



Kindlerotica
Free Erotica for Your eReader

Vol. 1

Kindlerotica – Free Erotic Stories for Your Electronic Reader

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FLYING THROUGH CHINA

The tea-light candles are tiny and white and encased in gold. “Light six of them at a time,” Jack said when he gave them to me. “Six is the sacred number of Aphrodite, the goddess of love.” I laugh when he says things like that, but I listen. “Bathe in salted water scented with roses, my love,” he said, “like a gentle ocean bath, and imagine that the water is the sacred fluid that will endow you with all the powers of love.” He gave me tiny packets of bath oil filled with rose petals, but somehow he forgot the salt. Morton provides that from the cupboard—iodized, of course.

The candlelight flickers on the ceiling as I drop my robe and lower myself into the steaming water, pretending that he is here watching me while I practice. After our first night together I told him I would try everything for him. That was the night when he touched a part of me that I had thought was lost. He took me to his loft and removed the clips from my long hair and began to dance with me. He lit candles all around the room and danced me to the end of the night. I wanted to be a dancer when I was a little girl, but somehow never followed through on that dream.

Jack brought out secrets in me, he whispered to me of the magic of tantric sex, and then he had me blow out all the candles but one and made love to me slowly while I wrapped my legs around him and sat on his lap on the hardwood floor.

“I will try everything for you,” I whispered when we woke up the next morning—surprising myself with the words, with the wetness between my legs just from looking at him, and with my desire to climb up on top of him while he was still asleep. “Wanton” is not a word anyone ever used to describe me. “Yes, you will, China,” was all that he said then. I just had no idea where he’d make me start.

There are so very many things I’ve never tried in my life: I’ve never worn a corset, I’ve never eaten a truffle and I’ve never touched another woman sexually. I had no idea that I wanted any of these things until I moved to the town of Boulder and met Jack and then made friends with Annie Braverman and her partner Sam. Annie has a closet that makes me blush.

I slide my hands under the water and feel the curve of my hips and the hardness of my thighs. I look at my body through Jack’s eyes, watching my nipples grow hard and rise above the water. I’ve had these large nipples ever since I was a teenager, and I used to be so embarrassed by how they’d poke out against everything and grow hard from the touch of the material.

“You will learn to go topless around the house, China,” Jack said, “especially when we’re

cooking. There is nothing better.” I could think of a couple of better things, like aprons, but cooking is the height of sensuality to me and I’m good at it. I used to read books by M.F.K. Fisher when I was a teenager, and she wrote all those sensual things about food and hunger and for all I know maybe she did because she went topless, I don’t know. *Yes*, I said to Jack, and *yes*, and *yes*. I feel like Molly Bloom when I’m around him. *Yes. Yes.* I seem to be saying this to him all the time. But I want what he has. *Yes.*

My pussy hair is full and pale red, just like my very long hair that I always keep in a braid or tied up so that nobody notices it. Jack is always taking it down. He loves that I’ve hung onto that part of me from my strange childhood, and he loves that I’ve kept my name. My full name is China Sunflower Thomas. One read of this name and people can almost guess what year I was born. My parents lived on a commune and were never married—at least not to each other. A hundred times I’ve considered changing my name, but have never gotten around to it. My childhood only made me turn out conservative—I’m an accountant and live in a proper condo in the foothills of Boulder. I hide my long, wavy hair in a bun for work. I pay my bills on time; I read serious fiction; I go to church.

“But you’re only twenty-six years old,” Jack laughed when I told him these things. “You’ve forgotten to live.” I looked at him sitting in my office as I sorted out his messy financial affairs when he had the nerve to say that to me. I wanted to smack him, but, looking at him, I flashed on my childhood at the Grand Lake Cooperative and suddenly I couldn’t say a word. Long hair, knowing eyes and a great beard. A free spirit. He was definitely not my type. The only problem was that as he sat across from me at my desk and humbled himself to my calculator, I found myself crossing my legs to try to ignore the fact that just by looking at me he was making me wet.

In the candlelight of my bathroom none of it seems to matter. The only thing that’s important is that I learn to bring myself to orgasm with my own hands, no vibrator, no man; that I keep stroking my clit in this way that feels so right, that I close my eyes and learn how to lose myself enough so that I can do this in front of Jack some day.

“Sex is all about the transference of power,” he told me, and somehow I knew he was not talking about my Hitachi Magic Wand and the electrical outlet in my bathroom.

“When you master this first challenge, China, we can start down the path to the secrets of high sex.” I want the secrets and I want the touch that I have right this second that makes me know I am indeed related to the goddess of love in some very distant way, and I want to smell like roses and see the flicker of tea-lights in my dreams every single night.

And of course I want to do all this before Jack comes over at eight, and Annie and Sam arrive for dinner.

I do not cook topless. Nor do I wear a corset that pushes my breasts up to the sky. I do skip my bra and wear a soft cashmere sweater that matches my hair, and I know that my nipples will stand out for Jack sometime during the evening and this will make him happy.

“Take your hair down,” Jack murmurs with the first kiss of my neck. When I hesitate, he takes the clip out of my hair, and I find I am enjoying this game of deciding how we will arrange my hair every time we greet. When he comes over he brings me roses, pale orange roses that he says look like me, sometimes a single rose, sometimes two dozen; he brings music; he brings wine; but mostly he brings so very many kisses. I started having sex on the commune when I was thirteen, but somehow the art of kissing and flirting and teasing got lost in the mix of free love and the constant nudity that embarrassed me every single day and the birth control my mother handed to me at fourteen.

Jack kisses me, he just kisses me, and I want to take more than my hair down and climb up and into this man and stay warm forever. Maybe it’s the way his beard feels against my cheek, maybe it’s the way his tongue is exploring every inch of my mouth, maybe it’s the feel of his hard cock up against my jeans or maybe I’m just turning into a slut.

“Let’s cook,” he says with a smile, pulling away from me. “The wait is always worth it.”

Easy for him to say. For all I know, he can probably just light one single tea-light candle, turn on the hot water for his bath, touch himself and come before he even gets to the cold water. I think I’ll ask him about this someday, if I can ever find the words. Words about sex rarely cross my tongue. When he talked about masturbating, I told him, “I can’t even say that word, I hate it,” and I even hated having to admit this to him. “That’s cool, China,” he said. “We’ll just call it something else. Let’s call it ‘flying,’ because sometimes it almost is.”

When Annie Braverman enters a room the light shifts. She’s ten years older than I am, but she has an air of eroticism around her that makes me envious. She wears long flowing skirts and leotards and beaded earrings that dangle down below her chin, but she’s not exactly pretty in any conventional way. She has a basic natural Colorado kind of look, with long dark brown hair, or actually “espresso” colored hair as she told me once, direct from the bottle. She says she used to be a blonde and hints at having quite a past, but I can’t imagine Annie anywhere but right here and now, bringing energy to this room. Her lover Sam lives in San Francisco and is tall and dark and Jewish and seems smarter than anyone else I know, but he is still a bit of a mystery to me. I do so like to watch when he looks at Annie like she’s his own personal angel just come down from heaven.

“I brought you strawberries, China,” Annie says, “dipped in white chocolate.” Even her food offerings seem sexual.

Jack and I finish cooking and leave Annie and Sam in charge of the music and the wine. I only blush a little when Jack can't find the salt and I have to sneak into the bathroom for it. Annie talks at dinner about her two adopted kids. "Raising these kids to be capable of joy and laughter and intimacy, that's my thing," she says. "My other passions right now are . . . let's see: Red Rocks at sunrise, struggling to learn aikido, helping people through my work, feta cheese omelets, hot-air balloons, and poetry."

Sam puts his arm around her and raises his eyebrows.

"Of course, Sam, too — goes without saying," she says. "It's Sam's eyes that I love the most." She reaches to kiss him and there's a level of intensity in the way their eyes lock and know and smile and I can barely stand it.

When they finally break apart, Annie turns to Jack.

"You know, I think everyone should know their passions and keep them in focus. How about you Jack, what are your passions?"

"Passions? I guess I'd say making my pictures, making love, making connections. And then — snowboarding at Winter Park, good jazz, China. And baseball."

At least I come before baseball. Man I hope she doesn't ask me this question. What could I say — making money? Getting to work on time? Filing 1040s? Alphabetizing my bookshelves?

"How about you, China? I love knowing this about my friends."

Only Annie can ask these kinds of questions without having people laugh and make jokes about it.

"Well . . . um . . . cooking . . . and, Jack." It sounds so lame.

"China's been taking flying lessons," Jack says with a smile to help me out, and I think I might kill him.

"Yeah, right — not really," I laugh and reach to kiss him instead of kill him, trying to act like Annie. "And you, Sam, what are your passions?" A master of diversion, that's me.

He's ready. I think a person would have to be ready to be with Annie. "Music. Words. Annie and her kids. Writing. San Francisco. Sushi. Leather. Four-poster beds. Brunettes. The Victoria's Secret store on Broadway. Foreign films, Rome, skiing the back bowls at Copper Mountain. Baseball . . ."

Sam is only stopped by Jack's discovery that they both love the Cubs. I have a feeling he could have gone on all night and I'm impressed.

“Yeah,” I offer. “I had to entice Jack away from watching that big Cubs game tonight for this dinner.”

The guys look at each other, check the clock, then eye the TV off in the corner.

Annie laughs. “Go ahead and watch the rest of it, you guys. China and I will just lock ourselves away and do girl things, like maybe try on shoes.”

I sure hope she’s joking, because even my shoes are boring. We pour more wine and wander off to my bedroom while the men grab the remote and hit the couch.

“So, China, what’s with the flying lessons?” Annie asks as we settle in to talk. She doesn’t miss much.

I break down and tell her everything. How hard all of it is for me, all the things that Jack gives me, how uptight I feel. She just smiles.

“All that sensual stuff is good for you, I think, but what do guys know? I’m an expert at flying every which way. Remember, Sam lives a thousand miles away. All you need is a woman tutor. Those who can, teach. A tutor, darlin’, and then you need a good hard fantasy.”

Oh man, it was hard enough coming up with passions, and now I have to dig up a fantasy?

“I don’t really have any fantasies, Annie, except for Jack. But thinking about him during this just makes me nervous.”

“No problem, China. I’ll loan you one of my fantasies to try on. Kind of like sharing clothes, except after you try it on to see if it fits, you can keep it if you like. I’m fond of fantasies with faceless men, you know, the kind of guy you never cook with, or fight with. The kind of guy who doesn’t know that the TV even *exists* while you’re in the room with him.”

Annie locks the door, lights the candles, turns off the lamp and lies down on the bed beside me. “Close your eyes, China.”

“But the guys are out there. This takes me forever, Annie.”

“It won’t. Trust me. You have to find the wildness deep inside of you. I’ll even join in.”

I peek, and Annie is lifting her skirt next to me and it’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen a woman do. She wears nothing underneath and she has no hair at all on her pussy and it’s beautiful.

“You can watch me, China, or we can put a scarf around your eyes to help you lose yourself and take off.”

I want to watch. I suddenly can understand why Jack wants this. I take my jeans and panties off as she instructs and I lie back and spread my legs. She props me up with the pillows so I can see, but I notice that she has closed her eyes and is touching herself.

“There’s a man,” Annie says, “who has come to me after midnight almost every night of my life. He is tall and has long, very black hair. I don’t know him, but I know he wants something from me and that he has to have it. He scares me sometimes. Touch yourself in any way that feels right, China, and I will tell you what he wants from you tonight.”

Annie is not exactly touching me, but she is only inches away and I swear I can feel her skin.

We lie at right angles so we can see each other. Her voice is like velvet when she says, “Don’t say a word, China, just touch yourself and listen to my story.”

You are lying on the beach in St. Croix and it is very hot. You’re wearing a white bikini and you have a tan along with your freckles. Everybody gets a great tan in my fantasies. You are stretched out on your blue beach towel that says ‘San Francisco Ballet’ across it in big letters. I am there with you, but I have left to wander down the beach to find us something to drink. You lie on your back with your hat over your face, but you can still tell that suddenly your sun is gone. When you take off the hat and look up he is there, standing over you, and he is tall with pitch black hair and soft brown eyes. You know him. It’s the same man you chatted with on the airplane, and who you have seen everywhere you go around town. He looks at you expectantly, and you can’t help but notice that he is fully dressed here on the beach.

“I’ve been watching you, China,” he says, and you think about moving and getting up but you don’t. Instead you look around and can’t figure out why there is suddenly no sun, no people, no noise, nothing except for this man staring at you.

“May I join you?” he asks sitting down right next to you, so close that he is just barely touching your skin, and you are hot all over again.

“Yes,” you whisper, because what else can you say.

It begins to rain, a gentle but steady rain here on the island. All you can see is the rain and the man and he moves until he’s blocking the rain from your face and he is inches away and he kisses you.

You think maybe you should get up and take this man to your room or maybe you shouldn’t, but then he says “Don’t move, China. I want you right here.”

The rain is not cold, but his hands on your legs feel like the sun and you move into his heat.

He asks you why you are wearing such bright red lipstick here on the beach and you say you don't know, but then you remember your friend Annie made you put it on, and you remember that it is called 'Scarlet Begonias' and it is the same color that she put on your fingernails and your toes. You tell him this. He runs his finger across your lips. He begins to draw down your chest with his finger and stops just above your breasts.

"Take your top off," he says, and you slip it off and arch your back for him like it is the most natural act in the world and you have known him forever. You're sure that this is what you were born for, to lie here on the white sand with rain falling all around you and a man with black hair and strong hands lying on top of you and protecting you from it all.

"Spread your legs," he says, and you move underneath him and say "yes" and you try and think of his name but it doesn't seem to matter now. "Do you want me to fuck you, China?" he asks quietly, so quietly that you think his voice is coming from somewhere out there in the rain. His hands run down from the curve of your breast over your belly and he is taking off the bottom of your bikini. He kisses you where the softness of your red pussy hair meets your wetness, just one single kiss. He lies back on top of you and you can feel his hard cock pressing into you.

You forget that you are here in the rain and that you barely know this man and that there must be other people out there somewhere and that if the rain stops they will all see you. It somehow doesn't matter because all there is in the world is the sensation of every inch of your skin pressing into his and it seems that this man belongs inside of you but somehow you have to find the words to say yes.

"Yes," you hear from somewhere in the rain, and it sounds like your voice but it is not, it's your friend Annie's voice and she is there next to you with her hands on your ankles and she is saying "yes," not to him but to you, "yes China," she says, "yes," like she is reminding you that you like to wear lipstick, and "yes," like she is reminding you that you need to let go, and "yes," like she is the only one who can tell you that you need to say yes to this man and this feeling and this place and that it is all okay and that of course this is what you want and what you need.

"Do you want me to fuck you, China?" the man asks one more time, and it is barely a question. He holds your wrists together over your head and as soon as you say "yes, fuck me" you can feel Annie's hands on your ankles and she is spreading your legs wider for him and watching. He begins to enter you, so

slowly that you think you will die from the pleasure and your lack of control and then he is driving into you hard and fast and you hear Annie saying “yes” over and over and you are with her and with him and you hope everyone in the world is watching and feeling exactly what you feel.

I hear Annie moaning and coming to her own story and I am coming with her and I think maybe she really did have her hands on my ankles, but I’m not even sure where I am. It is all so amazing and I am laughing and hugging her. Real hugs, the one Jack calls the melting hug, where your whole body embraces the other person.

Annie laughs with me. “Hey, it works for me every time. Get dressed, darlin’. I think we’re way past the 7th inning stretch out there.”

As soon as Annie and Sam have gone for the night, I hurry to find Jack, who is in the kitchen cleaning up. I can’t stand it. I turn off the water, wrap my arms around him and whisper to him.

“I need you to fuck me.”

His eyes widen, but I give him credit for not laughing.

“Did I hear you right, China? Say it again.”

“I need you to fuck me, Jack.” I’ve never said that to a man before in my life. I pull my sweater off over my head and kneel in front of him and undo the belt on his jeans.

“Louder, China.” I can hear the smile in his voice and I take his hard cock in my mouth and wrap the words right around it. “Fuck me, Jack. Fuck my mouth. Fuck me everywhere.” I want to take him so far inside of me that I don’t know who I am anymore. I’m dripping inside of my jeans and I need him there too. I feel positively . . . well, *wanton*. “God, fuck me, Jack, please fuck me, here, in the kitchen.”

He is on me in a flash, and lifts me up and turns me around and takes off my jeans and lays me across the counter. “I guess this is not the night for learning the gentle *Streaming Process*, is it, baby.” His hands are hard and good on my ass and my thighs and he is spreading my legs back around his waist and wrapping me tight and all that floods my brain is *fuck me, fuck me, Jack*. My face is hard on the cold counter and he is standing behind me and when his cock slides all the way into my pussy hard and fast I begin to come, and he drives me harder and harder pulling me back against him and I know, I know, I know all the secrets of the fucking universe and he never stops until he comes so far up inside of me and reaches me in places I didn’t even know were

there.

When I wake up at three a.m. and reach for Jack across the bed, I know what I want. If a woman wants to come for a third, or is it fourth, time in the same night, what on earth does this make her—a nympho? Just wanton? Or maybe even—interesting?

Jack struggles awake as I kiss him, long and slow with my tongue deep in his mouth, the kind of kiss I forgot existed for me, and there are dark men and strange women with beaded earrings dancing in my head, but mostly there is Jack weaving through it all, waiting, smiling, surprised.

“Jack, darling . . .”

“What?” he whispers from his half-awake state. I light the two candles on the nightstand and climb back into bed and pose for him.

“Watch me now.”

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(continued)

The Chocolate Dream

I walked by *The Chocolate Dream* every day for months on my way to work and resisted entering. Oh, I stopped and looked, like everyone did. In my case it was more at the girl behind the counter than the window display. But I am a man who has mistaken lust for love one too many times in life, and thought I had learned my lesson well.

In the window: tiny chocolates in the shape of skiers, chocolate-covered cherries decorated like nipples, a layered chocolate cake smothered with strawberries, a curvy cake resembling a stripper, and a rather large chocolate dildo decorated suggestively with dripping white icing. Behind the counter: long thick black curly hair, overripe breasts, a short skirt, and those over-the-knee stockings that can drive a man to school-girl fantasies. Also behind the counter, a bearded, older man who appeared to be either the owner of the bakery or the woman's father.

It was such a simple and safe routine—leave for work, read the paper on the train, walk down 15th Street and stop and stare at her thighs while pretending to lust for chocolate. Proceed safely on through the day with fantasies sweeter than sugar.

So you can imagine my surprise the day the chocolate dildo disappeared.

I thought perhaps I had only dreamed it all. The entire erotic display was gone. Proper little candy boxes lay open on the red doilies. A three-foot tall wedding cake towered over them.

What could I possibly do? A man has to know why things happen. I opened the door and went in.

The stockings came toward me. "Hi, I'm Allegra, can I help you?"

Allegra? How well it fit her. Her voice was as soft as wind chimes on a slow summer day. Her tiny black and white plaid skirt swayed in front of me like a breeze. A girl who can make you think those kinds of thoughts is not to be taken lightly. I looked closer, and I could see that she was not a young girl at all, but a regular adult, like I was supposed to be.

"May I help you?" She looked a bit wary at my silence, probably from having seen her share of perverts admiring the window display.

Yes, I thought. You can tell me exactly how many inches of thigh are bare between your stocking tops and your hem. Or you could just let me measure with my hands.

Instead I muttered dumbly, "Hello. I see your dildo has disappeared."

She laughed. "Yes." She looked me up and down, and I could feel her taking in my three-piece suit and my monogrammed briefcase.

"You're a lawyer?" she asked.

Man, I hate that it shows. The worst part is that it shows even when I'm in jeans. It's been killing me for fifteen years now. I once dreamed of being a great writer, saving the world with my journalistic exposés on the way to glory. I think I was afraid, and law school seemed a safer bet. I made up the excuse for myself that a legal education would help with my dreams. But it's difficult to save the world when you ride the train and kiss ass to rich people all day long.

"Yeah, I'm a lawyer." I wanted to take this Allegra in my arms and run off to a new life. Either that or just bend her over the bakery counter and pull down her panties and kiss her from her stocking tops up to her ass.

"I have problems," she said with a frown. It was really more of a perfect pout.

Problems were my life. Just once I wished a client could prance into my office and tell me they needed me even though they had no problems. But problems involving pretty girls and missing chocolate dildos at least seemed interesting.

I checked my watch and made the decision that would affect the rest of my life. "Tell me what happened. A burglary?"

"Come on in the back," she replied. I followed the swaying skirt through the rear door.

"I'm Bret, by the way. Bret Dublin." She shook my hand and I never wanted to let go. "Where's your boss today?"

She lifted her cute ass up onto a desk and laughed at me. "My *boss*? You've watched me every day through that window and you thought he was my *boss*?"

Stupid didn't quite describe my feeling. "He's not?"

"You gotta' watch those stereotypes, Mr. Dublin. I own *The Chocolate Dream*. Zach is an artist that does work for me. He was one of my teachers in art school."

She flipped on the radio to a beautiful rendition of Sarah Vaughan moaning about *'ain't misbehavin, savin' all my love for you*. So I asked Allegra to dance. I don't know what I was doing dancing this young woman around the back room of a bakery when I should have been at my desk meeting old Mrs. Carey to discuss how to safeguard the millions from her estate, but there I was. And she was with me all the way. Fred and Ginger. Or maybe I just dreamed it. "Tell me about what you do, Allegra." I know I was at least much closer to her, like up on her desk with my thigh pressing against her bare one while I surveyed her high-tech back office. A couple of computers in one corner and a constantly buzzing fax in the other implied a little more business going on than just wedding cakes.

"Ah, Bret, I make dreams come true. Of the chocolate variety. Most of my business is mail order -- custom chocolates for any occasion."

Have I mentioned I love chocolate? Allegra was talking about chocolate dreams like they mattered, and I vaguely remembered having my own dreams once.

"Marry me, Allegra."

"What?"

"Marry me and give me back my dreams. I'll solve all your problems."

Some girls would have walked away. Allegra hugged me. And then she told me I was crazy. "Come see the kitchen, Bret baby."

I knew I could fall deeply in lust, or even love, with a woman who would call me "baby" ten minutes after she'd met me. I put my arm around her waist and she didn't take it away. Visions of bare thighs coated in melted chocolate filled my mind as I followed her to the kitchen.

Candy molds were everywhere. Sports shapes, holiday symbols, and every erotic image possible. Dildos, cocks, nipples, pussies, couples intertwined, little handcuffs, and slinky gartered legs.

"We make everything here. I've never turned down an order. I just call Zach and he fires up a

mold in his studio. People love the sexy chocolates the best.”

"So, what happened?"

"It's a long story. It started when I got a letter from that 'Moral Superiority' group. You know, the ones with their noses in everyone else's business? Come home with me tonight and I'll tell you the rest."

Waves of lust overtook me as I sat in Allegra's kitchen and watched her at the stove. I wrapped my arms around her waist and pressed up against her while she talked and cooked.

"So," she said, pressing back against me and letting me pour wine from my glass into her beautiful mouth. "The letter comes in one day. It says that city laws prohibit pornography businesses within 700 yards of houses, schools, or churches. We're downtown, right? And there are no churches within three blocks. But it turns out that almost empty building on the corner with a couple of little shops upstairs used to have a small private school on the ground floor, and is still licensed for it. Now, I don't think I traffic in pornography, I traffic in food and dreams. But it scared me enough to take down the display and start worrying about the back room chocolate-toy business. They just want to shut me down."

"Hmmm, " I answered with my lips heading down to her bare neck, "You do need my help."

She turned and kissed me. "I do."

"But," she added, "I asked my own business lawyer and he just said that technically they're right, and I should take away all visible signs of anything anyone could consider obscene. I've never had one single complaint about my shop from anyone before this. People love the display."

"Why do you think I can do anything for you, Allegra?" I knew exactly what I could do for her, and I wanted to do it right there on the kitchen floor.

"Truth?"

"Of course."

"Because every day when I watched you watch me through the window, I thought you looked

like a man with imagination. I always wondered who you were. And what your hands would feel like on my bare skin."

Love. This couldn't be just lust. My hands traveled quickly to her ass and cupped it and lifted her up toward me. "Turn off the stove, Allegra."

She obeyed and turned back to me and I lifted her up and wrapped her legs around my waist. I kissed her deeply and spun her around, ending up by her big black leather sofa. I whispered what I wanted while I started to unbutton her blouse. "I want to bend you over the back of this sofa, baby, lift your skirt, and spend all night traveling from your toes right up to your heart." She kissed me softly and said, "No, Bret baby. Not yet."

I knew what she wanted. I had listened to her story about how her grandfather opened his bakery in this building in 1925, and how it was failing when Allegra took it over from her mother. This location was her life. She lived above the shop in a refurbished loft and planned to stay there forever.

I stayed awake at night searching for a solution. I knew they would frown on pro bono work for dildos in my office.

Allegra made me dinner every night for a week, and we talked about what she could do to fend off the problem. She lit candles and played soft jazz and she put her hand on my thigh during dinner and said, "I know you can figure it out."

She was a tease, this Allegra, but an honest one. The night I came up with the absurd yet creative idea about how to hide the erotic chocolates as religious symbols she offered to show me what a woman could do with a chocolate dildo. She raised her skirt and leaned back against the pillows on the floor and spread her legs. I watched from the sofa above as she teased herself with a chocolate dildo that closely resembled my own hard cock. When she slid the chocolate into her pussy I felt like a teenager about to come in my pants.

"Dessert?" she offered afterward, handing me the chocolate for a bite. Chocolate never tasted quite like that before. I don't know why she trusted me so much to control myself, but she said she could read my character, and she was right. Plus, the waiting was powerfully intense.

The night we drew up the detailed blackmail plan she invited me to spend the night. The plan included a lengthy list of conservative women, and men, who had made purchases through *The*

Chocolate Dream, complete with addresses and credit card numbers. I still have this list somewhere, with the title "Conservatives for Chocolate." In the end it smacked up against both of our ethical standards, but she still invited me to sleep with her. No sex, but wrapping my arms around Allegra's naked body and spooning her close and whispering each other asleep still rates as one of the all-time best erotic moments of my life.

I researched every possible angle. We laughed about the law. No porn near churches? "Right," she said, "they're some of my best customers." But I knew she was scared about losing the whole thing.

I met with several lawyers wise in the ways of pornography, and they said she was out of luck. The statute would never be repealed, because who wants to agree to thrust porn on innocent children or churchgoers? And there were no exceptions to the statute. All anyone had to do was subpoena her records and chart out just how much of her business came from dildos and nipples, and she would be closed down.

In the meantime I was fascinated watching her orders come in. A woman in Iowa placed an order for a private fundraising party—I looked at the fax as it came in:

4 dz dildos
3 dz mini-handcuffs
6 dz white chocolate cherry nipples, individual pkgs.
1 8" dark chocolate dildo, ribbed

Allegra was nonchalant about these orders; I was either on the floor with laughter or deep in erotic dreams at night picturing this secret world of chocolate kink that I had never known existed.

We considered moving the shop, the obvious answer. But to be legit, she would have to file a statement with the new community that she was in the business of selling pornography, and she refused. I couldn't blame her. She also refused to locate anywhere near the known porn strips. The truth was that the 15th Street location was her heritage, all she had left of her grandfather, and she was going to live out her dream right there one way or the other.

The night she offered to paint my body with warm chocolate was the night I knew what I was going to do. My ethics were going to have to take a short vacation while I solved Allegra's problem. There was no way I was ever going to let her go. *Ever*.

She took a soft brush and made a design on my torso with perfect warm chocolate. Then she licked it off slowly, and it was like a dream. I lay back and closed my eyes as she worked her designs down my body, one at a time, stroking and then licking. It took forever, like all good dreams do. When she reached the design on the tip of my cock and licked it all off, I fed her everything I had mixed in with the chocolate in her mouth. She was beautiful, and she was hungry for me, and I wanted to feed her for the rest of my life.

I met with old, rich Mrs. Carey in my office the next morning. I told her I had the perfect, the only, the most profitable location for her idea of opening a restaurant with several trendy boutiques up above. It was easy. I told her that her grandchildren would be taken care of for life, and that they would think she was the coolest grandma on earth. I have no idea if this was true, but it seemed like a good dream to have. She authorized the check and I offered it to the school-building owner the same day. He couldn't refuse; he even snickered to me that he couldn't stand kids anyway and his own dream was to open an X-rated video store down on Colfax. Licensing paperwork was completed and filed, and the details assigned to my paralegal to finish up. I arrived triumphant at Allegra's loft at six sharp.

"Sit down, Allegra. We're having chocolate for dinner."

I placed the papers in her lap and let her read with delight while I got ready and talked about my plan.

"Tonight's mine, baby. And so are all your tomorrows." How I loved that she could inspire me to say things like that.

"Yes," she said softly, agreeing to everything I said.

When she returned from downstairs with all the extra available chocolate toys I asked her for, I was ready. I showed her the large chocolate handcuffs tied with ribbons that Zach had made for me. We both knew she could just bite her way through them, but we both knew she wouldn't. I undressed her, laid her belly-down on the bed, fastened her wrists to the brass headboard and settled in to eat.

The taste of the inside of a woman's thighs coated with juices and chocolate is only surpassed by the joy of finally holding the ass you have dreamed of tight in your hands and discovering that lust and love can be exactly the same thing.

I placed the order with Zach this morning for the wedding chocolate forms, all quite sensual and erotic. Allegra doesn't have much time for the details of our upcoming celebration, since she's busy working on the new *Chocolate Dream* franchising I helped her put together. I, on the other hand, have what seems like all the time in the world as I sit in my small office space over the shop and spend my time writing and helping Allegra with the legal end of the business. My firm was most generous when I left, and every lawyer in the place envied my escape. I sent them all their very own box of chocolates as a parting gift -- little chocolate desks with little people handcuffed to them. Some of them stop by here often, to visit the *Dream*.

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(continued)

Go Large

I watch my new lover as she studies her body in the mirror. I am in the adjoining bathroom, and she is not aware that I can see her as she hefts one breast, pouts and splays her thighs to display the sticky evidence of our recent coupling.

Lois has a substantial body, and she revels in it. She knows that she looks much better naked than clothed. Her pale skin is soft and smooth. No bones are visible, only bold curves and luscious folds of flesh. Her nipples are psychedelic pink snowcaps atop mountainous breasts. The space between her formidable thighs and the escarpment of her belly is thickly forested with shiny dark hair.

Yet it is the warm pastures of her buttocks that I yearn for, to sink my fingers into that elastic flesh and feel her strength, to lower my mouth to her upraised invitation and navigate by tongue the dark, aromatic crevasse.

We have been lovers for only two days. I am infatuated.

I shouldn't even be here, but my secretary, Sarah, who mothers me even though I am older than her, engineered this working vacation. Having decided that I had been working too hard, she accepted an invitation for me to attend a technology briefing here in Cannes. Even more deliberately, she booked me on a Sunday flight although the conference won't begin until Tuesday. Even in November, this is a pleasant place, though a little empty. I could almost believe that all the fashionable people left when they heard I was coming.

But wait. How rude of me. Here I am sharing this story and I haven't yet introduced myself. My name is Clarke Kent. No Really. My mother was a slightly scatty woman who chose the name because it sounded familiar. She had no idea of its provenance.

At 39, I have never been married, although I have had two relationships with women and one rather discouraging hour with a prostitute.

The first of my lovers was Joan. She and I were at school together, but she left me after 4 years. I was a nice man, she said, "but boring." After Joan, there was Sally. We worked together, and she wooed me and bedded me, then left me to move to a new position in the company's New York offices. She said I was too afraid to grab hold of life, and that was the end of Sally. Mandie, the prostitute, just said "Never mind, luv -- it happens to people all the time." She even offered to

charge me a lower fee.

I tell you this so that you will realize that, even when I take my glasses off, I am not Superman. Two nights ago, I found myself in Cannes, dining alone in the hotel restaurant, with a romantic view of the sunset that seemed completely wasted on me -- and Lois came into my life.

"You don't mind if I join you, do you? I don't speak French and I like to talk while I eat." All of this was said as she seated herself between me and the setting sun.

She was wearing a red T-shirt dress, big but still clinging to her form. The words, "GO LARGE" were printed across it at a 45 degree angle, in huge jagged black letters. As I struggled for a suitable response, trying not to show how pleased I was, I was transfixed by the nipple of her right breast. It formed a prominent punctuation mark in the center of the letter O.

"And how did you know I spoke English?" I asked.

She laughed and said, "Well, you could hardly be French."

She noted my raised eyebrow (too many Roger Moore movies in my youth I'm afraid) and understood the interrogative interjection that it was meant to be.

"Well, Watson, firstly you have no wine on the table," she explained. "Dining in France and drinking only water with your food is like getting to an orgy and then declaring your celibacy. Everybody wonders why you didn't just stay home. Secondly, there is the matter of the clothing: this season's GAP you-can-wear-this-without-offending-anyone range of casual wear, not a typical French choice. But, the most obvious sign of course is the English language copy of *'Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire'* that you've put on the table to keep people from joining you."

"!" I said, silently.

"I take it you're here for the conference," she continued. "You have that nerd-made-good look. My name is Lois. Lois Lewes. My mother valued alliteration."

She looked away from me, summoned the waiter by raising her hand and, in the process, rearranged the topography of her dress. I couldn't take my eyes from her breasts. I knew it was rude, perhaps even pathetic, but I was hypnotized by the sheer mass involved.

"That was your cue. You're supposed to tell me your name now," Lois said. "My face is up here, by the way. "

"Clarke Kent " I said, and my cheeks reddened as I struggled to keep my eyes focused above her neck.

"Yeah, right. That's a new line. I haven't heard that before," she laughed.

"No, really, it's my name," I replied, with an it's-not-my-fault tone.

"Cool. Now I feel like one of those characters in 'Magnolia,' linked by some huge chain of coincidence that challenges the nature of free will. Watch out for flying frogs."

Now it was my turn to laugh.

"I'm rather afraid that our waiter, who probably hasn't seen the movie, thinks that you've just used a derogatory term in reference to French pilots," I said.

"Screw him."

"I'd rather screw you," I said.

The moment the words left my mouth, I wondered who had said them. I wanted to look around for the culprit and give him a good thrashing. The easy, rapid pace of the conversation, combined with the impact of Lois's physical presence, had made me giddy. What had I done? I almost expected her to toss my glass of water in my face.

"I'm sorry..." I started, lamely.

Lois was no longer smiling. She was looking into me, carefully, as if searching for something. I felt like she was the one with X-ray vision, and I had no secrets. With speed surprising for her size, her hand moved under the table and found my erection. The sun seemed brighter than ever. I breathed.

"Oh," she said. "If this is you on mineral water, just wait until we get to the Bordeaux."

Then her hand was gone, back on her side of the table, but the place where she had touched me still tingled, and I knew there was now a wet spot on my GAP easy-fit chinos.

The conversation slowed to a canter after that. Over the next three courses, I learned that Lois was an MIT graduate, with technical expertise that made her a hot property in the telecommunications market. Like me, she was here for the conference. Unlike me, she had no intention of attending. She was going to "scalp some data," as she put it, give her name to a few recruiters, and have a damned good time. In our conversation, there was no mention of a

significant other.

I charged the bill to my room. Lois checked the room number and said, "We'll go to my room. It has a better view."

I paused, surprised. Women don't react this way to me. Oh, sure, they have dinner with me, because I'm a "nice man," and a good listener. But, at the end of the meal, it's traditional for them to find someone who will show them a good time.

"Are you sure?" I said, sounding prim and ever so English to my own ears. "We've only just met..."

"No," she said. "So far, we've talked. We'll meet when we get to my room and take our clothes off." The waiter chose that moment to pick up the bill. I blushed.

Lois was standing now. "So, have you changed your mind?" she asked. "Or are you waiting for us to be formally introduced?"

She was smiling, but I glimpsed some vulnerability there. For once in my clumsy life, I did the right thing. I kissed her. Then I did it again.

Her room was a suite with a beautiful view of the Mediterranean. I didn't notice. As soon as we entered the room, Lois pulled the dress up and over her head. Her body glowed, and I was blinded by the heat from her. She smiled and knelt in front of me, unzipping my trousers without comment. I was about to have oral sex and I hadn't even had to ask, never mind beg. Then I came, all over her hand. I was mortified.

Lois laughed, a hearty, full-blooded sound, still holding my shrinking cock. If she had let go at that moment, I think I would have run from the room.

"Well, Clarke, that was faster than a speeding bullet," she mused. Grinning, she licked my sperm from her hand. "Now, let's see if we can find the man of steel." She moved her mouth onto my cock and flicked the underside with her tongue.

I should have been ecstatic, but in truth I was deeply depressed. I knew what would happen now. I would stay soft, she would get frustrated, then angry. And then she would tell me that I was a nice man, but it was time for me to leave.

"Ah," Lois said, sitting back on her heels, letting go of my cock. "It's like that, is it?" I felt dismal. She had gone from lust to leave in a couple of seconds.

She stood up. I took a last look at her glorious body and prayed that my limp flesh would choose that moment to show its appreciation. It didn't.

"I should go." I said.

"No," she replied. "You can't go until you come; and you will come."

"What?"

"I know what you need. We'll soon get rid of the Kryptonite effect. Just leave it to Lois." She folded her arms and let one hip jut out. "Now STRIP," she ordered.

No one had ever spoken to me like that. It felt weird. It felt good. I undressed. Lois tapped her foot impatiently as I started to fold my clothes, so I just let them fall to the floor. After a few moments, I was standing naked with my hands demurely held over my shrinking genitals.

"Put your hands behind your back and kneel", Lois commanded. I didn't question, but did as she asked.

Lois reached out and grabbed my nipple, twisted it briefly. "Good boy," she said, pushing her thumb into my mouth. I suckled obediently.

"I'm going to tie you now, Clarke." Lois was circling me, and from somewhere produced three scarves. She used one to tie my hands behind my back, pressing her breasts against my shoulders. Her luxuriant pubic fur brushed against my hands as she bound me with the scarf. Still pressed close against me, she folded a scarf and placed it over my eyes, tying it securely behind my head.

I felt excited, yet surprisingly relaxed. I gave myself up to Lois and her three scarves. Thus blindfolded and bound, all I could do was wait.

I must have sighed. Lois whispered in my ear, "One more, and you are mine."

Her fingernails scraped over my chest, down my belly. I felt her fingers move around my balls, pulling down gently but firmly. When she tied the final scarf there, my cock rose like a balloon filled rapidly with helium.

"You're mine now Clarke, until you come. And that won't happen for a long time yet."
Her voice was in front of me now. "Open wide, Clarke."

I did, and my mouth was filled with the satin-smooth warmth of her breast. She pushed into me

until I was overcome by her flesh. It became difficult to breathe, as she held fast to the back of my head with one hand, and twisted my nipple with the other. But it was wonderful. My cock was so hard now that it throbbed in time with my pulse.

"Much better," Lois purred. "Now let's see if you're a good fit."

She withdrew her breast, allowing me breathe but gaping blindly for more flesh to suckle. Effortlessly, Lois pushed me onto my side, then rolled me onto my back, trapping my arms beneath me.

I smelled her cunt as she lowered herself to my mouth, and then I tasted it. Tangy. Salty. Like the earth and the sea combined. Without waiting for her command, I started to lick. Her thighs tightened against my cheeks. Her moans reached my ears as tremors rather than sounds, each one exciting me more. Just as my tongue began to tire, she moved down my body and took a firm grip on my cock. "Is it a bird? Is it a plane?" Lois murmured, stroking my swollen flesh with each question. "No! It's Supercock!" she proclaimed, lowering herself onto me at that instant. Her muscles were a surprise, holding as tightly as a handshake, but slick and hot. Lois rode me and rode me, and then rode me some more. She was relentless, and I was her flesh dildo, her sex toy. And I loved it.

As she felt her orgasm approach, she released the scarf that bound my testicles. My cock erupted. I found myself yelling "YEEEEEEEEEE GODDDDDDS." I had never come so forcefully before. Never.

Lois pulled off the blindfold and the light hurt my eyes. When I finally was able to look at her, she smiled down at me, pink and sweaty.

"Well" she said. "Do you still want to leave?"

"It would be rude to leave now," I responded. "I've only just come."

After two days of room-service and continuous sex, I'm exhausted but happy. Lois is just getting her second wind. I'm certain that neither of us will be going to the conference.

Sorry, I'll have to go now. I can hear Lois moving around, getting out of the bed. And any minute now, she will tell me to do exactly what I've always wanted to do.

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(continued)

Second Hand

A parking space up front! A good omen, Martha thought. She got out of her car, locked it carefully -- she'd been wearing gloves for so long now that handling car keys was nothing -- and headed into the shop to see what her sex life was about to be like.

There's nothing like a thrift store to really depress a person. A room full of castoffs, once-treasured items condemned to collect dust because they were scratched, out of style, or just not as treasured anymore. Everything here came with baggage. Everything here was used, passed on, handed down. Everything here had a history, which was good, since that's why Martha was here. It wasn't crowded today; that made things easier. She grabbed a shopping basket, her attention on the rack at the far end of the store where the lingerie was. A large woman was over there, sifting through the hosiery and underwear bin. Martha shuddered. How could anyone buy second-hand panties? Didn't she know where they'd been? Martha certainly did, better than most people. The woman was living a dream anyway, one where she was a size 4. She passed over clothing that might actually fit to grab undies that would barely stretch over a supermodel. Martha smiled to herself. Any minute now she'll get fed up and...

The woman left. After glancing around to see where everybody was, Martha meandered in a purely coincidental path that led her directly to the lingerie.

The rack was full; they must have just gotten new stuff. She took a deep breath at all the possibilities. Too many weekends she had come in to see the same threadbare rags hanging in the same places: pathetic teddies from discount stores, flimsy robes with suspicious rips, that sort of thing. Nothing she'd be interested in. But this looked like a collection of quality things, and she knew without looking that the prices would reflect it. That was okay. Martha got a lot more out of these garments than anyone would think. She looked around a final time -- no one was paying attention -- and pulled out a sheer silk nightie that had surely never seen the inside of a mall. She carefully pulled off her glove and brushed a hand against it.

. . . red driving thrust and purple-black fuck and biting to taste his rich blood as he attacked, pounding and splitting her with his cock.

She yanked her hand away. A bit too rough, she thought, shaking. She always had stomach trouble after one of those, and a tendency to shy away from men. More than usual. Just her fault for being too eager -- she should have known by now not to grab. She began lightly touching the next few dainties, enough to get the barest hint of each one without losing herself. Martha had looked the word up after her life had exploded: what happened to her was called *psychometry* -- the ability to touch something and "read" its history. Thank God it only happened when she touched something with her bare hands -- otherwise she'd have gone insane the first

year. It had first appeared in high school, when she got in a friend's new (used) car and suddenly found herself in the midst of someone else's maelstrom of flame and death. She'd screamed and the vision had stopped cold, but the memory remained.

Years of therapy followed. She was careful not to reveal her psychic ability. She knew what happened to people with...odd...abilities.

Then came years of loneliness, of thick, safe layers between her and the world. A few abortive relationships taught her that it's not good to know everything about your loved one. How could she live with a person when every time she picked up something she *became* them, thought their thoughts, knew their secrets?

She wore gloves every second she was out of her apartment, and she was careful never to touch anything she had owned for less than a year, in case it carried memories of its manufacture, or some horrible disaster that happened in the store while it was on the shelf.

One night, depressed and lonely, she had been doing her laundry in the basement of her apartment building when the young blonde girl from the apartment next to hers came in with her own basket. Lucy, Martha knew, was a college girl with a cat and a boyfriend and a red Miata. Martha kept her eyes down, embarrassed. Many a night she had heard the thumping and gasping from next door; she considered her bitter envy inappropriate.

Lucy dumped her clothes on the wooden counter and started separating them, only to realize she'd forgotten her change. Martha agreed to watch her pile and she dashed upstairs, all bounces and shining golden hair. On top of Lucy's laundry was a crumpled nightgown.

Martha lifted the nightie. It was a sheer thing, pink and lace-trimmed and entirely useless for modesty or sleep. Martha, flannel to the depths of her soul, had never worn anything remotely like it in her life.

Quickly, before she could change her mind, she had slipped off her glove and grasped the nightie.

When the girl came back down with a Pringles can half full of quarters, Martha was just finishing her load. Lucy never noticed the missing nightie or the way Martha's face glowed, or how Martha trembled as she hurried upstairs with a basket full of wet laundry.

Now Martha trembled again at the cash register. She always did. It seemed impossible that the cashier wouldn't wonder why she was buying five pieces of lingerie, no two even remotely the

same size, but the woman rang the purchase up without comment. Martha clutched the bag to her chest as she hurried out to her car, cringing against the cries of "Pervert!" that never came.

She rushed into her apartment, locked the door, and began the weekend ritual that had crystallized over the last few years into ceremony. One glass of red wine, to accompany her into the bathtub. One capful of *Amethyst Dreams* in the steaming water. Exactly one half-hour in the tub, to relax and soothe and to make her skin soft and smooth (she wore rubber gloves: no telling what might have happened in an apartment tub). Dry off with a thick, fluffy towel, then walk naked-but-for-gloves to where her fantasies patiently waited in a white plastic bag.

She stretched luxuriously across her covers with an anticipatory smile, and then sat up with her legs straight out, like a child at Christmas. The lingerie spilled out of the bag into a small silky heap. Martha brought her hands in front of her face and, shivering, began to tug at the slick fingertips of her right glove, revealing the milky-white hand underneath. The heat began to build, a purely Pavlovian reaction reinforced over the last two years; her nipples tightened into knurled buttons. With naked hands, she snatched the first nightie, bunched it against her breasts, and she...

...she was Michelle, slipping her new teddy over smooth shoulders, feeling it drift down to caress her curves. Hank was due home any time. She was ready to show him that the honeymoon wasn't over yet, not by a long shot. She slipped on panties so he could tear them off, applied perfume to the five main areas, and scooted under the covers to wait for him. She heard his car almost immediately, and the front door right after.

"Honey?" he called. "You left me already?"

"I'm in here," Michelle/Martha called in a husky voice. "Did you bring dinner?"

Hank appeared in the doorway, a burly bear of a man with a big grin and a large bulge. "I did, ma'am," he said. "Hot and ready and all you can eat!" He leaped out of his clothes and jumped onto the bed, capturing Michelle/Martha in a rough embrace and kissing her throat and breasts with a playful hunger that turned intense almost immediately. She arched up to meet him, her fingernails dragging lines across his broad back. His hands pushed her teddy aside to pinch at her nipples. His cock was a hard, red-hot presence, pushing at the sheets to get to her. Michelle/Martha swept the bedclothes aside to reveal herself in all her glory -- tanned, tight, aching with need -- and she slowly rolled over to her hands and knees, planting her face solidly in the pillow and pushing her rounded ass into Hank's crotch.

"You know what I want, lover," she said. Michelle/Martha shook with desire as she felt the first push of Hank's cock against her asshole...

...Shaking, Martha pitched the nightie away. She took a deep, cleansing breath as she fought to ignore the pulsing signals from her groin. She wasn't against anal play, exactly. She had no problem with anybody else enjoying it, she just didn't want it herself. Like broccoli.

And enjoy it she would have, she knew from experience. If the person she became had enjoyed what happened, then Martha would enjoy it just as much, at least until she let go and became Martha again. It was the ickiness afterward. Anal sex was so undignified, thought Martha, the thirty-seven-year-old virgin.

That was one advantage. She could try sexual kinks without fear of discovery, disease, or social acceptance, and eventually, hesitantly, she had. Martha had, at times, been a lesbian, an exhibitionist, a swinger, a submissive (dominants didn't wear nighties, apparently, or else didn't give them to Goodwill afterwards), old, young, white, black, brown, yellow, red, handicapped, athletic, thin, fat -- every possible combination of those and more. Intact though she might be, she had fucked almost a thousand men, sort of. And women. But she always felt uncomfortable about lesbian sex, even though it invariably caused massive orgasms. Possibly *because* it caused massive orgasms.

Her disappointment in the nightie was easy to quell. She counted herself lucky if even a third of her purchases were keepers. She put away the insistent memory of how badly she had wanted her ass filled...and she picked up the second nightie...

...one last bow and it was tied in place and Look at you, aren't you the pretty, pretty girl! The diaphanous white cloth clung to rounded curves and the full-length mirror faithfully reflected every one. Balding head, bright eyes, straggly mustache over an unshaven face, skinny pale shoulders, whorls of chest hair disappearing into the delicate neckline, a middle-aged pot belly pushing the cloth...

Martha threw the nightie all the way into the hall, where it snagged on a picture frame.

The gift had its drawbacks, for sure. It had taken quite a bit of trial and error before Martha settled on her routine.

At first, when she finally convinced herself to sample other peoples' sex lives, she had reasoned that panties would provide the strongest charge. She quickly discovered that while they were often filled with memories of toe-curling foreplay, they would almost always go cold right at the hottest point, when the owner (or owner's lover) yanked them off and left Martha shuddering with interrupted passion. Enough agonizing frustration, along with two or three traumatic menstrual memories, and she decided to avoid other people's underwear forever.

When she heard about porn stars and Web girls selling used panties, she wondered for a moment whether or not there were others like her out there, buying them for the memories inside, but it wasn't enough for her to consider buying any herself. Besides, second-hand lingerie was cheaper,

and people were more likely to leave nighties on during sex.

The third one was a long nightgown with little lace roses at the neck. It looked like something Martha might even have chosen for herself, should she ever wear anything to bed that wasn't for warmth. She had been intending to save it for last but after the first two she badly needed one to work. Casting caution to the winds she rapidly pulled it over her head and wrapped her hands around her breasts, crushing the thin cloth between them...

...and she was Anne and was holding the nightgown up, gazing at it, while a handsome man sat next to her on the bed. He was in his forties, with a salt and pepper beard and streaks of gray and silver in his hair that made Anne/Martha want to run her fingers through it, again and again. Right now he looked absurdly pleased with himself at having chosen correctly.

Anne/Martha held the nightgown to her chest and leaned over to kiss him soundly on the mouth before shooing him out the door. She stood up and let her robe fall to the ground, then applied powder and lipstick before putting the nightgown on. It felt incredible, exciting her nerve endings and tugging her nipples erect to form thick points in the cloth. She could hear John brushing his teeth in the next room; she smiled at his thoughtfulness.

John came back to a darkened room. He didn't pause for an instant, but made his way to the bed to find a double-armful of scented delight, soft and lush. His hands roamed over the familiar wonders made new by a satiny wrap that slid like oil over blood-hot skin. Never once did he fail to find a sensitive spot or a fiery nerve ending, and within seconds Anne/Martha was panting and mindless with want. She gasped as he ran his hand along her side, over her hip, to squeeze at a ripe buttock before slipping between her legs. His knowing fingers pushed the slick cloth against her, tugging at her, setting her folds aflame. The sensations threatened to overwhelm her and push her too close, too fast, so she grabbed the hem of the gown and wrapped it around his cock, drawing it back and forth and causing him to cry out in surprise and desire. A loving race began, the fever cascading over itself until both combatants surrendered and merged. The nightgown slipped up over her thighs as he entered her, and it slid between their bodies as they moved, adding an intoxicating sensation that drove them harder and harder until they roared into each other's mouth and...

...Martha bucked and came, and came, feeling John spurting deep inside her, tasting his mouth, bearing his weight, drumming her heels on his broad back. She let herself drop flat to the mattress, her arms and legs starfished, and rode out the afterglow. It was always an odd experience -- the rapture of the climax, the joy of togetherness, the feeling of loss as the memory faded, and the relief at being just Martha again. This one had been more exciting and more painful than usual. A happy, loving relationship was Martha's own secret fantasy; this pale version was like watching through a locked window.

She wrapped her hand in the sheet so she could safely move the nightgown aside. Painful though it was, that one would get saved for later. Psychometric memories never lasted long -- her own experiences quickly overrode the traces of former owners. But they were usually good for two or three times before they became too faint to read -- and she already had a crush on John. She often got crushes on the men she experienced. They never lasted. Abruptly knowing everything about a strange new man was heady, but another one could always replace him in the next touch. It was a source of amusement to Martha that she had become such a psychic slut. Whatever would Mother think? One more sip of wine and she touched the next pile...

...tug it down over hippo hips and butt. Dunno why I wear stuff like this, no one else will ever see it, and God knows it's not as comfortable as a t-shirt. But, oh, it feels so nice on my skin, and with the lights off I can pretend I'm a beautiful model. These hands aren't mine, they're the photographer's, because I'm so beautiful. He's seen a thousand women but he can't resist me...

...Off came the gown, and Martha resisted the impulse to throw this one even farther. She hated, *hated* hearing the thoughts of single, unloved women. They were too close to her own inner anguish. Fantasies were supposed to be better than life; that was the whole point. More depressing still was that in those few seconds while she hated herself, she remembered seeing a perfectly good body that was probably more attractive than Martha's own. She felt a moment of pity and sadness for Jill. At least Martha had a reason to avoid people. Jill's isolation was self-inflicted.

She looked back longingly at the nightgown John had bought for Anne, but steeled herself to move on. Not good to obsess on a perfect lover who's never met you, she thought, and reached for the last one. It was the color of peaches and cream; it eased over her head like smoke...

...and John, her John, was over her again, thrusting and grunting, the old fool. Anne/Martha tilted her hips to speed things up so he'd pop and she could go to sleep. Faking arousal did begin to wear on you after awhile. John was a good man, a decent husband, but oh Lord, Rick was incredible and young and the things he did drove her wild. Anne/Martha let herself remember what Rick had done with his tongue in the motel and for the first time tonight she felt her juices flow. There we go, she thought and closed her eyes. That isn't John on me, it's Rick, and he's sucking my cunt 'til I see spots, and he's jumping up to ram it into me and it hurts and it feels so good and I'll be damned I think I'm going to come...

...A tiny Martha voice cried out in betrayal and pain. How could she?...

...The phone rang. John lunged to pick it up with a movement that nearly sent Anne/Martha over the edge, but his words sent a torrent of ice water down her spine.

"Yeah?" he gasped.

"Jimmy, look, I can't talk right now...what? They were where? The Motel 6?" Terror captured Anne/Martha's mind as John looked down at her, pain blossoming across his face. "No, I -- No, thank you for telling me, Jim." He hung up, looked at her for a long, questioning moment, then got up and left without a word. Emptied and alone, Anne/Martha shook quietly for a long time before the wracking sobs broke free and consumed her...

...Martha tore the gown in half, ripping it off her body with a strength that would have surprised her if she'd been capable of noticing. How could Anne have done that? How could she have hurt such a good man? For Martha knew John now, knew both him and Anne intimately and completely. John was the most handsome, responsible, loving man she had ever encountered. She could hardly conceive why any woman would stray from him, even having just been inside the mind of one who did. What fool would throw that away? John was perfect. The memory of his tortured face looking down on her, pleading for explanation, tore her heart.

Riding Anne's mind, she had learned all there was to know about him, his tastes, his loves, his life, their wedding day, his favorite Chinese restaurant, everything that Anne knew. She had felt their thundering passion -- and Anne had cut out his heart. Living through both events in a matter of moments was enough to tear her soul in two.

Anne's lover seemed a poor replacement. Young and rough and...Martha realized with a shock that the first nightie she had touched in the store, the one with the brutal penetration, had been Anne's as well. She had worn it in the motel.

Numb, Martha realized something else. *This had happened recently.* The feelings were too fresh, too intense. John finding out about Anne's infidelity somehow led directly to Anne's lingerie ending up in a thrift shop, and the possible reasons kept Martha awake for the rest of the night. Did he leave her? Did he kill her? No, John couldn't do that. She knew him too well; he was a truly good man.

With a shock, she realized she could find him. She knew where he lived, what his phone number was, what time he got home. And now, right now, he was alone. And hurting.

Sunday morning at the thrift shop. The cashier opened the front door and jumped aside as this crazy lady rushed in, yanked an old lace glove off her hand, and began grabbing at every article of clothing in the store. It was the weirdest thing the cashier had ever seen, in a business where weirdness was part of the inventory. The lady would grab a nightgown, her eyes would pop and she'd sag a little, then she'd shake it off and grab the next one. It was like each one gave her a migraine or something, and she was desperate to get 'em all. She went from rack to rack,

shuddering with spasms, and almost fell to her knees in the underwear bins. But she never once slowed down.

Martha drove herself on, memory after memory, life after life. She dashed through the thoughts and lives of thousands of people, searching for clues to John. She had to know if he was all right, if he was recovering, if he was dying inside, if he needed her. All she could think about was a man she had never met, a man she had worshipped completely and betrayed utterly in the space of ten minutes, a stranger with whom she was deeply in love. Waves of second-hand thought washed over her mind, threatening to overwhelm her, but she kept grabbing everything within reach, looking for traces of her lover.

If I don't find him here, she thought raggedly, there are an awful lot of thrift shops out there. It's amazing the perfectly good things people throw out. And she reached for the next memory.

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(continued)

The Lucky Dick Club

The night after I won the lottery I made a list of all the men I'd ever slept with. I'm not one of those girls who pretends she can't remember. There's only been a couple dozen, and I can recall every moment that my skin has been stroked, every time another human being has spent their energy pleasing me, no matter what their real intentions might have been. This is something basic that men would be wise to tattoo on their hearts—*women remember*. We believe that it all matters, even when we're drinking and dancing at the clubs and acting like post-second-wave-feminist-entrepreneurial-sex-goddesses with tattoos on our breasts and condoms tucked inside our stockings. *We remember. Girls want dreams to come true.*

Money's never been much in my dreams, though, so it's ironic I would win so much. Pay off my bills, buy a new car, share with friends—then what? I have what I need, don't have kids, my family is long gone, I live my days peering at the world through the vision of things sexual, hiding in my imagination more often than not, consumed by music and art and passion and ideas. I think of the French film *Amelie* and it comes to me, the need for whimsy and kindness and appreciation of some of the great lovers I've known.

I count them. I rate them. I am surprised to find that for every two bad lovers there is at least one great one to offset them. There are men whose passion still leaves imprints on my skin, there are men whose every word of affection was like diamonds and rubies and pearls falling from their tongues, enriching my soul with the bright colors of the morning sun. I check off the bad lovers, laughing, hoping for them that somewhere along the line they've learned to pay attention, learned that they need to do something in this world beside just take up space and waste the time of girls who matter.

Michael J., New York City—he's first on the list that remains. I want to share my lotto winnings with him, and the others on the list, and I want them to know it's because they were great lovers, but I never want them to know it's from Emily, this girl who now lives in London and who will never forget. I ask my lawyer, Jackson—who happens to also be the man I'm currently sleeping with—how to do this, and we begin.

It's a simple letter. We copy the MacArthur Genius Grant idea, the people who call up scientists and artists and philosophers out of the blue—surprise!—and tell them they've won a fortune for their good work. Only mine's a bit more personal. We start calling it *The Lucky Dick Club* privately, but give it a more formal name for legal purposes.

To: Michael J.

From: THE LDC FOUNDATION

You have been selected by our committee to receive an LDC Powerballs Grant. Our selection is done in secret, and there are no strings attached to this award. The first

of four checks for \$25,000 is enclosed; additional checks will be issued on the first of September in the next three years, for a total of \$100,000.

You are considered a pioneer in touch, a kind and passionate man in a world of sloppiness and unreturned calls. You have demonstrated particular strength and insights with women. LDC grant recipients are singled out annually by the foundation for extraordinary creativity in their desires. You have been rated as a bold, experimental lover, whose social and philosophical themes speak to the heart of modern society. You have shown a marked capacity for self-direction, and a respect and passion for the female gender that should be emulated by all mankind.

We share with you one of our committee member's recommendations:

I remember Michael J. . . he was tall and kind and had eyes a girl could get lost in. He took the trouble to be romantic—there were strawberries and peonies and cream for tea—and he took the time to worship my body from head to toe with his kisses and his compliments. I am sure he knew prettier women; I am sure he had way more experience than me; but when I was with him I knew that I was the most sensual woman in all of New York City. He had hands that could make love to me all by themselves, hands almost like a masseuse, knowing, caressing, finding the spots that mattered, carrying me up beyond my physical sensations onto a higher plane of loving. When he would finally enter me I knew that there was only one reason that we had such beautiful bodies that fit together like two pieces of a puzzle, and it was so that he could drive me hard and long into the night until I had not a single ion of negative energy left in my soul, left only with light and enthusiasm and gratitude for existing in such a beautiful fucking world.

The LDC Foundation is proud of your performance. Do carry on.

Michael J. is in his forties now, he's a man in New York City, he's not likely to ever remember who it was, since I didn't give any identifying details. We send the letter off. I'm going crazy waiting. Jackson loves me passionately to help ease my anxiety, and I swear he seems to be working on becoming a better lover every single day . . . but I don't even know Michael or any of his friends well enough to check up on what's happening. Finally, three weeks later the check is cashed, and the "foundation" never even receives a call in question. But I'm betting he thinks about it every single time he looks at a woman, and maybe even every time his lucky dick gets hard.

The second grant goes to a lover from almost fifteen years ago. *I remember Allen McD, now in Toronto . . . he is the hottest man I've ever known, hot in that way that you can't even describe to friends until they've experienced something like it. He'd back me into a corner in a club or the subway or just a doorway on the street and begin to make love to*

me. He made me feel like I was born to fuck. It wasn't really a sensual thing, more like two animals in the night in heat and in need. It wasn't a grab and grope thing like guys do, the way women hate, this was in the words and the look and the need to be inside of me, the need expressed as though I was a drug that he would die if he didn't get another hit of immediately. I began to walk differently during and after Allen McD., a little more swing to my hips, a lot more confidence, an unwritten sign across my chest that said "I am hotter than thou." Allen McD. wrote those words across me, and I know he wrote them on other women, and whether it was all because we had raging hormones or were nymphos for a while or because he was a troubled soul in so many other ways, it doesn't matter, because it stays with me today and I still can exude the same air to any man I want every single time I walk down the street.

The check is cashed, again a month later. Do they sit and ponder, do they hide it, do they think it's a joke, or finally deposit the check just to see? This time I still have a former business acquaintance in common who works with Allen McD. I wait another month and call her up on some business pretense and chat about things, and then casually ask what good old Allen's up to these days. "He seems *really* happy," she says. "He got engaged last month...and he's taking her on a long honeymoon to the Grand Caymans . . . you know, he laughs a lot, more than he used to. He ought to bottle it and sell it, whatever it is he's got going on these days."

I'm inspired.

I've finally worked my way up to the man who broke my heart, the lover I had to debate about when making the list. He gave me everything, but then he took it away. Still, time alters perception, and what I remember most about him today is the loving. *I remember Nick B., Boston . . . he came to me one day like a bolt of lightning. He tied me up—it's what I do with all the girls, he told me, it's what turns me on—he taught me to love the feel of hemp rope against my bare skin, he showed me a different kind of dance, he could control my every move, and he could change the way I breathe. The fact that he did this with way more than one woman at a time more often than not was disappointing, but doesn't change those midnight hours when I was wrapped up by him and permanently marked with his brand of love.*

I still know Nick B., in that awful ex-lover/friend/ acquaintance way, when you don't really know a damned thing about each other anymore but pretend that it still matters that you chat occasionally when you're in town. So I wait, and I call him three months after the check is cashed. He's doing great, he tells me, he's finally finished his novel, he has a new inspired state. I ask him if he's in love, after telling him about my new love, Jackson. "No," he says, "I decided about four months ago to become celibate for a year and to really think about my

history, and what it is that I need to be doing . . . why are you calling me, by the way, what's up?" I tell him I do volunteer work for a non-profit business now, and just need a stateside referral in Boston from him.

He laughs. "You were always a do-gooder, Emily."

And then it occurs to me, he has no *idea* how much good I can do. There is more to this story. I am thinking too small, too personally, focused only on my own memories. There are a million lovers out there and more than half of them are bad. I'm watching Jackson sneak in books like *From Porn to Poetry*, *Herotica*, *1000 Ways to Tongue Your Lover*, and God knows he gets sexier all the time even when I think he can't get any better, but those books aren't being read by lousy lovers. This will never do. Jackson often says in his lawyerly way that "money changes everything," and maybe he's right.

I can change the world. *Fuck locally, award globally*. Life is short. Towers fall down, young people die, still, rudeness is everywhere and lovers continue to thoughtlessly cause pain.

I can change this.

This is my calling in life, to rid the world of bad lovers. There are so many women I know, and they'll share. *They remember*. We can expand; we can raise funds; we can sneak it to the press; we can inspire lovers everywhere, and the question on everyone's mind will be— what would someone remember about *me*? If I work at this long and hard and cleverly enough, by the time we get to post-third-or-fourth-wave-feminist- entrepreneurial-sex-goddess girls who will still probably have tattoos on their breasts and condoms tucked inside their stockings, *they will remember differently, and perhaps all of their dreams will come true*.

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(continued)

Bacon, Lola & Tomato

The first time Lola found out that Keith had cheated on her, she gained ten pounds almost overnight. *I love you and I will wait for you, my sweet tomato*, his email note had said when she "accidentally" read it on his computer, which was cute, except that he certainly never referred to *her* as any kind of fruit or vegetable. "It's nobody," he offered with a guilty shrug as she sat slurping her second bowl of ramen noodles, "just a way to waste time online and avoid working on my novel."

"I am not a tomato," Lola Maria Estonia pointed out to him, just in case he had forgotten. She flipped her long black hair in the way that made men crazy and wrapped it around his wrists as though she could hold him that way. "But you do always wait for me."

They laughed; she forgave him; they made love; she got up afterwards while he slept and made herself a big bowl of Apple Jacks with raisins and four teaspoons of sugar.

The day Lola found his cell phone bill she discovered the joy of a box of Krispy Kremes, fresh and warm off the rack, half of them eaten directly while she was still in the bakery, the rest of the dozen melting in her mouth on the drive home. It appeared that the *sweet tomato* lived just one area code away and received almost daily calls ranging from ten minutes to two hours.

"I love you, Lola Maria," Keith swore that night when they crawled into their four-poster bed, the same bed they had shared for one year, two months, and twenty-three days. "*You are the heart of my dream*," he whispered as he slid inside of her and gave the extra soft flesh on her bottom a spank. "*You are the voluptuous overflowing lush root of every desire any man has ever had*."

This was why she had moved in with him in the first place, because he had the words that could change the way she breathed. But now his words seemed to be adapting to her new body -- he used to only call her *my fragile princess, my little girl*.

"I'm sorry I've hurt you," he whispered as they laid in bed with their legs entangled afterwards. "Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"

She hated to think of fighting with him, or worse, to hear him lie again. "I'm *hungry*," she finally answered, sure that more carbohydrates would make her vision of telephone bills disappear into sated bliss. So Keith got up and made her his special omelet with sausage and potatoes, no tomatoes, and for once she ate every single bite on her plate.

Lola Maria Estonia was up to a size 14 from her former size 8 when she finally went to visit the

mysterious *tomato*. The sun was growing hotter and hotter as she stood on the sidewalk across the street from the address she had tracked down from the phone number. Lola was so fascinated that she took up more space in the world than she used to, even in the middle of the sidewalk, that she only smiled as the warmth grew under her red leather jacket, newly purchased from the Coldwell Collection in a comfy size for the "plus" woman. She had thrown out all of her old skinny jeans, although Keith had suggested that perhaps she should keep them because she would need them again soon. Lola had just smiled and gone shopping.

It didn't seem that Keith spent much face-to-face time with the *tomato*, because he was usually at home at his computer, or at his part-time job at the bookstore, or out with Lola. She wasn't about to ask Keith any more questions -- she just monitored his email and phone calls, as though she was a detective. She also checked up on his novel that he said he was *almost* done with, and realized he hadn't written much of anything in a long time. *Why is it that I live with this man?* she wondered on her bad days, but then she remembered all the words, and how he made love to her with such passion, and how she was *almost* sure he was her soulmate, not to mention a good cook.

The *tomato* came out the front door of her small house and walked directly toward a Lincoln Town Car that was parked just beyond Lola. "Nice jacket," she said to Lola as she passed by.

"Would you like to have it?" Lola asked in an awkward gesture of friendliness that she hoped covered her desperation to find out more about this *tomato*. She had heard that people did this in some other places -- Japan, maybe? -- and suddenly it seemed like offering another woman her red leather jacket on a hot summer day was a normal thing to do.

The *tomato* stopped, turned, and laughed, taking Lola in fully from head to toe for the first time. Lola wore a long black cotton skirt, a white shirt with her black lace bra peeking out, and heavy silver jewelry. "Would I like it?" The *tomato* moved closer and stroked Lola's arm, checking the fabric, checking Lola, deciding. "Sure. It looks like a good fit."

"Thank you," whispered Lola in her smallest voice, though she knew she was the one who was supposed to say "you're welcome." But she could not keep her eyes off the *tomato* -- she had long curly red hair down to her waist, large breasts, great cleavage in a tight black tank top, and black jeans that looked to Lola like they were just about a size 14, maybe even 16. She was almost, Lola realized, identical in body to Lola's new look, and if Lola dyed her black hair red, she thought she could almost be her twin.

"My friends call me Cherry," said the *tomato*, slipping on the red jacket. "And you are...?"

"Lola Maria Estonia. Can I come with you?" Odd words were flowing out of her mouth, like someone else was writing them -- better dialogue, she thought with a sharp twist of spite, than anything she had ever read in Keith's agonized attempts at novel writing.

"Do you know where I'm going?"

Lola couldn't guess, but she knew she wanted to be there. The curves on the *tomato's* hips were hypnotizing her, and she thought that maybe she wanted to touch them.

"To meet a man?" she guessed timidly. "My boyfriend's in love with you -- maybe it's him?"

Cherry *tomato* laughed again, a long rollicking laugh, a laugh that Lola wanted to climb inside of and ride on, knowing it would carry her to a new place. "They're all in love with me, sweetheart," Cherry finally said. "Let's go eat meat."

The steakhouse was wood-paneled with high leather booths, an old-style male bonding place, complete with a private cigar room. Cherry tucked Lola into the booth seat and then slid in beside her. They each ordered the 14 ounce prime rib, baked potatoes with sour cream and butter, no salads, and chocolate amaretto pie for dessert.

"It's just phone-sex for me, sweetheart," Cherry explained between bites. "But as soon as I tell them I have long red hair and big tits, they're in love. The attention is great, along with the money. It supports my other passion."

"Keith has phone sex with you? Keith...pays...for phone sex??" Lola repeated in amazement.

"Keith? I don't remember their real names very well -- what's he like?"

"Well, he's really smart... and he talks a lot, but I guess everyone must to have phone sex. His words -- they're fancy, poetic, sometimes a bit over-the-top -- he's a writer."

Cherry scooped up the last bite of pie and turned to feed it to Lola. "Open wide, sweetheart." As it melted in Lola's mouth, Cherry began to kiss her and lick her lips clean. "Yes, I know which one he is, baby," she whispered through the kisses. "I call him 'Bacon' -- I give them all meat names, my little joke, but they think it's a macho compliment -- he's a bit... greasy, isn't he, doesn't seem like your type."

Lola couldn't imagine why she should care, and could barely remember who he was herself. This woman, this *tomato*, this lovely plump mirror image of herself, was driving her wild with her lips and her fingers running up and down her legs. *Maybe this is why I just keep eating so much*, she thought, *to be worthy of someone like her*.

Cherry's fingers were high up her thigh under her skirt, beginning to stroke rhythmically toward her clit, when the waiter reappeared with the check. "Thanks," Cherry said to him, "we do have to hurry, we have someplace to be."

Lola assumed it would be her bed, or the backseat of the car, or anyplace nearby where they could continue. "No, sweetheart, I'm an organizer," the *tomato* explained to her on the way out. "We have a demonstration this afternoon. Consider yourself recruited -- I promise you'll think of yourself differently after the day is done."

A group of about twelve women had gathered in the park just off of the Walnut Street open-air mall. They were holding signs, and there were hundreds of other people on the mall, most of them barely paying attention to the women. A few of the women were on rollerblades, one was doing tricks on her skateboard, and another had a baby on her hip.

Cherry parked the car and turned to Lola.

"They're waiting for me...for us, to start, baby. Take your shirt off."

"What?"

"Your shirt -- take it off. Here, I'll help."

Lola decided this was a game, a tease, so she let Cherry unbutton her shirt and slip it from her shoulders.

"Nice, baby, good girl..." Cherry was unhooking Lola's bra and kissing her nipples, sucking on them, pulling slow and hard, sending the tingle right down to Lola's toes. "We should get them pierced," Cherry told her between kisses. "That always stops the cops."

"Cops?" Lola pulled away, just as two women with their picket signs approached the car and banged on the window for Cherry. The sign that Lola could see said: **TOPFREE! TAKE YOUR SHIRTS OFF FOR EQUALITY!**

"Yeah, you know, cops -- pigs -- that other mostly white meat around here," the *tomato* answered. "Technically, they can arrest us, but they rarely do, as long as we get the girls with the best tits to talk to them."

Cherry pulled Lola out of the car before she could answer, looping Lola's shirt into her jeans belt beside her own top she had stripped off. "You're a goddess," Cherry said as they joined the group on the lawn, "and you have as much right to be shirtless as any man does."

It *was* hot, and there *were* lots of men on the mall with their shirts off, and nobody looked twice at *them*. Lola watched as all the women around her took their tops off, in awe at the variety of breasts and backs and skin tones.

"They're beautiful," she whispered to the *tomato*.

"Exactly. So why is it that women have to keep their shirts on? Because they can feed babies from their nipples, a purely natural act? Or is it because women are nothing but sex objects to men, almost like pieces of.... *meat*?"

Lola laughed and stood up a little prouder, her newly plump breasts perking up a bit more. "I've never even thought about it," she confessed.

"I know. Yet if you go out and do it by yourself somewhere, even on a beach, it's a criminal act. Equality for women is my passion, sweetheart, and nothing makes a stronger statement than this."

Lola had to agree as they began their march down the mall. Some people cheered, some booed, and a lot of men hooted and cat-called at them. But no one stopped them -- Cherry went in the record shop to buy a CD, and though the manager asked her to put her shirt back on, she said "no," pointed to a man in the jazz aisle with *his* shirt off, and then proceeded to make her purchase and leave.

"*No*. That's about my favorite word for women." Cherry had big, gorgeous, heavy breasts, and though Lola was trying to think about politics and women's rights, sex was churning between her thighs. "No whining, no fuss, just '*no, I won't*' does wonders."

Lola trailed behind her like a puppy dog, trying to remember if she'd ever said 'no' very firmly to Keith or any other man anywhere in her life.

"Hey, T-Bone, what's happening," the *tomato* said to a tall dark-haired man who greeted her near the central water fountain. Lola watched as the man kissed Cherry's hand, never touching her breasts, chatted for a few minutes, and then turned to go into a pizza shop.

"One of my clients," Cherry explained.

"Your client? They come here to see you? Does Keith...come... see you?" Lola raced over her words as she tried to wrap her mind around the sudden image of Keith seeing her half-naked in a public street mall.

"Bacon? He has. Some do -- after I know them for a while, I tell them to stop by one of our demonstrations, it's good for them -- seeing me in the flesh raises their consciousness and their cocks at the same time."

Lola stood speechless as she watched a security guard approach the group. He looked them all up and down -- one woman was quietly breastfeeding while sitting on the edge of the fountain, others were chatting, some had packages from their purchases, and one woman with lovely brown breasts who looked like she might be 60 or so had pulled some yarn from her fanny-pack and was happily knitting and purling while waiting for the group.

"What do you think you're doing?" the guard said, a bit tentatively.

Cherry held Lola's hand. "Well, *she's* shopping for some new clothes, *Afton* there is making her granddaughter a sweater, and the *rest of us* are just relaxing." Cherry's breasts were about two inches from the guard's chest while she was talking, and Lola knew, just knew, that when he put his hands in his pockets it was not to pull out a gun, or even a ticket, but to keep himself from stroking her nipples.

"Well... I think you should all put your tops back on, ma'am..."

"*No*. We can't do that. I know you believe that women and men are equal, right? So if you ask us to do that, you'd have to ask Bratwurst over there to do the same." She nodded toward a stocky brown-skinned man who had his shirt off and was talking with the woman on a skateboard. The guard looked toward him for an explanation.

Bratwurst just shrugged toward Cherry. "She's a *hot tomato*," he said with a wink at the guard.

"Yeah," echoed T-Bone, overhearing as he rejoined the group, pizza in hand. "And she's explained it clearly enough to *me*. Tits just want to be free."

"Well done," Cherry whispered to the giggling Lola. "I train them well."

The security guard rolled his eyes and shook his head. "OK, *girls*, just be gone when I come back this way later."

"*No*," the *tomato* said loudly to his departing back, but he didn't turn back to argue with her.

Lola never saw him again during the afternoon, though she imagined him hiding in shops and peeping at them whenever he could. After the rest of the group left for the day, Cherry dragged Lola into the *Dress Barn Woman* store, saying only, "Let's go change clothes."

In the dressing room, which fortunately had a wooden door that locked and went *almost* down to the floor, the *tomato* told Lola to strip.

"Everything?"

"Everything. Now. We're going to change clothes -- with each other."

Lola pulled off her skirt and her panties and watched Cherry take off her jeans. They stood side by side in front of the mirror and looked at each other, their breasts tanned from the afternoon of

sun, their sturdy hips, their matching curves, their long hair only an inch or so different in length -- *maybe not twins*, Lola thought, *but definitely sisters*.

Cherry held Lola in front of her and caressed her. "Watch me," she whispered as her hands ran down over Lola's belly and her fingers began to slide inside Lola, who was already soaking wet.

"Watch me watching you," Cherry whispered again, and Lola met her eyes as Cherry's thumb stroked her clit and two fingers twisted deep inside of her. "More," Lola sighed, "more...more." Cherry slid a third finger inside of her as Lola leaned back against her and began to shudder.

"Open your eyes and watch," Cherry said, and she did, and all she could see was feminine skin and beauty and softness and her own trembling legs and Cherry's strong fingers bringing her to the finest orgasm she could ever remember having.

Cherry began to dress her in her jeans and tank top, but Lola protested that it was her turn. "Not yet, sweetheart," the *tomato* laughed. "Right now, I'm hungry."

"For what?"

"Bacon."

"I don't know if he'll be there," Lola said nervously as Cherry drove her home.

"It doesn't matter," Cherry said with a smile, Lola's thigh pressed up against hers as she drove, her right arm draped around Lola's shoulder. "He'll come."

Lola thought maybe she wanted to stay sitting just as they were in Cherry's old-style car forever, with Cherry wearing Lola's skirt and shirt, minus the black lace bra since it wasn't quite big enough. They could drive around town, calling out new meat names for men, calling out to women to *take their tops off for equality!*, then ride off into the sunset, stopping every now and then to climb in the big back seat and fuck each other into some kind of happiness.

"Check the missed calls on my cell phone, baby, I'm sure you'll find he's around. But tell me, Lola, do you own a strap-on?"

Lola saw Keith's cell phone number on the phone, and tried to care, but she was too busy giggling at the idea of herself with a strap-on. "No, just a regular plug-in vibrator. We've never been too big on sex toys."

Cherry patted her shoulder like a child. "You'll find that Bacon has plenty."

"He does?"

“Yes, baby, check his gym bag that he never goes to the gym with.”

The sudden curiosity growing over Lola was stronger than the rays of final evening sunlight piercing through their windows. “What do you do with him, Cherry? Why does he call you?”

“About the same as all guys, baby. They stroke themselves, they fantasize, I fantasize for them, they imaging sucking my tits...” she said, guiding Lola’s head to that spot, unbuttoning one more button for her to imitate. “Then I almost always have them picture me with my big black strap-on fucking them up the ass, while they do it to themselves with their own dildoes and plugs.”

Lola sucked, pressing her head hard to Cherry’s breasts, while she felt her wetness almost flow down to her toes at Cherry’s words.

“Yeah, I know,” Cherry whispered softly to her, “it’s hot, isn’t it, baby. You can see why I do it for a living.”

“He’s never asked me for that,” Lola said, coming up for air. “My finger there, maybe sometimes, but nothing else.”

“And that’s your answer, isn’t it, why meat comes to the *tomato* -- to get what they’re not comfortable going for elsewhere. Don’t worry, baby, we’re here, and Bacon’s got everything we need. We’ll sizzle.”

They took their tops off, even though it was dark, and ran up the stairs to Lola and Keith’s place, but found no Bacon in sight. Lola found the gym bag immediately, and couldn’t help but laugh at the variety found there.

“Let’s greet him with them,” Cherry said, starting to lay out a trail of toys from the front door to the bed with Lola’s help. “Save these two, baby, that’s what you’ll need.”

They raided the fridge and fed each other in bed; they raided each other and ate, and ate, until the entire apartment smelled like sex, and contentment. The sound of his key in the lock woke them both from their drowsy sexed-out sleep. Cherry jumped out of bed and covered Lola up with the quilt.

“You can’t be here!” Keith said as the *tomato* stood in front of him stark naked and greeted him with a kiss. But she felt for his crotch and he was already hard, so she only laughed and walked him carefully through the toy-trail toward the bed.

“Lola will come home!” he tried again, but she assured him that wasn’t a problem, and he began

to lose track of his concern as she unbuttoned his shirt and kissed him again, hard. When he started moaning, she stopped undressing him, stepped back and said, “Bacon, strip.”

He stripped for her, quickly. Lola popped up from beneath the covers and stared. *Bacon*. Keith was tall and lean, and if Lola squinted at him just right he *did* look like a piece of bacon -- hot, a little slippery, not necessarily good for you, but tasty.

“Lola!” He looked more than stunned, staring at the two voluptuous naked women in front of him, rather like he was watching both his wildest fantasy and his worst nightmare come true.

“Lola, get dressed,” he said in his firmest boyfriend voice, trying to regain some control over the situation.

“*No*,” she said, and it sounded like someone else’s voice, a strong voice, a voice that could stand up for itself anywhere in the world. “*No, I won’t.*”

“Don’t sweat, Bacon,” the *tomato* jumped in. “We’ll fuck *you*, you’ll cook for *us*, we’ll talk -- *grill you* even maybe. It will all become clear.”

Keith smiled, then frowned, but Lola noticed that his cock never went down. “Lola, I barely know this woman...nothing she’s told you is true...you both need to get dressed, and she has to leave.”

“*No*,” Lola said, this time in the voice of a goddess, a voice that owned not just its sexuality but its freedom, its joy, and the strength of a dozen proud women. She brought out the lube and his silver rocket dildo and held them up to him with a sweet smile. “*No. No more lies.*” She moved toward him and spanked his ass lightly. “Bend over, Bacon.”

###

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(continued)

Five States

I was young and crazy, living on the beach in Mexico with Jonno. Hippies, I guess you would call us, running ragged and barefoot over the burning white sand, living on shellfish and marijuana, sex and sunlight. Our canvas tent was set amid the swaying eucalyptus that fringed the beach, set back from time and tides, a discreet distance from the village of dark-eyed locals who studied our movements. Jonno said they were envious; I guess that was one explanation for the silent faces that watched us fucking on the shore and heard the gasps of satiation that we offered to the moonlit night. They never intruded, merely watched. I sensed their vicarious pleasure and often the thought of those fish-net roughened hands stroking their cocks to climax would send me spiraling to my own completion.

Free spirits, Jonno called us. We drifted through the villages, buying nopales, frijoles, and cheap tequila with the money we earned from selling strings of shell beads to the few American tourists who ventured our way. Free spirits, tied to no corporate world, no nine-to-five and, as I found out eventually, to anybody.

I saw Jonno fucking Rosa from the village one sun-dappled afternoon. The sun burned through the swaying eucalyptus, painting his golden body with a sunshadow collage of leaves and seagulls' wings. Rosa was small and plump, curved belly arcing toward the ground as Jonno pounded her from behind.

I watched. I couldn't not. Hell, it was exciting, even as my heart was shattering. I confronted him later, when it was just us spooned together in our canvas world, just him and me and the night rush of waves on the shore.

"Free spirits, Moni," he said. "I have only myself to give. To share my body only with you would be selfish. I'm not like that."

Yeah, right.

I left him the next day, bumming a ride to the Arizona border with a fisherman who was carrying shellfish and his daughter to a better life in the United States. I walked across the border at Nogales into Arizona, carrying only a daypack containing a change of panties, a bottle of tequila, and a ten dollar note. Once in America, I stuck out my thumb on I-19.

A family in a shiny sports utility picked me up almost immediately.

"Where to?" The white-shirted husband looked like he was regretting the decision to stop, even before I climbed aboard.

"Canada," I said.

He looked uncomfortable. "We can take you as far as Tucson."

"Whatever." I settled into the leather upholstery. Silent children watched me over their handheld computer games.

"What's your name?" A small pale-eyed girl with a sullen mouth asked me.

"Rosa," I replied.

She returned to her game, and no one said a word to me until they dropped me off on the outskirts of Tucson in the hot July night.

My next lift took me to Sedona. Ah, Sedona, with its tapestry of new age and new money. My ride was a pony-tailed businessman from Phoenix, who was spending a weekend in Sedona "discovering his inner self." I didn't like to tell him that he could do it on a beach in Mexico, high as a kite on dope and tequila, for a fraction of the price.

He talked about his karma and his katra and his cat for all that I was listening. I put my hand on his thigh. Underneath the smooth suit he was jagged with tension. He had probably fantasized about someone like me.

We fucked at the site of an energy vortex, deep in the red rock country surrounding Sedona. The ground was hard -- dusty and unyielding, and the red ants ran over my thigh as I flexed and pulled him into me, let him pound my slick walls. My pussy stretched to accommodate the shape of an unfamiliar cock. Jonno had been long and solid, slightly curved in arousal and full of the jutting prominence and swagger of the young. My businessman was more assured -- confident in his ability to please me. The pungent sharp smell of sage was in my nose, the tickle of impending hay fever blending with the esoteric promise of ritual and knowledge.

Sacred sex? He seemed to think so.

I didn't care. I pulled him to me, forcing his head to my breast, encouraging his mouth to open on my nipple with guttural grunts. He bit down, hard, and I pinched his buttocks with my fingers, drawing his surging cock deeper into me. He came in short, hard spurts, and I welcomed his stickiness, his seed upon my thighs.

Take that, Jonno. My thoughts were hard and vicious, just like the cock exploring my inner depths, diving and delving into sticky heat.

We washed afterwards in a natural spring. The water sprang from the loins of the earth. His cock sprang from his loins too, but I wasn't interested any more. I was still engorged and dilated from his fierce fucking earlier, and right now the knowledge that he wanted me again was all I needed. I didn't let him have me again -- instead we dressed and I teased his twitching cock with hot fingers, letting him think that any moment now I was going to rip off my pants and let him back into me. He drove me north, up Oak Creek Canyon, and I left him without a backward glance, left him gaping in astonishment, his cock tenting his pants like a teepee.

"What's your name?" He called the words after me into the stillness of the desert highway.

"Lileth," I called back over my shoulder. I don't know why, it just seemed to fit.

I hitched up my shorts, feeling the seam bite deep into my engorged sex, pulled down my top so that my breasts were barely covered, and stuck out a thumb.

Somewhere in the banging and heat of the vortex, I had decided that I would fuck one man in every state to Canada, and only one. So it was easy to resist the backpackers who picked me up next. They must have smelt my scent, the pungent smell of sex must have been rolling off my body in waves, blending seamlessly with sagebrush, pine, and dust. I made them drop me at the Utah border; a new state and I didn't want to waste my opportunities.

Ha! I should be so lucky. Utah passed in a blur of minivans, disconsolate housewives, teenagers with babies on their hips and a wave of pale skin. I stopped for a beer in a silent, deserted bar and met Jorge, a trucker of eastern European descent. Sturdy and thick-set, his short stubby cock matched his short stubby body. He grasped my hips and pounded me with short fat strokes, crying a name that wasn't mine at the moment of climax.

He left me unsatisfied, but my resolution wouldn't let me assuage the ache in Utah. Nevada was closest, so I headed west. Jorge dropped me on the state line.

"My silent brown-eyed one," he mumbled into my hair. "So beautiful, so willing and I don't even know your name."

I told him the name he had called at the moment of his orgasm and watched his eyes widen in fascinated horror.

I walked for a while in Nevada -- miles along the heat-hazed bitumen, feeling the bite of sun on my exposed shoulders. The road was a shimmering ribbon, evaporating into the horizon. I heard the sounds of small and wild things -- the click of the crickets, the buzz of a rattler, the loud rasp of the sagebrush against my legs.

I heard the pickup long before I saw it -- old, a diesel with a missing beat in the thrum of the engine. I stuck out a thumb without looking behind and heard it slow and shudder to a halt. "Lift, ma'am?" The drawl was mischievous, as if the owner knew my intent before he picked me up. Maybe he did; the shorts were stuck to my ass in the heat and trickles of sweat ran in rivulets down my back, sheening the strip of skin between shorts and top.

My Nevada fuck had arrived. I smiled my acceptance of his offer, climbing up in such a way that he caught a glimpse of smooth bronze thigh and a flash of brown pussy hair up the leg of my shorts.

Fifty miles down the road he swerved the pickup onto the hard shoulder and cut the engine. My hand explored the contours of muscled thigh and the bulge of his groin that swelled beneath my hand. He leaned over the gear stick to kiss me, thrusting a heated tongue in and out of my mouth in mimicry of what I knew would come later.

I left the truck and pulled my top off, exposing my breasts to the burn of the sun. His mouth was on them immediately, suckling in that strange way that men have, as if they gain sustenance. Maybe they do. He pushed me down into the dust, and the small sharp stones right there on the hard shoulder. His lips moved down my stomach, unzipping my shorts with indecent haste and sending a probing finger down inside my panties then up, into the liquid heat of my sex. Even though I had washed, I wondered if he was feeling the slippery ropes of Utah semen as he probed inside me. His fingers skated over my clit and delved inside. I lifted my hips and let him pull the shorts away from me. I ran my own fingers over his sides, soft and strangely vulnerable in contrast to the hard, muscled chest that loomed above and the jutting urgency of what was below. My hands fondled his stomach, down to his sex, feeling the lift and contract of his testicles as I kneaded their exposed vulnerability.

He devoured me with his mouth, lifting my hips to meet him, sucking and slurping with abandon on my sex. I came for the first time when he rolled his tongue around my clit, flicking it at lightning speed. I came for the second time when he pushed his thick dark cock into me and started thrusting; pushing down on me, grinding my ass into the dust and seeds that littered the desert floor.

He didn't last long but it was long enough. He lay on top of me, covering me like a blanket, his cock softening inside me. His come was slick on my thighs. His mouth moved against my neck. The whine of passing cars intruded, but although we were barely hidden by the carelessly parked pickup, we didn't stir for long moments.

He lifted himself off and out of me. "Where to?"

"Idaho," I said.

He wanted to fuck again and so did I, in spite of my resolution. His turgid, pulsating penis was good, better than the indifferent Utah fuck, more real than the Arizona prick. As we drove north through the long plains of sage and creosote bush, passing purple-topped mountains and salt pans, I fondled his prick, exploring its hardening contours with my hand, delving into his pants to wipe the moisture from the slotted tip.

We compromised, he and I. At the bullet-ridden border sign on a deserted dusty road, he pushed me up against the roughened trunk of a juniper and drove himself into me -- sloppy wet in the spend of our previous encounter. I came quickly, contracting around him, drawing him into me. One leg in Nevada, one leg in Idaho.

As he did up his pants he asked my name. "Sedona," I replied. It just seemed to fit.

In Idaho I had a slow and not-so-meaningful encounter with a churchman on his way home, slow driving through the forest in his battered old sedan. He was elderly and it was a pity fuck. I felt magnanimous enough to give him that. He called me "Ruth" and I didn't care enough to ask why, but I let him take me home and feed me overcooked meat and soggy vegetables. I slept in his daughter's bed, surrounded by teddy bears and the stench of damp and decay.

Washington State was cold, even for July. The forests of damp-barked trees stretched out in military rows, dripping lichen and dank, dark water. It took me a while to get a lift, thumb outstretched on the back roads that I preferred. A woman picked me up, the first of the journey. She was stout and dressed in a touque and fleece pants. She reminded me of a pit-bull, all hard-eyed hackles and defense. She was going to save trees in one of the national forests outside of Seattle, she said.

She invited me along. I caught the flicker of interest in her eyes, but I was too tired to play the coy games of seduction that women need so I refused.

"Is it a man?" she asked me in frank curiosity.

I told her about Jonno, and the beaches, and the men I had used on this trip.

"Found your Washington fuck yet?" Her inquiry was blunt, like her sharp-featured face.

I shook my head and she smiled in satisfaction.

"Come and meet my brother."

It felt almost like prostitution, being led off to sleep with a stranger, but the border was close and I liked the idea of the decision being taken out of my hands.

Her brother was a lean, earnest man, shambling and skinny. He lived in a cabin on the edge of the woods, a hermit-like existence that had me hunting furtively for evidence of gunpowder and ransom letters. He was the sort of man who would cut you into small pieces and put you in his freezer. Liver for supper on Monday, shanks on Tuesday.

His sweet and tender lovemaking caught me unawares. I had expected a quick and desperate copulation, a quiet fitting together of sticky body parts, but the prolonged and crawling sex he gave me made me long for more. His morning beard rasped my skin as he kissed me without haste, sweeping his tongue into my mouth, fitting his lips to mine with great deliberation.

He undressed me with care, moving his mouth over my breast, suckling my nipple as his fingers crawled with agonizing slowness down over the planes of my belly, tripping lightly along the top of my cotton panties. I was sobbing with the need of him when his mouth followed the path of his meandering fingers. If I had known his name I would have been grunting it at that moment. He pulled my panties away from my body, parted my thighs, and rested his head between. He studied me with great care, parting my sex with a gentle finger. I knew he would see me reddened and swollen from the not-so-sacred sex of the past few days, but he made no comment, simply slipped two fingers into me, swirling them around, stretching me open.

He put his mouth to me and I gasped with the suddenness of it. His long tongue lapped me like a puppy, stiffening to jab inside, then gentling to soothe my rawness. I came with an incoherent shout, my back arching up from the bed in a bowstring of tension, convulsing again and again against his mouth. He quieted me with stroking hands, gentling me like a skittish colt, then drove me up once more from my plateau into a second climax.

I was gasping like a landed fish when he moved up and over me, pushing in his penis, long and slender. I could scarcely feel him at first, but then he started to move, circular motions that changed the angle with each thrust so that he stroked my inner walls with every slight movement. I was so wet that there wasn't any friction. I tightened myself in counter to his strokes and reached between us to stroke his balls. They were small and hard, like marbles, tight up against his body. His lean and muscular butt tightened each time he pushed inside me.

He went on and on, showing no sign of coming. I came enough for both of us, pushing my clit against his narrow, hollow pelvis, wrapping myself around him, stroking his balls with wet

fingers, spreading my moisture over him until he was as messy as I was.

It must have been an hour later when his sister banged on the door. "You ready?" she hollered through the leaning timber frame. "Come now and I'll give you a lift to the border."

He lifted himself off and out of me -- his penis was still hard, wet and sticky. He hadn't come. Without a word he stood over me and brought himself off with three hard strokes. His spend dropped down onto my belly, landing in great gobs in my pubic hair, already dark and matted with my juice. He turned and left through the other door, walking naked out of the house into the forest without a word.

He never asked my name.

I rang Jonno from Vancouver, and found him at the bar where we used to drink. "Are you coming back, Moni?" he asked. "I miss you."

I smiled into the payphone. "I think I will."

"Take the coach," he urged.

"No." Anyone watching me would have recognized my grin for what it was; feral and predatory. "I want to hitch.

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(continued)

The God of Fuck

The editor's life: this is the final manuscript of the night, one of a large stack of fiction submissions I've taken to bed to read. The last, and by far the worst. Adam is stretched out beside me, quietly reading his weekly dissident rag. For the past two hours, he's endured my inane commentary, sighs of appreciation and snorts of disbelief, his only reaction an occasional sidelong glance of amusement or, less frequently, a peek over my shoulder to read for himself. But now, as I toss the pages aside with a groan, he lowers his magazine to make room for conversation.

"That bad, huh?"

"It isn't even a story, just a fuck scene. *Big Throbbing Cock* and *Tight Juicy Pussy*, nothing inventive. And *Oh God!* this and *Oh God!* that, over and over. I finally had to count them, because I couldn't believe anyone could write such lousy dialogue. *Oh God!*, eleven times. No one says *Oh God!* that much when they're fucking, unless they suffer a deplorable lack of imagination."

With a dramatic sigh, I shove the litter of papers off the bed and snuggle under the blankets to wait for him.

He *tsks* in my direction, chiding me for my arrogance. "That's not true. You say it pretty often." He's smiling, playfully, and I'm not sure whether it's a joke or a challenge. But I am sure that he's mistaken, and my mouth gapes in protest as he discards his magazine and turns off the bedside lamp. "I wasn't counting," he adds, sliding beneath the bedcovers to curl his arms around me, "but I'd bet you said *Oh God!* a lot more than eleven times last night."

"I most certainly did not," I retort icily, resisting his embrace. I'm offended at the accusation and, even worse, aghast at the possibility that he might be telling the truth. I'd always imagined myself more eloquent than that, even in the throes of passion.

"Elisabeth, you say *Oh God!* all the time when we're making love," he insists, amused and undaunted by my reaction. "Why not just admit it?"

"Yeah, okay... maybe it slips out sometimes, once or twice, in the heat of the moment. But it's just a noise, a sound effect. *Oh God!* Like when you stub your toe or discover you've bounced a check. You make it sound like I'm praying for an orgasm or something," I complain.

"It does seem like a prayer sometimes. Especially when you're on your knees."

"Pffft," I say, missing the point of his humor. "I'm an atheist. I don't do that."

I consider the matter closed, and assume I've made whatever point I intended. Ready to forgive his minor transgression, I shift in bed and begin to move closer, but he's not finished yet. He's still having a laugh, too loudly, at my expense.

"I'm an atheist, too," he reminds me, "but I never say *Oh God!* And, definitely, never during sex."

This may be true, because I don't think I've ever heard him say it. But there's no way I'll admit that now. "Of course you do," I say, frustrated. "Even if you don't realize, it just pops out. The God blurt."

"No, never."

He's too confident, and I'm not. And there's some quirk of my personality that gets the best of me in situations like this. I never know when to shut up, even when I might be wrong.

"Okay, wise ass," I challenge. "So, what do you say when you drop something heavy on your foot?"

He ponders this for only a second, grinning at me. "*Ouch,*" he says, and his hand drifts over my bare thigh, settling comfortably between the argument. I pull my legs together, immobilizing his wrist, but he doesn't seem to notice as he explores whatever he can still reach. One fingertip wiggles free to trace the satin-smooth cleft beneath his hand. I toss him a dirty look and he smiles back, unrepentant.

"You're running late for an appointment and your car has a flat tire."

"*Shit!* And I kick the tire, because that's what real men do." His hand is deliberate between my thighs, that roaming finger teasing the lips of my cunt, idly stroking. He finds my clit and taps it gently, as if trying to get my attention. I do my best to ignore him and resume my interrogation with prosecutorial zeal.

"You've overdrawn your checking account."

"*Fuck me,*" he answers, his smile spreading into a sardonic grin.

"Fuck what?" The adventurous finger chooses this moment to penetrate with sudden boldness. I gasp and try to wiggle away. But I don't try very hard.

"*Fuck me*," he says again, softer than he should, closer than before, and these words linger against my ear in an entirely new context. Soft lips define the curve of my breast, seeming to wander without direction before discovering a peaked nipple with gentle tug of teeth and tongue. The friction between my legs is no longer aimless, and I forget all about God.

"Fuck me." Now my voice is a whispered echo of his, and the tattered shreds of my argument fall apart along with my thighs. Adam takes advantage of this opening and pushes another finger inside, twisting gently into the moist heat of my body. He quickly finds the single sweet spot that makes me breathless, and his fingers curve inward, pressing rhythmically, insistently. Too soon, my tongue is tipped with the dreaded phrase, and I can't stop it, even when I bite my lip in a vain effort to remain silent.

"*Oh God!*" I whimper, clutching at his shoulders as I come. And I say it again, and again, and again, helplessly, *Oh God!* with each burst of pleasure that begins in my cunt and spreads outward, flexing my fingers and toes. And then, just as helplessly, I dissolve in laughter when my mind clears and I realize what I've said.

"Four," he murmurs, and I smile beneath his smiling kiss, chagrined but somehow pleased in spite of my failure.

"Fuck you," I respond, sweetly. My fingers find and encircle the rigid column of his flesh, pulling him closer.

Adam enters me with a muted groan, pushing deep and almost painfully against my womb. His hands slide beneath my hips and lift me to the unrelenting pressure of his cock, holding me so tightly that it's impossible to move except toward him. I strain upward, rocking in a motion that soon becomes uncontrollable, frantic and primitive.

And yes, it is *Big and Throbbing*, this *Cock* that fills me, and my *Pussy is Tight and Juicy* with the madness of wanting, and language fails me again, as it always does when he fucks me. The words form on my lips, unbidden, but I say them willingly now, *Oh God!* breathing it in and crying it out, no longer eloquent but no longer caring. Reduced at last to the worst dialogue imaginable, I hear myself sob and gasp, moaning to the God of Fuck, moaning the syllables of his name, a torrent of sound as desperate and hopeful as any prayer could be.

Much later, when our frenzied coupling has finally given way to languid movements and contented sighs, I see the smile playing on his face. He doesn't have to tell me what he's thinking.

Yes, I did say it more than eleven times.

Maybe even more than fifty.

And my prayer was answered.

Amen.

###

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(continued)

A Pillowbook Tale

Rain streamed against the windows. Everything in the room seemed to have stopped down until just the sound of their breathing filled the air. The woman had written a poem across his body with her lips.

She looked at the rain pouring outside in long rivulets against the glass. She liked the quiet hush now, just holding him like this. He felt surrounded by the little silver net of her being, caught like a golden fish in her embrace.

"Touch me," she whispered, drawing his hand between her legs. She was so wet and slick that his fingers slipped easily against her, into her. He felt her tremble a little behind him and smiled to himself.

"I want to taste you," he sighed, drawing his hand across his lips and inhaling. Every part of him wished to turn around and tear the blindfold from his eyes and take her. He had never experienced such romanticism in his life.

"You're my captive this time," she whispered.

"Not the other way around."

His skin was on fire everywhere she had kissed it. A thousand little sparks seemed to blaze at once all over his body, where her lips had imprinted him. He was burning. But he was also curious to see where she would go with her poem. His hand blindly and obediently returned to her cleft and continued its caress.

She felt herself opening.

"Do you understand Ikebana?" she asked in a soft voice.

You are my canvas

"No," he said.

Teach me

She walked him backwards; to a low alcove, that held a deep futon on tatami mats. The alcove had hundreds of different flowers in vases. The riot of color would have assaulted his eyes, had he not been blindfolded. Delicate floral fragrances swirled all around him.

"You'll need to lie down."

She guided him onto the low bed. He lay on his back, with his legs slightly spread. She moved his arms away from his body, stretching them out like wings, palms upright. He was getting hard, and she blew her warm breath over his penis to stiffen it further.

"You are the primal element of this arrangement," she whispered to it, and it swayed under her mouth, dancing. She brought her cheek to rest against it, tenderly, for just a moment.

His legs quivered, just as his mind was quivering, at her presence, so close to his manhood. His mind reeled and a thousand images flashed in front of him. It took every ounce of his strength not to move, not to tear away the blindfold and just grab for her and pull her against him, to move inside of her in one quick fast thrust. He trembled under the weight of his own power to lie there, surrendered into his experience of her.

In the background he heard Kodo drummers begin to play. The drumbeats entered his bloodstream and he breathed in time with them. He felt her move against him.

Something soft dropped silently into his hands. Sweetly fragranced white gardenias now trembled there. He could hear her breath coming more quickly, now. I'm exciting her, he thought. Just looking at me like this is causing her mind to spin and drift. Someplace inside him smiled in the stillness. Zen.

He felt the brush of something against his skin. She had taken a large round ball chrysanthemum and was tracing it up and over his legs. Everywhere the flower touched caused him to shiver inside softness. A cry escaped his lips, or maybe it was a murmur.

Please touch me

She continued the tracing up and down his cock now. Just up and down and up and down, with her breath following closely behind. She impaled the silken mass of the flower over his plump cockhead. He moaned, and drew in his breath, as the blossom engulfed him.

"Shhhh..." she said, putting her finger to his lips.

She climbed over him until she was astride him. She pressed her moonlike breasts together until the rosebuds of her nipples were close. She brought them to his lips. He cried out as his tongue lashed across them.

"I'm so wet," she whispered against his ear.

His body strained, trying to push up against her.

"Don't disturb the arrangement of the flowers," she whispered.

His mind struggled with itself. I'm a man, he thought. No woman can do this to me. I don't have to do what she says. Nothing is holding me here. I'm going to just....

But then her breasts were at his lips again and he felt himself soften back against the pillows as he grew even harder. His cock felt like it was about to burst and his eyes fluttered open and shut against the blindfold.

She let him suckle, first one then the other, over and over again, while she moaned softly against him. She liked the image of her rosy nipples descending into his mouth with his face trapped inside the deep purple velvet of that blindfold.

"This is torture," he murmured, "I can't...."

"Yes you can, Shhhhh...bring your mind back to stillness."

"This is the way of great beauty, the way of Ikebana, and only true poets understand it. It is a meditation on one's desire nature. Listen to the drums and let your heart float in stillness. Imagine that a thread connects it to a star in the heavens."

Listen to the taiko....

She placed many flowers, with great care, across the surface of his body. At the base of his throbbing cock, she created a circular pattern. Periodically she let him suckle her breasts, or pressed petals against his mouth, or took his moist tongue inside her.

She continued to kiss him softly all over his body, all around the base of his cock. It swayed and danced to the rhythm of the drumming music. She brought her breasts around it, trapping it between them.

"I'm going to come," he said.

"Shhhh, no you aren't," she murmured. She removed the chrysanthemum and replaced it with her lips, tracing over his cockhead lightly, and rubbing back and forth like a whisper. She blew and blew along it, streams of warm windy breath. Her soft breasts cupped and locked his shaft.

"Mine," she said.

She had made an altar out of his body.

We are conceptual art, taken to its highest expression.

Nous sommes les enfants terribles du paradis...

"I'm going to come, I have to," he whispered.

He was like a river, pouring currents into the sea. She smiled while she watched him, dreamily. She had consecrated his body with flowers. He looked absolutely beatific. Her canvas was complete.

"Touch me," she whispered, placing her cleft over his gardenia-filled hand. His fingers moved and thrummed inside of her to the sound of the drumbeats. Her breath was deepening, as was his. She rippled and swayed as his fingers thrust inside her, expertly. Her head arced backwards and her eyes closed. Little whispery sighs seemed to emerge from the great depths inside her. He listened to her sounds; until his synchronized with hers, in a perfection of union under the drums. Taiko and moon; Ikebana and flute, earth and sky.

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(continued)

Ratatouille

"Miles, did you know that zucchinis make the best cocks?" Isabelle asked me on our first date. She twirled her angel hair pasta and looked fondly at the veggie stabbed on the end of her fork.

She had my attention. I tried to guess at a good response. Isabelle had long, wavy red hair and dancer's legs, and there wasn't much I wouldn't consider for her.

"Better than cucumbers?" I asked, rather dumbly but with great gusto, as though we were discussing favorite recipes over the back fence.

She laughed. "Hell, yes. Better than men, sometimes. Better than vibrators always. No batteries, and much more organic."

I was speechless. I had watched Isabelle pass by my office for weeks on the way to the dance studio before I found the nerve to ask her out. I was developing a serious navy-blue leg-warmer fetish by the time I just stepped into the hall and blurted out my name and invited her to dinner.

"Sure, Miles," she had said, quite casually. "But it has to be vegetarian for me, OK?"

She had looked pure and angelic with that pale white skin and the sprinkling of freckles across her nose. I researched every health food restaurant in town.

"Organic is good," I finally answered her at dinner, feeling like a 16-year old kid on his first date instead of the educated grownup that I was. "Do you peel the zucchini?" I had to know.

"Sometimes, Miles," she answered. "But sometimes rougher is better, you know?"

I thought then that maybe it was possible to fall in love with a girl who said "you know?" all the time and who wore heavy silver rings and bracelets that weighed her down, bracelets that looked like handcuffs on her delicate wrists.

I took her home to her tiny walkup-apartment at the top of an old building not far from Coors Field. "This neighborhood is not safe," I told her.

She just laughed at me. "Life is not safe, darling."

She was right, of course. There's hardly any safety in hating what you do every day for a living. When I chose the world of finance over art so long ago, I didn't know the difference between financial security and being safe.

She invited me in and lit six black candles all around the room "Six," she informed me, "is the sacred number of Aphrodite, the goddess of love." She served me hot tea on an elegant silver tray and then looked straight into my eyes and told me how it was going to be.

"A girl has to have rules, you know," she said. "I never have full sex with a man until the third date." She smiled. "By then I can always tell if they're fuckable or not."

I was 37 years old and a man of the world when she said this, and I swear I couldn't remember ever having sex before in my life, or if I even knew how.

"That sounds fair," I mumbled, smoothing my hair.

She excused herself and went to the bathroom. I confess I sneaked a look in her fridge while she was gone. Never before had a crisper looked so sexy. I counted the zucchinis--there were six. All in a row.

She came back, and her hair was tied up and she pressed one of her strong legs next to mine on the futon. Without a word she picked up a jar of honey from the tea tray, stuck her finger into it, and smeared honey all over her lips. Honey over lipstick, honey around her mouth, honey on her tongue, never taking her eyes off mine.

She stopped. "Kiss me, Miles. Kiss me until all my honey is gone."

Dear god. I started to lick and then I was devouring her, and nothing else existed but Isabelle and her mouth. Long, soulful kisses that went on forever, or maybe it was just one kiss that kept inventing itself over and over and over until I thought her rules were a tease and my hand was high on her thigh and my cock was raving wild. She paused and whispered, "You kiss like a man who is hungry. This is a good thing." And then she kicked me out the door.

I bought her things. I showed up for the second date with flowers and candy and a gift of tiny, delicate crystal ballet slippers that reminded me of her. She laughed and thanked me, but later she told me that the things she wanted in life couldn't be bought.

She was wearing a shiny white leotard, the kind with long sleeves that looked as if it would fall off her shoulders at any minute, the kind you can see nipples through in the right light, and a long, swirling, deep-blue skirt that made me want to lift it and bend her over and fuck her hard and fast. But it was only the second date, and rules are rules.

"Are you a natural redhead?" I asked, admiring her hair.

"You'll never know darling. Don't you know that dancers wax everywhere but their heads?" She laughed and lifted her skirt, slid the leotard aside and twirled and flashed me the loveliest bare pussy I will ever see in my life.

And then she led me out the door to the theater.

We saw *Cats*. She made me. She kept my hand high on her thigh under her skirt the whole time. I was wrong: *Cats* is a wonderful show.

Back at her place, she asked if I was hungry. I believe the exact words were "What are you hungry for?"

The possibilities raced through my head. "Oh, something vegetarian," I said casually, still trying to impress.

Her eyes lit up. "I have tons of fresh veggies in my crisper. Let's marinate some of them before we cook."

She took me into the kitchen. We peeled. Two zucchinis, three carrots, a handful of mushrooms, and a large purple onion. "The living room is better for this," she whispered when we were finished with our plate.

Lavender-scented candles, incense, the aroma of fresh zucchini--these smells will stay with me all of my life. She turned on the music, stretched out on the tiny rug on the hardwood floor, took off her leotard, and lifted that blue skirt around her waist and asked me if I wanted to watch or to help. I could barely move; I said I would love to watch her. I touched the pale skin high between her thighs and petted her gently as if she were a kitten; she closed her eyes and threw back her head and showed me possibilities I didn't know existed. She loved that vegetable as if it were a cock, stroking herself with it, rubbing it slowly around her clit, entering her pussy slowly, so slowly, in and out, teasing herself, and finally fucking herself hard--my cock beat to her rhythm; I came in my pants as if I was 15 again. She was lying back on the floor and I kissed her pussy, I kissed that cock, and I kissed her legs from thigh to ankle over and over again.

And then we cooked.

Stir-fry veggies over tomato-basil pasta; peppermint tea; fortune cookies. It was an extraordinary meal--I suspect it was the special sauce. "You will attend a royal banquet and meet your first lover," my fortune cookie said, and I knew I just had.

She changed into a little girl flannel night gown and took me into her bed. We slept. No sex. The trust implicit in this act is overwhelming. I never touched her except to hold her tight.

In the morning we laughed together. "Carrots just don't quite work, you know?" she said. "Too thin. But they have some uses. Eggplants and tomatoes and onions and peppers all have uses sometimes too." She told me that her practice was as old as the Kama Sutra: "How else do you think all those women in the harems got satisfied? Hell, that book even goes into using the root of the sweet potato! Sometimes," she confessed, almost blushing, "I go out with it inside me, when I'm going someplace quiet like the museum. It makes you think about sex all day. Melon balls are my favorite--kind of an organic set of Ben Wa balls."

If this was foreplay, I wasn't sure I was ready for full sex. I went to see her dance on the third date. She was beautiful. We went back to her place, and I lit the candles and the incense. "I'm yours tonight," she whispered. "You've passed. What would you like?"

I was ready. What else could a man want? "I want you to love me, to worship me just like you did that zucchini."

She undressed me while I stood there, and she knelt in front of me and began. It all came back to me in that moment, why sex is the most important damned thing in the world. She kissed my feet and then she worked her way up, taking forever, kissing and licking my balls, and holding them gently in her mouth. Talking to me, saying things, telling me how good I tasted, telling me how much she wanted me inside her, how much she needed to ride me hard. She took my cock deep into her throat all at once, and then there were no rules or they were only my rules and she was mine and I was lying back and holding her small hips and lifting her up onto my cock and driving into her hard and fast. The world stopped; that was all I knew--that she could make the outside world stop and take me back to where I belonged. She came for me over and over, before I stopped and took her long hair in my fist and held her still for a minute.

"Do you want to please me?" I whispered, knowing that she did, knowing that this girl lived for sex and that I could give her what she needed.

"God, yes," she whispered, nodding.

"Turn over."

I owned her. I fucked every part of her body, and she begged for more. I couldn't quite imagine matching her sexual imagination, but I discovered I could more than match her energy and desire. When my cock was finally deep in her ass and my own vision of heaven was high on the horizon, I suddenly knew: I knew this was it and this girl was going to change my life. I didn't tell her this; I thought there would be time later.

I don't believe we slept that night. But I do know that I never let her near the kitchen.

I started drawing again. I sketched her constantly. I still have some of the drawings--"Isabelle in Iceberg" is my favorite one, framed on my wall. Even though she swore the lettuce just didn't do a thing for her.

I stopped eating meat. Isabelle -- her name in my mouth was better than any sirloin in town.

I went dancing with her. I don't dance. Little clubs that nobody my age ever heard of; dark entrances, pounding music, Isabelle twirling and twirling and always coming back to my arms.

She let me go to the beauty parlor with her and watch her get waxed all over. I only went

because she told me she loved it, loved the pain, loved the discipline of it all. "Discipline is everything in dance," she told me.

I would ask her to show me her pussy and she would. Any time. She danced for me whenever I wanted. I wouldn't call it stripping, but I guess that's what it was. And the world would stop one more time.

But when I wasn't with her, she would rarely answer her phone, and I just knew she was in bed with a zucchini, and I couldn't stand it. She'd see me once a week -- that was all -- and I knew the girl was getting fucked every day.

I got stupid like men do. I followed her -- saw her at the produce stand, watched her dancing through the studio window, saw her go out with friends and then go home alone. I knew there was no other man. When I asked her, she told me she'd been in love once and that was enough.

She liked me; I knew she did. And then I realized the problem. It still pains me to admit it. She preferred her vegetables over me, just as she told me on that first date. How on earth can a man compete with an edible cock?

I couldn't get past once a week, and summer was running down and I wanted Isabelle in my bed every night. She wasn't a tease. There was no game. God, how she could fuck. Some nights she would lift her skirt and wiggle her ass onto my lap, pressing down hard on my cock before we'd even go out. She'd tell me how much she needed my cock. "It's my real kink," she confessed, "just being penetrated. Everywhere."

I tried to force the issue. I asked her outright what the story was, why we couldn't spend more time together. "Trust all joy," she'd say mysteriously, and she'd wrap her hair around my cock and then take me in her throat until I forgot even what the question was. "You taste wonderful since you stopped eating meat," she'd whisper after she'd swallowed and licked me clean. She was very into taste. "You taste like cinnamon, you taste like a perfect cup of hot chocolate on a cold winter night," and somehow I knew this was true and nobody had ever noticed it before.

Saturday nights were heaven. By Tuesday I'd be going crazy. I moaned, I fretted. I knew I was driving her nuts with my demands but I couldn't stop. I studied myself in the mirror and contemplated my fuckability factor. When you're in competition with a vegetable, every little bit helps.

Other women called me and I simply had no interest. "Isabelle"--her name in my mouth was more appealing than any onion.

What could I do? Move her to the country and give her a farm? Buy out a local produce stand? I couldn't imagine. I studied her apartment. All she owned was cheap furniture and beautiful candles and scarves and one shelf each of music and books. "I used to own a lot more," she told

me when I asked, "but then I learned that possessions mean nothing. So now I read a book and then just pass it on to a friend for their pleasure. The same with music, unless it feeds my soul. I pass it on." There were no clues about how to get to her. So I got stupider. I bribed her grocer to tell me every single thing she bought each trip. Six-inch zucchinis, bunches of carrots, scallions...scallions? I had to do something.

One Saturday night, late in August, I tried joining forces with the produce. I used them to fuck her every which way, and it was hot and satisfying, but I was still relegated to Saturday night, and I knew I'd never make it another week without her. I laid out a plan for Tuesday night: I would simply show up, lock the door, and clean out her fridge. I knew if I could spend enough time with her I could somehow make her replace her veggie vice with me. I certainly knew I could measure up: I'd spent a night with a rule and a tape measure back near the beginning of stupid.

I knocked on her door that Tuesday night and there was no answer, it pushed open easily. She was gone. No books, no candles, no music, no Isabelle. I could picture her in front of me twirling and laughing in that blue skirt; but when I reached out to touch her, there was nothing but ordinary space. I believe I stood there for close to forever; the world may have even stopped for me one last time.

Then I checked the fridge. It was empty except for one zucchini with a note wrapped around it: "I've gone on tour, darling" it said. "Pass it on."

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