware of that quality in me.” “you needed someone with the same qualities to draw that out .” “the sex with us is good, very good, Jerry, I’ve never felt a lack! and also I’m not sure I agree or understand what you mean by ‘wild streak’. you are much more adventure-some and extreme with sex than I am, as you are in almost everything else we do, an aspect I actually sometimes depend on.” “well, it’s the element of badness in it. it thrilled me to picture you wild and independent, the pleasure you could have free of anything but the moment. while at the same time I’m deeply affected by it. you and he probably didn’t think of me at all.” “you were there with the both of us the whole time. that’s the complicated part. it gave it a gravity it would not have had otherwise.” “was I there when he came on to you at Atwater Village Park?” “yes and no. it would not have happened if we weren’t a couple but I had to quickly decide – it was an opportunity, it was easy, and I wanted to do it more than not...and for the moment, you had nothing to do with it. we were each living our separate days.” “how do you now feel about Albert I mean just as our mutual friend?” “it would be unfair for me to dismiss him after having gone along with him all the way for both our pleasure. but, of course, it may be different with you.” “no, it didn’t surprise me he would try to make it with you if he could.” “did it surprise you I accepted?” “a bit.” Jerry couldn’t be more in love with Beth than he is with her at this moment. there is a yearning in his gut that hurts.

10-2-23

that kind of night – dressed up and nowhere to go. three of us. the date who was to meet my husband's friend does not show. my name is Marion, mostly a good girl. three of us sitting on the sofa. a kind of electric expectation in the air. calibrated, finely tuned, clearly focused. my legs not easy to ignore in a short, lightweight but substantial, teal-blue dress, amber hair deftly combed – very pretty tonight! his friend wants to fuck me. and I want him to. with my husband there. three of us on the sofa. totally unplanned but not unprepared. we put on the Brazilian bossa nova singer's album, *Beach Samba*. I lay on my back, dress on my belly. I lay on my back as he lowers his pants. I raise my legs and he enters. the air is erotic and tense. my face is turned on my husband's lap. he cradles my head in his arms as his friend and I fuck, his friend's hands inside my unbuttoned bodice, squeezing my breasts, my nipples, as we (I) deliriously come.

no hurry for my husband's friend to leave. I make us a hot pumpkin spice latte drink. my husband is understanding and content with the knowledge of my having become (briefly) the inescapable sexual link. three of us seated on the sofa. I, in-between.

