

# Redirection

"Let's make love, Rebecca."

"I will not. You don't dip into the honeypot by simply asking, that isn't the way the game is played. You must complete the stages, and the first one is eye lock."

"I thought it was hard cock."

"Not in my book. If you don't qualify for some good eye lock then the game ends then and there."

"And there are other stages?"

"Of course. The next stage I call moved by sound. Your lips must make noises that please my warm places or you're outta here."

"Is that it?"

"Of course not. The final stage, and the most important I might add, is mystery. Your eye lock, combined with your noises must create movement without pattern, endless potential that stimulates like a wild garden."

"And then, after I succeed in completing these three stages, then you will invite me into the sacred temple?"

"Not necessarily, but your chances will have improved considerably."

Head drops, voice lowers, mumbles are let loose. "Hard, it's always hard."

"It's hard because you're a randy prankster, a stud without a hot, sweaty filly in your stable." She laughs.

"True enough, but I'm not talking about that, I'm talking about the stages you've defined with such precision."

"They're not hard. They constitute a shining path blazing its way into the world of coupling."

"And this ocean of yours, this vast, churning white froth, is it worth that much effort?"

"You decide. That's the beauty of it, the freedom of it, you decide. Now, stir the sand soup before it burns the bottom. "

"Stone soup, not sand soup."

"Whatever..."

He watches her, bustling with confidence, trimmed like a holy candle. She's left him shackled, chewing on the meat of this rejection.

She turns to him. "Do you know your essence?" she asks.

"I've always seen myself as a rebel, a bad boy lost in the search for oblivion. I only want to jump and fly above the fray where the angels pump their wings and make their way from soul to soul like butterflies sniffing at purple flowers in the sunshine."

"Not true... You're a procrastinator, putting off that moment when everything, for as far as the eye can see, is smoldering in the wreckage of searing clear consciousness."

"So that's your game?"

"Take it or leave it."