

1977:

With a little help from the pharmaceutical industry, I got over the seasickness I suffered on the Windjammer cruise with the girls from my office at Carver-Watkins. They shocked me, then an innocent eighteen-year-old virgin, with their rough language and wild ways when I first started to work there nine years ago. After declining timid Tim's proposal and splitting with him, I adopted some of their behavior, opening a whole new world of experiences to me. I was always on the periphery of this clique, more so now that I was a member of professional staff, but they needed another person to make the trip work financially. Having vacation days to use or lose tipped the scales in favor of going on this adventure.

Wearing a swimming suit onboard put me at a severe disadvantage in attracting the youngish crew. Falsies were out of the question because I wasn't about to risk having foam rubber cones float up to the surface if I fell overboard. My body and a passenger list that excluded men conspired to protect me from my extremely vulnerable self. Expecting to be melancholic at the least without a boyfriend or prospects for a shipboard romance, a surprisingly high seventy-five happiness quotient for this semen-free vacation indicated that I had enjoyed this escape more than recent penis-enhanced ones. Even without an opportunity for sperm infusions, the trip proved to be a therapeutic getaway that rejuvenated me.

Professional women in the statistics department hadn't fully accepted me, possibly because I'd worked my way through college and only had my degree for a year. They weren't used to thinking of me as an equal, even though I graduated magna cum laude. And my former cohorts, the girls in the clerical pool, had distanced themselves since I'd been promoted. Evenings on the cruise gave them and me time to rebound by sharing tales about boyfriends and lovers. One night on the deck under the stars became particularly memorable when excessive alcohol intake overcame inhibitions and loosened tongues.

"Too bad about Isaac, Tookie," said snake-tongued Jackie. "You won't be his last."

"Please. He's history now. I'm done with him." Was nothing secret in our office?

"Got somebody else in mind?" slurred dirty-minded Cheryl, the typist for my new department.

"Not a soul." First boyfriend Tim was too conventional, but I could talk him into seeing me again if I wanted.

Cheryl spoke with a lopsided grin. "Any of you been to Eve's Garden?"

Most had blank looks on their faces.

"You mean that sex shop in the city that was in the papers a couple of years ago?" Jackie would have been there the day it opened, but she'd never admit it.

"They have these things there that, uh, uh, you could use when you don't have a man in your life." Cheryl twinkled, as if just thinking about it was bringing her to orgasm. Her nipples looked like the tips of Atlas rockets trying to launch through her bikini top. I expected to see her hand in her crotch any second.

Jackie teased. “So that’s why you’re always disappearing into the john.”

Cheryl rolled her eyes and turned to address me. “They even have classes to show you how to use them. Wanna sign up for one with me when we get back?”

This sounded promising. “Is that the place where teacher hands out vibrators to a dozen naked women then shows them how to use them to get off?”

“No, that’s some other place,” insisted Cheryl. “This place is classy.”

“No thanks. I prefer the real thing.” Better check this place out as soon as we get back.

With my system flushed from the recent past, I returned to work feeling revitalized. However, the first few days back weren’t without their moments. The first time I encountered Isaac in a deserted hallway, he tried to pass me without speaking.

“Can’t you look at me, you bastard?” I blocked his path, thinking he wouldn’t push me out of his way. He was a son of a bitch but not a brute.

“Let me by, please?” he asked, looking down, avoiding eye contact.

“You tell me how deeply you love me, then move out without a word.”

Still looking down, he said, “You don’t understand.”

“Understand what? You ask for—and get—a world-class blow job, then you fuck me stupid the rest of the night, all the while knowing you’re going back to your wife as soon as I leave for work. Is this how you show undying love?”

He reached out to touch me.

I slapped his hands away as hard as I could. “Don’t you dare.”

He lifted his head, but not high enough for me to see his face. “She threatened to clean me out if I didn’t.”

“So, your love has a price tag.” My temperature rose with each lie.

“I’d lose everything, and I’m too old to start over.” He pleaded as if asking for forgiveness.

“You fucking liar. That isn’t what you said before you begged me to suck your puny pud the last time.”

“We’re soulmates, and I don’t want to lose you.” What a great line. I hope to use it myself.

“Soul fucking mates is more like it.” My anger rose exponentially after his last lie.

“We can still see each other. She left on a business trip this morning.”

I kneed him in the balls, something I'd fantasized about doing to various men who'd wronged me but never had the opportunity and the courage at the same time before.

"Ooohhh," he moaned as he fell to the floor, grimacing in pain with his hands protecting his groin from further attack.

"Don't you ever talk to me again. I no longer exist as far as you're concerned." I strutted away very proud of myself for finally giving a man what he had coming.

Rumors circulated around the office after Isaac was found lying on the carpet groaning and holding his family jewels. No lie he could make up was believable. It was obvious he'd taken a punch, kick or knee to where it hurt most. Everyone knew I had the motive, but no one thought I had the strength or audacity to deliver such a blow. It remained a Carver-Watkins mystery.

\*\*\*

I was ready for a new relationship. But who? I'd already schtupped all the guys in the office with functioning equipment and a few whose weren't. I had to look elsewhere.

Finding a new lover wasn't easy for me because I'm basically shy. I could play a role for a few hours on one-night stands when I wasn't looking for a relationship. Acting easy got me sex with handsome guys who wouldn't consider dating me. Oh, how some of them slapped my beaver. They'd had lots of practice. Beautiful girls threw themselves at these guys, but they seldom bothered to learn how to please a man. They expected men to please them. This was my advantage.

I knew how to, and often did, give these guys the mind-blowing sex they didn't get from gorgeous girls. I got off seeing the shocked looks on these guy's faces when I took charge. Some of them wanted to date me afterward, but an ego boost was enough for me. Relationships with these guys wouldn't work. Any guy I dated had to be able to carry on an intelligent conversation.

With no Mr. Right waiting for me on the dock or at the office, I made a beeline to Eve's Garden. She let me test drive Prelude, the Panabrator and the Magic Wand with differing results. Prelude looked like a gun and had nasty little attachments. Its silent operation was a plus, but it quickly got too hot to hold. The Panabrator was loud. It sounded like a diesel truck in low gear. No chance of jilling out undetected with it, but it was great at getting me over the mountain. The Magic Wand, or Big Buzzy as some women called him, gave my clit all she wanted and more. I dubbed the one I bought "Sydney."

Maybe I could open up an Underwriters Lab sort of thing to field test these babies. Now that would be a dream job.

Reassessing my "No Props" rule hurt my ego, but I've never regretted having him at my bedside. He's never broken a date, farted in bed, or hurt my feelings. My ideal would be highly intelligent, handsome, sensitive to my needs, and able to please me as well as Sydney. He would make his first priority plowing my furrow deep and planting his seed nonstop until my daughter grew inside me. Where could I find such a man?

© 2018 by George Kaplan