

Dirty Filthy Lovely: Dark Erotica (c) - 2010 Marilyn Jaye Lewis

That's how he always was, honing in on what would humiliate me most and then forcing me to endure it because he knew I would. I wonder if he's changed? She's foolish to think he might ever change. What would be the incentive for him to change? He claimed that he was "never this way with his wife," that he saved this behavior especially for her because he knew she craved it--the humiliation, the surrender, being punished.

These are things she remembers: The phone ringing in the late afternoon. She is tempted to not answer it but at the last moment, she does.

"I'm downstairs, on the corner. Let me come up."

He sounds rattled--not normal for him. He is always cool and collected.

In her apartment he kisses her with a great measure of passion. He does not take off his coat. He holds her in his arms and kisses her. He clutches handfuls of her hair as he kisses her. He might devour her; he is kissing her so ravenously.

His wife has hired a private detective, he says. He will not be visiting again.

Their good-bye, their parting is so brief, so fleeting as to seem fragile, delicate, unbearable. In a heartbeat, he's gone. There is emptiness to take his place, but an emptiness that brims with shadows, ghosts, the overwhelming specter of Eros. An emptiness that mocks how *un-penetrated* she remains for months. She masturbates. It is incessant--that urge. She masturbates and she remembers and it is never good enough.

Finally, she doesn't even touch herself and the days go on.

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This is how we first met: through a mutual friend. We were having espressos and

Italian pastries in a small coffee house in the East Village. It was late in the evening. I remember it was fall. There were several of us gathered around the small bistro table. The conversations were lively and inane, but good-natured. We were all having a pleasant, easygoing time.

At one point, he got up from his seat across the table from me, pulled up a chair right next to mine and sat down. "I'm Armand," he said. "I don't think I caught your name?"

"I'm Elisa."

"Elisa," he said. "How beautiful. And not just your name," he clarified quietly. "*You're* beautiful." He said this like a confession, like a personal plea for my ear, my undivided attention.

"Thank you," I said.

He asked for my phone number. I saw the gold ring. I knew he was married, still he asked for my number. "We could meet for a drink?" he asked. He was handsome but I was reluctant to say yes.

When our little crowd was dispersing, saying our goodnights, he said, "Elisa, let me walk you home. It's late."

It was late and it was also a clear, inviting night. A night that would have only been enhanced by an agreeable companion, a handsome man to walk with for those few blocks to my apartment. "Okay," I said. "Sure, Armand. Let's walk."

As we walked, he held my arm. We made the usual small talk. He was charming and he had an engaging smile, perfect white teeth set off by his olive-toned skin, his black hair and dark eyes.

When we reached my building, he asked again for my phone number. I sighed. “Armand,” I said. “I know you’re married, okay? I see the ring. Why would you want my number?”

“Oh, I can think of a few reasons,” he replied, coming up close.

I didn’t move away. His looks were appealing to me, married or unmarried. “And what might those reasons be?”

“There’s the ever-popular ‘we could meet for a drink,’ as I tried half-heartedly before.”

“Or?”

“Or, if you’re looking to make a considerable chunk of tax-free cash, I know of something you’d be perfect for.”

I was quietly astounded. “Excuse me? Is this an illicit job offer?”

“It could be. Do you do scenes?”

I had no idea what he meant. “Scenes? What kind of scenes?”

“Rape scenes,” he said. “Play-rape. A small group of us pitch in a good chunk of change and hire a girl to come out to the beach with us for a night and we rape her,” he said. “No safe words, but nothing too brutal. It’s just for play. And then we drive her back to the city before the sun comes up.”

“Are you out of your mind?”

He looked amused. “No, I’m not out of my mind. I take it you don’t need the extra cash?” I couldn’t tell now if he was serious or not. “We pay extra,” he added cagily, “if she’s agreeable about taking it up the ass.”

How disgusting. “It doesn’t seem like ‘being agreeable’ and ‘rape’ belong in the

same sentence.”

He laughed. “Elisa, I am only teasing you. I swear.”

I wasn’t sure I believed him. Now he seemed almost dangerous.

“It makes meeting for a simple drink seem a lot less complicated, though, doesn’t it?”