

52

FRIDAYS

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A POLYAMOROUS, QUEER,
KINKY, TANTRIC LOVE STORY

KAMALADEVI McCLURE

CLEIS
PRESS

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*To all those
who love so freely,
they don't require sexual exclusivity.*

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Ethical Disclaimer

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, locations, and events are the products of my imagination. It is a wildly falsified projection of my intimate network. As such, I invite you to enjoy the story and not to assume, project, or infer anything about any of my family, past or present.

Any conclusions drawn about the private lives of my partners are entirely inaccurate.

The views, thoughts, and opinions expressed in this story belong solely to the author and not necessarily to any associated individuals or groups.

As a tribute to my mentors, I asked permission to use their real names in order to honor Annie Sprinkle and Charles Muir as larger-than-life archetypes in the world of sacred sex. Since they granted dramatic license, it is important to note that their likenesses and the actions of their characters also are fictionalized from my imagination.

I believe fantasy play is fundamentally different from physical behavior.

This book reveals a series of fantasies that contain explicit sexual acts, graphic details, and objectionable language. Certain scenes include various acts of BDSM and group sex. I do not endorse any form of nonconsensual physical behavior.

Consent includes mature discernment. I do not approve of sex with anyone who does not have the critical faculty to make responsible and empowered decisions regarding sexuality.

I advocate the yogic principle of “Ahimsa,” or nonviolence toward all living things. The directive to “Do No Harm” is

critical for ethical power play and the safe exploration of intense sensations.

I wish to make an essential distinction between hurt and harm. Hurt is often involved in the process of growth, whereas harm indicates injury or damage. Consider the example of going to the gym: it hurts to stretch and grow new muscles, and overdoing it may result in harm, such as ripped muscles or torn tendons.

Hurt and harm can both be psychological as well as physical. Psychological trauma is a form of harm and can result when there is insufficient emotional and mental safety, violations of trust, or poor discernment.

I do not condone any sexual acts that damage the body, mind, or spirit, or that jeopardize relationship integrity.

This story is told to shine a light into the shadow of our collective psyche. Although these 52 scenarios are seemingly idiosyncratic, we believe they are expressions of universal emotions, desires, and primal impulses. I hope that by exploring our personal psyches, others might feel less isolated, and have new possibilities for how they can ethically relate with their own shadows.

Speaking openly about power and violence removes the shame and social stigma, allowing us to behave more rationally and responsibly when dark fantasies arise. By making the unconscious more conscious, I am raising awareness and empowering readers to explore their inner libidinal landscapes.

This material is intended for healing, education, art, and entertainment. This is not an instructional guide or manual. If you are seeking more information on the topics of polyamory, kink, and queer identity, please visit kamaladevi.com for recommended readings and resources.

ACT I

SUBTEXT

Sub·text /'səb-tekst/

Noun

1. the unspoken motivations that are played out by actors
2. an underlying theme in a conversation or script
3. a tool playwrights use to make psychologically complex characters

FRIDAY #1

The Other Woman

“**T**his is awkward,” Damien declares.

Raven pinches his thigh and protests, “It’s only awkward because you keep saying that.”

They are sitting beside each other on this couch, anxiously awaiting Violet’s arrival. “They have sat together on this couch countless times before, but frequently they were half naked, with candles lit, enraptured in conscious touch or conversation. It’s only been a month since they broke up and now Raven is about to meet the woman Damien wants to spend the rest of his life with.

“Actually, this is legitimately awkward. I understand now why monogamous people don’t introduce their exes to their new lovers,” Damien insists.

“Ex? Is that how you think of me?” Raven says, half teasing, half hurt.

“Would you prefer ‘former lover’? That doesn’t fit. My love hasn’t stopped. You know that. There are no words for what we are.” Damien’s hazel eyes reveal deep compassion from beneath his large brow and shaggy red hair. Raven lets out a sigh and melts into a familiar sideways hug. She is a natural beauty who doesn’t usually wear makeup, but has a hint of eyeshadow glistening around her dark eyes tonight.

Damien’s right. There are no words. They’ve spent hours musing on how language is insufficient to express the essence of embodied love. They marveled on the unpredictable nature of life. And now, life has delivered an unimaginable opportunity for growth, named Violet.

At the first knock, Damien springs to the door. Raven stands slightly behind, observing their intimate embrace while holding her breath. Violet enters with a giant jug of honey under her arm. She’s a curvy blonde in a short silky dress. Totally opposite of what Raven had pictured. Violet’s bright, warm smile is positively authentic as she presents Damien with the honey pot, throws her arms around Raven with the enthusiasm of a golden retriever, hugging a little too tightly, and says, “Damien talks about you all the time. He thinks the world of you.”

Raven looks over her shoulder at Damien’s handsome freckled face and censors the impulse to say, “So this is the woman that has taken my place?” Instead, she forces herself to politely say, “I hope I can live up to all that you’ve heard.”

“What is this?” Damien says, unscrewing the massive jug.

“Sorry I kept you waiting, I searched the farmers market for the perfect gift. Then I met a local beekeeper who harvests raw organic honey. There’s plenty to share. Raven, you’ve got to taste this.”

Violet pokes her finger into the jar and holds it up to drizzle off the excess. “Open wide.”

It takes Raven a second to realize Violet’s serious. She brings

her lips close enough to be fed by Violet's sticky-sweet index finger. Once the syrup has touched her tongue Raven realizes the only graceful way to conclude this exchange is by sucking this woman's pointer.

"Your turn, Damien." Violet dips another finger into the pot.

"No thanks," he says, and Violet slowly slips the second finger into her own mouth instead.

"Mmm . . ." She makes a big show, licking both fingers. "Who needs a spoon? This is so good. . . . You know honey never spoils?"

Damien ushers both women to the couch, shaking his head and saying, "You're one of a kind, Vi."

Violet is determined to break the top layer of ice with small talk. "So, Damien tells me that you're an art teacher?"

"Performance art, mostly. Right now, I'm leading a class on monologues. In fact, I'm teaching right after this. But most of my creative energy is going into my one-woman show."

Damien adds, "She runs an experimental theater company. She's writing a piece about sacred prostitution. Some of her radical performances are online. One, in particular, I want you to see." He leaps up to grab his laptop.

Raven turns to Violet, but speaks loudly enough for Damien to hear, "He's nervous about our meeting. He thinks escaping into the computer screen will somehow make this go smoother."

Damien defends himself: "Aren't we all a little nervous?"

"Instead of talking shop," Raven proposes, "how about we have a little heart-to-heart, first?"

Violet sinks back in the couch and says, "I'm in! Where would you normally have a heart-to-heart? I mean, if I weren't here. If it were just the two of you. Would you normally connect here, or in the bedroom?"

Raven speaks slowly, trying to calm everyone down,

especially herself. “Anywhere. The place doesn’t matter. I just want to hear about your hopes and fears.”

“Sounds great,” Violet says. “As long as we still get to watch your videos.”

Damien kneels on the floor in front of Violet and pivots his broad shoulders so he can face them both. “If I’m nervous, it’s only because I care about you both and I don’t want to see either of you get hurt. I especially don’t want to be the cause of that hurt. I wouldn’t have gathered us together like this if Raven didn’t insist it would ease the pain from our . . . I don’t want to call it a breakup, I’d rather reframe it as a phase transition. Also, it’s obvious to me that you both have medicine for each other, I just hope you get time together to discover what that is.”

Raven closes her eyes to take it all in. Upon opening them, she sees the other two staring at her, so she clears her throat and tries not to sound too rehearsed. “I’ve wanted to meet you since the moment Damien said he found his primary partner. Anyone who captured his heart must be extraordinary themselves. I hoped I could continue dating him while you two established your foundation, but I understand that is too much to ask, since you are new to all this. So, in the end, I’m left with a choice. I could surrender to my jealous programming, and resent you for taking Damien from me, or I could turn this around and embrace Damien’s new love and be part of your new life together.”

Violet squeezes both of their hands, looking directly at Raven. “Damien always talks so sweetly about your Monday nights. It sounds so romantic to have a weekly rendezvous. Like it was something stable, something sacred. And I’m sorry Damien had to break it off on my account. I can imagine how painful that is.”

Raven is taken aback by Violet’s candor, and her aim. It was a direct hit to a fresh wound. “Yes. I’m still heartbroken, but I have a husband and other lovers to help me through this.”

Raven tries to deflect the attention to Damien, hoping Violet doesn't notice she is teetering on the edge of tears. "Did he tell you about my husband and my son?"

Violet reassures Raven with her big blue eyes, "He tells me everything. We have an open relationship."

"But not open enough to share him." Raven catches the sharpness in her own tone but isn't able to dial it down.

"I tried to accept your connection," Violet says, "but when he would come back from his weekly dates with you, I felt so conflicted, so unsure, so turned on and yet so turned off all at the same time. I just fell apart. But that was before I met you."

Despite Raven's irrational impulse to flip the coffee table over and run out the door, she leans in. "What do you mean 'fall apart'?"

"I cried buckets, for weeks," Violet says.

"Damien never told me." Raven shoots him a look, only to find he's frozen in some kind of suspended animation.

Violet continues, "I mostly hid it from him, until it got unbearable and I stopped wanting sex. That's when he decided to break it off with you. I'm really sorry. I just don't know how to share him, yet. I still don't understand how it all works."

"Well, you've picked the world's best teacher. I'm sure he'll help you figure it out," Raven says, attempting to help Damien defrost.

Damien thaws enough to offer, "I used to think open relating was an abstract concept, good on paper, not in practice, until I started dating Raven and saw how she was with Nick. Their open marriage embodied my deepest values of truth and freedom. If love doesn't include that, it's not real. It's just possessiveness and neediness masquerading as love."

Raven looks at Violet, who is beaming at her. "I'm genuinely excited about learning." Violet speaks with a childlike en-

thusiasm. “I’m not just opening to make it work with Damien, I’ve always been attracted to a lot of different people and I’m a terrible liar. I want to learn from both of you.”

Damien measures his words carefully before resuming. “I transitioned out of my romantic relationship with you, Raven because I couldn’t keep hurting Violet. A love like ours isn’t defined by romance or sex, it’s deeper than that. By slowing down, I can nurture a more secure attachment with Violet. Eventually, we’ll have a strong enough foundation to explore other lovers. And I’ve told Violet that there’s no foreseeable future in which I go back to being monogamous. That would be a regression, away from my deepest values.”

Violet places her nervous hand on Raven’s thigh, and in an attempt to lighten the mood asks, “Do you want to show me your performance now?”

“You can watch YouTube anywhere, anytime. I wonder if there’s more ground we can cover before I have to go teach my class?” Raven suggests.

Violet massages Raven’s thigh, and with a soft voice suggests, “Maybe there’s something that can only be said with body language?”

“Are you serious?” Raven asks.

Violet bats her eyelashes and looks at both of them. “How else am I going to learn?”

Raven turns to Damien. “Is she for real?”

Damien looks like a deer in headlights. “How about those YouTube videos?”

“I’ve got an idea,” Violet perks up. “We can cuddle on your bed and watch them.”

Raven surrenders, “I’m always down for cuddling.”

They reconvene in Damien’s impeccable room and prop themselves against the headboard with designer pillows. Raven is surprised to see that the meditation candle on Damien’s

dresser is already lit. Lying beside Violet, Raven notices a certain electricity between their bare shoulders.

“Do you have any videos of your one-woman show?” Violet asks, with sincere interest.

“I’m still in rehearsal. But I hope you can come see the show. Live performance is so much better than a video. Besides, something tells me this whole YouTube racket is just a ploy to get us into the bedroom.”

The sound of Violet’s giggles reminds Raven of coins falling into a wishing well. “Oooh. Busted! You’ve got me figured out.”

Raven can’t help but laugh with her.

Damien interrupts to say, “I actually do want Violet to see the one where you tie yourself up and talk about finding sexual liberation through lesbian domination.”

Violet can’t keep her hands from caressing Raven’s soft skin. “I promise to cyberstalk you later, but right now, maybe you could show me how you two would normally connect before I was in the picture?”

“Is she always this flirty?” Raven asks Damien.

“I’m not flirting.” Violet winks. “I just want to know if you’d be wearing this much clothing if I weren’t here?”

“You’re right, you’re not flirty, you’re downright frothy!” Raven teases.

Damien pumps the emergency break. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. Remember how upset you got last time Raven and I were sexual?”

Violet argues, “But I didn’t know her then. I can see now, she has a heart of gold. She’s like a golden girl. She can do no harm.”

“Thanks.” Raven wonders if she’s trembling from being turned on or because she’s upset. “As much as I’d love to take off my clothes and roll around with you both, it would be pretty confusing to my system. The de-escalation with Damien has been hard, I hope you understand.”

“Of course,” Damien says, placing a warm hand on her shoulder.

Violet adds, “I don’t want to confuse anything. I just want to nurture you with some touch. If you take off your bra, I can massage your shoulder blades.”

Blood rushes to Raven’s tender parts, but her olive skin is too tan to blush. “I’m enjoying your touch, but think I better keep my bra on.”

Damien appears relieved to not be the only one governing Violet’s advances, but seems conflicted about something else. “The real reason I wanted Violet to see your Shibari performance is that I thought maybe you could shine some light on the topic of rough sex.”

Raven is mindlessly melting into Violet’s deep-tissue massage, and she responds with a relaxed, “Mmmm-hmm.” Meanwhile, she’s wondering: *How dare he ask me for sex advice for his new lover? How audacious, and yet, how endearingly humble.*

“Violet asked me to dominate her.” Damien pauses and lays his hand on Raven, as if testing for a fever. “I’m sorry if this is too much, but it’s a real dilemma.”

“It’s okay,” Raven says, leaning into the warmth of his palm.

He continues. “Naturally, I want to help her explore her fantasies, but this is an edge for me. Sometimes when she goes down on me, she takes my hand and pushes it on her head. Which feels disrespectful, but the harder I push, the more turned on she gets. It’s irresistible the way she looks up at me and smiles with those big, watery eyes.”

As he speaks, Raven’s mind drifts to the last time wrapped her own lips around his throbbing cock. She flashes on the ecstasy in his face, then her chest is pierced with longing. She breathes into the growing warmth between her own legs and envisions her etheric cock growing hard and hungry to penetrate.

She imagines herself thrusting forcefully into Violet's face. The thrill of Violet's resistance while she drives into her soft mouth. *Take that, Bitch!*

Her private revelry is interrupted by Violet's curiosity. "Damien says you worked with a professional dominatrix, is it true?"

"It's true," Raven says, overwhelmed with the yearning to defile this innocent woman.

"There's so much I want to ask," Violet presses.

"Another time, maybe," Raven says, scrambling to sit up and sort out her feelings. Is she hurt? Is she jealous? All she knows is that she's turned on. "I think I'd better go."

"What's wrong?" Damien asks.

"It's too soon. The seduction is too strong. If I'm going to keep my vow to do no harm . . ." Raven finds her feet and impulsively pecks Damien on the cheek. ". . . I better leave now."

"Is it something I did?" Violet wonders out loud.

"No. You're intriguing, almost irresistible, and maybe if we met in different circumstances it would be a different story, but I need to take a little break from Damien." Raven leans in to hug Violet, who manages to kiss Raven square on the mouth, the warmth of which lingers on her soft lips long after she darts out the door.

FRIDAY #2

Teacup in the Temple

Violet shows up uninvited and unannounced to an old church in the queer neighborhood of San Diego, where Raven's performance art class is in progress. On the door, directly under a faded rainbow sticker, a brass shingle reads: THE BAREFOOT AND PREGNANT THEATER. The building is in dire need of a paint job, but even with the combined income from benefactors, ticket sales, and acting classes, Raven is barely breaking even.

Violet seamlessly blends in with a couple dozen students who are selecting audition sides and running lines.

From the third row, Raven listens and critiques each student's monologue. She does her best not to look offended when "Big Mike," a longtime student, recites the famous "You complete me" monologue from *Jerry Maguire*.

After the class applauds, Raven confesses her intolerance for

the codependent monogamous propaganda. “I would hate to see any of you blow an audition because of poor content selection. Know your audience. Who are you trying to touch? Even if it’s just an audition. You don’t want to offend a casting director by performing the wrong piece!”

“I was going for dramatic irony,” Big Mike says in defense.

Raven softens her tone. “While I celebrate your taking an artistic risk, I’d hate to see it backfire. In any case, there were several sweet moments during your delivery where I felt raw emotion. I want more of that.” His body relaxes as the class applauds and he steps offstage.

Raven sighs as she pinches the bridge of her nose and then addresses the class. “I’m sorry. The monologue struck a personal chord.” She composes herself for the next monologue by crossing her legs and announcing, “I’ll try not to let my own biases color my critiques. Who’s next?”

Violet steps onstage. It takes Raven a moment to realize the stunning young woman in a short blue skirt is Damien’s new partner. Raven strains to maintain her professionalism as she calls out from the front row, “Welcome. State your name.”

“My name is Violet West,” she says, visibly nervous.

“Great. Show us what you’ve got.” Raven clears her throat in an attempt to discharge her unexpected but undeniable attraction.

“I’ll be reading a poem by Sandra Cisneros, entitled: ‘Down There.’”

Without hesitation, Violet launches into a classic piece about menstrual blood written by one of Raven’s feminist idols. While listening, Raven can’t help but wonder whether Violet is bleeding, and if so, whether her panties are cotton or lace. When the selection ends, the audience is stunned. Violet doesn’t know how to bow. The delayed applause includes catcalls from a few of the lesbians in Raven’s troupe.

Since Violet is new, Raven spares the critique and says: “Nice work.” Then adds, “I want to see more from you.”

“Is that it?” Violet exhales as if she were bracing for criticism.

“For now,” Raven says sternly.

“Can I talk to you after class?” Violet presses.

“Fine,” Raven responds, suppressing her teacher’s-pet fantasy. “Let’s hear it for Violet.”

On the second applause, Violet steps offstage.

After the final performance, Raven closes the class with director’s notes. “After memorizing the text, you can add layers by using subtle body language and vocal intonations to convey what is not being said. I want everyone ‘off book’ next week so we can really start performing.” She glances at her trusty tom-boy watch, then offers to preview a teaser from her upcoming show, for students who are willing to stay after class. The room erupts into enthusiastic applause.

Raven steps center stage and says, “I know I tell you not to disclaim your work, but the teacher doesn’t always follow her own rules. As you know, my show is called *The Sacred Slut Series*. It’s a collection of personal narratives that culminate in a tribute piece to Annie Sprinkle’s work, *The Legend of the Sacred Prostitute*, from her historic show *Post Porn Modernist*, which toured internationally for five years and is controversial because the final scene had a sex-magic ritual that included self-pleasuring. I’ll give you a glimpse of the prelude I wrote leading up to the climactic scene.”

After a few breaths, Raven’s smile becomes bigger, her voice becomes higher, and she somehow grows taller as she plays Annie Sprinkle:

“Did I have a real orgasm? That’s what everyone wants to know. Did I fake my orgasm? Why people are so hung up on this point is rather amusing. It is not about orgasm. The ritual is

about re-creating the feel of the ancient temples, entering a state of ecstasy to bring prayers to the Divine.

“Let me address the orgasm question once and for all. I see no point in faking an orgasm, and I never did. Keep in mind I have a more expanded concept of orgasm than most folks. With the use of the cool crystal dildo, I almost always had a vaginal, cervical, or G-spot orgasm. I also usually had some kind of breath or energy orgasm. About half the time, I had a clitoral orgasm, and a third of the time I had a clitoral climax. For me the two are different. I experience clitoral orgasms as smallish orgasms that radiate through the pelvis, and clitoral climaxes are much more intense, starting in the clit, radiating throughout the pelvis, then shooting through the entire torso and out the top of my head. Usually, it results in moans or screams. On approximately a dozen occasions, I’d have what I call a full-body-mega-kundalinigasm, where ecstasy-electricity streamed through my entire body for several minutes. Let me tell you, nothing makes a girl feel more like a real Goddess than a mega-kundalinigasm!

“Sometimes my orgasms were subtle, and sometimes my battery was empty and I had no orgasm at all. Those times were an important part of the whole and made the performances all the more interesting and challenging.”

Raven steps to the edge of the stage, drops her smile, and lowers her voice. “Isn’t that what great art is? Finding something that touches your heart, but confronts you to the core? It stretches your limited sense of self so you’re forced to grow.

“So I’d ask myself, what do I need to do to be ready for this ritual? What do I need to let go of? Then I realized, I just need to step out of my own way.”

Raven slowly reaches up her skirt and with a single movement pulls her panties down her thighs, stepping out of them one leg at a time. She bows. The room is silent as the church it once was.

Her students are shocked but supportive. She picks up her panties, bows again, and announces, “Please take flyers to pass out and post in public places. The show is a month away, and only running for a week!”

As Raven makes her way offstage, Violet corners her. “Do you have a minute?”

“What did you want to talk about?” Raven says, gazing into Violet’s eyes, momentarily lost in a cloudless sky.

“Nothing in particular.” Violet plays coy. “I just wanted a little attention from you. I watched your YouTube videos, all of them. I didn’t want to stop,” Violet says, casting herself in the role of teacher’s pet from Raven’s fantasy.

Raven forces herself to look away and stacks her flyers. “What are you really doing here?” Raven asks.

“I want to get to know you. I wonder what our connection would be without Damien,” Violet admits.

After a deep breath, Raven says, “Sorry to leave so abruptly last week.”

Violet drapes the sensual curves of her body against the end of the stage. “Me too. I didn’t want it to end on that note, so I came here tonight to make it right.”

The old double doors in the back squeal and slam every time a student exits. Suddenly they become starkly aware that the last student has left. They’re in the theater alone, together.

“I was thinking about how hard it must be for you to not be seeing Damien on Monday nights anymore.”

“Pause right there.” Raven winces and instinctively pivots away from Violet. “Give me a moment...” She finds herself facing the concession stand, staring at the cups, and blurts: “Want tea?”

“Yes, please,” Violet says.

Raven manages to escape her emotional storm by washing two clay mugs in the theater sink.

“I heard what you said to the class about the ‘You complete me’ speech. I can only imagine what you’re going through.”

Raven pauses her dishwashing when she feels a piercing ache in her low back. She remembers Damien’s promise that his love would never stop, it would just run underground, like groundwater.

“He’s been one of the great loves of my life,” Raven says. She dries the mugs, pours the hot tea, and delivers a cup to Violet in the first row, where they both sit quietly blowing on their tea.

“What’s happening with your lower back?”

Raven realizes that she’s been fussing with her left hip while waiting for her tea to cool.

“It’s nothing; I overextended my sacrum during rehearsal, but I have to keep rehearsing, so it’s becoming chronic.” She doesn’t know how long she can remain polite.

Violet lays her hand on Raven’s hip, gently. “I do massage, you know?”

“I remember. And yoga. and pole dancing. Damien is very lucky to have found you.”

“He adores you too.”

Violet invites Raven to lie across the stage so she can work on her sacrum, reassuring her, “It’s a purely professional offer.”

“It better be.” Raven lies with her face pressed in a mat, in front of an empty audience, ruminating: *Why is this woman so persistent? I should be mad at her. Why does she smell like strawberries? If her fingers weren’t so damn skilled, I would kick her out of my theater, right now.*

While Violet works the tender ridge of Raven’s ass, Raven surveys her set design. There is an eight-foot flat painted with the Taj Mahal, a full-length mirror on wheels, and a makeup table covered with wigs. In the far corner of the stage, there is

a massive altar with a golden Buddha surrounded by a variety of exotic sex toys. For Raven, the theater is a special space; a sort of sacred temple. Her eyes linger on the futon in the corner, imagining how Violet's naked body would feel against it.

"Is this the set for *The Sacred Slut Show*?" Violet asks.

"Mmm-hmmm . . ." Raven says, enjoying the perfect pressure on her bottom.

"Your temple is so familiar, yet so foreign. It reminds me of a yoga cult I used to teach at, except the guru didn't have your erotic twist."

After several long strokes, Violet digs in. "When we met, I thought I'd feel competitive, but I don't feel that at all. I have a strange feeling that you can do no harm, you're glorious, like this golden Buddha."

Violet suddenly spies an eight-inch phallus prominently displayed in the center of the altar.

"Is that the cool crystal cock you talked about in your monologue? Is it real crystal? Is that what you'll use to masturbate onstage?"

Raven nods to each of Violet's questions.

Violet's touch seems to have become intimate, and is now filling Raven with arousal.

"Do you want to flip over so I can work on your pelvis?" Violet asks innocently, which somehow overloads Raven's circuit breaker, firing up her defense system. She rolls over swiftly and lands a firm hand on Violet's upper thigh.

"No. I better get back to rehearsing," Raven says sharply, pushing herself up. "You've got amazing hands, but it's late. I've got a lot to do."

"Did I do something wrong?" Violet asks.

Raven doesn't answer.

Violet backs off. "Okay. I understand. But I want to keep coming. I've always wanted to take acting lessons. Is that okay?"

“You could use direction,” Raven blurts. “I mean, you have potential. As long as we can keep our roles clear.”

Violet is ecstatic at the prospect of continuing her connection with Raven and exclaims, “You’re the teacher. When I’m in class, I’ll follow your direction.”

Raven smiles and walks Violet to the door. They fall into a good-bye hug, which melts, then lingers. Neither wants to pull away. Violet’s hand slides down Raven’s back to her hips.

“How’s your sacrum now?” Violet asks.

“Better.”

“I’d be happy to get my hands on you, anytime, Mistress Raven.”

Raven releases a breath. “I’ve got work to do.”

“Are you going to rehearse the self-pleasuring scene?”

“Good night, Violet.” She opens the squeaky door and watches Violet walk out into the cool dark night.

Raven walks dreamily through her theater, picking up papers and props from the class. She dims the house until only the ghost light is left. Ritualistically, Raven begins lighting each meditation candle at Buddha’s feet while reciting a Pagan prayer: “By the North which is her body, by the East which is her breath, by the South which is the bright light of her spirit, and the West which holds the waters of her womb . . .”

Raven breathes deeply and envisions a full audience. She runs her hands up the length of her torso, lingering on her breasts. She imagines a drummer, as she moves energy up her spine and pumps her pelvis to the rhythm of her breath.

With eyes closed, she remembers the feel of Violet’s hands massaging her inner thighs. Then she flashes on Violet’s short skirt and thinks how easy it would be to lift the blue fabric and reveal more of her mystery.

Raven returns to her lines while rubbing coconut oil on her

sacred crystal cock. Her mind becomes a salad of images: Violet's adept fingers, blonde hair, and heart-shaped lips.

Raven is simultaneously aware of how she longs for Damien's embrace. The loss of his warmth overwhelms her with sobs. She cups the crystal wand, holds it to her heart, and surrenders to her grief.

At that moment, the door swings open and Violet calls, "Raven? Oh, Mistress Raven."

Raven stops crying and quickly sets the crystal dildo down.

Violet makes her way down the aisle of the dark house to say, "I'm sorry. I would've called, but I don't have your number."

Raven has already dried her tears, but her voice breaks when she says, "It's okay, what did you forget?"

"Your teacup. I left it on the stage."

"You came back for a stupid teacup?"

"I didn't want you to think I'm a slob. I wouldn't have been able to sleep. Let me wash it." At this point, Violet notices Raven's swollen eyes and the buoyancy drains from her voice.

"Have you been crying?"

Trembling, Raven struggles to hold back a stream of tears, but Violet's comforting caresses are already all over Raven's body.

"I just miss him."

"Of course you do," Violet says, comforting her new friend as they sit silently in the glow of the candlelight. "Are you mad at me?"

"Not anymore. I used to be, but that was before we met. You're so sweet. Who could stay mad at you?"

"I wish I could do something to make you feel better. I mean, it's my fault."

Raven goes for sarcasm. "Yeah, but what am I going to do, punish you?"

“If that would make you feel better. I’d do anything to help you, right now.” Violet looks directly into Raven’s eyes and says tenderly, “Maybe I deserve to be punished.”

Raven tries to laugh it off but knows she’s not kidding.

“You can take it out on my ass. I mean it.” Violet pleads.

Raven sobers up. “Really? Are you up for a little spanking?”

“It’s the least I can do, after taking your boyfriend,” Violet urges.

Raven situates herself on the futon and directs Violet to drape her body across her lap, so that their crotches are close together, but not touching. “Lie here. Facedown.”

Raven rolls up her sleeves and rubs her hands together while saying, “Look, we’ve never done this before, so you have my full permission to say Yellow, if you need me to slow down, or Red, if you need me to stop. Okay?”

“What about Green—if I want more?”

“Smart-ass!” Raven is smiling as she peels up Violet’s skirt and is delighted to find a matching blue thong wedged in the crack of her developed gluteus muscles. Raven begins by rubbing her warm hands against Violet’s cool bubble butt.

“I’m ready,” says Violet.

In a deep voice Raven teases, “So, this is going to hurt you more than it hurts me,” and she starts with little rhythmic taps to bring blood to the surface.

“I have a high threshold for pain,” Violet says, encouraging Raven to hit harder.

“Good. You’re going to need it.” Raven lightly tickles Violet’s asscheeks and notices little goose bumps forming on the surface.

Slap! Slap! “This is for taking my boyfriend.”

Slap! Slap! “This is for being so fucking cute.”

Slap! Slap! “And young.”

Violet giggles.

SLAP! SLAP! “This is for not knowing how to share.”

SLAP! SLAP! “I had a good thing going with Damien, and then you showed up with your short skirts and unbelievable ass, and you pulled us apart.”

SLAP! SLAP! “You knew that he was dating two other women when he met you. He dropped them when he started seeing you.”

SLAP! SLAP! “You probably loved getting him all to yourself.”

Violet protests, “No. Actually, I didn’t.”

SLAP! SLAP! “Who said you could talk back?”

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Spanking has an impact like penetration. Each shock is a thrust of Raven’s sexual power. Violet undulates her pelvis and wordlessly begs for more.

“This is for pretending to be all innocent when you are clearly enjoying this.” *SLAP! SLAP!*

“This is not for anything you did, but because you are a great little whipping girl.” *SLAP! SLAP!*

Raven strokes her rosy ass and savors how vital and ecstatic she feels. The pocket of space between the two women’s crotches seems to shrink in size.

Raven vigorously rubs Violet’s ass to distribute the sensation. “Did I hurt you?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Violet says with obvious pleasure in her voice. “And I loved it.”

“You want more?”

“Yes, please,” Violet confesses breathlessly.

“Good.” *SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!*

“That’s for enjoying yourself.” *SLAP! SLAP!*

With every slap, Raven’s hand grows hotter, and the blood rushes between her legs as if she’s growing an erection.

Violet reaches around to massage Raven’s thighs. Raven stops spanking and removes Violet’s hands.

SLAP! SLAP! “That’s for grabbing at me like a bitch in heat.”

Violet explodes with more giggles. Raven realizes how deeply willing she is. There is nothing stopping Raven from rolling Violet over and fucking her on the stage. In order to resist her impulse to grab the crystal cock from the altar and use it on Violet, now, Raven decides to busy her hands with a continued rhythm of vigorous spanking.

SLAP! SLAP! “And this is for showing up to my class uninvited.”

SLAP! SLAP! “And seducing me with that sexy poem.”

Raven slows her spanking and lightly caresses Violet’s sensitive behind.

“There. Now I feel so much better. I’m going to put your bottom away and you’re going to leave here without any after-care!”

Violet slowly adjusts herself as she stands up. “Can I kiss you?” Violet asks as she moves toward a hug.

“No. You don’t even deserve a hug. I hope you’re satisfied with yourself. I expect to see you next Friday.” Raven pulls away. “And take your damn teacup.”

FRIDAY #3

On Neutral Grounds

There's a gay-owned café a block from the Barefoot and Pregnant Theater. Violet arrives in a formfitting black dress and a strand of pearls. She savors the smell of burnt coffee beans, admires the decadent collection of cupcakes in the display case, and wishes she knew what Raven likes so she could have it waiting when she arrives.

She finds a table near the window and peers at the faint reflection of her hair arranged in a French twist. She's wearing heavy eyeliner that turns up in the corners like the eyes of a feral cat. She carries a clutch handbag containing silk gloves to wear during her monologue, later. At 5:00 p.m. she wonders if Raven has changed her mind about coming. Violet laughs at the irony of being stood up in her femme fatale costume.

At 5:08 Raven turns the corner and greets one of the store

owners before seeing Violet, who stands to plant a European kiss on both cheeks. Raven tolerates the formality.

“Your greeting goes with the costume.”

“You mean this old thing?” Violet says, patting her hairdo. “I thought it would add subtext to my feminist poem.”

“You look like a high-class Parisian hooker.”

“Even better.”

Smiling, Raven shakes her head. “You look stunning, like a seductress.” Violet swoons and they indulge in a moment of mutual adoration.

In a flash, it’s gone. Raven seems clouded by the weight of what she has come to say. She clears her throat and leans forward, getting down to business. “Thanks for meeting before class.”

“I’m surprised you invited me out, in public no less. It tells me you aren’t ashamed of what you did to me last week.”

“Oh, I meant to ask, was your ass sore?”

“Yes, but it was worth it. You can go harder on me next time.” Violet winks and simultaneously shoots a finger gun.

Raven heads her off at the pass. “Look, about next time, I’ve been thinking there’s a lot at stake and . . .”

A waiter with red suspenders interrupts to ask Raven if she wants her “usual.” Violet takes note that Raven ordered a dirty chai latte.

Raven continues, “I’ve got a big show coming up and my hands are full. I can’t have new distractions right now. I’m sorry.”

Violet’s smile doesn’t waver. She shrugs and says, “No problem, I’m not interested in distracting you. I want to be an inspiration. Your show is about the Sacred Slut, right? Even a Sacred Slut needs a little study break.”

Raven upturns her head with closed eyes, releasing an audible breath. “Look, it was hot, and I’ll admit in a twisted way, it shifted how I feel about Damien. It healed something, but you’re his girlfriend now, and I can’t rebound from him to you.”

“I talked to him about our chemistry and the spanking scene. He thinks you’re good for me. He says there are things you can teach me that he can’t. Not just because you’re a woman, but because you’re you.”

Raven shakes her head. “It’s too complicated. This can’t continue.”

Violet feels like something precious is being ripped out of her grasp. “So that’s it? You’re ending it before it starts? You asked me out to this cute little café so that you can break up with me on our first date?”

Raven softens her tone. “This isn’t meant to be a date, I just wanted to meet you on neutral ground, so we would keep our hands off each other. Otherwise, I don’t think I could see the situation rationally.”

Violet approaches from a new angle. “You don’t need to be rational, I know you’re still heartbroken. I just want to ease your loss while getting to know you better.” She places her arm on Raven’s arm and feels the warmth between them. “Maybe if we got together for a few hours each week, you could cry on my shoulder until you don’t miss him anymore.”

“Tempting, but things could get complicated real quick. I want to be clear, not cruel, and the truth is, I don’t have the bandwidth to take on any new projects. If it weren’t for my show, believe me, I’d love to take you on, but I have no business dating a monogamous, straight woman.”

“See that’s where you’re wrong. I may be new to polyamory, but I’m not straight.”

Raven is clearly taken aback. “I just assumed that when you said you were new to all this, you meant . . .”

“I came out as bi when I was sixteen. My big brother used to hang out with the neighborhood tomboy. She was rather butch. She wore camouflage pants and combat boots and shaved the back of her head. She pulled her hair into a ponytail just to

show it off. I'm not sure if I had a crush on her, or if I wanted to be her.

“One night, we stayed up late watching TV. My brother fell asleep, so I asked her to tuck me in. When we got to my room, I undressed and jumped between the sheets and asked her to kiss me good night.”

Raven leans in, her palm naturally moving to Violet's thigh. “Did she?”

“I kissed her, open mouth, giving her permission to kiss me everywhere. She planted one on each nipple and a quick peck on my pussy. I asked if I could do the same to her. She pulled her pants halfway down and pushed her pussy into my face. I just stuck my tongue between her legs.

“Afterward, I told her it was my first time and she said, ‘Yeah I can tell,’ then left.

“But I couldn't sleep . . . my ego was bruised. Later that week, I got up the courage to ask for a do-over. I knew her parents were out, so I went over to her house when she was already in bed, and I flung the covers off and found her wearing white cotton panties. I said, ‘I want you to teach me how to go down on you.’ She said, ‘I'm sleeping,’ but I was determined. I pulled off her panties and threw them on the ground. She was like, ‘Go slow.’ She taught me to put my hand on her clit as I slowly sipped my finger inside her.

“She started grinding on my hand and the next thing I knew she was cumming. I was shocked at how fast it was. I thought, *this is what it must feel like for guys.*”

“Then what happened?” Raven pleaded.

“I wanted to tell the world. I came home and told my mom, ‘I'm bisexual,’ and she said, ‘No you're not.’ And I'm like, ‘Yes, I am. I can prove it,’ and I showed her my new hicky, and she's like, ‘I don't like anyone doing that to you, whether it's a guy or a girl.’ Then I announced to my girlfriends: ‘I'm bi.’ But I didn't

get down with any girls for a long time afterward. I've always wanted to be with a more experienced woman, like you." Violet squeezes Raven's thigh. "So you're not going to get rid of me that easily."

Raven can't hide her smile as she announces, "And with that, I'm going to the powder room."

Violet sits for a moment with her legs crossed . . . bouncing . . . feeling the pressure on her engorged clit. . . . Unsatisfied, she follows Raven to the bathroom.

For a gay-owned coffee shop, the decorations are unremarkable. It has one sink, two stalls, and it smells like cheap disinfectant. At least it's clean. It has a high ceiling with a little skylight where you can see a single branch with one little leaf waving in the breeze.

"Raven?"

"I'm peeing."

"Don't mind me. I didn't follow you in here, or anything," Violet lies. She turns on the water and watches the branch whip around like a flag.

Raven steps out, pants still unzipped, to find Violet rubbing her hands under the water. Raven approaches the sink, but Violet makes no attempt to move out of the way. Raven presses her body against Violet's curvy back, reaching around and adding her hands to the flowing stream. Watching over Violet's shoulder, she plays with the webbing of Violet's fingers. Violet marvels at the sensation of touch under water, then turns her face to question Raven, feeling like captive prey, before they melt into their first kiss. Raven pins Violet against the wall, a leg between her thighs. They are kissing, the water is still running, and they are still in a second-rate bathroom.

"It feels sorta dirty, doesn't it?" Violet whispers in a trance.

Raven laughs. "I was too turned on to pee." Raven breaks the embrace and returns to the stall.

Violet finally turns off the faucet and says, “Don’t mind me, it’s not like I’m listening.” She takes a brown paper towel from the dispenser and makes a production of drying her damp hands.

“Don’t distract me,” Raven says, but her laughter betrays her.

“Are you pee-shy?”

Then, Violet hears Raven’s urine and visualizes a golden stream spraying into the bowl from between her nether lips. She reaches into her clutch and pulls out the satin gloves.

“I brought gloves for tonight’s class.” She stuffs her slender fingers into one of them, smoothing it up to her elbow, then reaches under the door to wave to Raven. “Do you think they’re too much?”

“Go away,” Raven insists.

Violet pulls her other glove on. The peeing stops. She drops to her belly and pokes her head up into the stall . . .

“Crazy woman, what are you doing?” Raven exclaims through an undeniable smile. Violet slithers in her low-cut dress under the door. Her pearl necklace is a surreal contrast with the bathroom tiles.

“Get in here before someone sees you.” Raven moves out of Violet’s way and helps her stand up.

“Who’s going to see me? We have total privacy.”

They kiss again, and the walls of the bathroom dissolve. Raven hikes Violet’s dress up and guides her onto the toilet seat. Her fingers are blocked by Violet’s hosiery. “Seriously, woman, what are you wearing?”

Raven scrapes her teeth against Violet’s thigh until she has a hole large enough to rip with her finger. She can’t seem to get to her pussy fast enough. Her kissing becomes sloppy as she struggles to get under Violet’s panties, but as soon as she touches her tunnel . . . time stops. There is silence inside.

Violet utterly surrenders to Raven's touch, moving to the rhythm that makes the world go round. Raven's fingers feel timeless, filled with light and consciousness. A massive wave overtakes them both, then somehow delivers them safely to shore.

Suddenly, they are back in the bathroom, and Raven slowly withdraws her hand. Violet holds Raven's head to her heart and strokes her hair. She thinks she hears Raven weeping but doesn't need to know what it means.

Eventually, their bodies separate, but there is no real separation.

Raven says, "I'll get the door, unless you want to go out the way you came in?"

They giggle like schoolgirls spilling into the once-cramped bathroom, now transformed into something monumental.

"Do you think my ripped panty hose will add subtext to my monologue?"

"You better behave during my class tonight."

"I'll save my flirtations for when we're alone. How's next Friday?"

"It's a date," Raven says with a kiss.

FRIDAY #4

Raven's Nest

Nervous about Violet's visit, Raven rushes around, picking up laundry, toys, and other landmines left by her six-year-old. She's not ashamed of the mess but wants to make a good impression on her new lover. Having already straightened the pillows and props in the playroom, she tidies the entrance until the doorbell rings.

Violet plants a kiss on Raven's lips before slipping off her shoes. Raven admires her white knee-high stockings, which compliment her short pink sundress.

"I thought we'd hang out in my playroom, around back."

"Oooh, playroom." Violet raises an eyebrow.

"Don't get excited, it's not a dungeon or anything. Nick converted the garage into a rehearsal space before we had the theater. Now I use it to work on the show."

"Can I get a private performance?"

“I was hoping to get a little break from all things show related,” Raven says, running her hand through her hair.

Violet takes her eyes off Raven long enough to look around the house. “Is your husband home?”

“You want to meet Nick? He’s doing his own rehearsing right now.”

Violet raises her eyebrows. “What does he do?”

“He’s a multi-instrumentalist, but I think I hear his guitar.” Raven leads Violet through a hallway toward the muffled music. She cracks the door. “Honey . . . Violet’s here.” She swings it wide to reveal a muscular man perched on the bed, arms wrapped around an acoustic axe, straining his voice into a falsetto. He finishes the chorus before he stops strumming and smiles at the two women.

“Great voice,” Violet exclaims.

“It’s a new song, I’m working out the kinks.”

Raven greets her man with a casual peck on his forehead. “This is the woman I’ve been telling you about.”

“Uh-oh. What exactly has she told you?” Violet flirts.

Nick offers his hand from the guitar. “I hear you’re the teacher’s pet.”

“I had so much fun in the last two classes . . .” Violet says, smiling.

“And out of class . . .” Raven adds suggestively.

“Any big plans today?” Nick asks.

“I need a little rehearsal break, we’ll be in the playroom,” Raven says.

“And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why I wish I were gay...” Nick strums his guitar for emphasis as if he were making a joke onstage.

Violet takes the bait. “You mean you wish you were a lesbian?”

“No, dating women is too complicated. I wish I could go to

a gay gym and see someone for a few seconds, and take them to the sauna for sex. I'm just not into guys."

"Imagine how out of shape you'd be if you were always having sex instead of working out," Raven teases.

Nick lowers his voice like he's telling Violet a secret. "The truth is, the gym is just an excuse to check out chicks. Having sex is how I actually keep my body in shape."

Violet is charmed by the whole exchange. "It's great to see you two so open with each other."

"After ten years of living with this Sacred Slut, you kind of have to be," Nick jokes. Raven playfully squeezes Nick's pectorals, and he takes it as the cue that they're leaving. "Tell Damien I miss seeing him on Mondays."

Violet says, "Oh, I almost forgot, he sends his love to you too."

"Tell him he's always welcome."

Raven interrupts, "Sorry, Nick. It's probably going to be a while before I'm ready to see him."

"That's cool. I just thought when you're ready, we could double date... Anyway, tell him I miss him."

Violet nods and follows Raven through the backyard, crunching dry leaves as they walk across the lawn to a separate building behind the house.

Inside, the walls of the playroom are painted like a sunset. The room is filled with colorful pillows and movable furniture. There is a bean bag, several blocks, a night table, and a chaise lounge that looks like a therapy couch. Violet's attention is drawn directly to the futon. After surveying the space for the most suitable place to recline, Violet doesn't just sit on the futon, her body becomes one with it.

"Your hubby is lovely. It's refreshing to hear how he supports you. I guess most men would be stoked about their wives being bisexual, but they would probably ask, 'Can I watch?'"

Raven closes the door to the outside world and says, “My sexuality is not some performance for anyone else’s pleasure, and he knows it.”

“Says the woman who is about to masturbate onstage,” Violet teases.

“It’s NOT masturbation!” Raven’s tone is sharper than she intended. “That’s been a trigger.” She rubs the bridge of her nose and slows down to say, “*The Legend of the Ancient Sacred Prostitute* is actually a deeply devotional piece. Whether anyone gets it or not...my intention is to transmit a prayer.”

Violet pats the mattress beside her. “Lie here. Let me help you relax.”

Raven collapses with a big exhale, grateful for the safety and comfort of this strange creature’s touch.

“I’m sorry, this show is all I’ve been eating, sleeping, and dreaming for months.”

Violet repositions her body so she can reach under Raven’s shoulders, trace her hands along her neck, and cradle her head.

“I’ve seen too many self-indulgent one-woman shows. I don’t want to turn myself inside out and have people walking out scratching their heads wondering: ‘what the fuck was that?’ This is not just a show, it’s a ritual. I want people to go into a trance, using breath, movement, and sound, so they can access their own ecstasy.”

Violet listens quietly and continues with the therapeutic massage.

“If this ritual is performed properly, it’s not just for the audience, but for our ancestors. I’m doing this show for all the sexual outcasts, for all the perverts and pioneers. I’m doing it for men and women that were branded as witches and devil worshipers. I’m also doing it for the sad housewives who don’t know how not to go numb in their girl parts. I’m doing it for the collective.”

Violet's expert hands are rocking Raven's body. It feels shamanic—like she's shaking off lifetimes of trauma.

"I want to surrender to the Goddess and let her perform through me."

Suddenly, Violet's lips are on Raven's mouth. Raven is startled and she gasps. They're holding still, lips locked, breathing into each other's mouths.

Violet pulls away, saying, "I couldn't help it, I find you crazy attractive. Like a turbulent river, and I want to dive in."

Raven throws Violet down in a move that sharply says: *You've had your hands on me long enough.* Raven drags her flat palms over the length of Violet's body. Slowly slipping Violet's stockings off, Raven kneels between her ankles and parts her legs wide. Violet props her head on the pillow to watch Raven massaging up her legs. Raven is kneading, pinching, and rolling Violet's soft inner thighs, which are undulating from pure pleasure. A confused little sound escapes Violet's lips, but Raven cuts her off. "Don't speak."

Raven lifts up the bottom half of Violet's dress, revealing lacy white panties. She exposes Violet's breasts by pulling her dress all the way up, tucking the skirt under Violet's armpits as if securing her with rope. "Don't move . . ."

Slowly she slides her palms to cup Violet's tender breasts, strategically trapping a nipple between her index and middle finger. Gradually, she increases the pressure until Violet squeals loudly.

"Careful, they're sensitive."

Raven continues down to the top of Violet's underwear, which she slides skillfully off. Raven positions her face a few inches from Violet's sex. Her pussy is bare, and the skin is lighter than the rest of her body.

"I want to look at your yoni."

"Yoni?"

“What do you call it?”

“My flower?”

“Well then, I want to adore your flower.”

Raven’s face is so close she can smell the nectar. She wants to press her face closer but maintains distance—even when Violet thrusts her hips toward Raven’s mouth, Raven pulls away to increase the anticipation. After a moment, she sucks her first two fingers slowly and strokes Violet’s outer lips with a light tickling, teasing touch. After repeated strokes, Violet’s lower lips begin to open. Raven is in rapture watching her lover’s petals unfurl.

“Haven’t you seen enough?”

“Keep breathing . . . I want to smell you.”

“This is uncomfortable,” Violet says, revealing her insecurity.

“Relax,” Raven whispers. “You’re beautiful.”

Both women deepen their breath, and Raven notices Violet’s yoni transform slowly under her gaze. Eventually, the color darkens as the blood rushes in. She is particularly curious about Violet’s long hood and orchid-like folds . . .

“Come kiss me, already!”

“I’m hypnotized by your beauty,” Raven says.

“I mean it,” Violet insists.

“Fine, but I’m not done here.” Raven slowly hovers over Violet’s body and teases her mouth a few times before surrendering to a kiss. As they continue, Violet relaxes into an embrace, and Raven sees the sharp contrast: Violet has been tense this whole time.

“Why are you so resistant?” Raven asks.

“It’s like there’s a little girl inside that wishes she met you years ago.”

“Hopefully not too long ago, or this would have been illegal.” More kisses.

“I know you want me to relax and enjoy, but it doesn’t do it for me.”

“It’s not for you, it’s for me,” Raven retorts.

“Well, that makes it a little easier,” Violet admits, “but you’ve touched me so deeply in so many ways. I can’t wait to touch you.”

Raven withdraws her lips and says, “It’s getting late.”

Violet pulls her back in. “You’ve been so generous with my body, I want to thank you somehow.”

“The pleasure is mutual. You don’t need to thank me. The worst thing we could do at this early stage is start keeping a scoreboard. I take pleasure in pleasing you, but I’m particular about how I like to be touched. We’ll get there soon. For now, your job is to let me know your preferences and aversions. Like yoni gazing: thanks for letting me know it isn’t your thing. I’ll keep exploring other things.”

“You want to know what makes me cum?” Violet asks.

Raven’s hands become still around Violet’s hips. She listens with rapt attention.

“Fantasy. Tell me a story, with juicy details,” exclaims Violet.

Raven squints and searches Violet’s face. “What kind of stories?”

“Anything, I’m easy. Like tell me about your first time with a girl, since I already told you mine.”

“Well...” Raven smiles and walks her first and second fingers down Violet’s body as if flipping through the pages of her memory, landing firmly on Violet’s mons. “I grew up in a theater family, so gay and lesbian issues were standard talk around the dinner table. I fell in love with my best friend in high school.”

Raven pauses to tune into the warmth and wetness of Violet’s pussy. Violet lets out a little moan, her body obviously loving the hands-on storytelling.

“One night we were having a sleepover and got buzzed on miniature bottles of Wild Turkey and started fooling around under the covers. She reached over and grabbed my nipple, so I leaned in and kissed her. She got turned on and pulled me on top, and I started poking around to get into her panties. Eventually, she passed out. Looking back, we shouldn’t have done it, but I didn’t have any context for consent, back then. Neither did she. We woke up when the sky started turning blue. She felt up my boobs, so I shoved my hand down her panties, and this time I found my way inside. She moaned and squeezed her legs around me so hard I thought I was hurting her, but I couldn’t stop myself. I felt so powerful penetrating her.”

“Mmm-hmmm . . . then what happens?” Violet said, riding Raven’s fingers in her own orgasmic trance.

“Even now, when I’m inside you, my heart gets so big, I imagine penetrating you with my desire and watching you become powerless. I feel like a teenage boy with raging hormones. I just want to pin you down and turn you inside out.”

Violet is so revved up that she lifts her pelvis off the mattress to increase the rhythm. Raven’s hand is playing hide and seek, in and out, peekaboo. The flow between them is effortless, free, fun. They’re kids again. Raven hears an echo of children calling out “Olly Olly oxen free” in the neighborhood cul-de-sac... Violet’s whole body shudders and lands in stillness, breathing hard in Raven’s arms.

Breathless, Violet says, “It’s like you were inside my head.”

Raven smiles. “Your body language is so clear.”

Violet lets out a moan and squeezes Raven with all her strength. “Thank you. I feel so close to you. I want to do something for you.”

“There’s something you should know. After I was with my best friend, for many years, I used to consider myself a stone butch.”

“What’s that?”

“A lesbian who is exclusively a top. You know, the one who prefers giving the pleasure. When I was in college I went through a phase where nothing went inside me. I didn’t think of my yoni as a place to be penetrated, but that didn’t stop me from wanting to penetrate others. There’s a stereotype that stone butch women are gender confused because they were hurt or have trauma. But I’ve never been raped or molested and I love being in a woman’s body, although, in my head, I’ll admit I see myself as a six-foot Amazonian woman with big bones. Sometimes I’ll catch a glimpse of myself in a mirror and I’ll think, who the fuck is that?”

“So you don’t want me to penetrate you?” Violet checks.

“I’m just telling you this so you know it’s sensitive for me. I’m not stone butch anymore, but I still prefer being on top.”

“When did it change?”

“When I fell in love with Nick and I wanted to get as close to him as our bodies would allow.”

“And Damien?”

“Yes, when I trust someone and when they’re really present with me, then my body opens up. That’s why this show is so edgy for me. I’m going to allow myself to be penetrated in front of the whole audience. It’s symbolic of being able to surrender to the whole universe.” Raven looks into Violet’s admiring eyes and gently nudges her lips with her own.

They melt into a final kiss that conveys deep gratitude: *Thank you for what you expressed. For getting naked. For baring your beautiful soul. And for another magical Friday date.*

Thank you for being you.

As Raven walks her out, Violet stops at the door and pleads, “Before I leave, can you tell me one thing that I can do for you sexually?”

“You mean, besides letting me penetrate you?”

“Yes,” says Violet.

“Mother Nature.”

“What do you mean?”

“Getting out into the fresh air and spending time with my feet on the earth. If I can find enough privacy, I like to get naked and feel the warmth of the sun kissing my skin. That’s how our bodies were designed: to make love in the wild.”

“Well then, what are we doing indoors?”

“Maybe we can go hiking after my show closes.”

“After your show? That’s three weeks away. I have to see you before then.”

“I told you, I’m busy.”

“Too busy to have a quickie in nature? C’mon. It’ll be like a blessing for your show.”