

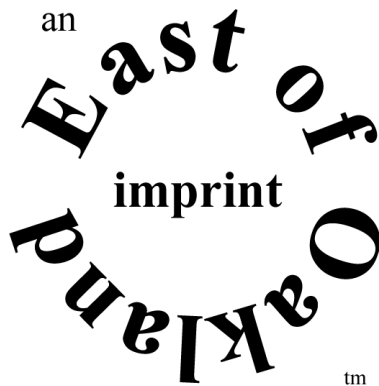
VISHNU
IN
BLUEJEANS



J. Manque

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fiction

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Where they burn books, ultimately they burn bodies- Heinrich Heine

Vishnu in Bluejeans

Lana had never been a demanding girlfriend, quite the opposite really, so I was a bit surprised when I answered the phone at work just before noon and she started the conversation with, “I want you to come over- right now.”

Her voice was heavy. I knew what she wanted; I had to be sure, though. “Why don’t we meet at Scott’s for lunch?” I asked.

“Because I’m not hungry.”

I smiled. I did my best not to look smug even though I was alone in my office. We’d only been together a few months and she still had the power to surprise- as I was about to learn yet again. Lana was incredibly adventurous and often made the

first move. I liked that. I really liked that. It's safe to say I'd never had a girlfriend like her before- and the best part is she was more than one girl. She'd wear a gauzey sundress to a garden party and act the perfect lady, then take me aside, quietly tell me she wasn't wearing any underwear, and prove it with a flip of her skirt a moment before rejoining the group. The next day she'd ride her motorcycle in heavy denim. It was like having multiple girlfriends who all said 'yes' and I wasn't cheating on any of them, and they were all beautiful; it was an unconventional beauty, but it was undeniable. She was a little on the short side, but acted tall, looking every bit the artist she was. Her skin was paper white from constant work and little sun, punctuated by close to a dozen dark moles scattered over her arms, torso, and legs which didn't make her even slightly self conscious, probably because she knew she had a good body- full breasts that looked large on her small frame, and nice curves from behind.

I suppose her least attractive feature was her face, but it was interesting- long, thin, with no cheekbones to speak of. Her nose was cute, buttonish, though a bit too small, and her mouth was a bit too low, and hairline a bit too high. So she'd never be a model. Who cares? Those features gave her a rugged intelligent aura that made it easy to get trapped by her large chestnut eyes, always burning even when she was relaxed, and once that happened you could lose yourself in dreams of her best features, full luscious lips that were dangerous in their natural pink state -lethal when she applied lipstick- and a tangle of shining ebony hair that flowed around

her face then tumbled down her body like a captive ebony waterfall- always in motion, never moving.

She was a lady when we were among friends, a bohemian around the house, and a whore in the bedroom- sometimes outside it as well, the perfect girl, even if I could never quite figure out what was going on in the depths of those eyes.

“Traffic is good,” I said, looking down out the plate glass at Interstate 680 less than 50 yards away and strangely silent through the double panes. “I’ll be there in 20 minutes.”

“Make it in 15. Don’t speed. Don’t be late. I’m not joking,” Lana said, and with those words she hung up. I stood there with my mouth open, getting more aroused by the second.

Do you want to know why something as simple as that conversation could inspire me? We went to a movie on our first date. It was a weeknight, a film that had been out for some time -her choices- so the theater was almost empty. As we entered she took me by the arm and quite forcefully guided me to the back row without saying a word. I didn’t complain. I thought we’d be doing a little making out. When the lights went down I slid my hand carefully under her dress and onto her thigh and got it slapped for my trouble. But less than 10 minutes into the film she slipped down onto her knees and gave me a world class blow job. When she was done she wiped me and her mouth with her popcorn napkin, in that order, zipped me up, returned to her seat, and watched the rest of the film with her head on my shoulder.

Naturally, she didn’t have to worry about me not calling the next day, or any other.

Lana didn't live far. It was a rustic A-frame place off of Oak Park Boulevard in Pleasant Hill, probably a weekend retreat from the '40s, a 2nd home for a San Francisco businessman built before the suburban explosion, a rural getaway in a swath of farmland near the country. It dovetailed perfectly with both Lana's personality and profession. She worked from home as a graphic designer. She worked way too much. And between working and using that creative mind of hers to invent new ways to give herself to me she didn't have time for much else- not that I'm complaining, mind you.

I was there twelve minutes after hanging up. I had to jog the halls, skip the elevator and run down the stairs to do it, but I made it with a smile and a semi. There was a note on the front door instructing me to go to the garage, a separate two story building opposite the house. Its door faced the house, and was open, so I was a bit surprised not to see her when I turned. It was an amazingly ascetic place, not like any man's garage, not a place for the discarded detritus of a confused life. It was large, spotless, and nearly empty, a two car space that housed one motorcycle, one workbench, one large and one small tool chest, and a pair of floor to ceiling built-in cabinets. She did have a car, an old Jeep Cherokee, for shopping and days she wasn't dressed for her bike, but it lived out on the street.

Entering the garage I ran my hand over her bike, a gunmetal gray Ducati that scared the hell out of me. I touched Lana's heavy denim riding jacket that was neatly folded on its

saddle in front of the flat black Shoei full face helmet. I noted how small her heavy knee high boots were next to a machine that looked like it belonged on a racetrack. At first it was hard to imagine her riding it, but after seeing her do it, it was hard to imagine her not on it occasionally- and that's why I never voiced my fears. She was a near perfect girlfriend. Why would I want to change her?

There was another note on the workbench, 'I'm in the studio. Close the door. Undress and come up naked- not a stitch,' was the instruction. It might not seem like it, but this was a watershed moment in our relationship. The studio was the only place on the grounds I'd never seen. She gave me the grand tour the first time she had me over, but didn't even mention the space above the garage until I asked, "What's up there?"

"That's my Yoga studio."

"Can I see?"

"You really don't want me to take you up there," she told me, smiling.

"Why's that?"

"Because you're not ready for it," she said. "When you are I'll take you, but..." then she cut herself off.

"But what?" I asked.

"You'll find out," Lana said. She obviously wanted me to leave it, and most people like to have a private retreat, so who was I to intrude?

I pressed the button and the garage door closed slowly, leaving the windowless space dim, illuminated only by the

opener's two 25 watt incandescent bulbs. I won't say I wasn't a little nervous as I undressed, putting my clothes neatly on the spotless workbench. As unconventional as Lana was- I wasn't. Sad to say, but in my decades of life on this planet I don't think I'd ever been naked in a garage before. Then, as instructed, I went up the forbidden staircase, which was considerably newer than the rest of the garage, as Lana added the studio above it when she moved there a few years before, changing the architecture of the old flat tar roofed afterthought of a garage into something that matched the house, completing what someone else should have long before.

Unsure of whether to knock or not I tapped gently on the door at the top of the small landing. She had to know I was there, but... I waited. There was no answer, no sound from the other side. I opened the door slowly. I would have announced myself but Lana was standing there not ten feet away facing me, her face calm, confident.

"It took you long enough," she said. "I thought maybe you were going to run away like a little bunny. Not that I'd blame you."

"Sorry," I told her, staring- and I had something to stare at. Lana was leaning, one arm against the wall. Her opposite thumb was hooked in the high waistband of her heavy denim riding jeans. She was wearing nothing else, except a rich pink lipstick that made her mouth glow. While her pose was designed to entice it was also designed to tease. Her dark stringy hair was draped over the front of her shoulders. Cascading almost all the way to her navel it was more than up

to the task of concealing her breasts.

“Come in,” she said.

I closed the heavy door behind me, and as I did all the road noise from Oak Park Boulevard vanished. I was a bit confused as to why she hadn’t smiled. Our little adventures normally began with one of her patented smiles, which could be both warm and surprisingly devious at the same time, but Lana’s lips remained pursed and she turned away slowly, displaying her bare back to me, and the curve of her hips that stretched the denim as she walked slowly to the center of the large space. “What do you think?” she asked, turning back, returning my stare confidently.

The studio didn’t look like it had been added onto a garage. It didn’t look like it belonged anywhere near a garage. It was large, open, with high ceilings following the steep slope of the A-frame roof built to mirror that of the house. The floors were blond wood, the walls a warm off-white, and windowless. A heavy central beam ran the length of the roof, supporting it, and several large hanging plants. To either side were a series of skylights that flooded the studio with natural light. One wall had built in cabinets, drawers, and counters in wood that matched the floor and ceiling beam. The other walls were undecorated, but there were at least a dozen plants hanging from the ceiling close to them, mostly vines that trailed nearly to the floor, giving the space an open and natural feel. The only thing that looked out of place was an old swiveling wooden desk chair on dried leather rollers against the far wall.

“It’s beautiful,” I said.

“Before we begin,” Lana started in a businesslike tone.

“Yes?” I interrupted.

“Before we begin,” Lana said, “I want you to know that if anything gets too intense today...”

“It won’t,” I interrupted again.

“If it does,” she said, giving me a stern look, “just say the word ‘unicorn’ and you can go home.”

“Sure.”

“Repeat it. I want to know you know.”

“Unicorn,” I said as solemnly as I could without laughing.

That seemed to please her. She went to the counter. She lit an incense stick which slowly added a subtle cinnamon aroma to the atmosphere. It was easy to imagine her unrolling a mat and doing Yoga there in a form fitting leotard- or naked. I would have liked to have seen that. I was planning on seeing that, then giving her a massage with the scented oils I knew must be lurking in those cabinets, and finally making love to her slowly on the floor- and afterward delighting in the oily Lana print left behind on the polished wood.

“Would you like some help slipping out of those jeans?” I asked.

“Remember... Vishnu becomes Shiva,” Lana told me.

“What’s that mean?” I asked.

“It means shut up and do what I tell you,” which was incredibly direct even for a forward girl who normally doesn’t take ‘no’ for an answer. “Now lower that fern,” she told me, pointing to an immense Boston Fern in the very center of the room. Like the other plants hanging from the beam it was

suspended from an oversized hook by nearly textureless fountain pen thick black rope threaded through a brass block and tackle, and tied off on a matching cleat on the wall.

I'd never seen houseplants suspended like that, and Lana must have noticed my curiosity. "It makes them easier to water," she said.

"You can't lower the others like that," I said, pointing to the plants along the walls.

"They're not as high," she told me.

I loosened the rope and began to lower the fern. Lana hurried to the chair and pushed it quickly to the center of the room, letting me see a flash of breast as she did. The fern touched down on the seat perfectly. Lana detached the fern from its hook and pushed the chair over to the counter.

"Put it up there," she said, and when I did she pointed to the empty chair and told me, "Sit... No, back to front." She positioned me in the chair. "Lean forward a little. Let your arms hang down. Relax. Comfy?" she asked.

"Sure," I said.

She spun the chair so I was facing her and she looked me directly in the eye. "I want to make one thing clear. When you're in my studio I'm in charge. I make the rules. I'm a big girl and I don't need your input. Understand?"

I nodded.

Lana looked at me for a moment. Then her smile returned slowly. "Good." She pushed the chair, with me in it, a little ways and opened one of the drawers, pulling something odd out of it, a purple leather device vaguely sexy and scary at the

same time. It was a kind of long triangular leather tube with straps and buckles at the wide end, a ring at the pointy end, with lots of eyelets threaded with laces along its length.

“Don’t ask what it is,” she said, interrupting my thought.

“You’ll figure it out in just a minute.” She turned the chair so she was directly behind me. “Eyes front, sit up straight,” she ordered, then slipped the leather tube over both my hands and pulled it up my arms. She worked quickly to secure the device to me, and at first I couldn’t figure out what it was meant to do, but it soon became obvious. It formed a single sleeve for both arms and hands, and as she began to tighten the laces it drew them together, pinioning them tightly behind me.

By the time I realized what it was I couldn’t have gotten out of it if I wanted to. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“Binding you,” Lana said. “Now keep quiet or you’ll get the gag now.” As she adjusted the straps and tightened them I was forced to sit more upright. And though it was making me a bit uncomfortable, and more than a bit uneasy, I had to marvel at its complexity and how well it was engineered for its intended job. One strap from each side of the top of its single sleeve looped from the back under each armpit and over the front of each of my shoulders, then back over the shoulders near my neck, where they attached to a single strap at the back in a kind of ‘Y’ arrangement. Then that single strap ran down my spine a few inches where it attached to the center of the sleeve. Everywhere straps met there were buckles for adjustment. When tightened these straps ensured the sleeve couldn’t be lowered, keeping my arms in it from fingertips to

shoulder blades, and also drew my shoulders back, keeping my upper body at attention. I couldn't tell at the time, but there were 'D' rings attached to the top of the 'Y' strap and the tip of the glove, near the fingertips.

It was an interesting feeling. Every evolutionary instinct told me to grab Lana and take her right there, that she was teasing and I needed to assert my dominance. But I was trapped, at her mercy, sitting quietly as she worked, her attention occupied with tightening the laces which were drawing my arms closer together behind me with every inch of slack she took up. Lana worked slowly and diligently. The nearly two dozen eyelets the laces ran through gave her tremendous torque. As she pulled a few inches of lace the binder only tightened a fraction of an inch, but I was quite powerless to stop each pull. I don't think I've ever felt that helpless. It was like one of those slow nightmares where you're frozen in place. At first there was just tension as my arms were drawn towards each other behind me. As the pressure increased I became increasingly uneasy, but Lana kept working the laces patiently, being meticulous in her work, unconcerned by the occasional creak of the leather.

"Please," I whispered.

"Shush," Lana told me harshly. "It might not be comfortable, but I won't damage you." With one hand she held the laces, and with the other she reached around and began stroking my penis. I really didn't want her doing that, not in those circumstances, but I was already semi-hard. In less than a minute she'd created an impressive erection, and had me

breathing deeply with my eyes closed. I wanted nothing more than for her to bring me off and let me go.

My arms moved again and my eyes popped open. Lana was working the laces again, increasing the pressure quite slowly. My shoulders were starting to ache. I had to lean back and throw my chest out as my arms were drawn inexorably together. I was on the verge of panic and orgasm when I realized my forearms were actually touching behind me. "It's called an arm binder," Lana said softly, her voice shattering the silence, "or a single sleeve... or a monoglove." She kissed the back of my neck, then tightened it again. "A rose by any other name..."

"It's not very comfortable," I told her.

"It's not supposed to be." Then there was a different sound, vaguely familiar. My heart dropped when I recognized it—laces being tied, the sound amplified by the taut leather.

"Please... don't do that."

"You're loving every minute of this," she told me. With the knot secure she spun me towards her. "I don't think I've ever seen you so hard," she said, staring at my erection which was poking obscenely through the slats at the back of the chair.

"Are you going to fuck me like this?" I asked with just a hint of indignity in my voice. I imagined her turning me around in the chair, straddling me, and taking me slowly while I squirmed underneath her, making me wait for orgasm until she found it entertaining. My body desperately wanted her to do that, to take the shortest route to intercourse, yet my sensitive ego was equally desperate for her not to do it, not to

monkey with established roles and throw a wild card into a relationship that had been incredibly satisfying. Both were in for a bit of a disappointment.

She spun me again, so I was facing the center of the room. I heard one of the drawers open. I started to turn my head to look, but Lana grabbed it. “Eyes straight ahead. Now what was the question again?”

“Are you going to fuck me like this?” As I spoke she slid something down the back of the arm binder slowly, wedging it between its leather and my arms. It was long, smooth yet bumpy, and surprisingly cold against my skin. Lana chuckled softly as I squirmed.

A moment later she repeated, “Fuck you?” Her voice was filled with curiosity, as if she was trying to define the term, or parse meaning from something unclear. She paused. “Is that what you want?” she asked.

“We both know where this is going.”

“One of us does,” Lana told me, and when she finished speaking she began rolling me towards the center of the room slowly, the chair’s casters issuing a low reverberant tone against the hardwood as we moved. It only took a moment to see we were headed for the hook I’d just cleared, dangling menacingly at the end of the black cord. “Stand,” she ordered when it was just behind my back, and as I did Lana snapped it to the ‘D’ ring at the tip of the monoglove. Almost without a pause she began rolling the chair away, back the way we came. Admonished to keep my eyes straight, I didn’t watch her, but I couldn’t help listening. Almost the instant the chair

stopped the drawer closed softly.

I nearly jumped when Lana put her arms around me from behind. She rubbed my chest with both hands, then she let them drop to my belly, and finally slid them softly along my inner upper thighs, silently emphasizing what she wasn't touching, what was straining, throbbing, and pointing nearly straight out from my body.

Then she spoke. She said two words, two single syllable words, her mouth less than a foot from my ears, yet I understood neither of them. When she came around in front of me I saw why, and a chill ran down my spine. Lana was clutching the shaft of a riding crop in her mouth. It was as beautiful as it was scary. The shaft, grip, and slapper were black as night and punctuated at every join with glistening silver appointments that gave it the look of something from another, better age. Adding to that feeling was a tiny red ribbon tied neatly just above the grip.

Lana took it from her mouth. "Hold this," she told me, and placed its shaft between my lips. She didn't exactly smile, but her whole body lit up as she again disappeared behind me. "Now spread your legs." After I did I felt the first tug. The block and tackle were amazingly quiet. Lana slowly pulled the rope the tip of the monoglove was attached to, and as she raised it I was forced to bend forward slowly until my arms were lifted high behind me and my body was nearly parallel with the floor. The position put a great deal of pressure on my already strained shoulders, making it impossible for me to move, which I think was the point. Lana tied the rope off and

came back to me, taking the crop in her soft hands.

I had to crane my neck unnaturally to look at her. She remained silent for the longest time. Finally she took a deep breath and spoke. "There are resentments that build in any relationship, and one of the things I don't like about you is that you are a pig, and not just a pig; you're a selfish and inconsiderate pig. As an example, your eyes have been roving back and forth trying to get a peak at my nipples through my hair, which you think is too stringy, since you got here. You never mentioned it not because you're polite, but because it might interfere with the chance to fuck me." As she spoke she brushed her hair back behind her shoulders, exposing her full breasts- natural, soft, snow white, punctuated with three or four small moles of their own, crowned with wide mahogany areolae, and capped with pebble sized nipples slightly closer to her navel than her shoulders. "Go ahead," she said, cradling the left one. "Take a good long look. Want to kiss it?"

I nodded.

Lana took the crop from my mouth. "You're brave," she said, putting its slapper against my inner thigh, "determined at least." Leaning forward she offered her nipple. When it came within reach I tried to snatch the prize with my lips, but Lana was too fast. She turned quickly, slapping me across the face with her right breast then withdrawing before I could make a move on it.

"I don't blame you. All men are pigs. Any woman who can't accept that should become a lesbian. What women need to learn is that pigs have their uses... They can become bacon,"

she said, patting my belly with the crop, “or ribs;” she ran it along my chest. “Or Spam,” she touched each of my shoulders with the leather. “All you have to do is take them apart the right way. That’s what I’m going to do now,” she told me, moving to my side.

That she was speaking metaphorically I had no doubt -she’d been a vegetarian since long before I met her- but it was still surprising to hear her speak like that.

“The first thing a good piggy has to learn,” she said, “is how to squeal.” A chill ran down my spine as the crop’s slapper was brought up gently against my scrotum. “The walls are quite thick. The skylights are double paned. Scream as loud as you want.”

That scared me. She was serious. I really, really, didn’t want her to hit me. I’d never been a masochist, never given, much less received, a spanking. My parents had been goodhearted progressives, and though I was a product of the California public school system (which meant I’d been around my share of teachers and administrators who were sadists and sociopaths) the schools’ fears of lawsuits in a torts gone mad society made sure their torture had always been of a psychological nature. Still, I would have been disappointed if Lana’d reneged because even if I didn’t agree completely with what she said I knew she meant it, knew she wasn’t playing a game even if the props were theatrical, knew that if she stopped she wouldn’t be being true to herself, and that was something that would have been intolerable to me, to her, to us. And if I’m truthful there was something deep inside me

that wanted her to continue, caused by that anxiety that comes from a comfortable life, that comes from happiness, that niggling belief that you can't possibly be worthy of anything but misery. I guess liberal guilt plus sadistic teachers can do a number on the psyche.

Lana took a deep breath. She withdrew the crop and whispered, "Nirvana;" it whistled then cracked sharply as it hit me at the cleft between my left thigh and cheek.

The pain was instant, shocking, and my reaction quite involuntary- jumping against my bonds and letting out a little yelp that was half pain, half shock. A moment later the sounds repeated and the pain was balanced on my right cheek. Lana worked her way up my buttocks fairly quickly, alternating blows to the left and the right, repeating the pattern of blinding flash of pain followed by dull burning. Eventually I was able to contain most of the yelps, but occasionally I'd falter and some little vocalization would escape on an especially painful hit. I couldn't see, but knew she had to be painting my ass a nice even pink with irritation. When she reached my lower back she paused. She lifted and squeezed my cheeks with hands that felt cool against my soft skin.

"You've got a nice ass," she said. "Have I ever mentioned that?"

"I don't think so."

"That's because I'm such a lady. Speaking of that," she said, reaching into her left pocket she pulled out a lacy white bowed garter I'd never seen her wear. She got down on her knees. "Lift your left foot," she told me, and as I did she slid it

up my leg slowly.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

“We’ll find out if this is wrong later, but I have a hunch it’s right,” she told me hiking it so high she grazed my scrotum with her hand as she straightened it. She gave it a little snap and picked up the crop again, positioning herself behind me.

The ritual of pain began again- the whistle, the crack, the gasp or yelp, but this time it was magnified as she went over every inch of the conquered territory again. Every three or four strokes she’d pause, come around, and kiss me gently, sometimes exploring my mouth with her tongue. It was both obscene and the most intimate act I’d ever been involved in. To my embarrassment I wasn’t just red faced from the whipping, and wasn’t hard and pulsing merely because of her kisses, or the too intimate violations of her tongue.

Lana reached down and gently stroked a penis that shouldn’t have been like iron, but was. Then a finger gently lifted a drop of clear seminal fluid from its tip. She held it close for me to examine, then dabbed it on my nose with a little laugh, but I didn’t react, couldn’t react. It’s hard to describe, but I was beginning to float. I was off somewhere in another world, and it was beautiful, desolate, and terrifying because I didn’t know how I got there, or if I could ever get back.

Lana leaned close to my ear, so close I could feel her breath. “You love this,” she whispered, her voice breathy, barely audible. A moment later the crop came down on me again like fire and I screamed. Three, four, or five strokes later

-I couldn't count by this time- my tears joined that other clear fluid that had begun dripping slowly on the polished wood. I honestly don't remember how long it went on. Time seemed to vanish. Lana continued the cycles of kissing, mixed with strokes from her crop, mixed with intimate strokes from her hand, until I barely knew who I was.

I slowly came out of the trance when I realized the crop hadn't struck me for some time. Then I saw Lana through foggy eyes. She was standing in front of me, holding my cheeks, looking in my eyes, the crop looped lazily over one of her wrists. When she saw the flash of recognition in my eyes she said, "Welcome back," then dabbed one of my tears with a fingertip and licked it slowly. A moment later she took a step back quickly and raised my chin with the tip of her crop. "Had enough?" she asked.

I nodded.

Lana took my erection in hand. It jumped and throbbed. "Don't you dare come," she warned, "and don't you ever, ever, ever tell me you didn't enjoy this."

I nodded again, but it wasn't good enough for Lana. "Tell me," she said, stroking me quickly, threatening to bring me off right then and there.

"I'll never say I didn't enjoy it," I told her, trying not to feel the pleasure of arousal.

"Thank me."

"Thank you," I said.

"For what?" she asked, giving my erection one soft frustrating stroke.

I had to think, and for once having learned how to take essay tests at school came in handy for something. “For helping me, for teaching me in such a loving and direct way,” I choked out, so close to orgasm I could hardly think, but it seemed to please Lana.

She withdrew her hand. She smiled. She kissed me again, a little kiss, a peck on the lips. “You’re welcome,” she said.

“Make love to me,” I begged. “Please... I need you. I love you.”

Lana laughed. “Yeah, that would be enjoyable, three strokes and as many squirts,” she told me, backing away, and she was right. I couldn’t have lasted 30 seconds on top of her, and that would have been more humiliating than anything that had happened so far.

Lana unwound the rope from the cleat and gave me slack. I stood upright- too fast. Light headed I dropped to my knees so hard it hurt, but the sight and sound of my erection bouncing off my belly made Lana laugh again. “You’ve got the right idea, but not yet,” she told me, retrieving a short length of cord and a two and a half foot aluminum rod with leather straps on each end and a ring in its center from one of the drawers. Then she helped me stand and led me to the door. Holding the top of the monoglove Lana kept me steady as she guided me down the stairs into the garage.

She led me to a throw rug near the center. Jabbing her knees into the back of mine without warning I collapsed to mine. “There, that’s where I want you to kneel,” Lana said, and when she was certain I was steady I learned what the rod

was for. She secured one of its straps to each leg below the knee, forcing me to keep my legs apart. "It's called a spreader bar," Lana said, "for obvious reasons." Then she took the cord and threaded it through the 'D' ring at the bottom of the monoglove and the ring welded to the center of the spreader. When tightening and tied it kept me kneeling upright in the shoulders back posture the monoglove enforced.

Lana inspected her work. "How does that make you feel?" she asked.

"Helpless... exposed."

"Perfect," she said as she walked to her bike, lifting, and putting her boots on one at a time without sitting. "You're not the first man who thought he had license with me," she said. "So this is it- time for you to prove you have the rights you've been exercising. I'm going for a ride, the Bear Creek loop. I suggest you get out of this garage before I get back. If you free yourself, put on your clothes and walk out the door. I'll never take you to the studio again, and it'll be just like it's been. I'll swoon whenever you unzip your pants, get on my knees... swallow... lick my lips and thank you for it. Fail and you'll get what your predecessors got... shocked the hell out them," she told me with a smile so crooked I couldn't tell if she were serious or joking.

Lana pulled the heavy denim jacket from her bike and put it on. "Understand?"

"Yes," I said, somewhat uneasily.

She reached for the garage door opener's remote on her handlebars and pushed the button. As it faced the house there

was little chance of a passerby seeing me there, but it was still a bit unnerving to see so much of the outdoors while bound and naked.

When the door stopped Lana said, “So I guess we let providence decide. If you’re outside when I get back you fuck me- anywhere you want, any way you want. If you’re still on your knees, my obedient servant... I fuck you, and I’m going to do it right where you’re kneeling.”

“What’s the difference?” I asked quietly. My face was warm, probably flushed pink, but I was still semi-erect.

“Don’t move and find out,” Lana told me, mounting her bike. Then she slipped her helmet on, started it and rolled out of the garage, revving the motor a couple of times, buffeting my bare skin with warm exhaust gusts as the deafening roar shook the garage. Lana looked back and flashed a big smile. It was amazing how small she looked on that bike- and how much I wanted her. I’d have rather she stayed and cropped my burning ass all day than leave for even a minute.

“Please,” I said. I know she couldn’t hear me over the engine’s rumble, but I’m sure she could read my lips.

“Prove you’re different,” she yelled, then lowered her visor. She hit the door remote again and inched forward. Her ass was amazing in those jeans from that angle, her legs spread over the wide saddle. I couldn’t help but imagine them spread over me, her on top, riding me like a wild horse, so the idea of her fucking me didn’t seem like such a bad thing except that if I were bound I wouldn’t be able to reach up and run my fingers through her long hair, caress her firm breasts. But all too soon

the closing door obstructed my view.

When she made the turn west onto Oak Park she gunned the throttle. She made the bike scream before shifting, then did it two or three more times before the sound faded away, leaving the windowless garage eerily quiet and dim. The only light came from the pair of 25 watt bulbs in the opener.

I knelt there with my mind blown -my shoulders stiff, my ass cheeks burning, the heavy weight she'd slipped between my arms now warm from my body heat- trying to make sense of it all. Then the lights, on the opener's timer, turned off, leaving me in near total blackness. The garage door frame let a little light seep in through an imperfect seal, but even when my eyes adjusted I couldn't see anything but shadows.

I would have been almost content to wait for Lana, but I knew she didn't want that. She was testing me. She wanted me to break free and take her, and I wanted nothing more than to jump her when she got back, strip her forcibly, then bend her over that bike and fuck her as its hot engine ticked and clicked in the cool air. I didn't think it would be difficult to escape; I'd slip the monoglove, release the spreader bar, get dressed and wait for her concealed in the bushes.

The plan was easy. Executing it proved impossible. I pulled and stretched, but found my arms frozen together. The bar between my knees likewise wouldn't budge. The more I struggled the more helpless I felt, and the more I found my mind wandering, thinking about Lana on the bike, her nipples rubbing against the rough denim of her jacket in sympathy with the engine's roar- and even with her anger still burning

my ass, at least partly because of my objectifying her, I couldn't stop myself from thinking of those nipples hardening. And the more I thought of those tiny nodules of reactive flesh, the more I needed her, and the harder my erection got even as my anxiety grew.

I had no time reference other than my own demons silently tormenting me, so I had no idea how long Lana left me struggling there in the dark, but she had to be on her way back, and I hadn't moved an inch. I redoubled my efforts, exhausting and frustrating myself no end for my efforts. In one impotent spasm of exertion I lost my balance and nearly fell forward. With my arms pinioned behind me I would have planted my face on the concrete and Lana would have come back to a bloody, possibly unconscious, mess. I paused and panted. I had to try and keep my wits, come up with another plan. But it was too late. I heard it- a motorcycle in the distance. For a moment I tried to convince myself it wasn't Lana, that it was some old guy on a new hog. There was no mistaking the sound of her bike, though. I began to tremble, not from fear, because I knew Lana loved me even if she was going to pull that crop out again, but from runaway adrenaline. My fight or flight instinct was triggered and I couldn't do either.

I jumped at the sound of the garage door opener's motor, the flash of light and feeling of the fresh air rushing in as it lifted made me feel as exposed, naked, helpless, and aroused as I was. If Shakespeare will forgive me, the world was an audience and that garage a stage. A dozen seconds later

Lana's Ducati swung into view on the curving driveway, then rolled slowly into the garage. She shut it off, dismounted, and took her helmet off. Lana ran her fingers through her hair several times, letting it tumble down her back. Her smile was joyous, with maybe a hint of deviance thrown in. "In all honesty," she said, more the way she would to a man sitting in an easy chair than one kneeling before her bound and naked, "and I don't want you to take this personally, riding that bike is... maybe not better than sex," she said, her eyes dropping to my erection, "but just as good."

She causally pushed the button on the opener's remote. The hollow aluminum door echoed when it touched, then near silence fell in the garage until a truck rumbled by outside. Lana cocked her head. "I see you've made your decision," she said. "You know of all the men I've had kneel right there you were the one I hoped would have gotten out if it the most."

That flummoxed me a little. I never even considered that she was experienced, that what she was doing with me she'd done with others. "I did my best. I couldn't get out," I told her.

"Sure you could have," she said, approaching. She took my chin in her hand and smiled.

"How?"

"You could have asked, but don't worry. The more dignity a man has the more fun it is stripping it away." Her grin made me shiver. Lana slipped her jacket off, exposing nipples as hard as I envisioned, and threw it across the back of her bike. "Do you remember the first time I went down on you?" she asked.

“At the movies.”

“That was our first date- our first date,” she repeated for emphasis. “And how many times since then?”

“Many.”

“Did you ever consider that I might enjoy it if you reciprocated?”

“I’m sorry. I’ve never been good at...”

“Oh, you will be,” she interrupted, then she put her hands on her hips in a pose that a day before would have been an open invitation to grab and fuck her, but instantly became a reminder that I no longer could. Lana moved close, so that my mouth was just about level with her jeans. She pointed to the shiny brass button on her jeans. “Kiss is,” she ordered gently.

When I did she grabbed the back of my head and forced me to keep my lips on it, then she twisted and maneuvered my head so that my nose nestled in her bellybutton. She held it there for a moment before raising my mouth to it. “Tongue,” she ordered, and as I began to lick gently she said, “There you go. That’s the idea. When I’m done with you, you’re going to be a world class pussy licker.” She let go of my head and took a step back. “How does that make you feel?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Scared.”

“But first- I fuck you... as promised,” she said. Lana reached into her pocket and pulled out a ring gag, the first I’d ever seen, essentially a steel ring two inches across and covered with rubber. Attached to that were a pair of straps and a buckle. Lana stepped behind me and inserted the ring in my

mouth. It forced my jaws apart and held my mouth open wide. She secured the strap behind my head so I couldn't expel the ring. "Don't you worry," she reassured me. "You don't need to talk. Mommy will take care of everything."

Lana took a small foil packet out of one of her pockets, similar to the kind mustard and ketchup come in, and tossed it behind me. She bent over to pull her boots off, pausing once to look up at me and smile confidently as soon as she was barefoot. Next she slipped off her jeans and my eyes nearly popped out of my head. She was wearing some kind of strange red leather thong composed of straps and buckles that wrapped around her waist and ran between her legs. The straps held a reinforced triangular panel just above her sex with three snaps that secured a silver ring roughly an inch and a half in diameter to the heavy leather.

"I've been cheating on you," Lana confessed like a little girl. "Do you want to know who with?"

"Not really," I said, fairly confident she hadn't really been cheating, and not really wanting to indulge that fantasy.

"It's no trouble, really. He's right here," she told me, putting her hand on one of my shoulders, leaning forward, and drawing out the object she'd put between my arms in the binder. It was a glistening curved dildo made of glass. Its wide circular base and body were crystal clear, its glans blood red. The thing was at least seven inches long and an inch in diameter, not counting the myriad of small raised hearts, also in red, that punctuated its shaft.

"He's bigger than you," Lana said, pressing its tip to her

cheek. "I hope you're not too jealous."

"I suppose he's going to drive me crazy by making love to you as I watch," I told her, confident I knew her plan.

"Hardly," Lana said. "He's here for you. When he heard you were a virgin he couldn't resist. When you're nothing but a dick, as many men are, that's as good as life gets. You are a virgin back there? Aren't you?" Lana asked. She opened the three snaps holding the ring to the panel of her harness one by one, waiting for lulls between cars passing outside so each little 'tick' was emphasized.

I nodded.

She removed the ring and slid it all the way down the dildo's shaft until it was resting on its wide base. Then she re-threaded the little straps through the ring, snapping them again to the triangular panel. When secured the ring held the dildo's base tightly to the panel so it projected from her body just like an erection. Any lingering doubt about the difference between me fucking her and her fucking me vanished as she slid her hands to her hips so I could get a good long look.

I don't think I've ever been so embarrassed as I was when I realized I was still erect. My upper cheeks became as hot as my lower, and I'm sure their pinks were comparable. To Lana it must have looked as if the prospect of what she was proposing appealed to me, though I think it was my body's last ditch effort to avoid it, to seduce her, get Lana to forget about what she was planning and spread her legs for me. Or maybe it was just nerves. Either way I wanted to beg, tell her, 'Please don't,' but it wouldn't have done any good. The determination

in her eyes made it clear she wasn't about to be denied as she stepped forward.

"Stick your tongue out. Touch it," she ordered, moving the dildo close to my lips. "Or we could just get on with the main event."

I was helpless. I knew that even if I found the strength to resist, another session with her crop would bring me around soon enough. I stuck my tongue out and felt its smooth surface. I hated myself for it, but just seeing the thing in front of me, and trying not to think about what was about to happen, had me cowed.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

I looked Lana in the eye, but made no effort to reply.

"I'm going to teach you how to deep throat," Lana told me, taking my head in her hands and slipping the head of the dildo through the gag's ring.

I verbalized my protests as best I could with my jaw held open. She paused only a moment before shoving it in a good two inches, rubbing its tip and a several of the raised hearts against my tongue.

"I'm sure I can teach you how to do it," she told me calmly.

Again I voiced protests, now more muffled with my mouth nearly filled to my uvula with the glass phallus. I was certain I'd vomit if she moved in even a millimeter further.

"Well," Lana said, considering, "this is going in one hole or the other. Do I keep pressing in?"

I voiced a negative as best I could. I looked up at Lana, begging with my eyes.

“Do you promise to present for me like a good little bitch with no complaints?”

I nodded ever so slightly, feeling the shaft move across my tongue, being careful not to drive it in any deeper.

Lana smiled. It was a warm, magnanimous smile, but her eyes were filled with a smoldering lust that gave me chills even as she slid the glass penis slowly from my mouth. Its bottom and many of its hearts were wet with saliva, a tiny thread of which stretched nearly three inches before breaking and springing back to its shining red glans.

“That’s why you got white,” she told me victoriously, bending down to snap the garter around my thigh. “It’s traditional to dress the virgin in white for her deflowering. It turns a simple initiation into a ritual. And don’t worry; you’re not the first. I’ve turned three other men into women with this very dildo. The hearts prove I love them.” I stiffened noticeably and Lana’s eyes widened. Then she added seriously, “It’s different, isn’t it? When your sex organ’s on the outside it doesn’t seem so bad to stick it in a bunch of whores- even a challenge to see how many you can get it into. That’s why men aren’t... exactly picky about who they fuck. But when you’re the one getting stuck it’s a little degrading to know it’s been inside a bunch of strangers... knowing their only qualification was having a hole- and despite any words to the contrary, wondering if that’s the only reason you’ve been chosen.”

And she was right. Even with all the surprise and perversions hanging in the air I’d assumed the dildo was brand

new; the idea that she'd be using one that brought back memories of her other conquests seemed more deviant than anything that had happened since I set foot in her garage. Either that or the implication that with others before me there'd be others after, that one day I'd just be a number in the middle of a longer chain- that was frightening. But I guess that has to hover in the back of a woman's mind every time a man is pressing her for sex and implicitly promising she'll be his one and only, or at least his last, yet knowing how improbable that is when she feels his touch.

Lana positioned the small toolbox in front of me and bent me forward, supporting me by the arm binder. As she did she grabbed my penis, twisted it, and pulled it and my testicles back between my widely spread legs. It wasn't exactly painful, but there was an odd pulling sensation and the definite feeling that something wasn't right with everything rearranged into such an unnatural position. When I came to rest my pelvis was supported by the cold metal box, my erection was pointed unnaturally towards my feet, most of its shaft in the open air behind the box and free from any source of friction, and my face was against the rug. I heard Lana tear open the little foil packet; it was a single use pouch of lubricant. She greased the glass phallus in no time and spread my cheeks. I started when the dildo's smooth tip came to rest against my anus.

"Now this garage isn't nearly as soundproof as my studio," Lana said. "And you know what? If you want to make some noise down here that's OK, too."

I made no attempt to answer. My drool flowed more or less

steadily, but slowly, through the gag and onto the rug. There were a few heavy moments as Lana forced me to wait and wonder whether she'd go actually go through with it as her Ducati ticked cool and the traffic went by undisturbed outside.

All doubt vanished when she began pressing. Until that time I'd tried to convince myself that she was only trying to scare me, that even if she'd gone through with it with the others she'd give me a reprieve. I tried to pull away, well not really pull away, because I could hardly move positioned over the box like that, but at least adjust myself. Lana reacted instantly, letting go of my penis and grabbing just my testicles. She gave them a quick squeeze I'll never forget and said, "Don't move."

I nodded quickly and gave her a compliant moan through the gag.

Lana chuckled and said, "I thought that might get your attention." A moment later the dildo's head popped in. I was prepared for the pain, but there wasn't much. What I wasn't prepared for was the immediate and overwhelming sensation of penetration -of being filled and helpless- as it slid slowly in. And there was no way to stop it. Glass is naturally smooth, and Lana had seen that it was well lubricated. If I wanted I could have counted each individual raised heart along its shaft pushing through that sensitive ring of flesh, irritating and stimulating and unthinkable and irresistible... and then I found myself slipping back into that floating world, the one I'd discovered when I was being cropped.

"They sell these by the millions. I'm sure a dozen other

men are learning all about them just like you are right now- in California alone,” Lana told me through the void. The pain did increase as she pushed deeper, but the thing pushing me further into that foreign land was the strange yet undeniable eroticism of the experience, one I wanted to deny, but couldn’t.

Every few seconds another inch slipped into me until the experience became overpowering. I vocalized something through the gag, a surprised little sound, not quite a word, not quite a moan, but a clear enunciation of surrender, maybe even a type of enlightenment.

“I know, that feels good doesn’t it?” Lana asked, pressing harder.

The pain level rose, nearly shaking me back to reality. I was ready to protest, but then I felt Lana’s warm hips press against my buttocks leaving me somewhat shocked that the whole dildo, which had looked so large, so threatening, when projecting from Lana’s body, was inside me from tip to base.

“There,” she said, “balls deep... so to speak, and it didn’t kill you. You want to know what the best part is, though?” she asked.

I blinked. I shook my head slowly.

“This,” she told me, and began pumping the phallus quite slowly in and out, shallow strokes followed by longer, deeper. She increased her speed slowly and steadily. The thing deep inside rubbing my prostate was undeniably arousing, but at the same time the raised hearts created and unforgettable thrilling yet increasingly irritating sensation as they were forced

through that tight ring of extraordinarily sensitive flesh repeatedly, that most ephemeral of romantic symbols serving a carnal purpose in a way that nearly short circuited my psyche.

“That feels good, doesn’t it?” she asked again, but I was too overwhelmed to reply. The more she stroked the more intense it became. Fucked continually faster and harder I could hardly process the experience. Before long Lana was stabbing me, using the dildo like a weapon, repeating a mantra I couldn’t understand over and over again. When I concentrated the sounds slowly became words, the words questions. “Who’s your Mommy? Who’s your Mommy? Who’s your Mommy?” Lana asked over and over as she shook my whole body with her thrusts. “Come on, bitch,” she said. “Tell me. Who’s your Mommy?”

Hardly aware I was even speaking I choked a, “You are,” through my gag.

“You’re damn right I am,” Lana told me with satisfaction, punctuating it with several short vicious jabs that made me gasp. Then she stopped, leaving her dildo fully impaled in me. She grabbed my penis, still pointed backward behind the toolbox, though only semi-hard, and began rubbing the head gently with her thumb until I was rock hard and squirming, my sphincter contracting rhythmically and involuntarily on the glass shaft. I was on the cusp of orgasm when she let go, withdrew the dildo unceremoniously and said, “There, you’re a woman now,” giving my sore ass a hard slap for emphasis. She removed the spreader bar and set it aside, then added, “No more white for you,” and slid the garter off my leg. A moment

later she yanked on the arm binder and pulled me into a kneeling position, sending my hair trigger erection bobbing as she did.

I don't know if it was the blood rushing out of my head or the fact that she'd just taken me the way I'd had her at least half a dozen times, but I was confused and light headed. Lana seemed to sense it and held me until she was certain I could balance. Then she stood and walked to her motorcycle slowly, her hips rolling gently. My eyes focused on her ass, the straps of the dildo harness lifted each cheek separately as they rolled with her gait, enhancing every motion. As she reached the gray Ducati she turned, loosened and stepped out of the harness, placing it and the attached dildo carefully on the cold concrete floor. Lana swept her hair, now a mess from exertion, back over her shoulders, exposing herself completely, giving me a good look at her breasts, at her hard nipples like small islands emerging from mahogany lakes. "Have you learned your lesson?" she asked.

I nodded.

"I thought that might... enlighten you," she said, seating herself sidesaddle on the bike, her legs to the left, opposite the pair of still hot exhaust pipes on the machine's right. She pointed unashamedly to her cleanly shaved sex, its outer lips pink, parted, and wet. "Now, sir, I believe the words 'world class pussy lick' were mentioned earlier. Don't you think it's about time we see just what talents you have in that area?"

Nearly transfixed, I advanced on my knees, maneuvering slowly around the toolbox. Lana lifted one of her slender legs

languidly, spreading them wider, resting a foot on the bike's fuel tank. When I was just a few inches away she stopped me with a finger under my chin, rotating my head up to her eyes. My heart was pounding.

"You're not a bad lover, no worse than most men," Lana told me, "but you only make me come about half the time. From now on, if you don't start on your knees, and you will be starting down there... often, but regardless of where you start, if I don't come, you'll be finishing down there, cream filling and all, understand?"

I nodded.

"Show me your tongue," she demanded.

I extended it through the center of the gag. Lana didn't say a word. She grabbed the back of my head and pulled me to her slowly.

The first touch was electric, overwhelming. I had to close my eyes. Her taste was complex, vaguely musky. I worked slowly, rhythmically, as Lana's fingers on the back of my head gave tactile instruction, her sighs and vocalizations doing the same audibly. This wasn't a completely new experience, but it was something I'd done only grudgingly with other girlfriends before, something I hurried. This was different. I wanted to be there, and nothing else in the world mattered. When Lana came it wasn't the end of a race, but the orchestra's crescendo. It was part of a circle. I know I'm not describing it well, but some things are hard to put into words. And it continued. She orgasmed at least twice, maybe three times, but I wasn't counting. I doubt she was, either, and when

it was over I felt no need to ask. I was content to let her ride them like ocean swells when paddling out on a surfboard, appreciating for the first time that orgasm doesn't have to be the wave's conquest on the ride back, followed by the inevitable face or back plant that ends it.

Lana let me know when she was done. She released the buckle on my gag, pulled it from my mouth and tossed it into some corner of the garage. She gave me time to stretch my jaw once then demanded, "Kiss me," and pulled my face back to her sex hard, swinging her legs around my neck and squeezing with her thighs. I puckered and held, barely able to breathe through my nose, as I drifted back to reality and realized how horny I was, and how very much I needed to ride that wave my lips had found the crest of.

Lana released my head and slipped off the bike. She took a knee behind me, letting a breast drag lazily against my upper arms right at the edge of the leather binding them. "You're pretty good at that," she whispered, "and you will be doing that a lot more often, and without prompting, dropping to your knees occasionally to show your willingness, not a demand, an offer, like I do with you, right?"

"Yes," I whispered. My face cooled rapidly as her juices evaporated. I was hoping she could hear the desire in my voice when I whispered, "I need you," though I didn't know why we were whispering.

Lana smiled and leaned in even closer. "No fucking way," she breathed into my ear. "Not this time. Watch this. This is so cool." She reached around and grabbed my throbbing dripping

erection with one hand. I thought she was going to masturbate me. I don't know why, but after everything I'd been through that was unthinkable. To be brought off like that, with just her hand, it would have been more embarrassing than the crop, more humiliating than her dildo. She stroked me half a dozen times. I was so close to the edge that I resigned myself to my fate when she grabbed my erection firmly behind my glans with just her thumb and forefinger.

She squeezed firmly, but it wasn't painful. The feeling was... strange, but the effect immediate. In just a few seconds my desire started to wane. She began to pivot her hand, flexing my erection like it was made from semi-hard rubber, demonstrating to my amazed eyes how quickly she could soften it. A few moments later some tipping point was reached and it began shrinking rapidly. "I'm melting," Lana teased, doing a passable Margaret Hamilton impression, then added, "There's more than one way to skin a cat."

In less than a minute I was as flaccid as if I'd taken an ice bath. Lana unlaced the arm binder quickly and slid it off. I hadn't realized how stiff I was until I started to stretch. Lana rubbed my shoulders and back for a minute or so before telling me, "We're not done yet. Get dressed and get the hell out of here. Go back to your office and call me. You've got half an hour." She gathered her things and went up the stairs to the studio, closing the door without looking back.

I knelt there for a minute looking at the afternoon's detritus, the discarded single sleeve, harness and dildo, the gag against the wall, which was still wet with my saliva. Lana'd taken the

garter with her, doubtless a prize for her collection, something which didn't shock or even seem odd to me. I touched my ass and was surprised at how sore it still was, and gripped by an anxiety I hadn't felt since I was a lovestruck teenager. I dressed and left quickly, ducking under the garage door before it had fully opened.

Outside the world was just as I'd left it. The sun was out. A pair of scrub jays flitted around a tree squawking angrily at each other. Cars drove by only a little louder than they'd sounded when I was in the garage, and everyone, everything, was oblivious to what had happened in that little building by the road. I was only on the freeway for a couple of miles heading back to Treat Boulevard, and though the traffic was heavier, there were the same proportion of impatient and oblivious drivers as there are at any other time of day. And as I approached my exit the office building I work in sat like a featureless and abstract gleaming moai on the east side of the freeway exactly like it did every other day.

It was almost 4:15 when I got back to my office. I went into the first floor bathroom and washed my face with cold water, replacing Lana's scent, now nearly imperceptible, with that of the pink liquid hand soap that somehow appears in nearly every commercial and public building in creation. It wasn't an improvement, and it left me wondering who decided on the horrible overpowering flowery chemical smell it has, and why whomever makes it, apparently, has no competitors.

Feeling no different, certainly no cleaner, I took the

elevator to my floor, walked to my office as if watching myself in a dream, closed and locked the door and sat down at my desk. There was no question that I was going to call Lana, but I needed to look out the window at the hills for a little while before I picked up the phone. I ran my hands over my computer without looking at it, an incredibly thin HP Envy.

I didn't need a laptop, and certainly nothing that powerful. When I bought it I had dreams not just of showing up the other guys on my floor, but of taking it to Larkey Park and working in the shade of a giant oak on a warm Spring day, maybe even taking a nap in the afternoon, using it as a barrier to keep my folded suit jacket/pillow from getting grass stains. It was something I never did, probably never would. I still liked the feel of rubbing my hands over it while it was off, so cool, so smooth.

I was jarred back to reality when the phone rang. "Are you all right?" Lana asked when I picked it up. "It's been forty-five minutes."

"I'm sorry."

"Well, are you?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

"I'm fine," I told her. "Yes... I'm surprised that I'm fine, but I am."

"Has anything changed?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Did you notice anything different on your way back?"

"Yes."

“What?”

“I noticed that nothing had changed. I don’t generally notice the sameness.”

“Then you changed,” Lana said.

“I suppose.”

“That’s a start.”

“Is it?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“It’s like living in two worlds that don’t exist at the same time,” I told Lana, surprising myself with philosophical overtones I generally try to keep at bay.

“There are as many worlds as there are people,” Lana said. “Dealing with where they overlap, that’s what most people have trouble with. It’s especially hard if you don’t recognize their existence, if you believe yours is the only one.”

“I’ve never thought of it like that,” I told her.

“Billions haven’t,” Lana said, trying to make her voice comforting, if not her words. “Turn on your webcam. I want to see you.”

That was welcome news. Lana had masturbated for me on webcam several times since I’d known her, she in one window on the screen, a spreadsheet or email in another. Twice she’d come by unannounced to give me a blow job, always leaving the door to the hallway open and concealing herself beneath my desk as she worked. Maybe I wasn’t discussing the future of a small and troubled nation like Clinton did in the Oval Office with Monica’s mouth and tongue comforting him, but I sure felt like the leader of the free world when Lana was

similarly preoccupied, and I can promise you no woman has ever given a better blow than Lana. The show when watching her pleasure herself isn't bad, either.

"It'll take a minute," I told her. "It's off. Hold on." I switched my Envy on and folded its screen up, really noticing the webcam lens sitting like a little eye just above the screen, so ubiquitous on modern laptops that nobody notices them anymore. At least people always saw HAL, even if they tended to underestimate him.

When we finally made the connection my screen was black. "I can't see you," I said. "There must be something wrong."

"No, I've got my camera covered. I want to see you. I don't want you to see me."

"OK," I said, centering myself in the small preview window on my screen.

"No, that won't do," Lana told me. "Turn it around. I want to see you and I want to see out the windows." For some reason Lana had always been fascinated with the view from my office. Both times she'd been there before she put her head against the glass curtain wall and stared out silently for many long minutes after she'd finished what she came there for, as I got back to work. The first time she said, "It's a shame they don't open," then left with a blown kiss and not another word. The second time it was just the kiss. I put it down to artistic temperament, and my ability to overwhelm her throat with hot semen.

To be honest the other side of the building has a better view, with nearly every window framing the dramatic double

peak of Mount Diablo and the valley it commands, but from my office you can see the rolling western hills that lead to Oakland and San Francisco beyond. It's pretty enough if you're sitting at my desk, but stand or approach the windows and it's hard to tune out the constant motion on the 12 lane concrete trough of Interstate 680 that runs like a moat immediately below, made somewhat unreal by the double glazing that prevents nearly all the road noise from penetrating.

I turned the computer 180 degrees and moved to the other side of the desk. The little preview picture on my screen perfectly framed the distant hills.

"That won't do," Lana told me. "Put your computer on the highest shelf on the bookcase behind the desk and angle the screen down a little. I want to see the freeway."

It was an odd request, but it only took a minute of rearranging to get the laptop there, looking down on me, and from that height you could see the southbound lanes of 680.

"Perfect," Lana told me. "Is the door locked?"

"Yes."

"Then back up. I want your back almost against the glass. Good, now undress... I want you naked."

"I'm supposed to be working," I said.

"Yeah, you perv, you were supposed to be working those times I put on a show for you, those times I was under your desk and had your dick in my mouth."

I hesitated. "But... the windows," I said quietly.

"You're sixty feet off the ground with full sun on the

building. Nobody outside can see anything but a silver wall. You know that.”

She was right. I began to undress, much more self-consciously than I had before I’d been to her studio. I didn’t want to see myself, but the little window on the laptop’s screen was like looking into a mirror at a distance and I found my eyes locked on it until there was nothing left to take off.

“The whole world is going by and I’m the only one who can see you. How does that make you feel?”

“It’s one more than was interested in me before we met,” I said, finding my inner philosopher again.

“This afternoon, when you were over here, you were missing something, weren’t you?” Lana asked.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“You didn’t get to do something you normally do when we’re together.”

“Oh, that.” My face warmed. I could see the slight pink blush on my cheeks.

“Yes, that,” Lana said, with some satisfaction. “Now it’s your turn- do what I’ve done for you, what you’ve watched me do in that very office, no teasing, no hesitation, pump steadily until you come. Keep your eyes open, and I want to hear the passion of the big moment.”

I was already semi-hard. With just a few strokes my erection was as firm as a broom handle, a warm broom handle sheathed in thin leather, a spongy rubber ball at its end.

Our entire day’s encounter played itself over in my mind. I shivered. My breath was ragged. I wanted to hold back. If I’d

received an email from the future that morning telling me what Lana had planned, what she'd already done that day, what I was doing that moment, I never would have believed it.

"Faster," she ordered calmly.

"Please," I whispered, even as I obeyed. In the very act of orgasm by my own hand Lana was denying me again, denying me her body, which she'd offered so freely in the past. It shouldn't have excited me. It shouldn't have been erotic, but it was, because in some strange way if it would bring her pleasure it would bring me pleasure despite the embarrassment.

My eyes locked on the tiny desperate man on the computer's screen. He tensed. He gasped. He dropped to his knees for the third time that day as his ejaculate flew several feet through the air and landed on the short pile carpet. His head dropped and he vanished. Panting, I saw the carpet's pattern. I saw my hand desperately trying to coax the last few spasms from my shrinking erection as insanity and pleasure faded to hollow loss, desperation to melancholy.

I closed my eyes to make it all go away.

The only sound was my own breathing and the building's HVAC slowly recirculating the air, pulling it from my office, intermixing it with that of dozens of others, adjusting its temperature and humidity, and putting it quietly back. Lana's voice eventually came through my Envy's little speakers high above me. "As satisfying as when we make love?" she asked.

"No."

"It was immensely satisfying for me."

I looked up at the little unblinking eye on the computer.

“And you’ll be doing it when I ask, also, right?” Lana prompted.

“Yes,” I said, still only vaguely aware of what these theatrics could bring either of us.

“Whenever I ask?”

“Yes,” I said, then added, “I closed my eyes.”

“I know. Still, it’s not bad for a first time. You can put your computer back on your desk.” As I did Lana told me, “You’re not a bad boy. You just need some of the rough edges rubbed off.”

“Thank you.”

“Now get back to work. They’re not paying you to entertain me, but don’t you dare get dressed or wipe that carpet. Keep the door locked until 5:30. Don’t open it for anyone. Meet me at Scott’s at 6:00.”

I couldn’t help but think of Lana as I tried to get back into the rhythm of what I did five days a week, eight hours a day without thinking, or notice my hand move as I entered numbers on the keypad, watched the spreadsheet changing the others as if by the ghostly hand of a long dead mathematician who went home every night, hugged his wife, and cried. I tried not to feel the chair’s soft calfskin on my back, buttocks, and testicles, or think about an animal dying so young for that feel. I tried not to be overwhelmed.

At five to six I was in my suit looking exactly like I did that

morning walking down North California towards Scott's. Lana was standing in front wearing the same pale yellow dress she wore on our first date, watching other people in business attire enter and exit. She turned and locked her eyes on me as I approached. Of all the nearly identical people passing so close to her life, for some reason she'd picked me.

"You came," she said over the traffic accelerating away from the red light at Olympic when I was about ten feet away.

"Did you think I wouldn't?"

"I mean on the carpet," she said without lowering her voice, smiling, her sense of humor completely intact, her sense of propriety absent as usual.

I smiled. We hugged.

"Remember, it's my treat tonight," Lana told me. This time she did lower her voice. "It's the least I can give you for your cherry, plucked and popped for my pleasure. That's the usual price these days, right? Dinner? Nobody says I don't pay my debts." She lowered her hands to my ass and squeezed. "Still hurts?"

"A little," I said.

"It's OK, look," she said, moving her head slowly at the steady trickle of people walking by, "none of them know I've just had you. My guess is those that suspect anything... suspect quite the opposite." She took my arm and hand and steered me through the polished brass and glass doors into the restaurant's foyer, with dead sea creatures in ice in a display case to our left, a small wax man in a tuxedo to our right. I'd never noticed how surreal that entrance was before. It would have

inspired Dali, or possibly was inspired by him.

Lana had made reservations and we were seated immediately, outside under the awning near the waterfall, the sound of traffic just outside the brick walls partially obscured by the babbling water which made the air smell wonderful. After the busboy brought sourdough french bread and lemon water Lana looked me straight in the eyes and said, "I'm pleased you went through with it."

"I didn't really have a choice."

"Yes, you did, and you know it. You had a unicorn. You could have ridden away any time you wanted, but you chose to stay, to see it through to the end. That makes it all the more special."

"Maybe I don't know how to feel," I confessed. "I was surprised."

"That was the whole idea."

"Do you really think I'm inconsiderate?"

"We're all inconsiderate one way or another. It was just my way of letting you know in an intimate way, in a way that can help us bond. Any regrets?" Lana asked.

"I don't think so."

"And we have a bigger songbook now. That's all. I still love you, if that's what you're worried about. I wouldn't have done any of that with a man I didn't love."

"I love you, too," I said.

And then the waiter came. We ordered. We were served. We ate. Everything was back to normal.

Outside the restaurant Lana unwrapped one of the black

and green mints Scott's always keeps in the bowl across from the hostess station and put it in my mouth, letting a finger pull my lip a little as she withdrew her hand.

She smiled. A moment later she leaned against me and whispered, "I'm not coming home with you tonight, and you're not coming home with me... I'll call you tomorrow, like a gentleman does after he's ruined romance for a woman. You can ask me out then."

"I'll do that."

Lana stood on tiptoe and gave me an electric kiss, then whispered, "When I go to bed tonight I'm going to be thinking about you, about this afternoon... while I masturbate." I started to say something but she pressed a finger to my lips and silenced me, then she smiled, turned, and walked towards her car.

The end

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About the author

J. Manque is a writer based near San Francisco, California. He's currently working on a million word magnum opus about life and politics in the 1990s. It will likely be released as three or four novels. The first, tentatively entitled ***Love on Concrete***, is scheduled for release in print and eBook form shortly. Here's a brief synopsis-

In the late summer of 1994 an act of civil disobedience triggers a chance meeting between an amateur dominatrix and an IT specialist, resulting in an intense psychological wrestling match that mirrors the politics of change of the mid 1990s. It ends with a torrid confrontation in a rundown motel in Reno's dirty heat hours before the 'Republican Revolution' changes America in ways that are still echoing through the world today. In between the two explore the dark shadows of the human psyche reflected in aspects of sexuality never discussed among friends, but

always lurking just out of sight in a dark world of sodium vapor lights and diesel choked streets- in short, our world.

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