

## **Sylvia Petter**

### **Dream Eros**

Anya stands at the lights and waits for the little green man to spread his legs. Then she crosses over. She is young, she feels ripe.

The door to the house is tiled with mirrors. Anya stares at the peephole in the middle of her forehead and runs a hand through her hair. Caught in her own reflection, she presses the door button. The evening traffic drowns in a fug and then the door opens.

“I have an appointment,” Anya says. A nerve twitches on the left side of her neck as she adjusts to the dim light that makes her blouse bone white in the walls of mirrors.

“Is this your first time?” the man asks.

Her hands are dry but her left palm is damp. “You mean professionally?” she says.

The man nods.

“I have to start somewhere,” she says. “But I want to be safe.”

The man leads her down a deep stairway and she catches a whiff of a sweet yeasty scent. How safe is safe, she wonders.

At the end of the corridor he opens a door. Rough stones frame mirrors along a black wall. Gleaming chains hang from the ceiling; others dangle from padded braces. A pillory, its head and wrist holes painted in silver, stands by an embedded shower.

Anya smells the faint odour of bath liquid.

“Strip,” says the man. “Let’s see what you’ve got.”

Anya undresses and kicks her clothes aside. The tiles are cold under her bare feet.

The man’s eyes graze on her body and she tries to ignore the twitch at her throat.

He takes a black silk scarf from his pocket and trails it over her shoulder and collarbone. As the edging runs over her breasts she feels a tiny clutch deep below her gut.

“Do you like cats?” the man says as he takes down a long black whip from the wall. It has five tails.

Anya swallows.

“Hold out your hand and close your eyes.”

The twitch at her throat is going wild.

She holds out her open palm and feels the tails trail over her lifeline, her shoulders, her breasts, down her stomach.

Then they stop an instant to start again at her feet, moving upwards on the inside of her calves, making her thighs part almost instinctively. She feels the clutch - a small hand grabbing at her core.

She is wet.

The man shackles her wrists to the chains from the ceiling. Then he ties the silk scarf over her eyes.

Anya grasps at the chains.

The cat strokes her back and she lets herself sway. Then it snaps on her buttocks and her eyes rip open, see only black.

The cat strokes again and she relaxes. Then it flicks the insides of her thighs and she smells the warm fragrance of her own arousal.

“Don’t stop,” she says.

“That’s what you need to hear in this business,” the man says as he unclasps her chains. “It’s just the beginning,” he adds and slips a folded 20 note between her thighs.

Anya’s throat pulses openly now.

The man scoops up her bra and panties and stuffs them into his pocket. “Get dressed,” he says. “In five minutes you’re on. The one in the green suit.”

“How much,” she asks flatly.

“He pays upstairs. He gives you 80.”

“What about change?”

“You just got 20.”

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“Open your life,” Tina Turner sings as the middle-aged man takes off his green suit and hangs it neatly over the pillory. He stands naked with just socks and shoes on. His penis is flaccid.

“You’ll have to guide me a little,” Anya says. She reaches for the five-tailed cat and her hand grazes the puckered rash of the wall.

“Shackle me first,” the man says. “Unbutton your blouse, but close your collar.” He grabs the chains and hangs back.

“The cat now?” Anya asks.

“Not yet,” says the man. “Just look at me and fondle your breasts. Take the cat to me when you see me stiffen.”

Anya pulls the tails of the cat through her hand, flicking the ends over her breasts. The man’s penis salutes. He can’t wait, she thinks and slashes the soft tails across his chest.

The man’s eyes are begging and Anya trails the cat with firm flicks down his arms to his waist.

His penis swells.

“The cock,” he pleads.

“A little tight, is it?”

“The foreskin.”

Anya moves closer and rubs against him.

“Pull it back,” he says.

“That’ll leave you in limbo,” she says and spits into her hand. There is something pitiful about the man.

A salsa beat pulses up. “Like this?” she says as she envelopes his penis and eases him free.

The man nods. “The cat,” he says hoarsely.

Anya flicks the man’s cock with her whip. He closes his eyes and hangs open mouthed.

Part of her is repulsed, but another part admires his courage. She expected a deep silence of groans and dirty talking, but the man has spelled out his needs. He at least knows them, she thinks as she raises her arm and slashes the tails through the air.

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Anya brushes her hair. The man is now dressed. She straightens his bowtie and he tucks a crisp 100 note into her belt.

“You get change,” Anya says and pulls the 20 from her waistband.

The man sniffs like a dog and grabs the damp note. “Next time I’ll bring you a fresh one,” he says.

Techno pounds and Anya feels that her eardrums must burst.

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As Anya comes out, the traffic revs up and the lights turn red. She steps out of her shoes and onto the street, and dodges the cars to the blaring of horns.