

JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY



JERRY KATZ

JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY
(an xxx short short, flash fiction, and
short story collection)

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the unseasonably hot weather practically eliminating autumn, seems to have, at least temporarily, abated – at first little more than a drizzly mist caressing Jessica’s face as she stands on the back patio, then, on the winding narrow path to the veg and flower garden, suddenly and seriously comes down, her long, natural red hair dripping strands, her soaked grey print dress clinging to her comely hips and breasts, her shoes clump clopping pools of water, before she goes inside.

Jerry segues from looking at a lusty but poignant painted portrait of Amy Winehouse by the so-called female Banksy named Bambi, to chapter two of *The Fugitive* by Marcel Proust, merging the previous image with his portrayal of Albertine, M’s lost love, who from his description, in demeanor and appearance, she does somewhat darkly resemble..

the storm which has inundated the usually more insulated coastal region, has temporarily let up, allowing Jerry to leave and head for the beach, and while standing on the deserted fishing pier south of Venice, luxuriating in the freshness and greyness, as he walks towards the deep end, he spots, further down, what only appears, owing to his astigmatism, to be a dark figure standing by the guardrail. as he approaches it becomes a woman wearing a black overcoat, fixing on the churning expanse of water. his first instinct is to tighten up to put up a barrier of neutrality as he passes. but when she turns and smiles he stops as she moves, width wise, more to the center of the pier, until without effort, they’re facing, a few feet apart, smiling, enjoying being lone figures dancing on the deck of a slightly listing ship during stormy seas, neither knowing yet, nor even having in mind, if there’s to be

a liaison between them, but, as is the tenor of the times, already programming for its possibility.

the woman, whose name is Sharon, has dark brown eyes which equally reflect and absorb the light, long dark hair, and a figure, as well as he can tell, bundled as she is, is strikingly beautiful, somewhat evocative of the dark haired woman he had been contemplating earlier, and when he'd gotten up in the morning, pulling off his thermal bottoms while sitting on the bed, naked from the waist down, looking at his thighs and genitals, feeling very sexy, having a desire to fuck, then getting dressed, with pants on, bare chested from the waist up, rubbing his palms across his breasts, he felt he needed to have sex that day or bust, dejected and irritated there was zero possibility of that coming about, even with his girlfriend, Jessica, considering the resolve he and she had made, going so far as to consider counseling, in an effort to stem, or at least curb, their sex addictions and promiscuities with both themselves and with others.

neither wanting to offer clichés about the weather, they continue staring, still smiling approvingly, looking each other over. she gives no sign she's feeling apprehensive or afraid. stimulated by, and imbued, perhaps, with the all encompassing womb-like climate effect, they do seem to be intuitively bonding, in having both chosen the same outlet because of a similar need to experience, in this way, the weather. "do you live in this area?" "no, I'm visiting my family here. I live on the east coast." "New York?" "Philadelphia." "and you, too, needed to take a break." she laughs. "same as you, I guess, before going back, yes." "yes, pretty much the same before

getting back to work." "what work do you do?" "I write and take pictures." "what do you write?" "presently, stories." he replies, a strong gust of wind causing both of them to struggle to stay upright. "as it doesn't look as though it's going to let up, it crossed my mind we might go somewhere for a hot drink, but I don't really feel like doing that.." "I don't either." "they move closer to each other for no particular reason, calmly staring into each other's eyes. "then would you like to come to my place?," Jerry asks, taking a deep breath, his heart slightly pounding. as the skies darken with a long bolt of lightning followed by an obligatory loud clap of thunder, Sharon's eyes darken as well, becoming more absorbed. the cool wet air mingles with her perfume. "yes," she says, as Jerry slowly exhales. for a brief moment their thoughts come together, both thinking, 'that was too easy', but aroused now to the assurance they will shortly be shedding their politeness. the rain has started up again. Sharon, tucks in the ends of her hair, tightens the collar of her coat. Jerry pulls a knit cap from his pocket and hands it to her. hesitant for a moment, she accepts it. but as quickly as it started the rain stops. laughing, she hands him back his cap. "I drove, of course. I can meet you at your place." Jerry gives her careful, precise directions, worried she might get lost, and then lose interest, including his phone and email, just in case. "I lived in Santa Monica before moving back east. my father helped found the reform synagogue on 18th and Broadway. do you know where that is?" "I shop at Co-opportunity which is two blocks from there." "are you Jewish?" "yes."

Jerry arrives a little bit before she does, goes downstairs and meets her with the visitor parking permit tab. when entering

where one lives for the first time there's always a bit of a need to acclimate, and after removing her heavy coat, as in a fashion show, conspicuously up front about showing her body to Jerry, which is more titillating in a short, sheer, tight fitting, Tuscan yellow, brushed polyester dress, than he expected or psychically prepared for, he invites her to walk around and look at his photos, which she does, viewing them, seemingly, with considerable interest, then turns and asks, "do you have a girlfriend?" "yes, do you have a boyfriend... or girlfriend?" he thinks to add. "yes." "which?" "both." "are you married?" "technically, she answers, without explanation, both of them by inflection and body language, directing and eroticizing a verbal content and flow, as the front of their bodies, indiscriminately hungering for sex electrically touch, then lunge to kiss, silently, save for a muffled sound, hastily pulling each other down, freefalling until they're doing it on the floor, feeling satisfaction in mutually having drawn first blood. kissing, they continue to fuck, his pants down, her Tuscan yellow bunched on her belly, breathlessly fornicating on the itchy, abrasively worn, carpet, without interrupting the rhythm that began when they were still standing, and momentarily sated without either coming, they stop. Jerry, Sharon's dress still up above her waist, lowers his mouth to the moist spot between her spread thighs, and eats her as she lays back and writhes. "I don't know why, the horniness has built up this trip until it's become unbearable," she mutters, as Jerry leads her to the bedroom, thinking why it is with all the good sex he's had with Jessica, the crave he's feeling with Sharon is so sharp. "that's the way it sometimes is with family," he replies to her remark.

both, Sharon shyly, undress. he sits on his mattress, legs extended in front of him, back to the wall, his body of one piece as of a sculptured candle. on her knees, goaded by a teen-borne fixation, she leans forward, buttocks raised, several times modestly brushing her long hair from her face, as she takes his cock into her mouth, and intently, delicately, between breaks, gives him a long lasting blow job, briefly pulling out, lithely turning her face and head, eyes half closed, the graceful delicacy and vulnerability of her facial expression and motion, at these moments, enthralling him. he grasps her hair and pulls her head towards him, caressing her soft breasts and shapely rump until his cock lurches in her mouth. she partially swallows, partially releases, his semen, which coats her lips, and drips down her chin. they kiss, Jerry's lips slick with his own cum, then go to the bathroom and soap and rinse their mouths turned genitals.

they return to the bedroom, quietly sit for a long while, arms around each other, Sharon's hand on Jerry's retracted penis and testes while deliberately looking away, the nipple of her breast warm and tactile, exciting the inside skin of his palm, a part of each other, yet she distinctly a stranger in the familiar ambience of the room. while Jerry is tolerably subdued, Sharon is exponentially aroused. she turns her head rests her face on his neck, then tongue gyrating his ear, whispers, "I needcome...now!" lying front down, resting on her elbows, cheeks sunk in the soft pillow, spread eagle on the mattress, rump rapturously raised, the, once again, swollen, source of her pleasure slowly thrusts, as she moves in hushed absorption, solidly fucking until she shudders clutching the mattress coming once, then twice, with grateful moans. elbows

propped she turns her head back, face flushed with satisfaction. "did you like it more doing it this way?" "yes."

in the front room they resume talking....about her job with the city of Philadelphia related to her field in urban social/psychology. she eschews academic analysis and jargon, however, to the extent she worries getting the degree was just another way to cop out. they discuss how being Jewish is not about having an agenda any more than being anything else is, about the pathological obsessions some American Jews (and non-Jews) have with Israel, and about why they both feel obliged to say, often as a non sequitur, they (obviously) disapprove of that government's oppressive policies, about how living honestly and creatively matters. "what does your girlfriend do?" "she's an actress." "a working one?" "definitely."

biding time so they can fuck some more is what they're mostly doing now. "you've both a boyfriend and a girlfriend." "yes." "that must keep you busy." "occupied. in a predictable way." flashes of lightening, thunder clap, rain pouring, Jerry plays with the hem of Sharon's dress, hands suggestively smoothing her impatient thighs raising goose-bumps, their horniness totally, pornographically, revived. Sharon lifts up her dress, Sharon of the 'fertile plain', imparting him a super salacious look and they nonchalantly, fuck with a 'louche' edge for a long, haste free, incomparably pleasurable time, consigned to the freedom of the hard eternally erotic floor. then return to the bedroom and intensely continue on Jerry's mattress, their insouciance, esp. Sharon's, mounting with every nuance, doing 'things' like, she, ensnaring his dick with her teeth while she gives him head, refusing to let it go,

trapping her erotic game, daring it to thrash. he, fucking her her legs around his waist, arms encircling his torso, his chest pressing her nipples, his fingers massaging her clit, while she, out of her mind, holding phone to her ear comes for an interminable duration as the voice on the other end confirms her plane ticket reservation. finally, each having come one more time, he slowly pulls out as she lays gratefully on her back issuing a long sigh.

they become increasingly mellow as evening approaches, and she has to pack for her next day flight back to Philadelphia, her sojourn on the beach, intended to be just a recess from that, "bring the eternal note of sadness in", for what is it they'll be left with but loss. they both believe, at least partly, the goal of this one-niter performed, mostly, during the day, has been motivated by not just the pleasure of sex to alleviate the incessant feeling of meaninglessness, but desire to achieve, however momentarily, perfection, to help survive the vagaries and imperfections they will continue to endure. they are both sophisticated enough to know their meeting was not ordained, but cannot completely dismiss the notion it was more than a chance encounter, and when walking down to her car, arms linked, they have become poets of love. after kissing goodbye, Jerry says, just to counter anything self-serious, while fearing it won't be taken as intended, "you've made my day, Sharon," but she laughs, and, the rain having momentarily let up, drives off into the night, acknowledging she found a way to, shortly, leave something behind, and Jerry, believing he won't need to have sex for a while, the addiction issue temporarily solved, not out of anxiety, repression, and ennui, but out of love, satisfaction, and a

break from the sexual rut he and Jessica had been in. he also admits he loves Jessica and admires her self-will, having some appreciation of why it must be that lately there has been little they can agree on. although the oneness he's experiencing now is the desired state, he can't escape nor negate the contrasts that still exist on a binary level.

getting doused in the sudden shower has stirred an almost insatiable erotic urge in Jessica. she thinks of calling Jerry, though that doesn't specifically correspond to her need, and does. the rain is coming down hard – cats and dogs. Jerry is not there, doesn't answer, etc. her wet dress is still clinging, but not uncomfortable, so she doesn't take it off – in fact it seems to be inextricably a part, if small, of her need. she shakes and combs the water out of her hair, rubbing it with a towel, piling it on her head and fastening up the top, feeling its power. cool and calm she's hot with desire. brilliant colored patterns course behind her closed eyelids. she feels like she's being reborn. the doorbell rings. "Oh, shit!" she first thinks it may be Jerry, then remembers several young graffiti artists had made an appointment with her to be interviewed for an article in a magazine. not in her usual semi-cautious frame, irrespective of her appearance, she opens the door. first, unsure it's the right address, the young men stare, bemused, and then start to flirt. "just got home from a pool party?" one of them impishly asks. "I got caught up in the rain while in the backyard." "and you didn't have a chance to change, is that right?" "that's right," she laughs, and invites them inside. "we can wait if you want to put on something dry," he 'generously' offers. "you're being impolite," one of his friends scoffs, "what if she has no other clothes." and

everyone laughs, including Jessica. she thinks they're attractive and likes their energy realizing she's stereotyping them by lumping them together. the clinging material outlining the shape of an extremely good looking, well-endowed woman, is also making them extremely horny, to the extent their intentions have shifted to where they don't quite remember why they came, but are glad they did. her lightly freckled face, which seems even paler, framed by her rust red hair, becomes flushed with undisguised ardor, if not yet anticipation, when one of them says, "I hope you don't mind us calling you Jesse." "yes, Jessica James. we can put her up on the wall, ten gallon hat and 2 spray cans blazing," reminding her of how, when a little girl, she sometimes liked being teased about her red hair and freckles. when the flirtations back and forth progress to them, first hinting, then proffering, to pay her, or give her other amenities such as signed art, to have sex with them, more flattered than shocked, she agilely declines, not without instinctively considering the sex for art exchange, but perceives she'd better set up some rules of the game, lest things get out of control. finally, assenting to having sex with them by default, she says, "we can only do what is mutual. if or when I say no we stop." there's a static, nervous, silence before they nod. "no double penetration, no forcing anything, understand? if no response then stop!" again, they nod, this time more quickly. too bad, she thinks, it wouldn't be safe to just let the rush of sex spontaneously take its course. she sits back on the sofa, her legs crossed above the knees, in an anticipatory pose, not having ever recalled in a social engaging situation being, out front, quite this hot and ready before, and responding to her hard, but come hither, stare one of them approaches the sofa, beds

and kisses her and they hotly make out. he feels under her clingy wet dress, and raising the hem, exposes her wet, gleaming patch of pubic hair. leaning forward he eats her and she reciprocates by giving him head but pushes him aside when, rising, he starts to move his cock towards her spread thighs. "not in here," she snaps, just then realizing the blinds in the front room are not drawn. she gets up and draws them. they then follow her to the bedroom, where, perhaps as a need for containment, she shuts and locks the door. everyone undresses and she and the first fellow begin to earnestly fuck, creating an erotic tableau for the other two, feeling good and solid after all the buildup, her clingy dress raised to the waist, shoulder straps down below her breasts, getting him wet. they climax separately, and after they pull apart, continuing slowly, at first, it gradually becomes a round robin of lust. she knows if she wants any sustained pleasure she'll have to go with the 'flow', as neither the context, nor the will of the young men, present, even if desired, offers the possibility for a more subtle, intimate, mutual communication. for her pleasure it's less a matter of control, and more that what sex they have be precise and specific (complete). she manages to salvage some control, however, by discreetly guiding the pace and rhythm, slowing it down, equally initiating and receiving, assuring they, actually, willingly, accede to her desires, as the sex becomes a 'dirtier', arrhythmic debauch of sucking, fucking, coming, swallowing. she comes, when while being kissed, a young man's face is pressed to her vagina, delicately licking her clitoris. she passively allows the impulsive spurts on her face and torso, interlocking, scent of plaster and acrylic paint, such as on the sidewalls of a half demolished eighties warehouse gallery space, inexplicably in

her nostrils, mixed with rainy freshness, as torrents pelt the windows and insistently pummel the roof like a jealous husband pounding on the door, satisfaction coming only with exhaustion, after a record (for her) **ten** orgasms, culminating with anal sex, only the last worn, thin, twice used condom precluding an arse full of cum. and, such is the compulsion when once started, if someone new should arrive, a new thrill, she'd, at that point be obliged to take on whomever, whatever gender, or no gender, just to sustain the completeness she's feeling now. she flashes on Jerry's exclusivity, and thinks it's bullshit, and recalls he once called her a Shiksa. when they return to the front room she wearily leans back on the sofa, no trace of the high flying intentions she began with before they arrived. she showers and douches herself, allowing them to shower with her. the fellows are happy, sheepish and, of a sudden, shy, their masculinity unsure, without sex, what they have to offer. one of them offers to make her a cup of tea. "brew a pot," she accepts, a highly caffeinated blend that also has a strong narcotic effect. they sit around talking quietly for another hour about the current state of graffiti and the culture that supports it, as it is appropriated by the mainstream, actually doing the interview, using her computer before she flips off the recorder, and as it's getting dark they get up to leave. spontaneously, unexpectedly, each of them embraces and kisses her in turn. she then closes the door. 'I was just gang fucked' she now has to admit, 'that's the only way to describe it'. though not gang raped, there's sometimes a very thin line of difference, although had she demurred, it's doubtful to her they would have crossed it. she almost pushes the panic button when she thinks, as a woman she's just a fucking machine, but no more than they are.

she'd like to see Jerry with three assertive women bent solely on their own satiation, yet desiring to please, but knows the analogy doesn't work. if a man took on three women they'd call him lucky. and being he could get it up just so many times it would be more determinate. unless of course, he was a real lover, and gave himself to their needs. and was this the inevitable result of the wet, clingy dress, and the promise and vision it earlier held? she thinks not. the fortuitous connections were just not suitable for that, and she has no intention of going back, of relinquishing her awakening. she begins to feel happy and relieved. she knows the bloodless orgies performed on the internet are not sex.

it's 9 pm when Jerry calls and they sensibly talk. neither of them reveal how they each spent their 'cathartic' rainy days, though both assume they will talk about it later. their rainy day sessions were as different and far flung from each other's as the earth is to the milky way, not so much the acts they engaged in, however, which were similar! exhausted, they both plan to go to bed early.

the day before she and her girlfriend Laura had accompanied Jerry while he took some shots in a Melrose alley – the most recent of the numerous times he’s photographed there in, now, a number of years, and has the best shots of graffiti, found art collages, etc., she’s ever seen, by far. the north alley is where the new activity is right now, equaling, at least, the activity in the south alley which was until recently, the center of activity, and for no particular reason other than having been indoors all day, she decides to take a walk with the same girlfriend and check things out further. it’s a couple of hours before dusk and the late afternoon winter light is at its most gloriously incandescent, the images most surreal, branches and vines over-hanging gates and fences, that they feel like they’ve become two characters in a clichéd, grotesque, and enchanted, fairy tale, as they walk together, she wearing a heavy black waist length coat over a flimsy skirt, and black boots, her girlfriend dressed similarly – 2 peas in a pod; and halfway between where they started on Orange Grove across the street from Fairfax high, and Formosa, the eastern end of the alley, they come upon a crew of two working on a funky design. the one on the ladder, who appears to be very young with lanky good looks as much as they can see as he’s wearing a dark blue knit cap, almost identical to the one Jerry wears when outdoors for any length of time, looks down and smiles at the two of them, and they smile back, although he’s looking them over with obvious indiscretion. he begins to focus more and more on just her, then stares intently for a long time before shouting, “will you let me fuck you? I’ll make it worth your while!” surprised but not alarmed, in fact feels no fear, she intently stares back.

he climbs down the ladder and moves close enough to her the front of their bodies are lightly touching. "what is your name?" "Carla." he presses against her, then impulsively kisses her, and she's more amused and aroused than distraught, thinking she'd like to do it with him (why not?), but this is just too far out. his partner starts to warm up to Laura, but she strikes a petrified pose letting him know she, unequivocally, wants no part of the action. at this point Carla spots a box filled with what looks like new clothes. she's seen stuff like that before, rejects from the clothing stores which have just been dumped. seeing her interest he tells her to take a look at what turns out to be prints of exquisite graffiti designs on t shirts, pants, and skirts. "who did these?" "various members of the crew. we sell them to the stores but you can have them for free," he says pointedly, "take your pick." she first, puts up a show of resistance, saying "we can't just do it here in broad daylight," sensing, for whatever reasons, they **can**, and she doesn't really care whether she's seen having sex or not, so it has more to do with pride, but the fact that she's arguing the issue reveals she may have already decided to give in, for a price. "I can't do it if it's unprotected," she says, using that as possible way out. he reaches into his backpack which is on the ground next to the clothes, and extracts a pack of condoms. they go, she hesitatingly, to a small graf filled alcove partially hidden from the alley, where a sturdy wood shaft being used as a scaffold is nailed horizontally between two posts. he looks into her light filled eyes, the front of their bodies flush up against each other, dissipating, though not rationally, whatever residual fear and doubt she'd harbored, a sudden refreshing breeze wafting her face and hair, the cool clarity of sex outdoors

enticing amid the indifferent sounds on Melrose. he undoes his pants, quickly pulling it down over his shoes. she removes her skirt and underpants so that she's naked from the waist to her boots, and after a short hesitation, raises her rump and leans forward, hands grasping the wood shaft. tearing the wrapper then slickly rolling on the condom, he hovers over her, the bright winter light on his buttocks and thighs, sensuously working his penis into from the angle one sees, either her cunt or her anus, and they fuck for a very long time, she, frankly and provocatively, throwing back her behind, Laura and his friend, transfixed, watching them, a sexy moving, animalistic, tableau, until, lurching, he comes, pulling back her full, shiny black hair cut to the lower neck, sun on her white rump and legs, her black boots, all seeming to insinuate anal sex or at least doggy genital sex. he clings to her momentarily, like the scruffy vines to the side of the building, before slowly easing out. they quietly dress, saying nary a word. then the four huddle close together, conspiratorially. "be my girlfriend," he says, stroking her neck, "I'll show you all the tricks of the trade including the roughest edges." she laughs, studying his black, curly hair, dark skin, and unusual violet hued eyes, unable to immediately codify his ethnicity. she presumes, as a lover, he could quite satisfy her sexually if she wanted him to. but when he asks her for her cellphone number she declines to give it to him. "not even your email address?," he asks, taken aback. she shakes her head and both she and Laura Laugh, after which she hands Laura the several items from the box, including a short dress, she'd picked, who stuffs them into her bag.

"I can't believe what you just did. did you have an orgasm?"

"Yes, he didn't even have to masturbate me while we were doing it for that to have happened. I liked it the way it was. it was purer." "then it wasn't genital." "but it was very erotic." "he came in you?, Laura asks, rhetorically, making a face. "in the rubber." "I couldn't see that. then it was protected." "yes, I insisted. I was considering using that as an excuse for opting out. you see the opened, emptied wrappers on the ground all the time. Jerry's photographed them." Laura nods. "are you going to tell Jerry?" "of course, I tell him everything. he'll probably fixate on the image. I would too if I were outside it." "I know, watching it sent a chill through me. it was more than just the action which was so fascinatingly real, it was the image itself; permanently fixing the image in the mind. he seemed at one point to say something while you were doing it? "he said he wanted to `give me an enema' with his dick." "wow, strange." "it was strange, I wouldn't fetishize it that way but it turned me on, that's how I respond to creativity." "it's amazing, nobody came by." "I wouldn't have cared if they had." "would the both of you like to come over for dinner tonight, after you've cleaned up,?" "Laura, you're such a voyeur, that would be nice."

“you’ll have to, with....she’s got the tables.” “then can’t we get them online?” “no, just a minute.” he reaches for his cell. “she just got up. I told her you’re on your way over...and don’t.....,” he says, with a sheepish grin, “her husband is one of our best clients.

a moment after I ring the chimes to their front door, a not quite petite, attractive woman with amber hair slightly askew, wearing bright red and white checkered pajamas stands facing me. “Hi,” she says, smiling brightly, “you got here so quickly I just didn’t have time to dress.” “it certainly isn’t a problem with me,” I answer, naturally, not wanting to sound suggestive, her smile and nod clearly revealing she’s processing the opposite, and as we walk through the front room, she picks up a folder, then leads me into the bedroom where her laptop is positioned on a small table next to their unmade queen bed, which is half covered with a fluffed white down comforter. in the far end of the room are two uncomfortable looking Louis 14th designed upright chairs, one upholstered in canary yellow, the other in plum. the only easily moveable chair is next to the table with the laptop and printer. she opens a file while I stand over her, inhaling the perfumed scent of her neck and hair, already scheming, and watch. ten minutes later she burns the file onto a disc, places it in a clear plastic envelope, and hands it to me. “good enough,” I say, trying to disguise a distinct desire to linger. “before you go let me show you the.....,” she picks up the folder, gets onto the bed, settles on the comforter and lays back a moment, then sits up and says, “you don’t have to keep standing, come over here.” she shimmies over and I sit next to her. as she reads, our faces are almost touching. then she stops in mid-

sentence. her eyes immodestly bore into me, and I kiss her, seeing no reason to forestall the inevitable in both our minds, my hands quickly moving under her checkered pajama top, and resting on her warm breasts. I very slowly slide off her red and white checkered bottoms, then eat her before removing my pants, and we fuck, without hesitation, her warm meat more than wet – the, sorry, most natural and solid, fuck I've had in quite a while. one of the biggest clichés in sex vernacular is the word, 'hot' used to describe an aroused woman, never a man, though applied to her it is adequate description, as metaphor of passion, but also literally, physically. when we finally relinquish each other with sighs, she goes to the bathroom...is there a while, I don't know whether to put back on my pants or wait. she returns with two wash cloths, and a pan filled with warm soapy water, and cleans me, like a prostitute or party escort might. "I was half awake when you arrived – so dreamy and then so intense." lots of oral sex follows, and I acknowledge for the first time the relationship between oral sex and affection. oral sex is kissing when you think of it. "do you want to see me again?" "yes, I've been needing to have sex with someone on a regular basis, say, once a week. the timing was just right." "just sex?" "yes." "that suits me fine." "let me write out my menstrual cycle so you'll know when to use a condom." "do you use contraceptives?" "sometimes. I can. but when I'm ovulating use a French tickler...that really excites me. I'm not sure if there is anything practical to it. it may be just how the suggestion affects my mind." "when do you want to see me again?" "being this was only the first time why don't we fuck again in a couple of days, Thursday, then we can arrange an exact schedule for the future."

"should I call you or should you call me?" I think it would work better, generally, if I call you. but either should if one is feeling `inspired'." there's a clearing moment of silence between us as though we are reaching for a summation. I'm wondering what the catalyst is for the intensity of her arousal for which I certainly take no credit for, making the obvious assumption it has something to do with her marriage. "it turns me on to cheat," she says, as if I had spoken my thoughts, "I'm turned on by the contrast." "is this generally the way you think about marriage?" "no, it's this specific marriage." "then you're using this as a way out?" "no, not necessarily. I know it will come to a head," she says, "smiling at the last word, "but the more erotic and outrageous it is the better, and I intend to get every bit of pleasure from it I can." "they warned me at work this might happen. and that I should resist it." "oh, really," she laughs, warmly, "I guess it's that, as far as they're concerned, not the first time," she says, giving me an affectionate peck. still bare ass from the waist down, my penis is again pointing upward, stiff and straining. "looks like you're ready for more?" "yes, I say, pulling up my pants, "but the first one was too good." still in her checkered pajamas she walks me to the front door, and before she opens it, we have a long, sensuous kiss. "I'll check out the French ticklers." "I'm looking forward to that," she says, sensuously lowering the cotton bottoms to her thighs, then presses up against me, rubbing her soft naked pelvis against the hard texture of my pants, moving it lightly, and we have another long, languorous kiss, before, she pulls her red checkered bottoms back up. she opens the door. she waves goodbye as I, oddly bemused, happier, and hornier, than when I arrived, drive off.

day after run-in with Tommy Satchel (in which he seizes paddle Satchell is brandishing him with, and keeps pushing him backward until Satchel and a tough classmate named Olson, he's with, approach the boys' locker room, as a person watching a basketball game while looking out a skylight window of the gym, reports, sarcastically, "Satchel is getting beat up again", and Olson slams the locker room door shut in Jerry's face), walking towards the main classroom building, a hip, trendy looking quasi-hoody fellow with long (for that era) brilliantined blonde hair and a Russian last name, who is walking with Satchel and a bunch of others to exit the south gate, shouts, "you're yellow." he looks around to make sure who is being addressed. "you, you in the leather jacket, you're yellow." at this he turns his head back and just keeps walking, coolly ahead, ignoring the taunt.

a short time later he's in the empty hallway of the classroom building while class is in session, and encounters the hip fellow with his girlfriend who is pretty and sexy, directing her, hand grasping the back of her neck which was the style then with the macho boys, and they quietly and respectfully pass on the stairs, Jerry tuned to the girl, as he always is, only a little bit more deliberately, eliciting, he feels, from her, a silent, mutual response, while receiving a mostly friendly vibe from the fellow with the Russian last name, as at least one motivation for the fellow's previous outburst becomes apparent.

there's a mutual attraction (fascination) between a girl with a long Italian last name, named Karen, and himself, a somewhat academically inclined, physically underdeveloped,

Jewish boy her age, attraction of opposites, lust. before they met he had fantasies of necking with her parked in one of those late thirties cars her boyfriends drive, 'going all the way', or even her doing it with others. she's so wild, at the same time, so beautiful to look at. is it serendipity or just coincidence they both work part time at a used/salvage auto parts supply on Hollywood Blvd. east of Vine. one day before work, they become entangled by the glass window separating the office from the street, kissing sensually while early morning traffic whizzes by, and they start to pet. but he feels intimidated that he can't undo her bra. he puts a nervous hand on her thigh. then is afraid to move it where it wants to go. he's intimidated by her looks and her perceived wild flair. her reaction is one of amusement tinged with insolence. the office phone rings. she straightens her skirt and gets up to answer it.

because of her looks and a cool self-possession she's popular with the social elite at Hamilton High, the school they both attend in west L.A., but an idiosyncratic nature sets her apart. she's somewhat of a loner. she sometimes hangs with the hoody element (car and cycle jocks who roll up the sleeves of their white t shirts and wear their Levis low). while suspected of having sex with one or another of them, a lack of anecdotal confirmation precludes verification of this. her reputation is one of independence rather than of being a slut. she lives in a single story wood frame house with a white picket fence and a front yard rose garden in Palms, about a half mile from the school. like many girls from lower middle class families then, she has no plans to go to college, but is considering taking 'method' acting classes. her father is a grip at nearby MGM.

they're sitting in her living room. her parents are out, and she's broken into her father's liquor closet. they each have a shot of bourbon. she has another shot and is a little tipsy. "what makes you think I want to do it with you? you have a dirty mind. you picture me, 'going down', going wild with others, and you want the same thing. it makes you hard. but when you're actually with me you're impotent. looking at my legs excites you but your weenie crawls right back into your pants." what makes her think that, he wonders? actually he has a boner at that moment. "you think with me you have to behave like them." she softens a little. "you don't, but you do have to know who you are. stop trying to be these guys, ex-farm boys and mechanics, who are transplants from the Midwest, with chips on their shoulders. toughness is in their genes." his face has turned beet red, but the feeling is almost happiness in being exposed. she pours them both another shot. then, after carefully returning the bottle to its place, and closing the closet door, leads him to her bedroom." they spend the better part of the rest of the evening before her parents return home from the major studio preview of a movie her father worked on (although he's had sex twice with a prostitute who likes doing it with teenage boys, and once in Tijuana), losing his virginity.

standing on her front doorstep they kiss. it's clear, in her mind, the sex they had was good. it's a damp night. the moon slips in and out of clouds and there's the perfume smell of roses in bloom. her kiss is tender. she may even have a crush on him now. and at the moment, at least, he feels totally fulfilled, a completeness that has eluded him since he first began to identify sexual desire. on the sidewalk, after she

closes the door, with images of her dark wild hair, even more than her naked body, he's walking on air.

a handsome, suave fellow with sandy hair who frequently wears a tan suede jacket and slacks, and pals around with two duck-tailed Pachucos named Morales and Martinez, lives in Mar Vista, across the street from Jerry's girlfriend, a pretty Jewish girl with nice breasts and a good figure, named Rheta. he's also attracted to her, and after seeing Jerry and his friends at her house, pumps her for information, leading to his finding out about a beach party she's to attend with Jerry, his friends, and their dates, at Playa del Rey, which he and his friends, some from Culver City and Venice, raid, chasing one of Jerry's friends around the fire with a hot poker iron, before the girls, who quickly flee, summon the lifeguards and police. the hoods then sit down amongst the group, trying to blend in, but the streetwise lifeguards quickly root them out, pointing to one and then another, "you, you." before help arrives, her neighbor, whose name is Sandy, says to him, "**we** don't want you seeing that girl anymore." a few days later, after she and Jerry have a brief conversation on the school lunch court, this same fellow walks up to him and says, "I thought **we** told you **we** don't want you talking to that girl." they stand, face to face, staring into each other's eyes, then the fellow turns away. when the bell rings and he's walking back to class, two guys who are friendly with him and his friends, whose group eats their lunch on the bench adjacent to his group, and who witnessed the confrontation, mockingly repeat the threat expecting him to laugh it off, but he doesn't respond, and he doesn't tell her about it.

at a backyard party at Rheta's house, on an evening in LA when there were still stars, sitting on the swing with her. she and a good looking girl named Barbara Schwartz, from his group, who's dating a gentile boy named Bill Foreman, and her parents so set against it, her father forms a teenage social group, Isaiah Teenagers. which meet in a storefront on Venice Blvd. and Cardiff, to get her to solely date Jewish boys (they feel he and Bill might have something in common), try, at that moment, as the four of them sit on the swing, to get them together. "hi, Jerry," Bill says. "hi, Bill," he replies. then neither of them say another word to each other the rest of the night.

days later, at school, on the athletic field (they're both on the track team), he's lying on the grass, schmoozing with his friend, Aaron. Bill is lying on the grass talking to a teammate a few feet away. "she's your girl?" the friend asks. "yes, the other girl is her best friend." "she's Jewish?" "yes, it's funny how pretty girls always have best friends who are ugly as sin." the girlfriend's name is Jeri. she's sensitive and unpretentious, with nice hair and a slim figure with great curves. her plain face is lightly freckled, some may say, homely, but 'ugly as sin'? he doesn't think she's ugly at all. "come on Cohen, let's take a lap." Aaron, who doesn't take particular offense at Bill's remarks, gets up reluctantly.

in the next meet (at Hollywood High) he briefly flares and it looks like he may catch their two runners (as they enter the tunnel where Hollywood students spit on the opposing teams) on the third and final lap, but when they look back menacingly he's not sure whether he's running out of steam,

or just fears getting spiked. it appears the latter. the coach who's had the opinion he's a flake, and had previously ignored him, is there at the finish line. Jerry's friend Fred, who sometimes runs the same event, stands next to the coach, handing him a towel. "you took 33 seconds off your time," the coach says, showing him his stop watch, and at the next practice approaches him and starts to give him instructions – wind sprints, etc. he nods, but the coach, seeing he's being tuned out, walks away.

sex with Karen has totally altered Jerry's perspective. he's never done anything with Rheta or his previous girlfriend, Sheila, other than make out. he finds himself drifting, away from his relationships, and away from his studies. Karen is no longer in school and is dating an older man, whom she met after following through in taking acting classes. through her father she had the opportunity to audition, and impressed both the director and producer, who plan to cast her as soon as they have a suitable role. she will finish her last year of high school doing home studies while looking for acting work. as it turns out she's friends with dapper Sandy Tucker, and finds out about Jerry's relationship with Rheta, and about the beach party raid.. she tells Jerry she thinks he and his friends were cowards for not fighting back. Jerry replies it was Sandy who was hiding behind his hood pals....**we** this and **we** that. although he knows no reasonable person would even consider they'd have had a chance against these cycle booted thugs, he's still taken aback. the contention escalates until she screams, "get out of here... you're just a bluff....with your white t shirts, gabardine dress shirts and slacks. Levis and L.A. peggers. with your brown suede jacket, your black

leather jacket, your cordovan loafers, your long greasy hair. you're still a square."

Jerry, after getting kicked out of one class, and nearly another, although still getting all Bs (and almost as many Us) his last semester, barely makes it through his senior year, and has to graduate in the summer away from his class after having to take a required subject at LA High summer school. he spends the following two semesters at LA City College and Santa Monica City College summer school before transferring over to UCLA, and the beginning of a new and meaningful phase in his life, which begins as a frat boy with social pretensions, and ends as a bohemian intellectual well entrenched in the growing counter culture.

among the attendees at an art exhibit in the lobby of a notorious, cheaply refurbished, hotel, in downtown L.A., three trendy looking women, two wearing two toned bright yellow and grey high school club or lettermen type jackets with logos on the back, over mini-skirts so short they just cover their crotches, are laughing, fooling around a lot, and for some reason seem to be focusing on me. finally one of the yellow jacketed women comes up to me. "would you like to have group sex with us?," she sweetly asks, as the other two rivet their eyes on me. it's not that I'm into orgies, nor that I'm accustomed to being the one surviving male in a group of assertive women, but checking them out, it occurs to me this may be an opportunity to hammer out, so to speak, some underserved needs. group sexual encounters, in my mind, although I have never been a participant, have always been the one woman taking on multiple men, and I answer, "yes." on the elevator going up to the 6th floor room of one of the two yellow jacketed women, who is a known entity in the so-called 'art underground', we carefully look one another over. the third, a petite but solidly built girl, who is wearing a skirt and print blouse under a short black coat, shoots me a shy, friendly, glance, it seems to me, if there's any differentiation, the femme in the action. the room is fairly large, somewhat crowded, and warm on a cool, foggy night, filled with photos and arty bric-a-brac. the four of us modestly stand in an almost huddle. I shrug as I have no intuition how to begin nor any idea what their priorities might be. "are you a masochist?," the artist asks "no." "then this might present some problems," she says with a sigh, garnering a laugh from the other yellow jacket woman. "sadist?" "definitely not." "oh, that's too bad," the woman named Abbey, says, and we all

laugh. "are you lesbians,?" I ask, directing my question to all three of them. "no." she replies, firmly holding her glance. "bi-sexual, I mean do you, or, I should ask, are you, going to make it with each other now?" the three of them shake their heads, "that's not part of the plans." "then I'm to be the source of your pleasure." "that's what we were thinking in the lobby a while ago, rather than let another stranger go to waste!" feeling my penis thicken, I say, "I hope it won't be a disappointment." looking at the three ladies smiling faces am overtaken by a sudden feeling of great warmth. "I'm not sure, if this is to be M-F action, what the purpose of the group sex is." "it's sharing, that's the group part of it. sharing, being affectionate and open. not just having sex but watching and identifying with others having sex. I nod, at least unconsciously, having been thinking along those lines. "are you into humiliation?" "well that could be a form of masochism, but I might go for that if it was instructive." "good," she beams. the other two nod in appreciation. "what about my pleasure?" "I think there's every indication we can assure you on that." the room itself is very pleasant with the ubiquitous odor of sandalwood incense mingled with various other aromatic scents. one can hear the gentle sound of traffic below through an open window. most of the photos are either of women, including antique porn, or insouciant pop collages such as a cartoon of North Korean ruler, Kim Jong-un and American former NBA star, Dennis Rodman, both smiling, arms raised, one holding a basketball, the other a fuse lit bomb. all of us undress, except shy girl who does remove her panties. the two women who are similarly built and resemble each other to the extent they look like sisters, and as I later discover are twins, remove everything but their

club jackets, looking like a high school or college boy's wet dream, emphasizing their nice sets and the voluptuousness of their sexy long legs, and start petting, salaciously making out, then stop. the one who has been doing most of the talking has straight 'dirty' blonde hair hanging over her shoulders and the back of her jacket, a warm, cheerful face, wearing no makeup except a trace of crimson on her lips. she gives me a come-hither look and I close the gap between us and kiss her, then get down on my knees and nose in her crotch, her hand on my head, eat her. we get on the bed and fuck without coming, her former mini skirted, sister, enviously taking in every detail, while the 'shy' girl retains a totally blank expression. it's now the other twin's turn. still on the bed she warmly sits on my lap. we kiss while I feel her up with one hand, and masturbate her with the other, taking care to stop short of her coming as I sense it may be a long night. shy girl continues to stand, an engrossed look on her face, as the two sisters put their hands on each other's breasts, and tenderly, and to my mind, passionately, kiss. the question is how to establish a truly interactive continuity. it's clear this is not going to be the wild orgy I assumed after being approached in such a bold manner. there seems to be no hidden agenda and shy girl's role appears to be only as an observer. the closer, spatially, the four of us are, the more that can occur, spontaneously. all together on the queen mattress, Abbey and her prettier look-alike tug down my pants and each proceeds to suck me off. as it turns out none of them have ever been involved in communal sex before, though all three have taken part, or been taken, in sex sorties with more than one man, and semi-drunk in the lobby, started, humorously, speculating on the possibility, while fixing on me. as the night

progresses we realize the goal, as always, is to have orgasms, as many as possible, which leads them to pair off with me, (including shy girl in mysterious non-coital action), lights out, intensely fucking in the darkened room on a foggy night to the muted sounds of traffic, immersed in passion while the other two watch. I'm the 'object' of attention, a new experience. it is interesting to fuck two women, near simultaneously, who look almost the same, towards whom I have similar feelings, yet am experiencing the individuality and uniqueness of each, the more subtle differences in their attitudes, rhythms, etc., and, of course, appearances, while waiting in the wings is shy girl, for whom I'm feeling a separate want. after a period of rest and expectant silence, the 'orgy' predictably resumes, quieter though still intense, before, inevitably running down. the problem with sex is it's always over too quickly. we dress and visit while drinking a blend of tea that has both a narcotic and stimulating effect as well as (befitting the surroundings) something hallucinogenic. it's getting late, but as the night turns, it's becoming apparent the shy girl and I, nuance by nuance, are getting it on. she mischievously moves the front of her body simulating fucking. we both undress from the waist down, and go out to their small extended terrace where we can be alone together, standing six stories above the street, luridly kissing and petting, the fog so thick we can hardly see anything beyond our faces. my hands vigorously feel her up under her coat blouse. she sucks my lips, unlike her friends, the way millennials do, and whispers, "do me in my Hershey highway," intimate enough now, her shyness, unlike the fog, has completely evaporated. I turn her around, spread her over exposed for looking under exposed, buttocks, one cheek of

which is tattooed with a wolf baring its fangs, and carefully inch in, my cock feeling good and secure, after already having come twice before. we fuck, totally immersed, for a short time, then switch orifices with mutual intent, and continue for the better part of an hour, my arms wrapped protectively around her, nose in her sweet scented hair, hands under her coat, her blouse, our naked from the waist down bodies in quiet but urgent synch, the foggy night, now non-existent the sound of traffic, an erotic but spiritual tableau-vivant. when we arbitrarily separate and go back inside, the two mini-skirted, yellow jacketed, twins, relaxing, both having donned shades, smile with comprehension. "that was rather impolite of you, Karen," Abbey's sister complains in a half serious tone. ignoring her complaint, the shy girl, who in her day life, is an accomplished sculptor, beside herself with a need for satisfaction, tugs on my shirt, then lays back on the bed, raises her legs and as she writhes feverously, I sink my meat puppet into her. we intensely move for a very short time, before having gratifyingly sharp, instantaneous, orgasms, pressing hard, and are done. it is very late now. the four of us wind down the next hour in low key, almost blissful, conversation. shy girl, who is clearly the late bloomer in this ménage, wants to be eaten and she wants to suck cock so we do the sixty nine on the floor taking a long, long, time to come. it is with dawn's early light I leave, immersed in visions of the three of them, especially the two sisters. love always seems to creep up, unexpectedly, 'on stealthy fingers,' jostling our preconceptions, going from no involvement to feelings of loss, trying to hold on to the in-between. yet without the context of illusion, what would any of it mean?

an extremely quiet, sensitive, dark haired, melancholy, naked, woman, wearing a heavy black coat, answers the buzzer on her front door. Jerry enters, looks, and only partially believes what he sees. "should I leave, Marina?" "no, I opened the door." "presumably to let me in." "yes." it was a three digit day. it's 85 right now and it's after 8 pm. "maybe I should take off my clothes." "you don't have a coat." Jerry laughs. "isn't that coat a little warm in this heat?" "it's just right. I can be naked without the chills, and it will be just right when we go out to the garden later. there will be a late full moon, you know." one thing he knows is he loves her. it isn't just whimsy behind this, nor to be pompous or seductive. this is, as he's discovered, the way she is, and she's sharing it with him, which is why she asked him over. there was an earlier time when she was close to a real breakdown, partially due to a tragic loss she was forced to endure. he has an urge to run his tongue along the whole front of her body which is what he can see with her coat on. there is a fascination with both the serenity and sensuality of the image without any feeling of it being a fetish. he's not sure of her goal. of course, he wants her, and, evidently, she wants him if it can be on whatever terms she seems to be staking out. a content has been straining to reach his consciousness, and he suddenly realizes it's an image of a nudist camp, only she has a beautiful shape, and with the coat she's wearing it's a more consciously aesthetic metaphor. still, the almost ridiculous images of naked people performing quotidian functions, such as wearing an apron with nothing else on while cooking in the kitchen, or to carry it a step further, Robert Crumb's porno 'The Family That Lays Together Stays Together' parody, comes to mind. this quickly dissipates, however, as the more

enveloped he becomes, the more he desires her. when she stretches her breasts while on tip-toes to reach something on a shelf there's also the Eadweard Muybridge photos which are neither erotic nor scientific.

"have you eaten?" "no." "neither have I. I can go to Whole Foods and pick up a few things." "we can both go." "I didn't think you'd want to change being you're so into it." "I don't, I'll just button up my coat. see, how does that look." the coat looks heavy and warm coming down to just below her knees. "you look great. but what if you have to bend?" "I won't, and if I do I don't think it would show much."

standing on the street before walking the half dozen blocks to the Whole Foods on 23rd and Wilshire, Marina has Jerry transfixed, her face lit, hair, streetlight shining in her eyes, the assumption of her warm, naked body underneath the black coat, and they share a long kiss.

as soon as they return, Marina, sweating a little, unbuttons her coat, giving Jerry an unexpected, unintended, thrill. she laughs at the idea, that to the public, image, no matter how flimsy, is everything, and it's against the law to publicly show one's body. when it comes to biology there's no greater sin than objectification. this is the one thing the 'law' and arch feminists are in agreement on. but despite the playful humor what has really sparked this unconventional couture, as Jerry correctly, ascertains, is the moroseness of her mood, which he intends to get to the bottom of before the night has ended "Jerry, take off your clothes. dressed you make me feel like I'm the object in a peep show. he agrees and undresses. "it

was your idea, Marina, not mine, to be naked." "I'm wearing a coat, Jerry." after dinner, sitting on the sofa Jerry watches Marina combing her hair – that quotidian aura, once again, and thinks, really a non-sequitur, as there are no illusions that she's dressed, of the Emperor's Clothes.

at this moment he looks at Marina and doesn't know for sure whether how much he's moved by her 'essence' is derived from an objectification of her image. and what of she to him? she's definitely attracted, and even exploits this when referencing him with others but his role is more neutral, the role of the empathetic listener, than it is hers.

by 10 pm or so, whatever insouciance Marina was feeling has evaporated, replaced by an extreme physical and emotional sensitivity. they decide to have sex on the sofa. it's only then she removes her coat. and the sex is very good, both tender and erotic, the familiarity and ubiquity of their perceiving each other's naked bodies over a period of time without sexual activity, enhances the actual meeting of flesh, and after climaxing, Marina totally withdraws into herself. when he kisses her, she says, "you kiss me like you feel sorry for me." "no, you just bring out the need in me to be tender."

1 a m, and still warm. jerry has dressed into the light clothes he was wearing when he arrived. and Marina has put back on her black coat. they go out to the patio and fuck outdoors on this still warm early morning/moonlit night, with a sensual breeze their coverlet, the aroma of nocturnal blooms, and far off sounds, fucking immersed, almost desperately, on and off, 'till close to dawn, erotically and spiritually together as one,

yet as strangers, animals, trying to obliterate the ravages of so called time, then go back in. she removes her coat and puts on comfortable men's pajamas, looking chaste and lovely, still impenetrably either mysterious or muted, or both, Jerry still the implacable, improbable, suitor, and on the sofa, too tired to go to bed, they fall asleep in each other's arms.

I'm at a large benefit at an estate in the hills just northwest of downtown, not particularly feeling out of place, but a bit isolated. Most of the people there are younger, many of them artists or in related professions. As I don't drink my default role at most of these events is as an observer. The guests are scattered about the huge front room, which occupies most of the first floor, in small groups, socializing and drinking. With the amber, somewhat antique, wood furniture and the large windows framing the hills, sky, and city view, there's the usual atmosphere of privilege. I am content, if nobody engages me, to just be there, until I spot a very young female, wearing a, not inordinately, short olive green skirt that so suggestively clings to her thighs, and a teal blue sweater as soft to the imagined touch as cotton swabs, holding a drink, next to a young male who is nonchalantly seated in a club chair, while chatting with a small group, apparently their friends, that of a sudden I am no longer just an observer but uncomfortably aroused, and as is usual in such situations, helpless as to what to do about it, but in this case, it being one too many, have got to act. So it feels as if it isn't me who approaches her, and says, "I'd like to screw you," drawing abrupt, undivided attention from her and the group, my fearing, at the very least if not shocked, she might play it for laughs, saying something like, 'that's quite ambitious of you', or, 'how many drinks did you need for you to say that?' Our eyes seriously engage and hold, as she takes in and absorbs every cell in my body, and after several expectant moments, she says, "maybe you can." at which there's a collective gasp, followed by, "but perhaps you could give me a little bit more to go by," and the boyfriend laughs. "nothing more than that I'm serious," I reply, "and that I intensely want you." our eyes once again intently

engage, hers fixing on my need, and having decided, she move towards me without hesitation, seemingly oblivious to the stunned, watchful silence of her friends. I take her hand and we walk to the stairway. I ask the concierge, I guess you could call him, "is there is an unoccupied bedroom where my 'friend' can lie down?" we quickly locate the airy bedroom on the second floor, close and lock the door. "being it's my image that's aroused you do you want to fuck me while I'm dressed?" "I'd rather we were both completely naked. I was seeing **you** through your clothes," I say, watching her breath stir her sweet-breasted sweater. but it is she in her sweater and skirt that arouses me. I untie and drop my shoes and pull off my pants and shorts. she kicks off her shoes, unhooks and provocatively shimmies out of her olive skirt, abstractly removing her panties, and finally, pulls off her sweater which clings salaciously to her breasts as she lifts it over her head. we get on the bed, and, immediately, intensely, screw, horny and completely turned on by the events leading up to it. arms wrapped around each other, we belatedly begin kissing, making out, she, allowing herself to be my 'girlfriend', while fucking solidly, until we both silently come, feeding off of, and extending, each other's orgasms. we sit upright, leaning into each other, brushing our faces together, softly kissing, my hand on her warm thigh, her hand in my lap as my palm cradles her nipples. "I'm glad this happened, I'm glad we did it." "what made you decide to go with me?" "mostly it was because it was a very courageous thing for you to do," she says, as we gaze into each other's eyes, "it aroused and moved me, and the fact that it was public made it real as it was surreal." "it was a very courageous thing for you to do that you accepted," I sincerely reply. "I felt I was on camera.

it demanded a response or reaction. I chose the former.” “I can imagine how this might affect your relationship with your boyfriend, he thought it was a joke.” “I was desperate enough for something fresh, not complacent, augmented and eroticized by what the effect my doing it with you would have on the others, I didn’t care. these polite gatherings are generally cover ups nurturing nuances of toying with that need, but it was mostly just responding to your `request’.” we put back on our clothes, becoming spontaneously silent....I am not quite ready to go back. she perceives this and it turns her on. I once again view her with the same lust as when I initially saw her, standing with her friends from across the room, sitting on the bed, dressed now, with relaxed pleasure. our eyes once again intensely engage and pulling off her underwear she raises her skirt to her waist, her soft sweater pushed above her belly button, the dressed image still the aphrodisiac, and we screw once again as intensely as before, I on top of her, each having satisfyingly sustained orgasms. we sit together for a long while, horniness spent, tenderly absorbing the ambience, then, finally, walking side by side, shoulders touching, along the hallway, when we reach the head of the stairway, she kisses me, what is essentially, a goodbye kiss. we then descend into the commotion, a DJ now spinning and mixing. at the bottom of the stairs we separate and without looking at each other, walk in opposite directions, she towards her group, which is still in the same spot, I towards the front door.

one afternoon J gets back earlier than expected. after calling out, "Emily," the name of his girlfriend, he walks into the bedroom, where naked, except for an unbuttoned men's red flannel shirt, she's in an embrace with a tall, dark haired athletic looking fellow. upon seeing him she smiles hello, with a short laugh, and after turning his head, also, to see who's there, the fellow insolently drops his pants and shorts and lifts her, settling her onto his cock, and they fuck, seemingly oblivious to her boyfriend's presence....but not wanting to consummate while J's there, reluctantly, he pulls her off of him, as they both wistfully sigh. she stands facing J, her face flushed with pleasure. "what can we do to bring him into this?," she asks, "it's not fair to just leave him there alone," "I'm not into threesomes," the fellow says, making a face.. she shakes her head, then her still flushed face brightens. "J," she says, "you need to be fucked." picking up on the idea, a slow smile comes onto the fellow's face. a tense moment ensues and then, on cue, they move to J, and pull him, struggling, to the bed. they sit before him, undo his pants, as he helplessly squirms, then slowly, sensuously, peel off his underpants, rolling it as they tug, until it's just a band tightened around his upper thighs, like the top of a woman's pantyhose, or the garter holding up her sheer nylons, before yanking it below his knees, dropping it on the bed. Emily locks her arms around J's neck, while standing in front of J the fellow holds him fast as he spits on and lubricates his cock. looking up, Emily spots a condom on the night table. "better use it," she says. he nods, rapidly rolling it on, while she, radiant as a holiday sparkler, presses J's shoulders back against the mattress, then cups her hand tightly over his mouth, as the fellow shoves back her boyfriend's legs, and

plows his cock into his anus, and with her hand cupped hard over J's mouth, shouting excitedly, "fuck him," begins to fuck him, continuing where he left off with the her, coming fully, and after a moment's hesitation, presses hard, giving it an extra spurt, his hand contemptuously in her boyfriend's face, then quickly pulls out. Emily sits next to J, thrilled, blushing. "do you want me to `finish you off?," the fellow asks her, still hard, his voice tinged with disgust, spilled condom on the floor, wanting to get back the female connection, the estrogen. she hesitates, so aroused by all of it she can't think straight, then shakes her head "you've had your orgasm, I need to finish up with someone fresher," she says, seductively addressing J but not looking his way. the fellow laughs. "then I'll leave." "don't be cross," she says, gets up, and kisses him, languorously, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. "I'll see you tomorrow?" "definitely," she replies. soon as the front door closes she moves to J, and naked legs crossed, sits on his lap. she knows teasing him after what's just happened, would not be tolerated. she opens her mouth to his, lip sucking, and says, "I want you to fuck me very much." "I could have had an arse full of cum." "that wouldn't have hurt you, at least physically, and a little humiliation now and then is good for the soul." she runs her tongue over his eyes, cheek, and lips. "I want your cock in me so bad. I'm so horny from all this, in my ass too, I'd..." she doesn't finish, screwing her tongue into his ear as far as it will go. "how did you pick up that fellow?" "he picked me up at work." "did he just come over?" "no, I invited him." "thinking I wouldn't be here." "that's right." "was that the first time?" "no, we were hot for each other right off the bat, and we fucked at work. he's really a good fuck, all cock. it was irresistible. I won't

offer excuses. part of it is we haven't really defined what our commitments are." "is that bad?" "not necessarily, but what happened is a result." "is it going to continue to happen?" "he doesn't know it, but I gave them notice today. I don't imagine I'll see him again that was part of the freedom I felt." "then you lied." "yes." "I was fucked, forcibly, by the both of you." "that was part of the pleasure. did you have the power to make it otherwise?" "no." "then it's just a matter of pride." "it's not that simple. one has to fight back. I should have grabbed a knife or something, afterwards." "with your build and nature unless you do judo or some other kind of martial arts, he would have just taken it away from you and used it on you," Emily says, with a pleased smile, irresistible to J at that moment, and he doesn't know why. "what you're saying is just bravado," she adds." he thinks she's a good person, but he doesn't fully understand his attraction to the joyful sadism in her – the erotic lift they both feel when it's manifested. "did you enjoy it?" she asks, her voice just a whisper. "no, it hurt my pride." "but sex is sex. it seems he first enjoyed it with a vengeance, but was ambiguous after." "I got that. you hooked him into it. now he'll have to think about his sexuality, especially if you're not going to see him again." "that's right," she replies, beaming. "but when you cupped your hand over my mouth I felt a thrill. the harder you pushed the more I felt it." "like it was me who was fucking you?" "no, only as his accomplice, using his power." Emily's face flushes with pleasure, and they kiss. "I would have liked to" "you've never used a strap-on?" "just not on you." he lowers his face to her naked legs, gnaws at her thigh, making her ecstatically writhe, eats her. then he removes his shirt, unties his shoes kicking them off, and slipping off his socks, stands over her,

naked. she lays back, stretching almost the full length of the bed, knees up, thighs spread, and cock big for his size, sinks into her, her open red flannel men's shirt, fanning the flame. she tightens her thighs around his waist, and they fuck. as the erotic sensations build occupying their almost insatiable horniness, their hands all over one another, his hands, as their genitals press together, almost arbitrarily, find the compelling softness of her neck. "I'd rather die than stop fucking, now," she moans, besides herself. his hand squeezes, first softly, then liking the feel and feeling, presses harder, making her so hot she begins to orgasm, moaning and flailing, her long nails scratching his face drawing blood. both hands now encircling her neck, he continues to squeeze, as her orgasm reaches its fullest and most satisfying. deeply coming in a series of intense spurts. he continues to squeeze as the tail end of her orgasm subsides. then suddenly realizing he's choking her, he abruptly lets go of her neck before she can panic. breathlessly, they lay, then he pulls out leaving her lying there, sobbing. he bends, wraps his arms around her, kissing her face and neck." "you wanted to strangle me as payback." "there was no intention of that. I can't speak for my unconscious. and you were getting off on it. you said you'd rather die than stop fucking." "it was the best orgasm, by far, I've ever had," she says, wiping her tears with the back of her hand. it worked out all right, he thinks, as he looks her over, gorgeous, with her dark hair and emerald eyes, her firm body, still wearing the men's red flannel shirt. it's just objectification, but he's never-the-less affected by her image when she draws him to her. face down, lips pressed against her naked breasts, he, now with some dread, acknowledges he recklessly played with the margins, flashing on continuing

to choke her, with no intention of following through, but, visualizing her body, wearing the men's red flannel shirt, lovely, in lifeless repose. confused, and seeking supplication, he buries his face into her breasts and sucks her nipples. "I know you had no intention of strangling me," Emily coolly says, running her fingers through his hair, her almost always insouciance totally gone. "I was raped," he defensively replies. "you didn't feel your life was threatened. for an instance I felt I was going to die there's a price to pay for everything which only the future will determine, that's the law." J nods, chastened to the core.

another day it seems another event. and as it would have it, although there are attractive unattached women there, it is predictably with the female partner of a male, he almost immediately connects. she is petite without being short, another 'pretty picture' with swept-up light brunette hair, sheathed in a sheer pale ochre chiffon decollete dress snugly fitting a figure with unusually smooth porcelain skin, and they can't seem to cease being attentive of each other, although she's with a man he presumes to be her partner, if not her husband who the more he tunes her in he can see she has a rather dismissive attitude towards, who appears to be a rather laidback forbearing, person, and at one point, her response to what appears to be a series of entreaties is, "I just don't want to, isn't that enough." also predictably, it isn't long before they find themselves alone together in the front hallway and begin talking to one another while drawing closer as they talk until the fronts of their bodies are almost touching. "you do not appear to be getting along very well with your companion," he says while carefully looking her over, "what is the issue?" "he wants to have sex with me and I'm not in the mood to have sex with him." "is he your husband?" "yes." "unfortunately that frequently is the case with marrieds at one time or another regardless of the initial attraction." they're brushing up against each other now, her hazel eyes set in a surreptitious stare. "do you live in this city?" "I live next door." a slow smile suffuses her face as though living next door and coming over alone, enhanced the perception he is unattached. he can feel his penis moving in her and would do anything at this point to make that happen. "we could just slip away and he could do whatever he wants about it." "that would be uncool." "then how long do you

and he plan to stay?" he looks around to see if they're still alone. "as we weren't being particularly entertained, we probably would not stay very much longer. I can tell him I feel like leaving. he wanted us to leave so he could have sex with me, anyway." "for him a little social exposure was to be a prelude to that?" "evidently." "then what is it you want?" "cock, a lot of it." "but not his." she nods. "do you live close by?" "not far. "this is getting nice and cozy. can you come by in an hour or sooner?" "I'll leave as soon as we get back." he refreshes inwardly now that he knows she intends to follow through. "there won't be any difficulty?" "neither of us have plans for later, that is with the exception of his wanting to have sex with me." "maybe you could have just a little sex with him, first, as a warmup." "bad joke aside, that's an interesting idea, but it would repulse me." what will you tell him?" "it won't be hard to think up an excuse. I certainly wouldn't want people to start looking for me thinking I was missing." they share a long, dirty, tongue swallowing kiss, his hand squeezing her warm nicely formed breast. he watches them leave, savoring the image he's already arranged to possess.

it's cooler when she arrives wearing, chastely, a black pleated skirt and soft mint green pullover sweater under a pewter grey knit cardigan, and shades, suggesting she can be both modest and mysterious as well, the implication of her not just changing clothes but her image, an acknowledgement of the temporal in that whatever they do now they're starting from scratch. she removes her shades, putting them in her purse, before taking off her cardigan, and he notes it's odd women rarely go anywhere without carrying something, some aid to

their person which he views, somewhat, as a crutch. the room has an ambience with the light coming in through the open window which frames trees, plants, and grass to the extent one would have to be directly in front of it in order to look in. "do you mind if we leave the window open?" "not at all, it's very nice in here." they expectantly stand by the bed. now that they're actually there together in the freshness of the moment the humanizing effect is resulting in a diminished lust and an increased concern on sense of purpose. "do you have time?" "as much as we'll need, I imagine," she tersely replies, indicating she's in no mood for recriminations, and he now sees her as a bit more of a threat than she was when with her husband. however her kisses are hot when they sit side by side on the bed, her skirt up, legs crossed, her fingers deftly undoing the front of his pants, his palms on her warm thighs, her mouth consuming his erection, a small animal thick and moist with her saliva. the feel of her skin, almost inseparable from the sweater is so erotic they impatiently strip the waist down gently rubbing their genitals together, and upper bodies still clothed, quietly fuck, both getting off on knowing she's already allowed with fervor what she won't do with her husband. when he pulls out, both of them are breathless but gratifyingly grounded without either of them yet having had orgasms. "I'd like to fuck you in the ass, nice and slow, is that acceptable?" he asks, feeling the need to extend their dalliance by circumvention. a small dissonance goes through her. she hesitates, but then relaxes. "do you like doing it that way?" "of course. my husband keeps wanting to do it with me, but I won't let him. I'd rather he watch us do it," she adds, snidely. as he lifts the hem of her skirt she leans her palms on the mattress, rump licentiously raised, his

hands clutching her breasts through the sweater. despite her prior terseness, it becomes clearly discernable she likes it, sensuously pushing back on his cock as they anally fuck for a very long time, his fingers massaging her clit, with long strokes, until he ejaculates his semen deep into her anus. intensifying his finger pressure. she responds with a Mesmerizingly erotic orgasm enhanced by the added pleasure she's partaking with her lover in symbolically sodomizing her husband. "I hope you enjoyed it because it's the first and maybe last time we'll do it." "why is that?" "anal sex can be harmful unless every precaution is taken....to the receiver, that is. there needs to be a lot of lubrication or the skin can be torn. as well, I've read, the sphincter muscles which hold the stool can eventually weaken." "now you tell me." "I was very careful." "I noticed that." "did you enjoy it?" "very much!" "has anyone ever ejaculated semen in your anus before?" "never, I was a virgin and didn't even know it. you sure are a talkative fellow." she presses her now bare boobs against his bare chest, thrusting her tongue deep into his throat. "what happens with the semen in me?," a small doubt rising in her mind. "nothing. your body will absorb what you don't pass."

they dress, mix cocktails labeled with the intriguing double entendre, Date Night (bourbon, torani amer, pomegranate juice, **date** syrup, and lemon juice, poured over ice, topped with tonic water), although it is clearly day, and drink a generous amount from hi-ball tumbler glasses while sitting on the outdoor patio pleased with their orgasms, cool freshness in their faces, momentarily contemplative, sizing each other up. a half hour has passed with increasing distraction. more

than pleasantly high her legs are crossed at the thighs, her eyes coveting the sexy masculine form she's fixed them on. they return to the bedroom. she lets down her hair. he craves the figure in the loose fitting unassumingly suggestive skirt, and her taut breasts outlined in her soft mint sweater. she goes to the bathroom holding her purse. returns, lipstick toasted mauve, freshly scented, skirt removed. fixing on her lipstick makes him very hard. "you've got options," she says, fingers teasing his cropped hair. taking control of her, he lowers her backwards onto the bed. she submits subtly and moodily exerting a hint of resistance in acknowledgement of what and why they are about to do it. his palms fervently seek under her sweater her hot skin as they feverously fuck, staying erotically external by continuing to incite. she raises her pelvis lewdly, the tip of his cock playing with her clit then putting it solidly back in and slowly presses, as she minutely twists side to side, the heel of her hand in his face, pulling his hair as he presses. "your husband might enjoy taking a look at us now," he says, raising his head and lifting off of her. flushed, she laughs, fingers stroking the length of, exhorting, his almost vertically pumped up thing. "let's give him more to ponder." he grasps her ankles, pushes her intemperate legs backwards until her knees are parallel with her belly, he first gnaws her inner thighs, then smutty fragrance in his nostrils, eats her for a long time until she lay fitfully poised for more. "does your husband go down on you?" "yes. a lot!" she barely gets out, "that's usually when I come." his living thickened mass once again pushes in, goaded by her excited, hasty, reception. they fuck together with dense concentration. his hands let go, her calves and thighs intuitively tighten around his waist. she then tosses her

ankles over his shoulders grazing his neck, sending ecstatic quivers that can't be duplicated on a porn page. slowly, seamlessly, they screw, open lips delicately sucking open lips, rabid mouths syphoning, tearing skin; making out rapaciously, deliberately mocking the innocence alleged to teenagers, her gyrating adulterous tongue scripting obscene odes in his ear, salaciously playing kissing complacently for extended periods, as time quickly slips by, and they finish up, several orgasms later, silenced, naked in the dark, fully exhausted, fully satisfied, she affectionately licking off the last bit of semen from the tip of his still hard genital, the need at last behind them. the end result, for him, always, love. for a short time they lay together, then dress. "we can go out to dinner or eat here," he says, as if it were a foregone conclusion. she shakes her head and gently kisses him, the seriousness in her as deep now, as it had shortly been erotic, deeper than what he can absorb, generating in him a truly unexpected feeling of loss. "we did each other the way we wanted! I think it better we leave it at that." as he walks her to her car his neighbor who, unbeknownst to him, is a friend of her husband, while in his backyard using a leaf blower, sees them and waves with a bemused expression. they both smile and wave back, himself wondering what is in her mind at that moment. he watches her drive away. although the assuaging of their horniness had triumphantly prevailed, she wasn't going to build a 'love' relationship based on adultery – one she fully played out. now that they'd had the kind of sex They needed, caught up with herself, she can allow that her husband, rather than a detriment, is a human being worthy of consideration, also, while he remains, as ever, still unattached.

never start a story with a description of the weather, James Ellroy wrote – it's a very hot, humid day. Orville is lying on his back, naked, except for a pair of sheer socks, the kind men wore in the 30s and 40s (sometimes held up by a leg garter), his `girlfriend' sitting beside him wearing a very short, tight-fitting plain blue summer dress, and nothing else. her light brown hair with reddish highlights, cut short to the lower neck, is both straight and extremely soft, so that, like fine fibers, it flutters with the slightest agitation. she's playing with his body, which she very much likes, lean, especially stretched out, and in her mind, somewhat feminine, running the inside palms of her hand along the entire length, rubbing suggestively his still flaccid genitals, and feeling his breasts, amusing and arousing herself for their upcoming sex. to Orville she's a total `object' of lust, feminists be damned, the blue dress barely containing, her skin white as a bar of Ivory Soap without the hint of a suggestion of being underexposed. at this moment the door of their room bursts open without a knock, and three fellows whom they had worked with together in the fields, and lunched with as part of a larger group of various artists and students in the farm commissary, enter. startled, Orville and Vivian apprehensively looking up, stop their play. one of the three fellows, the tallest, with an athletic physique and a good shock of blonde hair, which, as is shortly revealed , is natural, approaches the bed, and says to Vivian, "I want to fuck you." Orville looks at Vivian, expecting to see shock, alarm, something, but instead she doesn't immediately react, appearing to mull things over, then kind of pulls her dress together, and asks, somewhat sarcastically, "doesn't your girlfriend satisfy you?," and it appears she seems to be enjoying herself. "when she's there,

but now it's you I want." Orville starts to rise. the other two, like thugs in a noir B movie, restrain him. the fellow, then sensuously tugging at the hem of her dress, completely dis- robes, showing a strong, muscularly developed body and a quite large cock, and Vivian, already quite turned on from the previous foreplay, her vagina wet with arousal, savors, as she watches him lean back on the couple's former roommate's adjacent single bed, stands close to it then mounts him as he pulls her to him, lifting her dress, while the other two , one with his hand pressing down on Orville's knees, and the other on his shoulders, lock him in place. the `lovers' fuck, slowly and sensuously, Vivian, affectionately kissing, biting, sucking, him all over, his hands all over her inside her tight blue dress, then grasps her hips, raising and lowering her in rhythm to their movements, air current fluttering her fine fibers of hair, both relishing the attention, prolonging as best they can until they simultaneously reach sharply delineated, extended orgasms, then slow to a crawl, pressing and moaning, before she clammers off of him with a sigh. `will that be all', they both seem to be deciding? he dresses quickly without looking at Orville. the two release their hold, and as they exit, a sizable hickey on his neck, the fellow calls out to Vivian, "I'll see you guys soon," in a voice totally devoid of humor or irony. in the moments that follow Vivian and Orville intently look at each other. she walks over to the bed and sits as she did before. "it was not, in anyway, a rejection of you," she says, sticking her tongue into his mouth and running her fingers through his hair, kissing his neck and ears. "what did you feel watching us?," "it was erotic watching you fuck someone else, your skin, your dress, unselfconsciously using and being used, how immersed you were, the air stirring,

fluttering, your hair, and the obvious pleasure you were experiencing.” “then it was me you identified with.” “no, it wasn’t, not necessarily. it was you I wanted to fuck, incited from that perspective. watching, was an area of contemplation. but they held me down.” “I know, that was wrong. would it have happened, at least the way it did, if they hadn’t?” she replies, deviously, but philosophically. “desirable to you, but it was still force, can you condone that? if you hadn’t wanted to have sex with him he would have raped you.” “but I did want to have sex with him,” Vivian replies, looking at Orville hard, “and you said you enjoyed it.” “those weren’t my exact words, but it was not voyeurism. I can see how men might get off on that, but I don’t want, or need, that.” she unzips the top back of her dress and pulls down the shoulders to her waist and lays back. “sit up Orville and turn over.” then she pulls him to her just as the blonde fellow pulled her to him, guiding his erect penis between her warm breasts. he sinks into her, and unable to hold back for more than an instant, ejaculates a stream of semen, so intensely, and with such force, it grazes her chin, mouth, cheek, and nose, most of it remaining air-borne before it inundates her forehead. “see how horny it made you? I wanted you to come so we could both be on the same page together for whatever we do now. “I still have this to absorb. why don’t we hold off Vivian, until we’re both once again really horny.” “but you saw how that worked out this time.” “I’ll chance it.”

4:30 a m, hour and a half before dawn. Marion walks down the corridor of Union Station, satisfied, exhausted, anxious to get to her car, which is parked two blocks north of the Terminal Annex, the empty hall a solo space in which to contemplate after an extremely extended social night. halfway to the street she sees three shadowy male figures nonchalantly coming towards her. she steels herself to quickly walk past them, but as they get nearer she sees they're deliberately steering directly to her. at first she panics, fearing they intend to jack her, and flashes, with some relief, she forgot to take her plastic card holder with driver's license and cards. then they're standing in front of her, half surrounding her, three young men wearing leather jackets, jeans, and boots, blocking her way. close up, dim light on their faces, she can see they're young, attractive, with strong bodies. their similar dress suggests a club, but not bikers. "what are you doing out this late, or early?," one of them asks, mock flirtatiously, with a heavy New York accent. Marion feels she better reply. "I'm coming from an event. I'm an artist." "and you're all alone, that can be dangerous." they crowd closer, hemming her in. "if you're not in any rush," says the one who appears to be the group's spokesperson, "we'd like you take a ride with us, if you can spare a couple hours of you time." Marion makes a sudden move to rush past them. the three of them grab her arms and pull her towards the front entrance, a hand muffling the beginning of a scream, as they hustle her down the steps and to their car which is parked illegally in an adjacent lot. terrified, she sits, sandwiched in-between two of them in the back seat, as the driver heads north towards Lincoln Heights. her one strange thought is, whatever her life was fifteen minutes previous, it has been

totally altered – how absolute the change. “relax, we’re not going to hurt you,” the driver says, turning his head back. “what are you going to do?”, Marion asks, fearfully, in a weak, almost inaudible, voice. “we’re just going to have a little sex session, fuck you good. then we’ll let you go, like the gentlemen we are, let you off, wherever you want us to.” Marion’s panic begins to ebb slightly. she quickly expected as they didn’t rob her then and there, that this is what they wanted. one of the two shines a light on Marion’s face. “didn’t we meet in Coney Island, a while back?”, he asks, with an accent as thick as the driver’s. Marion shakes her head and looks down, anticipating what will inevitably follow. “where is your cell?” “I didn’t bring it,” she remembers. the two sitting next to her frisk her anyway. “we wouldn’t want you trying to contact anybody, or taking pictures.” “where are we going?” the one who’s been mostly silent, asks the driver. “up to Elysian Park. it’s a good place to ‘fool around’ at night. lot of empty space.” “I don’t think that’s a good idea, in addition to the night owls, if it’s patrolled we might get caught.” “I doubt it. where would you go?” “up by the tracks. there’s plenty of empty space up there. we can drop blankets.” “ok.” Marion thinks, she could have had sex with a decent person, earlier, spent the rest of the night with him, but she opted to leave, partly because she didn’t want her car ticketed. the driver continues up Spring, almost to the bridge, turns right on Wilhardt, then left on Naud, the street between Spring and Alameda, and parks next to the dirt bank leading up to the railroad tracks. it’s a very dark street lined with warehouses and lot of graffiti. the driver opens the car door and peers around. except for a couple of homeless encampments inside the chain link fence enclosed lot about

fifty yards away, it seems to be deserted. he shrugs, then turns to Marion. "if you intend to be vocal we'll have to gag you." Marion shakes her head. "good, I want to say, and I'm speaking for my friends, we'll be gentle, we won't hurt you. we'll be very careful about that." Marion nods, fearful he may not mean what he says. "what is your name?" "Marion." "oh, that's nice, Marion the librarian." the three of them laugh. "now before we go up there we want to do a few little enhancements to make you even more presentable to our desires. don't get me wrong, you're very attractive. I like the way the streetlight catches your pretty, long brown hair. I like the way you walk, your rhythm says it all, but a little enhancement won't hurt. are you carrying mascara?" he asks, as if it's contraband. looking at her purse on the back seat, she nods. the driver, using the round brush, applies a delicate shade of black to her already attractive eyelashes, framing pretty green-blue eyes, and then, fingers rummaging inside her purse, ferrets out a tube of fluorescent pink, and paints her lips, carefully maintaining the outlines. "comb out your hair." her comb makes quiet, static clicks as he stands back, surveying her with satisfaction. "pretty as a picture." tugging open the front of her jacket his eyes lustfully focus on the outline of her breasts which are well-shaped, medium, and taut. "you are wearing a bra." she unnecessarily nods. "remove it. remove your underpants." after a brief hesitation and stare, Marion raises her thigh length skirt and pulls them down, stepping out of them, then holds them not knowing what else to do with them. "put both in your purse, so that you don't forget them," he says, as if he's giving her a lesson in propriety. they grab several blankets from the trunk, and pulling Marion forward, hustle up the dirt mound until

they're alongside the tracks, then move laterally, 'till they find a wide space nestled against a concrete wall, the ground soft, sandy, silt and gravel, where the train lights won't shine. they kick the gravel free of the space and pad the ground with two of the blankets, then fold the third to make a pillow. "just fantasize how you would do it if you were at home, alone," the driver advises, removing her jacket. all hands are on her now. then getting into it, rubbing up against her, they take turns kissing her, her lipstick sweet with the taste of cherry. she allows them to French kiss her, and Frenches them back. then with a light shove she's on the ground, skirt yanked up to her waist, back to the blanket, the heels of the practical shoes she chose to wear denting the blanket. hovering over Marion, the driver, liberally moistens his swollen cock, then grasps Marion's ankles, pushes her legs upward, and lowering himself, slowly winches it into Marion's vagina, until their bodies are flush. Marion's legs inadvertently hug his sides, the driver forcefully making out with her, while fucking her, Marion tentatively moving her groin in rhythm to his cock, until, when the driver shoots, she takes his cum, ambiguously, not without revulsion. the driver pulls out with a sigh of satisfaction and rolls over. mesmerized and disoriented, Marion starts to shiver. the driver tosses her her jacket which was on the ground a few feet away, and she puts it on. one of the others lights up a roach, tokes and passes it around. when it comes to Marion she first dismisses it, waving her hand, then takes a deep drag and, given the situation, surprisingly horny, relaxes. she's still frightened, but the terror of the unknown she experienced riding in the car has somewhat passed. she knows they're out for a thrill, but thinks she senses the limits they've unconsciously set, and

feels she can ride it through. extreme fright, however, quickly returns as they close in on her, again encompassing her, kissing her, and hands under her dress, feel her breasts and nipples. hard/ soft dicks streak her face, mouth and ears, cum slithering down her cheeks. a hand clutches Marion's head. "open your mouth, and she does, reluctantly, "wider," as the flexed organ fills her mouth. "suck." and Marion does, leaning forward on her knees, as the other running his hands hotly on her rump, spreads her haunches, entering her anus, pushing a lubricated condom in with a shove, fucking her while she sucks, groaning salaciously, as he ejaculates, just as Marion takes the other's acrid cum in her mouth, half swallowing, spitting, and gasping, 'gross, creepy bastards', at the same time, stifling a strong urge to cry. still dark and chilly, it will be daylight in another half hour. they've been joined by a friend who arrived on his motorcycle, after responding to their call for him to get into the action. the round robin groping and making out starts up again. the cyclist undresses from the waist down, pulling his pants and briefs over his boots. the other three nudge Marion back down on the blankets, pressing her head against the makeshift 'pillow'. the cyclist lowers himself, and settles on her, moistened erection sensitively intersecting Marion's vagina, as she raises her thighs, and tentatively moves, then Marion, finally giving in, joins him, and they seriously fuck, as the loud horn from an oncoming train blares, and then the din and rumble of an exceptionally long string of freight cars drowns out their sounds, both of them now urgently moving, belly to belly, until Marion, desperate to gain something of worth, intensely orgasms, the cyclist ejaculating densely, before the noise subsides, and the cyclist rolls off her with a kiss. another

quiet break ensues, but before ending, the three wanting more, grope Marion, take turns casually fucking her standing, their cocks somewhat the source of indeterminate pleasure in her anus, bare ass silhouettes an eerily moving tableau, as dawn approaches, “pay you if you come,” the quieter one grunts, while masturbating her – she has to guide his unknowing fingers along her labia, pressing them against her clit, ‘till she fiercely, and admittedly, gratefully, comes again. hands continue, one last time, to grasp and squeeze her soft breasts which, head bent, shoulders hunched, are now, sensuously, from their pov, dangling. it is no longer dark. they gather their things and move down the grade to the car where the motorcycle is also parked. Marion removes her jacket, grabs her purse and pulls out her bra and panties. she dresses and puts back on her jacket. “my car is parked just north of Union Station” she says, apprehensively, to no one in particular.” “I’ll give you a lift,” the cyclist offers, before Marion’s three abductors can respond or react. an early delivery truck pulls onto the street. the three get back into the car while Marion strains to read their license plate. the cyclist revs up his cycle. the car pulls away without Marion bothering to look. she seats herself behind the cyclist, her arms wrapped around him, her head resting against the back of his shoulder, an embrace, just as she’s many times seen other women riding tandem do, breezes fluttering their long hair. what would her friends she was with not that many hours ago think if they could see her now? chilly, but comfortable, they ride off, sunrays topping the downtown buildings, as they cruise slowly, almost touring, in light traffic. fresh air feels good in her face. she’d been kidnapped! and brutally raped by three men, technically, four – incessant,

mostly unprotected, sex, possibly, though not probably, knocked up, reduced to a tool, an abject object of pleasure, against her will, and nothing else, which only in defiling a pretty woman were they able to exact satisfaction. but the image of the cyclist, and his passenger, now, riding in the early morn, seems more ethereal, like that of the messenger in Cocteau's Orpheus. she does not feel guilty she had two intense orgasms while forced to inhale the cold, pungent atmosphere of an erotic, primordial, alien, universe she always knew existed, and sensed could, and, perhaps, would, someday experience in the darkest night. re the driver's advice, the fantasy was, in fact, in real time. had she been passive or resisted they no doubt would have hurt her. all the worse had she blocked out pleasure. unfortunately, she's forgot the readings on their plate, but now she'll visit ER. they will keep her there for observation and tests. of course they will notify the police. with the information she will give, and the evident presence of their DNAs, even if they're not on a police data base, it's likely they'll get caught, and while they won't get what Marion feels they deserve (castration), they will be severely punished. at this point, still mesmerized, she doesn't know what the long term consequences will be. now that her survival instincts are no longer in play, she is suffering the full effects of trauma. she knows it isn't just going to go away. but she feels she has a choice. a push pull is in her head between the fact she was gang-raped over a significant stretch of time, and that given her adaptation, including her allowing some pleasure as it happened, she's shown she doesn't have to be permanently traumatized by it. and though some women have been shattered by much less, and a much greater, often fatal, heinousness has been the

fate of still others, a sudden, almost preternatural, calm overtakes her upon the affirmation, none of what occurred, could have been stopped. nor even what she allowed, is she guilty of, nor responsible for, nor has she the power to physically, nor psychologically, reverse, and that she can, and will, when there's nothing more to learn from it, totally let it go.

lying down on his back in bed, solid colored t shirt, pants unbuttoned, pulled halfway down thighs, limp penis, raven haired temptress hovers over him, thick dark curls dangling in his face, voluptuous body, wearing full cut violet dress with fluted lapels cuffs, and short hem. is grateful for courageous act involving her he had previously performed. kisses him. acknowledges his impotency. says she'll never leave him until he gets an erection. asks him if he'd like to watch her and another man fuck.

she returns to the bed where he's still lying, helplessly aroused. "did you enjoy it?" he doesn't answer. "did you have an orgasm,?" he asks. "several. your impotency can be cured, if it's not physical, but first you need to know the cause." she reaches under his shirt and runs the inside of her hand over his breasts and nipples, which are well formed and pleasing due to the gymnastics he did as a young man. it feels good (being 'felt up' by a woman). "you want to be treated like a woman. you want to be fucked even though you're not gay, just to give voice to your helplessness. is it because you're impotent, or is that the cause of it?" "I don't know. when I was forty I stopped having sex, so it may be the former. use it or lose it." "but you masturbate." "I don't need an erection to do that." just then a man walks in, leans over, kisses him, and says, "you're a good fuck, baby," then drops a bundle of bills onto the bed. she licks his flaccid genitals, tenderly kisses his mouth, then rubs her bush against his mouth, and he eats her. "you think you've made a breakthrough by being submissive letting go of your ego to admit suppressed desires, but you're not attracted to men, just to sex; any way that will relax you and give you pleasure, but it

won't make you potent, and a woman's strap-on is not a cock. he draws her to him. "you've got a lot of chutzpah, Sherry," he says, hugging her, almost crushing her. she likes it. "that's what you need to be, more assertive, as you once were, like you were when you `saved' me. identification is only half of it. you need to feel your own power, not narcissistic, just the power to function. you started hearing women saying, `screw me, screw me', but then you were saying the same thing; a mirror image as compensation for no longer being able to do it yourself." "it's just feedback that has to be burned out, rather than suppress it." "perhaps you're right," she replies, thoughtfully. "I was sitting in the dark, legs crossed above the knees, feeling sex in my penis which was pressed against my thighs. could be the legs of a woman under a short skirt, poised to fuck, thinking, ambiguously, was it `I want to fuck you, or was it fuck me, fuck me'?, but the object of my desire was a female. what I was really thinking was it's a projection of the woman I want to fuck, but who is not there, rather than the woman I want to be. is that onanistic?" "yes.." "our fantasies can be surrogates when there's no opportunity." "I'm here, Jerry, can you get it up for me?" one cannot just change patterns overnight, but, given his attraction to her, he has no answer to that.

he is feeling a bit lethargic today. his recent promotion to assistant manager at a toy manufacturer in Downtown L.A. has increased his workload without significantly increasing his salary. at the moment he's marking time. he's married to a woman he's not particularly attracted to. she's somewhat of an enigma, to which he does not give much thought. she's plain looking, neither pretty nor homely, and in terms of her image and attitude, thoughtlessly conventional, a square, whose air is one of, not too veiled, dissatisfaction. her attitude towards him projects a silent, almost impeccable contempt, which he perceives, but does not react to – just another aspect of his ennui. Hannah is not a prude, however, and if one looks more closely, or gets more into her vibes, the dominant characteristic is erotic-sexual. she has a very good, even voluptuous, balanced distributed figure, and a, not entirely hidden, will to, though appearing to be unconscious, use it. on occasion, in public or social interaction, he has witnessed her reaction to other men coming on to her, and wonders why neither does she show the same response to him, nor that he has never cared enough to challenge the conventionality of her response to him, until one evening, to Daryl's total surprise, none of this having previously been manifest in terms of conflict or disagreement, things come to a head. a mutual acquaintance of both has come over for a visit. from almost the moment he arrives, Hannah is openly solicitous to him, and he quickly responds, the increasingly suggestive interaction between them more and more shutting Daryl out. he is surprised at her boldness. he knew it was there, but thought it was unconscious, and for the first time he's aroused by just her image, watching her play, and for the first time he feels an uncomfortable attraction

towards her. at this point the erotic interaction between Hannah and their friend has become almost a closed circuit, irreversible, as she rubs up against him, flicking and twisting her tongue in his ear, her hand playfully squeezing his crotch. then, after a moment of erotic, electric, silence where all motion stops, face blushing, she undresses, letting down her, always up, dark hair, sliding out of her flesh toned slip, voluptuous white nymph, as 'friend' undresses, and they go to the bedroom, Daryl watching the boldly sexual sway of her butt as she turns her head back over her shoulder to him, flashing her eyes, then quickly turning her head back. they close the shades, and, without any preliminaries, take to the bed and densely fuck. drawn by an inescapable attraction, Daryl watches them from the open doorway, Hannah's legs up, black heels with the strapped toes, rhythmically, incrementally, swaying, then kicked off, screw, listening to their sounds, Hannah's gasps and, unpredictably jocular, whispers, before turning his head away. he goes back into the front room, eventually falling asleep on a yoga mat laid out on the hardwood floor, as the two intermittingly fuck through the night, their 'mutual friend' leaving, without looking at Daryl, at dawn. Hannah, still naked, sits down besides Daryl and kisses him, a long, smart, sensual kiss, unlike any he's ever received from her before, her formidably shaped nipples poking through the flimsy, sheer, silk tunic, then gives him a full blow job and swallows his cum. "you're dessert," she says, scoots next to him, lays her head back on his belly and falls asleep, a pleased, blissful look on her face. Daryl rises, gently lays her head on the mattress, covers her with a comforter. fatigued, but mellow and at peace, he leaves for work, while she sleeps, without a stir, the whole day.

a teen and his neighbor's wife are having an unusually long conversation outdoors. one can see without hearing, by the body language of both, something besides the words is going on. and next they are in a bedroom together, unclear whose, completely naked. she has a nice solid body with medium size breasts, and nice hair. he has the light frame typical of many active teens. he's lying flat on his back on the bed. sitting on the bed she playfully crawls up to him on her knees, and after teasing him with her lips, face hovering his, and lowering her head, blows him. then she mounts him and they fuck, her breasts bouncing as she moves up and down on his cock. she gets off of him, and lays on her back, spreading her legs, and hands propped on either side of her, body raised, he fucks her, first slowly, then faster and harder, as she squirms, his longish hippie style blonde hair dancing between her breasts and face, as he moves up and down, in and out. the charge is not that she's cheating on her husband. in fact that is near irrelevant. it's that she's fucking an adolescent, and that he's fucking her, an adult, squeezing her tits as he fucks her. an adult authority figure is seducing, and submitting to, an ostensibly innocent dependent, without giving any outward sense there's a cultural taboo against it, let alone they are breaking the law. it's erotic to see a sexy, seductive, adult woman, fucking, and being fucked by, a boy, taboo or no.

dream – they reach the end of the driveway where a young female is standing impassively fully clothed wearing a somewhat worn black leather or faux leather jacket, beige shirt which hangs down below the hem of the jacket and a maroon skirt, the hem of which hangs below that, bobby sox and dull black shoes. her black hair hangs in slightly ruffled strands down below her neck. she has striking brown eyes and wears no makeup. it's unclear whether the other fellow and her are together as the fellow gets ready to leave. "I'd like to fuck you," he says, giving her a sustained, intense look. still standing, impassively, she answers his look. they go inside the house, stand face to face, smiling caustically, ever so slightly, their fully clothed bodies touching, lusting for a quickie. simultaneously she undoes and tugs down his pants, as he reaches under her skirt and pulls off her undies. otherwise fully clothed they fuck vigorously until both have orgasms. now they're in the bedroom of his apartment in Santa Monica, slowly becoming engrossed – the various pieces of their clothing interfacing with the various soft parts of their bodies, orchestrated into a symphonic whole – first, her jacket and his shirt, then his t shirt, her beige shirt and her breasts, then the maroon skirt and her pubic hair, his jeans, which she pulls off, so as to go 'round the world', blowing and eating him out. all afternoon they conjoin words and sex to attain a sustainable balance – soft skin interspersed with clothes, rough textured or warm and clinging, wearing out their lips, their genitalia. "was I a good sex toy?" she asks, slipping back on her leather jacket, both of them now fully dressed.

teen couple wearing warm jackets, fucking, upper bodies fully clothed, in a parked car's intimate, cramped interior, on a dark, cold night; hard breathing, windshield fogging, dirty sex. she was too 'polite' to say no, though she has a boyfriend, and is not known as someone who 'goes.'

copper hair cut to just below the neck, black eyes almost totally opaque like hard marbles, and very white skin. she's wearing a tight off the shoulder, densely red, flimsy chiffon dress. she fucks and kisses while her 'husband' watches. back in the days of 'stag' movies and TJ bibles, watching this in a room full of men would have elicited a stifling silence – one would have heard a pin drop so to speak, no one would have dared cough, as hidden desires blossomed in the dark. now, it's just another porn video. to whom is the viewer's arousal dedicated? to whom does one identify while watching this? the two men fucking her, her play husband, or her? all three, maybe. a holistic response.

light brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, delicate lips wearing an almost white, pink cashmere, short/tight charcoal-grey skirt, sitting primly on the sofa next to him, close, oddly intimate, given, in addition to their not knowing each other, she's alleging a miscreation, by here-say, he professes ignorance of (the usual defense). never-the-less it commences, banal as it may, with a quick, stealthy, well-timed kiss, then kissing her face and perfumed neck before she has a chance to close it off, as her hand, unwittingly, searches for his crotch, followed by the feel of her breasts through her soft as down without the quills, sweater, then his hand on her crossed knee, prompting them to look into each other's eyes, and though devoid of the initial design to hookup, making out, their tongues engaged, causing her to, reflexively, uncross her legs, and, shortly, inevitably, without drama, they're intently doing it on the sofa. a blur of pink, and white bobby sox, a seamless transition from approbation to assent, kissing, petting, and coupling, in a rarely short time span.

almost dark as they stand in the doorway of the empty art space on the southwest edge of Chelsea, hesitating before exiting onto the street. "you're probably thinking she's just a nice piece of ass." "very nice yes....a perfect fit. for me, at least, that's no small thing," he replies, prompting an intense stare. "where are you headed?" "to my friend's apartment. in Queens. I'm staying with him while I look for a place in this general area. where do you live?" "around tenth and twenty second." "that's not far. do you have a girlfriend?" "no." "a lone wolf, always on the make." "just poor and in-between as they say, which in my current frame of mind could end up being never." both exchange ambiguous smiles, before

silence and another longer hesitation. "do you want to see me again?" "yes." "just for sex?" "that's tricky, I don't know. I'll walk you to your subway entrance." "it's the BMT on 23rd and Broadway." "that's ok, I feel like walking." when they reach the entrance, they swap contact information before descending the steps. he uses his card to follow her through the turnstile and stands with her on the platform. "can I kiss you goodnight?" they embrace very tightly as they kiss. he then watches her disappear with the other passengers, before turning away. is this a beginning, or an end?

“I’d rather fuck your wife (violet skirt pulled to her waist, pale blue blouse unbuttoned, unhooked bra dangling) than win a Powerball Lottery Jackpot, or do a laid out triple double in floor exercise.”

the pastor's wife has full, but straight, dark brunette/red hair, combed around her cheeks and dropping to her lower neck, and light brown bedroom eyes. her pastel violet blouse with the tiny grey grounds has a silky sheen, but more body, slightly rough to the touch, like the silky spine of a cactus protecting the soft meat inside, invitingly open at the neck. wearing a tight black skirt and black heels, her image, at least this day, is nothing if not erotic, and, to prove a point, a fourteen year old member of the congregation comes up to her and says, "I'd like to have you, Ilene," before his shocked mother grabs him and pulls him away. bemused, the pastor laughs as does she, blushing, making her, visibly, even more desirable.

when I was in my late teens I picked up a book of case studies of nymphomania which had somehow found its way into the bookshelf in my bedroom.. it dealt with the period of the late 40s or early 50s. the following is a description of the only case study I either read, or, remember: Eloise is a working girl. she is also, clinically, a nymphomaniac. it's important to define one's terms – it is not in the now permissive socially accepted sense of free and prolific sex, but in the old classical sense of erotic but sordid, compulsive, shameful, ultimately guilt driven, encounters she's given to, although she's tried to stop, is in analysis with an Adlerian therapist, to no avail. the more compulsive and `dirty' in her mind, the more attraction. if one were thinking superficially, one could see it as the pattern of the adulterer, but Eloise is not married, does not have a steady boyfriend, although she's quite attractive, and is sexually indifferent to the `respectable' men she dates, while favoring the promiscuity of her liaisons, often with men she picks up, or is picked up by, almost on the street – at shops, restaurants, even movie theaters, which after a brief flirtation, quickly moves to the bedroom, giving herself to the initial lust, made more erotic in contrast that she dresses plainly, wears little makeup, eschewing ostentatiousness and glamour, it being almost as sinful in her mind as is sex (setting herself up as a target, perhaps), while compulsively, erotically, drawn to it. upon consummation, she immediately feels shame, guilt, and regret, and in need of help. typically, she would, after engaging in somewhat minimal small talk or banter, considerably aroused, partly by the unfamiliar surroundings, perfunctorily, without any show of sentiment, remove her clothes, have lustful but unemotional sex, and then become incommunicado after, and by the time she's arrived

home, would be feeling shame, regret, guilt, even revulsion, but it would egg her on to the next encounter which would generally be sooner than later – she also idealizes Hollywood romances, liking movies starring Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Susan Hayward, et al.

the reason for my bothering to write out my recollection of this, is it recalls my attitudes towards sex at the time. when I browsed the book I was only looking for something to arouse me. instead, I can recall the neutrality of the text, the indolently repressed sexual mood, the aura of how afternoon light filling the room from the bedroom window reflected my state then, and of the times evoked. how I look back on that indolent, masturbatory time, surprisingly, with some longing. when there was still a chance. I won't call it youth. it was something deeper.

at first we were not sure though it was our intent. then we rubbed against each other, your back to the wall, you wearing only your blouse. you said you liked my cock, 'beautiful', you said, sculpted and taut, glowing in the darkened room. easy to fuck standing up, your ass and green blouse, my cock, just the right fit. done with ambiguity we lose ourselves in it, come, do it, come some more. then, the night air, refreshing, cold on our cheeks. it's almost dawn. I can go back to her. you can go back to him..

for the second time that afternoon, and the fourth time that week, they're on the mattress of she and her husband's bed by the refreshingly breezy, open window, half dressed as usual, she, with the flowing honeyed hair, unbuttoned mint green blouse, open to her naked breasts, full red skirt raised above her waist, he, naked from the waist down, fucking confidently, without restraint; deep, dirty, and easy, this time, everything working, her calves affectionately straddling his shoulders, and they come together, experiencing immense pleasure, both having huge orgasms, he, shooting a full ejaculation of hot semen into her. still for a few moments they then briefly hug, before he pulls out his long, wet, cock, and stands, saying, "that sure was good."

almost instantly, as she screams, a steel-like arm grips his neck from behind, quickly tightening, cutting off his air, as he mightily, but futilely, struggles to break the hold. the arm tightens, slowly, as he gasps, spittle dropping from his mouth, and he blacks out. the grip eases slightly, then tightens one last time, holding for a few decisively long moments, then releasing, allowing the lifeless body to sink to the floor. "that sure was good," her husband mocks, as he approaches his terrified wife, slaps her face hard enough to break her nose, then turns and exits.

we come to a peeling, yellow-ochre, Spanish stucco motel, crowded with semi-dead palm fronds, overgrown grass and weeds. the room is small but clean, featuring a bare, hard, fresh smelling, white sheet covered mattress on a wood framed, bunk styled bed. the three of us, she, myself, and her husband, completely undress, except for her rough to the touch lace trimmed, black thigh-high hose. she and I come together and kiss, sensuously, but nonchalantly, rather than passionately. I nudge her to the bed, exceedingly fine loose strands of light brown hair flicking her cheeks, she demurely gets on her back, raises her groin, and we fuck, missionary, the entire time, in slightly varied permutations, cock plumbing, working her legs, hands grasping flesh above the stockings, fucking her chasteness, fingers making indentations in her soft, white thighs, her hands tightly clutching my shoulders, arms, mouth delicately sucking my neck, our pelvises moving simultaneously, intimately in varied tempos, then in insistent, slow, punctuations, until when we finally come, she lets out, at first, a sudden shrill, unexpected, wanton cry, which then modulates into a long-lasting moan, ending in a sensually subdued sigh, at which point I'd fully ejaculated with relief, captive of total pleasure. after we separate, and I get up, leaving her lying on her back in a dreamy, blissful state, her husband moves to the bed, purposefully grabs both her ankles, raising and pushing back her legs, then intently and diligently, probes, at considerable length, both her labia and anus with his finger, before, satisfied, letting her legs drop back on the bed. we dress and leave.. I let them off at their home in a more affluent neighborhood. I linger several moments, watching their silhouettes, arms around each other as they disappear through the front gate.

he awakens from his dream, erect, surprised there was no ejaculation, allowing the satisfaction of having had consummated orgasms in varied sex continue. but because of some of the content, a bit relieved it was not in real time. he dresses, eats a little peanut butter on rice chips to fortify his energy, visits his girlfriend, as planned, telling her of his dream, before going to his very physical construction job. when he wearily returns to her place in the early evening thinking he might spend the night with her, because of, rather than in spite of, his dreams, she's 'dressed to kill', every bit as gorgeous and unattainable (attain what?) as she was, standing by the window in the whisper white light filled bedroom at the beginning of his dream, wafting a subtle perfume. "I've got a date, but you can stay overnight, anyway, if you like. don't wait up for me," she says, her stirred coffee eyes shining.

still awake, he listens to the the front door rattling, half wishing he'd declined to stay. when he hears two voices, her date's, and hers trying to shush him, his stomach takes a dive. it's quite a while as he tensely lays, before he hears the door open and shut again, and she comes to the bedroom. he takes in the aura of her silhouette, her perfume filling the room, for a delicious while, then says, "you can turn on the light if you want." she flips the light switch and the image becomes technicolor. she looks much the same as when she left except her hair is askew, her skirt rumpled, and her lipstick worn and smeared, not grossly, but noticeably, aggravating that itch of desire, but having no intention of engaging it. "I can sleep on the couch if it would make you more comfortable." "don't be silly, I'm looking forward to being in bed

with you," the sound of her voice soothing and arousing him. as soon as she gets into bed and affectionately rubs her leg against him, they immediately fuck, she, hot and horny, he, solid and mellow, then sleep very well until early morning

"it seems obvious you didn't make it with him." "that's right, but we petted pretty heavily before he left. it was difficult to get him to leave." "didn't you like it?" "yes, it got me worked up." "weren't you afraid I might get up to drink water, or something?" "I was aware that might happen. I think the precariousness of it added to the lift." "if I weren't there you probably would have gone all the way with it." "if I'd wanted I would have anyway, this is my apartment." "what does he look like?" she reaches for a photo on the table. "here, I didn't particularly want for it to be taken." he gasps. it's a photo of the two of them, she looking sweet, and next to him, diminutive, he, powerful, athletic, tall, a dead ringer, down to every detail, of the fellow who fucked him in his dream. his face turns pale. concerned, she smiles, leaning up against him, resting her fingers on his cheek. his color returns and they kiss. later he tells her why he reacted to the photo, she listens empathetically, not too concerned, but still, finding all of it interesting.

1.

he/she is a crossdresser. he/she doesn't mind being referred to as such because words like genderless have yet to become part of the general consciousness. he/she isn't happy at party. he/ she's hair is tied up in back. he/she is wearing lipstick. he/ she is wearing a flimsy, clingy, but loose fitting green dress with thin straps, which barely covers he/she's body. he/she has very white skin with no hair. when xy looks at he/she, he/she is pouting. he/she gives xy a hard look. they go to a dark, unused room and lock the door. xy undresses. he/she eats xy all over, fervently sucking xy's breasts, going 'round the world'. he/she's mouth lowers on xy's cock, hungrily moving it further and further in, xy's hand on the back of he/she's hair, pressing he/she's head until he/she's mouth locks at xy's balls, xy's cock terminally embedded in he/she's throat. he/she lustfully sucks without gagging. then xy shoves he/she backwards onto the mattress, pulling he/she's dress above he/she's waist, then pushes he/she's ankles back to he/she's ears, he/she's heavy, black heels dangling as ballast. xy shifts his hands to the crook of thigh underneath he/she's knees, and enters he/she, he/she's penis lying flat against he/she's belly. xy screws he/she slowly, with preensive disregard as he/she writhes with passion, putting English into every thrust until he/she comes, and xy follows.

2.

she isn't happy at a party. she's hair is tied up in back. she's wearing lipstick. she's wearing a flimsy, clingy, but loose fitting lime dress with thin straps, which barely covers she's body. she has very white skin with no hair. when he looks at

she, she is pouting. she gives he a hard look. they go to a dark, unused room and lock the door. he undresses. she eats he all over, fervently sucking he's breasts, going `round the world', licking he's balls, reaming he's anus. she's mouth lowers on he's cock, hungrily moving it further and further in, he's hand on the back of she's hair, pressing she's head until she's mouth locks at he's balls, he's cock terminally embedded in she's throat. she lustfully sucks without gagging. then he shoves she backwards onto the mattress, pulling she's dress above she's waist, then pushes she's ankles back to she's ears, she's black heels dangling as ballast. he shifts his hands, clutching the crook of thigh underneath she's knees and enters her. he screws she, s-l-o-w-l-y, deliberately as she writhes with passion, putting English into every thrust, until she comes, and he follows.

quid pro quo anally fucked `bent over' the cushiony pile of a comforter in the recording studio of her producer – paid sex for all practical purposes although there is no monetary exchange and she likes it, as it's extremely sensual, seduced to the degree of erotic pleasure equal to the probable career boost, absent-mindedly fixing on the silver band on the second ring finger of her left hand while savoring the rough texture of his lowered suit pants against the sensuous smoothness of her rounded butt, the spontaneous wickedness no alibi can justify yet is its own justification. the recording session, in which her husband will be the featured player, is tomorrow.

he's suspicious but suspicious of what? a person, in this case a woman, has a right to do what she wants with her spare moments. so it is not with total surprise or alarm when he discreetly comes upon them, one grey sultry afternoon, his significant lover and his friend, fucking, synched to a laconic but romantic, atmospheric, repetitive, and in context, extremely erotic, music, conjoined and immersed for an indeterminate time. and when confronted with the impasse and possible dissolution later, her only response – "it was worth it."

"Hello Darling. I'm at Ed's. we're both undressed. I'm sitting on his lap with nothing on but that soft powder blue pull over sweater that turns you on so much. he's fingering me and I'm wet. we're going to screw the rest of the night so don't wait up for me. as to not hang you up he suggested I call!"

after having made arrangements online to meet with the three males who are evidently not new to dogging, Alanis is in a minor quandary as to what to wear. dressing sexy with tight fitting, revealing, clothes would be beside the point, given her intentions, and, presumably, theirs. their photos are quite attractive to her, and there is little doubt, from their response, hers have turned them on. she opts for provocative modesty, an ivory cotton button down blouse, easily removed, and a full, mustard, print skirt with small flowers that clings to her ample hips and hides, but suggests, the beauty and sensuousness of her legs. underneath, what she knows she will be stripped to, are the (requested !) seamless, sheer, skin toned stockings with black lace tops and long straps attached to a black garter belt, no panties. she decides to wear sneakers for the trails. she combs her long, below the shoulders, straight honey brown hair, neatly, slickly, and applies a fresh coat of pale orange to her kissable lips, and is all set. she appreciates the irony of this elaborate preparation, when the purpose of it is to foment a desire to strip it down and off.

at Griffith Park Alanis leaves her car in the lot closest to the trail she's been directed to use to get to the spot where the dogging, gangbang, will take place, the latter word having evolved considerably from its original use and shock, but still conveying the essential meaning of one individual being the sexual focus of multi-other individuals, in this case, she is to be the article of pleasure to the three males, for, ultimately, presumably, her pleasure, as she wants to be the total object of their will, totally used and inundated, excluding violence, but not a certain necessary amount of force, yet coolly maintain her will, as she becomes, hopefully, more and more

immersed over period long enough as to appear timeless.

it is mid-winter but it is during one of those heat spells that make January like July, only fresher, clearer, inciting ones envy from around the globe to be in Los Angeles. she climbs the trail, her sneakers kicking up fine dust, acutely tuned and nervous, but excited by the probability of extreme sex within the backdrop of `mountain greenery`, if her `partners` show, always a slight doubt when scheduled to meet strangers (and, sometimes, a slight relief if they don't). but, whoa, as the trail winds upward into a semi-wooded area, she hears yelling, and turns to see three figures waving, shouting the password to which she responds in kind, and takes a more densely overgrown path off the trail to where they are. as she enters the clearing they come up to greet her, looking her over while shaking her hand. all three are at least as young as her, probably younger, well-proportioned and physically sexy. all three are wearing solid colored t shirts. one is wearing khaki shorts, showing hairy legs, and though appearing to be Caucasian, a twist/fade hairstyle, the other two, tight fitting jeans. except for their stealthy, though approving, suppressed lascivious, glances, they give no indication of how it is going to begin, though it has been previously established what they are going to do is whatever they want (that is mutually acceptable) to do. which, for her, is the whole purpose of the get-together.

with one fellow's arm loosely around her they lead Alanis to a flat secluded, forested, space, with a city view from a steep drop.(which, for some time later, will remain in her mind), where they can't be seen from the trail, crowding and

fondling her. one, abruptly, pulls her to him, clutching her breast, kissing her, deep throating her with his tongue, to which she submissively responds, and releases the clasp that fastens her skirt, pulling it off as if it is a trifle, which excites her. "we aren't going to rape you, so holler if you object." the other two press her onto the padded blanket, and bare from the ass down, except for her garter belt and stockings, her shirt roughly unbuttoned two of the buttons unintentionally popped away, and nipples sucked, she hotly, helplessly, lay, an abject, indignant, erotic, porn portraiture. then Alanis' paramours remove their pants and shoes, one pulling her up, raising her butt from behind, lubing his cock with Aloe Vera gel, he gasps, "do you mind?," before entering her anus, hands grasping both her breasts, the other wearing jeans, pushing her head down, lowering it until his cock is deep throating her and she sucks while being dog fucked, until both of the fellows come almost simultaneously (they agreed to risk not using condoms as cum, inside and out, were to be part of the action). the one-sided orgy continues in the same manner for some time, Alanis more horny and humiliated, than satisfied, climaxing with the khaki shorts wearer's cock pumping between her breasts, shooting a stream of semen upward to her neck and chin. then the activity stops.

although she is inundated, externally, having only been fingered, genitally, she is extremely craving, her partners having each had one orgasm while she's had none, knowing, so far, she's been just a tool, but knowing, partly it is what has aroused her. fortunately, her partners have compatible needs and the main event begins. she masturbates them 'round robin while they continue to kiss and fondle her, then fuck,

skirt back on and up, a fetish on their parts, garters and stockings a small pile on the ground, then bare ass, doggy style, her arms hugging a tree, the next two hours, serious – sky, rustling of leaves, cool air in their nostrils, this is what she came for – missionary, supine on the blanket, legs up, bent back, raised, lowered, and wrapped, as her partners take lengthy turns with her while she lays in the same position, sneakers back on, riveting, engrossed fucking, having multiple orgasms, indulging the false myth of insatiability, but ending turned over, fucked out, peacefully placated.

there are long shadows, and the light is just bright patches on the ground when they finish and dress, light and mitigated warmth of the late afternoon a spiritual aura. they leave separately. physically satisfied, she walks back down the trail, sneakers kicking up sand, not sure whether her power was augmented or she was had – they had the privilege of screwing a lovely, sensual, female multiple times. shamefully, in retrospect, nowhere in the plan was there room, or reason, for her to assert herself. was she truly aware of this out front?

Jerry is sitting in the portable folding chair he keeps in the trunk of his car, on the grass, soaking up every bit of sun on a cold day at Clover Park in Santa Monica, after his morning workout, which these days, is just walking, more than usually absorbed after a, not infrequent, bad night, watching a small bird flit in serial fashion, from tree limb to grass and back. he's about to leave when he hears a shout calling his name, as she runs towards him from across the lawn. she throws her arms around him and they tightly hug. 'unca Jerry,' he sometimes refers himself to her as. "what are you doing here,

Alanis?" "I knew where you might be this morning and I just need to talk." "Alanis quickly tells him about her sortie in the woods, how it gradually evolved two days later from weary fulfillment before a heavenly night's sleep, to being increasingly self-doubtful and agitated. she tries not to feel despair or loneliness, her face, flushed and animated, sunlight bringing out the radiance of her hair, looking at her, standing, wearing a similar skirt to the one she wore for the tryst, her fine legs and fetching eyes, tennis shoes firmly pressed in the grass, it is hard to not forget she is his grand-niece, rather than someone he could legitimately lust over.

he's been in crisis mode due to fears his not secure website, which houses all his writing, and a few of his photos, has been hacked by a foreign online site, perhaps vandalizing its content, as there has been a surge of comments, all from the similar addresses, though quite complimentary, mostly from females, as a result of a post having been linked from his site, although their appreciation appeared to be genuine, looking for something new, what is it they have access to, and how is it being used? that happens when you can be yourself, when you don't have to compete. when you have to compete competition gets in the way of anything worthwhile.

the skin of his chest has become crepe, his sagging pectorals the size of a medium built woman's breasts, partially the result of his gymnast workout sessions as a young adult, doing dips on the parallel bars. there is almost sixty years between them, and here they are in the here and now, both knowing it's inevitably going to happen, and that she's going to initiate it. it's getting dark and they are sitting in her bedroom. he,

without intending it, has a hard-on. Alanis, sitting beside him on the bed, leans over and kisses him, a light, but unambiguously sensual, peck. his hand automatically moves under her skirt and presses against her warm thigh. they look hard but warmly, into each other's eyes. in the dim light, upon removing what necessary, they intently fuck, grand-uncle and grand-niece, well into the night, beginning with his stiff cock moving gently back and forth along her labia, as they consciously contemplate the meaning of what is being done, until they can't stop. afterwards she wants him to sleep with her, but he's looking for some propriety and leaves. from then on, for a while, their relationship becomes pristine, until it 'happens', again, more willfully and lustfully, and they set up shop on a regular basis, exploring the more extreme, but artful, pages of porn, until they're caught, not doing anything illegal, but just by the increasing realization of incest, which, in the beginning, was the natural release of unnatural hormone suppression, but what's become, stripped to the bone, the unnatural result of mutual dependency, the only solution, being the heart rending effect of total separation – they will both survive. it isn't clear at that point whether they sacrificed the deeper filial love that existed between them, for lust, or enhanced it. but for better or worse, stop seeing each other, and drift apart, Alanis becoming a very smart academic with a fragile, hidden, past, and Jerry, fulfilling his goals through his work, inner loneliness as extant as ever. Alanis' parents, who were feminists, chose her name after Alanis Morissette, the Canadian born singer, mostly, just for the name's appeal, and while not particularly similar in resemblance, as it's turned out, generations apart, there is something similar in attitude regarding affairs of the heart.

they're both part of an arts project but are extremely bored. she nurses a cocktail glass of 'sex on the beach' and smokes a little pot. one of the participants brings a reputed aphrodisiac (Spanish fly), planning to surreptitiously drop it in an unsuspecting female's drink but gets cold feet and sells him the whole quantity. the female participant he particularly has the hots for is not aware of this and he seriously considers carrying out the fellow's plan. because of moral qualms and the obvious risk due to the illegality, he thinks better of it. she is so sexy anyway and sweet, and as he thinks she has the hots for him, as well, he decides to share the information with her and see how she reacts. he's a bit surprised as to the extent of her interest. "I'd like to feel as horny as possible," she admits, "almost more than I can handle." he looks at her, hungering. "is it safe?" "I don't know," he replies, truthfully. "I don't even know if its properties are myth or fact." "we'd have to check it out online before I would consider taking it, and you would have to take as much as I." he's again surprised at her excitement. they go to the computer room and come out greatly disappointed. the first thing he does is flush the Spanish Fly, which has no erotic properties, and, when ingested, is extremely harmful, can be even fatal, and settles on the idea, while certain herb ingredients and chemicals can be aids in stimulating libido, horniness is largely a state of mind necessitated by a physical buildup of sexual energy and the external attraction to set it off. there is no drug which can make one horny in itself. for him pot, and even more, perhaps an exception, peyote, have functioned as aphrodisiacs, not because they create horniness but because of the properties of the high which makes it, like everything

else stand out. too worked up to wait and a bit stoned, they leave and hurry to her place, visual image, to be sure, and vibes, the dependable aphrodisiacs. looking her over, her allure, captivating face too complex and nuanced to fully read – *flimsy soft beige-grey dress, cool ash-brown hair, hazel eyes, the smooth white toned skin of her neck, finely shaped burnt-toast painted lips, heavy black platform shoes with thick raised heels* – her skirt up they screw fully clothed resulting in short, but extremely sharp, erotic orgasms. relieved, they lay back, her teeth having left a small gash in his neck. she warmly kisses him for the first time this afternoon. he runs his palm possessively along her bare thighs. now he loves her. yes, it is love. she is willing to eroticize her beauty. does she fetishize him? horniness returns quickly and they undress, she leaving only her heavy platform shoes on to maintain ballast and retain the `itch`. she lays her head back on the cushion, her body an eyeful of sexy curves. now he is excited, along with her shoes, by her plentiful ash-brown pubic hair. he mounts her as before and they fuck missionary for a long time, crashing through dirty thoughts and expectations that have now become a reality, heavily breathing, ears tuned to the sound of sensual rhythmic humping, obliterating the visual image, reaching a number of plateaus of pleasure. then she lays still in her heavy black shoes, as erotic a photo as was never taken, exciting yet another erection and they indulge a nightcap, so to speak, a lingering, sexual finale that bores deeply into the realization and meaning of satisfaction, and why it won't, can't, stay that way.

just the bare essentials

“we come and go as we please. I’ll tell him I’m going to play mahjong with the girls,” she jokes, a broad smile on an attractive, well cared for, not yet lined, face.

as she and her husband exit the parking structure, her husband’s head turned to oncoming traffic, she shoots him a jocular smile.

they drive several blocks before he pulls up to the curb and stops the car, putting it in park. they look into each other’s eyes and share a long, sensual kiss, like in a scene from a noir B movie where the adulterer/murderers sexually connect for the first time, before resuming driving. “do you mind if I smoke?” “if you don’t mind the car windows open .” “that will be fine.” in the lot she flicks a butt onto the ground while leaning against him, and crushes it with her heel.

she reaches for her cell, and as she presses the numbers, starts to cry. he listens intently as she tells her husband she won’t be back until tomorrow, probably early p m, giving as little information as possible, trying not to lie. she doesn’t look at him as he gently pulls her to him.

(The Big Two-hearted River)

late on this cold night as two bundled up bodies drive the dark star struck highway to a motel just outside Ketchum in Sun Valley, Idaho. although they've regularly had instantly gratifying sex during the trip, there has been a seemingly unjustifiable lack of sustainable satisfaction for both which, to a degree, has resulted in friction between them. "the text is too didactic," she complains, "it needs to be more humorous." "we could dispense with the text entirely, just use captions," he replies, thinking, it's not her criticisms he objects to, it's her contrariness, and for some particular reason, maybe that, he can't wait to get there and screw her, lusting for her legs, bundled up as she is, wearing a print blouse, black skirt, and heavy black coat, her long, ample, chestnut brown hair reflecting streaks of gold and orange in the oncoming headlights, quickening in him an almost unexplainable, insatiable desire, as they drive, she refusing to lay her head on his shoulder. this is the last stop for their project before returning to Los Angeles, despite the minor dissension, both pleased, and looking forward to working with their material. they pull into a parking space. he leans to her, and slipping his hand inside her coat, and feeling her breast under the print blouse, they French kiss, her tongue lodged and furtively moving in his mouth. although the outside of the motel or inn, looks rustic, their standard sized bedroom, mod with black wall panels, a flat white linen covered king bed, large home entertainment screen, Danish wood desk and chairs, befittingly catered to the image of the area's most famous author, is a 'clean, well-lighted place'. they turn on the led bed lamp setting the light to bright, almost a glare. he draws her to him, but her hands on his shoulders, she

pushes him back. "we've been doing it your way every time, let's do it a little differently this time," she says, and he nods, excitedly, even more turned on than before. they both very slowly undress, savoring, as, progressively, each detail is stripped away. now, both completely naked, she instructs him to get on the bed and lie on his back. sitting on the edge of the bed she reaches into her bag set on the computer occupied table, and pulls out a modestly sized, shiny, bright purple strap-on, attached to pastel violet cloth straps, puts it on and tightens the straps, then removes a small bottle of lubricant and sets it on the table. "would you like to watch porn?," she asks, indicating her eyes towards the computer monitor. incredulous of the whole procedure, he shakes his head. as he lays on his back she sits facing him, raising his legs until they're straddling her upper body. she thoroughly lubes the bright purple dildo and sitting between his spread-eagled thighs inserts it into his anus, and, on a pegging expedition, sensuously moves it in and out, alternately pressing, in small intense, shoves. as she rhythmically pushes, she takes his erect penis in her hand and begins to rub, continuing to sit between his spread legs, his ankles first resting on her shoulders, then legs secured under her arms. she continues to move, a smutty smile on her face. rhythmically synced to her pelvic motion, she intensely rubs for a long time. then the rubbing modulates to squeezes. squeezing harder and longer, until she's just tightly holding while pressing hard the bright purple dildo in as far as it will go, and he ejaculates globs of semen onto the fingers of her hand. she cries out triumphantly, and continues to hold tightly for a few more precious seconds, forcing out the last spurts of cum. the bright purple head drops listlessly as she pulls away and

pushes him aside, beaming. laying back, his pubic hair is coated with a slick, sticky mess, his legs still spread and dangling like a very solid baby's. she opens the camera bag. the camera flashes as she clicks, once, twice, thrice. "we can use these with the ones you shot of me in the same position after our having had sex."

'One generation passes away and another generation comes, but the earth abides forever. The sun also rises, and the sun goes down, and hastens to the place where it arose.' which may seem a bit naïve by today's environmental concerns. at any rate, one cannot doubt, there would be much disgust coming from Papa directed at their debauchery. the rest of the night they're totally silent, having regained 'that certain feeling', window open, breathing in, and listening to, the 'great outdoors', and satisfied after a good trip- ending sleep, leave the next day, to head back to L.A.

“describe your most erotic sexual experience if you’ve had one...the context of it.” “it was a late night pickup by a stranger at a convenience store leading to an extended fuck in the bushes at a local park. I came six or seven times. that was the most thrilling sex I ever had.” her therapist thoughtfully nods. “then it’s in making yourself publicly available in the most banal, entirely spontaneous, but socially promiscuous and forbidden, spur of the moment situations, that you find the most satisfaction?” “and the most humiliating... yes, it seems”

her life, lately, has been a rather bland ride. she won't blame her marriage though she's not experiencing much satisfaction. but as much as it sparks her cynicism, she has to agree the most sustaining stimulating factor is her employer views her as gorgeous meat, and seems to be always on the verge of trying to consume her, which she, given her unresponsive state, at the very least, tolerates. one morning the exasperation reaches the point carnal thoughts become the only compensation, and she hopes he will beg the question, and dresses in a way to enhance that possibility, resorting to an 'office sex' maxim – a tight fitting black sweater over a faux chaste scant white Peter Pan collar and cuffs blouse, a black skirt, short and smooth, black garter belt attached to black seamed hose, and black shin high boots with raised heels. she wears no panties, and inserts a small emerald butt plug in her anus. her dark slightly wavy hair is thick and wild, and her almond shaped lips part sensuously, like a fish's when she has sex. thinking genitally, and suggestively, she puts on a bra and plans not to bare her breasts, but let him cop a sensual feel through the warm soft sweater top. it happens almost as soon as she drops her purse on the desk. they rub the fronts of their bodies up against each other, and he raises the hem of her skirt to her waist and fingers her before pulling it off, as she unzips his pants and runs her palm along his quickly aroused cock. he leans her back as she sits on the table facing him, voluptuous legs and ass, shaved vulva with a five o'clock shadow excitingly visual, beautifully symmetrically formed, her knees and thighs raised, one leg draped over his shoulder, the other under his arm, heavy shoes partly dangling, and they, at last, fuck, his cock thrust through his unzipped pants, uncommonly thick and long. they fuck slowly

but strenuously, the gold wedding band on the second finger of her left hand gleaming in fractured light, a delicate, but functional, silver watch with a thin grey strap wrapped around her wrists, her sensual lips parted, her hand with long painted white nails, which contrasts her skin tone and dark clothes, pressed to the table alongside her sensuous ass, intensifying their movements until coming together they have huge orgasms, then rest, cutting workday short, going out for an extended break, calling home to say she'll be late before returning to the office and double locking the door.

Home Invasion –

a fellow with several male companions in a shopping mall strikes up a conversation with a young lady who is with a male companion, with whom he has mutually shared previous sexual vibes. as their eyes meet, his look solicitous, hers unconsciously responds, immediately desirable and accessible. “I’ve got to fuck that girl,” he says to his friends. when the couple leaves. they discretely follow, parking their car on the street a few houses away. after the couple opens their front door and enters, without further ado they quickly follow them in. the three friends confront the shocked couple, restrain, and subdue, the male friend, while he, more insistently than forcefully, pulls her to the sofa and leans her back as she faces him with a surprisingly anodyne, if inquiring, look. straight long hair sandy-blonde, lemon cotton blouse, ash grey cardigan, sky blue skirt, cross-laced sandals, slim, sexy, modestly voluptuous figure, poised erect breasts, incredulous, but erotically open wish-fulfillment, tentatively willing to go the entire route. he pushes back her legs and enters her, nice and smooth, her brown eyes never leaving his, penis stroking, massaging her clit, her arms wrapped around his neck, salaciously kissing, sucking lips – textured and nuanced fuck – bees and white clover in the faded spring-becoming-summer grass, her flailing, straining boyfriend adding to their ardor as they come. they get up. she moodily hooks back up her bra, buttons her blouse, brushing and straightening her skirt, and sweetly accompanies him to the door. “that was awesome.” “anytime you might want to ‘drop by’!” they release her struggling boyfriend, and leave. the moral of this story: good sex, however indefensible, can be simple, irresistibly frank, and sweet.

she wakes, washes the sleep from her eyes, puts on a sumptuous, waist length pink satin blouse, sits on the bed while rolling on a pair of sheer beige seamless hose, pulls up very faintly pink, silk panties, before lightly powdering her already fair countenance, and applying a touch of Schiap semi-matte pink to her lips, then lightly sprays to her neck Fuck Me Eau de Parfum, an erotic Valentine's Day gift from a hopelessly hopeful lover. she combs her red and blonde highlighted, brunette hair, sheared to just mid-neck, having some difficulty keeping the ultra-fine strands together, while gazing in the mirror at her almost petite, but full, sensual figure. she goes to the kitchen and prepares her breakfast. sitting at the table, pink satin blouse inches above the band of her hose, eating oatmeal, i.e., eating pussy, with a dully silver spoon, she's in an extremely suggestive and sensual pose, the thick gruel spotlighting and contrasting the sheen, and texture of her stockings. the day has hardly begun but she must have sex presently or her effort to maintain erotic sublimity go for naught. through her kitchen window which looks out on the courtyard apartments, she spies a young neighbor engaged in calisthenics, shirtless, on his front lawn, showcasing his nice build. thinking `he'll do` she opens her front door and standing, stocking'd feet on her doorstep, surreptitiously flashes herself provocatively half clothed, catching his eye, and continues to stand until she's sure he's aware of her intent, and his attentiveness convinces her he's hooked, then quickly closes the door, waiting for his knock, which comes almost simultaneous to her next thoughts. although gratuitous seductions are often a bit gross, they are intently doing it as a response to her frankly brazen promiscuity on the cold slick kitchen floor, then comfortably stretched out, on the sofa,

enough until he returns later in the day his having not been able to relinquish the intoxicating lure of her scent, luxuriating in bed for the rest of the afternoon, as it gradually, satisfyingly, becomes dark as spades.. what is interesting, is, that while there is nothing unusual, nor particularly notable nor distinctive about their sex, not even its gratuitousness, the enthrallment which carries over is in the suggestiveness, creativity, and meaning of the initial portrait. when she awoke she had this consuming erotic urge, before being fully conscious, existing on physical, psychological, and aesthetic planes to engender, perfect, sustain and transform, what only one healthy orgasm, one quick or long ecstatic release of synapse would destroyobliterate the image or transform it into pure contemplation.

precisely what happened is the girlfriend had a casual date with a mutual acquaintance of theirs, to attend an event, and afterwards, decided to return to his place as the evening, up to that time was pleasant, but not complete. the girl, young lady, was very good looking, with particularly nice longish legs, and though not perceived as wild had a quality that drew suitors to her. she also tended to be strong-willed, with a cutting sense of humor, and smart, so, therefore, somewhat of a challenge. they were sitting together on his friend's sofa, 'loosely' engaging, drinking beer, and spontaneously (a red flag where that would lead) started making out – as far, as she deceived herself, that she intended to go, though turned on by it, because of her sexual, not so much commitment as protocol, to her boyfriend, but knowing the intensity of her arousal was mostly based on a wanting to cheat to rid herself of that commitment, the friend leveraging the moment, focusing on her maroon skirt and sexy legs, running his hand along her upper thighs while looking into her eyes, feeling her breasts, tracing the soft outline of her lips with his finger, making her chill, and then fingering her slowly in the right place for a very long time until the already weakened dam burst; ravenously kissing, half naked, they fucked until very late, doing things so extreme that, at that time, if done, were not discussed. this was long before the internet, let alone internet porn, and how people behaved sexually was more secretive. they then kissed goodnight, more likely goodbye as beyond that night she was not particularly attracted to her erstwhile date, and when asked about it later, after the couple had broken up, because of it, she said, "he pushed all the right buttons."

“want to come over, I’m alone now,” she texts, while simultaneously taking, and sending, a photo of herself seated at her dressing room table, wearing a short cream colored negligee, beige high hose, and nothing more, the anticipation and pleasure of the photo and text possibly greater than the predictable satisfaction of the (inter)action that will follow, nor can it be broken down into its nuances of intent without diminishing its effect.

Aloysius opens the front door slightly and peeks in, wanting to surprise her, then fully swings it open, several hours after the guest has departed. Donna smilingly greets him looking fresh, having showered and changed her clothes, or rather, more accurately, having dressed. “the print shop delivery was delayed. I hope you weren’t bored.” “I don’t mind having time on my hands,” she replies, semi-truthfully. “we can order pesto Genovese spaghetti, ricotta-spinach ravioli, with a French loaf, petit fours and cappuccino, from Lucas’ (a very well know Italian restaurant at 501 S. Western) if you like, then I have to return ‘till late, reading proofs. I hope this won’t inconvenience you too much.” “no, I don’t mind, and that will do nicely.” she laughs vivaciously, stroking his face, thinking, this might be a chance to be more fully satiated as she is still horny. after dinner Donna gives Aloysius a sincerely sensual kiss to send him off, and repairs to the comfort, safety, and sanctity, of the bedroom, then hurriedly texts, “can’t stop thinking of doing it with you more.” they half undress and fuck on the floor by the unclosed front door, pulling out all the stops, more erotic and this time more satisfying than before – it might be different had her husband said, at least once to her, “I want to fuck you.” it’s late when

Aloysius returns and Donna, thankful it won't be necessary to relate to him, exhausted and finally satisfied, has already gone to bed. he, too, is thankful he can shower first, as the session with the proofreader, an exceptionally seductive university journalism student, hair up, wearing a light blue and indigo checkered shirt, and a full black skirt that, oddly, given its length, would not stay down, who kept her mauve tinted sunglasses on the entire night, became more and more lackadaisical, devolving into humorous, suggestive puns, and, inevitably, into lengthy, extremely hard-core, sex, but ending on a bit worrisome note, as the third condom broke, just as Aloysius was ejaculating deeply in her, due to the fact she was still in the ovulation phase of her cycle. she promised to notify him as soon as she's had her period, but not to worry as she would take the pill if she missed it, "but please don't let on anything to my boyfriend (a writer who also works as a proofreader)," as though there was any possibility more remote.

Aloysius eventually finds out about Donna's text-mate, tooling around in their mutual digital accounts, which segues from verbal into a physical struggle, and vengeful, he wants to sodomize her, pinning her down, getting her into that position, at the right moment, to overpower her, but as she struggles to free herself, he relents, because, even in his vengeful state, he doesn't want to have sex with someone who doesn't want it, as it contradicts his notion of power. sexual pleasure, to him, is one to one mated to the pleasure he can give – the thin line between being a rapist or a mere narcissist.

he sniffs the night air while savoring her bare legs from behind as she climbs the stairs, flat black shoes, ankle length, at a warehouse party, girlfriend of a friend (the host), dark olive-green dress, loosely fitting but snug around her waist and rump, flapping sensuously above her thighs, not sure what he wants, like a dog, to do more, eat or fuck, her. through mostly intuitive radar they deliberately find themselves alone together at an open dock on the upper deck of the warehouse – view of some houses and a few dingy buildings below a mucky street lit overcast sky. impatient lascivious smiles lead to the salacious blowjob, after which he lifts her onto his cock and moves it in her, standing, leaning her onto a work table, then again lifting her onto him, her arms encircling, legs straddling, his neck, her dress flapping at her waist as they fuck, his hands clutching the small of her back and seductive thighs, the only light creating a bright, borderless hazy mist from above – two shadowy silhouettes, one in a dark green dress, smooth tufts of straight short-cut dark hair, pierced ears, a pruriently lyrical, unanticipated gift of satisfaction on an otherwise stiflingly mediocre, nondescript night. as they prepare to exit, after their nonchalant, lewd, gratuitous, but immensely gratifying engagement, on an impulse, he surprises her by asking, “aren’t you going to kiss me goodnight?” she then, before they separate and turn back to the noise, warmly complies.

after the interview we are having a quiet conversation. I've been getting a lot of unexpected attention lately due to the recent publication of my fiction, which has considerable erotic content, yet is still literary, and is, somewhat surprisingly, filling a niche with young, educated, horny, females, who, previously, have had to deal with conventionally sterile, overtly feminist, violent hardcore fare, or porn, and given my age and concerned as to the effects of what might transpire, I have cautiously been fending off the inevitable number of offers, accompanied with very enticing photos, with an appropriate modesty. however, we are sitting on her sofa together. she's a young writer, offbeat attractive.....and she's allured to the point of telling me, "your age, clarity and erotic intent, make me so hot, Jerry," as she sits upright against the back of the sofa, knees raised against her chest, hem of her mulberry satin dress quite naturally resting on her lap, as we talk, her eyes saying, I would like to have sex with you now. "I wouldn't want to disappoint you, Joanna," I respond, my hand moving up her warm thigh, thinking this is the moment of truth regarding all these responses, and how much it has to do with my writing, or not. we kiss and she immediately rams her hot tongue down my throat. it's clear how much she's turned on, and it's a thrill I'm all of a sudden sexually immersed with a gorgeous, if deluded, young lady who at this moment I can 'do anything' with in a way I'd thought was a long past possibility – quick, direct, intense. then just the quiet sound of humping in the late afternoon sunbeam lit room, laying back together on the sofa extremely satisfied her face beaming with pleasure, in real time, happy at being one of my stories. I can hear her doing a shout-out, 'just got fucked by my favorite author.' "now you can tell

your friends." "I intend to." the interview though was serious. the stories are serious, her input insightful, and the response gives me some insight into a social reality; the lust for a non-perverted frankness that has been largely untapped. "I've been offered a teaching gig at Vassar." Joanna laughs. "it doesn't surprise me. you know JD Salinger taught there." "he didn't write about sex." "mostly, no, but there was the same kind of attraction." "young girls were also attracted to Sartre. he once commented on how one could use intellect to seduce. if he turned down an offer maybe it was because Simone put the brakes on it." "Vassar now is co-educational." "I know, but it's still mostly girls, I hear. Camus described their students as *an army of long legged starlets, lazing on the grass.*" "are you going to take it?" "no, I'm not that horny."

before I leave, our masks back on, we hug and shake hands despite the Covid-19 risk, and I say, "Thank you, Joanna, you were more than generous." a cloud of disappointment settles on her face, thinking I saw her as just a score, but eases and dissipates, once again radiant and beaming with pleasure, when I say, "your appreciation of my work matters. with all the cynicism I've faced, it is you I've been writing for."

“where are you going?” “I’m going to have sex with my lover,” she says, twirling her keys, his hunger for her escalating, perplexed not at her deviant behavior but at her seeming lack of hunger for him. “why don’t you come along?” “and what?” “watch us fuck.” they exit the house. “I’d better call first.” she speed dials the number and he watches her sweet smile as she first speaks, then listens, before hanging up. his eyes fix on her proactive salacious potential as she drives, neither of them speaking.

she kisses her lover who shirt off has a slim, muscular attractive body she obviously specially craves and is somewhat tall, she, petite in her short, starchy, blue and white summer dress, retro white pumps and no makeup save for a hint of toasted mauve on her lips, exciting in him an equally intense macho crave, unlike hers, based on the sensual fantasy her image evokes, sexual objectification in a word, her brunette hair up, a bit disorderly, with several loose strands hanging, as he lifts her settling her onto his couldn’t be harder cock and they deliciously and soundlessly fuck for a long time before he carries her into the bedroom as she signals her boyfriend to follow, and deposits her on the bed, the hem of her dress clinging to her belly, then annoyed at the boyfriend’s presence closes the door. she, unperturbed, apprises him to open it, and her boyfriend, not knowing what else to do, enters. neither are in any rush and they play, kissing and heavily petting. he completely undresses and they, again, are intensely fucking, intermittently talking, for at least an hour, as her boyfriend sits in an adjacent chair, coming a number of times before separating with extremely satisfied sighs. her lover gets up and leaves the room. she lays back blissfully.

then rises, smiling, and gives him a long hard look. "did you enjoy that?" he nods,. she combs her hair, puts back on her underwear, slips her toes into her white shoes. her lover, dressed, returns to the bedroom. the three of them go to the living room. they have a cold sweet drink before ending the visit, her lover not overly empathetic, but tolerant.

he is now driving, she sitting comfortably propped against the passenger door. when they get home she asks him once again, "did you enjoy it now that you've had time to think about it?" "yes." "and upset by it?" "no.." "and you'd like to fuck me now," she says teasingly. "no, I'm actually 'appreciating' and sharing in your gratification." she nods a bit disappointed she can't play the sadist card, looking to him exceptionally good in that way one can when one has had particularly good sex but is still doable. she moves close to him and gives him a genuinely warm, affectionate kiss. "is that "because I watched you and he fuck?" "yes, next time I will ask someone over to watch us." "but in the meantime I'm very horny." "I can let you come on my dress, then brightens, "would you like me to give you head?" without waiting for a reply she undoes his pants and pushes them to his knees, then lowers her mouth onto his urgently stiff thing, sucking and licking, holding it in deep while he lurches, voraciously swallowing globs of cum. they then go to bed, skipping dinner, and sleep peacefully.

after watching and scrutinizing each other for about a week, regular sex between them resumes with an edge previously absent, beginning one afternoon with their failure to make it out the door, each facing each other in the alcove, slip to the

ground and pressed against one another just start screwing, their built up lust making it impossible to stop. they come lodged against the doorjamb, heedless to who might be viewing them, before quickly going back inside.

later that night they fuck continuously having multi-orgasms. in the morning she says, "that was the most singularly gratifying erotic sex I've ever had," making him feel very good.

several weeks later she's about to leave the house, dressed to the hilt, looking particularly glamorous. "where are you going?" "to have sex with my lover and his friend." she turns and walks out the door without looking back, as he watches her, pretty ass moving in her skirt, then as she bends and squeezes into the driver's seat, disappearing as she drives off.

parked car. he's stretched out flat on his back. she's sitting next to him, one hand under his t shirt, rubbing his breasts, his nipples, the palm of her other hand rubbing his belly, his limp cock and balls, his underpants rolled into a tight loop bisecting his thighs. her hand moves in long sure sensuous strokes. "I'm going to fuck you." "not me going to fuck you?" she smiles redolently, almost smirking, "if you want maybe after, but not now." "I feel like it's years ago in a parked car where I'd had a young girl half made, feeling the nearness, sensuality of her body, and that now that person is me." "you are the 'half made' car date....I like that." "yes, the thrill of looking down on her naked legs and belly, she was wearing a dark burgundy sweater, just before I lowered myself onto her." "was she a good fuck?" "very. good instincts. she said that was the first time she had an orgasm during intercourse" "did you have a relationship with her?" "no, she moved away shortly after. when we embraced on her doorstep she asked me if I would please not tell anyone I fucked her, and I never did." "and now you want me to fuck you." her hands continue to run in long strokes along his aroused penis, and balls, one hand pressing against nose and mouth, cutting off air. "you mean you want to fuck me." "well I will!" "with a sex toy?" "yes." she reaches into her purse, sits up and crosses her legs. "just one head for you while I finger my clit. she continues to feel him up like he did the outwardly reluctant, but inwardly sensuous, girls he parked with before fucking them in a closed Pep Boys lot, tightening the straps on the rounded erotically shaped shaft, pushing his rolled underpants to his knees, then yanking it off, unsparingly pushing the bright smooth, but nubbed, 'thing' into his anus and moves, the two of them in mutual, but polarizing, silence.

she's a serious woman sitting on the sofa in an unfamiliar man's living room. she is a pretty woman in every way. she has a pretty face, and her brown eyes fill with light that reflect the amber in her hair. her figure is pretty and sexy as she inclines backwards, her pretty print dress up, showing long, pretty legs. she reaches behind her and unzips the top back of her dress, then the top front pulling it away to bare the skimpy black lace bra partially covering her appetizing breasts. she is about to have sex with a man other than her husband for the first time since the beginning of her marriage. she does not want to play games. she just wants a cock in her. in this she's totally committed. she likes the way the man moves to her and raises the hem of her dress above her belly, as she obligingly raises her legs and spreads her thighs and experiences a surge of pure pleasure as she leans backwards and he sinks his sizable cock into her. once finding a mutual rhythm they quietly fuck in the afternoon ambience, ending as the room fills with shadows, each having had several very complete, very satisfactory, orgasms, and she's pleasantly spent. to him she is beautiful to the extent of his having fucked a dream come true. as it is now early evening neither feel an urgent need to part. they discuss dinner and decide to eat out, Dutch, at her insistence. she does not feel she's cheated in any deceptive sense; in that matter it was just time. all they really did was fuck. it was totally genital, totally biological, and corresponded equally to both their needs. but she also knows because of social factors an irrevocable change has taken place where all the determinants of her life at once have been significantly modified. if someone asked her at the moment to audition for a film role, she would probably accept even though she has had no ambition

towards acting, but because the perception of her extraordinary good looks needs an outlet she can no longer suppress. she doesn't know what is more important, indulging in the vanity of her beauty, or craving another man's cock, and decides they are of equal importance. the need to fuck beauty is the objectification feminists say they are against, but, to a degree, she's all for it.

“it didn’t go well. he said he’s been more than accommodating and that we have to pay now, that he’d give us another week but if we haven’t paid by then, as much as he’d not welcome it, we’d have to move out.” she rises from her chair. “not much can change in that short of time. we could temporarily move in with my sister and her family but that ...” “is out of the question.” “then what are we going to do?” all the while she’s feeling he’s concealing something. “he’s very attracted to you if you haven’t noticed.” “I’ve noticed quite well.” “he hinted subtly he would let us off for an indefinite time in exchange for favors.” “what favors?” “at that moment he gave me a frank look but didn’t say what.” “preposterous.” “I know.” but even the suggestion has inadvertently modified their thinking, and given the lack of options has crept to the fore of their considerations. at first the wife is indignant towards her husband, but begins to see an upside to the offer in the possibility of servicing a hidden barely awakened lust.

it is several hours later. the husband, wife, and landlord, are gathered, seated separately in the couple’s living room, the wife, ‘pretty as a picture’ – the girl next door you never, perhaps, got up the nerve to ask out on a date, brown, almost blonde, hair, catching the light from the window on her shoulders, pale blue eyes, slim curvy figure, wearing a cheery button-up print blouse and plain snug skirt calling attention to her supple hips and attractive legs. the tension in the room suggests that a mutual agreement has been reached and something is about to happen. landlord gets up and walks across the room to the seated wife, bends over and taking both her hands pulls her up to him standing. they look into each other’s eyes almost sheepishly. he then kisses her tenderly and reassuringly, their bodies flush against each

other's. she feels his hands unfasten her skirt and drop it to the floor followed by her scanties. she thinks the reasons are right and she's going to give herself to this. they move back to the sofa. she unzips his pants, briefly looks in the direction of her husband then leaning forward gives the owner head. they make out insouciantly. he eats her. then they fuck missionary, her legs wrapped securely around him, first on the sofa then on the floor. she comes with his spurts and comes again. they separate, sit up together, continuing to kiss, her hand in his naked lap, his hands inside her open blouse underneath her sheer slip, straps down, squeezing her breasts. she leans back and sighs, before addressing her husband, "I needed that," as she and the landlord continue to hold hands. "I hope you liked that," she says, joyfully venting a sadistic urge. "you don't have to stay. this was only the beginning. we're now going to the bedroom and continue," she adds without consultation. her husband rather than fight gets up and leaves. it is dark when the landlord and wife are finally done fucking. "tell your husband I'll never evict either of you," the landlord says, before giving her one last kiss, as she, holding up her skirt, closes the door.

in high school, late forties, early fifties, a short, tight, black skirt and button-down blouse or pullover sweater, was what the 'fast' girls, both popular, and who were sometimes referred to as 'cheap', wore. in her case, a short black skirt rounding her power contoured ass, and powder-blue silky shirt and black heels. that Saturday night, it's as usual, not what, but when, she would, to say the frequently used term of the time, 'put out'. date nights and parked cars, ubiquitous then, with few other options, are no longer as much part of the program, and young girls who have sex now are more in control than they were then, as to where and what they wanted to do, though not always. the night they basically waited things out 'till the wee hours, after a show, and some socializing a drive-in restaurant. intimacy could only be shared in a parked car, in the isolation of the hills or on a dark, empty, cul-de-sac, the hopeful greased hair male with a small packet of Sheiks or Trojans in his jacket pocket, so the tension wasn't whether or not he was going to 'score' that night, though that was part of it, but how willing hostile, apathetic, especially the the latter, she would be during and after the event – which was why the girls' one weapon was to withdraw, precluding satisfaction for either of them. while the latter was her basic adaptation to 'he's dating me so he can fuck me', her visual image was provocative enough to inflame. after having time and again gone through the after-hours parked car ritual of make out, heavy petting if it continues, and then 'all the way', within the time frame of between a half hour (easy make) quickie, and an hour to an hour and a half of steamed-breath-windows passion, here, there is another option, not in a parked car, but in a rented recreation hall, just before dawn, with three fellows, two of their girls, drunk,

having already had sex, and slinked away, and the two fellows, smug, leaving shortly. the hall at this hour is drab, barren, and depressing. she's once again sober, as through the windows the sky is beginning to lighten. slept-over early morning sex can be both coldly erotic and desperate – not particularly attracted, but not unattracted, to, her date, she will apathetically submit and when they're finished he will leave her to the older man who has a liking for young girls. they make out and pet, like in a parked car. he `gets her' semi-naked, and pants down, removes a sterilized Sheik rubber from its wrapper, pulls it on and, her legs spread, enters her. at that moment there's something cheaply depraved and titillating about the rush, and blowing away the depression, humping, they excitedly both come. before the letdown materializes, having scored, he triumphantly leaves, too young and never sensing the pleasure they'd experienced could lead to anything else, but for the first time her needs, by no means fulfilled, she will fuck when she's hot. unlike the `boys', the older man, a producer for a record label located on `the strip', only a few blocks from the hall, does not push sex with her into a ritual or routine, and is more tuned to her responses, including the apathy and resignation she'd been registering – also a framing of her physical image, the room now starting to fill with a very early morning cold light. she stands on a table, her shirt unbuttoned from the previous sex, faux blasé but hot, for the first time playing, her black skirt hugging her shapely rump, crotch and very upper thighs. she swings her hips and standing in front of her on the floor, his hands caress and rub her there, while she reaches down and strokes his hair, the first time anyone has eaten her, and she immensely likes it. then he lifts her down. they swing,

for her, in an ecstatic arc, beginning to feel the pleasures of free sex, as he sets her on the battered sofa, sits next to her, removes his shoes, stands, unbuckles his belt and pulls off his pants and shorts. his cock swells, and like a magnet, her lips are drawn to it and she passionately sucks. he lifts her again to a standing position on the couch, his hands under her shirt, feeling her up and caressing her smooth-textured milk white butt. she's as horny again as she was just prior to having had the orgasm with her teenage `lover'. "would you like to, first, do something you've never done before?" "what is that?," she smiles and flirts, tossing her long black locks. without answering, he pulls her down and leaning her forward on the couch, moistens then suavely works his cock into her anus before she's had a moment to reflect. he caresses her hair, pulling it backward, kisses her neck, then arms tightly wrapped around her, moves in her until she, liking it very much, moves with him. they do this for a while before he pulls out and they sit together for a long time, lively kissing and petting all over, the room filled now with a brighter light. when he finally settles her on his cock, fully aware, but aroused, he's fucking a minor, they do just that, changing positions on the couch, on the table, on the floor, all her nascent sex fantasies coalescing, accepting the invitation, mutually maneuvering the moves, even taking the initiative, losing control, he spurts first, but stays there, giving her the time and space she needs on her own to have an immense orgasm. in her head what had begun, cinematically, as noirish black and white, has morphed into full color. after, skeptically, agreeing to meet in his office for an unspecified audition, she slowly dresses, putting back on her panties and bra, buttoning her shirt and smoothing her skirt. she thinks of asking him for a ride, her

date long gone, but instead, blissfully basks in the bright warm sunlight, wondering what's next.

at a small community college in an urban suburb surrounded by farmland, a number of the students are into internet porn. sometimes a female student in financial need may be tempted to go to a dating/sex for hire type website to compensate. there is one website, in particular, clandestinely popular among the students, called Fetish/Fantasy, where an individual, not necessarily a female, but most likely, may ply one's wares for a price, which is negotiable once the individual gets a response. the format works in the following way: the individual emails a photo of his, or her, self to the site. the site then assigns the individual a fetish/fantasy category; say, for instance, 'sex for payment of repairs in an auto shop', then posts it for the registered users to view and respond. Arielle's assignment is the ubiquitous rural fantasy, 'a roll in the hay', and as she's quite photogenic there is considerable feedback, allowing her to negotiate a higher price. she meets the respondent at a horse barn just off the road from the campus – the website sets up the location of the encounters – wearing the suggested cut jeans and blue and purple checkered hay-ride/barn party, blouse, the front unbuttoned, but the ends tied together at the waist, and black boots, meant to give her the generic 'farmer's daughter' appeal. after she secures the cash payment, the respondent strips naked save for his shirt, they get down in the hay filled barn, she leans over him, sensuous lips, tiny earrings in her lobes, dark hair cut and streaming, they make out and pet, have oral sex both ways. as he undresses her, then on her back, naked except for her boots, they fuck for a considerable length, until the respondent has reached a justifiable level of satisfaction, during which time she has three full orgasms. all in all it is a pleasurable, and counting

her cash, rewarding experience. she can now pay her bills, and a little extra, for a while, as she goes back to the usual highs and lows of being a student. she has no idea who her 'partner' was, or what he does, except that he was not self-conscious, and was very good, sexually, but has a little mis-giving that there might be some feedback, and because the experience was so pleasurable and profitable, she might be tempted to try it again if the financial need she's managed to straighten, once again arises – and she's sure it will. then where would she draw the line? dating situations such as this could go bad. of course she's heard tales of that, and that she could become both addicted to 'easy' money and the instantaneous charge the encounters, based on this one time, would give her, but she pushes that from her mind.

things are going well in a routine way. she has a part time job at a new and used textbook book store, she's on track to graduate in her major, political science with an emphasis on international relations, and for the first time since she enrolled, a steady boyfriend. she'd almost forgotten her fantasy/sex liaison until one day while walking on campus past a small group of male students, one of them shouted, inexplicably to her, at first, "Moo," then smirked. it wasn't until she got back that she connected the word shouted at her with the 'farmer's daughter' role she played. but how would anyone but the participants know about it, and the website, naturally, is encoded to protect the users privacy. the only explanation she can think of is the fellow knows the person, who appeared to not be a student, and seemed to be considerably older and more mature than her. but then how would his friend, or acquaintance, have been able to identify

her, sight unseen? then a terrifying thought grabs hold of her. what if her `partner' was actually a porn actor and that their actions were filmed. there was no camera, no film crew. but as she did not pay hard attention to her surroundings, one could have been mounted and hidden like a surveillance camera, and now be a video online. now she panics. she immediately calls her boyfriend and reluctantly relates to him all the facts, relieved, at least, that he's extremely empathetic towards her, even somewhat attracted to her actions, and comes right over to help her devise some kind of strategy to counteract what's happened. first they google the obvious tags that would lead them to the video.... `a roll in the hay', `farmer's daughter sex videos', nothing related to her coming up. then more generally, `haystack sex videos', etc., with the same negative results. "I don't think you have too much to worry about, Arielle, when he made the remark he may have been just attracted to your breasts." "I don't think so, Dan, I've a sense there's more to it than that, and if it was surreptitiously filmed, and posted online, without my knowledge, or my being compensated, it's a felony that would have serious consequences for them." "sex for hire is a felony, too." "that would be something they'd have to prove." "he gave you money. if what you fear is true, anything that transpired could have been filmed." she nods, fights off the urge to cry, then buries her face in his chest. Dan is actually quite aroused by the image of his girlfriend having sex in the hay with a stranger for cash, also feeling a good deal of love for her at the moment, and would like to fuck her on the spot, but knows it would exacerbate, rather than cut into, her pain. "we should try to locate this guy and see what he's really into," Dan, who is tall, slender, but

athletic, says, his voice taking on an angry edge." "do you recall having seen him before?" "no, not consciously, but what good would it do to talk to him, and if it really is a video online, we'll find out about it." "not necessarily," Dan replies in a vengeful tone, now furious, "and if it is, it's better we know now than later." Arielle agrees. at the moment it doesn't seem so serious, and buoyed by his support she sidles up to him rubbing the front of her body against his and they have sex, very good, very complete sex, for the both of them.

serendipitously they manage to locate the guy on this small campus who catcalled her, Dan using threats and muscle to extort the information out of him, including obtaining his copy of the video. it seems as though, while the actual video has not been uploaded, it is for sale online as one in a package of so-called voyeur or peeping Tom clips, Arielle's and her partner's being the clearest and sexiest, with explicit images of them prominently displayed on the DVD cover. after considerable thought they decide their safest recourse is to report it to the police. Arielle is reticent because she fears being prosecuted, but Dan assures her they will sympathize with her and go after the offenders, who are breaking all kinds of state and federal laws. which is pretty much what happens, with the caveat that while the video has been confiscated, and the detective overseeing the investigation and apprehension of the suspects, promises her they will not publicize it, prosecution of the case, eventually reaches the media. even that, at first, appears to be a windfall; Arielle becomes somewhat of a celebrity on campus, as most of the students, well aware of their own proclivities, identify with her, some, to the extent, no doubt,

lusting to discreetly, do their own videos. a modeling agency sends her feelers, and as a result she's featured in a suggestively racy, numerically rewarding, haut perfume ad.

it would be good if Arielle's life could continue for a while in the vein it is presently in. she answers her cell. a male voice with a slight, she's not sure whether it's a Russian or Israeli accent, or both, introduces himself as David. he says he has a copy of her video and would like to meet her to talk to her about it. her heart sinks, and the first thing she thinks of is to text Dan. perceiving the shock in her silence, trying to assure her, he says, "I promise, this is nothing you have to worry about," she's quite worried, of course, but agrees to meet him, for the moment deciding to delay connecting with her boyfriend. they meet at Whole Foods, after declining to meet him at a bar he suggests, telling him she doesn't drink. they immediately flash on each other, and after each ordering a blended fruit drink, seat themselves at an outdoor table. she's surprised, though she had no expectations, how good looking he is, trim, dark, a full head of black close cropped hair, with a brooding, sensitive, almost hurt look in his eyes. "you're even better looking than in the video," he says gently, with an accent, as she correctly surmised, is both Russian and Israeli. "how did you get it?" "from the person who put it together, we provide protection for them." "who is 'we'?" "the syndicate I belong to," he replies, evasively. "they've been prosecuted and sentenced, aren't you taking a big chance in talking to me about it?" "not really, unless you're recording this on your phone," which is nowhere to be seen, his voice and gaze becoming slightly more menacing.. their eyes lock, and correctly perceiving Arielle's fear, David says,

“relax, I nor anybody else is going to hurt you.” “we thought the police confiscated all the videos, so there are more out there?” “not likely, as you said, the police got the copies, including the original, and the online post was not up long enough, evidently, for more than one sale to have occurred.” “thank you,” she says, smirking, and thinking, Dan was right in his insisting on their being as proactive as they were, and again, thanks to Dan’s strong arm tactics, they have the copy of that one sale. interesting that neither she nor Dan have yet looked at it, then says, “except for the copy you have.” David reaches inside his jacket, pulls out the video, and hands it to her. Arielle breathes a deep sigh of relief. “have you seen it,?” she asks, forgetting he’s already told her he has. “yes.” she blushes., “then what is it you really want to talk to me about?” “you, is what I want to talk to you about.” “based on what you saw in the video.” “no longer just that,” he replies, looking gently into her eyes. it’s twilight and Arielle is beginning to feel a chill. when David gets up, removes his jacket, and wraps it around her shoulders, her heart throbs momentarily in spite of herself. he stares, quietly looking her over, then asks, “are you Jewish?,” catching Arielle totally by surprise. there are few, if any, Jews at the college, and nobody, including Dan, has even thought, or cared, to ask her about her ethnicity or religious background, assuming a secular humanism, as she would them, causing her to wonder what instinct made him ask, replying, “on my mother’s side.” “then by Jewish law you’re Jewish.” “she’s neither religious nor is she culturally very Jewish.” “what does your father do?” “he teaches literature classes at a California college.” “what are you studying?” “global history, right now, from 1500 to 1850, and its effects

on modern history.” David makes a face, and she can’t help laughing. then they both laugh, for the first time feeling completely comfortable with each other. it’s dark and getting really chilly. “you still haven’t told me why you called, David,” Arielle asks, feeling a bit physically and emotionally exhausted. “can we meet again, Arielle, in a few days, and I’ll tell you everything?” “where?” “why not at my place. it’s very nice, quiet, in the hills, with a view.” their eyes lock again, engaging in a long stare, before she agrees to meet him at his place.

as soon as she gets back she calls Dan and for the first time, together, they view the video, both in rapt attention to every detail. Arielle’s appearance is extremely sensual, the details even sexier, because they appear to be natural rather than acted.. the image quality, obviously, is very poor, however. neither she nor Dan think there’s anything in it she should be ashamed of, and it turns him on to the extent he wants to have sex with her. Arielle, because of her meeting with David, which she hasn’t yet told him about, and because she wants to nurture and contemplate the images she’s just seen. rebuffs him, and he, reluctantly, backs off.

by the time she sees David again, the video, to her, has become irrelevant. she cares little whether it’s been seen by others, or not. she’s curious about who he is, about his world, all of it, but knows any serious involvement with it would undermine her own plans. she’s doing well in her studies, her faculty advisor thinks she can get her a scholarship for the remaining two years, which could include some overseas study, and then she plans to go to grad school elsewhere, possibly at Northwestern University, which has

strong courses in her field, and all of this is compatible with her relationship with Dan. but she feels is not part of the adult world, a need, without yet knowing what he does, David has begun to awaken in her.

his rented house is two-story Mediterranean, built, and first occupied, by an Iranian doctor, whom she later finds out, was involved in prescription drug trafficking. there's a note for her taped to the front door. `Hi, Arielle, I'm out back. come around the side of the house through the gate'. she goes back to the large yard, which borders a forest area. David, wearing shorts, is on a ladder, picking dates from a date palm. he smiles, boyishly, almost sheepishly. as she walks up to him he climbs down, takes her hand, and says, "be sure you bring a bag back with you when you leave.." "once I get started I can't stop," she laughs. "without temptation can there be self-control?," the double entendre in both their remarks escaping neither of them, making Arielle a bit uncomfortable as she still doesn't know exactly why she's there, but can think of only two reasons; something illegal, and, or, sex. but why her? as they begin to zero into each other, intently, both their cells simultaneously ring, drawing good natured laughter, once again breaking the tension. from the sound of David's voice she ascertains he's talking to a female. Dan wants to know how she's doing. "good, right now," she replies, looking at David, who's engrossed in a conversation with the caller, speaking, intermittingly, in Hebrew.

the house is, predictably, tastefully furnished, with large windows, hardwood floors, and oriental rugs. "all of this belongs to the owner," David says, before Arielle can comment.

"looks expensive." "it is." "who is the owner?" "the person who runs the syndicate. if you don't mind, Arielle, I'd like to change before we talk. I won't be long, take a look around." she wonders what his motivation was for allowing her to first see him, informally, the way he was when she arrived; certainly not an uncommon way for someone to warm up to, but she has the notion everything he does is carefully calibrated, and, therefore, it was a conscious attempt for her to see him, first, in a benign state. she walks around the large front room checking the furniture and oddly familiar Persian paintings and sculpted objects. she's dressed casually in a lavender pullover (almost t shirt) sweater and skirt that showcases the sexy flow of her figure, not that she has any plans, but just to be prepared, she admits, even if it's just to say no. she comes to a small alcove in the back of the room, surprised to find, situated on a table, several prayer books in Hebrew and a small Torah, as she's assumed his Jewishness largely restricted to being heavy on the ethno/cultural side due to his background, but not religious. David reenters, wearing a softly textured blue dress shirt and dark pants, and joining her on the three seat ornate divan she's chosen to sit on, more for its novelty than comfort, immediately begins to address the obvious. "all `businesses' need a PR factor to make them palatable to their `clients'." "you mean a front." "that's right, if you want to call it that," he replies, unfazed, and continues, "I couldn't keep my eyes off you when watching the video, thinking she's the one we need, the one who's been lacking, since we lost a dear friend, whom we thought would be irreplaceable." "you mean it was love at first sight," Arielle, says, looking boldly into David's eyes, unintentionally drawing out a bit of that hurt that makes up

his demeanor. "you might say that," he says, answering her look, sending the same chill through her that went through her when he wrapped his coat around her at Whole Foods. "what happened to the 'dear friend'?" "she had an 'accident'. nobody is sure what the cause of it was, but we suspect it was intentional." "and you would like to put me in a similar position?" "there were things she was involved in which had nothing to do with that." "and just what is 'that'?" "you would be a hostess who greets prospective clients, answering their questions, and generally putting them at ease," his reply so predictable and sexually coded, she could have phrased exactly what he said without him saying it, and, of course, at the same time, leaving everything out. "would there be sex involved?" expecting her to ask that, he replies, "that would be entirely up to you." "is this what got your 'dear friend' into trouble?" "it had nothing to do with that," he says, his tone slightly hardening. "when and where would I be functioning as such?" "mostly through your liaison, at our facility, sometimes here, and a lot of times just on your cell, wherever you happen to be." "who will be my liaison?" "me. in me you will have someone who will totally look out for you...and your interests." she thinks, then hesitates before not asking, if he will be pimping for her. "I don't drink, I don't use drugs, and I only flirt when I'm especially attracted to someone. I don't see how I could play this role of 'hostess'. I'm not even necessarily very good socially." "that could all work to good effect. what you showed on the video, and subsequently," he says, emphasizing the latter, you've all the necessary attributes." "and what would I be paid.?" "considerable, of course, there would be no petty haggling on that" Arielle nods. "I have goals of going on to

graduate work, and a pending scholarship would involve studies elsewhere.” “for how long?” “anywhere from three months to a year.” “you could take a leave of absence.” Arielle knows multi-tasking with those two wouldn’t work, she’d be living a dual life, but proceeds asking, anyway. “who would I actually be working for?” “as I told you, the syndicate.” “from what you said about providing protection for illicit pornographers, it would be a crime syndicate.” “that depends on how you look at it. everyone breaks the law every day, that doesn’t make them criminals,” David says, which Arielle thinks is an inaccurate and lame excuse, but lets it ride. she has deeper concerns. she remembers reading in an article on the Israeli Mafiya, the account of a Russian physicist who accepted the offer of a lucrative paying job in Israel, and ended up being a captive in the white sex slave trade there until the police raided the operation and she was deported, abused and penniless. her passport was torn up as soon as she arrived there, and while Arielle has no such fears that would happen to her, she’s sure the ‘syndicate’ deals in all the mob staples; besides protection, extortion, drug smuggling, prostitution, money laundering, etc., and that David’s role, though she really isn’t sure what David’s role is, is as he says, a liaison, to keep things looking legitimate. “you don’t have to make any commitments out front, Arielle, come to a function we’re having next week and you can feel things out.” “you mean come there alone?” “no, it would be better if I take you.” their eyes intensely lock, Arielle realizing she must be seriously considering, that she’s decided to go. “are you over 21?,” David thinks to ask. “just barely”, she blushes, and they both laugh. he walks with her out to her car and watches her as she drives off, then humming to himself a

Yiddish melody, goes back into the house.

on the road, face freshened by the night air through the open window, city skyline in the distance, the first thing she thinks is he didn't try to seduce her, which, she's surprised, is making her feel incomplete. and if he had, she'd programmed herself for the possibility, she's about fifty percent sure she'd have allowed it. but she knows he will try and when he finally does try she fears she might be totally unprepared for it to happen.

the event is at the downtown sports and convention center. the mix of the huge crowd includes a number of recognizable public figures, including politicians and film industry people. there is an appearance of a rave with strobe lights being projected, and several DJ's mixing, without the feeling generated by the dimness, MDMA stoned millennials, and the acid, techno, trance, music. David introduces Arielle to several people who seem to be movers, everyone there seems to know and like him, before searching for the 'boss', who he introduces to Arielle and the three of them go to an adjacent private office to discuss her prospective employment. the 'boss' appears to be much younger than she would have expected, slim and pleasant, even aesthetic, with grey eyes that can modulate from steely to warmth and back, obviously pleased with her looks, and even more, her demeanor. after giving her a general picture of what she would be expected to do, without revealing almost anything of what they do, he offers her a salary that would be pretty hard for anyone just starting out in life to turn down. her head is swimming with attraction, apprehension, and confusion, which she conveys

by freezing up and drawing a blank. the boss, who was introduced to her as Asher, gazes warmly at her, and nods with understanding. "you don't have to decide now, Arielle. in fact," looking at David, "we'd rather you think it over to be sure," correctly ascertaining what she needs now more than anything else is space, but also giving himself space to consider her hesitation. David, of course, is also aware of her need, and they leave.

outside, Arielle's head begins to clear. she's glad she didn't commit to anything there, allowing her to realize how tied up her senses were with the indecision, how we fall into traps in life and eventually can't free ourselves from them, because of the attachments. she'd like to think it over, alone, but is already sure she's going to pass, even looking forward to discussing this with Dan. she all of sudden feels very good about herself, almost giddy, and her natural sense of humor has returned. David, seeing this, and who has been silent except to express disbelief her salary offer was so high, says, finally, calling his boss by name, "Asher must have liked you a lot," fearing Arielle is slipping away. as a last resort he asks her if she might want to drop by his place for a spell before he takes her back. she sees no reason why not, as her independence has not dulled her attraction to him, if anything, it's sharpened it somewhat, but she is totally unprepared for the untypical directness and sureness of his approach, as they relax, sitting close together in the darkened front room, lit only by the flooding of outside lights simulating moonlight. as they sit together and she knows he's going to kiss her, his aura and scent overwhelms her, and she tries to struggle free. he presses her against the back arm of the sofa, her arms

locked against her sides, that same chill going through her, her head against the wall so there is no space to move it, and open mouth kisses her, and she gradually submits. still pressed up against her, he removes his shirt and she strokes the hair on his chest as he undresses her, raises her legs, pushing them backwards, and they fuck, she, still pressed against the back arm of the sofa, until they both come in deep silence, light eerily illuminating patches of their skins. they dress silently, very close to each other (in proximity). David takes his keys from the table and leaving the lights off they go. when they arrive at her place, he gets out of the car and opens the door for her. they stand for a few moments breathing the night air, then she impulsively kisses him, semi-closed mouth and warm. "I just had to have that, before you left. you're right in not taking the job," he says, relieved. he gets back into the car, then sticking his head out the window says, his accent seeming more pronounced, "if you're ever in any really big trouble, Arielle, give me a call, I'll do anything I can to help you. we Jews have to stick together", and drives off.

sex with David was good. very good, not because of the details. but because of the thrill. she's not quite ready for adulthood. she looks at her email and there's a message from Eve, her faculty advisor, that she got the grant. then, still wearing the cloak of David's aura, she calls Dan.

she's seated, back to wall by the front desk, dark hair, petite, wearing a short, white, slightly ruffled, 'little girl' dress, nice legs naughtily crossed at the thighs, beige bobby sox in soft umber faux leather ankle length boots, a black waist high woman's pea coat over the dress, sexy as hell!. roguish brown eyes stare at me with a cryptic smile, in the crowded gallery space at Bergamot Station, wall to wall people, mostly millenials, standing in clusters, but she appears to be alone. she appears to be quite young, younger than the rest, college age at most – as it turns out a sophomore art student at Loyola-Marymount. by her vibes it appears, at the moment, she's not so much into art as she is into sex – raw, undiluted sex, I would say, and her attention, presently, for whatever reasons, seems to be focused almost entirely on me. I think of the fourth stanza of one of my poems, titled, *Allegations: a woman wearing bobby sox and a short dress is toying with the concept of preadolescence in adult sex or is it vice versa?* I've never been so sexually aroused upon just exchanging looks with a stranger. her outspoken stare gets franker, if that's possible, as I close the space between us.

"if you're ready," she says, looking around, not particularly wanting others to hear, "we can leave right now," her flirtatious smile modulating into her intent, as I bend to where she's sitting, thinking to tell her I want to screw her, but why belabor what we've already agreed upon, and instead, say, "shall we go to your car," for I'm not sure what reason, but wanting it all to be her in every way. "I took the Expo line." "from where?" "Culver City." "is that where you live?" "no, I had dinner with a friend." "a male friend?" "yes." "and that's why you're so horny." "he's a cool guy, Okinawan, with

a Toshiro Mifune bun knotted in back, who's into alt body health related to spirituality. he's mostly gay." "well, my car is in the lot. I could have walked. I live less than a mile from here. I'm so horny we could do it here. where do you live?" "in Santa Monica near the Marina." "let's go there."

no sooner has she shut the door than both our eyes simultaneously fix on the comfortable looking sofa. without saying a word she reaches under her coat, tugs up the ruffled hem of her dress, unzips the upper portion, pulling it off her shoulders, and unhooks her bra, then we fuck, almost as they say on the smut sites, 'fully clothed', very dirty, but affectionate sex, her dress, her coat, her sox, her boots, adding to the extremely erotic way her thighs straddle my torso, her calves my shoulders, her ankles and feet (boots and all) crossed around my neck, augmenting the sexuality of the inferences to pre-adolescence, the clothes enhancing the thrill of making naked flesh accessible, because the link between how we see one another mostly, and the desires we harbor underneath, have been maintained, ending in satisfied sighs. thus is how are born fetishes, and possibly the origin of porn.

after resting, and we undress and resume, I offer oral sex, both ways. she declines. "just genital," she says, shaking her head (a new first for me). we continue intermittently all night 'till almost dawn, my learning a few things I didn't know about sex, from this college girl. I knew that one could fuck almost indefinitely if one put one's mind to it, but I'd never had more than three simultaneous orgasms in any one liaison, prior to having sex with her, this night having twice as many (although I cease ejaculating after the fourth), each as

intense as the previous, the last being the most complete and satisfying, her pre-disposition towards intimacy helping keep me involved at all times, climaxing exactly at the sound of my first moan. we finish at dawn, and although this, by the complete lack of sentiment, appears to be a one night stand, she allows me to sleep with her through the early morning. "I've contemplated how it would feel to truly be thrilled having sex, and now I know," I say when we arise, "that's very flattering." "how about you?" "I don't rate or compare experiences. sometimes the most difficult can have the most value. I don't mean to be superior." "you're not." "it was very good sex for me as well. I'm not always this bad. it just builds up and when it does I look to take advantage of it. I can just make out all night." "I'd like to with you." she looks at me intently, without replying. "would you like to accompany me, Thursday, downtown, to a yardage store in the garment district? we could take the expo line and then walk, rather than deal with traffic and parking." "that might be fun." cheered and relieved, it appears to me we've gotten beyond the restrictions of a one niter. "I've only ridden the train once...with my next door neighbor who rides frequently and knows the ropes. I've already forgotten how to fill and use my tap card." "I'll show you," she says, her face pretty in the morning light. "why did you choose me? most likely you could have gotten anyone you wanted." "I didn't want to play games. you looked the oldest, you looked good, you were alone. I wanted to fuck."

cool day, sunshine, infrequently darkened by occasional high clouds. we leave early so we can have sufficient time to roam around. it can sometimes be refreshing to be outdoors

in a, not necessarily upscale, populated area, without a car, where and when, one doesn't have to be there, or bear the obligations and burdens many of the people who do have to be there, bear, a sensitivity to air in one's nostrils, especially odors, which seem to change every half block. taste is another sense that has surfaced with meaning for me, recently. the taste of certain foods have touched an almost undefinable, indescribable, state in me. one such taste is of crystalized ginger. it is not Proustian, in what it evokes, something of the sea perhaps, is in itself, directly, not nostalgia. Adriana appears to be genuinely pleased to be here sharing the day with me, and we are considerably energized. moments worth seizing seem to be, frequently, in transition, however. we discover most of the large fabric stores are located on or around, 9th St, on, or east of, Maple, and we're doing considerable walking. most of them are pretty similar, though one carries a lot of psychedelic prints and abstract designs the others don't carry. but none of it, gorgeous as some of it is, strikes me of particular enough relevance to use as background for my photos and small assemblages, and I admit my motivations have more to do with casing the area adjacent to Skid Row, in Adriana's company, than anything else. if one observes a couple in public one can usually determine quite a bit about their relationship, or lack of, by the aura of their physical presence together. our public aura is noncompetitive, tension free, and tentatively sensual, the cliché, I suppose, of a very young woman frankly sexually involved with a much older man, and while walking, Adriana frequently slips her arm into mine, advertising that fact. by late afternoon we're on the exhausted side and consider staying overnight at the Rosslyn hotel, but that would require more walking to

get there, and what would be the point since we already have enough options for privacy, and we return, on the train ride back, mellow, late afternoon light splashes on our necks, faces, and hair.

in a dream she wants to hook me up with 'the kisser', her words, a female next step extension of her – but instead becomes a multiple cock-sucking fantasy. she holds my head in place so I can't squirm away while various cocks fill my mouth with cum. "taste of your own medicine," she says. "but you don't like oral sex." "I never said that. I just declined that one time so as not to mitigate the pleasure of genital sex. kissing is oral sex!" "good point."

"I'm getting a lot of traffic, but no comments makes me suspicious about plagiarism." "do you get offers to make your website more 'accessible', publish, or enter your books at book fairs?" "yes." "that's probably what it is. though you never can tell." "I'm beginning to realize you're a real asset, Adriana" "well, nothing's for free, Jerry, so don't get your hopes up." "nevertheless I want to hug you." I walk over, tightly hug her, she hugs me back. things seem to be right on track. her upper bedroom window has a nice view of the hills to the south, her school with the white cross atop one....she's not Catholic. almost all of our interplay is erotic, the tone set in the beginning, which is, unashamedly, what we cannot get beyond. it is not evident what is behind it, perhaps nothing (else). but to me, at least, that is doubtful, and part of my anxiety is in waiting for it to emerge. I've already fallen for her, and I think she's fallen for me, though she keeps it hidden, typical of females who consider themselves attractive

a façade of objectivity, not as a tactic of a new feminism, but, what in my experience, has always been the case, whereas a woman who does not have this conception of herself, who is sensitive, smart, but not particularly glamorous, may be more open and honestly up front about her needs, which can inspire tender and compassionate feelings, especially when accompanied by concealed lust, for love and passion tend to undermine whatever surface necessarily was their initial stimulation.

we have a game Adriana likes to play, influenced by the erotic games she and her girlfriends developed out of sheer boredom, and as a response to a story I told her about a onetime instance I had with my former wife. she removes her clothes from the waist down and instructs me to do the same. I sit in a chair with an erection, and with digital notebook opened to a class assignment in hand, she settles on it and proceeds to read, sometimes aloud, and type notes, all the while moving on my hard-on until she either finishes the assignment first or has an orgasm first. the objective is to obtain the former, but, of course, this never happens, as the latter always occurs first, re both parties. while this makes me feel like a dildo, it is very pleasurable, and I especially enjoy the humorous aspect of it as well as the sex, and the affectionate feelings we have for each other afterwards. a theater arts student friend of hers was so turned on by the idea he wanted to do a simulated version of it in an actual performance. in fact the idea, has caught on campus, involving rules, rewards, and punishments, and the activity, while clandestine, has become widespread, I've been informed. it does make me feel a little bit like I've been robbing the cradle. where is it all going?

I am not a mature person, nor, most likely, will ever be. in my mind maturity requires two factors: the ability to independently support oneself financially, and, having, and caring for, children, neither of which I've done. I have, however, nurtured a vision, the freed energy to function and be sexual, and an inner spirituality. I'm in love with a nineteen year old nymphomaniac who is my vision of purity – whose symbol when I close my eyes is a delicate, beautifully formed, white rose – what it is I want, deeper behind her eyes, is inscrutable. I think she loves me, but not inscrutably. she accepts me for what she thinks I am without demanding there be anything else. but she is intuitively aware of the nature of my attraction to her, and it's a source of tension between us.

should I reveal my age, yes, eighty two, did this make you gasp, and my heart condition? I'm not hiding the facts, nor am I pushing their relevance which will surface, no matter what, sooner than later. as a small boy (age four) viewing the Disney movie, Snow White, resulted in recurrent nightmares in which the witch's face stealthily appeared in our bathroom window, and again, upon entering puberty (age twelve), I experienced recurring nightmares after seeing the film adaptation of the Oscar Wilde novel, The Portrait of Dorian Gray, in which the visual surrogate of Dorian's corrupted soul was suddenly revealed with a violent crash. my analysis of both these dreams has always been they so affected my unconscious because of the Faustian nature of their content. but I've come to understand, age, and even health, are relative. our responses and acts on the ground is our true reality. a search for, and perception of, paradise, is a part of life, and our art.

one warm afternoon we are lying together, myself naked, on Adriana's bed. she slides a flesh colored 'penis' in and out of my mouth, feeding it sensuously, in varied length clips. I slide off the shoulder straps, first one, then the other, of her flesh hued silky slip, and feel her irresistibly soft tits, (an act which never fails to excite an ancient association of parked car solipsisms), cradling her nipples, and squeeze, until she makes me gag. then we kiss, my mouth immersed in her neck and perfumed hair, the border of her slip crept up to her abdomen, my penis, the same hue, though not quite as thick, as the rubberized one, lodged and searching the delicate filigrees of her warm meat.

another time, another warm day, she comes in from a class. again I am lying on her bed. I had stayed, with her, celibate, overnight. whereas the other time her hues were light, this time her hues are on the dark side – her hair a little wild, almost bed hair. she's wearing a crumpled dark blue print dress with tiny red flowers. she mounts me, with a rustle, her breath wafting liquor and perfume, sinking into me, face, neck and hair, cutting off my breath as I burrow my head. I gasp, lifting up my nose for air, she closes off my mouth with kisses, passionate kisses, sinking, pressing, moving salaciously, my penis launched in the space between her warm upper thighs, preternaturally seeking, then finding, entrance to the land of opportunistic lust, she pressed against me, smothering me. we fuck until we both come and she lets go, rolling off of me, wickedly indifferent, but satisfied. "was your day that difficult Adriana?" "didn't you enjoy it?" "I'm beside myself with the pleasurable effects, I assure you". "well, my day was all right, but now I'm happy," she says, her face beaming.

“but now, what will we do?” I ask, starting to dress. “nothing.” she undresses and heads to the shower.. “immersing yourself in water will absorb the electricity in your body, Adriana,” I shout after her, “especially after sex.” “that’s all right, Jerry,” she shouts back. it occurs to me at this moment, I’ve never had a girlfriend I really cared about who fundamentally agreed with me about anything. I find that interesting, as I settle in an armchair.

since cataract removal (both eyes) my vision is exceptionally clear. I was fascinated by the reflection of my face in the bathroom mirror – like seeing the face of the monster in a horror movie for the first time. a lifetime of overexposing my face to UV rays has had a ravishing effect on my complexion. what does Adriana see in me? I can’t be sure if she loves me, but it is clear enough she’s sexually attracted. I’m her sex object. she’s taken what most consider to be negatives and turned them into objects of lust. I still think I’m handsome despite the effects of aging, and maybe, even, a little because of it. Poet Michael McClure wrote, ‘as we change, our forms have to change’. I equally objectify her – but she’s gorgeous and knows it. the risk is any flaw, physical or behavioral, can lead to disgust if a relationship doesn’t have an equal amount of empathy and respect. I think the balance is there. but is it sustainable and I’m hardly inclined to think in the affirmative, at least as lovers, given our ages, and otherwise differences.

re our initial tryst the night of the art opening, it’s understandable, given her age, Adriana should have been where she was at, but I can’t quite shake the feeling, given my age, I should have been beyond that. she’s a typical millennial

regarding the influence of porn and its emphasis on the compartmentalization and isolation of the erotic mechanical act from everything else, not to mention the grossness and fake-ry. in addition the redundancy of the formats are stupefying. it does show anything can be permissible, not that this is always a good thing. but there's no question as to what its influence has been. "do you watch porn, Adriana?" "Oh, Yes." "a lot?" "I used to." "you're only nineteen. when was that?" "mostly in middle school." she looks so sweet I walk up to her and kiss her on her forehead, then her cheek." "then you got beyond it?" "I'm not stupid, Jerry." the subject matter arouses us, and arms around each other, we fuck, standing, a satisfying quickie, before pulling up our underwear, and leave, hand in hand, to shop for dinner.

frequently people mistakenly think of pleasure as being contained in content. but any stimuli that produces pleasure, if prolonged, will become less and less pleasurable, and ultimately, pain. a person who has just been released from prison may experience ecstasy just walking down the street, enjoying the freshness and newness of the flow of energy, and looking at the trees, but as the feeling of confinement wears off, so will the ecstasy of being free, replaced, quite possibly, by anxiety, and ennui. in the fifties, between going to school, I did some time in the Navy, nineteen months, to be exact. it was to be a two year hitch, but as the then president, Eisenhower, cut the defense budget (can one imagine the current president being so enlightened), those of us who were Selective Service, (draftees) got early releases. I was aware this was set to happen, but there was no date given, and not wanting to count my chickens, so to speak, it wasn't

until, one day, shortly after midday meal, I was hanging out alone in a passageway, and a fellow draftee from my division I hung out with, came up to me and said, "pack your sea bag, we're leaving the ship in half an hour." I hurriedly did that in a rush of sheer anticipation, and shortly after, the four of us affected, were standing on the flight deck with our gear and papers in hand, waiting for a prop plane to fly us to the Air Force base at Atsugi, Japan, to begin the processing for discharge from the Navy. one minute we still had five months to serve and were steaming towards the Philippines, and the next minute we were free. the sensation was ecstatic, and I count it as one of the happiest moments of my life. we were standing by a compartment of all black (the Navy was still de facto segregated in 1957) Airmen, from which the lyrical, soaring sound of an alto saxophone was coming. I asked the person sitting closest to the open hatch, who were they listening to, and he first, replied, "you wouldn't know," and then, seeing I was sincere, said, softly, "Cannonball Adderley." "who?" I had mostly been into West Coast jazz at the time, and though I had already been exposed to, and liked very much both Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins, I still consider that instance to have been a watershed moment (along with having discovered the Beats in North Beach), as to who I was and where I was culturally, headed. I don't think that would have occurred had I not felt then, through a release from confinement, a new freedom to do what I wanted with my life.

Adriana and I are not seeing much of each other right now. I really function pretty much as a father figure for her, and presently, I've satisfied that need in her. also, I'm solipsistic to

the point I often prefer to be alone. she's feeling much more secure than when we first met, and is immersed in doing serious work. it's not that she's abandoned a roving spirit, but no one else, yet, has excited her interest. her romantic interests generally tend to conform to a specific script, and at this time, there isn't a new one. I, on the other hand, am feeling restless. I do not think I'm doing anything that meaningful with my life, with the exception of, thanks to Adriana, having been able to satiate my sexual lust, which, at my age and appearance, is no small thing. but time is marching on. Adriana's world has expanded to include modeling and we are to accompany each other on the upcoming weekend to an event we've both been looking forward to, which will feature a fashion show, her in it. publicly we are an interesting couple. people focus on our differences, and we get more play with each other, that way, than we would, either with others more visibly similar to us, or if we were to be alone, ironically, as we were the night we met.

a long runway has been set up in the center of The Geffen, MOCA's large space in Little Tokyo. unlike at the gallery on Grand, I'm usually able to sneak in through the side door used by the staff. tonight, of course, we have tickets, and Adriana's name is on the guest list. I'm her plus one. the ambience is very nice and I actually see a few people I know, something hard to come by these days at events such as this. but in short time the ambience changes. in the harshness of klieg light and the lingering effect of hard liquor and erotic perfume, faces and trendy clothes become hallucinatory, going in and out of focus, sound disjointed. an aura of indolent lust mated to spiritual neglect, prevails. the fashion

show, held early while the evening is still fresh, including Adriana's walk, goes very well. and afterwards there's considerable buzz and interaction between the models, the artists, the arts professionals, the students, and the capitalists. I am particularly captivated by a young ethereally thin, but curvy, natural blonde, who Adriana later introduces me to. on the other side of the fence, a dark, tautly energetic, physically attractive, black tie spectator, no doubt belonging to the capitalist element, who, as it turns out, is a designer of silicone sex robots (sexbots), has zeroed in on Adriana, in no uncertain terms, both during her fashion walk, and afterwards, and as the evening progresses it becomes clear, as I can see, though my feelings are somewhat tempered while having a quiet very pleasant conversation with the model she introduced me to, her attraction to him is reciprocal. moments ago, and before we left, nothing was happening in particular with either of us, now things are going to happen, with the both of us, very fast. what's initially attracted me to the model, whose name is Carly, aside from her good looks, is an uncontrived poise, which while common in models, is so subtle and seemingly essential, as to comprise a grace which to me is both mysterious and poignant, making me wonder what she is all about, and when she leaves, touching my arm before saying, "I enjoyed talking to you," a delicately complex tremor goes through me. the graphic designer, who Adriana does not, at any point, introduce me to, leaves shortly afterwards, not before exchanging an intensely personal look with her, and saying something to which she readily nods.

on the way back to her place, Adriana is both animated and tender, quite willing to talk about porn and robot sex toys.

“Matthew invited me to tour his studio, Wednesday, which, of course, I’m looking forward to.” as soon as she tells me his name, it rings a bell. “it’s interesting that these sex surrogates are all female representations created for the pleasure of men.” “he said his company is in the process of rectifying that. they’ve developed a prototype model of a male representation. he said they’ve had several women sexually interact with it with `more than satisfying results’ “ “there’s a market for it, no doubt. the thing about it that most gets me, is, for me, so much of the thrill in having sex, is in the pleasure my partner is getting from it.” “I know that’s the way it is with you, Jerry”, Adriana, replies, just a tad, sarcastically. “I can’t describe the feeling I get when you have an orgasm, especially when we come together.” “one kind of experience does not cancel out another kind of experience, Jerry, and anyway I’m just telling you what he’s up to, and as I’m sure you’ve gathered, it’s him I’m sexually interested in, although the AI programmed bots do interest me.” “yes.” “and it seems as though you and Carly have hit it off pretty well. I saw her touch you before she left, and I could almost feel your response.” “did you feel a sensation, too?” “yes. a thrill.” this, perhaps, oddly, makes me, momentarily, very happy, and almost as soon as we get to her place, we have very hot sex, leaving us both with a satisfaction we haven’t had with each other for a while.

Adriana has now picked up a new script, and I suppose, so have I. she has found the opposite of the outwardly reticent, but sexual, person she was looking for in me, who wastes no time courting her, as she accompanies him, tooling about town in his 2 seat Ferrari 488 Spider, easily seducing her.

once again, in her wild sex mode, she willingly partakes in the expensive fantasy world he offers, holding nothing back, as they attempt to explore every conceivable pleasure.

Carly and I have established a warm friendship as opposed to a romantic relationship, or at least it seems that way, which for the time being, suits me fine. I first started thinking about that distinction, recently, when it came up in the forward to the Tim Dlugos poems I was reading in the courtyard of the Santa Monica Public Library. the aura of it is light... the hues, grey, mint, white, sky blue, a dab of lemon, and black. in my mind, however, the ultimate probability is romantic, because the interest veils an attraction. this is just a more old fashioned courtship. while in one instance an attraction may lead immediately to sex, in another instance, like reputed to be in the age of chivalry, it may lead to a kiss. that kiss finally occurs on one of the rare occasions we are together after dark, on a warm, windy, spring evening, parked in her Volvo, in the hills above Sunset Blvd, not far from the small Silverlake house she rents. in the semi-darkness we intently gaze into each other's eyes, before lips come together in a long, unhurried, breathless kiss. my hand rests on her thigh, the other clutches her breast. as I start to raise her skirt, her hand firmly locks on my wrist. "jerry, first I need to talk to you." "Ok, Carly," I reply, bemused, but beyond curious. she raises her skirt to her waist, showing her fine looking legs, which were so evident in the show at MOCA, looks hard into my eyes, then pulls off her G-string panties, revealing, contrasted to her sexy legs, a gorgeous tattoo of a yellow, singing canary on her upper left thigh just below her crotch.

Carly's glass-transparent teal blue eyes are blazing with passion "I want you to know about me, Jerry." "can't it wait until after we fuck, Carly?" "it will be more erotic if you know about me while we fuck," she says, unhooking her bra, delicate fingers unzipping my pants and insistently tugging. with her gorgeous legs, the bright tattoo, her naked breasts, I'm more than hard as, in a sitting position she settles on me, my cock sliding fully in like a greased pole, her arms wrapped around my shoulders, slowly, suggestively, moving her pelvis. "I almost had to register as a sex offender, Jerry." "why is that, Carly?," I ask, really turned on. "when I'd just turned 18 I seduced a younger girl and got caught." "then you're bisexual." "pansexual," she corrects. "did you do time?" "no, just probation. because it was consensual, though in my mind only to a degree, she was at least 14, and I was less than four years older than her, the guideline was for leniency." "how did you get caught." "there was a video camera in the motel room we went to which the clerk, who was suspicious, turned on. I have to admit it was very lurid," she says, moving precisely and hotly now. "how was it lurid?" "I played with her innocence. she was only a little over 14.. I got her so hot she was writhing and moaning even before I did her." I'm so aroused I can't contain myself, and spurt. Carly smiles triumphantly, kisses me, and asks, "can you stay there a little longer?," and moves with delicate precision until she comes, the warm breeze from the open window fluttering her hair. she raises herself off of me, and sitting next to me, crosses her legs, the canary glowing in the dark, a pleased smile on her face, and I'm thinking, with deep comprehension and no regret, how quickly an ethereal relationship can turn to porn. at this moment, in spite of myself, I flash on Adriana, and the

sexbots that are used for pleasure but have no feelings. Carly closes the window and presses up against me. I ease her up against the pushed back seat rest, hastily grasping her shins, and we fornicate, intently dropping the façade, until we gratefully finish our second orgasms with satisfied sighs, both of us engrossed, encompassed by our separate needs, and the silence and fragrance of the night, our heated breaths quickly evaporating in the dry, sweet smelling night air.

“it’s interesting Carly, as you first raised your skirt, for a nano-second, I thought that I might see a male genital, or that you might be transgender. or, I swear, a sexbot.” “was that your wish, Jerry?” “no, it was just the aura and the abruptness of your hesitation. tattoos in sexual places always turn me on. aren’t yellow birds generally symbols of joy and happiness?” “in the vernacular, a canary is a person who’s ratted on someone.” “how does that apply to you?” smiling, she shakes her head. “then how did it come about. did you just walk into a tattoo parlor?” “if you must know, Jerry, it was forced on me. I was held down. I would have been raped and beaten if I’d resisted. it was their way of saying if I ever revealed their identity I’d pay the ultimate price.” “who were these people?” “the French Mob.” “what drew you to them, were you getting paid for sex?” “no, just a juvenile attraction to what was illicit. I guess I wanted to be a player in a Godard movie.” “where did this take place?” “in Paris, I had just begun modeling. I was in my mid-teens. the models are getting younger and younger like the fourteen year old Israeli girl who works for Dior, but the sexual nuances remain the same, though, here, there’s begun to be a puritanical reaction against that.” “are you in danger now?” “no. it’s a not really

regrettable part of my somewhat sordid past, that's all. they were actually progressive in some ways," she laughs. "well the tattoo artist was serious about his craft." "I'm glad you think that, Jerry."

when I finally hear from Adriana, she wants to see me. she says it's urgent, and says she's on her way over before I terminate the call. she appears to be still in her wild sex mode, but a bit frantic. it seems Matthew, after talking her into having sex with the prototype robot as a test, and paying her, had secretly recorded the event with a hidden camera, and now plans to use the video as a promotional for his product. it's clear, the more I see, she's really upset. "my heart is in my stomach, Jerry." "which jurisdiction did this occur in?" "Hollywood." Adriana talks to the police about the video. they send out detectives to interview Matthew, as there is not sufficient cause to issue a search warrant, who calls his lawyers. while in the presence of his lawyers, he says they'll sue Adriana if charges are made, based on the absurd claim that she knew she was being filmed. it's touch and go now for her. she should be finishing her sophomore year. I contact my brother, Burt, a retired judge who began his law career as a prosecutor. he says her biggest fear should be the publicity the case would engender, and for that reason, assuming they can have it blocked from being shown, it would be advisable to settle, quickly, out of court. he says he's pretty sure they're aware if it goes to trial she would win, although, generally, when someone performs services for hire, the results belong to the hirer, and are just bluffing. a criminal charge against them could result in a conviction if she can convince a jury she was not informed of their intent

to film. it would be hard to imagine a jury who would be sympathetic to them. without her knowledge and consent, no way would they be free to release the video. he believes the onus of proof would most be on them, as they, obviously, cannot provide a written agreement or contract, so the case for them would be problematic. she can also sue, he says. Adriana is extremely grateful to me for my aid, just my presence, but not contrite. I respect her toughness and want to help, but can't suppress asking her, facetiously, "how was sex with Rocky?," playing on the name of the 'female' robot, Roxxy, that was somewhat an object of ridicule when it debuted at an AI convention, as the first true sexbot. "very good, great," is her unexpectedly forthright reply. "of course I didn't know I was being watched. it was surprisingly supple. its prosthetic penis felt real. and it responded totally to all my fantasies and commands. I felt I had no one to please, and it was pleasing me, extremely. I was tremendously excited. I was in complete control. I had a very intense orgasm. I could have had more." "and all of this was recorded." a glum look clouds Adriana's face. I wish I had kept my mouth shut. but one thought overtakes me. could I make her feel the same as she did with the robot by allowing her to use me in the same way. we're both simultaneously having the same thoughts. when we're finished we go to a nearby park and soak in the last rays of sunlight, feeling very good. and, yes, I still love her, the, now twenty year old, nymphomaniac.

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, rubbed 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 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. he stuffs his cock 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 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.

Lorelei is a pretty, petite twenty-something, small, but with a flowing figure. interesting, in that she frequently wears, it seems always, the same modest short hemmed Gingham rust brown with tiny yellow and red checks, dress (evoking, in my mind Baudelaire's description of a secretary he observed going to work wearing the same dress each morning yet always looking fresh and new), and, usually, faded red low-cut sneakers, when she's not barefoot or wearing flip flops. her straight, longish, amber hair reflects glints of yellow in natural light. when she moves, and even when she doesn't, there is a feeling for the flow of her body freely moving inside her dress. because of her petite-ness, her knees, and the soft skin underside, are extremely sensual, observing her as she moves around. as it first appeared, she lives alone, although there are frequent, sometimes much older, mostly male, visitors. it takes a while for our two, very separate, universes to connect, but, almost entirely due to my efforts, it does.

soon we are semi-intimate and as we live so near one another, are doing small things together. there is never any question of my intent and she does not appear to mind it, neither provoking it nor turning off. in fact, her sincerely blasé air coupled with her image, is what turns me on, and one day, the two of us sitting together on her sofa, it is but second nature for me to raise the hem of her dress, and, without any rhetoric, we fuck, nonchalantly, until we are both quite satisfied. from there, as we naturally progress, it's clear in my mind, for me, she's a complete erotic package, one I can completely sexually objectify, that is, from the top of her amber dome to her edible toes. indoors, at least, she does not wear underwear. and when we sleep together, we fuck in

the intervals between sleep, in each other's arms, giving added meaning to the phrase 'going to bed' with someone. it may seem that on these, fortunately not frequent (as I do not sleep well, even alone) occasions, we don't get much sleep, but we either sleep soundly in-between or drift sublimely, sensuously, in our dreams. who are her visitors? it turns out, most of them are her patients, but not all, or, more accurately, a few are there for something other than just what she is licensed to provide as a physical therapist who is a recent graduate from Creighton University in Omaha, where she's from, and has just begun practicing electrotherapy. although the experience I'm having with her is new, it's something I'm quite familiar with, as she, her image and the sexuality it conveys, is the duplicate of what I've been, currently, carrying around inside, keeping me sexually alive, and allowing me to sleep at night which I might not be able to do otherwise, and am now having the good fortune of experiencing in real time.

the 'visitors' have ceased to come. Lorelei has now found nearby office space. business is evidently brisk and profitable, and I am seeing her less as it occupies most of her time. "who are your patients, Lorelei?" "most are people who need muscle stimulation or pain relief, Jerry," she replies, somewhat evasively. "what made you take up that occupation?" I've always had a bent and interest in regenerative health practices." "what does your father do? he's a civil engineer. he mostly designs construction projects in Omaha. some of my patients are construction workers." I nod, with no particular interest nor disinterest. "and your mother?" "she is a municipal code enforcement officer who is also active in opposing legal abortion. we are a very Catholic family."

“that’s why you went to Creighton?” “it was more its then convenient location, and that they have a highly rated program in my field,” Lorelei replies, appearing agitated, fidgeting with her dress. “what is it, Lorelei?” “fuck me, Jerry.” we fuck for a short, intensely concentrated, time. afterwards I have to clean the gash where she’d sunk her teeth into my neck. but it was worth it. now I’ve experienced the flipside of her nonchalance, and have some idea of what is causing it.

Lorelei appears to be thriving in the West Coast multicultural environment, as so many others of similar backgrounds have thrived, displaying what I assess to be an inherent? Midwestern frankness. I don’t fully comprehend why someone as socially reticent as me always seems to gravitate towards, or attract, usually much younger, nymphomaniac women. of course, assessing it as such is a value statement, but, at least to some extent, for the both of us, sex is an escape. for Lorelei, though, I think, it is mostly just seeking new definitions, and, a release from pressure. for me, I think, a lot of it is visual; seeking, and finding, someone who creates, or corresponds to, my fantasies. she is also a creature of her generation, with the added fillip of an undeniably repressed upbringing, at the forefront in the deconstruction of traditional ideas of gender and sexual identification. she is not a radical, however, at least in that she has no need to redefine her gender, but says her role within that is pansexual. her relationship to Tala, her closest friend, is bisexual, an extremely compatible friendship that’s inevitably become physical, but she’s, also, erotically, attracted to a male transgender friend of theirs. how that fits in with me, I think, to some extent, she sees me as an extension, or opposite of... male, but

with feminine physical and mental overtones that excite her wildness to the degree that, presently, I am the most focused dish on her sexual menu, and, also, because it provides cover. all of this could fit a new norm, if it weren't for the fact that with every individual there is a hidden physical need that is dictated by upbringing, or reaction to, and with Lorelei, it is a suppressed attraction to the father of all sexual abusers, the alpha male, which, in her universe, is extremely retro. given the richness and variety of her sexual interaction it is interesting that the most frequent fantasy she has during the infrequent moments she masturbates, is being sexually abused and raped. unconsciously, her image, the way she dresses, is a clarion call to just this type of person she fantasizes, among the patients who frequently come to her, and with whom she cautiously flirts, but ultimately rejects, while edging closer and closer to the margin where she would either freeze, or, otherwise, not be able to resist being seduced, consensually, or even semi-forced.

having lost interest in being a physical therapist and smitten by an urge to do Hollywood after successfully auditioning for a small part in a TV movie with promise of meatier fare just around the corner, Lorelei has thrown her commitment into being an actress... a hot, sexy, one. my role with her, however, remains much the same; a confidante with whom she can secretly engage her wildness without the usual fears of consequence. everything we do now, sexually, is in the order of, or of a kind, a reaction to, or extension of, what she is doing with others in the scene she has progressively become more involved with. I don't like it. but I've fallen for her....in fact I love her, even though I don't think she harbors any

strong sentiment towards me (I find in romance situations I'm often attracted to women who do not think about their actions – who can be naturally sweet or mean, whereas I can only be friends with individuals who are reflective). in addition to that, during her frequent new career related trips I feed her cat.

I'd kind of switched back from working on the street art photos I'd been shooting, to writing, and editing what I've already written and printed, in hopes of getting my work published and recognized. Lorelei says when her earnings increase sufficiently she'll support me. as I qualify for their POD (preserving our diversity) rental subsidy, Santa Monica presently pays one-third of my rent. I am figuratively walking a tightrope. after a long hiatus from writing fiction I discovered the only thing that motivates me to write it is sex, and I fully and frankly sexually objectify the female image in doing so. my fiction includes three full length volumes of short stories and a novel, and this is the case in all of it, although emphasis and meaning vary from story to story. the only reason my stories have not been branded as sexist is nobody in the literary world has read them. my work has always been the work of an outlier, which, ironically, requires being even more socially connected than in mainstream or avant-garde publishing. the content of my fiction, unlike my non-fiction, generally suffices for what I actually physically experience. with Lorelei I am getting enough sex I have no need, currently, to write fiction. but I continue having a need to confess. through Lorelei, I've been working on a script (not mine) for a project, just editing it, but am drawn to the female executive producer, whose name is Madison, and

who is more attractive than three-fourths of the actresses in Hollywood, make that four-fifths. we meet for the second time at the production head's office as it is the weekend and none else will be there. she's in a busy cycle and has, later in the afternoon commitments, both business and with her husband and friends. we arrive at the same time and ride the elevator up to the 22nd floor. there is always a feeling of a sensual, almost noirish, detachment for me the infrequent times I exit an elevator and enter an office that high up. whereas for the office worker who makes the ascent and descent every day the effect is sublimated. we enter, walk through the reception lounge into the inner office, place our papers on the desk, open the blinds on the two large windows, the flood of light once again affecting me by the sensual, but detached, ambience. we look each other over as any two persons who know each other, but not well, might, semi-consciously programing the realities, while walking around the room in opposite directions. she's wearing a soft beige tinted walnut cream button-up blouse with a collar that outlines her delicate neck, and a loose, but tight at the hips and fanny, ebony skirt, which adequately shows off her exquisite figure, and black heels. the first thing I think of is how the difference between her appearance and Lorelei's excites me, and, although she is married, or partly because of it, I scheme to do whatever necessary to fuck her before we leave. I am, however, considerably doubtful of the possibility for that as there are no vibes that sex, at the moment, openly or hidden, is an issue to address. we don't really have a lot to do and both of us are entertaining ourselves, moving around, looking at photos on the wall, she texting and answering saved calls, faxing the producer who is 'out-of-town.'

it is now already at the stage where I cannot afford to bide my time if I am going to satisfy the urge that is consuming me. fortunately it is necessary for us to visit a porn site together to reference a video, Husband Screws Maiden While Wife Watches. description: exceptionally endowed brunette, hair up (lot of it), loose strands hanging wearing a short, white with ruffles little girl clingy, party dress with tiny scarlet flowers, white bobby sox, and heavy, scruffy, brown shoes, sensual body suggestively draped on the sofa, bare from the waist down. a much older naked man with cropped hair, an athletic body which has somewhat lost its tone, approaches her. the fucking begins. it is very solid sex, both having lasting orgasms. his seated cuckold wife watches, skirt to her waist, taking it all in, fingering her clit. the sensuality of it surprises and momentarily silences us, and although our rapport hasn't noticeably increased, our horniness has, and our looks begin to harden into stares. she and her husband are not totally monogamous, but they've invested a lot in one another and there's a stability to their relationship and within their circle of friends. the video has created a favorable context, but I know to make Madison at this moment I'm going to have to stoke her arousal enough, first, for her to disregard, or let go, her commitments for later. fortunately the video has already somewhat served to undermine that. as it is almost time for us to leave she gets up and goes to the head. the space between the wall and the desk is narrow enough that as she passes to get her coat, she brushes up against me. and stops. I move my mouth to hers and she swallows my tongue. "you've got me in a naughty mood," she says, as our bodies press together. "was it the porn?" "yes, but I'm not going to let you fuck me." allowing for the impasse, we go to the

outer office we hesitate momentarily then sit together on the sofa lounge she searches on her phone before looking up making hard eye contact and we impulsively begin to make out, my hand clutching her breast from outside her blouse. "just a little," she breathes, while passively acknowledging a little could become a lot and I feel I have her if I don't allow her to close it up, "then I have to leave." we continue to make out, I continue to feel her up, too good for either of us to just quit, but she pushes my hand away when it slips under her skirt. "it's time we leave," she summons up enough determination to say. "in a few minutes," I reply, my hand this time between her warm thighs and her lace pantied crotch. I know she isn't playing modest, but I know she's hot, and my chance to undress her is to get her to the point where she just can't stop. "just imagine your husband is watching," I say, our bodies pressed up against each other's now. there is a perceptible change. we kiss passionately, gradually losing ourselves, and with that, she, willfully, her sense of time, which means her sense of commitment for anything not in the present. my hands are freely moving now without her resistance. her panties are wet and I pull them off. I undo her blouse, and let the lace shoulder straps of her black slip drop below her breasts and unhook her skirt, pulling it off, then slowly massage her clitoris as she strokes my wrist, knowing now I can do anything with her. I unzip and pull down my pants and raising her thighs insert my warm cock into her. she responds wrapping her legs around me and we fuck insanely, gratifyingly, coming swiftly and smoothly but we are not dumb...done (Freudian slip) Madison is beautiful half-naked half dressed. her face eyes and lips are a hungry gift. we lengthen out, can't have enough salacious dreamlike

kisses, and pulling her head down she lower her mouth to my cock followed by several minutes of airy silence. “let’s go back in the office,” I urge, wanting to extend the ambience, “I’ll fuck you on the desk.” “if the lounge won’t do you’ll have to carry me,” she teases I pick her up in my arms and carry her into the office, setting her bare ass down on a long, low, table, the table expansive enough for the back of her head to drop onto it, and lay, full length. I pull down my unzipped pants where she’d stroked and hungrily sucked, and undress. she lays back, seamless black stockings bared, legs raised, thighs spread. looking at Madison’s cunt, spread legged, excites a new sensation, new and indescribable in me. her brunette hair is splayed across her face, edible lips parted, soft creamy blouse open, silk black slip, resting on her stomach above her belly button, slick to the touch, fingers in her cunt. black garters stretched across the warm flesh between her belt and stockinged thighs, anticipating my cock for more than satisfaction, my mind grappling to hold on to something undefined. this is the moment of suppressed haste and lust the act will totally annihilate, predator to an incomparable fuck and the orgasm that will follow; in addition to the thrill of having gotten a not too familiar, committed, and answered for, woman, stripped and hot enough to do anything with, do her, make her, to the extent of willfully abandoning her commitments, craving my cock – the apex of horniness for the both of us, determining the degree of our eventual gratification. I lower my face and go down on her, soft sound of my mouth echoing the succinctly quiet moments, for several long exquisite minutes, recharging her sated lust, then pull her ass forward, over the edge, her thighs still spread, and gratefully put it in. I fuck her her,

standing up, my hands on her knees pushing her legs backward, her ankles on my shoulders, wrapped around my neck, fucking her slowly, moving only as she responds, rubbing my cock on the surface of her clit, putting it in her anus, then pulling it out, not to delay orgasm but to sustain the full meaning of the thrusts. at the most prescient moment of pleasure she joins, rhythmically pressing up as I press down. we screw my hands on her nipples, come and screw, come and screw some more, until the image is obliterated, and our simultaneous push for orgasm ends in an intense, lengthy, chorus.

we pick up our clothes, go back to the waiting room and dress. Madison dresses thoughtfully, mostly not looking at me, but not exactly tuning me out. I am mesmerized by her, fully dressed, her face, combed hair, and now buttoned soft beige tinted blouse framing her brown eyes. "I missed my appointments and my phone is off." "was it worth it?" "it was the dirtiest fuck I've ever been a participant to. I've done much more in more outre situations, but this was the raunchiest. you just wanted to make me for the sake of making me. the tableau you created to turn you on, it was total objectification." "but you did enjoy it. now you say you felt demeaned by it?" "it was extremely erotic, I was ripe...right for it (another Freudian slip), and fortunately, because of the temptation-resistance, also one of the most satisfying." we ride the elevator with another occupant to the ground floor, exit, fresh air in our faces, and turning and facing each other on the sidewalk by the entrance, she thrusts her tongue down my throat and I swallow it, as curious pedestrians look on. "will we ever do it again?" "this will have repercussions

but I don't expect things will change that radically. if we have sex again I will have to leave him or he will leave me." "is it just your choice to make?" "given his frequent behavior I think it is," though acknowledging to herself such reasoning is weak. interesting, it doesn't even occur to either of us I may have been unfaithful, myself. the onus has been, typically, put on her. in addition to being satisfied I'm pleased I prevailed. we keep walking to the parking structure, not looking at each other, and I am thinking seriously I want to pull out of the production. I frankly look into her eyes and reading my thoughts she squeezes my arm. "I'd pull out too but it is my work, the world I inhabit and enjoy, have flourished in the courses I've taken, and hopefully, am building my future on." I am a total cad and now I know it, beginning with my contempt for the job, and my disregard for how the outcome of my preying on her innate sexual proclivities may seriously affect the future of a beautiful, talented, worthy, woman. in this unfair world it is hard not to love someone who is warm, beautiful, and to use one of the lamest justifications, no matter how accomplished, compliant.

Lorelei has landed what could be a career defining role as Ellie May in a remake of the 1941 movie Tobacco Road, about an incestuous sharecropper family in Georgia during the Great Depression. the producers first considered one of the Fanning sisters for the star power, but Lorelei's reading was so good along with their wanting a fresh face she got the part without their looking further. the original film was a considerably cleaned up version of the brutal, gritty, Erskine Caldwell novel, and part of the intent of the remake is to restore the previously banned and expurgated sexual

content. getting into the character she's been walking around speaking with a rustic drawl. she's been in the media with public appearances often in the company of her new 'boyfriend,' a fictional relationship set up by her publicist, but we still live within two blocks of each other and I am still her confidante, although less and less (my choice) her lover, somewhat of a defensive move on my part not wanting to get hurt.

the movie which gets mixed reviews is released, and due to somewhat salacious promotion, to solid box office. it is a more serious and complex propagation of the degenerate hillbilly stereotypes and the implied eugenics involved, than in the first movie, which were central to the novel. viewers tend to either like or not like the film, with nothing much in-between. but there is almost universal acclaim for Lorelei's performance as the lustful, unfortunately hare-lipped, 18 year old who seduces, yes, rapes, her brother-in-law, to distract him so her starving relatives can steal from him, early in the film, in one of the most lurid and raunchiest sex scenes ever done in mainstream cinema, and the buzz for Best Supporting Actress is all over the place. Lorelei has dropped the fake boyfriend façade and let go the publicist, asking me to assume that function, and as the awards season starts to roll around, insists I be her date at the red carpet affairs, but I must wear a tux. I try to explain we both can wear anything we want, and that would be a positive statement, but she's a traditionalist. my feelings of affection for her, if anything, have gotten stronger. given the number of people who now relate, and want to relate, to her, she could have lost interest in me, but loyalty appears to be part of her code, and I

provide a stability where she can have both her sexual, and emotional, cake, and eat it too.

by the time the first red carpet event arrives, I've convinced Lorelei, that wearing one of those cliché shoulder-less prom dresses all the female guests, including the young, self-proclaimed new wave feminist actresses, producers, and directors wear, is neither in her professional, nor personal, interest. I suggest she do a revealing high fashion version of the clothes she wears in the movie, namely a worn violet-grey calico dress, which, minus the cosmetically induced split upper lip, makes for a stunning, sexy, glamorous, appearance, inciting much interest and commentary about her, and gossip as to who her grey haired, bright t shirt, outdoor jacket and chino wearing, mysterious escort is. when we get back to her place, lights off, we undress, put a disc on the turntable, and arms around each other, naked, we dance, kissing passionately, fucking to the music.

after getting Golden Globe and National Society of Film Critics nominations, losing, we assume, narrowly, we are disappointed, and somewhat shocked, but not terribly surprised, when the Academy passes her by, as it would be difficult to visualize them projecting her key scene while presenting the work of the contenders prior to the name of the winner being announced. at any rate it's been a nice run and as a result of not getting an Academy Award nomination, after all the hype, Lorelei's interest in pursuing an acting career seems to have declined. I'm beginning to see there is no particular goal she cares about enough to stick with, and from this film, alone, her earnings, including projected royalties as it goes to TV,

DVD, and Streaming, will have, already, given her some financial stability. it is also time for me to move on. for me there is much to resolve, regarding a more public apprehension and appreciation of my work and the possibility of having to come to terms with the increasing probability that won't happen, and with Lorelei, there are the contradictions between her background and present situation in which all is still quiet on the western front. although the film had made its beachhead at Omaha theaters several months ago, its cultural impact, so far, has been muted, partly due, I think, to the pandemic. I think both of us, while empathetic towards each other, are disinclined to sacrifice or compromise regarding our individual needs, which, for me, is mostly my inner state. but separations are always painful, as on the deepest level we've become a part of one another. Hassidic Jews view each individual in an, of course, heterosexual, marriage, as one half of the same soul.

Serena arrives late, refreshed, after a considerable drop from a scorcher day. there is practically no one inside, having either left or parked in the rustic rundown tree lined lot engaging in various levels of sex. two fellows she knew quite well previously approach and start flirting, the one fellow who appears to be drunk reporting on the activity. "Fran and Liam are both three-quarters naked and screwing with their car dome light on!" the other fellow whom she's had a crush on for years and whose slim but attractive physique has always turned her on, is intently looking her over in a way he has never done before. she doesn't know how much it is the scene or his response to the fragrance of her perfume mingled in the warm eucalyptus scented night air, but having arrived for the sole purpose of being picked up, she is already triggered to the extent what will transpire can go only one way. when she gets the predictable invitation to join them listening to music in one of their cars, she frankly responds, "I can only go with one of you," shooting a sexy smile to her hopeful paramour while affectionately hugging the still tipsy bemused friend. she relaxes now, luxuriating in the sensual ambience as they walk together across the lit up lawn to her prospective lover's classic whatever make and model car conveniently parked next to some trees at the far end of the lot. "now at last you have the opportunity to fuck me," she says. sending a pleasing jolt through him. "only if you want me to." "I think I'd get bored just listening to music." they both laugh. he closes the door and opens the window on the driver's side. they exchange ritual smiles. "is there any reason to wait?" "no," she replies reassuringly. he leans over and kisses her. "I'd rather we not do that." "you don't want to make out?" "not particularly." he slips his

hand under her blouse and unhooks her bra, sliding his palm across her bare breasts and nipples." "keep feeling me up," she says, as he heatedly, popping a button on her half opened blouse raises the hem of her skirt to her belly, and removes her panties. she briefly fondles his hard cock anticipating it moving in her. in his mind the half-naked female leaning against the lowered adjustable backrest has him in a hasty frenzy, savoring the prurient erotic too often just fantasized thought of actually 'getting laid,' the thought an end in itself. she, the inscrutable catch, aroused equally to the opposite complementary beau ideal, her legs raised and parted, leaning sensuously back, as he s-l-o-w-l-y enters her, the idea in his head of having his 'piece of ass,' and they fuck for a very long gratifying time, breathlessly immersed, taking short, contemplative, musical listening breaks, then start up again inducing at its peak acute erotically silencing sensations, degrading, finally, into a complete, pleasant, exhaustion, the aura, first so aroused, titillating, salacious, now deeply introspective and contained, both having gotten 'what they'd wanted'.

Serena drives with windows closed, although the night still balmy, now needing the warmth of the heater set at low, satisfaction still pronounced not yet losing its density. lack of meaning and, or, resolution, will soon settle in. she has no intention of equating erotic satisfaction with romantic love, no affection for her once long desired suitor she did not already feel, nor is curious as to his particular experience which was, she assumes. at least, **very** good. love has more to do with an allaying of suffering and loss than the relieving of pent up desire, but the resultant autonomy is she can no

longer persist in an automatic mode. she must, and will, do something suitably auspicious and meaningful enhanced by her genetic code.

.

“won’t be back till late. there’s fresh pan fried tofu with mushrooms in the freezer.” although he feels her message is rather abrupt he doesn’t text her back.

“it won’t take that long but what if it does,” her collaborator says, opting for frankness, further arousing her and she relinquishes her attempt to juggle the time between enacting their liaison and getting back to her husband. at this point they are both half-dressed, her bra is unhooked, straps dangling below her breasts, the hem of her short skirt raised to her belly. his shirt is off, revealing a fine upper body, shoes and sox off. he removes his trousers and she is more than ready to receive the thrusts of a very stiff cock, having been begging the issue the entire afternoon, jettisoning the work load almost as soon as she arrived, continuing to incite, edaciously petting on and off, getting sexually aroused to the extent that their first orgasms are so compellingly intense what do they do next? fortunately for the sake of their full satisfaction horniness quickly, unremittingly, returns, their subsequent orgasms even better, more deeply engaged.

it is late when they cease fucking. both feeling fulfilled and complete. it would be ideal for her at this time to return home in the containing density of darkness, truly spent, nurturing the euphoric abstract flow, going to sleep hugging her husband and waking refreshed. the caveat is ideals are fine less fact. so she needs to strategize. she desires a short period of grace to consummate her satisfaction before having to, if necessary, pay the consequences. her relationship with her husband is open and frank. but they are not swingers, and the exclusivity of their sex is vulnerable to the psychological and

emotional effects equal to the desires that threaten to exceed it. she is not the first, however, to break the simple rule as her husband and her closest friend had at least one sexual encounter during a time when the friend was staying with them, involving all kinds of confused emotions between the three of them. it was neither, however, as in this instance, either calculated or gratuitous – but that is why she's got so erotically off on it. yet wants to share the temporarily transformed state she's in with her husband.

her husband is up and quietly reading knowing she's had sex with someone because no other design would fit. "was it as satisfying as you look?" "yes it was, still is, and I want to share it with you while it's there. I feel both weighted and like I could fly. everything is beautiful, everything is pleasure like how you look sitting in that chair." "you look like a waif – but the most gorgeous waif alive." "that can be when we a bit overuse our bodies." she focuses on the book. "I was reading a poem." he hands it to her.

The Patterned Lute by Li Shang-yin ca 812-58

Mere chance that the patterned lute has fifty strings

String and fret, one by one, recall the blossoming years

Chuang-tzu dreams at sunrise that a butterfly has lost its way

Wang-ti bequeathed his spring passion to the nightjar

The moon is full on the vast sea, a tear is on the pearl

On blue mountain the sun warms; a smoke issues from the jade

Did it wait, this mood, to appear with hindsight? In a trance from the beginning then as now.

trans. by A.C. Graham Poems Of The Late T'ang Penguin 1965

“what is it about?” “Wang-ti sent Pieh Ling to deal with the floods and `debauched` his wife. he was consequently turned into a nightjar.” “it seems to be about a lot more than that.” “it is.” “it’s interesting a poem that negative can be so beautiful.” “yes, that’s what makes it art. it’s really not negative. it’s more about transformation – dreamlike metaphors, subjective states involving memory and change.” “do you think `debauched` is a fair word?” “it was the word used by the translator. classic morality doesn’t mess around....I will never reject you just for your seeking pleasure,” he says as they look penetratingly into each other’s eyes.

they go to bed. and after an almost content-less sleep she awakens, significantly rested but flat, without appetite but with a thirst and feeling mild malaise. she skips breakfast and drinks a lot of water, abrogating her dehydration, making her feel much better and back on track. her husband has left for his first class at the university where he is a lecturer, and is extremely popular and physically desired both for his style-looks and views.

she allows herself the space to air things out before arranging with her creative partner who’d texted her earlier, to meet and continue to work on their project which has an overdue deadline. he is as anxious as she to get back to work. they have a somewhat ingenious thing going by pairing, mostly lyrics from songs, in such a way as to give each the opposite of their intended meaning. at present they are working with the lyrics to the Dory Previn song With My Daddy In The Attic, the content of which is eerily, and suspiciously, echoed in Dylan Farrow’s molestation accusation of Woody Allen.

during a lull she is home pleasantly alone when her husband calls. he has just left school and wants to bring a female friend, a student, home to meet her. she freshens up anticipating with mixed emotions. she is immediately struck by the poise and aura of the friend who is generous and open in greeting her without pretense, and also (of course) quite good to look at. appealing brown eyes, thin, medium height, long brunette hair, modestly dressed in dark skirt and soft cyan pullover sweater, neither showcasing nor hiding her assets. there is that feeling, a shock, at how young she appears and really is, given the context, which she does not want to wrongly assume is, at least tentatively, a sexual relationship with her husband. the friend, of course, is more than aware of the possibility of that assumption because it has become one of the clichés of behavior associated with interactions between female students and older male faculty. and as her husband hastens to explain, later, “there is no sex between us nor will there be as it would be quite damaging to the meaning and intent of our friendship which, by extension, **could** be yours as well.” “would it be accurate to say you function as a mentor to her?” “I think it would be more accurate to say we function as friends. there is nothing hierarchal about it. the age distance just makes it more sensitive and precious.” she nods, not particularly pleased.

he is not overly pleased with himself, either. like the author of *The Patterned Lute*, he sees himself, despite his image otherwise, as a relatively minor functionary dependent on his security in the system for his take home pay, self-esteem and respect. but where the poet compensated, by writing some of the most brilliant and sensual poetry in Chinese, he fears he is

stagnating.

many of Li Shang-yin's poems are altered observations of his court life, including his infidelities:

(vii) *Where is it, the sad lyre which follow the quick flute?
Down endless lanes where the cherry flowers, on a bank
where the willows droop. The lady of the East house grows
old without a husband, The white sun at high noon, the last
spring month half over. Princess Li-yang is fourteen, In the
cool of the day, after the Rain Feast, with him behind the
fence, lookCome home, toss and turn till the fifth watch.
Two swallows in the rafters hear the long sigh.*

but it is the last line of The Patterned Lute – *Did it wait, this mood, to mature with hindsight? In a trance from the beginning then as now* – with which he most identifies. as it was in an earlier decade, totally stoned, living in a different, more extreme universe separate from the mainstream of society that much of his creative instincts still reside he makes the decision to give up the academic life while seeking to reactivate control of a radical destiny to charter his own. to this his wife and young friend are equally empathetic but for somewhat different reasons. for his wife, in addition to sincerely empathizing with his needs it means not having to honor or contend with what is separate from her concerns, while it frees he and his young friend from the stigma of the male professor-female student insinuation, and, perhaps, not consciously, from the restraint they've assumed as a counteraction to it. his wife, not unaware of this, is actually somewhat liberated by it, and it does prove to be the aphrodisiac between he and the young lady, devolving into unmitigated

lust which prompts them to ravish one another for a period of time before it gently, but permanently, subsides. .

short silk cream slip, fine textured coffee brown hair combed, stroking her cheeks, nude seamless stockings w/lace patterned tops, no garters, bare thighs. **date**. interesting word (aside from slang for paid sex). a formal commitment? if married, can one still, technically, date, she asks, applying a light coat of taupe to her lips. date. makes the inevitable outcome sexier. date. sex will not occur and consummate until very late is the forgone conclusion or expectation. after texting her husband she and her date have dinner then hang-out at various chic clothing, book stores, and galleries, savoring the ambience until the night life thins before going to his apartment. now it is up to them. they can maintain a creative tension right up to, or space out. they can drink or smoke pot but it is all procedure structuring their desire. there is nothing they are going to do she doesn't do with her husband but it is going to be infinitely more pleasurable than it's been with him in a long while. she is the image ...his hunger for her which has been building all night. when it comes together under bright light, their awareness now only of two physical bodies between them, she removes all her clothes but her slip and sheer stockings. he his shirt, shoes and socks. they are now 2 primal images, hers, the catalyst, viewed sideways sitting on the bed, straps of her slip half off her shoulder, hem across her bare upper thighs, lace top of her nude hose wrapped inches below. it is with this image burned in his head that he approaches inhaling her perfume.. date night, all its structure will now dissipate into swirls of lust and satisfaction after which she will take her cell and call her husband.

“he said he’d be a little late, about 9.00” “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 combed out 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, more playful and relaxed. and so there is more to being out with him instead of anxiously waiting through this night for tomorrow than just that.. 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, reminding them not to lodge themselves indoors, ironic, as the `trip’ will be mostly outdoors. and although he’s being cool and it’s quite obvious his intent, it’s quietly apparent she’s in the mood to, at least, play with it. 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. he discreetly suggests they go "someplace," his voice a husky, and slightly shaking whisper, 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, once she got into it, 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 drops 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 and do it with **him** instead. "a motel," she says, is too impersonal," looking at him with a blank expression so glamorous, so irresistibly impossible to reject, he gently responds, "then we can go to my place." and the rush she feels is complete enough she knows she has turned the page.

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

rejuvenated as he deftly unhooks her bra straps, ending her hiatus, 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 and pointless and she decides 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..

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 confronts 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 wordlessly 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 developed 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 Atwater Village Theater 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 more copies of his graffiti files which they are working on to show. 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." 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 today, 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 overdue, incredibly **relieving**, first fuck, then continue through the night, both dotting on every detail.

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. 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, sparing no sexual detail, confiding she had a particularly strong orgasm as her mind tripped while he forced her horizontally across the bed, pinioning her arms, head and splayed hair tipped over the edge, not detracting from their own highly charged, sexual diversions, but impacting Jerry to the extent he'd hold 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 completeness. "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 as close to as we are 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 it's been 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. 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 adventuresome and extreme with sex than I am, as you are in almost everything else, an aspect I actually sometimes depend on." "it was the 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 he dared and I had to quickly decide – and I wanted to do it more than not...and while I can't say you had nothing to do with it you and I were each living our separate days." "but part of your intent was to deny me what you were going to do with him. it is, in fact, what turned you on" "yes, that's true." he runs his thumb and forefinger along the length of her nose, feeling its shape and texture, squeezing lightly. "in that one way you described you went further with him than you've done with me," he says, as tightly nuzzling, they gaze into each other's eyes. "yes," she replies, her amused look penetrating his. "it was the alpha male opposite of what we do. "their lips are so close together they can taste each other's breath. but they don't kiss.

“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 our mutual pleasure. of course, it may be different with you.” “no,” he answers, re the probably fractured friendship, “it didn’t surprise me he would try to make it with you if he could.” “did it surprise you I accepted?” “a bit,” he replies, a not entirely assimilable titillation going through him. Jerry couldn’t be more in love with Beth than he is with her at this moment. in addition to her attractiveness, in love with her logic, her calculations always fresh. there is a yearning and hurt, in which he supposes a blow to their commitment, but adores her for the love he feels of the aura she projects as a result, which he will not redress.

he says wearing my short cotton dress and bobby sox like a little girl makes him want to screw me in the worst way.” “with your body I can understand that. do you want him to?” “yes, it gets me very hot.” “no matter what effect it has on our relationship?” “No, our relationship matters more.” “you know all eroticism is just one form of fetish or another. once it’s satisfied that’s usually the end of it.” “more or less, yes, but that doesn’t negate its function.” “then you plan to do it?” “yes, as it stands now.” “have you already made plans?” “he said he’d like to stop by later after his game. I said he could and he could stay for dinner. he asked me to wear what I’m wearing now!” “aside from all that are you attracted to him?” “I don’t think from `all that’ I can make a separation.” “what if our situation was reversed?” “I think I would allow it,” she says, looking deeply into his eyes.

he lifts her in his arms almost as soon as she opens the door and carries her to the bedroom. they first screw without removing their clothes, both sharply coming, then undress and fuck more luxuriantly until well after dark. it was even better than advertised and they are both mellow and gratified. they make dinner together sharing in mixing the ingredients to a spaghetti recipe she’s created, and after dinner wind down spinning a few of her 70s Joni Mitchell records on the turntable before kissing goodnight, and he leaves relatively early to get a good sleep before next day’s practice. she’s, while comfortably relaxed, more reflective than sleepy, but has one of her best nights when she finally goes to bed late, waking up refreshed and showering before breakfast, then calls her boyfriend and drops by to see him.

“are you satisfied,?” is the first thing he asks. “yes,” she replies, appearing to him exceedingly beautiful. “love and sex are not the same, and I don’t want to lose you.” maybe it’s because she’d leveled with him in advance, but he’s not upset. “you haven’t.”

up this morning. aura and image in my head of a young woman seated in the bleachers on a high school athletic field in the South L.A. area I've frequented a number of times photographing graffiti, and where I've planned to go today. she is part of the group – students, teachers, and administrators (discussing safety issues following an off campus shooting several days prior), but appears to be more in her own universe, kind of a dreamy state, than the other predominately Latinx attendees she interacts comfortably enough with, mostly listening. she has light brown, almost blonde, hair loosely tied back in a knot, with a comely face and no make-up, she's wearing a white button-down blouse, full yellow-ochre skirt, her bare legs modestly crossed at the knees, and thick black ankle boots with raised heels, her only nod to sexually fused trendiness. the detachment or selfcontainment is not a pose, however, but appears to be she's not quite there in the external sense, but more in another, more inner, separate place from where she is still able to project, and my having arisen in a masturbatory state with this image of a white overcast day, blanketing and enhancing the detached, dream-like, but totally erotic, aura, is something I am trying to retain; the essence of the vision, which is my creation, so encompassing, giving me what has been lacking, a feeling of completeness, and extremely wanting her in real time, as I make my breakfast, hoping to integrate it creatively into my day. driving east on the 10 freeway the state is still there, but weaker, and by the time I exit at Grand and turn south, then proceed further east, past the school where I initially had envisioned her, it has dissipated entirely.

in the twenty-five years I've been shooting graffiti all over

Los Angeles, graf in the areas east of downtown, both west of the LA River from north of the 10 to about Adams, and east of it to Boyle Heights, has increased to the extent it covers the walls of deteriorated warehouses and abandoned railroad yards almost from block to block, color in reaction to drabness, its ubiquity, now, not likely to generate much more than a shrug. but in its present form dating back to the 'bombing' of subway trains and gutted apartment buildings in 70s and 80s NYC, it is still a unique phenomenon. and has evolved. spaces forming the newer large block letters on the upper part of the warehouse walls read like windows. it is a new, colorful, garishly ambitious architecture totally appropriate for the surroundings, turning buildings into huge sculptures, that could never have been invented by architects



I think (perhaps unconsciously) the large block graffiti which occupies the top half of the wall is an attempt (successful) to offset the homeless camps which obscure the lower, smaller

graffiti

I shoot whatever turns me on I see. but a lot of it is graffiti.
'do you fear danger?', I've been asked. mostly, no. they are not gang bangers. I had one bad experience when I thought I'd lost my car keys in a blighted neighborhood east of skid row with transients living in junked campers and improvised plywood shanties, police cruising homeless, tent inhabiting prostitutes who were walking the streets, far from public



transportation, no cash, without my phone, my car parked on a shipping dock subject to tow, and no additional coded ignition key at home, realizing I was totally helpless, but while searching the street the keys turned up in my back pocket. another instance – I'd taken a couple of shots of a wall in an adjacent area. I waited until a homeless women walked past

so not to include her in it. as I approached my parked car I was then accosted by she and a homeless male. I got in mycar. she got in front of it and he stood by the driver side window. they were complaining but as I'm hearing impaired I didn't know what other than it related to my photographing there. I tried to drive away but she got on the hood and wouldn't budge. I picked up my phone trying to make it seem I was calling for help. I opened the driver side window. I told him this is a public street and I have a right to photograph graffiti. he said photographing homeless people is a violation of their civil rights. after typing me a message on his phone, they both had phones, he finally walked away.. I started up the car and carefully tried to move forward but she wouldn't get off. then I put it in reverse but she hung on. no way was I going to risk injuring her and she knew it. finally she typed on her phone that her issue was I photographed her. I exclaimed loudly that I waited for her to pass before taking the shot. knowing what I said was true she replied "Oh, in that case" and stepped aside. I said, "take care," and drove away. I never felt physically threatened, but even though I got some of my best shots afterward, my neck was tied in knots as a result of their messing with me. fortunately when I got home I was able to pretty much work it off, partly by watching porn before I went to bed at three. graf walls downtown and the homeless encampments now are pretty much inseparable.

before leaving the area after a, for some reason, stressful day, I drive by the school. it is closed, of course, as it is Sunday. as I turn the corner of the street the athletic field is adjacent to, I spy the figure of a woman sitting by herself on a lower bleacher seat and on closer look, at least from a

distance, am stunned by what appears to be the exact image of the young woman I'd half dreamt, half fantasized, before I got up in the morning. I keep going not knowing what else to do. by this time I am exhausted from several hours of driving around, searching and photographing, parking, getting in and out of the car, and ready to head back, but know I'd regret it if I don't make some attempt to approach her. I hang a U, but when I once again pass the field several minutes later she is gone. I am intrigued, but a bit disheartened, after returning to Santa Monica. I think I took some good photos but wish for a more fully immersed realization of my vision. had I seen her on a subliminal level previously? and if she does exist in real time, I am desperate to know how I can meet her. what has occurred seems compatible with a search to find a physically real but alternative universe to inhabit. frequently in the hour or so before dinner I look at walk videos of shimokitazawa, Kabukicho, Harajuku, Shibuya. the images are mostly mainstream but there is a projection in viewing a scene in which the other is so similar, so identifiable as to provide an alternative universe. I am not seeking an alternative reality, however, rather I am seeking the satisfaction I feel must be in the present one.

I'm convinced I will see her again. I'm not sure whether she, or who I thought was she, was really there or not, or, if in my fatigue, I hallucinated it, but she was there when I got up and there is no other way to go but to get deeper into it.

I need to be silent. silence of being stoned. I think too much which is just a form of talking. as is writing. but writing is more selective and so is closer.

watching a night walk video in Kabukicho on you tube which is poorly lit because the lens aperture is (untypically) closed down, slowly panning to get the full color of the pulsating neons and signage on the buildings, as the disparate, shadowy, underexposed, but still discernable, crowds mill and walk by, seedy and well dressed, moving purposefully, or standing around, hanging, hustling. females with warm, waist length black coats, short skirts, bare legs and thick black platform shoes (de rigueur replacement of stilettos), implying preadolescent sex. hallucinatory, noirish, side streets with overloaded patches of orange, reds, and greens, cool blues, and suggestive darkness. ominously teasing a desperate search for the soul's inner gratification. for a nickel, a dime. a darkened room. kisses. a grimace. spurts of semen. a knife's edge drawing blood. unanticipated tenderness. how often have I linked my desire to one version, or another, of that?

but this is not my white vision...of her, though they are more similar than one may think. should I call her Hermine after the bar girl muse in Hesse's Steppenwolf? "morality of the artist is replaced by aesthetics," Hesse said. I feel she is here, but in a space only sporadically accessible. higher up, erotic, but dispassionate and remote. possibly dimensionless. to fuck her there would be eternal.....but here she raises her billowy skirt, wafting a freshly laundered scent, framing her bare legs, a vintage slip beneath hugging her upper body. she removes her plain white nylon underwear and unbuttons her blouse, letting down the straps of her slip, freeing her breasts, beckoning me towards her, pulling my hair, pushing my face to her nipples and I suck. I lay beside her hard-on throbbing. she inundates me with languorous kisses, cutting

off my air, plenitude of dark sweet scented hair obscuring my vision, unzipping and pulling down my jeans, lowering her mouth lasciviously onto my swelled phallus. she plays with me, gently, firmly, far off, then settling on top of me we densely fuck. "come on me," she whispers. I'm about to come when the doorbell rings. it is early evening, the blinds are drawn and I do not answer, but I peek and stop when I see what appears to be the same woman who was sitting alone on the bleachers, the same I was just fantasizing having sex with. momentarily frozen I watch her start to descend the stairs, then, in a rush, open the door and call after her. she turns her head backwards, and smiling, holding a clipboard under her arm, re-climbs the steps.. I am, oddly, relieved rather than disappointed, though there is some similarity, it is not her. had I let her go without answering, there is no question I would not have been able to live with myself. she is quite attractive, however, with pretty green eyes and fine amber neck length hair. she is wearing a black mask. my standard reply to solicitors is that I have no money and so can't contribute, but before I can do this she says she's circulating a petition for Heal The Bay (which I readily sign), and is not asking for money. there is a flirtatious overtone between us as we talk about climate and I discreetly look her over, but dominated by the professionalism volunteer solicitors for 'good causes' objectively manifest. after shutting the door I am left, even more, with my horniness, and go back to watching videos on you tube, resisting the temptation to look at porn.

the film noir vision is easy. Wong Kar-Wai light or whatever one wants to make of it. the white dream is not going any-

where as long as I hold on to it. when I awoke I was in its aura and it was liberating. the irony is it happened because I had nothing and that made it everything. if I give it up perhaps it will return. if it does I will leave it alone.

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 signaling 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 embrace and fuck, her sweet scented skin against mine feeling incredibly good, the tension between us being my wanting as much intimacy as possible, while she, though accommodating, withholding it, teasing, being as detached, professional, as she can, but when we finally come it is with mutual considerably erotic orgasms. there is some time left and I do not want to give her and this extremely pleasurable ambience up 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 came 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.

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.

