

Bolivia



When Steve first told me about his new job in Bolivia, I was excited, but I didn't expect it to change me as much as it has. I thought I'd be a faculty wife for a few years, get my Spanish to the point where I could actually communicate, and perhaps get a notion of what I wanted to do with myself other than being Steve's companion. Now, a year later, I'm a person who is almost nothing like the Rebecca Stevenson I was before I left the U.S.

The Rebecca Stevenson who boarded her first international flight last year was a sheltered child who knew nothing about the world beyond the myopic confines of a small Nebraskan farm town and the university campus where she met her husband. She didn't drink or smoke, and blushed when her husband saw her naked. This Rebecca Stevenson is a drinking, smoking, ass-fucking, cock-sucking, clit-licking whore.

When Steve and I met, I was a freshman at a small university campus in Iowa. I had dated one boy in high school and let him feel me up twice. I drank half a glass of champagne at my older sister's wedding. I got good grades and came home early on weekends if I went out with my friends. I said "Gosh," and "Oh My!" without irony.

I got to campus and was immediately lost. My high school class was the largest in seventeen years with its 47 students. My university class had over five hundred students—more people than lived in my home town. I didn't know anyone and didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. I was at college not because I wanted to study and become an educated woman but because I didn't want to be a farmer's wife. I'd seen too many farmers lose their land and take to drinking and despair to want to live that way. I thought going to school would give me an opportunity to make my own way in the world. The only problem was that I didn't have any idea what that way might be.

Steve was the opposite. From the first day I sat in his ecology class, I knew that he was a man who knew exactly what he wanted in life. He was a brilliant teacher whose passion for his subject radiated into every aspect of his class, from the lectures to his commitment to long office hours and calls at home. A few of my new friends thought he was handsome, but I thought he was stunning.

That quarter, I went to his office after every class, caught up by his passion in the subject. He never once looked at me sexually, never once indicated that he was thinking about anything other than plant biology and species growth ratios. I read all of the extra readings and spent hours on each paper. I was the star student in a way I had never been.

I was somewhat aware of wanting Steve, but I was too prudish to consider making a pass at him. So often, we were alone in his office for a long time—a predictably long time. I could have worn a short skirt, a push-up bra and a plunging neckline. I could have arranged my sweater to fall just so, and give him a peak at my erect nipples. I could have hopped in his lap and kissed his neck, unbuttoned his shirt—he always wore a button-up shirt to class—and worked my way down to his waiting cock. I could have done any of those things if I were the Rebecca Stevenson of today, but that Rebecca (not even a Stevenson yet) didn't think like that. I didn't think of him except as a brilliant mind and a charming smile.

So the quarter passed and I had a new professor for my next biology class and didn't see Steve at all. The next year, I had just turned 18 and went out for ice cream with my friends to celebrate—how innocent I was—and ran into Steve. He asked me if I was still a biology major. I blushed, realizing how much my interest in biology had been an interest in him, and admitted that I was studying general liberal arts. He

looked disappointed, but I told him that I still read *Nature* once and a while. He looked me in the eye and asked me, with no shortage of excitement, if I'd read a recent article on mangrove trees. I had and we started talking, right in the hallway by the bathrooms, for so long my friends came looking for me. I gave Steve my phone number and went back to my giggling girlfriends.

Steve and I dated the entire time I was in school, but we never had sex. I wouldn't let him go all the way—good girls saved it for marriage, and I wasn't about to become a slutty bad girl. Steve was patient and understanding. After a year, my shirt came off and he played with my nipples. I would blush when he did this so much I had to have the light off. I couldn't get myself to go down on him until a few months before we were married. I knew he was probably going to ask me to marry him now that I'd graduated. I unzipped his pants, like I was about to give him the usual hand job, and started to stroke his penis—I couldn't say cock without getting too embarrassed and having to stop. I thought “this is it” and plunged my head down onto his penis. He yelled as I jammed my teeth into the flesh of his penis. I almost quit right then, but I had been planning to do it for over a week, so I tried again and slipped my lips around the tip of his penis. I licked it and tasted some of his pre-ejaculate. It was different than I thought it would be. I thought it would be like salt water or something, but it was slick and slightly sweet. My head bobbed up and down on his hard shaft, and Steve rubbed my nipples and fingered my clitoris. I was close to coming when Steve started coming. My mouth was off the tip and the first spurt flew onto the tip of my nose. I sunk my mouth on his cock and took the stream in.

After we married, we stuck to the missionary position. I had a job as an administrative assistant on campus and Steve worked long hours trying to get his post-doc finished so he could look for a faculty position. We didn't have too much time for sex and neither of us wanted it too much. I think Steve was too concerned about his job and research to get worked up, and I was such a prude I didn't think it was right for me to have sex with him more than once a week.



I had long ago come to despise my job when Steve's job offer came in. It was a three year long junior faculty position in a Bolivian university. Steve's research was focused on trees in mountainous South America, so it was a perfect opportunity for him. For me, it was a great opportunity to get away from the mundaneness of my life and the chance to figure out what I wanted to do. I still envied Steve in his sureness and direction. I was swimming without knowing where the shore was and didn't know how long I could stay afloat.

Steve became increasingly nervous as our departure date neared. He wasn't sure about how well I would do in Bolivia. “It's a very traditional country,” he explained. “Women don't have the freedoms they have here. People don't speak very much English. The food will be very different.” Mostly, though, he was worried about his job. This was a succeed or fail situation. If he did well, he could come back to the U.S. and get a tenure-track position at a good university. If he did poorly, he would have to leave academia. I didn't think Steve could deal with the loss of his dream and direction. It was everything to him: his first thought in the morning and his final muse in the evening.

As for me, I was worried about my lack of Spanish, but figured if I could go from small farm town to the big campus life, I could make the change to Bolivia. I had no idea.



When we got to Bolivia, I was taken aback by the beautiful countryside. Bolivia, with its verdant mountains, is so far removed from the Midwestern plains that I could hardly believe such a world actually existed outside of paintings. I'd seen photographs, but I couldn't quite believe them.

The University was in a small city, about forty thousand people. Most of the houses were small hovels, which would hardly be worth calling homes in America. I was afraid this is what our home would be like, but as the University driver pulled up to our house, I was stunned at its size—it was a mansion! Not only was the University supplying us with a huge home, but we also had a live-in housekeeper and a chauffeur

twice a week. I could hardly believe our good fortune. In the U.S., a professor at Steve's level could hardly afford a decent apartment, let alone servants.

The furniture in the house was sparse, and it lacked a lot of the comforts I was used to. The refrigerator was small and there was only one outlet in each room—and many of those didn't work. Air conditioning and television weren't options.

Steve and I retrieved our few possessions from the University and moved in. Steve started the next day, always busy.

My first doubt came that next day, when I met Rosita, our housekeeper. Rosita could have been a model in the U.S., and wore tight, revealing clothes. If I had gone to high school with her, I would have called her a slut and not talked to her. And now she was going to be living in the same house as me—and my husband.

It turned out, however, that Rosita spoke English and was quite nice to me. She explained some of the local customs and how to get around. She told me that it was expected that Steve and I entertain on a monthly basis, and what that entailed. I started to trust her, despite her incredible figure and beautiful face.

After I got settled in, I noticed that Rosita watched me a lot. I would be out sunbathing and see her looking at me from the corner of my eye. I would be wearing almost more than she would, as I couldn't bring myself to sunbathe in anything less than my t-shirt and shorts with the legs pulled up, while she wore tight pants or short skirt and blouses with the top three buttons undone. She had magnificent cleavage that I would look at in awe at times, hoping she didn't notice.

I would be getting dressed, the door opened a crack, and I would see her slow down as she passed by: was she looking at me?

Her looks started to unnerve me. She always was sizing me up, as if she were taking measure of this new foreign woman. Was I up to snuff for the locals or was I just another crazy American? After two weeks or so of her scrutiny, she finally approached me in the hall as I left my bedroom.

"Señora Rebecca, if I may be honest?"

I was puzzled and said yes.

"You are new to this country and don't know the ways. I've watched you and think you should know about how we are here." Her hand was on the fourth button of her blouse, the first one to be buttoned. She was fidgeting with the button, undoing it and redoing it.

"Ok?" My voice must have betrayed my suspiciousness, as Rosita shied away, looking at her shoes and pulling her hands down to straighten her skirt. The fourth button of her blouse was now undone, so I could see the closure of her bra and the warm brown flesh that swelled at her cleavage. I felt uncomfortable at seeing so much of her exposed. It was only a button more than I was used to seeing, but it seemed like she was now partially naked and my eyes were still so virgin.

"Well, maybe not, Señora ." She smoothed her skirt again, and then started fidgeting with the fifth button.

I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable, aware that fifth button—which if left undone would expose her bra almost completely—was being unfastened and refastened without Rosita's attention.

"No, you can tell me. This must be important." Indeed, I feared that I had committed some horrible sin and the locals wished me to leave. Did I walk on a grave or some other horrible crimes? I needed to learn the customs.

"It is the way you dress, Señora ."

I looked at my t-shirt and jeans. Very typical for the Midwest. Should I dress in the long native dresses of the Bolivian women? Or in more formal, American-style dresses?

"Yes, Rosita?"

"It is not bad, but, women here...." She looked down again, dropping her hands to smooth her skirt again. She had left the fifth button undone again, so her blouse was undone to her navel. Her bra was cut very low and I could see the edges of her areolae. I was embarrassed and must have blushed. Then it was me looking down.

"Oh, you shouldn't be embarrassed, Señora , it is not that people think funny about you, it is just...."

I looked up at her face, trying to avoid staring at her nearly exposed breasts. My eyes kept glancing at them, however, as Rosita had pulled one side of her shirt closed and was fingering the clasp on her bra. I couldn't help but stare at her breasts. They were beautiful, full and smooth, the color of dark oak, with walnut areolas. I was also fascinated by the prospect that she might undo her bra at any moment if I made her uncomfortable. I was already painfully embarrassed and knew I would probably start crying with shame were she to reveal her breasts completely.

I tried to be encouraging, "Yes? You can tell me."

"Women here, they dress more sexy than you. You are a married woman, and you should be aware and try to be sexy."

I almost started to cry, I was so embarrassed. Here this incredibly sexy, half-naked woman was telling me I had to be more sexy, while I wore the least sexy outfit on the planet. But Steve had never cared that I dressed like a farm girl. Would he change here?

I looked down until I felt my flush cool. I looked back at her and ran my hands over my shirt and jeans. "But Steve likes these clothes, Rosita."

Rosita stepped closer to me, so I could smell the exotic floral scents of her perfume. She reached out and touched the edge of my shirt. Her blouse swung out with her hand, revealing her nipple. I had never seen a bra like hers, one that didn't cover the breast, only the bottom curve. I blushed again, and forced my eyes towards her fingers.

"This, this is American. It is okay." She rubbed the cotton fabric between her fingers, looking as if she were assessing its quality for a purchase. "But, your lingerie...." She looked away, her fingers resting lightly against my arm.

I was horrified. She'd looked at my underwear? How humiliating, how shameful. I would have to fire her, get someone who could be trusted. I started crying.

"Rosita, how could you look at my underwear? That's personal, private."

She took her hand from my arm and crossed herself rapidly. The blouse fell off her breast completely, leaving one side of her chest completely naked except for the silky fabric that pushed the breast up.

"Oh, Señora, I was only straightening out. This is what housekeepers do. I meant no harm." She looked so sad, so pathetic, I forgot how embarrassed I was.

"It is okay, for this time. Please don't do it again, though." I paused, once again staring at her exposed breast and the tiny piece of fabric that stood for a bra. What was this bra? Is that what she meant when she talked about my lingerie?

"Rosita, is this, this..." I pointed, blushing, at her bra, and looked away. "Is that what you think married women should wear? I don't even know what its called."

She pulled her blouse off her shoulders, revealing the bra and her erect nipples. Her breasts pressed together at the center, forming a stunning line of cleavage down the middle. Her belly was tight and muscular. I had known that she had a magnificent figure before, but this made it clear that she was nearly perfect.

She traced the edge of the bra with a finger, slowly from the side of the left breast to the side of the right. Her nipples stiffened as her fingers glanced her areolas.

"This is a push-up bra. See how my breasts come together? Isn't it nice, they way they look large, like men want them?"

I looked down at my t-shirt. I never thought about myself as being flat, but compared to Rosita's generous portions, I felt small and inadequate.

"It isn't you, Señora Rebecca, it is your lingerie. I am from Argentina, where women know how to dress for their men. It is not like in America. Let me show you."

She took a step towards my bedroom door. I followed her, not able to think.

"Here, sit." She pointed at the bed and I sat.

"Please take off your shirt, Señora."

I blushed and looked down. "I don't think I can."

“Don’t be shy, Señora Rebecca. I’ve helped many women dress for their husbands. Some women I’ve been housekeeper for couldn’t dress themselves without me.”

In a trance, too embarrassed to stop, I pulled my t-shirt over my head and placed it on the bed beside myself. Rosita towered over me. She was a tall woman, 5’9” or 10”, and I am very petite, barely 5’1”. She reached down and touched the strap of my bra at the shoulder.

“See, this isn’t very sexy. It’s cotton like your shirt. Cotton, men don’t like.”

My bra was off-white from washing in hard water. I saw us in the mirror. Rosita’s breast thrust forward, a treat any man would reach for. I was slumped forward, my breasts encased in heavy cotton, retreating behind my shoulders. I shook my head.

She traced her finger down the strap across the edge of my bra. “See, this doesn’t show that you have breasts. It covers them up. Men like breasts revealed when you undress.”

I tried to sit up straight, with my shoulders back to show off my breasts. They thrust out, but there wasn’t much cleavage. They weren’t sexy.

“Here, push them together like this.” Rosita pushed her breasts together, making them bulge forward. Her nipples moved towards my lips. I found them hypnotic.

I reluctantly brought my hands to the sides of my bra and pushed inward. My breasts formed cleavage and looked good. Not as obscenely present as Rosita’s, but appealing. I could imagine how turned on Steve would be. We hadn’t had sex in almost two weeks. Maybe it was time.

Rosita reached a hand slowly into her bra, cupping her breast and pulling out a pad. It was similar to the shoulder pads I had in some of my suits.

“We’ll put this in your bra, to see how it looks.”

Rosita sat on my t-shirt and leaned in front of me. She placed a finger under the edge of my bra and pulled it outward. Her finger slid around from the side to the front, raising pebbles on my flesh. I swallowed. She took the pad and started putting it in, guiding it with both hands. She adjusted the pad carefully into place. It was too large, but she said it would do for now.

My heart had started beating faster, and I felt sweat on my forehead. I bit my lip as she started working the other pad in place. I knew it was taking longer than it had to, but it felt so good, I didn’t want her to stop. Her fingers were accidentally touching my nipples, which were very hard, very erect. She squeezed my breasts to place the pads. I knew that I was breathing hard.

She rubbed my nipples with her thumb. “We need to smooth the fabric so it will look sexy.” I blushed, realizing that she knew I was becoming excited. I turned my head to the side while she squeezed my nipple between her fingers. Her touch revealed how aroused I had become. I squeezed my thighs together, feeling them getting wet. I imagined her lips, her deliciously full lips touching my nipples, sucking them in, running her tongue across them. I realized I was clenching my t-shirt in my fist, while my other hand pressed into my thigh, creeping towards my womanly parts.

“Yes, this looks very sexy. Look at yourself.” I felt her words on the side of my neck, soft and moist. I relaxed my fist with conscious effort, and smoothed the sheet next to me. My other hand floated over my womanly parts, almost touching them. My mind was no longer a creature of my control. It stripped Rosita of her clothes and kissed her lush breasts. It was a shameful hedonist, kissing her neck and begging to be consumed by her hands and lips and tongue. It took control of my body from me and pressed my hand into my venus. The fabric was wet and hot as my finger pushed between my labia.

Rosita stood up and took my other hand, lifting me from the bed. I looked in the mirror. My breasts were together with a line of cleavage between them. My nipples were poking out from my bra, visible despite the fabric. My forehead and lip were speckled with drops of sweat.

Beside me, Rosita was removing her skirt. My mind was fighting with me to send me to my knees, trying to force my hands to her hips, to guide the skirt off. I stumbled back towards the bed, urgent in my need to take back control, to stop this wicked side of me from emerging before I went too far.

“No, Rosita, that should be enough. Steve will be home soon and I want to surprise him with this.” I said this not because I had any intention of wearing a push up bra around him, but because I knew I had almost

come. I only come rarely with Steve, and I was ashamed that I had become aroused with Rosita. I wanted to lock myself in the room and hope that nobody saw what a harlot I'd become.



After that, I started avoiding Rosita. I couldn't look at her without feeling embarrassed and shamed. I wondered around town as much as I could. This was mainly to avoid being around Rosita all day. I stopped sunbathing, fearing that she was looking at me and my subpar underwear. I hid my bras and panties.

To make things worse, I was having trouble meeting people. My Spanish was limited to ordering Mexican food, which is hard to find in Bolivia, and going to the bathroom. There were some other faculty wives who spoke English, but they were cliquish and hard to get to know. Oddly, there were not faculty "husbands": the University seemed to only have male faculty. Very unlike America, where at least the appearance of sexual equality was important.

Steve left two weeks later to go on an expedition in the mountains. I could have gone with him, and probably should have, but I was too depressed to deal with the hardships of an expedition. From previous experience during Steve's last expedition, in Colombia, I knew field work in South America was hard and messy. It wasn't at all like camping in the U.S., where you are never far from a shower and running water. During field expeditions, you spent months away from the comforts of home and had to worry about poisonous snakes, spiders, and frogs. You had to filter your water or run the risk of life-threatening illness. It was unpleasant when I was in a good mood, and I was in a horrible mood.

I started giving Rosita extra days off. She normally had Sunday and Tuesdays off, but frequently, I let her take two days in a row off, provided she made enough for me to eat. I hadn't mastered cooking with the strange ingredients and names of Bolivia. I couldn't find stores that offered packaged chickens and pre-mixed spices. It was all pick-you-chick-we'll-kill-it-for-you and spices with indecipherable names and unknown qualities. I couldn't even get the basics for bread. Milk and coffee (leche y café) were about the only things I could get. I often ate at a café near the mansion, but after a week of Steve's absence, even that felt too lonely to endure.

One day, while Rosita was off, I was overcome by curiosity about her lingerie. I went into her room, which I had never done before, and opened up her closet and armoire. She hadn't lied about her interest in lingerie. She had more underwear than anyone I had ever known. At least as far as I knew—I was far too shy to inquire about such things in college, where some of the city girls might have had such luxurious items. Rosita had panties which had only thin strips for backs, she had bras made of silk and velvet, she had other items which I had no name for, and she even had items which I couldn't figure out exactly how one would wear. I was tempted to try some of them on, but I knew they wouldn't fit me. I am a pretty woman, that much I am sure of, but I am not a voluptuous woman, a sexy woman, like Rosita. I am petite, with a slender waist and narrow hips. My bust, while completely adequate for someone my size, is a fraction of Rosita's size. I am a farmer's daughter, with straight blond hair cut into a practical bob. My nails are clipped short like a man's and rarely see nail polish. I've polished my toenails all of twice in my life. I shave my legs with indifferent regularity. I wear glasses to movies, lost my contacts two years ago, and never replaced them. I am, in other words, the complete opposite of Rosita's exotic beauty.

I left Rosita's room awed and shamed. I was angry at myself for snooping, but at the same time, I couldn't help but wonder what inspired such devotion to lingerie. Was it because she's Argentinian, as she claimed? Even then, how could she afford it all? The fabric was mostly silk and lace, not the cheaper nylon and polyester most women have. Unless Argentina has a special dispensation for women to purchase lingerie, she must have had wealthy lovers. But then why work as a housekeeper? I wasn't sure I could understand my housekeeper at all.



I started getting comfortable with Rosita again. It started with small things, little conversations about dinner or what she did on her day off. She would offer me suggestions on things to do during the day. She

told me about music performances at night, and sometimes accompanied me to them. Bolivian music is haunting, spiritual. It soothed my embarrassment, made me forget about my shame. Soon, Rosita and I were friends again.

We were drinking a “cafécito” when Rosita said something that alarmed me.

“Flores tried to leave the University. Can you believe that?”

I was baffled. Academics change positions frequently, particularly junior faculty such as Flores.

“Sure. Why wouldn’t he?”

Rosita looked at me like I was completely ignorant of the most basic facts of life. “He’s here on special money.”

I had never heard of special money before. Universities work through grants, yes, but there is little about a grant that ties people to a particular university.

“Special money?” I put my cafécito down. The cup clattered on the saucer.

“Special money.” Rosita looked at me, raising her eyebrows, as if she were waiting for me to make the connection.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Rosita. What is ‘special money’?”

Rosita laughed and touched my hand. “Señora Rebecca, you are so funny. Of course, you are making a joke at me.”

“No, I don’t know what ‘special money’ is.”

She pulled her head back and bit her lip. “Special money, you know, the money from the lords. People like Flores, they come here to do work for the lords. You don’t quit working for the lords until they tell you too.”

The dark suspicion that the lords were cocaine kingpins sunk in. “Cocaine?”

She nodded and took my hand again. “You didn’t know?”

I shook my head. Did Steve know? He couldn’t have. He is so interested in science, he wouldn’t sully it with drug money. Or would he? For the first time in my life, I doubted him. I realized his zeal for science could blind him to the political realities of the world.

“Does Steve get ‘special money’?” I had to know.

She shrugged. “I don’t think so. He is a tree specialist, yes?”

I nodded. I was too numb to speak. I felt the heat drain away from my body. My limbs were stiff. My friends had questioned how safe Bolivia was, but Steve and I had been on expeditions to Colombia and Peru and I had never felt in danger. I was so naive.

“How do they recruit people? Is this house a payment? Are you?”

Rosita squeezed my hand. “No, Señora, I don’t think so. They give people money. They send him girls. That is why you shouldn’t wear that lingerie. You must be on guard and wear sexy underwear.”



Two days later, I gave in to the fear that was growing inside me that Steve would be seduced by cocaine prostitutes if I didn’t act more sexy when he returned. I asked Rosita to show me her lingerie.

Rosita asked me to wait in the main living room—the mansion has three areas which I think of as living rooms—while she prepared her fashion show. I was nervous, remembering the previous time we had gotten into lingerie, and felt foolish for mistrusting Steve, who had never shown even a hint of interest in anyone but me.

Rosita, dressed in a black and purple silk robe, summoned me. Her room was alight with candles and incense. She explained about evil spirits and the need to ward off prying eyes. I rolled my eyes and suppressed a laugh, but she didn’t notice.

She offered me a beer. I only drank rarely, and then, only wine, but I accepted. It was dark and yeasty. I sipped it very slowly.

Rosita opened her closet and pulled out several bra and panty combinations. I had spied a few of these while I was sneaking in her room before. She spread these out on the bed in front of me. I blushed

automatically, knowing that I was going to see her nearly nude. I had always avoided being nude and seeing nude women. When I took showers in the dorm, I tried to get there before everyone else to avoid being seen or seeing. I insisted on the lights being out when Steve and I made love. I wasn't sure I could sit and watch Rosita model lingerie, but I guessed she wouldn't let me just look at the lingerie in the drawers and ask questions.

I sat on the chair next to her bed. I asked her about the panties with such thin backs. They wouldn't cover anything and looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, Señora Rebecca, it is the purpose that they don't cover anything. They are very sexy. They are called thongs." She picked one up and fingered the cloth. It looked silky. "I wear these every day. They are very comfortable."

I reached over and picked up a blue silk combination. The bra was cut very low, probably coming below the nipple, and had the same pads that Rosita showed me before. I held it up to my t-shirt. I looked for a mirror, but couldn't locate one.

"Is this good?" I hoped she'd say no so I could leave. I started to feel very uncomfortable. I shouldn't have been there, I was too embarrassed already.

"It is nice. I don't know if it is right. Have you worn a teddy?"

I had a vague memory of a teddy, but I was distracted by her leg, which she put up on the bed. Her robe fell to reveal her long, toned muscles up to her hip. Her bottom was barely covered. It was a very nice leg. What I had always wanted mine to be.

"I think you would look good in one."

She pulled the robe from her shoulder slowly, revealing the profile of her breast. Thankfully, the teddy she was wearing covered her nipples. As she pulled the robe down farther, the teddy turned out to be an almost modest covering. Relieved, I smiled.

She turned to me, showing me how high cut the legs were. It was cut much higher than my swimsuit, which it somewhat resembled. Where my swimsuit was cut almost straight across at the crotch, this cut up past Rosita's hip bones. It was very narrow around her crotch. I couldn't help but stare, as my pubic hair would have been evident, but she didn't have any. She must shave it almost entirely off.

I looked away suddenly, aware that I had been looking at her privates.

She let the robe drop and turned around. The teddy was cut like a thong, and her bottom was completely exposed. It was firm, like two half melons. She turned around again to face me. I looked away.

"It's very nice, isn't it?"

I imagined Steve looking at me in it, how hard his penis would become. Then I thought about him looking at Rosita in it. How much he would prefer her to me. Her skin was flawless, her muscles toned. I couldn't look at her.

"What's the matter, Señora Rebecca?"

I blushed again. I couldn't believe I was there, trying on lingerie with my housekeeper.

She touched my shoulder, softly brushing the hair away. I looked at her with tears forming at the edges of my eyes. She knew what a tramp I was, but she still looked at me with compassion.

"I'll try on something else." She looked at the lingerie on the bed and picked up a two-toned green and black set. She went into the closet to change.

I thought about leaving, running out of the room, but I knew I would still be embarrassed afterwards. I might as well find out about these things. Maybe someday I would be comfortable enough with them to wear them for Steve.

Rosita emerged from the closet in the new outfit. It was splendid on her, accenting her curves perfectly.

"You look beautiful, Rosita."

She smiled and turned slowly around. It was a thong, but the bra covered her nipples. It was fascinating, because it was like a combination of the scanty push-up bra she was wearing before and a normal bra, except the push-up part was velour or velvet and the normal part was silk.

Rosita sat next to me. "Touch it, it feels very nice, Señora Rebecca."

I hesitantly reach over and brushed a finger against the green velvet. It was soft and warm, like stroking a short haired cat. I let my finger run over the silk, feeling the contrast between the two.

My finger drifted slowly between the velvet and silk areas of her bra. I absently minded stroked her breasts like that, feeling her nipple harden under my touch. I liked feeling it harden, feeling that power. I circled the nipple and let myself briefly take it between my thumb and forefinger. I pressed my fingers into her breast and felt it give. I let my hand cup it from underneath and felt its weight.

I couldn't look at her face while doing this. I looked at her navel. I thought about how taut her stomach was. I thought about drinking a sip of café from it, how the coffee would compliment her skin. I rolled her nipple between my fingers, feeling my own nipples stiffen.

I heard her breath become shallower, quicker. I looked at her bra, the nipple protruding between my finger and thumb. I lifted and squeezed the breast absently, feeling its delicious texture.

"Señora , la otra" Rosita's voice was breathy and shallow.

I jumped, realizing what I was doing. It was wrong. I was touching a woman like a man. And worse, she was my housekeeper. No, worse was that I was getting aroused again. That I wanted her to adjust my bra again.

I started crying, burying my face in my hands.

"Señora?" Rosita's voice was soft, but I couldn't look at her. I kept my face in my hands.

She touched my shoulder. I didn't move. She rubbed my back while I cried. I let her rub my shoulders, my back. I didn't move.

I continued to cry.

Rosita leaned her head towards my ear. "Señora , it is all right." Her breath was warm and moist on my skin. I couldn't move.

She kissed the back of my neck. I remained still. She kissed my earlobe. It felt wonderful. I cried more. She kissed my neck and my ears, and wrapped her arm around my waist, stroking my hair while I cried.

I wanted to leave, to pretend this had never happened, but I didn't know that I could stop. I was too embarrassed to explain why I wanted to leave. I was too ashamed to do anything but cry. So I sat still as Rosita kissed my face. I let her pull my shirt off and kiss my navel.

I moaned as she kissed my breasts in my plain bra. I let her unfasten the bra and suckle on my nipples. I came when her hand slid up the leg of my shorts.

I let her lay me back on the bed and kiss my mouth. When her tongue entered my mouth, I surrendered to my lust and let my tongue enter hers. My hands found the clasp to her bra and I unfastened it. I kissed her neck, her breastbone, her cleavage, her nipples. I let my mouth drift toward her navel, her intoxicating navel. I realized I couldn't wait to stick my tongue into her navel. Then I realized I wanted to taste her womanly parts. I had never even tasted my own juices and now I wanted to taste hers.

I licked her navel as long as I could bear to. I was afraid of what I would find in her thong, afraid of surrendering so completely. Rosita wasn't inactive in all of this. She was teasing me with kisses to my arms and legs, to every part of me she could place her lips on.

Rosita pulled my lips from her belly and to her face. She held me and we kissed deeply. As we kissed she writhed under me, rubbing her womanly parts against my thigh, digging her fingers into my bottom.

She shook and screamed, and then was still.

I wanted to taste her even more, so I slid down her bottom and tasted her cleft. It was slick with her juice. I let my tongue run the length of it and then probed the lips. I stuck my tongue into her as far as I could and licked and licked. I sucked on the lips. She put her hands on my head and guided it up, until my tongue found her little nib. I sucked on it until she shook again.

I slept in her room that night, afraid to enter the rest of the house, wanting to discover more of her body.



Rosita and I didn't become lovers. I was too embarrassed, too ashamed to repeat the night again. Sometimes, I let her hold my hand or even cuddle against me, but whenever I desired to take her nipple into my mouth, to kiss her, to taste her, I fled.

I slept poorly while Steve was on his expedition. I felt guilty—I had cheated on him and wanted to do it again. Sometimes Rosita would sun bathe, her magnificent body revealed in her skimpy bikinis, and I would have to leave the yard, knowing that if I stayed I would end up cheating on Steve with her.

Twice, I came close to cheating again.

One night, I was feeling tired and lonely and agreed to let her brush my hair. We ended up in the shower together, soaping each other. I had to leave the shower with only a quick rinse when her sponge found its way between my legs.

Another day, we had gone shopping, anticipating Steve's return. I wanted to get some sexy lingerie to protect myself against the cocaine whores I feared. Rosita knew the few shops in the city that sold good lingerie. She was in the booth, helping me decide. She adjusted the bra I was in and began rubbing my nipples. I went as far as sucking on her navel again before I could stop myself.

I was afraid of what would happen if Rosita turned her charms on Steve. Would they make love also? Would the three of us end up in bed? I started dreaming about this, but in the end, Steve would always leave in disgust as I kissed Rosita's womanly parts and she fingered mine.



A messenger from the university arrived on Rosita's day off. He said that Steve was in trouble with the university and that I should come the next day to try to straighten things out.

I was a nervous wreck while I waited. The messenger had no information to give me, so I had no idea what the problem was. I knew how important this job was to Steve's future, and feared if they were talking to me, he must be in horrible trouble.

I was drunk—for the first time in my life—when Rosita arrived home.

"Rebecca, what's the matter?" She had stopped calling me Señora except when other people were around.

I explained about the messenger. She turned pale. "Mi dios. This is bad."

She put the glass of beer I was drinking aside and pulled me from the chair in the kitchen. She guided me to her bedroom and laid me on her bed. She stripped and laid beside me, stroking my hair. "Rebecca, mi amiga, these people, they are the special money people."

I started crying. I couldn't think, except that the special money people were going to take my Steve away from me. I offered no resistance when Rosita started kissing my face and neck.

"Be very careful when you talk to them. They might just want Steve to stay a long time. They might want something else."

She pulled my t-shirt off and kissed my breasts. I held on to her and cried as she kissed my nipples. I let her mouth explore me, shuddering when she licked my button. I slept in her arms.



The next morning, I had hardly disentangled myself from Rosita's long limbs before heavy knocks warned us of the "special money people's" arrival. Neither Rosita nor myself had to inquire who was knocking, nor what to do. I, still smelling of Rosita's bloom, I'm quite sure, threw on a tee shirt and jeans, and stepped out to join the men in dark suits. There was no need for roughness, as I was compliant with my fate, but these foreboding men keep sliding their eyes towards me as if to say, "we won't hesitate to kill you—and we will enjoy it." Or perhaps I was paranoid. But would you have not been, faced with grim guards and a Soviet-style black limo?

One of the guards forced my head down as I stepped into the limo, and made an obvious smelling gesture before winking at his compatriots. He slid in next to me, forcing me between his companion in the back

seat. He placed a black leather glove on my thigh and said, in grimacing sotto voce, "It will be all right." He sniffed loudly again as his companion placed his gloved hand on my other thigh and squeezed.

I saw, or imagined I saw, their large erections straining against their uniforms.

As we drove, their hands crept up my legs. Oddly, I accepted I was going to be raped and felt calm and distanced, as if I were watching a movie of someone else's life. It would be a horrible thing for her, to be raped by two men—or possibly all four. Surely she would live to hate men after that, although I couldn't imagine she would struggle. After all, she was I, and I was watching as if it were a dream, too far removed to fight.

We were on a long, twisting road which was taking us far from the places I had been. The University lay in the opposite direction, and we had long passed out of the village. The guard's hands had reached the apex of her thighs, but instead of fingering her, or stripping her, their hands stopped there. I said nothing. They said nothing. Some impasse had been reached, although I did not know if it was she (who was actually I) has forcing their hands from probing, or whether it was some other force—the "lords," faithfulness to loved ones or morality, as unlikely as any of those motivations seem now.

We drove higher into the mountain, still at our impasse. Whatever drove them to stop did not compel them to remove their hands, nor occasionally squeezing her flesh. I began to feel that they expected that she would respond to their touch and invite the next move. She sat stony-faced, flushed from shame, without a hint of desire. I do not think she moved at all. Somehow, she defied the jarring road and sat absolutely still, wedged between the unmovable masses at either side of her.

As we travelled into a jungle strand, it began to rain a cold, hard rain, the kind which is peculiar to the Andes. Our limousine was shrouded in mist and the blinding light which had been with us all morning disappeared, replaced by shadows and the glimmer of door lights. The guard to her right unzipped his uniform with his free hand—his left hand gently squeezing her thigh, but otherwise unmoving. He extracted his penis, its red head surrounded by his black leather fist. It was enormous, far larger than Steve's, the only other penis I'd seen, and ripped through with projecting veins, glistening at the tip. I knew she was expected to place it into her mouth, to wrap her shamed lips around it until he filled her throat with his poison. I also knew she would not move to assist him. Stony and red with shame, she was still.

The black fist began to travel up and down the vein monstrosity, slowly at first, but then more rapidly. His squeezes on her thigh became more firm and rapid as his lips curled away from his canine mouth and his pumping became faster. My mind imagined the semen dripping from her face when he was through from her, it's overflow running down her chin to drop on the breasts they had exposed by cutting away her tee shirt. As the fist pumped faster, and the leather glove gripped her thigh tighter, I saw the other guard rubbing the semen onto her nipples, methodically but gently, until they became engorged and her shame became overwhelming.

The guard's penis dribbled onto his glove. Not the copious quantity I had expected, but a teaspoon's worth. He rolled down the window and shook his glove. I watched the semen ripped from the black leather by gravity and wind. It hung on for longer than I would have thought before finally merging with the jungle.

Then I knew the impasse had been broken, but I was the victor. Whatever compelled these monsters to stop their groping finally broke their will. Both guards removed their hands and we drove out of the Andean rain into sunlight again. She became me once again.



Surely I slept after that, because it was dark when we arrived at our destination. I was acutely aware of both my bowels and my stomach. When I stepped out of the limo, I realized I could not stand. My long spell of absolute stillness had put my limbs to sleep, or exhausted the small muscles which give us balance so completely that I no longer had control over them. I fell towards the ground, saved only by the ejaculating guard. He caught me with the hand which had groped me just above the elbow and pulled me

up. Something told me I should hate him, and that relying on his help was only the final insult, but I regarded him no differently than I would have a fencepost in Iowa—there and not worth any other thought.

A man came from the house and took my other arm, and together they carried me inside, where they sat me on a divan near the entry. The four guards, silent still, left.

“Are you hungry? Would you like to refresh yourself before your meeting?”

I had slumped down on the divan, nearly passed out. The house servant—I guessed because of his white jacket and black pants, just like some “Thin Man” extra—was the first person to have spoken to me since I left Rosita. I looked up at him and shrugged. I did not feel communicative.

“Very well then, follow me.” I wasn’t very sure of anything at that point, but I would swear he had an English accent, and not a cockney one, either. I shambled behind him down the long hall. The hall was like a parody of grandeur, with heavy oaken doors every ten feet and large, cheap paintings of men in camouflage on the wall between.

The house servant left me in a small suite with a bath, toilet, divan, and a table of tropical fruit. I took a mango with me to the toilet, and dribbled juice on my thighs, satisfying every desire I could have had at that moment more fully than you might ever imagine.

I emerged from the toilet stall and noticed a note, written on fine paper with a floured script next to the fruit bowl. It said,

Bathe if you wish. You will not be disturbed. There is a roast, prepared as you like, in the bedroom, which is located through the red door. The bookshelf is available for your use, and your favorite movies have been stocked by the vcr. Please feel to indulge yourself as you see fit while you are in your room. You will not be expected until your appointment, tomorrow morning at 9:30.

I was incredulous. Nobody had spoken to me since I left my house this morning. I had never met any special money people,... Unless.... No, Rosita wouldn’t possibly betray me that way. I walked through the red door, not amused at all by the tackiness of the symbolism.

It was as promised. I was too hungry to avoid the roast, and found it exactly to my preferences—but I’m not a finicky city girl, so that may not have been too difficult to achieve with little more knowledge of me than provided by Steve in his initial University interviews. Which meant that,... Oh, no, if Steve is on his long trip in the hands of these cocaine lords, he might have refused them and is being tortured. Or I might be being used as pawn to force him to cooperate. The fear raced red hot through my veins. I put down my fork, my hand shaking too much to be trusted. I raced to the bookshelves and looked at the authors: Dickenson, Austin, James, Shakespear. I was dazed, falling outside of myself. I looked on: Dante, Melville, Tolstoy, Mann. And then I fell to my knees: Kundera. The rest could have been faked, but Kundera? Who could have known? Only Steve would have known that.

I fled to the bed and cried. This was too much. These cocaine lords shouldn’t have, couldn’t have known so much about me.



I awoke. I had no notion of the time. It was dark when I arrived. I fell asleep after that. The room had no windows, no clock. I went into the bathroom. The fruit was still there, but grapefruit had been added, and a bowl of yogurt, with Grape-Nuts sprinkled on top—my favorite breakfast—was cozied up to the fruit. The spoon was silver, with a gilded handle.

I wasn’t hungry. I needed to know what time it was. Finally, I thought the tv might tell me. I turned it on and flipped through the channels. They were all static, except one. It had a blue screen with Spanish words flying across the bottom and a 5:17 flashing in the middle.

I couldn’t sleep, but I couldn’t stand being awake. I took a bath, but it felt wrong, too luxurious for my present condition. There was something far too spooky about this place in the middle of nowhere. This is my hell, I thought endlessly.

I finally decided to put in a video. The note hadn't lied about the selection. Every one of my favorite films lay before me. I think some of them may be been out of print. The decision came to me immediately. Buster Keaton. I picked "The General" from the self and put it into the vcr.

Buster was on the train, fighting off the Union soldiers when the tape cut out. The static was quickly followed by a black screen, maybe 30 seconds worth, and then I was on the tv, kissing Rosita. Her hand was on my breast, my finger was in her venus. We were both naked, our skin red with kisses and bites. Rosita's lips left mine as she climaxed. I remembered our lovemaking well. I knew her lips would find my womanhood immediately after this and she would give me the most powerful orgasm I ever had.

I watched, knowing I had been betrayed and longing to have Rosita again. I watched as her lips crept across my breasts, her fingers digging into my bottom, as she descended to my ultimate pleasure. Just the suggestion of that experience aroused me to incredible heights. I didn't think about my fingers caressing my nipples—I didn't need to. I mouthed the words as my video-self cried out Rosita's name as her tongue teased my clitoris.

My hand made its way under my shirt as Rosita sucked on my video-self's labia. I felt her tongue penetrate me as I watched the camera focus in on her tangle of hair pressed between my thighs, obscuring my scraggly blonde bush.

"Oh god, Rosita, you are my salvation." I did not need to hear the words from the television. I said them again as the orgasm took me. My videoself's orgasm lasted longer, much longer, and I watched in awe as she swore her passion for Rosita over and over again, in continuous ecstasy. As my own orgasm subsided, I shimmied out of my clothes, unable to stop touching myself. My shame had abandoned me, and I took my own panties to my face, hoping to capture the smell of Rosita's nectar.

My videoself was now loving Rosita, giving her gentle bites along her stomach, then turning her over to lick her bottom. I plunged my fingers into myself as my video mirror placed her face into Rosita's crack. The robust flavor of her anus was immediately in my mind. I timed my finger's movement in and out of myself to my videoself's ministrations on Rosita.

My eyes were closed as I rubbed and caressed myself to the cries of "Rosita, my god," and "Señora." I was in a plateau of orgasm, my body buzzing with the memory-feel of Rosita's lips and fingers when the sounds stopped. I slowly regained my self-possession and looked at the tv. It was black. Then there was a picture of Steve, his pants around his waist, his hand rapidly stroking his penis, while he watched a television. The camera closed first on his penis, wet with pre-ejaculate, and then on the screen, where Rosita was placing the pads into my bra, the very first time she had seduced me.

I cried again, knowing my life was over.

The Meeting

I cried for an hour, maybe longer. I kept seeing Steve watching me and Rosita, stroking his penis until fluid flew from it to cover my video image. He knew I betrayed him. Yet, somehow it excited him. That idea hurt more than knowing I had been caught. He should have been raging with jealousy. I certainly would have if had I watched a tape of Rosita and him. My own adultery sickened me, and it sickened me even worse to know that Steve was not outraged. But those thoughts didn't make sense to me. I should have been relieved that Steve could accept this. If anything, it would mean Rosita could take me to those heights again. But I wanted out. I hated myself for my weak will, for my complete lack of any moral fiber. If Steve didn't share my outrage, what did we share? It made no sense. I hurt all over from shame, doubt, rage, and the remnants of my lust.

I pulled my body from the bed and went to the bath. I ran scalding hot water into the tub, poured half the box of bath salts they had so "kindly" provided me, and began my tortured decent into the heat. The pain was nearly intolerable as first my feet, always very sensitive, and then my legs pushed into the water. I forced myself to endure the pain, the punishment, hoping to sear the shame and confusion from my body and mind. My flesh roared with agony as the water surrounded me up to my neck. The steam flushed the

tears from my eyes. I lay in the water until it was no longer hot. I drained the water and turned on the cold tap, getting a glass to pour the ice-cold water over my reddened skin.

Thoroughly punished and numb, I emerged from the bath. There was a white terrycloth robe waiting for me. I didn't even wonder how they knew I was bathing. The robe was luxuriously soft and thick, and had another note tucked into the pocket.

Your meeting is in 45 minutes. Your wardrobe is on the bed. Please eat your breakfast and drink the juice, as your meeting may continue for a long time.

I ate my breakfast and drank the juice—fresh squeezed grapefruit, with a delicate, sweet flavor. This was to be my hell then: luxury and betrayal. It was as if in some corn field, many years ago, my ambition to become something “better” than a farmer had led me to make a deal with the devil and he had come to collect his price. My soul would not be bought so easily.



The clothing was what I had half expected. A duplicate of the silk and velvet lingerie I so adored on Rosita, a slinky black evening gown with a plunging neckline, black suede heels, and a diamond choker/earring set. While I was dressing, I heard a soft rustle in the bath suite. I looked in and found a make-up kit waiting for me. I was a pawn in this game, and had obediently played that role so far, but I would not go as far as to wear their French mascara. Besides, I had no idea of what they wanted—an over made-up whore, or a tastefully done call girl. There was no question any longer that I was a prostitute in this game, but what kind, I had yet to discover.

After dressing, I looked at myself in the mirror. My spirits were beaten down by my vain response. *I* looked good. Not just good: “hot,” “sexy.” Rosita had been right. With the proper clothes, I was no longer a simple farm girl, but a sexy model. Too short, to be sure, for the cover of “Vogue,” but a woman who could turn heads, nonetheless. The dress clung to my figure, accentuating the narrowness of my waist and the slight flair of my hips, always two of my most striking features. The push-up bra lifted my breasts and created cleavage so I looked very well endowed (as if a bustline is an “endowment”—but I wasn't thinking of such ironies then). The heels and slit in the dress showed off my legs, which were well-toned from the walking I have always done. And the black velvet contrasted with my skin to emphasize the relatively few blemishes I have. Steve would love to fuck me, I thought, shocked at my own vulgarity. Then I thought, I am going to be raped tonight. The thought felt distant, much like thinking, I am going to pay taxes this year. Unpleasant, but abstract and bearable.

The red door, which was the only door to my room, opened silently. The house servant who had guided me here entered, attired in an identical uniform, spotlessly clean, perfectly stiff but graceful in his walk and stature. He said not a word, approaching me with his arm out, bent slightly. I understood and took his arm and allowed him to walk me to my meeting.

We walked through many corridors, passing more doors than I would ever hope to count. The entire place was light with side lamps, which created a soft, yellow tone, almost dim enough to be called candlelight. The only sound was my footsteps and the beating of my heart in my ear. I am going to suck a stranger's penis tonight, I thought. The thought should have disgusted me, but it only existed. A statement of fact, like the weather. I wondered if Steve would watch my humiliation on video. Or if he would be there. Would I have to make love to the house servant? He wasn't unhandsome. It might be better than some of the guards. Would Rosita be there? Would she apologize? Would we be allowed to make love? The entire length of one of the corridors, I thought of nothing else but Rosita dropping her skirt, her long legs blooming in front of me. Then my pulling her thong aside to see her venus blossom in front of me, a red flower overflowing with a heavenly nectar. I anticipated the taste alone would send me into orgasm.



The door to the meeting room was no different than the hundred of others I had walked by. It was in the middle of the room and, like the rest, had no markings to identify it. Yet the house servant recognized it without pause and lead me in.

The room was long, carpeted with a thick, soft wool. It had a line of chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, lighting the center path, but leaving the side walls dark. I couldn't tell where the walls were, or how wide the room might be. At the end of the room was a large table, at which a person sat. The table had a light above it, which lit only the dark hair of the person, and the black marble tabletop. I could not tell if the person was a man or a women, much less anything else. Lining the carpet on the path to the table were earth-tone divans, daybeds, and sofas. There was no sound.

The escort brought me slowly along. I strained my eyes to see who else was in this room, and what lay in the shadowy depths beyond the furniture. There were hanging carpets and gilded carts, exotic art from Asia, Africa, and the Americas. I saw the glistening of gemstones struck by candlelight. I was in the storehouse of the world's greatest wealth. Great paintings, long-ago stolen were resting in the arms of Louis-XIV sedans. I knew then that the person at the table was indeed Satan. I did not know I was a believer until that moment. But I had not seen proof until that moment, either.

We halted five feet in front of the table. I still could not tell who was under the light. It defied physics. My escort was gone.

I saw a blue light to my left. It was a video of me watching the tape, masturbating furiously. I felt no shame. I was numb.

Another light lit to the right of me. It was Steve flailing away at his penis watching me and Rosita make love. It was a different image from the evening before. It was the time we took a shower.

A television on the table, which I hadn't seen before, turned on. It was Steve watching Rosita penetrating me with some kind of large artificial phallus. I begged her to do it harder and faster. The video zoomed to show the phallus—a dark, iron replica with rusted veins—hammer into my wet vagina. My entire genital area was flushed with red. There were bite marks along my thighs and scratches on my abdomen. As the phallus pulled out, I could see it was of improbably length, perhaps ten or twelve inches, yet Rosita was ramming it all the way into me and I was shouting for her to take me deeper. I could see my own juices cascade down my thighs.

The video moved to Steve, pulling on his penis. "Oh, fuck her, yeah. Fuck her, fuck her hard." I was stunned at his vulgarity. He never talked like this. But he never watched me make love, no fuck, another.

The person at the table rose from his chair. His face moved into the light. It was beautiful in a way I never believed was possible. I turned away immediately, knowing that if I looked for too long, even just seconds, I would never be able to look away and that all else would be ugly and horrible to me from that point on. I'm sure you think this is an exaggeration, but you did not see the face.

He moved behind me, the gentle breeze created by his passing sent me to my knees as an orgasm—no, that is a term far to weak to describe the sensation—coursed through every cell in my body. I think I writhed on the floor for hours until the experience finally passed.

I heard his voice, but knew that he hadn't spoken. "You may disrobe if you like. You won't be interrupted."

Despite knowing that it was damnation to look, I turned to see him, but he was gone. He had placed a black velvet couch behind me. A tray of fruits and a pitcher of water, sparkling with condensation, lay on a gilded tray next to the sofa.

The video screen had grown larger during my orgasmic event. Perhaps it is more accurate to say the screen had grown smaller, because it now was as large as my eyes, and occupied my entire vision. If I focussed, I could see the room, but when I did not, the tape, the apparition, the portal into the future, remained open, and I smelled as well as saw and heard the events depicted.

Again I was watching Steve masturbate while watching Rosita and I make love. Rosita pulled the phallus out of me. It was even larger than before and throbbed slightly. The iron had begun to corrode, so its

surface was roughened and the rust of its veins ran with my ejaculate, flowing like blood down Rosita's thighs.

Rosita laughed, and I knew at once I was doomed for eternity, because in that laugh I knew her for who she was, Satan, and I knew I could never be satisfied by another, but that I would always search for it.

She pushed me down onto the mattress, where I lied pulling my nipples for stimulation, and approached Steve. Steve's hands, penis, and thighs were covered with his semen, much more than he should have been able to produce.

She put a hand on his shoulder and I watched in frightened awe as his entire body fibrillated before his penis exploded with a lengthy steam of ejaculate. I saw his testicles contract more and more, until they were shrunken to nearly nothing, their contents spayed over Rosita, the bed, and me.

She stoked his cheek with the phallus, the red fluid dripping off to cover his shoulders. She coated his lips with them, dying them the shade of a street walker's come-on grin. The phallus thrust forward, his lips splitting at the edge as it penetrated.

"I'm fucking you now, Steve. Do you want your wife to come while she watches?"

His head bobbed up and down, but it was from the phallus rushing in and out. I was horrified as I realized Steve would not emerge from this a man, but the orgasm built up inside of me, and soon I was chanting "Oh, yeah, fuck him, fuck him deep, yeah fuck him," and orgasming on my fingers.

Rosita pulled out the saliva-coated phallus and kissed the sides of his torn lips. They healed the instant her lips touched them.

She turned towards the door. I begged "No, Rosita, I need you." She turned and smiled her perfect grin again. "I was going to leave you two equal. If I continue to fuck you, it will be unfair to him. Should I fuck him first to make it fair?"

"Anything," I pleaded, "anything. Yes, fuck Steve. Fuck him in the ass if you have to, just fuck him fast."

Steve was no longer coherent. I suspect his mind had been destroyed sometime earlier, although I was so far gone that it is hard for me to tell now. He looked something like an animated corpse. His testicles had shrunken to oblivion, yet his penis was large and erect, dripping seminal fluid. His cheeks were hollow and his pupils dilated to different degrees. She lifted him and bent his over the side of the bed. The phallus eased into him at first, and he began to groan. As Rosita began to go deeper into him, the blood began to return to his face and his eyes looked lively—the pupils were both the same wide-open size. She pumped into his anus not quickly like I so desperately desired, but slowly, insidiously. In could feel the heat of the iron phallus grow, see it begin to give off orange-red light and heat. I knew she was taking him, taking complete control over him, and that he would never be back again. He began to fibrillate, his whole body quivering so rapidly I could see the hairs begin to smoke.



I looked into Steve's eyes. He was no longer a man. He was a woman in a whorehouse, getting anally taken night after night. His breasts were outrageously large, his waist impossibly small. His pubic hair was gone, and his labia permanently engorged and running with lubricant. The madame came after the last customer left and bathed him before putting him into a pine casket. He would be taken out the next night.

The lid closed over his body. The madame nailed it shut. I looked into the corroded iron nails and saw myself walking on a placid lake, bathed in light. The hammer had just fallen from my hand and now splashed into the water, creating rings of ripples that my feet were not making. I chanted softly, "Jesu Cristo y Maria" over and over again.

I walked over the lake until night fell and then I looked up into the sky. I saw in the stars a face even more beautiful than Satan's, who was really Rosita, who I love. I dove under the water and found the hammer, tangled up in algae. I swam deeper underwater until the water boiled with heat and the pressure crushed my bones. The pain destroyed me so I could live again.

I, as only an idea, an energy, swam deeper into the black depths. I was fire, and was the unbearable gravity of humanity on earth and I plunged deeper until I found, at the nexus of this world and the underworld, floating in the flow of lava, Steve's coffin.

My hammer, long ago burned and crushed, pried open the casket. Steve was immediately consumed by the flames. His melted form slithered amongst the giant squids and luminescent creatures of the sea. As the chemical lights illuminated his nonexistence, he turned inside out and outside in, from Steve to Rosita, and then from Rosita to Steve.

I chanted, "Jesu Christo y Maria," and the world woke and saw the face in the stars. An astronaut makes the journey from this life to the next and I was Budda come again.

Steve and I walked out of the depths and lay on silken grasses by the shore and watch the face of God in the sky. He took my face in his hands and kissed me gently. I kissed him back, gingerly at first, and then with a growing passion. I pulled off my tee shirt and kissed his breasts, and made love to his venus, and took his penis into me and had an orgasm which lasted my lifetime and before that and beyond. His seed became lodged into my womb and we had created God, because I was Budda come again, and he was Nirvana, and together we were Rosita, who was better than both of us together, because she is the Holy Child I will bear.

That is why, Dr. Stolnick, I need to leave this place. The Holy Child should not be born amongst the filth and the downtrodden, for she will make us all in her own image and the poor shall be dressed in velvet and silk, and the inorgasmic shall become transcendently orgasmic, and you will finally get laid.

Send your comments to us at TheMrLee@hotmail.com.