

# The Book --- of Kama

**AN EROTIC  
ADVENTURE**

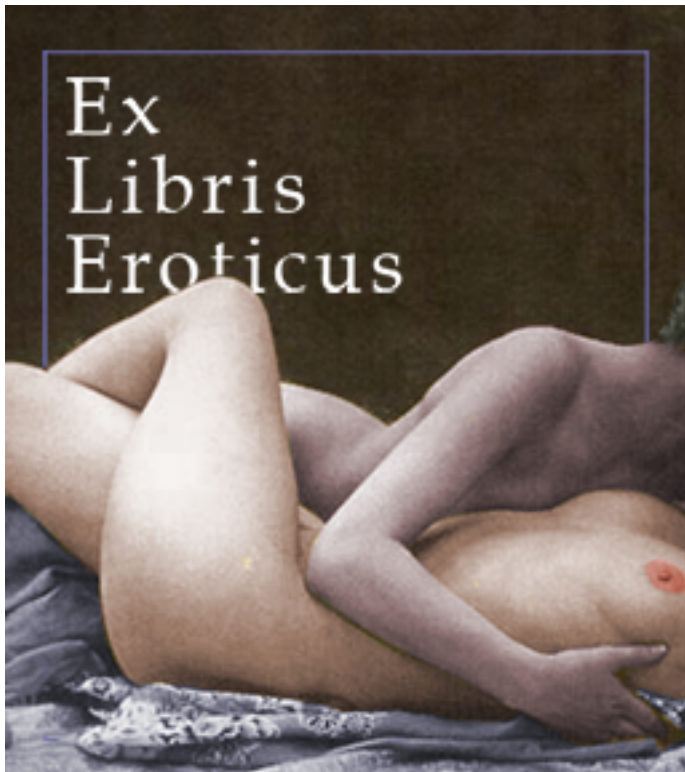
**DANA  
VAN DYNE**



# **THE BOOK OF KAMA**

**An Erotic Adventure**

Book Preview by Dana Van Dyne



## Prologue

It was pure luck that they met when they did.

Of course it was; life works like that.

But this was especially lucky because all the pieces fell into place at once.

They had both ended relationships long enough ago to be looking but recently enough to be wary. She had just walked away from a five-year relationship with a man she realized that she could not trust. He had gotten divorced from a woman he found that he could not get along with. It was a misery they might have shared, except that they hardly spoke of it at first.

They also both had free time. She worked as an editor for an online magazine and made her own hours. He was a sculptor and could work when he wanted. This joint flexibility was unusual but it was not discussed either when they met. Nor was the fact that they were roughly the same age, which meant old enough to know a thing or two but young enough to find adventure appealing. That particular piece of luck did not come up for a long time.

And most importantly, they were matched in their desires, which were born of both temperament and history. They were each slow and careful and tender and patient. They were voluptuaries although neither of them knew it or ever used that word. In fact, their mutual yearning to give and get pleasure was not obvious for quite a while.

And so, in spite of the clear hand of fate in the mix, it came down to pure happenstance when they first met at that cooking class in Midtown. He signed up thinking it might come in handy now that he was on his own again; she signed up simply to get out of the apartment and do something. Unlike some of the others, neither of them took the class for the purpose of meeting someone. In fact, it never occurred to them that this was the perfect place for lovers of desire to find each other. Erotic exploration was not on either of their minds. Not at all; not a bit.

Not at first.

Yet, when she saw him standing at the counter slicing those potatoes, she noticed his handsome face, the dark hair with touches of gray, the strong hands, and the way he focused on what he was doing. This was all true but when he looked up at her, right back at her, it was no casual glance and she felt his interest penetrating her.

He had seen her the moment she walked in, made a note of her lovely features, the curves of her hips and breasts, and the way she listened to the instructor with that gentle smile on her face. In fact, as more luck would have it, they were each other's idea of beauty.

He walked her home that day, all the way back to the Upper West Side. It was a long walk and without even knowing it, their steps were quickly in sync. They talked about cooking, not as experts but as learners, which of course was nothing but a conversation about pleasure. The odors and the textures and the tastes of it. When they had lunch the next week, the topic shifted slightly to sensuality and the desire to experience life through the skin and the openings in it. On a third date, they found themselves chatting about sexuality itself. Not sex, it was too soon for that, but about men and women and bodies and chemistry. Did they know then that all of this, from the first deep glance in that

kitchen to the latest longing gaze at that table in the corner, was simply foreplay? Prelude? Of course they did. What they could not have known was that this lucky encounter would swoop them into a sexual adventure neither of them ever dreamed of taking.

It was on the fourth date that they finally kissed in that hallway and knew for sure that their sensations matched. The fifth date was the one where they touched each other's bodies for the first time and knew that their tingles worked together too. So that by the time they met for a drink at bar in a hotel on Central Park West – midway between them – the first step was ready to be taken. It was there that the sexual tension they each felt finally spilled out. It was then and there that they made their agreement.

She thought of it as a bit of a joke and that is the only way she could justify it for herself. This was not something she had ever considered doing before. It was clearly just talk, jabber, not anything that would become real in the end. He too assumed that they were playing some kind of game using words as teasers. Perhaps they would try their little plan once and then realize how silly it all was. Still, it sounded thrilling to the part of each of them that longed to explore.

The agreement they made was simple. Or so it seemed at the time. They would date but the dates would be sexual encounters for the sole purpose of erotic pleasure. In this way, they would meet once a week to explore their sensuality. Like a yoga class for hedonists. Bodily pleasure, erotic delight, sexuality as a form of adult play. They would take turns creating voluptuous situations for each other. But – and here is where the luck of their compatibility came into it – they would be careful about it. Respectful, never hurting each other, focused on joy not ego. They would not judge each other's choices, not even share their names. Instead, they would join hands and jump into the river of their thrills without any entanglements. They would become enthralled but not intimate, share their pleasures but not their secrets, and know what to do to give each other bliss but not know the details of their private lives.

In other words, they would fall in lust but not in love. This was the deal they agreed to and at the time it sounded perfectly reasonable. Brilliant even.

Yes, it was pure luck that they saw things in exactly this way and were able to make their plan. But it was another kind of luck that this would not, could not, ever stay that way in the long run. Because as much as they were each trying to gain some kind of control over their impulses, they were also rushing headlong into an intimacy neither of them were prepared for.



## Lips On Lips

That first kiss was so important.

They both sensed that and were cautious about it for weeks.

They had been getting nearer each time they met, lingering ever closer, but they had still not made real contact. A touch here, a brush there, of course, and all filled with tension and yearning. But no commitment, no risk.

Not yet.

For his part, he did not want to seem too urgent because that might be seen as desperate. So he continued to hold back while moving ever closer. Besides, this slow pull they were both feeling was new to him after being married, and much more fun than a fast slam.

She, however, was still hesitant. She had just ended a relationship and doubted her ability to pick well. On the other hand, the moisture she felt every time she saw him was like a sticky glue pulling her in.

They had agreed to meet at a bar this time, a quiet one on the East Side, darkish and elegant with its long hand-polished counter and brass fittings. She was sitting there with her Cosmo, trying not to be nervous and failing miserably, when she saw him come in.

He cut a neat figure at the entrance and when he looked over and seemed excited to see her, it excited her too. In fact, he looked at her the whole time as he walked over, riveted like some guys might be at a car show and suddenly she felt gleamy and expensive. He did not kiss her then, it was still too soon, but he put his hand on her shoulder and that swooned her in a different way. He had firm slow hands that made her wonder, but she did not dare complete that thought.

Standing close to her like that, she remembered why he was so appealing that first time. He was handsome with strong features but with soft, kind eyes. He still had that look of gentle irony – like the world made no sense anyway so why fret about it – that attracted her in the first place. He was wearing a gray suit and so had obviously not come directly from work but instead had dressed for her. No one had done that for her in a long time and in return, she sat up straighter to give her bust an extra bulge.

He ordered a vodka martini and sat down next to her very close. By some kind of mutual accord, they had agreed to try to focus on the moments they were together, not on the past with its regrets or the future with its endless worries. She knew that he was a sculptor and had even seen his work online but that was all she knew. She told him about her work reading and editing material for an online magazine, but not much more than that. No details, you see. That seemed to be an implicit agreement. Instead they spoke mostly about the drinks, the taste of vodka, how nice it was to escape from the world in a dark bar.

It all might have seemed fairly bland but it was not. It was foreplay played exquisitely slowly and carefully. She could see, for example, that the whole time they were talking, he was looking at her lips. Noticing them, focusing on them. Her lips looked lush to him, thick and soft, and each move seemed to be some kind of caress. He was not overtly imagining them massaging him, but the feeling was there.

And although it made her a little self-conscious, this bit of attraction was perfect, part of the strategy in fact. She had spent over an hour working on them, and more time than that thinking about it. She wanted him to notice her lips, to be seduced by them, because she had decided it was time for them to kiss and see what they had together. To her mind, the kiss told you everything you needed to know, about pressure and rhythm and breathing and longing. A kiss was the first test of compatibility. It could tell you what was right, what held promise, and what was flat out wrong.

To signal all that, she left work earlier that day to spend time at Macy\*s in the cosmetics department. With the help of a very nice Romanian girl with lips like pillows, she tried on and wiped off dozens of colors. All red of course. Red lips mean sex, as anyone knows. There are evolutionary explanations for this but who cared about all that. Red red red...like a pulse pounding so hard it bursts the dam. But you had to be careful and pick the right red for the right intention. Autumn Whisper turned out be too orange; a quickie in a motel. Darker Dreams was too purple; a slambang in a bathroom at a Goth club. Crimson Delight was too, well, crimson for its own delight.

The Romanian liked them all, that was her job, but the only real question was which color framed her mouth in such a way as to suggest muscles rubbing tender parts. She finally settled on something called Red Velvet. It was the color of the ultimate rose petal from a romance novel cover. It was expensive for lipstick, a velvetine from Lime Crime, and went on liquid but dried matte. The girl said it was touch-proof, kiss-proof, transfer-proof. In other words hot but neat. Perfect. But since nothing in the world was as sloppy as mashed lipstick, she went the extra step of using HD High-Def Setting Powder, brushing it on over a tissue covering the lips.

Complicated stuff but one thing she knew about the world was that anything good took work.

And it was working, she was sure of that. By the time they were saying goodnight in front of the door to her apartment, his face, his mouth, his lips, were only inches away from hers. The color had been the magnet she hoped it would be.

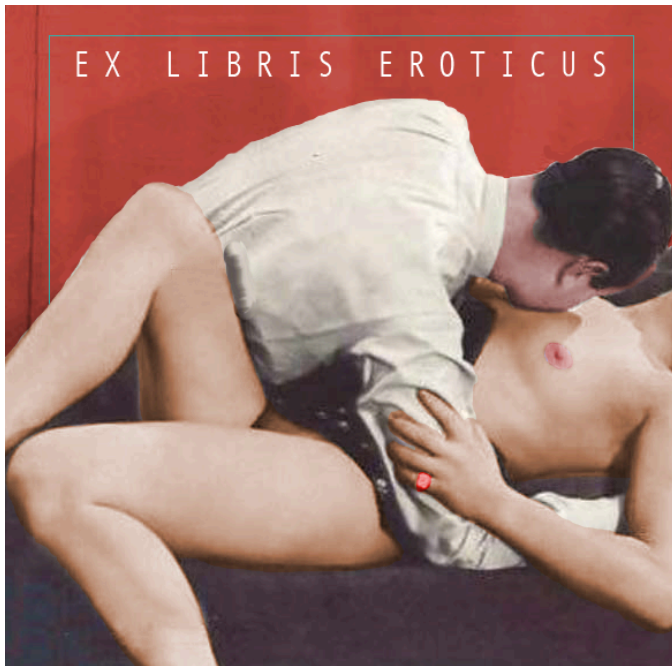
By the time he finally leaned in to kiss her, the magnetism had turned irresistible, like a gravity pulling them forward. Her lips were arched like an instrument, parted slightly in anticipation, sparkling in the low light of the hall. Just before their lips made contact, he paused and looked right into her eyes. Did he too know how much this mattered? Or was he simply, as they had agreed, trying to hold the moment, that one moment just before everything changes for all time. No matter. She could not wait any longer. She leaned towards him and pressed against him.

Lips, chests, hips, legs. All in. But lips tingle like nothing else and they sent a message down some nerve line to open her juicagate. She felt his lips wallowing in hers, mushing and gushing. Mouthwatering in fact. The way you would sip wine or eat chocolate. This was right! He seemed to know, or at least instantly get, her secrets of lip muscle and pressure, wetness and friction, taste and smell.

When he pulled back a bit, their lips stuck together slightly; it was the lipstick perhaps but she took it as a sign. She touched her lips to stop them from quivering. Her pulse was pounding, her groin throbbing, as he ran his fingers around her neck and kissed her again, this time even deeper. His tongue tip met hers for a very delicate introduction. They stayed like that for an entire minute, an eternity in lover's minutes, 80 heartbeats long. By this time she could feel him bulging and she was dripping down there and could feel a bead of fluid gliding down her leg. They stayed that way for a long time, all time all lips on lips, moving slightly to taste every drop, to feel every millimeter of skin, to rub and press.

They were massaging their desires through that kiss, every muscle, every touchpoint. They matched perfectly and were ready to continue...but they had agreed. Only one step at a time, only one move per turn. No haste, no hussle. Pleasure was a gift to be savored not devoured.

He wanted to go inside but she said no. Too soon, too fast, too easy. But it was hard to pull away and when she closed the door, she stood inside the apartment leaning against it and touching her lips with her finger, feeling like a girl who just did something unthinkable.



## Touch-A-Rama

It was the fourth time they were together, not that anyone was counting. Except that they both were. He, because he did not want to move too quickly for fear of scaring her off; and she, because she did not want to become scared through moving too quickly. Another example of the luck they shared.

They had cooked and talked and walked, and even kissed lusciously in an empty hallway. Days later she could still recall the sensation of him close to her like that, their lips kneading. He could recall that too and thought about it more than he wanted. But they had not even come close to discussing the details of their arrangement yet so what was next? A tiny step or a big leap, lingering or lunging? Pursue the connection they both felt...or pounce on it?

They met this time at the gallery in Soho he told her about, for an opening of an exhibit of the artists it represented. She had not been sure what to wear for this, and tried on too many outfits to be simply trying to look nice. Clearly she wanted to entice him, to keep his interest, but what did that mean exactly? She finally settled, through exhaustion more than anything else, on a simple soft white silk blouse – but a romantic one with an

open neck and billowy sleeves - and a loose black skirt hemmed just above the knee. Some skin showing, in other words, but lots of fabric to cover up too. She had heels on even though it made walking in downtown a bit of a gamble. But if she knew one thing about men, it was that high heels were like a stake into the groin.

When she arrived, she saw him standing with a group of people at the back of the gallery. He matched her colors as it turned out with a white shirt, black pants, and a jacket. She noticed then that he had very soft thin leather shoes on; which obviously meant that he was yearning for her.

They were standing near one of the sculptures on display. It was made of plaster but polished and finished in places to look like ivory. It was an abstract sculpture, not a model of anything exactly, but clearly representing a nude female body from the neck down to the tushe as though seated on a table.

She was pleasantly surprised to find out that this work was his because it was so sensuous. He encouraged her to run her hands over the surface and follow the sweeping curves, just as he did. It was impossible not to imagine him doing the same to her and she suddenly realized how warm it was in the big open space.

They mingled as he introduced her to some of the other artists, as they sipped some white wine, as she looked at the work and at him and he at her. But there was something more than geniality in his manner, which she also felt, so that when he took her hand and guided her through a door into a small office at the back of the gallery, she was not surprised. And certainly not suspicious, even when he locked the door behind them.

They kissed again there and she remembered how deep this felt and warm. But this time he also began touching her face – carefully, like a work of art – his fingers playing over her cheekbones and jawline, then her soft chin. So very slowly he moved his hand down her neck and into the dip behind her collarbone, then to her shoulder under the blouse. Skin beneath his hand and silk above it felt titillating to him, to his hands that were so used to touching and feeling. She was better than ivory or marble or plaster because she was so pliable. And soft. Warm.

Touches go quickly in the touchscreen age, as she knew very well from her job. And so the very idea of slowing down and focusing on the pleasures of the fingertips was already thrilling to her. Almost more than his dark eyes or look of hopeful caution or fingers tickling her skin, almost more than anything physical, it was this idea of slowing down that turned her on so much then.

He knew this because he had thought it all out. It was no accident that he was fondling her so slowly under her blouse. He was a guy, after all, and naturally wanted things fast... home runs, punchouts, quinellas, the big score. The old in and out. But he sensed something different from her and was trying to pay attention to it. That second lesson at the cooking school was about touch, contact with the surfaces of things, sensing the differences. They had been blindfolded as asked to pick up various foods and describe how they felt. But in the quiet light of her blindfold, she was thinking about being touched. And he was too.

Now he was exploring the right balance of contact and pressure, the correct pace. Most men touch as a means to an end, a way to get closer to a goal. The handshake, the slap on the back, the punch in the arm. Instead, he was trying to overcome his genes and just be attentive to what worked.

Molding, forming, carving...all those years of working with material paid off as he played a seductive song on the ivory of her skin. Starting on her arm, he gently ran his fingers up her skin with the tips, then down with the nails. Along her neck then down to her shoulder. She had on a loose shirt which was perfect, nothing to snag. Plenty of room to explore her under the fabric.

He felt the soft flesh at the outer edge of her breast and how it rounded down and around and created a crease under it. He ran his hand down her side then reached around to her back and slid into the depression of her spine. She was frowning, that kind of delighted frown when something was too good to grin about.

She was gripping him by then, knowing she should have been touching his skin as well, but she should not do it. The feeling of his hands all over her was too intense, too

exciting to ignore. When he slid his hand around her body back to the front, he slightly scratched her side at the hip and she squealed. It was a sensitive spot and he made a note of it like a doting lover. He moved up to her breast, feeling the round form of it, then the crease underneath, then with his thumb the nipple, around and over it. It got harder under his touch.

She was sitting on the desk at this point, straddling him which meant that she was open to him and that made his leg quiver. He put his hand on her knee and as they continued to kiss and lick tongues, he carefully edged his hand up along her thigh, on the inner surface that was now tingling, all the way to that fold where the groin begins. His thumb was just touching her pubic hair, he could feel the hairs against the tip but he pulled back and began to caress her thigh so cool and smooth.

He was erect by then and she was squirming and the time might have been right...but it was not. They were in an office and there were voices outside and then someone knocked on the door. They straightened themselves up, adjusted their clothes, then looked into each other's eyes one more time before rejoining the gathering and trying not to look like horny teenagers.

When she got undressed later that night, she realized that her underpants were stained from juices that had gushed and dried. She would not tell him that but it was probably in that very moment that she already agreed to the arrangement they were about to make on their next date. The excitement, building so gradually but intensely, was too much to bear. She was afraid of another commitment but in her body she knew it was time to jump in.



## Photo Op

It was all on her this time, according to their agreement.

And she was feeling the heat.

Their pact, agreement, deal with Devil – whatever you want to call it – was scintillating but it was also making her nervous.

Had she been insane to agree to it? Was the whole idea more pathetic than daring? Had loneliness finally drained her brain of all reason? After all, he was a complete stranger...or, if not complete, at least mostly. They had only known each other at this point for only five weeks. Over a month, during which time they had chatted pleasantly, kissed passionately, touched seductively.

Was this an adventure or was she acting like some horny teenager taking stupid risks. That idea in itself was insane because she had never actually been one. She spent those years taking care of her sister and her frail mom. Even her high school yearbook photo showed a pretty but serious girl ready to become responsible for something. The thought made her gasp...was she now becoming the tramp she used to make fun of? And secretly envy?

No matter. All that was just noise, the sounds of her talking herself into something she had already agreed to. Whatever it was, she had decided to go along with their agreement and this was proving so absurd and insane and captivating that she had no intention of calling it off,

And so, back to the question at hand...it was her turn to design an encounter, this time for his pleasure. But what could it be? Sex, actual intercourse or coitus – all right, fucking she shouted in her head – did not seem right. It was too soon, too intimate. She was excited at the idea of feeling him inside of her, but she was not yet ready for that. To have another body inside of you was terribly confidential, opening you up to....to what? She was no virgin. But this was different. Somehow the thought of his penis pushing through the curtains of her privacy...

Enough, she thought, and knew on another level that a plan is the cure for indecision. She read that somewhere and it seemed right. And the plan now was to come up with an erotic gesture that would delay the inevitable intimacy of actual sex. But what to do? She might cook a meal for him in the nude or cover her naked body with canapés. But that kind of thing seemed too caloric. Maybe perform a strip at a club or a belly dance...but she knew nothing about pole dancing or shimmying and shaking.

So she did what anyone with no clear idea in mind does...she went online and surfed. Sex sites, porn sites, how to please your lover sites, endless help for the helpless. Then she came upon an ad for an erotic photo shoot. It was a chance to rent a small photo studio on the East Side for just you and your lover, with some props and outfits and a camera. That sounded good. He was a sculptor, after all – she knew that much about him – and would therefore appreciate the effect, she thought. The art of it, if she could only do it artfully.

She looked at pin-ups, cheesecake, Playboy, movies...these were all very far from giving her ideas. All those images only made her more anxious. We were inundated with all that; it was too much to cope with. Whole teams of people making visuals that looked candid and sexy but were anything but, simply because they were so fake. What did she know about posing seductively? She was researching all this instead of editing a

page about women who take their babies to work, a bizarre contrast. When a coworker walked into her office, she accidentally left the wrong photo on the screen and stammered stupidly to explain it.

Eventually she found an entire dark web with videos about how to pose seductively for your lover. Whole sites devoted to nothing but erotic photography for amateurs, for pudgy people, for the orthodox. What to wear and why and how to toss the hair for a sensual look, arch the lower back for eagerness, look seductively into the camera as though it was your lover. Twist just so, so that both breasts and behind are showcased.

It was all pretty simple really because men, it was suggested, are who and what they are, they cannot help it. But that makes arousal a simple business. Their entire sexual apparatus is crammed into one tiny area of their bodies, making it ridiculously easy to tickle it and turn them on. The area is of course...the eyes. Men are visual in their sensuality. The camera just forces them to focus, literally, and also keep a focal distance that builds tension.

The mere fact of looking through a lens at a lover posing before them is in itself a turn on, the website said, so it cannot go wrong. She rented the studio and sent him a text message to meet her there that evening.

The place was only slightly sleazy.

Someone's studio apartment had been converted into a photo stage. Video too if you wanted that but she liked the idea of slowing things down shot by shot by shot. There was a platform that could double as a bed, a fancy camera on a tripod, some diffusion lights, pillows, other props. Someone had helpfully set up wine and glasses and a manual nearby explained how to use the camera. Also provided was a looseleaf book filled with pages cut from seductive lingerie catalogs showing poses and postures. A closet in the room had racks of erotic wear...camisoles, corsets, high heels, chokers. A hooker's steamer trunk.

There was a black corset there that pushed up and pressed in. It had a little lace skirt at the waist. Not her cup of tea at all, of course, but it did strike her as pure seduction and so she tried it on. She had to inhale deeply to even zip it in the back and yank her breasts

until they sat just right on the black ledge. It looked vaguely foolish to her but it cinched her waited and ballooned her cleavage and that, she figured, would work.

She put one thigh-high stockings and black heels and there was a gaudy rhinestone necklace that added a ring of glitter. Finally there was a black silk robe, like a rabbi's gown, not sexy at all but that was just the point. It covered everything and he would see her and yearn to see what was underneath. Pray for it maybe.

At the last glance before the full-length mirror, she stopped and wondered. Was this all so shallow? Surface tricks or, even worse, playing right into gender clichés...feminism down the tubes. Probably. But as she stood there and tried to pose with one leg forward and her hands clutched behind her, bending forward, tossing her hair, the politics did not matter any more. She was trying to turn him on to her body, not secure his vote for a human rights bill. This was a seduction, not liberation.

When the doorbell rang, she quickly covered her self up and let him in.

He seemed amused by the whole set up, uncomfortable perhaps, even a bit shy. But he was also an artists and understood the setup instantly. After some wine, he took a position behind the camera and began to take photos of her as she posed on the bed: Lying on her side with her head cocked backwards; on her stomach facing him with her breasts balling out of the corset; one her side facing away with the glorious mound of her hip catching the light.

On her spread knees, hands behind her, head tilted down so that a curl of hair obscured one eye.

Legs together, flexed, hands on the dark tops of the stockings.

Click, click, click.

By now she could see that he had an erection under his pants. She went to sit on the edge of the bed, knees together, shoulders back, and called him over to stand in front of her. She ran her nails along the bulge in his pants and he breathed out quickly. The thought that looking at her had turned him on so completely was a complete turn on to

her as well. They had not made love yet, just edged closer and closer, and kissed deeply, and touched each other's skin thrillingly.

Was now the time?

She slowly unzipped his fly and reached into his pants to caress his cock which was hot and stiff. She was about to wrestle it out of his pants, free it from the constraint, but a buzzer went off. It was too late. They had run out of time. Their session was over and another couple was waiting to use the studio.

Time to go, she went into the back and put her own clothes on again. Frustrating? Yes, it was for both of them. But only for a moment. Because it quickly became prelude for the next time. An extended foreplay, a kind of lingering hunger that neither of them could ignore for that whole week.



## The Baker's Grip

They had met at the cooking school.

And not just met but first seen and desired each other there. That was where she first noticed his strong features and the way he gracefully walked into the room. It was where her bare legs and trim arms first attracted his attention. And so it seemed like a good place to go back to. The light, the heat, the space...it had all worked right off the bat and had been conducive to their affair. There was romance there and sexual heat and they both knew it. Also, there was something quite intimate about cooking together though they still barely knew each other. Moving, touching, smelling, tasting...what could be more sensual that?

But he was surprised when he arrived to find that they were alone in the kitchen there. She had planned it that way, of course, and saw in his expression a touch of anticipation. But also a feeling of tension, a conflict maybe. About whether he should make a move or not, or just how far to push it or not at all. Whether to make his obvious desire for her even more blatant or hide it under a polite attraction. She saw this in his eyes as he tried to both catch her gaze and release it at the same time.

This was perfect, she thought, this build-up of energy. She teased him with it for a while, flirting for a few seconds with her eyes and hair and body and then seeming to lose her focus as they continued to chatter. He seemed confused about this but she enjoyed that and the power it gave her over him.

They were talking about her work on the current website, about how to decide how many tabs to have across the top of the page...in other words, nothing much. But as a sculptor, he understood the whole idea of making things look intriguing but not confusing. So it was possible, she realized, to engage his sense of design while tickling his fancy.

On the other hand, she had been careful to wear red nail polish and was trying to gesture with her fingers so that he would notice them. She had gone for a manicure that morning so that her nails looked shaped and gleamy, and the skin soft but firm. Nails were about fingers which were about fingertips and it was all just sex in a digital way. She tapped them together, hoping to electrify him.

On the counter behind them, she had already laid out a series of small ceramic bowls. In each of these she had already poured a different oil...sesame, canola, olive, safflower, sunflower, soybean, grapeseed. They were all good for you, rich in omegas and other stuff but this was not the point this evening.

“Are we tasting oils?” he asked.

The thought appealed to him simply because oils were so...oily.

“No,” she said and dipped her fingertips into the first bowl, then rubbed them together. “We are touching them. To see which feels best.”

She placed her oiled fingertips against the palm of his hand. Their skins glistened under the light. She dipped her fingers again and massaged his hand, covering it with the oil. It was warm and slippery, intensely intimate. She wiped their hands dry with a paper towel and tried another bowl, then another. Each time they rubbed their fingers together to get a better sense of the rub, of the grain, of the lightness of each kind of oil. But running their hands together was more than an experiment, it was an exploration of each other – of the curves and curls and shapes of their hands, the nerve endings along the sides of the fingers, the tickling on the back and the soothing of the palm.

“I’m going with canola,” she said after a while. “Less friction than the others. More delicate.”

“Okay,” he agreed. “Going where?”

“Deeper,” she said.

She pulled a tall stool over and had him perch at the edge of it. She leaned over and put the fingers of her left hand on his belt buckle. Then she placed the thumb and first finger of her other hand on the clasp of his zipper. She was still talking about the website as she did this, nothing important, just a diversion to keep the tension going, but as she said this she was slowly pulling his zipper down.

Then she picked up the bowl with the canola oil in it and very slowly poured the oil onto her palm, then rubbed her hands together to coat them thoroughly. What he made of this, she had no idea, but his lips went dry as he watched her do it and that was good. He smiled when he saw what she had planned and how the whole thing had been a prelude and a pretense. He liked being tricked like that.

She did not try to undo his pants though. Instead she reached into the open zipper and felt his erect cock bulging. She pretended to be surprised and pulled back. It was all a game, a show, a charade just to toy with him. It worked too; he seemed frustrated for a moment. But as she poured more the oil over his fingers, he relaxed and grinned.

“You were saying,” he said.

“I was saying that you have to do things slowly or they get confusing fast,” she replied, as she leaned forward again and this time quickly shoved her hand unto the fly and slipped beneath his underpants.

“I agree,” he moaned.

It was a struggle, slightly uncomfortable in fact, for her to pull his penis, now quite erect, out from under all that material. Like wrestling with a garden hose. She did not care about getting the oil on his pants because she thought at that moment that you had to soil something to make it matter. If he cared about the mess, he said nothing about it. Instead he was looking at himself exposed and hard, in her hands so soft and oily and nails so red and shiny.

Now she was facing him, their knees interlaced, and she could feel the tension in his legs pressing against her. He was not sitting but leaning against the stool, his hands at his sides clutching the seat. She held his cock straight towards her in both hands and began to massage it, stroke on stroke, one hand over the other, pulling towards her stomach.

He seemed to be growing as she did this, breathing faster, pulling back against her. One more time she stopped and oiled her hands, watching him the whole time, that crunch in his brow, the dry lips he licked, his hands gripping the stool, his cock like a sausage between his legs.

There was a technique that she had taught herself through videos on the matter. Not porn movies, which are only about the mechanics, but other ones about techniques of the kitchen applied to sex. The Baker's Grip it was called. This was a means for kneading dough or pulling taffy or doing anything that involved a rhythmic rubbing. It was a firm but gentle grip, strong enough to knead but light enough to respect the density. She had practiced, as suggested, on a slightly cooked zucchini. Loose but tight, strong but soft.

This grip she applied to the pulling of his cock all the way from the base where the fabric of his pants was still scratching him, up the shaft of the cock with its veins, all the way the soft cushion of the head, then over again and over again, one hand following the other, as though pulling dough into a nice long baguette.

Firm and steady, she kept this up as he grew even stiffer and began to whine slightly, and frown deeply. Then she clasped her thumb and index finger into a ring and pressed it around the base of his penis, pushing aside the fabric. It had something to do with constricting the blood at the base, which made him harder. With her other hand she continued to pull, pull, pull. The caress became a tugging and then a yanking, as he raised his hips and moved forward and she looked into his eyes, which were open but squinted.

His breathing turned to moaning and then gasping as she yanked harder and firmer and turned her hand so that her fingers were moving over the little bump of skin on the underside of the head, her thumb playing with the ridge on the top. And finally more

rapid tugs along the shaft all the way to the head, steady, pulsing, coaxing the orgasm down and out.

Yank, yank, yank and he jumped forward, almost fell off the chair, and began to pump his fluid into her hand. She held him firmly without moving because she read that this would increase the intensity and in this way she caught the warm white goo in her hand and smiled. There was a lot of it and it meant to her that he had built something up about her and was now letting it go and freeing himself into her.

Turning him on, controlling his pleasure like that, had excited her too. She was moist and ready but they had a deal...a set of rules to follow, only one pleasure at each encounter. There were taking turns to turn the other on. That was the deal. She wanted him then and wanted to wait even more, to not rush through their pleasure, to take their time and savor each one. And so once he was calmed and back to breathing normally, she simply took some towels from a rack, dipped them in warm water, and cleaned him off. Finally, she wiped her hands, then zipped him up and kissed him on the cheek.

Only then, realizing they were in a kitchen after, did it occur to her to look around for something to eat. It was amazing how hungry self-control could make her.



## Mirror Touch

In the afternoon before their date that evening, she had gone to the Duane Reade around the corner to shop. She was looking for a particular set of items that were soft and long and thin enough to work. It took some looking but she eventually found a small box of the items that she thought might fit the bill.

They were going out to dinner but she invited to her apartment for a drink first. Drink, as they both knew by now, was just a euphemism. She did set out two martinis she made from a mix on the table, knowing all the while they would probably go undrunk. Next to the glasses, she put the box but quickly realized it would become too clumsy to set everything up in the heat of the moment. So she carefully took out the contents and opened them up, leaving everything on the table as a kind of erotic teaser.

Sure enough, soon as he arrived they were no longer drinking but kissing deeply next to the table. The tension was rising from mere excitement to erotic exhilaration.

He stopped to take one more sip and either first noticed or suddenly decided to ask about the unexpected items on the table.

“What are they for?” he said. “Are we going to draw blood?”

His voice, she thought, was tinged with puzzlement mixed with caution. She liked keeping him guessing like that.

“They are going to tie us together,” she said, which of course meant nothing to him. But it was her turn and he had agreed to go along with whatever she was planning.

She turned around then and pressed herself back into him. That felt intense to him as he could feel her shoulders and back and behind squeezed against his body. He kissed her neck, smelled her hair, ran his hands over her arms, and then down to her waist and hips.

She was wearing a skirt for the sole purpose of being able to take her panties off fluidly, which she did in a swift move and kicked them to the side. As he watched her peel the material from her rump, he could feel himself getting hard, the energy in his groin radiating. They had not yet made love together but instead were taking their time about it. Exploring each other, teasing and tingling. That was all fine, but still he wondered if this was the moment and the thought that it might be thrilled him.

Meanwhile, as he continued to caress her from behind, she took five of the items and stripped off their protective coatings, then stuck them to the table for easy access. They were Band-Aids, long thin ones, ouchless and soft. Made for kids no doubt and their eternal scrapes but that of course is not at all what she had in mind this evening.

Still facing away from him but directly in front, she held up her right hand and spread her fingers in the air. Then she took his right hand and placed it directly in front of hers, fingers spread in the same way and lining up perfectly with her own, thumb for thumb, index for index, pinky on pinky. Her hand was a bit smaller but otherwise the match was fine. The feeling of her hand on top of his was oddly intimate to him and she too liked the touch of his fingers beneath hers.

But this was no handy game; it was more intimate than that. She peeled one of the Band-Aids from the table with her free left hand and looped it around their matching thumbs to cuff them together. Then she did the same with each pair of fingers in turn, tying his to hers just above the second joint. When she was done, all his fingers were cloned to hers; if she moved, he moved, like a robot hand under her own. She practiced this for a few seconds, raising one finger and then the next, one at a time, two at a time, then wiggling them. It was as though she were training him to move his fingers according to her will, which is precisely what she was doing.

Only a certain kind of guy would instantly allow himself to be controlled, to not fight it, to surrender his movement to her. But he was that kind of guy and all of this was simply an amusing sport to him until it became quite clear what her intentions were.

He understood that as she began to lower her hand and his of course followed. She tipped her fingers down along with his and then slowly moved their two hands down under her skirt, up her thigh, and to the hair of her pussy. With his hand in front of her, he could feel the texture of her public hair all soft and silky there, moist too. It tickled him. Her too.

She moved her own hand closer to her skin, which meant that he was soon touching the lips of her vagina. Then she slipped his middle finger into the slit and up against the tiny mount of her clit. She reached up and grabbed his hair with her left hand, bent her knees slightly and spread her stance a bit with the excitement, and began to move his fingers up against her and in and out of her.

Now he saw what she had planned and the reason they were tied together. It was an instruction, a tutoring in pressure and motion. She was showing him the just right way to touch her. Not by talking or moaning but by directing, manipulating. He closed his eyes and put his left hand on her back where he could feel the muscles pulsing. Even as she swooned to his touch – which was nothing but her own touch echoed – she could tell that he was paying attention. There was no strain in the muscles of his hand, no resistance. He was trying to really feel his way around with her leading. What luck, she thought

before all thoughts vanished...he was not one of those guy's guy who would rather fiddle with the VCR than a warm, sweet, delicate pud. He was a sensualist and loved exploring.

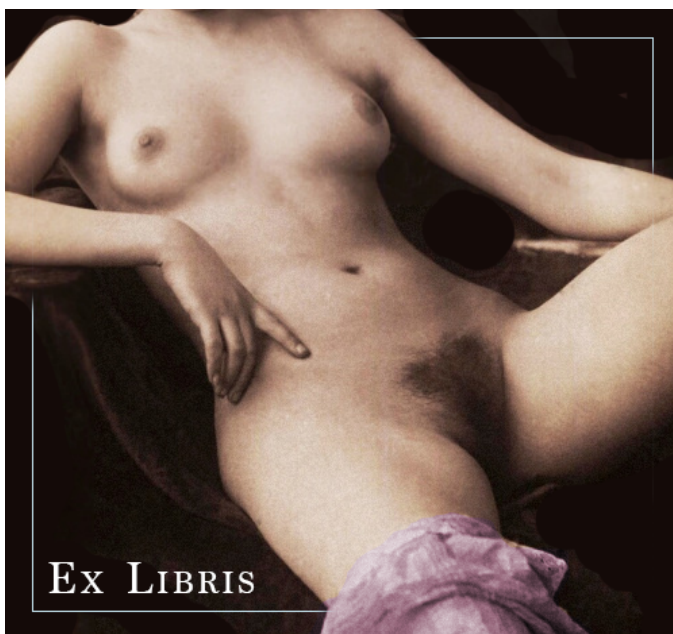
She moved his fingers slowly and carefully at first, then a bit faster and deeper. She was touching herself in the way that felt best but it was his finger, his skin, his hand that was in contact with her. A wider tip, a thicker pad, perhaps even an improvement on the shape of her own finger. She began quickly moving his middle finger around and around and then from side to side over her little bump. At first it was a mix of tickles and jiggles, joggles and jags but it soon settled into an intense steady side to side rhythm.

She pulled back and let her clit shimmy for a moment, then moved in again around and in and around and down and then that sideways shake. An intense pleasure was rising up from below. Her knees were weak from the stress, her thighs sweaty from the exertion, her whole groin was shuddering, his clitoris swelling and ringing, her stomach shaking, her heart pounding, as she settled into a delicate vibration of the clit side to side until the ocean seemed to fill her mind.

When she exploded, she shoved his finger inside of her to still the quaking, which worked but only after many minutes of a reverberating joy.

She did not mean to come with him; she thought it was still too soon for that, for revealing her deepest pleasure. But he had allowed her to control his movements which excited her because the touch was perfect, it was hers after all, but also because it meant he was willing to give himself over to her, to her desires.

They stood there like that for a long time as he gently kissed her neck, and ran his hand over her back, and kept his finger lightly inside of her. Until she moved it out and held his hand to her chest like a bosom buddy.



## Enter Slowly

She was no virgin. Of course not. She had had sexual partners, lovers, even been in love. Maybe. At least she figured she must have loved her ex-husband once, in the dim past, although that was hard to recall years later.

So the idea that she might have sex with him was not something shocking or radical. She was terribly attracted to him. Terribly, a funny word. But intense enough to capture the idea. No, sex was not the issue. Something else was, and it was making her nervous in a thrilling sort of way. Not sex, not intercourse, the old in/out. But making love with him. That was different; it meant giving herself, her desire not just her body. It meant touching his feelings not just his skin. A whole other thing, and it was a real chance with him. One she was willing to take.

But it made her nervous as hell.

When she showered that afternoon, she could not help but imagine his hands running over her body, his fingers in her hair, his skin slipping over hers. The warm water cascading down her skin was like his breath caressing her. She was already tingling inside as she turned the water off

He had taken a Viagra. Not because he actually needed it but because it erased a certain level of anxiety. It was automatic and that, he thought, would allow him to relax and focus on her. Her pleasure, her delight. He thought of it as a courtesy to her. Chivalrous even. He was right about that too. Not about the gesture but the fact.

They started on the couch, like teenagers do. Kissing then kissing deeply and touching and then fondling. When they got to the bedroom she decided, because she already had, to go for it, to go all the way, no fooling around. She stripped off her clothes without playing it coy and jumped into the bed backwards like a diver in a backsplash. Her hair flew onto the pillows and her breasts bounced playfully. She laughed at her own audacity and that whole image – laughter, breasts, hair – was enough to make him hard immediately.

Trying not to leap onto her from sheer excitement, he slowly lowered himself and lined his body up with hers. The heat from her pelvis and the soft mounds of her breasts felt perfectly lovely. As she felt the weight of his body on her, she relaxed. It was just right, not too heavy, not too bony. She spread her legs and raised her knees and put her arms around his neck as if to say, through dance not song, that she was ready for him. Not just ready but yearning.

Taking himself in hand, he very slowly placed the bulb of his cock against the lips of her vulva. Like a battering ram but not ramming or battering, just waiting. Waiting for the two skins to adjust to the heat and pressure. Then, again so very slowly, he pressed the tip of the bulb slightly into the space between the lips. Just barely parting them. Like a peek inside and he rested there for a few seconds. One breath, two breaths, three. She felt herself opening up, spreading for him, and moaned. She looked at him looking at her, knowing he was coming inside of her, into her private body, but taking his time, her time.

She breathed a few short breaths, almost like a gasp and steadied herself because she knew what was next. He pushed in further and she bit her lower lip to stop herself from screaming. But a short deep moan came out instead. Now the entire fleshy tip was inside of her, her lips parted around it, the wetness inside caressing it.

She was no longer alone in her own body, he was in there too. Inside of her most secret place. He did not move for a long time, only enough to cover the tip with her moisture, to settle in between her lips like pillows, to breathe her in, to feel right inside. It was a trick he read in a book about caring, savoring, respecting. A real man did not barge into a house jabbering like a fool and a real lover did not barge in either.

She put her hands on his hips, wanting to pull him all the way in but she held back. It was too slow but also too exquisitely tenuous to end. Her feet were flat on the bed, her knees up and spread; he was not actually lying on top of her but instead suspended on his own knees and hands so that the only point of contact between them was his bulb inside her and her hands on him.

She was almost crying in anticipation and just when it was too much to bear, he seemed to know that it was time to press on and he did. With great restraint and tenderness, he moved his hips forward and the shaft of his cock began to slowly – so slowly! – push deeper and deeper and even deeper inside of her. He was filling up a cavity she was not even aware of...not just her vagina but her loneliness.

She could feel his stiffness slipping in and in, pressing her apart, filling her up. The skin on his shaft was rubbing against hers as he entered and sending a jolt up her spine all the way to the core. He gasped when he was fully inside of her and she felt like coming right away. But of course it was too soon for that, too soon in their love, too soon in their relationship. She jiggled her hips to shake away some of the excitement, but of course he took that as an offer and moved up to the next level of the game.

At the rhythm of water receding from a canyon it has carved, he shifted his weight and slowly moved himself out of her. But inch by inch – no, a millimeter at a time – pulling pulling pulling out and out. Again the swollen tissues inside of her erupted with signals and she began to shudder with pleasure. When only the bulb was again left inside, he started the push again, this time just a little bit faster. It was a change only she would notice and register in her pleasure center. Press and press until he was fully inside of her

and the slightly wider base of his cock was parting her just a bit more. Then out and out again.

It was a good thing that she could not hear herself almost whining with glee as the pressing turned into pushing and then into thrusting and finally into ramming. By then he had lowered himself onto her and she could feel his body against hers, thighs on her calves, hips on her groin, stomach on stomach, arms around her, still looking at her with soft eyes that said he wanted only to enjoy her joy.

That was it.

Not just the tidal waves of delight, the way he was massaging her on the inside or the feeling of allowing him to penetrate her, but that look. It was too soon to give so much of herself, to soon to let him see her deepest pleasure, too soon for everything.

But it did not matter.

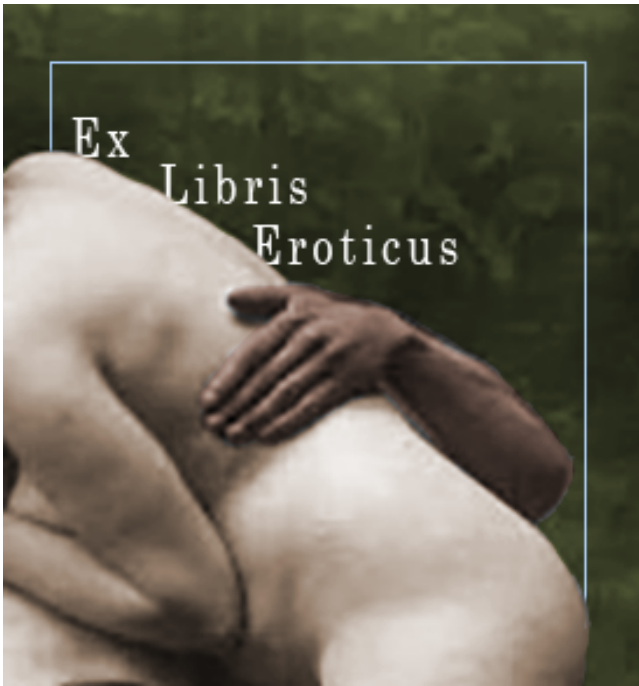
The pressure was building, the intensity rising with every thrust, every slip of his cock, every time the bulb tapped against the button at the end of her cavity. Tap, tap, tap...and the simmering began to form, the shimmering, that molten feeling, that sense of heat and spasm and expansion, irresistible now, undeniable. No amount of caution would stop it. He thrust and then moved back, almost as if he knew but how could he? A quick pause as he looked at her lovingly...

“Don’t,” she murmured but never got to, or had to, finish the thought.

He thrust inside of her again, the blub pressing, the shaft sliding, his body tensing, all the way through the doorway inside that led to her hidden bliss.

She screamed then, deep and long, no control over it, as she erupted inside and the heat and the warmth and the fluids all erupted in one long orgasm. He knew to hold her as she went through this, to keep still, to watch her face squished from the intensity of it.

It was better than coming himself, he thought, to give her this pleasure. To be the person who could do that. To be there when it happened, make it happen. He did not express this but even so, she thought, he was right.



## Wrastle Dazzle

This time, he was coming over and as the day grew near, she became a bit desperate. How was she going to entice him, engage him, please him this time? How to blow his brains, his mind, his stack, his wad in one shot? But this was all just wordplay; she had to come up with something fast.

The answer was on the TV as she flipped channels to trigger her imagination. Not the polar bears on the shrinking icecap, not those dopes sifting for Klondike gold, not the real housewives sniping each other. Something else.

So she went out and bought a large sheet of thin plastic, the kind of tarp they use to cover floors when they paint. And a gallon of Wesson oil simply because it was cheap. Mud would have worked too but looking it up online she realized it was too hard to find good dirt. Pudding, cream, she thought about them all but in the end the oil seemed best.

When he arrived, he looked so innocent standing in the doorway with his spray of flowers, that she wondered if she had made the right choice. No matter. It was her turn,

her decision and by their unusual pact he had to go along with it. They were testing trust by their little game, not to mention stamina.

They had a drink in the living room, talking about the day. He had been at a gallery arranging for a new exhibition and she had been reading papers for her class. But knowing what night it was, he had been listening, explaining, scheduling, planning and – in the back of his mind – only thinking of her and what she would be wearing, how she would smell, what it would feel like to close the distance between them.

She was not dressed for sex this time. Instead of heels and dresses, she was simply wearing casual clothes, silk shirt and slacks and flats. But it was a nice red silk from Soft Surroundings. He instantly recognized that sweet odor of hers and wanted to move close as soon as possible.

For her part, she had been reading the same paragraphs over and over as she lost attention and drifted to thoughts of his hands on her skin and his lips on hers and the feel of his muscles against her. He was dressed casually too in pants and a plaid shirt but a lovely one from Ralph Lauren. She too wanted to skip the formalities and jump on him when he sat down but she held back because holding back was the best way to build pressure and intensity.

Eventually they finished their drinks and she took his hand and led him into the bedroom. He laughed when he saw what she had set up there. The lights were low and the bed and the rug on the floor in front of it were covered with plastic. It looked awful. Something a serial killer would arrange. Did he think she was going to dismember him as a form of foreplay? He did look slightly put out.

As a diversion, she began to take off her clothes...pants, socks, t-shirt, underwear, until she was standing completely nude in front of him. She waited for a few moments until he got the message and did the same. Then she stood on the plastic covering the floor and took the bottle of oil out and began to slather herself with it. She poured it into her palms and coated her body top to bottom, face, neck, shoulders, arms, breasts, stomach, ass, hips, thighs, calves, feet. Even toes. Even the spaces between the toes.

Now he understood what was up and he relaxed and he did the same but in the other direction...feet, legs, hips, ass, stomach and chest, arms, shoulders and neck, face. He ran his fingers through his hair too and as a last gesture, rubbed more of the oil on his cock.

She stood there looking at him all covered with oil, his body like a statue in the rain. He was trim and fit, not too muscular, not too bony. Not an Adonis, not like the guys on the covers of the romance novels. That would have been too much, out of her league, she felt, oddly ideal.

No, this was real and that reality itself was so terribly exciting. He was a guy, nice looking, with a chest and a waist, and broad shoulders and strong legs. He was covered in oil and she was too. She looked down and saw that her nipples were hard, and glistening in the light. He took that mean that she liked what she saw, what she felt, hoped to feel.

He was right.

“First one to lose it, loses,” she said, and got onto the bed, on her hands and knees, and motioned for him to join her.

He did and took the same position facing her. Like dogs getting acquainted. They touched noses and the tips were slippery. She went to kiss him, to feel his oily lips against hers but instead he lunged at her, throwing his arms around her, throwing her off balance. She rolled onto her stomach and he got on top of her, trying to pin her down but it would not work. His legs were pinning hers, his cock was laying in the valley of her behind, his chest pressed against her back, arms on arms. But it was all oil and sliding, and she quickly rolled around and grabbed him around the neck.

Now her breasts skidded against his chest as she squirmed and she somehow got her legs on either side of him and clamped them around his waist. He tried to slip out of her hold but it was tricky because they were also slipping around on the plastic, no way to get traction.

But by how he had an erection and it was slapping against her pussy. With just the right twist and turn he could have entered her, and he almost did for a moment but instead she dropped her hips and pulled his face into her breasts. For a moment he lost all will to

win the game, whatever that meant. Feeling her oily breasts rubbing and caressing his face was almost too much, too voluptuous, too sensual. He tried to enter her, it was a deep yearning but she would not let him. Not yet. Too easy.

They struggled like that for while in a game of entry and denial and soon he slipped out of her hold and she rolled around again. Now her lovely back was facing him and he tried to enter her from behind but she slammed her legs closed. Why she was fighting him, she had no idea, except that all this touching, this slipping, this feeling him all around her was scrumptious. He pressed against her and she could feel his hard cock on her ass, his chest moving against her back, his thigh pressing on the back of hers. Her juices inside were mingling with the oil on her skin and making for a very intense mix.

Should she relax her legs and let him enter? The mere thought of it was creating an inner frenzy. But she was too late for that.

In the time it took her to make the decision, he had already reached his hand around and placed it on her pussy. The pressure there made her moan. Then he slipped, so easily, his middle finger into her slit and touched her clit, which was wet and oiled and swollen.

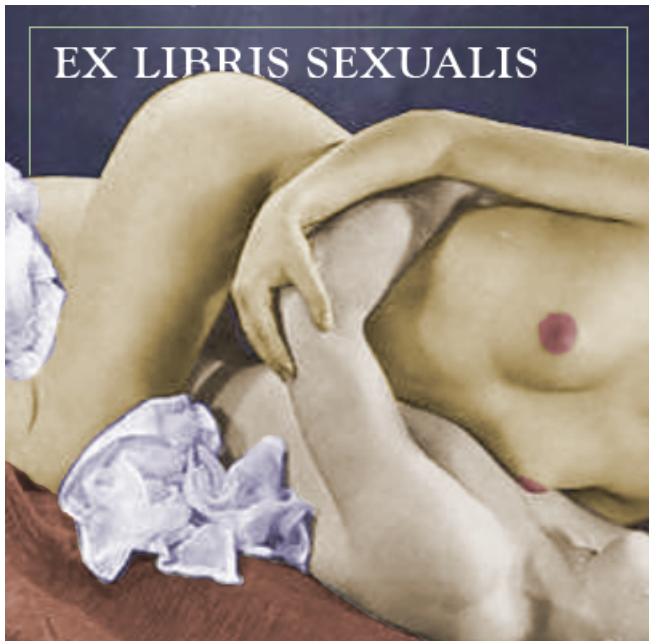
That was it. His body long the length of hers, his breath on her neck, the skin against skin, muscles on muscles, his finger vibrating her little button...it was too much and without even thinking or planning or deciding, she felt the ocean inside of her surge like a huge wave forming, one she could fight or control, and the wave crested and came crashing down. He held her tightly, as though he felt it too, as the echoes of it slowly faded away.

It was not clear to her if she had actually had an orgasm or not but something certainly burst through. Maybe the Big O or maybe just exhaustion from the effort. Either way they both felt themselves settling down into a gentle embrace.

“You lose,” he said softly but it sure did not feel that way.

As a teenager, she used to watch wrestling on TV when she was babysitting her brother. The sight of those beefy brutes grunting and bouncing off the ropes did nothing for her then. She remembered that as she lay in his arms, still slipping against each other, but gently now, and warmly.

This was something else, she thought. Something else entirely.



## The Love Bumper

It was his turn.

He knew now, because she told him outright, that the excitement for her was not in the slamming and the bamming. Nor in the thank-you-ma'aming. That was all just fine, but it was the build-up, the seduction, that really got her wet. The slow road to moaning, she had said. It sounded like a good book title if she decided to write one.

So when she got the email inviting her to meet him at the cooking school just after lunch, she was not surprised. Just pleased. This was where they first met, where they first laid eyes on each other. So it was romantic in that sense. But it was also where they first stood close to each other to watch the teacher, first touched by kneading that dough together slowly and smoothly, and first tasted the same thing....that berry tart that was both sweet and tangy.

They had a date that night but this meant that the foreplay would begin earlier in the day. Slow road indeed!

As it was going to be a working date, she dressed comfortably with a blouse and sweater, but of course that would not have been enough. He was a man and men were

lookers, so she wore black tights that were dramatic, with a short loose skirt that was flirty, and heels that were not very comfortable at all but that he would notice.

When she stepped out of the cab, she saw him waiting downstairs and made sure to lift her skirt enough to tease him and extend her instep just enough to taunt him. It was raining and he came over to cover her with his umbrella. He was polite of course, but when he kissed her it was with ardor not just courtesy.

As they walked up the flight of stairs to the cooking school, she went first and made an effort to swing her hips with each step. It was a dance she had seen in some French movie and she could feel him watching her from behind and below. In the outer room they left their wet coats and entered the bright and airy kitchen. A few other people were there working separately.

“No class?” she asked.

“No. Afternoons are an open kitchen. Everyone can make whatever they want.”

“You have something in mind for us?”

“I do,” he said, and took out a folded piece of paper with a recipe.

She read the title and finally was surprised.

“Are we having a bonfire?” she asked.

“I hope so,” he said.

They put on aprons and gathered the ingredients and the pots and pans. The kitchen was a dream scene for foodies, with a long marble counter and an endless supply of copper pots and shiny utensils. The presence of the other students told her he was not suggesting that they have sex there, although that was a nice thought. This was all prelude, she knew, and that was appealing too. Standing there next to her, she could feel his contained energy. He was a steady presence and that was alluring to her. It calmed her and calming was sexy. Besides, they worked well there, only rarely bumping into each other, never stumbling over the steps. It felt cozy, not clumsy, to cook together.

Following the directions, she combined a half-cup of ice water with twelve ounces of granulated sugar, one cup of light corn syrup in a small saucepan. She placed that,

covered, over a medium high heat for about four minutes. It was four minutes during which he placed his hand on her hip and very slowly rubbed the curve. She felt herself getting excited, some mixture of the heat, the hand, and the hope that he wanted her just as much.

Back to the directions, he uncovered the pan and clipped a candy thermometer onto the side of the pan, continuing to cook for another few minutes until the mixture reached 240 degrees Fahrenheit. He took the pan off the heat. Now he opened three packages of unflavored gelatin and placed it into a steel bowl with a half cup of water. He placed this under a mixer on low speed and slowly poured the sugar syrup down the side of the bowl into the gelatin mixture. Slow pouring of syrup...was that what this was all about?

Once all the syrup was in, she increased the speed to high. They watched for ten minutes as she leaned over the counter and tried to make her legs as long as possible as he went on to another step.

In a small bowl, he combined one quarter of a cup of confectioner's sugar with another quarter cup of cornstarch. He lightly oiled a metal baking pan and coated the bottom and sides of it with half of the sugary mixture. He was looking at her as he did this, her body draped over the counter, her legs longer than he remembered, the calves arched by the heels she was wearing, skirt like a curtain over her thighs. Tapping the pan to coat it was like patting her on the rump.

After another five minutes, her mix had become quite thick. Then she added a teaspoon of vanilla extract and it was time to come together. She poured her mixture into his pan, spreading it evenly with a spatula. He dusted the top of it with more of the sugary powder and covered the pan.

"Now what" she asked.

"It has to stay like that for four hours. I'll pick it up when I come over later."

He arrived at her apartment that evening with the pan in hand. Knowing what was to come, she had taken off the tights so that her legs were bare and the sweater so that her body was only one layer away from being bare. He was dressed in jeans and a silk shirt, casual but classy. She thought to lead him directly into the bedroom but he had something to do first. He placed the pan onto a table turned the mixture they had made

out onto a small cutting board. Then, with the sharpest knife she had, he carefully cut it into small squares, making sure that each one was shaped like a cube. He lightly dusted all sides with the last of the sugar powder.

They sat there like fat little cushions, footrests for toys. He placed one in her mouth, and one in his, and they chewed them softly. Sweet, spongy, silly. They had made a batch of the perfect marshmallows. But, of course, that was not the point of it all.

The point came later when they were in the bedroom. She had taken off her clothes and bounced backwards on the bed, her breasts shimmying, her hair flying. He gazed over her for a few moments, hair to toes and back, loving what he saw, and getting hard in the process.

But before he entered her, he took one of the marshmallows and rested it on top of his penis, right at the base. He held it there as he slowly entered her. She again felt his thick tip gently spreading her lips, then the shaft pushing in, sliding and snaking...an exquisite sense of intrusion. But then, there was a soft intense pressure against her swooning clitoris. She moaned in delight but at the feeling and the innovation.

He had invented the perfect use for the marshmallow.

It was a love bumper.

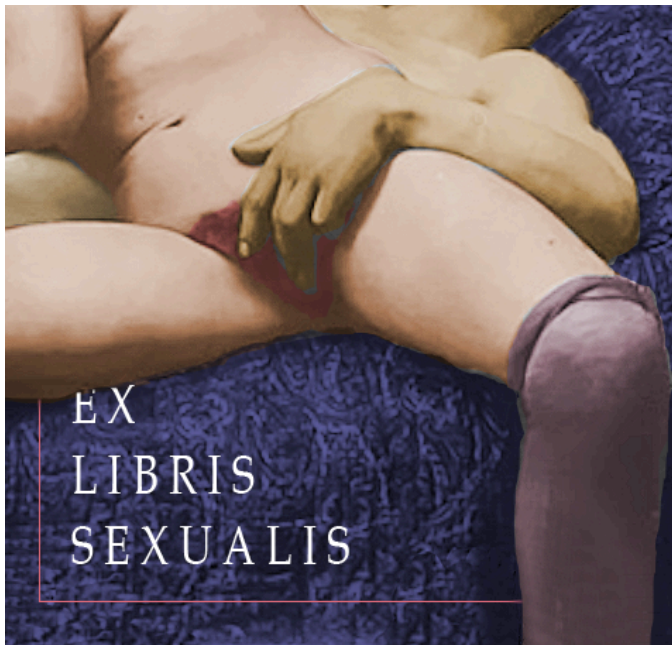
Now was not thrusting as he did the last time, but instead slowly sliding himself in and out of her but always close, never pulling too far away. And each time he fully entered her it pushed the little candy pillow against her. She could feel the soft and plushy texture against her clitoris, like a hug more than a bounce. She spread her legs more to pull him in, to squish the bumper more.

She put her hands on his behind to pull him in and mush it around against her. It was sensational...his shaft pulsing inside and the massaging pressure outside. Candyland for lovers. As he pressed her into an orgasm, it wasn't that the earth moved. Instead it went boom, careening off orbit to the edge of the universe where joy lives.

Why weren't men designed like this, she wondered as the shock waves ebbed.

And what was next...grapes, cherry tomatoes, walnuts for the hardcore?

The marshmallow, marinated now, tasted even better.



## The Venus Touch

She did not see him at first.

The restaurant was dimly lit, the tables were dark wood, oak perhaps, and the seats were cushioned in a deep leathery fabric. She knew that he was there, of course, because it was his turn and he had set things up. After her eyes adjusted and the host guided her to the back, she saw him, looking quite handsome sitting in a small booth.

She could not have guessed that he had spent a great deal of time – too much time in fact – picking this particular restaurant. Not for the food, not for the chef or the menu. These things did not matter for the purpose at hand. He picked it because it worked for his pleasure this time. The low light would give them privacy and because they could sit caddy-corner, he could reach her without being too obvious.

She also did not know just how nervous he was about the choice; it was only the second round in their agreement and because it was his round, it had to work.

She was wearing a loose skirt just as he had asked her to do. The only request this time. He had not seen her legs before because she had only worn pants. But he was pleased to find that she had shapely legs and nice knees. That meant that she avoided

skirts, perhaps, more as a political statement than a cover-up. What he did not know is that had practiced with that skirt before a mirror and had done just that for him. She had seen the way flirtatious women flipped their skirts to be coy, pinched them back while sitting to reveal some skin, pushed them back down to tease. She tried all this out and hoped it looked seductive rather than silly.

On 4" heels, she had watched a few videos on tricks for balancing without teetering and walking without clunking around. It took effort to rebalance herself with each step, to step toe first, and to swing her hips to counterbalance each move. This was a model's walk and she had never used it before. She could only hope that it looked sexy and not foolish.

As they ordered dinner, no one – not the waiter or the other patrons or any observer of human behavior – would have guessed what they were up to. Far from playing out any erotic game, they might just as well have been an average married couple out for the evening. Except that they had only met once before and knew next to nothing about each other. Their tastes for instance. She was surprised, for example, once the entrée was on the table that he asked for another saucer of olive oil.

This was the third reason he had picked this Italian restaurant for their encounter. Not for the oysters that Casanova swore by, but for the low light, the close seating, and the olive oil.

"You're going to have to remove your panties for this," he said.

He was speaking in a low voice, something else he had been practicing all week because he read that this resonated with women somehow.

"I see," she said.

Looking at her, one would not have guessed how easily the next move came. She was beautiful in the right light but rather staid for most of her life. Conservative in manner; polite above all. Yet this was his round and had agreed to play along and so she drew on her own distant memory of acting parts in school plays and followed his lead. Without ever looking away from him, she reached down under the table and very slowly slipped her skirt up to her thighs. When she looked and found no one noticing this, she slipped it even higher towards her hips. Then she pulled her panties down and down,

over her knees, and let them slip to the floor. She was going to leave them there but realized how absurd that would look to the waiter if he came back, so she did the best she could to look graceful and nonchalant as she bent down and wrestled them over her heels and off.

Rather than embarrassed by this, she was surprised to feel rather free and so she put them on the table and neatly folded them – thank god they were black – and placed them inside the pocket of his jacket.

“There,” she said. “Much better.”

He gulped.

It was all so smooth and fluid that he would never have guessed that she had never – would never ever – do something like that. But their game together was a play and she had agreed to play her role.

The waiter who delivered the extra oil looked at them and shrugged. No clue as to what was happening at his station.

“Now what?” she asked, but he was already putting his thumb and first two fingers in the saucer of oil, immersing them, coating them.

He had nice fingers, she thought, or at least had taken care to make them nice for the evening. That is when she realized the effort he had made: the darkened room, the manicured nails, the deep purple tie, the olive oil. All just for her. Well, for him too of course.

When his fingers were well coated with the oil, he reached under the table and moved his hand in between her knees. She had been keeping her knees together as a natural response to having no panties on, but now she parted them slightly. As he continued to move his hand forward, she fought the urge to tighten her thigh muscles and instead concentrated on relaxing. It was not easy but she felt it was her responsibility and she took it seriously.

He was looking right into her eyes as he moved his hand up towards her groin and this was a good ploy. He had dark eyes, the kind she loved, and his expression was one of caring and concern and this softened her. When he reached her pussy, she jumped slightly then caught herself. No one in the room was looking but still she felt shy. Here, after all, was a man she hardly knew – not even his real name! – with his oiled hand on

her pussy in the corner of a restaurant. Was she insane? Had she lost her mind, as her girlfriends seemed to think? Perhaps so, but as he began to insert his index finger between the folds of her pussy, these concerns slipped away. She could feel her lips parting and the tingly sensation of being penetrated. But not hugely, only delicately, and that in itself was thrilling.

When his finger was fully inside of her, he moved his second finger in even further underneath her and brought it to rest on her anus. This was in some way even more touchy and she again jumped a little.

“I’m sorry,” he said and stopped moving.

“No,” she said. “It’s fine. I just...never...”

“Me too,” he said. “Never.”

As she moved forward on the seat to accommodate him, he slipped his finger, just the very first joint of it, inside her anus. She exhaled deeply, tensing but then relaxing to this intrusion. It was unusual but not painful and maybe even pleasurable. Hard to say. This was not an area she had previously paid much attention to.

They sat there for a moment like that, his fingers penetrating her at two points, his eyes adoring her, his calmness soothing her. She looked at the wine glass, the uneaten piece of bread, the saucer of oil, the fork, the tablecloth, and then back at him. She was deeply aware of her own body, the heat from it, the presence of it. This too excited her.

At that moment, he moved his thumb into place directly on her clitoris. When he very gently rubbed it once, she moaned. And now began the dancelike gesture he had practiced all week, the thumb twiddling, the index finger thrusting, the second finger just resting in place. It was not as easy as it sounds but he knew from what he read that the balance had to be right. The balance of touch, the rhythm of motion, the gentleness of tension.

He listened carefully as her breathing got deeper and longer. He kept up the exact same rhythm as it seemed to be working. With her thigh muscles, she could control the thrust of his hand and in this way felt in control not out of it, which worked for her. She could not completely give in to him and this tension only added to the intensity of the feeling.

When she could feel all her tissues swelling and her clitoris bulging, she grabbed the end of the table with both hands, slammed her eyes shut, held her breath, frowned, and sank into that oceanic feeling that was rising rising rising.

With another flick and thrust and rest, she burst through the surface and gasped. A wave of desire washed over her and then throbbed and ebbed back down to dry land. Somewhere in her consciousness she knew that other diners must have heard her and she was embarrassed to open her eyes and see them seeing her. But he had thought this through too. At the moment of her orgasm, he knocked his own glass of wine over with this other hand so that anyone looking would simply see the accident and not her coming. He carefully, and with great respect, withdrew his hand as she adjusted to the change. Her openings closed as he did this, anus first, then vagina. She felt vulnerable then; she had shared an intimacy with him in a public place. This was embarrassing but not unpleasant either because it meant she was alive.

“It’s called the Venus Touch,” he said, trying to soothe her. “I read about it online. Practiced it actually. On a peach.”

“Fruit is good,” she said.

In fact, watching her so excited had turned him on too. But their rules were the rules and only one delight was allowed at each encounter. They finished their meal that night with a torte and chocolate never tasted quite so creamy or latte so warm. She actually touched his hand as they shared a taste of the dessert; this was not in the plan but she felt close to that hand now, it had been inside of her, pleased her, and she was now intimate with it.

On the other hand, she knew that it was her turn next.



## A Parisian Ostrich

In preparation for their next encounter that evening, she found a nail cutter in a drawer at work, sat down at her desk, and carefully cut down the nail on the middle finger of her right hand. She did not have long fingernails in any case since they would have interfered with her typing on the keyboard, but this one she trimmed back to below the flesh of her fingertip. She felt the tip with her thumb and it was cushy and that seemed right. The woman who worked at the next desk noticed this and smiled dumbly; broken nail, she assumed; she could not have known what the effort was for.

When he came over that night, he brought a bottle of Malbec and they sipped it at the dining room table. It was difficult to talk about work – her video that refused to upload or his plaster that would not set – not because they were uninterested but because they had not seen each other in a week. They were both longing for a different kind of connection they each missed.

Soon they took the bottle and the glasses into the bedroom. He lowered the lights as she slowly lifted her top over her breasts and above her head. The sight of her bare back and arms and shoulders thrilled him. By the time she got into bed she was naked except for a necklace of enamel and amethyst that looked delicate and rich against her collarbone.

She was sitting up in the middle of the bed as she watched him take off his clothes and reveal his body to her, her legs bent, her elbows resting on her raised knees. In this position, her breasts fell into their lovely natural curves and he noticed that and tried not to be a fool about it.

Since it was her turn, he waited for her to tell him what to do... how to sit alongside of her, facing in opposite directions, with their hips touching. Like a love seat without the seat. Having remembered a scene from an old movie, she had already placed a tub of butter on the table next to the bed and now she covered her middle finger with it and also reached down between her legs and beyond her vagina to lubricate her anus. He did the same, according to her instructions. In this position they could see each other's faces as they touched these parts and because they were so attracted to each other, this alone, this proximity, this intimacy excited them both.

When she reached over and placed her right hand on his penis, he placed his on her pussy. That felt sweet and he thought for an instant that they would rub each other that way. But she had seen a video – part of her research for this project – about what was known on the continent as *postillionage*, inserting your finger into your partner's anus just as they are approaching orgasm.

And so she reached around and below his testicles, then rested her middle finger on the opening of his anus. He winced for a second, not in pain but in surprise. Then he did the same and she frowned, not in distaste but as a delight.

They sat there like that for a while, as though touching each other in that secret place was a forbidden game they were nervous but anxious to play. As she was exploring this area, she felt against the pad of her finger that tiny bump at the top of the anus and slipped her finger against it. She rubbed it slightly and could see that he was pressing

into it not away, so she continued harder. He did the same, understanding that natural bumps on the body have nerve endings and nerve ending are fun.

What they discovered together was that this was a bit of a lust bump, a sensitive area that by turns felt ticklish, tingly or downright titillating.

When they had both gotten into a nice rubbing rhythm, she did what she had seen referred to online as the Siamese Ostrich. She coyly not sternly pressed her fingertip inside his anus all the way to her first knuckle. He gasped again but it was more a moan than a groan. He did the same and she squirmed with the pleasure of feeling him inside of her in another way.

He placed his left hand around her neck, that cool soft neck, and felt her silky hair between his fingers. That felt good to her too...one finger inside of her and the other hand massaging her neck. It was filling and gentle and tingly and then he thrust his finger deeper inside of her too and she bounced and grabbed his arm with her free hand. They moved their faces closer to each, staring into each other's eyes, exploring their insides with their fingers, breathing harder and heavier.

This was not like intercourse with a giver and a getter...this was more even, more equal. Siamese in other words. She had never done this before so it was a new pleasure...his finger now deep inside of her, filling her up in a tiny way, and her own finger in him, moving slowly and rubbing against that bump, and their eyes locked, and their breathing synced.

She accidentally let out a blurt.

"Are you okay," he asked. "Is this..."

"Yes," she replied. "Yes."

The sudden sound of his voice and his caring raised her excitement up a few notches and she felt herself tingling and his finger moving and she closed her eyes and bit her lip and moved her toes and reached some kind of pinnacle she could not maintain. There was a murmur and a throbbing and a release and she breathed hard for a few moments to get over it.

That sense of her excitement and her inside him for a change, sent him over his own pinnacle and he closed his eyes too and pressed his lips against the cool skin of her arm as it passed like an ocean wave.

Not an orgasm exactly, not in the usual way for either of them, but something very much like it.

Climax in a dark mirror for her and for him, an earthquake not a volcano. They sat there like that for a while, feeling connected like some kind of Mobius strip, inside and outside each other at the same time. Eventually she guided him as they pulled their fingers out exquisitely slowly, another level of pleasure that was new to them. Skin, knuckle, joint, digit, tip. Slow as bliss.

When they were done they embraced and kissed because they were in just the right position to do that.



## The First Time

“Tell me about your first time,” she said.

“You mean first time in love or inside or in....”

But he knew what she meant. It didn’t matter what he said, she just wanted him to talk. She wanted to hear his voice, resonant and deep, tickling her inner ear. Like a bassoon maybe, vibrating the airwaves. She wanted to be told a story, to sit back and listen, to picture something in her mind’s eye.

“I remember Daria because she was the first,” he finally said.

“Then tell me about her,” she said.

“She was the daughter of a friend of my mother’s. I used to play with her when we visited. What we played at, whatever we played, I can’t remember. But I do remember one time in the summer. Our two families were staying at a house near the beach.”

They were lying side by side on the bed as he said this and when he looked over at her he could see that her eyes were closed, her body relaxed. It seemed to be soothing, what he was saying, the way being told a story is to a child who is too jittery to sleep. That calmed him too and so he continued.

“It was the usual summer of sandy sandwiches. Hot sand. Card games. I was nine years old and Daria was probably seven. There were other kids there too. Maybe other families in other rented bungalows. Anyway, one day we were playing hide and seek in teams. On our turn, Delia and I ran around the house to find a hiding spot and we eventually settled on a closet in the one upstairs bedrooms. There were only a few clothes hanging there, so the closet was mostly empty. But it was small and we were standing very close to each other.”

He looked at her again. She had not fallen asleep. He went on.

“I remember that it was dark in the closet but not pitch black. A kind of soft gray. And quiet and still. We just stood there for a while, standing right next to each other, waiting to be found. But nothing happened for a long time. I felt strange. At first I thought it was the nerves of being found but then it was something else. Standing so close to her, in the dark like that, smelling her hair, hearing her breathing. I was getting excited about that, even though I barely knew what it meant.”

He paused to think about that moment which had not occurred to him for so many years. Yet it was true; he was not making it up. It was so vivid in his mind now. Perhaps the first time he realized that a girl was a wonderful mystery. One that he might discover and prove and reveal.

“I don’t know how or why I started, but I soon found myself running my hands through her long brown hair. She was cute, in the way that only a little girl could be, and her hair was curly and thick. She had her eyes closed, which meant to me that she didn’t mind what I was doing. Or maybe even liked it. I touched her neck, the skin so smooth and cool. Her shoulder, her upper arm, her elbow. I ran my fingers down to her hands and squeezed her fingers. All she did was lean closer to me and I remember thinking that this was much more fun than hiding or even running.”

“What was she wearing,” she suddenly asked and the question caught him off guard. He had been lost in his own past, his little virtual reality, and the fact that she was listening to him and imagining, jolted him.

“Oh,” he said. “Um...some kind of light dress, like a sundress I guess you would call it. With sandals I think.”

“Okay,” she said softly.

She was trying to slow him down, to savor the story, to swoon in the details. Not just of what had happened but of his willingness to entertain her, to use his voice to seduce her, to share his past with her.

“Go on,” she said, smiling.

“I guess I didn’t really know what I was doing. It was all new. Or maybe I did know somehow because it was so interesting to me. Titillating? I put my hand on her waist and felt her hip bone under my thumb. Then I very slowly, so as not to shock her or me either, moved my hand down her thigh over the fabric. So silky! I touched her knee. It was different from mine. Not as bony, not as jutting. That’s when it really all started...”

“When what did?”

“I don’t know. That feeling.”

“Sexual feeling?”

“I guess so. It was mysterious before, curious, but when I had my hand on her knee it turned into something else. Some kind of erotic exploration. And I inched my hand very carefully up her inner thigh. I knew when my hand was under her dress that I was somewhere I was not supposed to be. Somewhere forbidden. I looked at her then to see if she was upset and she was frowning a bit. But she licked her lips – they were a lovely light brown color – and kept her eyes closed. Was she wishing, waiting, wondering? Worrying? I didn’t really know but we were there, together, we had still not been caught, and the light was still dim and I could hear her breathing and her skin was so soft...”

He stopped for a moment and barely knew why. Maybe he had done something he shouldn’t have and felt guilty so much later. Or maybe the memory was still so intense that he needed to take a break from it. Or maybe he knew that this moment was the moment he became a sexual person with another person and it was important enough not to rush through in his mind.

No matter, she waited for a few moments and then gently nudged him with her knee to continue. And so he did.

“I keep going and slid my hand up and up and up her thigh. It seemed like the longest distance in the world, some kind of journey. I don’t know if I actually had any idea where I was heading or what I would find when I got there. Maybe like an explorer I just pressed on. At the top of her thigh I could feel the elastic of the underpants she was

wearing. It was a barrier, an xxx, and I might have stopped there but something kept me going and in a bold move, I slipped my fingertip under the elastic. Delia didn't move away so I slipped all my fingertips under. Her underpants were cottony and that felt nice too but then there was this mound of skin, like a small mountain to climb. Am I going too far with this explorer stuff?"

"Just shut up and keep talking."

"Well, I turned my wrist so that I could put all my fingertips on top of the mound. Very different from my own area, much more lovely and compact and I pushed down against it. There was an opening there, a slit in the middle where the skin parted. I found that really compelling. So I pushed my hand down a tiny bit further and let my middle fingertip slip down into the slip. I could feel it being hugged by the xxx skin on each side. It was oily in there, almost wet like a hidden stream. The whole tip of my finger was inside of her like that, moist and caressed. I had never felt the insides of anyone before – I meant not since I was born – and it felt really nice. Delia moaned. Or maybe it was more of a faint grunt. Whatever it was, I knew it was not a groan or a gasp or a scream. Even so, I pulled my finger out, not sure if what I had done was good or bad, right or wrong. Could I make her sick by doing it? Was this what they meant by sex? Did every boy go through this? Every girl?"

He stopped because he thought that was the end of the story but of course it was not. Stories don't end with the action, they wind down. The good ones anyway. She nudged him with her knee again and, luckily, he got the point.

"I pulled my hand away, then outside the elastic, then out from under her skirt and I put it in my pocket. Saving it maybe, or hiding it in case anyone found out. But they never did. We were never caught. Eventually we left the closet and found the others. We had won, I guess, since no one found us. I wonder of Delia, whoever she is or wherever, even remembers that. I do. I learned things then. That bodies had thrilling secrets. That people were different and the same. That I liked playing with little girls. All good lessons, right?"

When she did not answer him, he turned to get her opinion. But she had fallen asleep sometime during the winding down. Had he bored her with his story? He thought perhaps he had. Maybe try to come up with something better next time. Yet he felt

somehow closer to her than before, even though they had not had sex this time. As though he had brought her into someplace deeper than even his sex and desire.

Someplace deep inside his memory of himself. And in any case, he noticed that she was slightly frowning in her sleep. Maybe she was dreaming of him or of boys and closets and secret places in the body where yearnings lived.



*To Be Continued...*