

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*(c) September 18, 2008 by hammingbyrd7*

## **Chapter 1**

It's been dark for hours now, and I'm still walking down long city blocks carrying my two suitcases. It's way too warm to be wearing much of anything, but I've got my raincoat on to protect me from the stinking weather. And I mean the word stinking literally. My coat is covered in slime from a really awful dank and oily mist. A summer fog with some drizzle rolled in off the lake a while ago, and at first I thought the light rain might help clean the air of the fumes from the car pollution. What a joke. The air smells more noxious than ever now. It stings my eyes and irritates my throat. Fucking hell on whole wheat, that's what I say, really stinking weather. I tell myself not to get too depressed.

It's damn frustrating to be stuck in this city, and that's damn with a capital D. The place is absolutely hellish. Everything here is run down and dirty, and I am so incredibly eager to curse this city and shake its dust off my shoes and more on. And why don't I? There's a nationwide transportation strike going on now. The airline, rail, and bus unions are picketing everywhere and good luck trying to make a private deal for a cross country trip. Good luck.

So what is it now, my third week here? Maybe my fourth, and with my suspended driver's license I am absolutely stuck. At least my employer Competitive Capital keeps depositing my salary and my travel allowance into my account. I can still eat and sleep, not to say this dump hasn't killed my appetite.

I'm an instructor, and my training courses with the local branches were only supposed to last a few days. I can still remember the last time I was at the district hub. I tried to earn my pay, I really did. I made myself available for follow-up questions. But the classroom was deserted. I left after an hour. It was kind of embarrassing. The district manager is officially my boss while I'm stationed here, and I told her maybe I would try doing follow-up at the branch locations. She just shrugged her shoulders. It was a gesture of supreme indifference.

So I figured, what the hell? If nobody cares, I'll just coast for a while until the strike is over. I'll lie low and call the home office occasionally and leave when I have a way out. And sure enough, the money keeps piling up in my Competitive account. Some crazy accounting logic even boosted my travel allowance 30% a few days ago, some sort of automatic bonus for an extended assignment. Stupid computers, but I'm not the complaining type, not about stuff like this anyway.

So I get this bonus and I ask around for a nicer place to stay. And what I hear is absolutely fabulous. Across the city by the lake is a really grand place, a complex of tall buildings with new modern hotel rooms on the upper floors and a huge single's bar in the lower levels called Liar's Lair. The only question is: do I mind that the place is located in the city's red-light district?

Mind?! Hell no! I haven't slept with a woman since Maggie divorced me, actually since a couple of years before that. I'm not sure what I think of pure sex-for-money deals, but I do know it's legal here if you're in the right zone with the right license. A single's bar though, yeah. I start to daydream as I walk.

Maybe I'll find someone nice. Even if she's a prostitute, I won't mind if she's pleasant to be with. Wow, having a drink or a meal with a woman who isn't nagging me. Wouldn't that be different? Maybe we'll even dance. Do I remember how to dance? Will I look attractive to a woman? How about to a woman who is attractive herself? I find myself not wanting an honest answer. At fifty-five, am I too old for this? Time to think about something else.

Ouch! My wrists! That's certainly something else to think about! Maybe carrying these suitcases

across town is a really stupid idea. I broke both my wrists a long time ago playing football in high school. Man, I should have thought about this before I started walking. My hands feel so cold and numb now, so cold. Pins and needles and it hurts! It feels as if my hands are submerged in buckets of ice water and meanwhile I'm sweating everywhere else. Fucking hell on rye, that's what I say, what a situation! But what choice do I have? I mean, good luck finding a freelance cabbie around here. Good luck. All the regular cabbies are out on sympathy strike with the other transportation unions.

I heard at my old hotel that the red-light district wasn't too far away, across town yeah but maybe only an hour or so of hoofing it, maybe a tad more with the suitcases. So I checked out of the old fleabag and here I am walking the streets. I must be close now. I hope the place has some vacancies. Ouch. My cold and aching wrists won't take much more of these suitcases. Yeah, vacancies. And maybe some good food would be nice too, though surprisingly I don't feel hungry. And I absolutely need a shower before checking out a bar scene. Maybe a room on the upper levels, yeah. Maybe a room with a view of the lake, that'd be nice. It doesn't hurt to dream.

I pick up the pace and I stumble and almost drop my bags as my foot sinks into boot-sucking mud hidden under a sheen of oily water. Fucking hell on Melba toast, that's what I say! Where the hell's the sidewalk?! Did somebody steal it?! This city is such a dump! I'll take any room they've got now. I sure as hell don't want to hike back all the way to my old hotel, not with all this muck in my shoe. It feels as if my foot is packed in slimy shit and my hands are getting freezer burn. Time to think of something else.

My nose catches a different odor. On top of the car fumes there's a new smell of stale grease. It's coming from the Cheap Eats joint across the street. I haven't eaten in a while, so long that I pause and stare at the neon lights showing a sleazy image of a plate of nondescript blue food, complete with fake white steam from another neon light. I laugh to myself. Neon lights, wow, that takes me back. And who would ever be dumb enough to name a restaurant Cheap Eats? Are those blue lights supposed to be a steak? The sight and the smell kill what little appetite I might have had. I move on. Liar's Lair, where are you?

I turn the corner and for a moment I'm so surprised I stop walking. Wow! The buildings are huge, a series of them right on the lake, almost on the lake anyway. There're some docks and stuff beyond. But wow, the buildings, they really do look modern and a damn sight finer than anything else around. This has to be it! With a lopsided squeaking noise from my left shoe that I'm trying not to think about, I walk through some super-thick glass doors and up to a lobby desk.

Wow, what a difference! The air inside the hotel lobby is so cool and dry, clean too. It must be filtered. I struggle to the front desk with my bags. "Do you have any vacancies?" I blurt out as I plop my suitcases to the floor. I'm just too worn out for small talk, even just to say hi.

There are several men and women stationed at the desk. They all look about twenty to thirty years younger than I do and are dressed in crisp royal-blue uniforms with shiny brass buttons. The women have a white frilly handkerchief tucked around their necks, very sharp and professional looking. A guy and a woman both make eye contact with me for an instant. The guy is closer to me but it's the woman who comes over.

The name on her badge says Cintia and yeah, she does look Hispanic, very pretty too. She gives me a bright cheerful smile and says, "Good evening, sir. Yes, I'm sure we can find you something you'll like. Would you like a room for a day, more than a day, or less than a day?"

I blink for a second. I never heard of renting a room for less than a day, and I ask out of sheer

curiosity. "How short a time would you rent?"

"Two hours is normally the shortest period, sir, but if you're a regular customer other arrangements can be made." The warm professional smile never leaves her pretty face.

I blush when I realize what she's talking about. This is after all the red-light district. Here is this young woman right in front of me, very attractive and professionally dressed, talking about renting a bed for some quick sex as matter-of-factly as if I were checking into a normal hotel room. I shift my weight as I think about this, and a loud squishy squeak from my left shoe brings me back to the conversation. The woman is waiting patiently for me to answer.

"Uh, yeah. Well, I might want to stay here long term, until the transportation strike is over."

A look of instant sympathy crosses her face. "Oh, are you stuck here?"

I nod glumly.

"That really is a shame. The strike looks as if it'll last forever. May I suggest a rolling monthly rental? We have a super steep discount going on right now. It's the perfect solution for a person in your situation. It's called a special residency. And if you take a suite now the rate will be locked for as long as you're here."

I think silently about my budget. A suite? Whoa, what am I getting into? I mumble out loud, "A monthly rental? Oh hell, you don't think the strike will last another month, do you?"

Cintia leans a little closer and says, "From what I hear, sir, the unions and managements aren't even talking now." And then even more softly, "I'm not supposed to be pushing this to new customers, but seriously, consider being a special resident. It's a fantastic deal."

"Hmm..." I suddenly realize I don't even know what she's talking about. "What's a rolling monthly rental?"

"We bill you for the first thirty days up front and then daily afterwards. You have to have a major credit card for this. It's a really great deal. You can of course leave at any time."

I think about this for a moment. "So if I wind up leaving after two days, I'm paying for four weeks that I don't use? Gee, I don't know..."

"Let me give you some quotes, sir. The special residency rates are extremely competitive and guaranteed not to change. We don't offer them often, but they're available now."

"Well, I guess I could listen to some quotes."

"Excellent, sir!"

Wow, what a cheerful smile. "So what kind of rooms have you got?"

"A very good variety, sir. What type of accommodation would you prefer?"

"Well..." Go for it, I think. Follow your dream. "Let's take it from the top. How about a really nice room, high up, and overlooking the lake?"

Cintia's fingers are flying across her keyboard. Wow, can she type. "Certainly, sir. I'm sure I can find you something... Here! Right here in Tower One, 31st floor, a corner executive suite with a beautiful

lakeside view.”

I suddenly think I might be wasting her time. “Oh, hell, I don’t know. A corner suite? I just need one bedroom.”

She nods politely. “This is a one bedroom, sir. Almost all our rooms are, considering what and where we are.”

I blink. Ah yes, the red-light district. Cintia doesn’t have to elaborate.

“Your bedroom will have a fine prospect of the lake and a view of the north shoreline. The suite comes with a super-king bed and an executive desk area in the bedroom if you need it. The lounge room is very nicely furnished, all our executive suites are, and comes with a multi-media entertainment system. The bathroom is grand and comes with a wide variety of complimentary toys. There’s a super-sized shower area that’ll fit you and a guest very easily, plus you’ll have your own private Jacuzzi.”

Did she just talk about me taking a shower with someone? Wow. And I blush when I think of what sort of toys Cintia is referring to. She said it so matter-of-factly; I almost didn’t catch her meaning. But no matter. “Uh, Cintia, that sounds very nice, but it’s probably out of my price range.”

She gives a soft sigh and types a few more strokes. “If you take it today sir, you could have the suite for... \$1200, plus tax of course.”

I give a small gasp. “Uh huh. And what’s the tax?”

She nods sympathetically. “Well, this is the red-light district. Prepare yourself. Total tax will be an extra 20%.”

I say sarcastically, “Sounds perfect then.”

“Excellent, sir! Would you like a bellhop to show you the suite before you take it?”

“Cintia, I wasn’t being serious! Do I look as if I’m made of money?”

My words bring on an unexpected reaction, genuine distress. “Apologies, sir! If the initial charge is too much, perhaps I can talk to the manager about billing it in installments. Or I can search for a more economical suite.”

Initial charge? Installments? Am I hearing her correctly? I had forgotten what a strange billing arrangement this is. I clear my throat and reply, “Now I am confused. You’re not saying the \$1200 is for the entire month, are you?”

“Certainly, sir. Total with tax for the first thirty days will be \$1440. That’s due now, and afterwards a charge of \$48 will be billed daily.”

“That’s impossibly cheap,” I whisper. In fact, it’s a lot cheaper than the fleabag I just left.

“If you’re staying a while, it really is a great deal,” she whispers back in a confidential tone.

Is she serious? For some reason, I still can’t believe it. It’s time for more sarcasm. “Do you throw in a Continental breakfast too?”

Cintia shakes her head sadly. “Actually we used to, but people didn’t want it. The special now is just

for a straight rental.”

It finally sinks in that she’s being serious. I’m blown away, and then I get this rush to lock in the deal before this dream rate disappears. Hell, my travel allowance is a fixed rate no matter where I stay. I’ll be making money hand over fist. “I’ll take it!” I half shout.

“Excellent, sir! Just swipe your card and key in your security code.”

I do as she asks. It only takes a minute before she’s handing over the suite key, a small brass-looking plate with a high-tech business end. It looks rather intriguing, and Cintia asks me to pinch the brass plate between my thumb and forefinger. “Suite 3104, sir,” she then says as she hands me the key and something that looks like a red poker chip. “Plus your first night’s entertainment is complimentary.”

The check-in seems too fast. “Don’t I have to sign in or register or something?”

Cintia’s eyes sparkle with amusement. “In the red-light district?! Surely you jest, sir! Your privacy is very well protected here. In fact, almost everybody picks a new name when they walk in. After all, this is Liar’s Lair!”

“Uh, right.”

“Have a wonderful stay, sir. I’ll have a bellhop carry your bags.”

“Uh, that won’t be necessary. I can use the exercise. Just point me to the right elevator.” What can I say? I’m a cheapskate and miraculously my wrists are feeling okay.

Cintia sees right through me. “Unless you really prefer to carry your own bags, sir, it’s our pleasure. Special residents are usually assigned individual bellhops who look after them.”

“Oh gee, that sounds very nice, but...”

“And getting into your suite for the first time can be a little tricky if you haven’t been here before. All gratuities of course are already included in your rate.”

My mind latches on to Cintia’s last comment. “Really? Wow. Uh, okay, a bellhop would be nice.”

“Excellent, sir.” Cintia typed a few additional strokes on her keyboard and a short distance away I hear a small bell go off. “Enjoy your stay at Liar’s Lair, sir!”

What happens next stuns me. Cintia is very pretty and perhaps about thirty years old. My bellhop however looks at least ten years younger and is stunningly beautiful. My first impression is that she should be a professional model for athletic wear. What a body! Tall and graceful and she walks like a gazelle. Graceful indeed. I catch a glimpse of a nametag clipped to her halter high on her breast. She takes my two heavy suitcases with ease and says, “Hi! My name is Grace.” She gives me a friendly nod with her head for me to follow her, and then she starts walking away from front desk into the interior of the building. I follow behind.

Wow, what a view of the rear of her body! And the outfit! Oh yeah, this surely must be the red-light district! Where else would anyone possibly find bellhops dressed like this?! I stare mesmerized at sandaled feet and long bare legs leading to pale yellow hot pants, the nicest pair of hot pants I think I have ever seen. They seem to be made of soft cottony material, not stiff or shiny at all, and the pants are molded to her hips and butt. With the color and softness and tightness, it’s very easy to

imagine that Grace is walking around with just a pair of wet under-panties on.

Wow, she is drop-dead gorgeous. I get the impression I'm watching the hindquarters of a beautiful racing horse. Grace is tall for a woman; easily my height and her sandals aren't giving her any boost. I try not to drool as I watch her carry my bags, sleek feminine calf and thigh and butt muscles are carrying my bags very easily. I know it's not polite to stare at her ass from behind, but I can't help myself. The flexing going on under her tight panties is just too good a scene to pass up. I can see the tiniest ripple of her butt under the tight fabric.

And what's above is very nice too. There's a bare midriff above the hot pants, and above that a bright orange halter top that looks like a sports bra. Topping it all off is a long single braid of thick golden hair that's tied with a red cloth. And she's also carrying a tiny red shoulder purse. The outfit looks so feminine and alluring. It's also revealing so much of Grace's body that I have a hard time imagining that this skimpy outfit is actually a uniform. But then I look around and see a number of other women wearing name tags with just the same outfits on, identical even to the white sandals on their feet. The only difference is the color of the hair ties. So I guess it's all real.

We come to an elevator at the far end of the lobby. Grace puts down my bags and shows me how to insert my hotel key into the elevator control. An interesting feature is that my room key has to be inserted before the elevator opens. Nice security, I think. A touch screen inside is lit up with the set of my allowed destinations. Grace sees my interest and says, "It's for the privacy of our customers. We are very serious about allowing our clientele to be discreet. Do you see how the screen works? All the public areas below are available to you, and this home button here will take you to your suite corridor."

I nod pleasantly. Grace is facing me now and our elevator is slowly ascending. It's hard not to stare at her front. The bright-orange sports bra is revealing the exact location of her nipples, an extremely attractive front on an extremely attractive woman. She looks so achingly young and athletic. She has very cute face, a pert nose and intelligent hazel green eyes. And in the confined space of the elevator I smell her perfume. It's nice, a light fragrance that reminds me of flowers. Just like Grace herself. She's just like a beautiful flower. So incredibly athletic and feminine, so beautiful. Her nipples, they are so well defined by her orange sports bra. I wonder what it would be like to suckle her.

I blink as I try to pull myself out of my sexual fantasy. I decide I should say something, if only to avoid being completely rude. During my daydream of Grace, I've been ogling her tits and nipples. I was fantasizing about squeezing her bare tits with my hands and suckling her large nipples. I know it's wrong, but I just can't seem to help it. I try to admire her arms and bare waist for a moment, trying to be less rude, searching for something polite to say. "Are you a swimmer?"

Grace smiles back. "Thanks! I like to stay in shape and you're very close. I'm on the varsity crew team. That's where I get all my muscles. I've noticed you admiring me." She looks at me curiously. "Have you picked your Liar's Lair name yet?"

I feel so embarrassed. She's an undergrad, maybe thirty-five years my junior. Hell, the way kids are having sex these days, she could easily be my granddaughter. And here I am staring at her tits again, about to start a new fantasy. I try to apologize. "Yeah, uh, sorry..."

"Huh? I'm your assigned bellhop. I'm glad that you like me." Grace gives me a completely disarming smile. "And this is Liar's Lair. Look all you want!"

"Uh, yeah, okay. And you can call me Dave. That's my real name."

The elevator reaches our floor and she nods with a wink and exits with my bags before I say

anything more. Does she believe my real name is Dave? I don't know. Maybe not. That wink was very playful.

Grace and I take a short hike down a silent hall. She tells me that my suite key reads my fingerprints when I pinch its brass plate. As we walk a door on my left chirps and opens all by itself when it senses my key. We enter my suite. Wow! The place is palatial, more room than I would have dreamed and very expensively appointed. Grace gives me a tour of everything, starting with the lounge area and how to run the multimedia system. Next is the bedroom. The bed is beyond enormous and Grace cheerfully turns down the sheets for me.

Last stop is the bathroom. It's a cavern, twice the size of my entire room at the fleabag. Cintia downstairs wasn't exaggerating about the size of the shower area either, oh no, not at all. Grace finishes her description of the suite as we wander back into my new bedroom. She then turns to face me. "I'm your assigned bellhop, so when I'm on duty and you ask for anything I'll try to be the one showing up. Otherwise just call downstairs or ask any bellhop wearing a red scrunchie. Red team is the group that serves the special residents."

I nod dumbly. I feel overwhelmed with how nice this place is.

"Anything you like, just ask," continues Grace. "It's an honor to be on red team. We're chosen for our desire to please."

I'm staring at her tongue tied. She's so incredibly cute and sexy looking in her skimpy outfit, and this is the red-light district. I can't resist a little banter. "Anything at all?"

"Well, within reason," she says back with a cheerful smile. "Are you thinking of something?"

I feel like saying, "Hey, pretty girl, in case you haven't noticed, I'm a guy! I'm thinking of asking you to ditch the halter bra and ultra tight panties right now!" But instead I mumble something about needing a place to wash my clothes. I have two suitcases packed with dirty laundry. Actually, filthy would be a better word.

Grace's eyes go wide. "Oh, I'd love to help you there. If you'll trust me to unpack your bags, why not take a shower now and leave your clothes outside the door? I can have everything cleaned and back here in about an hour."

"Really?! That sounds fantastic!"

Grace gives me a very warm smile and turns and opens a linen closet near the bathroom door. "Here's something to wear when you're done showering." She hands me a fluffy robe and some extra-large bath towels. "I'll wait outside while you undress."

With Grace waiting on the bedroom side of the door, I quickly get out of my sweaty clothes. Damn, I am covered with oily dirt, and my clothes aren't any better. I feel embarrassed handing such crud to the beautiful young woman on the other side of the door, but that's what I do. I hand her everything but my wallet through the half-open door, even my muddy shoes. Shortly afterwards I hear a cheerful goodbye and the sounds of Grace leaving my suite.

The shower feels great, lots of hot water and I couldn't believe the wide selections of finely milled soaps and fragrant shampoos. I put myself through two complete wash cycles before deciding to call it quits. Afterwards I dry off and then put on the robe. Oh man, it feels so good to be clean again, and in the cool dry air I'm not sweating and my wrists feel fine. I feel like a different person. I look in the mirror and stare for a moment.



Well, I have to admit maybe not that different. I've just turned fifty-five and I haven't kept my body in shape. Do I want to exercise? Yeah, maybe. In spite of our vast age difference, I find myself thinking of Grace as my assigned bellhop. I want to look nice for her. Should I ask her if Liar's Lair has a gym? Yeah, maybe I will.

I walk out to my bedroom and look around. A few of my personal items are arranged neatly on the dresser, but everything else I had is gone, including the suitcases themselves. I've got my wallet and a bathrobe and that's it. Well, maybe the room key too, but I must say, I do feel a little vulnerable. I don't even have a pair of undershorts to my name and my bathrobe goes down only about halfway to my knees. If the hotel sounds the fire alarm right now...

Fortunately I hear a knock on my suite's entry door before I carry that image further. Grace is back and looking more cheerful and beautiful than ever. Everything is so clean, my clothes, my suitcases, even my muddy shoes. Amazing. The shoes are dry too. How did they do that? And then a memory causes me to blush deeply. My dirty undershorts! I am such a slob. I had a big brown oily streak in the rear of my undershorts. How embarrassing! The white boxers are immaculate now, far cleaner than they would ever get with a machine washing. I look at Grace meekly. "You didn't have to do that."

"Do what, sir? And may I call you Dave?"

"Wash my shorts by hand. Yeah, sure, Dave is fine."

"Dave, I'm your assigned bellhop. It's my job to keep you happy."

"Well... Thanks. You did a wonderful job."

Grace beams me a super happy smile over my small compliment. And then she's just standing there, waiting for me to make the next move. Should I tip her? Absolutely. I may be a cheapskate, but I'm not a dork. This woman has just washed shit out of my dirty boxers, and it was completely on her own initiative. I walk over to my wallet and pull out a few bills.

"Dave, you're not doing what I think you're doing, are you?"

"I know what my boxers were like! You deserve something extra!"

"And so do you! You're a resident at Liar's Lair now. So relax and enjoy being pampered. Seriously, I'm not supposed to take anything, and I don't want to anyway. It's my job to please you, not to take money from you. That's the job of the front desk."

"But you're a college kid, right?"

"Yep! That's me!"

"And aren't all college kids glad to get some extra money?"

"No, not this one. Seriously, I could get fired for taking your money, and I don't want to anyway. I'm a red-scrunchie bellhop, Dave. My job is to please you."

I stare at her. Her last words, "my job is to please you", they were said softer than the rest. It sounds like an invitation. Is it? It can't be, but is it? "Please me how?" I whisper.

"Any way you like," she replies sweetly with a little wiggle of her hips. "Anything within reason."

There's that strange qualifier again, "anything within reason." What does she mean? I'm standing there staring at her and my heart starts aching to hold her. I haven't felt like this in decades. She is so young, so beautiful. What does she mean? I really don't want to insult her by suggesting something coarsely sexual. Not if she's not expecting it.

So instead I bring a pair of clean undershorts to my nose and sniff. Yes, I thought so. My undershorts smell of the light fragrance of Grace's perfume. She must have done that on purpose. What other explanation is there?

"How old are you?" I whisper.

She smiles warmly back. "Twenty. I'm full grown, if that's what you're asking. See?" She takes a big breath and holds it and stands spread-eagle, legs apart and arms held horizontal out from her sides. Her eyes are full of playfulness.

I start to pant as I stare at her. Oh my gosh, she is so beautiful, so young, I never dreamed, not for decades anyway. Is she as hot for me as I am for her? Impossible! And yet, aren't her nipples just a little more visible now than they were a minute ago? And her hot pants! Oh man is she hot! I can see her vulva! The indent of her labia is clearly defined in the ultra-tight cotton fabric.

I shake my head to clear it. What am I thinking of?! Grace is a super sweet kid and I am not going to try to bed her, no matter how much my body is aching to. "Well, okay then. I really appreciate all you've done for me."

Her eyes blink as she realizes I'm ending the conversation. Her eyes glance down at my crotch and then back up to mine. "Well, okay," she says. "Just dial 6 if you want anything or have any questions." For a brief moment, an instant, there's a strange glint in her eye. I struggle to understand her emotions. Disappointment? Yes, perhaps, and perhaps something else too. But it happens so fast and Grace is too far away from me. The moment for better understanding passes. Grace gives me a final nod and a moment later she leaves my suite.

I try to wind down from my arousal. Oh man, that was tough, but I tell myself I did the right thing. And then I remember something and glance down at my crotch as Grace had done. I feel like dying in embarrassment. I have a raging hard-on pushing out straight horizontally and it's turning my bathrobe into an obscene tent. I can still feel myself throbbing for her. Grace must have seen it all and she was still sweet and playful with me. Wow.

What an extraordinary kid. My mind goes back to a bitter memory, the last time I was sexually aroused while I was still married to Maggie. I'll never forget the look of revulsion on my wife's face when I exposed myself. What an incredible contrast to now. Grace is such a sweet kid. But I did the right thing. I'm fifty-five and Grace is twenty. I did the right thing.

I sigh. Okay, I'm finally winding down from my arousal. So what now? I'm tired but not sleepy. The bed is presidential, but it just doesn't appeal to me. What's the time? Late evening I guess, midnight? I don't know, maybe not that late. This should be prime time at the single's bar. Am I up for some female companionship? Oh yeah! I laugh and shout out loud, "What the hell?! Liar's Lair, here I come!"

It only takes a few minutes to get dressed and head down to the elevator. As I make my first real study of the touch screen, I'm stunned by the enormity of the place. Back at my fleabag hotel, I heard mention the bars here were on the lower levels, and I assumed that meant the ground floor and perhaps a basement below. But no! The touch screen is indicating at least four levels below ground and perhaps a fifth. Am I reading this correctly? Five levels, is this possible? Especially so

close to the lake? Very strange...

I take the elevator to the level just below the hotel lobby. It's a dance floor and I take a moment to marvel at the hotel's soundproofing. My room and even the ground floor lobby were cool and quiet. There was no hint of the raucous beat of the hot music down here. I wander around for a bit along the edges of the dance floor, trying to get my ears used to the decibels and my eyes used to the flashing lights. People look as if they're having a good time, and, pleasantly, there are a lot more women here than men. Even on the dance floor, there are a number of women couples dancing alongside the straight couples.

Is this a bar for mixed sexual orientation? I'd have no problem with that. But as I look around I notice that there's not one guy-couple to be seen. Is this a dance floor just for straight couples and lesbians then? I never heard of such a thing, but it's possible I guess. I walk around a while and begin to fret. There're are many unattached women walking around, all very attractive too, but so far I haven't seen anybody that looks within twenty years of my age. How do I approach someone for female companionship when she's young enough to be my daughter?

Not that I have a daughter. A sad memory returns: the fact that I never had children. Maggie was adamant about that, and to be fair, she was our primary breadwinner. Fucking hell on pumpnickel, that's what I say! Time to think of something else! I keep hunting and at last find someone who I'm pretty sure is on the north side of thirty. She still might be twenty years my junior, but on the plus side (and it's a very big plus side!) she's apparently alone. I watch her for a moment. Yes, she's surveying the crowd, perhaps looking to introduce herself to someone. Perfect.

She's very pleasant to the eye and wearing an alluring outfit. Above the waist she's almost bare; two small triangles of cloth are covering what are obviously A-cup breasts. It's still a cute and obviously feminine front. The triangles have a print of purple and blue swirls and are tied around her back and neck with blue cotton cords. There's a thicker blue cord of the same color low on her waist, and it's holding up a cream colored skirt that falls from very feminine hips almost to her ankles. She's wearing sandals with moderate heels, and in the swirling lights on the dance floor I catch the glint of a gold toe ring.

And then I happen to catch her side profile exactly right. The purple-blue triangle catches a bit of breeze and the side lights hit her just right and just for an instant I think I see... Oh wow, yeah, no male nipple ever looked like that! This woman definitely has a very cute feminine front! It's time to make my move while she's still available! In a burst of courage I walk up to her and shout above the music, "Hi there! My name's Dave! I'm very pleased to meet you!" How's that for a suave and debonair pick-up line?

For an instant her green eyes look cold and I fear she's going to tell me to get lost. I'm therefore very pleasantly surprised when I hear her shout back, "Hi, Dave!" I get a cheerful smile and she continues. "It's nice to meet you too! My name is Lucia! Do you dance?"

"Well, I've been accused of trying!" I shout in reply, trying to sound amiable. Keep the conversation going! "Want to give it a go?"

Lucia shouts back, "Sure, I'd love to! But would you mind if we got something to drink first? I'm a little thirsty!"

Mind?! Hell no! I nod agreeably and shout, "I'm new around here!"

"Yes, I can see that!" Lucia replies cryptically. "The refreshments are one level down! Do you know the way?"

I shake my head and guess, "Back to the elevator?" I gesture across the dance floor in case she didn't hear me.

She leans over very close to my ear so that she won't have to shout and says, "No, there's a more direct way. And it will be quiet enough for us to talk. Follow me." Lucia has lots of rich curly black hair and it feels like cool silk against my ear. I'm thrilled at how well this is turning out.

We go through several doors and then down some stairs. The music fades out almost completely. Marvelous, I can hear normally again. We enter a large dining area and I try to strike up a conversation as we walk. "Lucia. That's a pretty name. Italian, isn't it?"

"And don't I look it?" she asks with an energetic smile. "And David, that's from the Bible, isn't it?"

"Uh..." I'm at a loss for how to reply. "Yeah, I guess. Do you mean I look Biblical?" Was that her meaning? Was she trying to say I looked old? Too old? But that would be so rude, and I had done nothing to give her offense. Maybe it was just small talk, just a playful joke. And yet, she does look young enough to be my daughter.

We come to a vacant booth and Lucia directs me with her hand to sit down. As I do she sits down with me and turns a small switch on the base of our table lamp. The switch causes the lamp base to glow a dull red. Lucia looks at me and says, "It's the custom on this level for women to serve the men. The bar won't serve you directly. So what can I get you?"

"Uh, thanks. Do you want some money?"

Lucia stares at me for a moment with her lovely green eyes. "No, my treat. What would you like?"

"Gee, I don't know. How good is the bar? Can you suggest something?"

"Sure. The bar here is world class. They'll make you anything you want. Do you like rum and pineapple together?"

"Sure."

"This place makes a great Bushwhacker. It's made with rum and Bailey's Irish Cream and Crème de Cacao and coconut juice and pineapple juice and something else that I forget, but it's really good. I'll get you one of those."

"Sounds great. Thanks Lucia!" She gives me a playful grin and takes off.

The minutes go by peacefully and I have time to think of my new acquaintance. She certainly is very pretty on the outside. I start to wonder what she's like on the inside. We didn't spend much time connecting yet. But she offered to buy me an expensive drink. That was generous. And that odd comment about my name, perhaps she was just trying to make a joke that I didn't understand.

And the time drifts by. I guess the bar must be crowded. I sit and wait patiently, looking at all the other couples. It's the same as upstairs, pairs of opposite sex couples and several pairs of women and lots of single women, but never pairs of men. Maybe I'll make a comment to Lucia about it when she's gets back. She seems familiar with the place. I lean back and sigh.

And the time drifts by. Liar's Lair, hell of a name for a hotel, hell of a name. Walking over here, I thought it was just the name for the bar below, but no. My bathrobe back upstairs, when I was taking off my bathrobe after Grace left, I noticed the L.L. monogram. And the time drifts by. I think

of lots of things. Lucia, it'll be interesting breaking the ice, starting to talk to her. I'm so rusty at this. Wow, this is really turning into a long wait.

I look up and there's a woman a few steps away staring at me thoughtfully. I give her a friendly smile and she walks over and makes a hand gesture that mimics me turning off the red glow at the base of my table lamp. Curious, I do as she asks.

"I couldn't help but notice, you've been sitting here for an hour with your do-not-disturb light on. Do you really want to be left alone, or is someone playing a trick on you?"

I can't help myself. I give a loud gasp as her words sink in. And then I make a small grimace and say, "Hi, I'm Mr. Dumb. Mr. Really Dumb."

"Hi, Really! Mind if I sit down?" I make a gesture with my hand. The woman sits down and offers me a friendly smile. "You must be new here, Really."

"Yep. Mr. Dumb just checked in this evening."

She nods. "My name's Caitlyn. I really hate the name Really. My father and all ten of my brothers were named Really and it really drove me nuts. Would you mind really if I pick a new name for you?"

I stare at her and raise my eyebrows a bit.

"Benjamin! Would you mind being a Benjamin for a while?"

I shrug. "No, that'll be fine. Forgive me for being moody. I've just been stood up and it still hurts a bit." I look at the woman across from me. Mid-twenties maybe? She looks really nice but after just being burned, I'm more than a little cautious. "Caitlyn's a pretty name. How long have you been a Caitlyn?"

"Yeah, I like it too." She replies to my compliment but ignores my question. Or I think maybe she has, when I consider her answer carefully. She's still smiling at me. "So Ben, what do you think? Do I look like a Caitlyn?"

I blink and with a burst of fear wonder how similar this is to my conversation with Lucia. But then I decide I'm being irrational. Caitlyn is being nice and it's just a coincidence. So I lean back and tell her of my encounter with Lucia.

Caitlyn laughs. "Oh, that was so well done! The bar not serving men! Oh, that's so funny!"

Somehow it still doesn't seem funny to me, but Caitlyn's laugh is not cruel or mocking. I suddenly realize she's trying to help me make light of the issue. And she's right. Why should I stay depressed? Lucia and I never had anything going together.

"Ben," Caitlyn says, "you have got to keep remembering where you are! Liar's Lair, get it? Liar's Lair, get it?"

"I'm beginning to! Are you saying everything here is a lie?"

"No, of course not. If it were, you could just reverse everything and get the truth. If I had to guess, I'd say 20% to 30% of everything said here is a lie. That's what makes it such a complex game!"

"A game of hurting people?"

"Oh, it sure can be! Back-stabbing raised to the power of a fine art. Liar's Lair is The Place to be to hone and sharpen your back-stabbing skills!"

"Oh shit. I believe you."

Caitlyn laughs cheerfully. "You do? Nuts! Benjamin, get with the program!"

"Start lying to people?"

"Sure. Why else did you come here?"

"I just needed a place to stay!"

"An excellent lie, Benjamin! A lie so good you believe it yourself! That's the spirit!"

"What the hell do you mean?!"

"If all you needed were a place to stay, you'd still be up in your room!"

I gasp and stare at Caitlyn, my eyes wide. "Wow. You can see my soul, can't you?"

She looks at me kindly. "It's not as hard as you think. You're keeping yourself very open right now. Your soul is very readable. You came down here for companionship."

I take a deep breath. "Hole in one, Caitlyn, hole in one. And how about yourself? Are you here for companionship or to sharpen knives?"

Another kind smile. Her clear green eyes are alive with warmth. "Neither. I work here."

"Oh? That's interesting. So what sort of employer is Liar's Lair?" I give a quick laugh. "Do they treat you honestly?"

She laughs. "Good question! I'll have to ask my bellhop sometime."

"Hmm?"

"The question doesn't quite apply to me. I'm not on the payroll. Just the opposite. I have an affiliate resident arrangement. I pay a commission for the privilege to live and work here."

"Huh?"

"Benjamin, don't you understand? I'm a prostitute."

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## **Chapter 2**

I stare at Caitlyn dumbfounded. "That's a lie," I whisper. And then even more softly, "Isn't it?"

"You think I'm not a prostitute?"

"Well, this is Liar's Lair."

"True. Actually that's a very good point. But if you decide you like me and want to bed me, I'll show you my license before we get started. That'll prove it. And you'll get to learn my real name too. I

can't lie about that on my working papers."

"I still can't believe it."

"Seriously? Why? Am I that different from the others?"

"What others?"

"Your whole life, all the other prostitutes you've had."

I give a really big sigh. "I never have. Seriously. Caitlyn, read my soul again. You seem to know when I'm telling the truth."

"Yeah," she whispers back. "I guess I do. You've never wanted to sleep with a woman just for sex, huh?"

I shake my head.

"Do you want me to go then?"

"Uh... Actually, I'm really enjoying your company. Do you mind if we just talk?"

Caitlyn pauses to consider. "Well, I'm not going to charge you just for talking, and I do have to make a living. Do you think I might have a chance at enticing you?"

I stare at her. She is very lovely. Rich chestnut brown hair that falls to her shoulders, green eyes are that so intelligent and playful, and she's wearing a very pretty pale green skirt and matching spaghetti-strapped tank top that's revealing a lovely pair of bare arms and a very sexy midriff. Do I want to sleep with Caitlyn? Have sex with Caitlyn? The complexity of the question seems to stretch into infinity.

Caitlyn studies me closely and answers her own question. "I think I do have a chance. May I stay with you?"

I sigh deeply. She's so pretty.

"Benjamin," she whispers.

"David," I whisper back. "My real name is David."

"David," she replies still in a whisper, "I don't want to turn around and you're the one with the view. Is anyone watching us right now?"

I look around for a moment. "No one. Things are pretty quiet."

"You're sure?"

"Uh huh."

"Okay." Caitlyn leans a bit closer to me and lifts up the front of her tank top and then lifts up her bra. She displays her breasts for me, wiggling them a bit. They're gorgeous! Very firm, almost conical, with thick puffy areoles, so beautiful. The bra comes back down after a few seconds and then Caitlyn adjusts her tank top. All is as before. I give another deep sigh.

"I'm not supposed to display myself in public," she whispers, "but I want to entice you. Have I?"

"Caitlyn..."

"And if you bed me, you'll get to know my real name too. Wouldn't you like that? Do you at least believe me, that I'm a prostitute who wants to sleep with you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Why do you want to?"

"Do you have to ask? It's how I make my living. And besides, I enjoy sex if I've got the right kind of customer, and I think I'll enjoy sex with you very much if I can convince you to buy me. I've got all these fantasies running in my head."

"Hmm?"

Caitlyn nods. "We haven't fucked yet, but we're close. We're both naked and aroused and on my bed, and before you mount me, I'm holding you down on your shoulders with your head on my pillow, and I lean over and my breasts are just above and you lean up a bit and start suckling me. That's what I'm dreaming. It'll feel so good for me and I hope it'll feel good for you too. That's what I'm dreaming anyway. The sex will be great for both of us and then we can curl up with each other and fall asleep." Caitlyn sighs for a moment and adds, "And if you decide to pass on me, I've got to get going and find someone else. I have a quota to make."

I look at her sympathetically. "Is your quota really that big a worry?"

"David, of course it is! I'll be homeless if I don't make quota."

"Oh hell. Forgive me for being so incredibly dumb." It feels very awkward to ask but I do anyway. "What are your rates?"

Cintia smiles happily. "How long will you want me?"

"I don't know," I answer honestly. "I've never done this before."

"Well, if you only want me for a quick striptease while you masturbate, you can buy me for as little as five minutes. The hourly rates include straight sex, or you could buy me for the entire night. There's a big discount if you want me as an overnight sleeping companion."

"Really? Why's that?"

"Liar's Lair and my union negotiate the rates. Overnight stays are something they encourage. Well?"

"Well what?"

"Have I made a sale yet?"

I pause for a moment. "No, not yet. To tell the truth,"

"Never, ever assume that around here."

"Yeah. Anyway, Caitlyn, I just don't know. I was a married man for a long time. Buying sex... I just don't know."

"Are you saying you were once married, but not now?"



I nod. "I'm not trying to hone any knives."

"So what happened?"

"Nothing sudden, nothing dramatic. My wife and I, we just drifted apart. Maggie lost interest in me. She had her own career and some other guys she preferred to spend time with, and it got to a point where I didn't want to push the issue. In the end she hired a very aggressive lawyer who accused me of all sorts of things. Maggie got almost everything. I didn't have the heart to fight. Caitlyn, I don't have..."

"You don't have enough money to buy me?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I'm just sad that I... that I don't have enough youth to offer you a better future. I really like you, and it would be wonderful to dream about getting to know you for real and dating you for real and getting out of here for real and starting a new life together, but..."

Caitlyn tilts her head, her expression one of utter puzzlement and curiosity. "But what?"

"But I'm fifty-five and you look as if you're in your mid-twenties. In twenty years if I'm still alive I'll be an old man at seventy-five and you'll still be youthful and in the flower of your life. I just can't do that to you."

"David..." Caitlyn looks upset and is struggling for words. "This is Liar's Lair. Don't allow yourself to dream like that, not to anybody. You'll get hurt."

"You mean just go with the lying flow?"

"Exactly."

"But you're trusting me!"

"I know. And perhaps I'm setting a very bad example for you, but I have an excuse. When I'm soliciting, I'm under contract not to lie. And I can read your soul, remember? You're not able to lie to me. But you have to learn to protect yourself, David. I don't want to see you get hurt."

"You want me to doubt everybody? Including you?"

"Doubt? Who said anything about doubt? I'm telling you to stop trusting people."

I become genuinely puzzled. "Huh? Wouldn't that be the same as doubting people?"

Caitlyn shakes her head vigorously. "No, not at all. Doubt is not the opposite of trust, and I can prove it."

"You can? Let's hear your proof."

"Okay. The opposite of doubt is a closed mind. To doubt is to question, to be curious and receptive to new perspectives. The opposite of doubt is a closed mind, not being able or willing to challenge your assumptions."

While I ponder this, Caitlyn takes a deep breath and continues. "The opposite of trust is the anticipation of deception. Don't you see, David? At the core, these are two very different concepts. To doubt is to be receptive. Mistrust is much more actively defensive. I'm not asking you to be curious. I'm warning you to be on your guard. I'm warning you to anticipate deception. Don't trust

anybody in Liar's Lair!"

"But I'm trusting you!" And inside I'm blown away in appreciation. Caitlyn might have chosen sex as a profession, but she has the soul of a philosopher.

"But not enough to sleep with me! And I guess by my own argument I should be praising you for this! My problem is I'm on the edge of missing my quota. I'm about to become homeless!"

I reach out my hand to touch hers, but she jerks away. "Sorry," she whispers. She looks as if she's about to cry. "I really shouldn't be pressuring you like this. Liar's Lair and my union would be furious with me if they knew."

I stare at her with my heart pounding in my chest. "How much... How much are you for the night?" I whisper.

She looks up and wipes her eyes on her bare arms before replying. "Eight hundred dollars. I know that might sound like a lot, but it's \$200 for taxes and \$200 goes for my hotel room and another \$200 is Liar's Lair profit and \$50 for my union and \$150 is for me. It's really not that much to live on."

"No, it's not," I say as I nod in agreement. I feel as if I'm at a great fork in my life and my moral compass is suddenly pointing in new directions. "Okay, I'll do it." I whisper.

"Huh? You mean for the whole night? Really?" Her eyes are full of hope.

I nod. "Can I buy you a dinner too?" I reach back and pull out my wallet to check my cash and credit card.

Caitlyn gives a big sigh. "To tell the truth, I'm very eager to start working. But I'll wait with you if you want to eat first."

I give her a playful smile. "I'm eager too! But I might be a little rusty with this! It's been years since I attempted sex with Maggie and... hell, over a decade since I orgasmed with her."

"Really? That sounds so sad. What were you doing all that time, just masturbating?"

I nod my head. "Yeah."

Caitlyn smiles at me. "Well, I think I can promise you a very satisfying orgasm tonight and maybe even two if your gonads are up for it! Come on!" And then she gasps. "Where did you get that?" She's pointing to my wallet.

"My wallet? I got it from my back pocket."

"No, not the wallet silly! The red chip!"

I look down. It's the red poker chip Cintia handed me when I checked in, and that's what I tell Caitlyn.

"Wow. I didn't know they were still handing them out. David, this will buy me for the night. You won't have to pay for anything!"

"Really?" I stare at the chip. "It's a chip for free sex? Why would they give me that?"

Caitlyn sighs. "Isn't it obvious? Not everyone here in the single's bar is interested in prostitutes. But if you strike out with the dating scene and already have a memory of a satisfactory sexual release with one of us working girls, it's a lot easier to pay the second time around."

"Yes, of course," I mumble.

Caitlyn sighs and whispers, "Sometimes I think we girls are the real source of profit for Liar's Lair. David, it's only fair for me to tell you, that chip will buy any prostitute you want, even the women who go for \$2000 a night."

I look at Caitlyn askance. "Forgive me. I know this is going to sound rude, but why are you..."

"I've been marked down by my union. I've gotten some negative feedback from my clients. They scored me as being too cerebral. David, I'll try not to talk too much tonight, I really will."

"My gosh, Caitlyn, please don't apologize for having a mind!"

"Thank you," she whispers. "You're very kind." Caitlyn then sighs and finishes her earlier point. "There're a lot of special residents at Liar's Lair that are plunking down \$2000 every night, maybe even more for group sex. It's a hell of a good business for the owners."

I sigh. "It just seems so sad."

Caitlyn doesn't respond to my comment directly. "David, will this chip make it easier for you?"

"I don't know." I pause for a second. "Maybe a little. Easier on my wallet I guess. Caitlyn..."

Her playful smile stops me. "Please, David, no second thoughts. Just come with me. Come to my bedroom. Pretend I'm an attractive female animal who's running from you and you are a powerful male who is running me down and wants to mount me. Will you pursue and capture me?" And with a bright smile on her face she leaps to her feet and walks briskly away. I quickly follow.

She's quick but I'm right on her tail, and what a wonderfully attractive tail she's packing too! My eyes are locked on the swish, swish, swish of her lovely short green skirt. We call a truce to the chase at the elevator. She pinches and inserts her key and we ride for a while in silence. I still haven't touched her yet and she asks me to promise to let her undress first and I give my word. The anticipation of caressing her is intoxicating.

The elevator door finally opens and we walk out into a very nondescript corridor. It seems identical to my own corridor and there are no room numbers anywhere. With a finger-point she asks me to stand still and wait and I do. Caitlyn walks a short distance to the end of the corridor and I hear a soft distant chirp as her door senses her key and opens. She then turns back to me.

"On the final leg of the chase, I want to be naked as you run me down!"

"Okay!"

Caitlyn starts to strip right there in the corridor outside her door. The tank top and bra come off and are tossed into her room, then her sandals. Wow, really cute feet! And then my eyes become glued to her taut bouncing breasts. Meanwhile the show goes on. Caitlyn reaches under her skirt with both hands and drops her panties to her ankles. A quick little jump and skip and the panties follow her other clothes into her room, her black curly hair bouncing around her shoulders in the jump. She's bare breasting and bare footing and looking absolutely delectable, smiling at me warmly and

wearing only the short pale-green skirt over her bare hips.

“Now remember the rules. As soon as my skirt comes off, you come and run me down. Let’s see how fast you are, Mr. Alpha Male!”

“Alpha Male is ready!”

“Can you prove it?” she asks playfully. “Can you prove that you’re ready for me?” Caitlyn lifts up her skirt and displays her bare pubis. My eyes lock onto her beautiful legs and thick bush of black pubic hair. “Do you desire me?” she whispers seductively. “Are you erect for me? Will you show me?” Her exposed hips rock back and forth in anticipation of our imminent coupling. With two rigid fingers, she pushes down on either side of her labia and then pulls up, showing me the bright pink of her inner lips. “Hurry, David,” she whispers hoarsely. “I can’t wait much longer!”

I nod stiffly and unzip my pants. In another second I’ve got my stiff cock in my hand and I display it to Caitlyn. I haven’t been this aroused in years. My whole body is yearning to hold Caitlyn and then to taste her and possess her. I’m almost crying in my eagerness.

“Your balls too,” she cries to me hoarsely. “Show me your balls and I’ll take off my skirt! Drop your shorts!”

I fumble with my pants. They’re down to my ankles now along with my shorts. The anticipation! This is incredible, like nothing I’ve felt in years!

“Will you be my bull?” Caitlyn pants as her hands move to work the release at the back of her skirt.

“Huh?”

“I’ll use my skirt as a cape! When I snap it and yell Toro, you come a charging!”

“Moo!” I answer playfully. I feel myself shaking. My body is bursting in eagerness for her.

The skirt comes off. My lovely Caitlyn is naked at last, and the clear sight of her bare hips and pubic bush causes me to groan with desire. She snaps the skirt by her side smartly and at the sound of the snap shouts, “Toro!”

I try to leap for her but of course with my pants and boxers down around my ankles I can’t. In my deep arousal I had forgotten and I almost stumble and then I look back up with a sheepish grin on my face.

“You fucking moron!” Caitlyn screams. She flips me the bird with both hands and then laughs uproariously and dashes into her room and slams the door.

I stand there stunned, unable to move. It takes me the better part of a minute to understand what has just happened. I am that slow. And then the pain starts. Oh God, this hurts so much! This fucking hurts so much. It just isn’t fair!

I try to tell myself I’m not a moron, just an amateur who was competing against a world-class professional liar. Caitlyn’s not a prostitute, cruel Caitlyn or whatever her real name is. I still have my red poker chip. She didn’t even bother to steal it from me. Neither did Lucia steal anything for that matter. Maybe that’s part of the game, to score direct hits on my ego without ever touching my wallet. Oh man, I never saw it coming with either woman, but with Caitlyn it really hurts. I never had a chance, I never had a chance. Oh God, this fucking hurts so much.

My mind goes back to my childhood. Caitlyn. There was girl named Caitlyn in my class at Jefferson Middle School. We even went to the graduation dance together, just a bunch of young kids with lots of parents around as chaperons. Do I remember the other Caitlyn now? Yeah. She was Irish and she told me during the dance that her name in Gaelic meant Pure. She was just a kid. She was even wearing braces at the time. But she had a heart that was kind and true. Young Caitlyn was a girl living up to the true meaning of her name, so unlike the fake Caitlyn I met tonight. I stood there in the corridor blowing my nose and pulling up my pants, my pain slowly fading into sadness.

How do I get out of here? I have no idea what floor I'm on, and the elevator doesn't open. I guess it doesn't recognize my key as valid. There is an emergency stairwell, but there's also a sign warning it'll automatically set off the hotel fire alarms. Another sign lists the severe penalties associated with setting off false alarms in public hotels. Fucking hell on garlic bread, that's what I say! I don't want to get arrested! So how do I get out of here?

Fortunately about ten minutes later help arrives. A young athletic guy wearing a very skimpy outfit emerges from the elevator and he's carrying a covered tray. The smiling bellhop sees me and his face changes to a frown. "Sir! This is a residential section for women!"

"I know, I know," I answer meekly. "I came with somebody and now I'm locked out." I don't elaborate. A few seconds later he uses his employee smartcard to send me on my way. It isn't long before I'm walking back into my own suite.

So what now? Go to sleep in my big bed alone? I am tired. What a day! I guess resting makes sense. But I'm all wound up and not sleepy at all. I want companionship! Do I have the guts to try the bar scene again? No, I really don't, not tonight anyway. I just can't take another rejection. I'm still hurting from Caitlyn. I want to talk to somebody, but no bar scene, oh no, absolute not. It's been a big day. Maybe I should just pack it in for the night.

But I really need to talk with somebody! I feel lost. I even feel threatened, from what I'm not exactly sure. But I feel I'm being threatened with something deep and horrible, something that is churning my bowels with dreadful anticipation. I feel so tense. I need to talk! The yearning becomes a physical need. My eyes light on my bedroom phone. What did Grace say? Number 6?

Should I bother her with this? She's just a playful college kid. Does she really want to hear about an old fart's troubles? No way! And then again, Grace washed out my dirty boxer shorts by hand. That was an act of true kindness. No deception there. My shorts are clean. Anything within reason, she said. What do I want from her? Sex? God, she is so beautiful and the view of her labia was so hot, but no, no sex. She's too young for me. I know that and she knows that, and besides, she a bellhop, not a prostitute.

So what do I want from her? I want to talk. Would that be reasonable? Maybe not. She's paid to be a bellhop. Well, okay, maybe's she's paid a bit more to be a stunningly beautiful and sexy bellhop, but asking her to spend time to talk with me? I just don't know. I stare at my phone in the silence of the bedroom.

Five minutes after my call my heart skips a beat as she shows up at my suite, still looking as beautiful as ever. The only difference is the red scrunchie is out of her hair now. The braid is gone too, and her thick golden hair is falling loosely down her neck and shoulders. Grace sees how upset I am and she encourages me to talk, which is exactly what I need to do. We wind up sitting on my bed and talking. I'm sitting on the edge of the bed and Grace is about a body length away, sitting lotus fashion on my bed after taking her sandals off.

I tell her everything, everything that happened to me today. And then Grace starts probing, gentle questions probing me about my background and my life. For a young woman she surprises me with her adeptness. She is wise beyond her years, and her skillful questions are helping me see things about myself.

"Want some advice?" she asks at last.

"Yeah, I sure do."

"Make yourself comfortable first. Kick off your shoes and socks and get your head on a pillow."

I gladly do as she asks. It feels very calming to lie on a bed and have someone kind sitting near. My tired feet are within reaching distance of Grace but she makes no effort to touch me. She's just looking at me calmly.

"Take a few deep breaths. Try to relax. Close your eyes if you want. Just try to relax."

Again I do as she asks. The room is silent, except for the sounds of our breathing. I feel myself starting to relax, but then my body jerks and my eyes pop open.

Grace is still on my bed, watching me. "It's okay," she whispers.

I blink and look at her. "What's okay?"

"You're nervous about closing your eyes while I'm here. I understand and I forgive you. I might be a danger. I might attack you. You have to keep your guard up."

I give a big sigh and say in a whisper, "You're right. I guess deep down I'm afraid of you. I'm so sorry." I feel deeply embarrassed that I don't trust the help she is offering. I try to change the topic. "What happened to your red scrunchie?"

"Oh, you noticed, huh?" Grace shakes her head side to side playfully. Her beautiful thick golden hair flies above her shoulders. "I was just going off duty when you called."

I gulp. "I hope they're paying you overtime."

"No, I'm not being paid now."

"Oh shit, really? My gosh, Grace, you've must have been here for an hour!"

She gives a slight shrug. "I've earned my right to wear the red scrunchie. It's based on a desire to please. I can't turn off my desires when the clock says it's quitting time. David? Ready for some advice? I'd like to work through a few options with you."

"Oh yes, please, Grace."

"Okay. Choice number one, which appeals to you more? Going back to your old hotel, or staying at Liar's Lair? And for now, think of your stay here as in this suite, or maybe going down to the gym or the restaurants below for some variety for where you eat your meals. Just turn on the do-not-disturb light. Liar's Lair has strict rules about this. This Caitlyn of yours was pushing the envelope even by giving you a hand sign while your red light was on. If you want solitude, just point to the red light if someone bothers you. The liars and the real prostitutes will leave you strictly alone."

"There are real prostitutes down there?"

Grace laughs. "Oh yes, a very large number! And they'll all be very eager for your business if you turn the light off without another female present. You never walked there alone did you, on the restaurant floor?"

I think for a moment. "No. Lucia or Caitlyn was always with me. But I was alone for a while on the dance floor."

Grace just smiles at me. "Prostitutes are not allowed to solicit on the dance level. Can you imagine them shouting their prices over the music? It's a house rule. Arrangements for sex must be done discreetly."

Understanding sinks in. "Ah..."

Grace nods. "A real prostitute must carry her working papers with her when she solicits. It's the law. And do you remember telling me Caitlyn offered to show you her papers and her real name if you agreed to bed her? A real prostitute would tell you her real name immediately. David, think! Prostitution isn't a game, it's a business! If a real prostitute lied to you, both the hotel and her union would be furious! And once you revealed that you didn't know this, Caitlyn knew she had a real fish hooked on her line."

"Wow. I get it."

"So what's your first choice? Hike back across town or stay here? Think of yourself as a hermit in either location."

I look around the room and try to think objectively. "Well, this place has been frightening so far, but I think I see your point. Being a hermit here would be infinitely more comfortable. And Liar's Lair keeps my \$1440 whether I leave or not."

Grace smiles. I watch her bare feet wiggle, her toes curling from her happiness. "I'm glad! This way I'll still get to see you, and I can bring your meals up here as often as you like. Would you like that? There's no extra charge for room service and the food is quite reasonable."

"Wow." I'm all smiles. "You would do that?"

"Sure! I'll try to make it personally as much as I can. Otherwise it'll be another red scrunchie bellhop. We're a great group of people. I think you'll learn to like us all."

"Yeah, okay." I give a big sigh. "Thanks, Grace. It makes a lot of sense. I'll be a hermit here."

"Dave?"

"Yeah?"

"Try to trust me again. Close your eyes and breathe slowly. Try to relax. Think of the sound "hmm" as you breathe in and the sound "sa" as you breathe out. It's a common meditation technique. Relax and imagine that you trust me."

I do as she asks. After a short while my body jerks and my eyes bolt open.

Grace waves her hand dismissively when I try to apologize. She continues to talk to me in a very calm voice. "You have a second choice to make. You don't have to decide now, but maybe you can think about this. Do you want to remain a hermit, or do you want female companionship? And I'm

talking strictly about non-lying female companionship.”

I give a mirthless laugh. “I don’t know how to tell the difference.”

“I can help you there. When I’m on duty, I can go down with you and help you pick out a prostitute. Remember what I said before. The real prostitutes are not part of the lying game.”

“Yeah, I got it. And it makes sense.” I thought for a long moment. “I don’t know. It’s not a question of morals. When I was with Caitlyn, I thought it through and decided I was so lonely it would be okay. But I’m just so afraid of women now.”

Grace looks at me sadly. “I’m not surprised. Who wouldn’t be after what you’ve been through? Is there anything I can do to help, anything at all?”

I smile back at her. “You mean within reason, of course.”

“Actually I don’t. It would not be reasonable for a bellhop on duty to get sexually involved with a customer. That’s the job for the prostitutes. It would cause a huge problem between our two labor unions and the hotel management would go ballistic.”

“Wow. I never thought of that. Makes sense though.”

“Yes it does. So remember that when I’m on duty, I’m under strict orders not to have any intentional physical contact with you or any of the other customers. Oh, I wear sexy clothes and I flirt and I get the customers in the mood for sex...” Grace pauses and looks down at her own crotch. “These hot pants! It took me half the summer to get used to them! What do you men call it?”

“Err, uh... What do you mean?” I try to pretend ignorance.

“The slang phrase for a girl wearing clothes so tight that it shows the shape of her vulva.”

“Oh. Uh...” I finally whisper, “Camel toe.”

“Yes, that’s it.” Grace stares another moment at her crotch and giggles with disbelief. “Do men really think a vulva looks like the toe of a camel?” And then she tilts her head back and takes a deep sigh and tries to be serious. “Don’t get me wrong, David. I really liked you from the beginning. I’m happy if you want to look at me. But my first week here really shook me up.”

“Grace, why do you work here?”

“Oh, I started off with a very simple answer to that. Money! I am completely on my own and I’ll be back in college in another month. My nine weeks working here will completely erase my student debt and give me enough cash to stay out of debt until next summer. The pay here is fabulous!”

I nod my understanding but then remember her words in more detail. “Money was just the initial reason?”

Grace nods. “Yeah. About three weeks ago I earned my right to wear the red scrunchie. This place has changed me, Dave. I really enjoy my work now, all of it, maybe even especially the sexy parts of it. This place has changed me a lot.”

“Hmm? How so?”

Grace doesn’t answer my question directly. “I wish you would have asked me to find you a prostitute



when we first met. That's normally what I do for men checking into Liar's Lair for the first time. I wear sexy clothing to get the men in the mood for sex, and then it's the prostitutes who service those moods. Do you see how the system works?"

"Grace! Why didn't you tell me this before?!"

"Dave, you never asked! I kept asking if you needed anything or had any questions. Giving you advice would be reasonable while on duty. But I can't pester you with advice if you don't ask for it!"

I lie still and think for a moment. "Yes, you're perfectly correct."

Her cute toes curl again. "Dave, is there anything I can do for you now?"

"Within reason?"

She gives a slow deep sigh. "Didn't we already go over this? I'm off duty. I'm not asking as your bellhop. I'm asking as one human to another. And when I'm off duty, I can have any relationship I want with people. Here, try again. Close your eyes and try to trust me."

I try. My eyes are closed and I work on my breathing. I think of Grace's presence on the bed with me and I try to see that as a good thing. I have a loving human being who is guarding over me. It seems to be working. And then my body jerks as if shocked with high voltage. I feel so ashamed of myself.

Grace gets up off the bed without a word walks to the night table and gets her small red purse. My breath catches in my throat and I feel dismayed. She's giving up on me and is leaving, and I absolutely can't blame her.

But she's not leaving. She comes back and sits on my bed again, and this time much closer to the pillows and my head. She opens her purse and pulls out a number of cards. She positions the first one for me to read. "This is my employee smartcard. It gives me access to all public and residential areas in Tower One."

"Just Tower One?"

Grace nods. "Tower Two is called The Dungeon. It's very unusual, residential and recreational facilities integrated into a single complex. It's a place for clients with, shall we say unique sexual appetites. I don't want to get near that place, and with my work profile there's no reason why I should. Anyway, that's not why I'm showing you this. Read my name on my work-ID."

"Grace C. Ender," I reply.

"Correct! Next card!" She shows me her driver's license, all sorts of high tech security features, extremely difficult to counterfeit and multi-year jail time if you try. This is the real deal. "Grace Charlotte Ender," I read again.

"Not just my name, David. Read and remember my birth date too. Do you remember I told you I was twenty? Do you see I'm twenty years and a few days shy of seven months? Do you see how easy it'll be to remember my birthday?"

"Yeah, sure. Merry Christmas!"

Grace laughed. "Yes! When I was a little girl I hated having that as my birthday. All the other kids got two present-days a year and I only got one. Anyway, next card!"

"Grace Charlotte Ender," I read again. It's her Government ID card. "Why are you carrying that around?"

Grace sighed. "You're right. I probably shouldn't. I needed the card for Liar's Lair payroll when I started my summer job and it never made it out of my purse. David, read and remember my social security number. Make a rhyme of it or something. When you're done, tell me and I'll put my card away and then I want you to recite my number. In another ten minutes I'll ask again, so really remember it."

I sigh deeply and concentrate. "Got it."

Grace nods and returns the cards to her purse. "Okay, let's hear it."

I repeat the number correctly.

Grace nods and moves a little closer to me. I could move and touch her bare foot if I move my arm a little but I don't. Grace looks down on me from her lotus position and says, "Try again to trust me. Think about how I'm trusting you. You've got my full name and my birthday and my social. You could own my identity if you want to. I've made myself vulnerable to you. I'm trusting that you won't hurt me. Try to reciprocate."

I nod and sigh deeply. She is making such an effort to help me. I am filled with admiration and gratitude for what she's trying to do. I close my eyes and begin breathing normally. A few seconds later my body jerks violently. I'm almost in tears. "Oh, this is hopeless!" I cry.

"David! Do you want to give up? Do you want me to give up? Search your feelings! I'm a college undergrad majoring in mechanical engineering! I'm not a psychiatrist! I think what I'm doing is okay, but I'm just using my common sense. If you want me to go, I'll go. I don't want..." Grace struggles with her words and doesn't complete the thought.

"Grace Charlotte Ender," I whisper. "Please stay."

"I will stay," she replies in just as quiet a whisper. "I'll stay the whole night if you need me. Even longer if you still want me. Tomorrow is my day off."

"You would do that? You would do that for me? Why?"

"My gosh, David. There's only one true answer to that. I'm just hoping you'll see that I'm trying to help you." She pauses and asks, "Just before you jerk, what's it like? What are you afraid of? Do you think I'm going to bite you or something?"

I lie back into my pillow and try to think and give Grace an honest answer. "Yeah, something like that, something horrible, not bite though. I get these crazy images, like a flashback from something horrible, incredibly scary, really nightmarish. They must be memories of dreams, they must be."

"Wow," she whispers. "Sounds like really scary stuff."

"Oh it is. My whole body jerks. It's a panic reaction. I'm about to be... not bitten but consumed. No, that's not right either. Closer but still not right, something even more horrible. And it's so vivid, like reality, not like a dream! It's as if I'm being electrocuted from the center of my body!"

"My gosh. That's really horrible imagery."

I nod. "And it's only there in a flash, as if my mind can't stand the horror and rejects the memory. I jerk and the memory is gone."

"Wow..." She stares at me thoughtfully for a long moment. "I wish I knew..." Another long pause, and then her next question catches me completely by surprise. "David, are you ticklish?"

"What? Uh, no, not particularly."

"How about your feet?"

"Uh..." I have absolutely no idea where this conversation is going. "I don't know. Maybe a little, probably below the average person."

"Great! Just give me a minute, I'll be right back!" Grace springs off my bed and walks rapidly into my bathroom. I hear some rattling, and a moment later she returns with something that looks like a thick mop of long straight hair attached to a short pole. Grace hops onto my bed again, this time near my feet.

"What is that thing?" I ask. "A duster?"

Grace gives me a very knowing grin. "Something much nicer! This is one of your bathroom toys, one of my favorites. If you want to amuse yourself sometime, check out your closet by the Jacuzzi."

"Oh. Is that my adult toy closet?" I can't help but grin sheepishly. "Is it really as extensive as I think it might be?"

"Oh yeah!" Grace laughs. "If you have a fetish for lubrications and vibrators and butt plugs, you'll find everything in there from tiny pencil sizes to something so obscene I can't imagine inserting it into a full grown mare! Nothing for inflicting pain though. That's not the theme for Tower One. You get the idea?"

I nod and try to match her laughter by raising my eyebrows playfully.

Grace reciprocates the gesture and places the strange duster near my feet. "I'd like to try petting you with this. My roommate and I have tried this out for fun and it feels really nice."

I grin playfully. "Another bellhop?"

"No. She's a prostitute."

I blink. "Oh. I'm sorry."

"Sorry about what? My roommate? David, her name is Aria and we get along very well." Grace gives me a curious look. "And in case you're wondering, we're both firmly heterosexual. We were just experimenting, that's all."

I shift uncomfortably. "I really spoke out of line. I was just surprised the hotel had a college-age bellhop rooming with a prostitute. Isn't it awkward when she brings someone in?"

Grace laughs. "David! Prostitutes don't bring their clients to their living quarters! They either go the man's room or to special rooms called playpens. You get the idea? And David, you have to work on your prejudices! Prostitution is a socially acceptable profession here. Yes, I am being exposed to Aria's perspectives, but her lifestyle is not corrupting me. Do you understand?" I nod meekly.

Grace sighs and takes a big stretch with her arms, rocking her wrists with the strange duster and placing the hair very near my bare feet. "Ready?"

I feel a sense of panic but I nod. Grace starts to stroke the duster lightly up and down the tops and bottoms of my feet. "Just keep your eyes open. I think that will make this easier for you. Do you like this, David?"

"Hmm?" The foot caresses feel fantastic, and I have an overpowering urge to relax and enjoy what Grace is doing. Finally! Someone is actually petting me! This is the real deal, I tell myself firmly. No liars here. Grace finishes off with stroking the soft hair around my feet and through my toes. It feels super silky and nice. I sigh deeply, my eyes wide open. I am finding peace. Should I try to close my eyes again? Before I can ask, Grace ends her caressing. I give an involuntary groan.

"Oh, we're not finished," Grace replies when she hears my groan. "Far from it. It's just your turn to pet me for a while!" And so saying, she tosses the duster on my chest and lies flat on her back on my bed, arms loosely at her sides, her feet near my head.

I look at her in kindness. "Grace, aren't I a little too old for you?"

"No," she whispers as she wiggles her feet playfully. "Pet me with the duster."

"Grace, I don't want to hurt you."

"David, this won't hurt me. I'm not asking for commitment. I'm asking if we can come together as two human beings who trust each other and want to pet each other. Search your feelings. Do you want to trust me? Do you want to pet me?"

I sit up and grin. Her cheerfulness and goodness are so contagious. "Pet your feet, huh?"

"Uh huh. I like having my legs petted too." Grace laughs. "Actually, I love the duster! I think it's my all-time favorite toy. I'm really going to enjoy this!"

And she really does enjoy it. I stroke her feet lightly with the long hair, and I get lots of long sighs of appreciation in return. Grace really is enjoying this, and I am ecstatic. I am caressing her! This incredibly beautiful female, this wonderful caring person, she is accepting me and trusting me and enjoying my caresses. And I feel myself trusting her, truly trusting her. I wave the hair slowly across her legs, her ankles, her shins, her knees and the fronts of her thighs.

I also brush the hair against the back of my own hand as I caress her. "Wow. This feels so incredibly luxuriant. Is this human hair?"

Grace sighs deeply, her eyes closed, her legs opening wider as I stroke the insides of her calves and thighs. "I don't think so," she says sleepily. "Some sort of animal is my guess. I felt a real mink coat once and this feels even softer."

My gosh. I watch her closely as I stroke her legs. Grace is so beautiful, and she is accepting such intimate contact. How far does she want me to go? I stroke the hair up along her sensitive inner thighs and she shivers and nods for me to do it again. I watch and listen closely as I pet her, ready to pull back at once if the caressing becomes too sexual, but she never objects, quite the opposite in fact. She is opening her legs wider and giving little wiggles with her butt and toes whenever I try to slow down. The body language is unmistakable. Grace is encouraging me to go on.

I soon have the long hair stroking and sliding between her inner thighs. I tell myself I'm going too

far, but Grace keeps giving me deep sighs of appreciation. I don't want to stop, and neither does Grace. What do I want? I want this moment never to end. Grace wiggles her hips suggestively when I bring the hair up high between her thighs and touch the bottom of her pubis. Her meaning is clear. Go even higher. Sighing deeply myself, I run the hair straight up between her open thighs and over her pubis, across her soft yellow hot pants. I finish by dragging the hair slowly and lovingly back and forth across her bare midriff, caressing her flat tummy and letting the soft hair tickle her navel.

Grace is breathing in small gasps. "Oh, that feels so nice! I know it's my turn to pet you again, but I don't want you to stop yet. Will you do my other side?" And without waiting for a reply, Grace turns and lies on her tummy, her arms loosely circling her head.

I'm staring mesmerized at the transition. Her legs are wide open and I'm staring at the backs of her thighs curving to become her hips and buttocks. And that's where I resume petting her, half the hair on the hot pants over her butt and half the hair softly gliding over the top backs of her bare thighs. Grace starts taking slow deep breaths and arching her hips in rhythm with my strokes, timing her arching so that her rump is lifted to maximum height just as the duster passes over her anus.

I change the pattern of my strokes. I slowly run the duster back and forth along the back of her legs, butt to ankle down one leg, ankle back to butt on the other leg. After several rotations I reverse the direction. I am enjoying this so incredibly much, and much of my pleasure is in knowing how much pleasure I'm giving Grace. Her body language and soft murmurs are unmistakable.

And I'm fully sexually aroused, and at the same time I feel completely relaxed. This is wonderful. The beautiful and precious creature lying with me has banished all my fears. I run the hair between her bare thighs and over her clothed butt. Grace shakes and arches her hips fully, spreading her legs and creating a deep backward angle between the small of her back and her rump. The gesture is unmistakable. It is the motion of a human female raising the angle of her vagina for easy rear-entry copulation.

"Grace?" I whisper hoarsely.

"My gosh, I've been neglecting you," Grace says as she turns and sits up. Her hand is out and asking for the duster. I'm so glad she's giving me a little more time to think. We had been at the threshold of having sex together and so far we've said nothing about what our understanding is. Are we expressing commitment to each other? Perhaps not, and somehow that couldn't possibly be right. I don't want this to be just about sex. I want to care for her. I want to build something enduring, something worthy of her.

"Grace! I need some time to think!"

"Okay! Lie back down and think! I want to pet you again!"

I lie back down happily and wiggle my feet in anticipation.

Grace is looking at me and breathing heavily. "David," she asks between breaths, "Will you take off your pants for me? I want to do what you did to me."

I just sigh heavily in response and do not move.

"David, listen to what your body is saying. I can feel your arousal for me. I can feel it!"

My body quivers. "Are you sure? I don't want this to be just about arousal."

"It's not. It's about joy and sex and caring and desires and playfulness all rolled up together. That's what I'm feeling. Aren't you too?"

I groan. "Yes! But Grace, are you really sure? I'm old enough to be your..."

"David, stop! Yes, I'm sure. Do you think it's only your gender that's gets aroused? I'd like you to take off your shirt too."

I shiver and accept her desire for sex and fumble with my belt and zipper and shirt buttons. In a moment I'm lying down flat on my back with nothing but my boxers on, and there's a huge tent pole springing from the bottom of my groin. Only now there's no embarrassment. In fact I feel rather proud, not the foolish ego pride of having a big cock but the feeling of profound satisfaction that Grace desires me sexually and my body is responding to her desires.

Would we couple? Does she want to make love with me? Will she allow it to go that far? I'm feeling that wonderful combination again of full sexual arousal and deep relaxation. Do I love her? I haven't felt this way in thirty years, not since dating Maggie. "Grace," I whisper. "I don't want this to be about just tonight. I want something more enduring."

Grace is kneeling near my hips and facing me, running the duster up and down the full length of my body, forehead and cheeks and throat and bare chest and male nipples and ribs and stomach and groin and thighs and shins and ankles. I know," she whispers. "I think I'm feeling the same thing. This is not about just tonight. I promise you."

And then she laughs and gets extremely playful with the duster. She spins the hair lightly in the arches of my feet until I start to laugh, and then she does the great body journey again in reverse. I laugh and tense as the silky soft hair tickles my underarms, and then I feel a soft popping sensation at my groin and a release of pressure.

Grace gives a very playful giggle. "Oh, I've been waiting for that to happen!" My stiff cock had found the opening in my boxers, and it is now a pole without a tent pointing straight up into the air. Grace strokes the hair around my erect pole, whish, whish, whish, the ponytail of hair caressing my cock in silky embraces. The sensations are almost unbearably sexual. And then she tries and fails to drill the duster into the opening in my shorts. I know what she's trying to do. She wants to caress my scrotum with the hair. The thought leaves me shivering in expectation.

Grace hisses, "David, ditch the shorts!"

We've come so far. I gasp at the ease at which we have accepted each other's sexual advances. "You're sure?" I whisper back. It is one last reality check before my desire to possess Grace becomes unstoppable.

Grace doesn't reply in words. She growls and slides from the bed for a moment and with my eyes riveted on her she pulls her sports bra over her head. Her breasts are infinitely alluring and larger than I imagined, but I realize the sports bra had been holding her tits tightly to her chest.

But her breasts are free now, and her nipples are dark and they protrude like hard bullet heads from her areoles. Her hands drop to her waist and grip her hot pants. I wait mesmerized for her to discard the yellow panties, but instead Grace jumps and stands on the bed, her hips very close and directly at my eye level. Then she rocks her hips forward and stands with legs spread. The view of her camel toe fills my mind.

"Do you think you're the only gender that get's aroused?!" she hisses, her question spoken so

sharply it's almost in derision. The outline of her aroused vulva is clearly defined in the soft tight fabric, and my throat catches as I see the fabric all around her vulva is wet from her flow. "My vagina is a swamp!" she says in ragged breaths.

I breathe in deeply and smell her, smell her musky desire for me, smell her animal sexual desire for me. I gasp and Grace and I remove the last of our clothing simultaneously. My eyes are riveted to her pubis. It's baby smooth, not a hair to be seen.

"When?!" I whisper. "Oh Grace! I don't want to wait!" Waves of desire overwhelm me. I want to mount her so badly. I want to have her under me, to mount and thrust, to be inside her. Thunderous waves of desire, my whole body is shaking.

"Soon!" she whispers back. "Let's play first! Then you take me! Okay?!"

"Okay! What do you want to do?"

"I don't know," she laughs excitedly back. "Think of something you'll like! Have you had any fantasies about me?"

"Are you joking?! A huge number!"

"Well, what was the first? What was your very first fantasy about me?"

"Hmm..." I think for a moment. "Well, the moment I first met you I remember thinking how beautiful you were. Maybe the very first think I focused on were your breasts when I read your name tag."

Grace looked at me thoughtfully. "Did you fantasize about suckling me? I could pretend to be pregnant and you could milk me. There are breasts pumps in your closet. Would you like to blow up my nipples? Did you fantasize about something like that?"

"Uh... I'm not sure." I pause for a moment. "I don't think so. Maybe later in the elevator. But at the front desk you took my bags so quickly and I followed you before I had a chance to visualize anything. And then..."

"Yes?"

"I remember watching your legs and butt as I walked behind you. You looked so gorgeously athletic and were as graceful as a gazelle! I was staring at your butt while you carried my bags. I had this fantasy that I was watching the hindquarters of a sleek racing horse."

Grace looks at me with wide eyes and blushes. "Wow! So you imagined me with a horse's rump, huh? We can have a lot of fun with an idea like that! Would you mind if we got a little kinky?!" Her voice is squeaking from her arousal.

"How kinky?" I say back grinning with delight.

She tries to calm herself down a bit. "Oh, pretty kinky I guess, but nothing painful or degrading. I'm thinking we could play stallion and mare if you don't mind a small butt plug."

"Uh, I've never used a butt plug. I wouldn't know how..." I start to blush.

"That's not a problem. I can insert mine and then yours. Would you like that? Would you like to watch me plug myself? Would you like me to play with your anus and plug you?"

The thought of what Grace is suggesting has me panting. I nod my head and Grace rushes to return to my bathroom. I hear some quick noises from my toy closet and then she returns with two boxes, one noticeably larger than the other. Grace puts the larger box on the far side of the bed and then opens the other box. "This one's for me," she says with a quivering voice. "I'll do me first."

Grace pulls a hair tail from her box, as rich and luxuriant as the one on the duster. Only this new tail is not attached to a pole. Rather its end has a small black conical nose that collapses to a narrow annulus just before the hair begins. Grace squeezes the plug and shows me it is made of soft flexible rubber. Grace says with a panting laugh. "Now watch closely! I'll do yours too, but I want you to see how this is done!"

I bellow with laughter. What guy could refuse the opportunity to watch a beautiful and aroused college woman insert a butt plug into herself? Grace grins at me and then turns around, legs spread far apart and her back arched to give me a close-up view of her exposed rear. She is absolutely delectable! Her shaved labia is wide open and wet, and directly above is the cutest little pink anus imaginable, all tightly puckered and closed.

Grace takes two foil packets from her box and tears the first one open. I smell the faint odor of a disinfectant, and then have the pleasure of watching Grace wipe down her anus with a small towelette from the package. Afterwards she wipes down her butt plug and then discards the towelette.

It's time for the second foil package. Grace tears a corner and smears a large dollop of lube directly on her butthole and then rubs it with a lazy circular motion with her forefinger, working the lube inside with a slight penetration. Oh man is this hot to watch! Next she coats her plug with the remaining lube, using the same forefinger to make sure every bit of the surface is slick with the lube. And then still giving me a full display, she bends and works the plug into her butt, give a small grunt and hip jerk as her anus grabs a lock on the small annulus, and drills the plug into her butt. Oh man is this hot!

And then she prances for me! Grace dances and prances like a horse, laughing and turning and making playful horsey sounds and hitting me on my arms and chest with the long tail of hair sprouting from her butt. She has me lie on the bed with my legs spread wide and hanging off, and then she squats and stands, stroking the tail of her rump tail across my sac and cock. I am in sexual heaven.

Grace then stops and walks over to the larger box on the bed. She points to me. "Back up on the bed. Keep lying on your back, legs wide, bring you knees near your head! I am your mare. You will become my stallion! Offer me your butthole!"

"Okay!" I'm lying as requested, my sac and butt fully vulnerable. "I've done it," I think joyfully. "I'm trusting you, Grace!" I cry out loud.

"I know!" She hisses back at me as she opens the larger box. "I have your trust! Thank you, David!"

She's working near the foot of the bed, kneeling just beyond my lifted legs and upturned butt. It's hard for me to see what she's doing. My raised hips are blocking my view. But I trust her completely. I lewdly wiggle my ass at her.

"Oh, my beautiful male," she whispers. "My beautiful stallion! Soon your butt will be the butt of a stallion and I will be your mare! Our long tails will caress the back of our legs and you will mount me horsey style!"



I growl in approval, and I dimly think I know what she's going to do. Grace continues to work below my legs, humming happily and keeping my new tail a surprise and out of view. I hear the soft sound of ripping and I see Grace discard an empty foil packet. A moment later she is wiping down my anus.

"Br!" I cry. "That's cold!" I smell the disinfectant. The odor seems different too, sharper than before.

"Yes, it'll feel cold. Patience! The next one will feel warmer."

"Is this the lubrication?"

"No. That comes next. This one's getting you nice and clean."

I sigh and enjoy the sensation of a beautiful young woman wiping my ass. She's doing a thorough job, asking me sweetly to pull my butt cheeks wide so she can inspect me. It feels so arousing to have her wiping my anus, so sexy! And my hips are giving little jerking motions in anticipation of thrusting into her.

"Patience, my stallion," Grace whispers. "You will mount me very soon!"

Another packet is torn, and then I feel the outside of my anus being wiped with a slick oily substance. Grace is making my anus feel very slippery, and I am shivering in delight, enjoying the pleasure of her lubing me and trying to relax my sphincter and accept the insertion of my stallion tail.

And then I feel something in my rectal cavity. "Is that the plug?" I hiss as I wiggle from the pressure.

Grace shakes her head. "Not yet. I want to put more lube up inside you. Bear down, David. Pretend to take a shit!"

I breathe in and push, and feel something that I guess is Grace's finger coming inside me. And then I gasp as gobs of slick oiliness coat my rectal walls. The intruding finger withdraws. "What now?" I hiss.

"One second," Grace hisses back. "I'm lubing your plug. It's long but thin. It won't hurt you and it'll feel very sexy as it slides inside. Did you ever fuck a girl, David? Did you ever fuck a girl while butt plugged?"

"I've never done anything like this!" I confess in complete honesty.

"Oh, you are going to enjoy this so much! Here's comes the tip now. It's soft plastic and very flexible, the thickness of a pencil, so tiny you don't have to work to accept it. Just relax and let me slide it in. Your plug is longer and thinner than mine. It's designed to enhance the pleasure of a stallion as he fucks."

I do as she asks. The feel of the tiny probe testing entry into my rectum is a huge turn on, and I sigh and shudder as I feel the probe sliding through the goo along my rectal walls. And then I blink. The probe is clearly passed my rectum. It has entered my large intestine. "Grace," I whisper. "How far is it going?"

"Just a bit more. Patience! Just a bit more of the tip and we'll be at the nose of the plug. Patience!" I feel the tip wiggling deeper into me. At Grace's suggestion, I take several deep slow breaths and she continues to slide the long thin tip of the plug inside me. And then there's bulk pressure on my anus.

"Same as before, David! The plug is all lubed up and ready to slide in. It's not that big. Trust me!"

"I do trust you!"

"You'll have to stretch just a bit to take the knob, and then your sphincter will do the rest of the work and slide the plug home. So bear down and pretend to take another shit!"

I breathe in and push hard and feel something sliding up into me. Grace is right. There is one brief burst of discomfort from the stretching, but then my anus closes down hard on the slippery backside of the plug, relieving my anal discomfort and at the same time driving the wiggling tip deeper into my intestine.

"First time being butt plugged, huh?" Grace whispers. She gives a playful tug on something and my rectal walls respond to the shift in pressure and I grunt and almost try to shit the plug out. But my anus though isn't about to give up so easily and I can feel my sphincter clamp down hard on the narrow back neck of the plug. "You've got a good butt seal," Grace comments as she swirls the hair from my new tail around my scrotum. "Nice and tight. Let me make one last minor adjustment..."

I give a simple grunt of agreement and try to ignore the pressure and enjoy the hair swirling in circles on my sac. The pressure from my full rectum makes my sac seem very full. Meanwhile Grace is rotating the plug back and forth and making slight adjustments to the depth of its insertion. The pressure is frankly a bit more than I anticipated, and then I give a sigh of relief as the pressure seems to fade.

"There! Does that feel better?" Grace asks very attentively.

"Yeah, it does. What did you do?"

"The stallion plug is a little more complicated than the mare's. Your plug has a little concave area that fits around your prostate. It'll take the pressure off your gland and allow you to fuck me very roughly without discomfort."

"Oh, don't worry about that. Grace, this stallion is going to be extremely gentle with his mare."

"Oh, we'll see about that!" she says wickedly. "Stand up, David. Try taking a few steps."

I do as she asks. I'm a bit wobbly, but I don't know if it's from the butt plug or my sexual arousal.

"How does it feel?" my naked Grace asks. She is standing facing me with her legs spread, and I can see her butt tail dropping from below her cunt to her knees. Such a turn on! And her attentive eyes are alive with playfulness and curiosity. My heart and my body cry in my desire to possess her.

And then I take a deep breath and try to slow things down just a bit. Grace wants to be playful before we fuck, and I will let her take the lead in this wonderful new way of having sex. I wiggle my hips at her playfully, and then blink at the unexpected sensations. "Wow. This feels so different. There's no pain, but it does feel tight. It's strange. It feels as if the pressure on my rectum is increasing."

"That's just your rectal walls getting used to the pressure. It won't hurt, and the plug will get softer once it warms to your body temperature. In another minute it'll just feel as if your rectum is packing a full load of shit."

"Yeah, that's what it feels like all right. And the tip! It's almost at my stomach! It feels as if it's

making slow corkscrews in my intestine!”

She laughs. “No it’s not! That’s just your fantasy! But the tip is designed to wiggle inside your intestines as you thrust and fuck. That’s the design, very soft plastic and a little springy. It can’t hurt your intestinal walls, but you’ll be getting a lot of deep sensations as you fuck me. Your orgasm is going to be mind blowing.”

“Oh yeah?” I grin wickedly. “How mind blowing?”

Grace gives me a wicked grin back, and her green eyes seem alive with sexual fire. “You must have seen guys in action on the internet, how they fuck a girl rear-entry.”

“Well, yeah, I guess.”

“Do you remember how the guy thrusts into the girl’s vagina from the rear? He’ll pull back and thrust forward with his back, hip, and thigh muscles, but once he’s penetrated her fully, he usually doesn’t pull back at once. The guy’s butt will tense and you can see his rump muscles give one extra ‘oomph’ to the girl.”

I think of all the porn that I’ve watched and nod.

Grace smiles at me. Her body is so hot! Her nipples are hard points on her soft breasts and I can see the folds of her labia hanging from her arousal. “David, rear entry is a very deep penetration for a girl to take. Your primary thrust will bring your penis high and tight inside me, pressing right up against my cervix. And then your extra ‘oomph’ is going to send a pressure wave through my uterus. Do you think it’s only the male who gets an erection? The female gets one too. The pounding I’m about to get will stimulate my cervix and engorge it with blood. I’ll be expanded and dilated. It’s how a stallion opens up the mare for proper insemination. My powerful stallion is going to show me how a mare is properly fucked!”

Grace takes a deep breath and continues. “Some girls find the deep pressure too much to bear, but I love it! And I want to share it with you. The base of your butt plug, the part filling your rectal cavity now, it’s designed to collapse when you bear down and give me that extra ‘oomph’ on your fuck stroke. The collapse will drive the thin tip deeper into your intestine. You will share with me the feeling of penetration on your fuck strokes. I’ll feel the pressure on my uterus, and you’ll feel a sliding in your bowels as you finish each stroke. You’re going to love this!” Grace is panting heavily by the time she finishes her description. “And I will too! Ready to mount me now?”

I nod eagerly. My cock can’t wait for the humping to start and I take a step towards her. And then I pause as I feel an internal spasm. “Wow. My bowels really want to shit out my plug.”

Grace shakes impatiently. “Yeah, you’re going to feel the need to orgasm and the need to shit at the same time. But the plug will prevent you from taking an easy shit. Trust me! The plug has a nice tight seal on your butthole.” She gives me a wicked grin. “Your desire to blow a load of semen into your mare is going to be overwhelming. So, what do you say? Are you ready? Your male butt is plugged and your stallion gonads are prepped for fucking! Are you ready to show a very willing mare how it’s done?!”

I growl in response.

Grace prances to the window in the corner of the bedroom and raises the blinds. Outside it is still very dark, and just a few distant lights from the lake boats are visible far below. Grace kneels on the carpet on all fours and then angles up her vagina for rear entry. She is open and wet and she’s

wiggling her tail impatiently in anticipation of her fucking. "Hurry, David! I entered you with the plug. Now you enter me!"

I'm standing directly behind her with a hard-on that's beyond raging. The views of her exposed hips and open labia and splayed tail fill my consciousness. This feels real! I feel like a stallion about to mount my mare! I reach back and feel my own tail and am slightly puzzled. My own tail is just as long as Grace's, but mine is jet black and coarse, not at all like her luxuriant tail.

Grace turns around across her shoulder and sees me pause. "It's the way it should be, my beautiful stallion. My tail is soft and silky, and as a mare I have a soft and silky vagina waiting for you. You are a stallion, and as a stallion you are powerful and rough with your fucking. Think of how a stallion mounts. You need to do a quick jump on your mare's back, and then your huge penis whips up and then your powerful hindquarters plunge the penis home! That's how you should take me, rough and horsey style. Fuck me!"

One last thought of compassion before sexual lust sweeps me away. "Protection! Grace, we need protection!"

Grace whimpers and shakes her head vigorously. "There are condoms in the nightstand if you insist, but I trust your story about your lack of sex life. I want sex without a condom. It'll feel more smooth and silky without it. Do you trust me, David? I'm clean, no diseases. Do you trust me enough to fuck me without protection?"

I'm gasping and nodding, but there's still one more issue, and my morals won't let me ignore it. "What about pregnancy? Do you want me to..."

"No! Don't worry! I'm due for my period." Grace pants heavily and continues. "Don't worry and stop delaying! You won't knock me up! Here! Bend over me. I'm up against the wall. I'm not Caitlyn. I have nowhere to run. Position yourself and then grab my hips to lock me and then snap your penis up and thrust into me. This mare likes swift stallion entries!" Grace groans in her arousal and then shouts so loud that her plea becomes a command. "Pleasure me!"

I don't bother to take the time to answer. I squat behind her, the long butt plug filling my bowels with unique sensations. My hips are cocked and ready for a massive forward thrust, and the tip of my stallion penis is angling to the warmth and moisture of my mare's vagina. Our bodies are FINALLY about to make direct contact.

Grace turns her head and we lock eyes. She won't run away. She can't. I see nothing but satisfaction in her eyes, triumphant satisfaction. My body gives a great shudder of anticipation, and then my hands descend to grip the flesh of Grace's warm hips as I'm snapping my penis up to thrust my erection into its soft and silky home. BETRAYED!!!

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### **Chapter 3**

Shit! Unbelievable! Fucking hell on oat bread, that's what I say! My hands, both of them! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! My hands! What a time for my wrists to act up! Unbelievable! My hands have betrayed me. My hands feel as if they spasmed and closed tightly around blocks of dry ice or something even colder. Man oh man, why didn't I think of this before?

I release my grip and stare at my fingers. Pins and needles. It feels as if my fingers are suffering from freezer burn. I haven't felt pain this bad in... I don't know how long. I take the time to take a

deep breath and recover, hoping the pain will fade. And then my intestines give a heave, a deep ticklish sensation as if something is wiggling deep inside me. I feel sudden intestinal gas pressure and I try to fart to relieve it. I feel a strange reluctance with my rectum to release the gas. I'm all plugged up, and when I finally do blow the fart I grimace. It feels as if my anus is covered in a slimy mess.

Fuck! Did I just take a crap?! Here?! Oh no, not now! How embarrassing! I have to check. I wiggle a bit until my hand is at the bottom of my butt. Fucking hell on multigrain, that's what I say! The spot below my anus and the back of my sac both feel as if they're covered in slimy goo. I bring my probing hand to my nose and sniff. Very strange. The goo has a faint odor of shit but is not nearly as strong as I was expecting. I rub my fingers together and am very puzzled. The brown goo is also extremely slippery. My body seems to be expelling lubrication.

What have I eaten recently? Nothing really comes to mind. My stomach feels very empty. Perhaps that's where the tickling sensation came from. I haven't eaten and haven't felt hungry in so long that my body is trying something new to remind me that I'll eventually have to eat something. My problem is I just don't feel hungry. I feel my stomach as empty but somehow that just doesn't lead to a desire for food anymore, and it hasn't for... a long time. A full day? More? I don't know. It all seems like a blur.

And my cock! Fucking hell on sourdough, that's what I say! What the fucking hell?! I'm erect, or at least I used to be. My body is winding down from some super full blown erection. Am I going mad?! What's so sexy about carrying two heavy suitcases in a dank summer night and then having my hands explode in freezer burn? Was I daydreaming? I try to remember what I was thinking about just before my hands did their deep freezer routine on me. And then... And then...

I cry out in absolute terror and stagger. Fortunately my flashback now is as brief as ever. It almost gives me a glimpse of an infinite horror but then my mind pushes the nightmare away. But I don't want to stand here anymore. I feel too exposed. I am vulnerable, and I absolutely don't have the guts to stay here. After gingerly testing the weight of my two suitcases again, I resume my march. I take another three steps, and then my wrists leave me crying in agony. My mental defenses fail in the intense pain and I am swept back fully into a memory from hell.

I have just gripped Grace's hips and her naked flesh is as cold as ice water. The shock and the coldness causes my wrists to hurt horribly and this causes my bowels to spasm so violently that I think I'm about to succeed in shitting out my butt plug. But before I can expel the plug, it seems to come alive inside me and I scream in pain. My face is contorted in agony. My rectum! My prostate!

A few years earlier I had a prostate biopsy and I found the procedure very unpleasant, even with the local anesthetic. What I am experiencing now is infinitely worse. It feels as if my butt plug has just fired a barbed harpoon through the center of my prostate, destroying the gland and my reproductive ductwork beyond. The pain is unbearable and I'm rolling on the floor and crying in agony.

I dimly feel Grace's arms on my body. "I'm rolling you on your back, David," she says calmly. "Try to help me."

I don't understand, I don't understand! I want to shout to Grace what my problem is but I feel so confused and overwhelmed with pain that the words just won't come. And I'm breathing in great gulps of air and my arms and legs are starting to feel heavy. I've got to get this horrible plug out of me! It feels alive! I can feel it twisting and spinning and sliding into me and it's absolutely horrible. So I reach back to my anus with a last burst of my fading strength and thankfully I grab a thick handful of the coarse hair. I'm somewhat surprised. The plug seems to have a life of its own and is

sliding even deeper into my intestines. I had this irrational fear that all the coarse hair had already been sucked into my body.

This horrible plug! I am determined to get it out no matter what the pain. So I pull as hard as I can and the tail comes easily into the air. I stare at the end. At first I'm simply bewildered. There's no rubber plug, just the end of the hairs attached to a scalp of skin. I stare more closely and blink in horror. The scalp, it reminds me of deer skin shedding from antlers. This skin is fresh, alive, as if it had just been torn from a living animal. I wince from the pressure in my intestines. My whole body is vibrating. Something is wiggling vigorously along my digestive tract. It's sliding deeper into me. I'm sure of it!

I look up and see Grace calmly kneeling near me, smiling and not saying anything. That makes no sense. Pushing that thought aside, I force my heavy arm and hand to return to my anus. Fuck! It's enormous! I'm so open I could probably pop my hand into my rectum very easily. I try to do so, if only to see if I have any chance at all of grabbing the creature crawling up my digestive tract.

But Grace stops me. She pulls my arm to my side and then finishes rolling me flat on my back. I'm panting heavily in deep full breaths and my arms and legs feel as if they weigh ten times what they should. What the hell is going on?! My eyes search for Grace's eyes for answers.

And she's laughing at me! "David! Didn't your mother ever teach you not to stick your dirty little hands inside your dirty smelly butt in the presence of naked girls?" Grace clicks her tongue in disapproval. "You have such disgusting manners!"

"What..." I gasp. "What is it?"

"What's inside you? Well, I guess I might tell you if you ask sweetly."

I'm still panting deeply as I stare at Grace. My arms are almost unmovable now. I'm completely at her mercy and I'm just beginning to realize that means I'm completely at nothing at all. "Please?" I whisper.

"Well, okay, since you were nice and said please. The creature is called a Silkie. You never had a plug. It was just me being playful with my pet Silkie. It's vaguely similar to an octopus, no bones and all sleek muscle, but it's an air breather. My Silkie is also a juvenile that has just begun its metamorphosis to adulthood. The coarse tail is the mark of the juvenile. Its adult tail will be soft and luxuriant. And you know how nice those adult tails are, don't you, you stupid moron?"

I gasp. "My butt..."

"Yes, it would be very appropriate to call you a gaping asshole now. My first wipe was a powerful muscle relaxant and topical anesthetic. It dilated you so I could slip my Silkie inside your rectum without you feeling it. I was careful not to touch your prostate with the first wipe though. I didn't want to diminish the pleasure of watching your expression as my Silkie fired its juvenile harpoon. That was very enjoyable!"

Grace sighs happily and goes on. "In the rear of the Silkie near its tail is a concave area around its anus. At the start of its metamorphosis, it fires a barb that semi-paralyzes its host, potent neurotoxins that relax your voluntary muscles. That's why you can't lift your arms."

I try to shout but all I can manage is a whisper. "What?!"

Grace laughs and continues. "I didn't have to rotate my pet to fire into your prostate. That was just

me being playful. Any meaty part of your rectal wall would have done just as well. And the toxins also stimulate deep breathing in the host, just what the Silkie needs. It wants your body to be full of fresh oxygen-rich blood.”

My eyes go wide as I dimly realize what Grace is alluding to. I struggle to test whether I can stop my deep breathing. A pitiful show of defiance, but it’s the only thing I can offer as protest.

“David! Don’t you dare fight the deep breathing! If you do, I’ll put my heels on your delicate little wrists and then grind down with all my weight! The pain will leave you gasping and I’ll still get the breathing I want. It’s your choice whether you want the pain. You can’t change what’s happening with the Silkie.”

My body feels like lead and my mind is thinking furiously for some way to resist but I’m hitting on empty. Meanwhile Grace is bringing all the pillows and sheets from the bed and piling them near my hips. I give a soft scream from a new intense pain. It’s coming from the middle of my bowels.

Grace hears me and quickly kneels by my side and starts probing my abdominal and stomach area with her ice-cold fingers. She finally finds the spot she’s searching for and pushes down hard with rigid fingers. I scream again.

“Oh, you feel that, do you?” Grace says with a smile. “The Silkie has made it to the valve between your large and small intestines. What you’re feeling is the destruction of the valve. Your valve is designed to resist a backflow, and my Silkie is very eager to continue.”

“Where’s it going?!” I hiss through clenched teeth. “My stomach? My God! Will it come out through my throat?!” I whisper hoarsely.

Grace shakes her head. “No. Your small intestine is its final destination. That’s where its metamorphosis will occur. The blood rich tissue and all the special nutrients it craves, it’s all there.” She laughs. “Think of the Silkie as our child, David, the child you always wanted to have but never did. You wanted to mate with me, and now you are pregnant with our child! I’ve knocked you up!”

Grace reaches into my gaping ass and coats her fingers with some of the excess lube on my rectal walls. “Look, David!” she laughs as she holds her slimy brown fingers under my nose. “Recognize this? I’ve added brown coloring to your lube just to embarrass you the next time you shit your shorts. A nice touch to the loop, don’t you think?”

“I don’t understand,” I cry back. Grace just laughs and grabs my limp penis with her lubed hand and tries to pump me into an erection. I’m stunned and horrified.

Grace is quite vigorous for a moment with her pump and squeeze rhythm, working the shaft of my limp penis with one hand and rolling the head of my penis between the thumb and forefinger of her other hand. She keeps going with her obscene handjob while I stare at her in disbelief, and then she frowns and shrugs. “I was just curious whether a male could get a hard-on with a harpoon through his prostate. Apparently not.” Grace stops her handjob and starts placing pillows under my upper thighs. With my legs spread wide, I realize in horror she’s positioning me into a female birthing position.

“After it feeds,” Grace says in a conversational tone, “the adult Silkie will emerge the same way it went in. Think of your shit as your menstrual flows, David, and now your shitty period days are over! Your anus is nicely dilated and prepped for delivery. Your rectal walls will be your child’s birth canal.”

The churning in my gut suddenly ceases. Grace studies the lack of motion for a moment and nods and raises her arm high above her head as if to slap me hard in the gut. "Any last questions, David, before I give my pet permission to begin? Ask now. Once the process starts, you won't be able to do much of anything except die. During metamorphosis, the Silkie is a truly voracious eater." Grace says her last words with genuine awe.

I stare at Grace. She's changed in appearance! There's so much I don't understand. She still has her extraordinary athletic body and golden hair, but now her eyes are glowing with a bright green fire and she has the A-cup breasts of Lucia and the thick hairy pubic bush of Caitlyn. Somehow though, I still recognize the essence of Grace.

Questions? Will she answer truthfully? Yes, why not? I'm about to die. "How do you know," I whisper, "that I always wanted children?"

Grace laughs. "David! Do you think this is the first time we've done this?! Next question!"

"Why are you torturing me?"

"You call this torture?! This is creating a Silkie! You are not scheduled for torture, not yet! I'll grant you one more question if you're quick!"

I don't understand her answers at all. As I stare in confusion, I see Grace tensing her arm muscles, and I blurt out my last question before I die. "What are you?"

Grace blinks. "What am I? You know, that's the first time you've ever asked me that." She paused for a moment. "I'm a grace ender, get it?" Another pause. "I'm a grace ender. Get it, you fucking moron?!" And with a scream she snaps her arm down like a whip and slaps me full force in the intestines with the back of her hand.

Perhaps Grace is right. The pain at first is like a liquid rope of fire, a white-hot electrical arc burning through my guts. But the Silkie is devouring my digestive tract very quickly. The pain starts to fade before it can truly be called torturous, and my consciousness fades with the pain.

I have an out-of-body experience. I am floating near the ceiling, looking down at Grace and my naked body. My body takes a last shuddering breath with my bowels still heaving and pulsing and then I see my body stop breathing. Grace stands and steps on my hands, rocking her weight back and forth and grinding her heels on both my wrists. I feel a dull sympathetic ache in my bodiless wrists as I float above and witness this, and my dying body below is stimulated to take a few more breaths.

"Is this death?" I wonder. And then my floating soul is caught in a vortex, infinitely strong, impossible to resist. Grace looks up to the ceiling. She smiles wickedly at my soul and flips me the bird with both hands and shouts, "See you soon!" My soul is fired through the swirling funnel of reset.

And the last of the pains in my wrists fade, and with it all memory of hell. On a deserted city street, I bring my hands to my face and stare at them.

My name is David, and I checked out of my old hotel about half an hour ago. It was a real fleabag, and earlier I heard from several people there are much better accommodations in the red-light district down near the lake. So that's where I'm heading now. I've just had a really big problem with some intense pain in my wrists but I think I'm better now.

And as I struggle with my bags I search for something to be optimistic about. Well, it looks as if a fog



is rolling in from the lake area. Maybe the light rain will wash some of the car pollution from the air. That would be nice. I take a moment to put on my raincoat as the drizzle picks up and then I continue walking. Oh shit. The fog. It smells really stinky.

Waves of fear and despair wash over me as I walk. I look up into the stinking drizzle and pray. Am I doomed to it, Lord?! Am I chained to this miserable existence forever, helpless to break free?! My Life! My soul! I'm losing them both! I can feel it. I'm losing my life and my soul and I don't know what to do.

As I walk the dull aches in my wrists give me brief courage to consider my terrible fears. I know my mind will insist that I soon hide my fears again, but for the moment the pain is helping me think clearly. I ponder my life and realize with a start that I have two great fears, and paradoxically they are in conflict with each other. They can't both be true.

My first fear, and I know how irrational this is, my first fear is that I'm going to be stuck in this God forsaken city for all eternity. I can feel it, the days are blending into each other, looping and becoming each other, and there's NO WAY OUT. I'm tired but not sleepy, empty but not hungry, and the transportation strike will last forever and I'll be hopelessly trapped in this city for all eternity. That's my first fear.

And my second fear is even worse, infinitely worse and paradoxically worse, because my second fear is that I won't be trapped here forever, that a monster without measure is playing with me. A time is coming when I'll be forced to leave my current existence. I have these weird flashbacks, horrible memories, unspeakable things that my rational mind thinks can not possibly be real but my soul accepts as true. My soul tells me that there is a monster and it has dominion over me. The monster wants to decompose me, tear my soul apart one layer at a time, and the first layer it is attacking is my ability to trust.

I can feel it! I have become so paranoid! I don't want to trust anyone anymore, not about anything. And it's the monster's doing and the foundation of my greatest fear. My soul is being decomposed, ground down into nothingness one layer at a time, and soon the first layer will be devoid. My soul will have been picked clean of the last shred of its ability to trust, and then my second fear will be fully upon me. What happens next?

My pain fades and along with it my last of my courage and my nightmare memory.

A half hour later.

I stare at the joint across the street and shake my head in derision. Who the fuck would be dumb enough to call a restaurant Cheap Eats?! Well, at least my wrists are feeling okay now. In my brief respite from pain, I try to drum up a bit of optimism. I must be very close, maybe just around the next corner. What the hell?! Liar's Lair, here I come!