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(Mf sort of)

Photograph

Only once in my life have I had a relationship that ended violently, and strangely enough, I am still proud of it. Things had been turbulent for far too long, and most likely would have continued on that roller coaster had it not been for the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. I can still feel that heavy glass ashtray in my hand... such an awkward thing to throw. The great pitcher, Nolan Ryan, would have been immensely impressed at my wind-up, velocity, and the divined accuracy of my throw. It was pure heat; something he knows a thing or two about. Sailing through the air, that ashtray had terminal written all over it. The target offered no resistance, and it gave up its ghost in a satisfying explosion of glass, sparks, and smoke. My relationship with television was over.

The last straw was not some liar holding up a vial of air, asking us to imagine it contained something deadly enough to start a war. It wasn't even some woman selling a pill to make men 'large' as she stuffed a sausage down her throat. For me, the last straw was when that guy who claims he can speak to our dead relatives got his own TV show.

Go suck a dick, you fucking piece of shit – have an ashtray.

If that kind of power were possible, would the best use of it really be in half-hour segments asking the dead if they favored one child over another? It would be like hiring Quasimodo to ring the lunch bell at elementary school. I'm surprised nobody asked the dead if they still have a need for toilet paper, and if so, which was the brand most preferred in Heaven.

Well who are you to say he doesn't speak to the dead?

You know what? With all due respect, please shut the fuck up and listen. I know more than you might think. It might be why I put an ashtray through my TV set. In the interest of full disclosure, let me say up front that I dropped a lot of acid back in the day. Unlike Hendrix, and Morrison, and Joplin, I could handle my drugs. I didn't die choking on my own vomit. My vivid imagination was not caused by drug use or abuse. My vivid imagination plays no roll in my... I don't even want to give it a name.

Have you ever had the sensation that someone is looking at you? In what medium is that information conveyed? I don't know either, but I map it to something like the electromagnetic spectrum, because sometimes I pick up broadcasts from far away, both in space and time. I would never be so presumptuous to believe I can tune in at will; the best I can do is gauge the relevance and intensity of the rare broadcasts that I do pick up.

For example, I remember seeing Dick Cheney on TV and having a sudden vision of him shooting small children with a shotgun while traipsing through the woods. It was just

low-intensity noise, but I was not surprised when he later shot his friend in the face while traipsing through the woods. I still think someone should go check out those woods, or check his walls for trophies that look suspiciously like the photos on the back of milk cartons.

Then there are the more specific and urgent broadcasts that I pick up. So much irony dripped from one of these events that it most certainly was some sort of joke being played on me. Besides receiving these bits and pieces of broadcasts, I had been pondering if I could also transmit on these frequencies. I've had very candid discussions with "fortune tellers" who wished like hell they could tune in at will. They experience the same thing I do, but obsess over it so much that they end up having to make a career out of it. I give them business for the same reason you drop money in the tin can when it is passed around.

It was during one of these visits that I was contemplating the ability to broadcast. The poor gal was having a hell of a time reading me, so I tried to help her. I strained so hard trying to project myself into her brain that I farted a little bit. Her next guess was that I suffered from stomach problems, and we laughed so hard that I farted again.

On the way home from visiting her, I was thinking about how tenuous and fleeting the whole psychic thing was when I was knocked on my ass by a broadcast. I locked up my brakes at a green light, the car behind me hit me, and the car in the lane to my right kept going, only to be clipped by someone who ran the red light going the other way.

I have no more control over it than I do the price of oil. You can't seek it out; it has to find you, and that's why I call bullshit on all the frauds. You can't force it to happen. You can't even consult it. That kind of arrogance will kill you eventually. The Chinese know very well not to fuck with fate - that's why fortune cookies are never really fortunes. See if you can spot the fortunes:

Your dog is cute, and people like you
Your heart is pure and true
You will die next Tuesday

I know exactly how much control I have. I knew well enough to hit the brakes, but I also know I was powerless to stop the speeding car from killing the mother, father, and the three children in the car that reasonably expected to arrive at the other side of that intersection alive. A green light is a suggestion; it's not a guarantee. Knowing the limits of my power has not stopped me from waking up screaming, or feeling somehow guilty over the death of that family. In some sense, that car hit me too.

Why am I telling you all of this? I guess to show you that I have thought long and hard about these matters, and that the story of how I came to be the... parent of one young girl is not the product of a slippery mind. I don't have to tell this story, yet it needs to be told.

2

I spend most of my time working in my studio, but I found myself going home to my beautiful house early in the day. I only go there to sleep, but sleep was the last thing on my mind. I had been receiving a low-level, but continuous broadcast of danger for two days. I had never felt anything like it. It was directionless, non-specific, and I hated it. I became agitated, and unfocused, and work was impossible. The walls of my studio constricted around me, and noises would startle me. I had to get the fuck out of there, but I didn't feel like being cheerful either. I went home.

A new housekeeper was working when I got there, and she didn't stand a chance.

In an agitated state, I seek distraction. I need to keep busy. Her name is either Rita, or Marie, and I feel a little bad that I can't remember which. Anyway, she became my distraction. She was quite shapely for being around 50 years old, and I said all the right things that told her the man in me wanted to fuck her hard. We smoked a joint, and we drank quite a few beers. My shorts stood straight out in front of me the whole time, and I did not care one bit.

We did animal fucking for hours, and we did things she said she never did before. At one point, she pretended she did not want to be fucked in the ass, while spreading her cheeks wide with both hands. I didn't feel like waiting to ease in, so with a healthy glob of Vaseline, I pinned her against the headboard, and fucked her ass right up to the hilt. When I was ready to cum, I flipped her over, and then held her down by the neck while I stuck my dick in her mouth and made her swallow every drop. She loved it, and I was instantly hard again, stayed hard, and fucked her hard until I actually blacked out from exertion.

When I woke, the recessed lights in my room were on, but it was dark outside. She was sleeping next to me, wearing nothing but a wedding ring. I opened my safe, took out a \$5,000 bundle of bills, and threw it on the pillow next to her. It might help when she tried to explain the bruises to her husband.

I normally don't go in for the rough stuff like that, and I normally don't sleep with older women. I certainly don't toss them five grand and coolly dismiss what might be a huge problem for them of my making. I normally don't sense that doom is everywhere either.

I can get laid anytime I want, and that is probably why I don't have sex with women all that often. My usual date is my right hand. It always knows when I want a hand job, and never demands my attention. Not that I need to explain myself, but before you think I am an arrogant prick for saying I can get laid anytime, let me explain why that is so.

My job is to make women look good, and I have made a pile of money doing so. I am the creator, editor, producer, and distributor of my own adult magazine, and I am the distributor of many that I don't create. I also moved aggressively into digital art, and indeed digital distribution. You may have heard of Internet porn. I'm sort of the Al Gore

of Internet porn, and I have the servers to prove it. That's pure business, and it almost runs itself now. Now I mainly focus on my first love - creating my magazine.

The magazine comes out six times a year, and is too expensive for most newsstands. You would think it might have a small circulation being limited to adult bookstores, but you would be forgetting about subscriptions. I don't try to hide behind some blurry claim of art. It certainly is art, but art intended to deliver some serious wood. My magazine does it with grace and flair. Among its many subscribers are most of the art schools throughout the world.

I'm a decent photographer, but I hire the best for most of the work. They travel the globe looking for perfection, and always find it before the deadline. I can't begin to tell you how pleased I am with all the people I work with. There are no ads in my magazine. My photographers send me about 300 pictures per subject, from which I pick 100 to run with. They supply 28 subjects, and I supply two for every issue. Thirty subjects, each with 100 pictures... 3000 pictures for every issue.

I sell 250,000 copies at \$80 per copy, every two months. That's \$120 million gross per year, of which I pocket about \$5 million. Slings \$115 million around buys the best people, the best quality, the best production, the best everything, and that includes my studio.

What I lack as a photographer, I make up for as an artist and technical guru. My two picture sets are always the signature sets in every issue. I have a very powerful computer workstation for doing special effects – CGI, in industry parlance, and the computer is running \$1 million dollars worth of software I purchased, and \$2 million dollars worth of software I created.

I'm only 31 years old, and you don't get to where I am at this age without some help – serious help. When I was 22, I took a job as a grunt photographer working for a miserable prick named Greg White. We called him Gregory Peckery, after the Frank Zappa song, because he was such a pecker. He was into a little bit of everything, both legal and otherwise. He had several studios, and one of them was a legit business specializing in non-nude teen modeling. That was where he stuck me, and my work was creative enough to land him a couple of lucrative contracts with upscale fashion catalogs. Still, most of the work was mundane. The most creative part was trying to figure out how to show a teenage nipple without being obvious.

Teen girls would come down to the studio with their mothers, and at times, it was all I could do to get to the end of the day without killing myself. Some of the girls would act like sluts, which was great for business, but it wasn't acting. Sometimes their mothers would encourage this, and actually undress their daughters in front of me to confirm their belief that their daughter was the finest looking piece of ass ever to strut in front of a camera.

Isn't that the nicest ass you have ever seen? Bend over, honey, and show him the rest. She is going to be making millions. Just think, Mr. Shady, you got to work with her before she was a star.

That kind of talk would get both of them dripping wet, and I'd have to shuffle them out the door while thanking them for the honor of their proximity.

The worst, though, were the monsters. I lost my job because of one, and it was the best thing that ever happened. Peck... that's what I call Greg now... happened to be on location when "the incident" took place.

I was in the middle of a session, clicking away, and Peck was monitoring the pictures as they came up on the computer. The mother was looking over his shoulder, and started complaining that I was making her daughter look fat. It was not the first time I had heard such a complaint, and normally I employ tact, but in this case, both the mother and the monster she created made me snap. I can tell you exactly what I said for a reply:

No, it's not me making her look fat; it's her fat face, her fat ass, and the rolls of fat hanging off her fat belly that make her look fat. I've been trying to cover it up by getting her to smile, but that's something she obviously forgot how to do a long time ago. What you brought me to work with is a little, bitter, fat bitch. Unless you are starting a magazine of little, bitter, fat bitches, then the only thing that will help her sell pictures is maybe a dick in her ass and a brown paper bag over her fat fucking bitter face. I know you can't kill her, and you probably have thought about spraying your own fat face with a fucking machine gun rather than go home with her, but don't project onto me. I didn't create her, you did.

The studio always creates a video of every session for posterity. The camera was still rolling at the time of my little outburst, so that is how I know what I said. Peck obviously had to fire me, but I've never seen the man so happy in my life. To this day, he sometimes calls my phone just to leave me a recording of my little speech. I actually got a call from a well-known mob boss congratulating me on the lecture. He said it inspired a few of 'the boys' to deal with their own little princesses. I was shaking when I got off the phone, and had to call Peck to find out if that was code for 'I'm a dead man'.

Peck knew I was boxed in creatively, and he knew what I was doing with computers. After he fired me, he said, "I can buy stocks and bonds, and maybe get 15 or 20 percent on my money. I can buy dope and get maybe 200 percent on my money and a long prison sentence or a short life. The point is, son, I have money and I'm always looking to make more. What I don't have are any new ideas on how to do it. I want to hear how *you* would make money. What would you do to make you rich and me richer?"

I wrote out my vision, designed the plans for my studio, and sent it to him in the mail. Three weeks later, he called and told me to start looking for a building. It turns out that Peck wasn't such a pecker after all.

3

My studio is where I wanted to be. Animal fucking did not stop my feelings of unease. I was even more agitated if anything. I did not want to deal with whatever her name was when she woke up. I no longer needed a distraction; I needed to find out what was going on. My unease was translating to butterflies in my stomach, and I did not yet have a sense on what was causing it. That kind of thing makes a person start to doubt his senses, and I hate that un-centered feeling. It makes me just a bit paranoid, and the not knowing exposed my paranoia to the entire continuum of what danger might look like.

The small lobby in my studio is always lit by shitty office lighting. I'm a connoisseur of lighting, and I actually hurry through the halls of my studio so my eyes will not adapt to the strange colors of fluorescent lights. As I fished out my key to open the door, I saw a piece of mail that had come during my absence. It was lying face down on the floor. It was just a small manila envelope, and it gave me the creeps. Normally the mail girl comes in, puts the mail on the small lobby desk, and lets me flirt with her a little bit, but today I had locked up and left.

I stared at the envelope with unease as I unlocked the door. It was far from the mail slot, as though the mail girl flung it through the slot like something disgusting. When I reached down to pick it up, I got zapped, but that must have been static electricity from the carpet. I didn't even look to see who sent it because I knew it was bad news. I headed down to my office, turned on the floor lamp next to my desk, and fell into my chair. I sat there turning the letter over in my hands.

I looked at the front of the envelope, and it was addressed to me personally, Del Shady, and not to the company. The writing was in large block letters, as though written by a child, and there was no return address.

I've been trying to cut back, but I fished a cigarette out of my desk drawer and lit it. It takes a long time for smoking to kill you, and the relief it brings during the intervening years, so far, has been well worth it. I don't know why I keep telling myself to quit; it's stupid – I should be telling myself to smoke more.

It's just an envelope, and I've done nothing wrong. My fast heartbeat is mind-induced, and this is silly. With the butt hanging out of my mouth and a column of smoke rising past my eye, I opened the envelope and poured out the contents. Only one thing came out, and it says Kodak Kodak Kodak, in diagonal writing all across the back. I flipped the picture over, and my fast-beating heart stopped.

Staring back at me was a photograph of a girl who looked to be about 11 or 12 years old. The photo was an amateur shot – probably taken by a family member – and done with a cheap camera. Even so, I'm certain I've never seen a more beautiful girl. Do you remember what I do? I pay professionals to scour the planet looking for beauty, so please don't take it lightly when I say I was looking at beauty. She is sitting in a windowsill, bathed in early morning light. She has beautiful golden hair with large curls that flow down past her bare shoulders and out of the frame. Her eyes are the exact color of the

blue morning sky behind her. They are large, and shine bright with life. The skin of her face, neck, and shoulders is milky white and flawless. The spacing of her eyes, the shape of her nose, the shape of her lips, their color, and their thickness are all flawless. There was something special that I could not put my finger on - something compelling but elusive. The longer I stared, the more elusive it became. Her expression seemed to change from moment to moment.

That's it

I don't know what all the fuss is about the Mona Lisa. To me, it's perfectly obvious; she is working a set of ben-wah balls between her hips, but DaVinci ran out of canvas to show it. It seems obvious now, doesn't it?

This girl was everything the Mona Lisa tries to be. She is truly enigmatic. Her expression might be saying:

I have a secret

I know your secret

I am mostly not afraid

I know your thoughts

There is no spoon

I realize I am cupping the photograph close to me as if I didn't want to share it, or let anyone else see it. How weird is that? I placed it on my desk, and then quickly snatched it up again in disbelief. I most definitely saw her hair move, as though a breeze were blowing through the open window.

Okay. Now the unease is gone because outright dread has crowded it out. It is dread, too. I feel like I am going to get caught, but by what I do not know. I don't feel guilty, but I feel like I did something wrong, and now something is barreling after me. I feel targeted.

I remember when I was young and Tony Spitaro found out I felt up his sister. I remember the message being calmly relayed to me by an older boy... one of his friends. I was told of the knowledge, but not of the punishment, and that was the true source of dread.

"Tony knows you felt up his sister."

Yeah, and... is he going to kill me, or just crush my balls? Is he going to peel the skin from my face, or hack off my legs?

Once again, I was exposed to the full continuum of terrible possibilities. I came within one inch of seeking him out, and begging for a beating right then and there just to get on without the fear of not knowing. His sister was a little whore who only let me feel her up because she wanted a cigarette from me, so there may have been many of us walking around in fear of Tony and his knowledge.

It dawned on me that I have photographers scouring the planet for perfection, and maybe this was a discovery sent in haste. I checked my email, and there were three new pictures of magazine candidates sent in by two photographers for my approval. There was also a completed session from a third photographer, but no mention of the girl staring at me from the top of my desk. I dialed my answering service and listened to the only message from the day.

It was from Peck, of all people, and he was asking me to do him a favor. He recently began seeing a hot little number, and she was trying to get Peck to feature her daughter as a teen model under one of the more risqué signature names. These were usually advertised as non-nude, but often had “special member access” to sets of R-rated photographs of the model.

As I listened to the message, I wondered why he didn’t handle it himself, but he concluded the message by explaining that he was under some pressure, and didn’t want to touch anything of that nature right now.

Peck always had the law on his ass. It’s one of the drawbacks of knowing the guy. God bless him for giving me my start, and for that, I’ll always be indebted to him... even though I already bought out his shares for twice what my lawyer suggested was fair. Even then, he didn’t want to sell. It wasn’t the money; it was the legitimacy and cult-fame of the brand that he was in love with. He could have played hardball, and he knew it. Would I risk the wrath of the mob? Would you?

He could have played that card, but he didn’t, and that is why I do his favors. Not too long ago I lent him the use of my modern studio for his “upscale” skin flick. It was the best produced, worst written and acted piece of shit in porn, and he claims it made a fortune. Twice I’ve featured a girlfriend of his in my magazine, and I’ll give him this much: for a 53 year-old cigar chomper, he gets some exceptional-looking pussy.

I was immensely relieved to have solved the mystery of my girl, and I decided it wasn’t too late to call him.

4

“What the fuck... my caller ID says *Shady*... is this you, Ma? Where’s my fifty bucks, you bitch?”

“No, it’s not your mother – its Del... but I think I saw your mother earning your fifty dollars down on the corner.”

“Oh, you disrespectful fuck. Now you are calling my mother a whore.”

“Well I don’t know that for a fact. I’ve never seen her land a customer.”

“Hehe. Del, my friend, I hope life is treating you as well as it is treating me.”

“Well, Peck, if you call living at work, suffering from paranoia, and humping the help as living good, then I’m great.”

“Del, paranoia is what keeps us out of jail, fucking the help is why we stay in this business, and I always tell you to go easy and have some fun.”

“So, Peck, I got your message, and yeah – I can shoot a session. I can’t believe I am back to shooting snot-nosed brats for you, though.”

“I felt like you needed a little humiliation. I saw your latest issue with the best ass contest...”

“The Nicest Ass contest,” I interrupted.

“What-the-fuck ever. Did you read my entry form I sent in? It’s all true. So give me the lowdown on that... who won? I won’t tell anybody.”

“Peck, you would tell everybody, and no, I didn’t read your entry. A machine that some company owns reads them and counts the votes.”

“Well I voted for the two young asses, and I wrote to say that I was not fussy. I’d eat the ass and the crotch out of either one of them girls.”

The young ones he was referring to was a typical PR stunt I pull now and again. I showed the 100 best asses I could find, and had people vote for their favorite. Next to each ass, there was a number, a first name, and the age of the girl. The oldest girl was 44, and I had a couple of those. Most were in their late twenties and early thirties. One was 14 years old, and one was 12 years old. Those two were tasteful shots mostly in light and shadow contrast, so all you really could see was general form. The 14-year-old ran away with the voting as if she were in a different contest all by herself. I am actually going to announce the second-most vote getter as the winner of the \$5000 prize, and I am going to quietly set up a scholarship for the 14-year-old. I wanted a bit of controversy for the magazine, not to start a social shit-storm.

“Well, Peck, speaking of eating the crotch out of a 14-year-old, what’s this about a new girlfriend? If she looks anything like her daughter, she must be stunning.”

“What do you mean, Del?”

“Well, I got the picture of her daughter in the mail today. I just looked at it 5 minutes ago...”

I glanced at the photo on my desk, and froze.

It can't be. She's fucking smiling

I lunged for the photo, and held it upright. She of course was back to her enigmatic self.

“What, Peck? I didn’t hear you.”

“I said I never sent you a picture of her daughter. I have never seen her daughter. We were talking about your best ass... excuse me... nicest ass contest this morning, and she told me her daughter missed an easy five grand. Why? Did you get a picture of some kid’s ass in the mail today?”

“No...”

I started scrambling to find the envelope, but it was nowhere.

“No. It was a portrait of a girl. Very pretty; maybe 11 or 12, blond curly hair, blue eyes, beautiful features...”

“Does she have naturally red lips... like perfect red?”

I grabbed the photo again, and said, “Yes. Perfect. Everything about her is perfect.”

“Well, I don’t even know what her daughter looks like, but you just described Julie... except the part about her age. I never really thought about it, but Julie said her daughter is 12. She also told me she was 25, so she was either popping babies out when she was 13, or she only looks and fucks like she is 25. Do you think it is possible, Del, that a woman who takes off her clothes for a living actually lied to me about her age?”

I was trying to stitch things together in my mind. I said, “Maybe she came by and put the picture through the mail-slot.”

Peck said, “Whatever. Listen, I’m going to fax over Julie’s indemnity signature for in case you kill the kid...”

I cut him off and asked, “What about the nudity? I need signatures on that too.”

“Now don’t get all formal on my ass right now. I don’t want nuthin’ mentioning nudity and underage on any written piece of paper within 10 miles of myself right now. She’s the one who was pressing for the... special label. It sounds like a mother-daughter rivalry thing. She says her daughter found the set of proofs from the layout I’m publishing of her next month, and gave her hell. Julie told her the set of pictures was going to send her to college. Her daughter came back a few days later with pictures she found of one of my younger models from the same label and said she wanted to put herself through school.”

All I could think to say was, “Hmmm”

Peck continued, “Now I’ll send both of them by tomorrow morning. She doesn’t drive, so I’ll send a car for them at 9:00am. They should be at your studio no later than 9:30. You can sign whatever you want then, got it?”

“Alright, Peck. I’m going to bill you for my proctologist too, because you are a real pain in my ass. Bye.”

I hung up the phone, and kicked over the garbage can looking for the envelope. It wasn’t there of course – it was back on my desk, next to the smiling girl, and the envelope had a stamp on it – it was mailed. It was mailed two days before their conversation this morning.

My head was killing, and my stomach was doing flips. Even worse, I was cupping the photo close to my body again. Her beauty was a trifle less enigmatic right now. She was trying to hide a grin, but the way her eyes rolled gave away her amusement.

5

I had worked all night hoping to finish a complex CGI sequence I was working on for the next issue. About eight months back, I had shot a lesbian set right here in this studio. One girl was to start out human, and the other woman was a creature of some sort. She was fantastically textured like a color-shifting lizard, and she had a long, forked tongue. She also had petite fangs, and a long tail that looked like a penis. The idea was that the other girl would slowly morph into the same type of creature as they made love.

It was complex work, and required minimal distractions. Doing it at night should have been ideal. So why did I put her picture on the corner of my monitor? I can’t believe I just said that. You must think I am a freak, and maybe a pervert. I don’t know why I did it. It can’t be infatuation, because I never want to meet this girl. It certainly isn’t a sexual thing – I like my girls with large tits, and a big juicy pussy.

So it’s... really none of your business why I had her picture right in front of me all night. It’s obviously none of my business too. Maybe it was that beautiful smile. Or is it a laugh now?

You are right; I am losing my fucking mind! What else could it be?

One thing I did know for a fact was that it was now 9:00am, I wanted to puke, and doom was everywhere.

6

When I don’t like talking about something, I change the subject. So let me tell you a little about my studio: it’s big – about 20,000 square feet.

All the offices and restrooms, utility closets, lobby, etc, run along the outer perimeter of the building on three sides. At the back of the building, a single narrow room runs the entire length of the building. It's a dressing room.

The perimeter spaces along all four walls encircle the studio proper. A set of heavy double doors connects the lobby with the front of the studio, and another set of double doors at the back of the studio lead to the dressing room.

I dropped a false ceiling in the perimeter spaces, but the studio is a cavern -10,000 square feet of floor, and a 24-foot-high ceiling. As you enter the front of the studio from the lobby, you have to walk down a small tunnel that is about 15 feet long. Only the wall on the right reaches the ceiling; the wall on the left is only nine feet high, and is made from clear plastic panels. The panels have been painted black, except for about one half inch around the edges. The light coming out of the edges is the only illumination along the tunnel. As you walk the 15 feet, you see the plastic panels curve around to the left, and extend to the far left wall. It's like a long, crazy greenhouse. I call it the Bubble, and it is my computer room.

The panels are all arranged at different angles except for the clear door in the middle. The angles are for the acoustics in the room. I really didn't need a flat plastic membrane wrecking the acoustics, but I did need a controlled environment for the massive computer resources I have. Besides the web servers, the computer room also contains digital signal processors, filters, power supplies, a disk farm, and gobs of custom and specialized audio, and video processing equipment. Just keeping the servers on, the disk drives spinning and everything else in standby mode consumes around 40,000 watts of power. 100,000 watts of audio lets me faithfully reproduce those tricky high notes, and I don't even know where to begin describing my cameras.

The optics on my cameras is the only thing that is not custom. You can only throw money at optics; you can't really improve them. What you can improve is digital resolution, data throughput, and certainly control. I had a custom camera data link, and a custom data network designed to stream outrageous amounts of data coming from my custom cameras. The network is so fast, that it had to be sent to Bell Labs to test sustained speed. There is no commercially available test equipment fast enough to measure its performance. This network was primarily needed for my Orbital stage.

I have three stages at the back of the studio, and the one on the far left contains an instrument of my own specification. It consists of three circular tracks... one each for the X, the Y, and the Z spatial plane. They can each independently tilt around a central focal point, forming an imaginary sphere of coverage. On each track are 15 cameras spaced one degree apart. The camera train can move up to ten feet per second along a track, and can be positioned to within 10 arc-seconds of precision – that's about 3/1000ths of a degree. In total, 45 cameras click away at 120 frames per second, with each frame being 40 megapixels. The camera electronics handling image compression are cooled with liquid nitrogen. The stepper motor moving a camera train draws 180 amps when torqued. They are heavy cameras with the best glass money can buy.

I'm not trying to photograph speeding bullets going through apples. What I am doing is feeding enough precision data into my effects software that I can place virtual objects inside the sphere, and apply physics and optics to the objects in combination with background footage. When I turn a girl into a creature, and I say she has a forked tongue, I mean she has a forked tongue that is attached to her, moves exactly with her head, casts shadows, and everything else as though it were reality itself. I don't need a fleet of animators doing my effects. I use math to do all the heavy lifting. All the image data is tagged with metadata that describes exactly where a pixel is in space, and math does the rest.

Peck found out the hard way what happens when you use the raw data coming from my equipment. Every fart and pimple will be captured at grotesque levels of detail. The data is meant to be cooked, not eaten raw.

Poor bastard

7

I am sorry for the diversion, but it did help. I want to get through this without sounding as if I'm on Prozac and peyote at the same time. It's probably too late for that anyway.

I have to tell you about events, but it's hard to do.

She has a name, and it might be Juliet. That was the name on the fax. Juliet fits her face, and it will probably be tough shit for her if that is not her name, because my mind has assigned her face the name Juliet.

At 9:20am, with a fresh cup of coffee in my hand, I am kneeling on one of the chairs in the lobby, and staring out into the street. It's a beautiful morning, and this should afford an excellent view of the mushroom clouds that should start appearing any minute. Actually, I have come to terms with the dread, but nothing is touching the butterflies. I hope that I will laugh about this later. I hope that I am just blowing something small out of proportion.

The city bus across the street just pulled away from the curb, and guess who is standing there like Satan herself? I don't know what I was expecting, but I was not expecting the thing I am looking at, and now I can't even fucking breath. This is just great...

Her head is down, and she doesn't even look as she crosses the street. Her legs are doing some kind of jig to a tune that only she can hear. Her arms come up as it she is going to tackle a fullback, and her head bobs a couple of times while those legs keep shuffling. She is three quarters of the way across the street, and I still cannot draw a breath, and it's starting to make me panic. She stops still in the street, a car horn blares, then she hops once, twice, and a big last hop onto the curb. She shakes her ass at the car blowing the horn.

Whatever she is, I had no idea they came wearing a backpack, a pretty lime-green-and-white checkered dress, and dingy sneakers with no socks. Between her golden hair, her radiant skin, and that dress in the morning sun, she is too bright to look at. Never has a collection of atoms assembled into such a perfect, beautiful, low-entropy configuration as what was heading for my door, and my body was starting to fucking asphyxiate.

Other than being kicked in the balls, I have breathed all my life, so why did I forget how to breathe now? I'm going to die angry, and that pisses me off.

As she reached for the door handle, she looked into my eyes and something gave. Sweet air finally rushes into my lungs, and I become dizzy. I usually like to greet people with a smile – even a phony smile, but I must have looked like a cold fish to her. She has no idea that oxygen is just now reaching my brain, and smiling is not on the brain's list of essential services during a reboot.

Taking pictures apparently isn't either. The photographer in me should be going wild over the subject matter walking through his door right now, but his needs are low priority too. I simply made a mental note that I will regret that I am not snapping candid photos of her for whatever little time she will be in range. I'll pass it on to the photographer later.

It's not as if she smiled either

Never taking her eyes off me, she managed to wedge herself and her backpack between the heavy door and the doorframe. This did not embarrass her at all, so she is most likely a klutz and used to this sort of thing. With a couple of violent tugs, she managed to tear herself and her backpack into the lobby. She walked to the center of the lobby, and I stood up and pivoted with her movement.

I closed my mouth.

She wrinkled her forehead, and took one exaggerated step backwards as though I said something rude to her. Then she flashed some rapid sign language with her hands.

Like an idiot, I said, "What?"

She rolled her eyes and stomped one foot, and then raised her arms high and began to flash the signs slower this time, as though by raising her arms, I could hear her better.

In a somewhat loud voice, I clearly articulated that I did not know sign language.

She put a dainty hand to her mouth and silently laughed. I don't know why I was so fucking afraid of this girl... this poor deaf girl. My heart broke for her, and I was deeply embarrassed about thinking she was some kind of Satan. The butterflies in my stomach were gone, and for a brief moment, I wanted to hug her and apologize.

Why didn't that shit-head, Peck, tell me she was deaf? Did her mother even tell him?

Her mother

I asked her where her mother was. She cocked her head, and I realized she probably couldn't read my lips yet. I asked the question again very slowly, and for emphasis... the emphasis of an idiot, I gestured breasts by holding my hands to my chest and made a rounding motion – you know... breasts.

In a sweet, high voice, she said, "My mother..." she cupped both of her breasts and released them, "did not come with me."

"My mother..." (*cup*) "was a real rhymes with witch this morning."

"My mother..." (*cup*) "can be a real cunt... tree living is good for you."

My mouth was open again, but no sound came out. She looked at my stupidity for a moment, and then said:

"I like saying My Mother." (*cup*) (*squeeze*) (*squeeze*), "it makes me feel funny and tingly."

She has a slight lisp, and I have a profound urge to mock it, but it might be from her deafness... she still might really be deaf.

She obviously heard my thought, because she said, "I came here... *ass* I was told to. I hear with my ears that you are going to take pictures of my ass."

She twirled around, bent over, and hiked her dress for a second and twirled back to face me again.

I felt a smile coming on, and I literally wiped it away with my hand. I said, "Blue underwear doesn't go with that dress, honey. You can hear me right now, can't you?"

"What?"

In a louder voice, I said, "You can hear..."

She was smiling, and I said, "You got me."

One dimple when she smiles. If I press that spot, does it turn the corners of her mouth up and make her eyes sparkle?

I found my greeting smile, extended my hand, and took a step forward. "I'm Del, by the way."

She shook my hand, and said, "Del Bytheway. Hi. I'm Mary Martha."

My smile disappeared fast, and she said, "But you can call me Juliet; that's my real name," and then she giggled.

"Juliet; does your mother (*cup*) know you are here?"

She actually opened her mouth and laughed at this, and I saw some holes. She was missing a few teeth, and that was probably the source of her lisp.

She stopped laughing, and flashed some more sign language. I said, "I take it she doesn't know."

"I just told you, I left her a note. You should learn sign language so we can talk in secret."

"Why would we talk in secret?"

"Is that coffee? Can I have a cup? I talk to the boy in the next apartment building using sign language. He's in a wheelchair, and he's deaf. That's why I learned it. He waits at the window for me."

"What a sweet thing to do," I said. "It probably brightens his day to talk to you."

She was proud, and nodded her head. "It does; especially when I show him my tits."

I was determined not to let this girl get the upper hand. I said, "Well that's extra special nice of you. You must be quite a problem for your mother (*cup*), aren't you?"

"Very much so, but she (*cup*) is an ass whole... grain bread is tasty. Can I have my cup of coffee now?"

"Absolutely," I said. "You probably never get to drink it at home, do you?"

"Wow! How do you know all this stuff about me? It's kind of creepy. Did you get my picture?"

She's fucking with me now

"Picture? No; I didn't get a picture."

She wanted to say something, but refrained, and I smiled to myself.

We will see who fucks with whom

I said, "C'mon. Let's go get your coffee," and I motioned for her to follow as I headed to the workstation room where I kept the coffee pot.

She shrugged out of her backpack, placed it on the desk, and followed.

Behind me, she asked, “Is Del short for Delinquent?”

“No. It’s short for Delightful.”

She giggled, and said, “Maybe it’s short for Delusional. So you used to take pictures of naked kids all the time... did you always want to do that when you grew up?”

She distracted me just as I entered the room, and I turned to answer her as I angled for the coffee pot. “I didn’t take pictures of naked kids. I took pictures of teen models because someone has to do it.”

She said, “I like cream *and* sugar... lots of sugar,” and she walked behind me.

I felt the need to explain myself while I fixed her coffee in a Styrofoam cup. “If there is any nudity, it’s not like I even see it that way. All my concentration is on getting the shot just right, and setting up the next shot, that...”

I finished stirring her coffee, and turned around to give it to her. What I saw immobilized me.

“Shit!”

She was silently sitting at my workstation, and I can’t even imagine what was going through her mind. I forgot two things about my workstation: the first was that her enigmatic beauty was back, and staring at her from the corner of the screen. The second thing I forgot was that the screen was still showing the last thing I worked on.

A beautiful woman was lying on a white rug, and she was in the throws of ecstasy. Her head was back, and her legs were spread wide. Next to her was a creature which was part beautiful woman, and part something else. The creature was currently shaded deep blue all over, except her tail, which transitioned to scarlet red. The tail was currently thickened, and veins stood out along its smooth length. An unknown amount of it was fucking the woman, but judging by the expression, it was a lot. The other end of the creature had pierced the woman’s long nipple with a sharp fang. One drop of blood ran down her breast, and that breast was starting to turn deep green and textured.

Juliet was studying the picture carefully, almost enraptured.

I was speechless and just watched as she clicked on the forward arrow, flipping rapidly through pictures. She stopped on one of the most striking pictures in the set: it was an extreme close up of the creature with her tongue inside the woman’s vagina as the woman sat over the creature’s face. The underside of the tongue was pink like a human

tongue, and it was buried in deeper than the forked part so it looked like a woman with her tongue buried in another woman's snatch... which it was.

I snapped out of my stupor and lunged for the power button on the monitor. "Damn it! You were not supposed to see that. Please get up. I'm sorry about that."

She made no effort to move, and instead looked up at me with a confused look on her face. She asked a naively innocent question that almost made me laugh. She was pointing at the now-dark screen, and asked, "Is that real?"

"No, honey; that most certainly is not real; it was special effects – like in the movies."

She thought about it for a second, and then asked, "Did you make that?"

I sighed, and said, "Nobody told you what I do for work now, did they?" She shook her head, and I continued, "I publish a magazine the features erotic art. I use this computer to create special effects. It looks very real, but there was nothing real about it."

Her eyes swung from mine to her photo, and I braced myself. She studied it for a couple of seconds, and then smiled and said, "Oh man! Can you give me a tail? Not one like a dick, but like a leopard tail?"

Palpable relief flooded through me, and I laughed and said, "Sure. We can't do any shooting today anyway, but I'll take a few test shots and help you put a tail on yourself."

She shrieked a piercing, high-pitched giggle, and grabbed her coffee from my hand. She took a test sip, and then frowned. "How come we can't shoot today?"

"Well, I thought your mother was supposed..."

"You mean my mother?" (*cup*) (*squeeze*) on one breast.

"Yes – your mother (*cup*) was supposed to sign some papers that needed to be signed before we can shoot any... risqué shots. It's legal crap."

"Risk-aaaa? Oooh, that's a fancthy word. How come you don't say Naked Pictures?"

I winced, and said, "You will not be naked. You will be fully clothed in all the photos, and we will expose a nipple, or maybe your bum in some way that is not obscene. Another reason we can't shoot today is because I bet nobody told you to shave your ass. Nobody wants to look at photos of a hairy ass..."

My ears were ringing from that high-pitched shriek of hers.

When she got control of herself, she said, "My ass is not hairy at all." As an afterthought, she added, "Neither is my cooch, wanna see?"

“NO. Nobody is going to see your... cooch.”

“The other models...”

“The other models don’t have your problem,” I interrupted, and she quickly grew serious at that. “What problem?”

I couldn’t help but smile. “Your face is a huge problem...” I watched her turn crimson before I said, “It’s a distraction. If we showed your cooch, all those old men would want to look at it, but their eyes would keep getting drawn to your face. I’m guessing it’s much prettier than your cooch.”

I need earplugs

“Hurry up and finish your coffee. You can’t drink it in the studio. I want to shoot a couple of test shots, see if you look good in front of a camera. She downed the rest of her coffee and grabbed her photo off the workstation. “Oh look, Delinquent, you *did* get my picture.”

She held it up to me, and I snatched it away from her.

I don’t want her handling my photograph

I looked at it, and said, “This is you? But the girl in this photo is gorgeous...”

It was my turn to laugh out loud, and she asked me if I wanted a punch in my left nut, or my right nut.

“Juliet, you shouldn’t even kid around about that. I’m going to have to report that to your mother.” (*cup*)

Almost absentmindedly, she started working her nipples between her thumbs and index fingers, and said, “I think *mother* is my new favorite word.”

A chill came over me, and I realized that until now, all my unease had evaporated.

She dropped her hands to her sides, and said, “You know what? You *have* to take a picture of my ass naked. You said I could have a tail...”

“You can have a tail in your dress. I can make a tail coming out of the top of your head if I wanted... if *you* wanted.”

She stomped her foot for the second time today and said, “C’mon. I want a real tail. I’m serious. You can make it cover my butt crack or something. I want it to look real like that lady had.”

I looked at her for a few seconds, and said, “Alright. But you cannot show the picture to your mother until I have that form signed. I’ll drive you home later. Will your mother be home?”

She looked away, and said, “I don’t think so. No.”

She just lied to me

I fixed her with a stare, and said, “Well. I want you to look out for me. I will look out for you, and make sure you are safe. I don’t want you taking the bus anymore; just call if you need a ride. I don’t want some pervert bothering you while... I am facilitating your exploitation.”

We both smiled, and she said, “I’m sorry for lying to you about my mother being home. I can’t tell you the truth right now, but I won’t show her the picture. I promise.”

She held out her hand, and I shook it.

8

I punched some numbers into the keypad by the double doors in the lobby, and the deadbolt retracted with a loud clack. I grabbed the handle, and added a little drama before opening the door.

“Okay. Have you got everything... yep, yep, yourself, excellent... You are about to enter a different world. You might want to hold your breath and close your eyes for just a second as you pass through this archway. It can be a little frightening, and don’t mind any animal noises you might hear. We are almost positive they are stuck in a dimension where they cannot touch us. Just remember to keep moving forward.”

Most of her knew I was kidding, but now she was on alert. I opened the door fast, grabbed her by the shoulders, and said, “YOU FIRST!” as I shoved her through the doorway.

The lion roared just like he always does and she screamed so loud I was afraid she shit herself. The lion roared when I went through too, but I think my laughing was louder. The lion tells me when someone enters or leaves the studio. It sounded like a good idea at one time, but after getting burned for the second time, I had to rig him up so he would not roar if the computer was gathering audio tracks from a session in progress.

Juliet was punching my arm, and calling me bad names, when she suddenly stopped and opened her mouth. The door behind closed, and she said, “It’s like a space ship in here. Wow!”

“Well, how else are you going to be a star? You need to get to space first.” It was stupid, but she didn’t even hear me; she was trying to take it all in at once. All three stages were softly lit by a few gel lights mounted on a beam that ran overhead. I walked a ways toward the back of the studio, and then moved off to the left where all the control consoles were. I started punching up lighting presets that ran the whole gambit of moods, and then I settled back on the original pattern. I became aware that she had moved next to me and was holding my arm.

“I told you it was a different world. It’s pretty neat, isn’t it?”

She nodded her head and pointed to the left stage, and asked, “What’s that?”

“That’s the Orbital. It’s a camera thing. That’s where we will take a picture of your backside so we can give you a tail. For now, I think what I want to do is pick up a camera, put on some music, sit in that chair in front of center stage, and take pictures of you dancing to get a feel for your natural movements. Come over here, I want to show you something...”

I slid over to the console to my left, and she followed. “I’m going to teach you how to run the audio all by yourself. This is the audio console. It’s all touch-screen controlled. The volume bar here on the right is always on the screen, and this button at the bottom named Main is always on the screen. Just touch Main, and then you can pick what you want. It has radio, satellite, and a huge library of stored music. We’ll select Library, and then you can browse by genre... that’s the different types of music, or you can select by artist, album, year... all kinds of things. The volume goes up to 100, but 10 is loud, so be careful. I’m going to grab a camera, so pick out a couple of songs that you like.”

She had a smile welded to her face, and politely shoved me out of the way. I walked over to the bubble, disengaged the alarm, and walked into the cold and noisy computer room. I briefly checked the logs for any problems, and suddenly felt the staccato bass of some pop song as the sound system came alive. She quickly lowered the volume, and I could once again hear the computer fans expelling the accumulated entropy from sorting and sifting so much information. I grabbed my favorite camera, slapped on a wireless transmitter, and headed back into the studio.

When I have a camera hanging from my neck, I see the world differently. Another layer of context emerges from everything I look at. It’s rawer, and more direct to the brain, and things appear simply as what they are, unfiltered by causality or context.

She looked so small in her pretty dress, and yet, she looked like a master of the universe. Her back was turned towards me as she hovered over the console. Just a little girl, all alone in her towering high-tech world, enveloped by the magic slowly created through the centuries by a million brilliant people. It was all done for her for this moment. It was magnificent, and it took my breath away.

I can shoot in low light, and enhance the images later, and I started clicking off pictures without a flash. She must have sensed me and when she turned and saw me, she jumped and waved, and whooped loudly. I caught it all with some rapid clicking. Truly, unbelievably, magnificent.

When was the last time I had so much fun? I am living through her eyes, and I am alive with the moment. This camera is going to stay within arms reach so long as she is in range. She is one of those rare subjects whose candid moments will top anything she has to say on a stage or runway. She needs no accessories. She is perfect right out of the box. It dawned on me that, realistically, I will never have a better subject in front of my lens. I know how the dinosaur guy felt when he landed in Jurassic Park. I know how Armstrong and Sheppard felt for real when they looked out of that little window onto our blue marble.

I will do as I promised and feed her cold instructions, and someone will gain from her exploitation. That's just the way the world works. Something tells me she won't be the one gaining commercially from this venture, and that creates a real problem: if gain is made, and not by her, then they will want more. She is my responsibility only within these walls, but beyond that, I can only hope for her best.

That's not true

She looked at the camera raised to my eye and she came to a decision. I know in my soul that it wasn't her vanity, but rather her desire to please me that made her start running through a series of expressions and poses that would prove to be stunning. Her face was dimly illuminated by the distant gel lights and highlighted in complex ways from the soft glow of the console screens all around her. Wistful, baleful, seductive, pouting, wild-eyed crazy, amused, defiant, exasperated, playful. On and on came the expressions while her hands moved her hair in perfect complimentary ways for each expression. Did she know how good she was?

The song faded out, and she stopped posing and fixed me with a smile. I walked over to the console, and touched the Pause button before the next song started.

“That was outstanding. Thank you,” I said.

“Did I do good?”

“Do you think you did well?”

She rolled her eyes, and turned away. “I don't know.”

“Juliet, do you know how fat little bitches with sour puss faces are made?”

This got her attention fast, and she said, “What?!!”

“Fat little bitches with sour puss faces are made by adults who take some natural ability and wrap a child all up in it. Instead of developing that ability, and making them appreciate it, and be humble for it, they tell the child that they are more special than other people are. They take the gift for granted and expect benefits from it. So let me ask you first, what do you expect from all of this?”

She thought about it for a moment, and said, “To be famous. That’s what my mother (*cup*) wants.”

“No. That’s what she hopes. What do *you* expect?”

I could see her setting her jaw, and a dark expression crossed her face.

“Juliet, you have to do it for you. You have a natural head start, but that will only bring you so far. You have to work for the rest, and you will have to know the difference between you, and the perception of you by others. Do you know what I mean by that?”

“No.”

“What I mean is you might get noticed by people. That is the goal. The people who notice you will think of you as the pretty girl with the nice ass, or the pretty girl with the bald cooch... that’s what you are setting up. What you want to be known for is the talented, pretty girl who is professional, easy to work with, and tough to take advantage of. You will have to protect yourself, and stand up for yourself, and never do anything because someone is pressuring you. If they want something from you, then negotiate on your terms, not theirs.”

“But... what are my terms?”

I chuckled at this very tough question. “Well, that depends on what you have to offer. If you can be nice to a friend, then you can demand a friend be nice to you. Those are your terms. If you demand too much, they may decide your terms are too expensive. If you demand too little, then people will take advantage of you. Most of that has to be learned the hard way, and you should never fear taking a chance, but learn to cut your losses, and be prepared to work hard for better things. Fat little bitches with sour-puss faces do not have a lot to offer, and they can expect the same in return. I can tell you that you did great when you ask, but that only means you did great at a thing. Right now, you are just another pretty face, and pretty faces are \$2.00 a dozen. You are going to have to work to raise your price. Are you willing to do that?”

She nodded

I smiled, and said, “Now I can add humble to your qualities, and raise your worth in my estimation. If you asked other questions, such as *do you think I am a good person*, or, *am I fun and interesting to be around*, I would say you are priceless and well worth the trouble and expense.”

She grabbed my hand, and leaned up into my face. “That’s why you had my picture on your computer…”

Now you know

She patted my chest, and said, “... and that’s why right now, you have my picture here.”

It was too dark to see me blush. I didn’t even remember putting her picture in my pocket. The odds are 2:1 that her photograph is wearing a smug grin just as the real one is wearing right now.

I pointed, and said, “Go get on that stage. I want to shoot you in hot lights.” She clapped nervously, and rode an imaginary stick horse down to the stage as I snapped off a few more shots.

She was standing in the middle of the stage, shading her eyes from the gel lights pointed at her. She said, “I feel silly. What should I do?”

“Hold on... these lights are called hot for a reason.” I flipped some toggles, and she said, “Oh, wow. I can feel them.” I turned off the gels, and the studio went dark except for the circle of intense brightness at center stage.

The acoustics are great in the studio, but I always tend to shout to the stage from the consoles. I shouted, “Okay. I’m going to turn the music on, and I want you to move. I don’t care if you dance, do a jig, or play roly-polly, I’m just trying to get your natural timing and motions. Later on, you are going to learn to listen for my camera clicks. You will want to move fluidly from pose to pose, but you also have to hold still for the shot. A good photographer and a good model who know each other can snap 50 poses in a minute, and not have any blurry pictures. It’s even tougher with digital cameras, and very important to get the shot when you are still, but we won’t worry about that now. I just want to get your natural timing.”

In an overly loud and dramatic voice, she shouted, “Okay. Yes, yes sir!”

“Did I say *priceless*? I meant some other word.”

She stuck out her tongue, and I hit play, and started walking to the stage.

9

Walking down to the chair by the stage, I decided to shoot her movements as a video and watch it later. After being up all night, I was too exhausted to trust myself to follow her carefully. I wouldn’t pick up any useful nuances, and I might miss a few bad ones. The

music came alive, and I was surprised to hear it was a complex Mexican piece. I had no idea that was in style with kids these days.

I walked past center stage, and I could tell she was self-conscious by her blushing. She turned slowly, and wiggled her butt, and then I was past her, heading toward the tripod by the left stage. By the time I grabbed it and turned around, she had found her groove. She was actually a good dancer. I walked back, set the tripod down, and mounted the camera. Nearly the whole stage was in the frame, so I just flipped it to video, and started recording.

I nearly collapsed into my seat, and a peaceful contentment came over me. Considering what was about to happen, it was odd that I would feel peaceful.

I don't know much about dancing, and I'm sure what she was doing was improvised, but it was thematically correct. She was executing what my ignorance would call 'Mexican' moves. Wide-legged and sultry stances would give way to heel-over-heel sideways walking, and lots of hair flipping in profile view. To see it coming from such a young girl was rather amazing to behold. She is the raw stuff that masters dream about. She should have a team of professionals teaching her 12 hours a day. I let that thought go and decided to enjoy her dance.

I must have been getting near the edge of sleep, because as I focused on her torso, I would think she had high-heels on. She didn't, of course, and when I would look at her feet, her dress would have a rather deep V which showed considerable amounts of her ample breasts that were not there too. Wherever I looked, some other part of not her would leave a false trace in my mind. Wherever I was not looking, she was changing.

The song started building in tempo, and she went into a spin. First her head would whip around, then her body. Head, body. Head, body; faster, and faster she went, so that when her body spun, her dress would flare out and expose her beautiful long legs right up to her panties. These were not the legs of a girl. High heels gave way to shapely calves, and on and on those legs went. She had full hips and a perfect, full ass that was shaped like an upside-down heart. Her panties became thongs, and when she tilted her head back, I could see beads of sweat fly off her as she frantically spun. She put one bent arm up to the side of her head, and her beautiful black hair fell over it. Her arm fell down to the V of her dress, and her hand carelessly pulled on it so that she had to grab her large breast that escaped her dress. Spinning so fast, first her head, and then her body... in the strobe of her movements, I saw her pinching her nipple tightly between her thumb and finger.

And then the music stopped

And there she was; sneakers, knees, no cleavage, and still a beautiful face framed by golden curls. She was breathing hard from exertion, and she was staring right at me. I became self-conscious when I realized I had an erection. What happened to my Mexican beauty? If this were an art fugue, then there will be no problem, but somehow, this didn't feel like anything I've ever experienced.

She held my eyes with her stare as she performed a perfect runway saunter straight up to me. I was sitting in a wheelchair, and she got down on her knees between my legs, and sucked in air between her teeth. Over my pants, she placed one hand on the base of my rock hard penis, and then placed her other hand on top of her first. She pressed down hard, and slowly pushed her hands up my pants for the whole length of my cock. When she got to the tip of my dick, she let out a vacant, nervous laugh, and said, "I could never swallow all that cum..."

Almost instantly, I had the most powerful orgasm I've ever had, right in my pants.

I can't imagine what my facial expression was saying to her, but we locked eyes while my dick pumped away under her hand, growing and constricting at least a dozen times.

I could tell she was not there. She was staring at me, but her eyes were not focused. She stood up and straddled me, and then put her arms around my neck. She said, "I know that was the creature's real tongue inside that woman's cunt. I bet that feels fantastic. I think, Delinquent, that I want you to stick your tongue in my cunt," and then she blacked out.

10

I always imagined that I act cool in an emergency, but I found out I'm full of shit. I suck at emergencies. First, I panicked, and I'm sure that's the first thing you are not supposed to do. It makes sense too: when you panic first, you can't remember the second, or any subsequent thing you are supposed to do. I would bet big money that holding the girl horizontal and running back and forth is not anywhere on the list, but that is what I did. This may sound like a very selfish thing, but I had a huge sticky mess in one pants leg and on my hip, and it really grossed me out. I actually thought about putting her down so I could... what? Hold her without my pants on, and run back and forth?

She groaned

Someone replaced the wheelchair with my regular old chair, and I raced to it and sat down with her sideways on my lap. She moaned again, and I sat her up. She turned toward my chest and put her arms around my neck. I patted her back once and she puked down the front of my shirt. That took care of the cummy smell from my pants, and I continued to pat and rub her back.

She started to apologize and puked on me again, and then she started to cry. I stood up and tried to walk without jostling her. As I got to the front of the studio, I whispered to her, "The lion is going to roar," and then we were in the lobby.

A lady was walking along the sidewalk in front of the building, and she glanced into the lobby. Here is what she saw: a scared guy holding a dead girl kicking open a door. He has

a giant cum stain on his pants, and puke all over him. Only in America, would a lady walk past that and not call the cops.

I carried her to the ladies' room, and she was crying hard. I asked her if she was in pain, and she shook her head no.

As I kicked the bathroom door open, I asked, "Are you crying because you are embarrassed?"

I could feel her nod her head, and then she said, "And because you hate me now."

I set her down on the vanity and grabbed a plastic cup from the small stack. I filled the cup from the tap, held it to her lips, and said, "Now you are telling people I hate you? You are such a little liar. You are lucky you don't have pants on because they would be all on fire right now." She almost choked on the last sip, and I took the cup away, and filled it again from the tap.

"Juliet, I think those lights were too hot for you. I think you are dehydrated. Can you hold this cup?"

She reached out and took hold of it, and I grabbed a bunch of paper towels. I peeled one off the top, held it to her sniffling nose, and asked her to blow. The rest I moistened under the faucet. I made a little progress on the tear streaks, and looked into her eyes, and that caused a fresh round to well up and run down her face. She was not having a fun time at all, and she said she was sorry "for everything," and that she "screwed everything up."

I attacked her face with a fresh round of cool paper towels, and she told me to look at my shirt that she ruined, and, "Oh, God. I puked all over your lap too, and ruined your pants."

That made me hesitate, and as casually as I could, I asked, "Do you remember what happened Juliet?"

Her dress was a mess, but I had her face, chin, and neck looking better, and some color was returning to her face.

"No. I don't remember anything. Just waking up on your lap, and puking on you."

"You don't remember before that? What is the last thing you remember before you blacked out?"

"I don't remember anything. I was dancing, and then I remember I couldn't believe how hard your thing was... and then I remember telling you to stick your tongue in my cooch, and then nothing."

“That’s pretty good remembering. Juliet. Do you know where you are right now? Can you remember where you are?”

She looked at me with vacant eyes, and swore she knew. “It’s not Mexico. I know where, but I can’t remember... right now.” She looked at me, and asked, “Why?”

“Because I think I am messing you up, honey.”

She nodded as if my suggestion was the most reasonable thing in the world. I clapped my hands in front of her face loudly, and she sat up straight and cringed from me. Her eyes were focused on mine, and she was confused.

“Did you hit me?”

“No, honey; I clapped my hands. You drifted off. Do you remember drifting off?”

“No.”

“Do you remember what question I just asked you?”

“No.”

“Do you know where we are?”

She giggled, and said, “Are we lost?” This amused her greatly, and my ears were ringing again. I wasn’t laughing, and she stopped laughing, and asked, “The studio?”

“Yes, the studio. Do you sometimes wake up when people hit you?”

”If anyone asks me that, I tell them no.”

One of her legs was bent at the knee and rested completely on the vanity, and the other leg rest on top of that one, sticking straight out. Her head was turned slightly away from me, and she let it fall back against the wall. She was gazing at the ceiling and I was struck by what an adult pose it was. I wished I had my camera. The puke on her dress somehow added to the vision instead of detracting from it. I would have titled the picture, *Exorcism Interlude*.

Without moving her head, she swung her gaze from the ceiling to my eyes, and said, “I stink. Can I borrow one of your dresses?” I smiled, and she giggled, and slithered off the vanity. When her feet hit the floor, both of us froze at the very distinct sound of high heels. I don’t know what I looked liked, but she looked like she wanted to scream.

“Echo,” I said.

“What?”

“I think we mess each other up, Kid.”

She was ready to say something, but for some reason, I felt compelled to cut her off, and asked, “Does your mother get sick a lot, Honey?”

“Yes. That’s why you can’t see her today. She said she would be very sick.”

“I bet.”

11

She walked ahead of me as we headed back toward the lobby, and she was obviously feeling much better. I wasn’t watching very carefully and she suddenly reversed direction and walked backwards into me. I almost fell over trying to avoid her, and she raced a couple of steps ahead, and then did it again. “Jesus, Delinquent, why are you picking on me. Pick on someone your own size.”

I tried to pass her, and she cut me off, and gave me a hip check into the wall. “Quit bugging me!” she said, and I stuck all my fingers into her rib cage and tickled.

I found her weakness, and she crumbled to the floor in a ball. She was extremely ticklish, and it sapped all her strength. I went for the kill while she was trying to draw a breath, and tickled her a little more. She tried rolling away for cover behind a potted tree and I grabbed her ankle and pulled her backwards. She shrieked so loud, I thought all the glass in the building would shatter. I hovered over her and taunted her.

“C’mon, get up. You can’t just crawl around on the floor, get up.” As soon as she would start to get up, all I had to do was touch her with one finger, and she would collapse once again in a heap. “Cut the shit!” she finally yelled, and I let her get up. It was good to see her distracted. I could not let her latch on to my thoughts. It was too dangerous, and there was too much at stake.

Poor thing

I was getting ready to punch in the code to unlock the studio doors again, when I noticed her pointing to her backpack with her chin. “Do you wanna see what’s inside?” she asked, and a chill went through me.

She unzipped the main zipper, and struggled to remove a thick stack of papers from the bag. She placed the stack on the desk, swept her backpack to the floor. The top page was blank and she licked her thumb, and turned the page over. I walked up behind her, looked over her shoulder, and stopped breathing for the second time today.

The drawing was done in pencil, and the detail was outstanding. It was unmistakably my computer-generated creature. She was standing upright, and her tail was coiled around her body, with the tip of it tactfully behind a hip.

“Creepy, huh?”

“You drew this, Juliet?”

“I guess so. I draw when I... dream.”

“Do you draw *what* you dream?”

“Sometimes I do. I always remember when I draw those.”

“You don’t remember drawing this?”

“Mmmm, no. I should have, though. It looks just like that girl.”

She flipped the next page over, and this picture was done with colored pencils. It was a decent rendering of a mean-looking lion, but it wore a party hat. Under the lion were the numbers 3421, which, coincidentally, was the code to unlock the double doors.

She looked at me, and said, “Sometimes I draw real good, huh?”

I looked at her, and said, “*Well*. Sometimes I draw real *well*.”

“Oh, yeah; I always fuck that up.”

I blinked at her, and said, “Or you can say *good*. Juliet, who drew the numbers under the lion?”

She frowned, and touched her chin. “Me.”

“You just fibbed to me again. Why?”

This puzzled her even more than the numbers. “Because why would my mother draw on my picture? She hates when I draw like this. She broke my colored pencils.”

The next picture was another one drawn in lead pencil, and it was clearly influenced by Norman Rockwell. In fact, it may have even been a Rockwell. I didn’t know to laugh or cry. It was a picture of an old man in a fishing hat, holding a young girl. The girl was hugging the old man, and at the bottom were the words, Thank You.

Juliet was looking up at me, waiting for a reaction. I didn’t trust myself to look at her, so I got to my knees, and closed my eyes, and gave her a hug.

“You’re welcome, Creepy. Do I really look that old to you?”

“Mmm... I drew you handsome, though.”

“You know what, girl? You stink. Why don’t you go unlock the door, and we’ll get you that dress.”

12

She was crouched down, and held her hands in front of her like claws. She went through the doorway with one sideways hop, and roared like a lion. The other one sounded tame by comparison.

“I like that lion.”

“Oh yeah? Well, I like you. I’m glad I got to meet you... even if you are a dufus.” I walked through the door, and the circle of bright lights still shined at center stage like the scene of a crime. I quickly went over to the board and turned on my least-favorite lights at the rear of the studio, and turned off all others. The harsh florescent lights made the studio more industrial looking instead of the high-tech ambiance that I prefer. It was like turning on the lights after a rock concert. It dispels the magic, and adds an exclamation point to the fact that the band is done for the night.

She skipped down ahead of me, and angled for the door between left and center stage. She gave a wary look at the orbital off to her left, and she looked back at me while pointing at the door. I nodded my head, and she opened the door. I saw her walk in, look left, look right, and heard her say, “Oh, wow!”

My mind was racing fast, and I was ready to go in behind her, when I realized that I had better come up with a plan fast, and the time to do it was now, while she was distracted by the endless clothes and makeup in the dressing room.

I shouted toward the dressing room, “Go pick out what you want to wear. I’ll be right back. I just want to check my email.”

She was on a different planet, and didn’t even answer. I jogged out of the studio, and down to my workstation.

First things first

I turned the workstation monitor back on, and quickly navigated to the last set of shots and the single movie that registered today’s date. The camera I used has a built-in light meter, and that information is transmitted as metadata along with the pictures I took. The computer had already applied various filters to the photos to bring up detail based on the light readings, and the first few I looked at were stunning. She really was a natural, and I ached to drool over the pictures, but that was not what I came to do.

The messages of doom from the last couple of days that led to my paranoia were paying off. Things didn't add up. This no longer felt like a chance encounter, and Juliet obviously wasn't aware of the bigger picture that was emerging in my mind. She was sensitive to things the same way I was... maybe even more so, but she was oblivious to any meaning. Juliet was somehow being used in a way that would harm me. I don't question it, I just know it – the same way I knew to slam on the brakes.

This is all supposed to be a 'favor', and it involves taking pictures of a young girl. I didn't like this one bit. It was time to take my own advice, and protect myself.

Working fast at my workstation, I created a new file directory, and assigned it a very tight set of privileges. I found the configuration file for the Orbital client software, and made one small change so it would now put any new files that came out of the Orbital into the directory I just created.

With dread, I thought about what I was going to do. I'm not a religious man, but if there is a God, may he have mercy on my soul if it turns out I am wrong.

I grew some balls and looked at the video of her dancing. I didn't know what to expect with the movie, and one part of me was certain that nothing was recorded because of some cliché malfunction, just like in the movies. There was no malfunction, but it also wasn't as clear as in my mind. My mind had zoomed in tight on her dancing, but the camera didn't see it that way. What it saw was a beautiful young girl dancing her heart out as if in a trance. Her checkered dress flared out when she spun, and revealed her blue underwear. It was her golden hair that fell over her bent arm, and not black hair. A fallen strap exposed her breast, not a V-neck. She did indeed pinch her nipple between thumb and finger as she twirled, only letting go at the same time she shrugged the strap back on her shoulder as the song ended.

As if in a fugue, she performed a perfect runway saunter toward the camera until she left the frame. If I did not already know what she said, I would not have understood the words on the recording.

I'm going to tell you a secret, and then I am going to tell you something terrible. The secret is that I do not always have to wrack my brains for a vision when it comes to my conceptual art. I can induce what I call an art fugue. I have a trick where I will look at untouched photos of women who I will be featuring in an artistic piece, and I will have sex with them in my mind. It's not just sex, but wild, impossible sex.

I imagine their reaction and their movements in relation to some act, and that draws out something for me to start with. Whatever that something is, I run with it, magnify it, and morph it. The result often seems to reflect some natural isomorphism with the woman. I've had models tell me they could not take their eyes off the pictures of themselves, because what I did was capture some essence that they have always looked for, or imagined, but could never identify. Some of the worst sex in my life was with models

who seduced me after seeing themselves featured in my magazine, as they tried to provoke me into bringing out that special something that I was able to put to page. They wanted their clitoris to become as engorged as their brain, and it just doesn't work that way.

The thing is, for me, the process is not a matter of closing my eyes and beating off like a monkey with an active imagination. It is actually a totally immersive experience, orgasm and all, except I never actually come. It is identical in all ways to an orgasm, except the sticky mess. We converse, we laugh, we tremble, our knees pop, everything. It is the real deal, except their will is my will, and I am only constrained by my own boundaries and sensibilities.

Now I have to tell you something terrible: I am about to go through this process with Juliet. I have never 'gone there' with a young girl before, but I am about to introduce her to acts that she has never imagined possible. I am going to do this, and hope that she does not sense what I am doing. I also hope she doesn't 'mess me up'.

I have no choice.

13

I don't even know how to begin with her. None of my normal tricks to initiation seemed appropriate, and that is a bad sign. I have to drop my inhibitions. I'm doing this not because I want to, but because I have to immerse myself in something that is completely foreign to me; it is the only way I will pull off what I want to do. Grasping at straws, I play the video again, and slow it down when her breast is exposed in the movie. I concentrate on her playing with her nipple, and block out her face. It's just a hand stimulating a nipple, and the nipple is obviously responding. I find myself digging that, and I jogged to the men's room.

I was definitely getting turned on, and I risked slowly bringing her face into the frame. Instead of dancing, I had her looking down at what she was doing while sporting an amused look on her face. This was not going to be a closed-eyed moment of ecstasy for her; this was going to be wide-eyed discovery at the thrill of it all... at least at first. These things take on a life of their own, and once she starts talking, it can develop very fast.

I had to get me in the scene with her approval, and this just happened sort of naturally as she simply turned toward me to show me how large her nipple was becoming. I walked up to her, and took over the job from her, and she watched as I cupped, and kneaded, her breast, and pinched and pulled her nipple. She was humming, and I started complimenting her on what beautiful small tits she had, and how long her nipples stuck out. They were perfect for sucking, and I held her up as she bent over backwards so I could lower my mouth to her nipple.

Her belly was flat and disappeared into a pair of tight-fitting jeans, and I rubbed my hand once over her crotch while I kissed her belly button. She bent back up, fixed me with an eager smile as she undid the top button of her jeans, and pulled them down to her knees as she sat down. She leaned back and her legs came up as I pulled her pants the rest of the way off. She was wearing blue panties, and there was no surprise there.

I said to her, "I think I know what you want me to do."

She bit her lower lip, and said, "Not yet. I think I want to suck your cock first. I see it under your shirt, and I really want to suck, and suck on it."

I looked down, and saw that I had a raging hard-on that poked about a foot out of the top of my jeans and under my tee shirt. At one point way back when, I had started making my penis oversized in this alternate place, and it had become habit, I guess. I really didn't think it was appropriate for Juliet, but she was very pleased with its size.

"Take off your pants and stand over me, and just let your cock fall down to my mouth. I want to try and put my throat around it. I will be able to breathe through my nose, right?"

I nodded.

"But don't cum like that. I want you to come inside my mouth, and on my tits."

"I may be a while. You have me rock hard, and I don't know when I will be able to cum."

I took all my clothes off, and stood over her. She got to her knees, and grabbed my penis with both of her hands and stroked it a couple of times. It now stood straight out. It was outrageously large in her mouth, and I tried to will it down in size a bit. I'm not sure exactly what happened, but I was focusing on her mouth, and she took a deep breath, and curled her tongue under the head of my dick. With her mouth opened wide, she slowly moved her head forward, and 12 inches slowly slid down her throat.

She was trying to take more, and she was turning red. I touched the top of her head, and she pulled it out of her mouth with both hands, and started licking up and down the length of it.

She said to me, "I have to figure out how to make you cum. It's so hard, I don't think you will be able to cum."

"Juliet, I would love to fuck you, but it is too large. You will get hurt. This sucks. I am looking at your cunt, and I really want to fuck you."

"Silly. It will fit. I want every inch inside me."

I shook my head, and said, "I don't know how you are going to do that."

“I think I know how. I have to really grind low, and let it keep pushing in deeper and deeper.”

“Juliet... how come you have not asked me to stick my tongue in you? I am so hard because I keep looking at your small cunt, and it looks so delicious.”

With a skeptical look, she said, “Alright, but you are going to make me cum fast. Can you pick me up upside-down, and eat my pussy that way? I can suck your cock some more if you do that.”

“Ready? Wheeee.”

Her pussy was completely bald, and tasted great. She had a small slit and her clitoris stuck out a little bit. As soon as I started eating her out, she started dripping excessively. I could not lap it up fast enough, and it started dripping down her ass crack, and her back. She had her legs straight out to the sides, and I started chasing her juices down her ass, and now over her front. She was going to town sucking my dick, and I started to get some feeling in it.

“Juliet, I think you found the way to make me come. When you are ready, just let me know. Not too soon, though; I am not done eating your delicious cunt. I can't wait to fuck it.”

She pulled my penis out of her mouth and asked to be put down.

“Get on your knees, Delinquent. You can start fucking me from over there. I want to take it all. I want you to cum inside me too. I want you to fill me up.”

She was lying down with her knees bent and apart, and I was about two feet from her. She grabbed my dick about 10 inches from the head, and started feeding it into her pussy. She was so wet, that it went in easy, but it was tight. There is no way she should be taking a dick this large. She could get hurt, and I would feel terrible.

She got the first 12 inches in, and I surprised the both of us.

“Juliet, I'm going to cum now.”

Just like a cartoon fire hose, I watched a bulge of cum slowly travel down the length of my dick until it was out of sight in her pussy. It seemed to take a minute before I had the sensation to ejaculate. When it happened, it was one very long pulse of semen, and it came out hot and fast. It filled her pussy, and another bulge was on its way down.

She was moaning, and she had her mouth open. I pulled out of her, moved up, and grabbed the back of her head as I pushed my dick into her mouth. Another long pump, and I pulled back, and her mouth was full of cum and was leaking down from the corners of her mouth. I shot the next load all over her face and hair while she swallowed the prior

one. I moved back once again, and saw the puddle between her legs, and I aimed for her breasts. Long ropes of cum collected in a pool in the hollow of her belly, and she was rubbing it all over her chest, neck, and face. She was licking it off her hands and she told me to cum in her mouth once again, and sat up straight. With her mouth one inch from my dick, I filled up her mouth, and then we both laughed as I came on her tits over and over. It seemed as if it would never stop, and she kept slicking herself up with it, and started rubbing handfuls of it into her pussy.

When I was finally sated, I opened my eyes and I looked in the urinal. Good: there was nothing in it. The fact that I did not in reality cum was a good sign. I looked down, and my penis wasn't even out of my pants. Did she sense anything? I reached down to put my dick away, and remembered I didn't have it out. I flushed the urinal, washed my hands, and walked out into the hall.

Two doors down, I opened a narrow door to a utility closet. I smiled when I grabbed the small brown bottle; to think I almost threw it out last year. I put it in my pocket, and started walking back to the studio.

Then I remembered something, and I ran.

14

I stopped long enough to grab the camera off the tripod, and then I barged into the dressing room, ready to tell her to leave the sex toys alone, but it was too late for that.

“Hey, watch this,” she said.

She had a foot-long clear rubber dildo that she held up to the far side of her head in profile, and pretended to gobble it.

“Put That Down!” I yelled. “You never know where that's been.”

She instantly dropped it and jumped back, shaking her hand to get rid of the cooties. Then she puckered her lips out, and ran to the sink to spit into it. I laughed so hard that I thought I was going to crack some ribs.

She was beet red with embarrassment, and she was angry, but she didn't know what to say. I started snapping pictures, and said, “For all your talent, you have about the worst color coordination of anybody I have ever seen. Are you supposed to be a hooker, or a clown?”

“I'm not done yet! I'm a warrior princess,” she yelled, just happy to yell about something.

I took pictures of the trail of discarded clothing on the floor, and said, “No way. You don’t just throw this stuff on the floor. Some of this stuff is expensive.”

“I was going to pick them up. I keep getting sidetracked.”

I picked up a jar of cold cream, and said, “That makeup has to come off. You can take a shopping cart full of makeup home with you if you want, but I don’t want to see you wearing any around here. They haven’t invented makeup yet that could improve on your looks. You look like a hooker.”

“I’m not going home. Everything I need is right here, and I can help you. You can be my sugar daddy.”

“No, everything you need is not right here. Everything you want is right here. There is a difference.” I reached down and picked up a pair of crotchless panties she had discarded, and said, “See? There is no food, and you ate the crotch right out of these perfectly good panties.”

You would think I tickled her in the ribs. She went down in a heap, laughing so hard she could not draw a breath. Then her eyes went huge, and she fell over laughing with her butt against the wall.

“Breath!”

She pointed to the floor where she originally fell in laughter, and there were a few drops of what I assumed to be pee. I grabbed a thin catalog off the counter, rolled it up, and started whacking her over the head with it.

“First you ate the crotch out of the underwear, and now you are peeing on the floor. You are a very bad dog.”

She was a pile of jelly on the floor, and her high-pitched shriek was replaced by a guttural hacking from the bottom of her lungs. She was lying prone on the floor, and the yellow teddy with the yellow fur trim she wore rode up high, exposing her bare ass. I snapped a few pictures.

She slowly regained control of herself, and wiggled her ass, saying, “You took a picture of my bum. Now you can give me a tail.”

“No. These are bonus pictures of your bum. If you want a tail, I have to photograph you in the Orbital, but I think maybe we’ve done enough for today,” I lied.

“But you promised I could have a tail...”

Good girl

“I’ll tell you what; since you are already dressed for the part, I’ll take the picture. I’m so tired I can’t do anything with it until maybe tomorrow, though.”

She stood up, and accepted this news with a shrug. I told her to pick out an outfit she can wear home, and I found a shopping bag and busied myself picking up her soiled clothes while she shopped among the endless outfits hanging in the dressing room.

I doubted she would ever make it home again, but I had to believe that she would anyways.

I folded her selection and put it on the long counter. I also removed the blue scarf from around her neck, but let her keep the teddy on so she wasn’t running around naked. I grabbed the jar of cold cream, and told her to sit still while I removed her makeup.

After that was done, I looked at her hair, and said, “You don’t have to be a cat. You can be anything, but it’s nice if we can use your hair. It takes me a long time to synthesize realistic-looking hair, so if there is a look you wanted, now is the time to make changes with your hair.”

She didn’t know what she wanted to do with her hair, and she said she would “pose” her hair when the time came.

“Well, okay, then. Are you ready?”

15

The worst thing about the Orbital is losing the goddamn remote for it. I’ve lost three so far. Where the hell do they go? You would think I would have found at least one of the missing so far, but no – they simply grew feet, and walked away. The people who make the remote for me also made some of the other electronics for the Orbital, and the last time I ordered a replacement remote, they expressed hurt feelings that I did not use them for the rest of the electronics on all the Orbitals that I must be selling. I asked them to stop adding feet to the remote controls they sold me. They actually did one better: when the machine was turned on, the new remote sounds out an alarm almost as loud as a fire alarm.

I told Juliet to block her ears, and then I turned the machine on. It’s a good thing I had acoustic tiling to dampen sounds, because I would go deaf running around trying to zoom in on the source of the sound. The tiles make directional finding very easy, and I quickly had the alarm off.

I stepped up on the stage, and extended a hand to Juliet. “See the circle on the floor?”

She nodded.

I said, "That is the size of your world to play in. I want you to see what happens when the tracks move. It will seem intimidating at first, but watch this..."

I walked into the circle and pressed Datum, and then Calibrate on the remote. She jumped when the stepper motors started up. The tracks started rotating, and the camera trains orbited rapidly back and forth. I walked toward her, and it looked certain that a train was going to smash into my head. It didn't.

I told her that it sensed if anything would impede its movement, and if it did, it would freeze in an instant. It is still creepy, and I invited her in the circle to try it herself. I know it takes a lot of guts at first, but she was determined to show professionalism. Other than throwing clothes on the floor in the dressing room, she has actually been a pleasure to work with... ignoring the vomit and hallucinations, of course.

I stepped out of the circle, and appeared to make a snap decision. "Juliet, since we are going through this much effort, we may as well go all the way and set up a full system-of-bones and wireframe for you." She just frowned at me while I opened a folder and removed a sheet of paper.

I walked back into the circle, and said, "See these shiny dots? They are stickers. We have to put them on your body where the picture shows. If you don't mind, you can lose the teddy now. I'll take the right side, and you do the left side."

She shrugged out of the teddy without any hint of embarrassment, but she giggled when I put a dot on her ankle, and then her knee, elbow, wrist. She followed my lead, but I let her place both dots on her pelvis and the one dot for the center of her chest. I told her the computer will now know where all her joints are, and the first thing we are going to shoot is her standing perfectly still while she was scanned 360, figuratively speaking - everything except the bottom of her feet.

The implication hit her, and before I started the scan, she said, "We are going to blow away all the other models, aren't we? I will be able to do things they can't." I winked at her, and told her to be still. I moved to her backside so she wouldn't be self-conscious, and I pressed Plan-1, and the machine started into its icy cold voyeurism.

To the best of my knowledge, this is the first time an underage, naked girl has been digitized. Stop the presses. Actually, I shouldn't be so callous: this sort of thing has a huge potential for abuse. Her bits can be arranged to do anything, and certainly would in the wrong hands. On the other side of the coin, real girls are often made to do anything for real, so there is an opening for a debate, but I don't want to be in the middle of it.

When it was done, I asked her if she felt relaxed, and if she wanted to do a little freestyle up there. I asked her if she had visualized what she wanted her personal picture to look like, and told her that we can do a minute or two of motion if she wanted.

"Yes!"

“Okay. I want you to do me one favor, though. I want you to do a small bit of acting.”

“Acting? You mean like for TV?”

“Well, for video. I have an idea on something, and I want to capture you on your hands and knees, and I want you to look back, and scream loudly in terror, and then crawl quickly for a few steps.”

I was a bit surprised when she immediately said, “you just want to see me bent over while I am naked.”

“Juliet, I would never trick you like that. If I wanted to see you bent over naked, I would ask. You can face me when you do it, but you still have to look back like there is an animal chasing you.”

I could tell she was sorry about her quick accusation, and in fact, she bent over with her ass pointed right at me. Right away, I said, “Action!”

I knew she wasn’t ready, but now her head was into the job. We did three takes before she nailed it perfectly.

“I’ll grab your clothes, Honey. Wait a sec.”

I strode into the dressing room and removed the bottle from my pocket. I grabbed a cotton pad, unscrewed the cap on the bottle, and quickly doused the pad with clear liquid. I caught just a whiff of sweet-smelling solvent, and I quickly screwed the cap back on and palmed the cold, astringent pad.

I grabbed her clean outfit and walked up onto the stage to hand it to her. I made busy while she dropped the dress over her head, and I waited for her to come up to me. When she did, I asked her what she dropped behind her. It’s the oldest trick in the book, and it still works on unsuspecting girls quite well. It took no effort to place the chloroform-soaked pad over her mouth and nose, and my heart broke when I felt her go limp.

I picked her up and slung her over my shoulder, and walked to the front of the studio. I needed privacy to do the horrible things to her that I wanted to do, and the studio was not it.

I opened the door to the lobby, and checked for shadows in the glass caused by anyone walking along the sidewalk. Not finding any, I quickly entered the lobby, and bound down the hall.

The stuff of nightmares was about to happen.

16

I gently laid her on the floor next to my workstation, and went to my office and removed the cushions from the couch. I brought them into the other room, set them down beside her, and packed them tightly together forming a bed. I gently picked her up, laid her on the cushions, and brushed the hair out of her face.

I kept the bottle of chloroform close. I didn't need her waking up as I was slitting her throat. That would be tough to explain.

Before I started any wet-work, there was something I first had to do. All the Orbital models I had of myself were out of date. I still had viable physics models of myself, but I need to wrap an updated texture of myself around them, and I had to be nude.

I raced back to the orbital, executed a Plan-1 scan on myself, and then raced back to my workstation. If I had done things correctly, both her scan and my scan should be in the new directory I had created earlier. I checked, and they were, and that means anyone who may have hacked my computer and were monitoring my studio output would have only seen a few pictures, and one video of her dancing.

Perfect

Sitting in front of the screen, I rolled up my sleeves and got to work doing things to that poor little girl that will probably haunt me forever. Twice, she started to come around, and I had to knock her back out. I needed to finish the work, and she could know nothing about it.

17

It was 8:30PM, and what I had, would have to do. It was actually good work; it would pass for the purposes of tonight. The problem I had now was that I was so burned out and brain-dead from the intense work that there was no way I was going to be able to pull off my Oscar performance right now. I ran back down to the utility closet and literally stuck my nose in a bottle of ammonia and sniffed in. The only thing that might work better for waking a person up is grabbing an electric fence.

My heart was beating so fast, I thought it might be an anxiety attack. My stomach was completely empty, making me feel nauseous. I had one take to nail this performance.

I held the cotton under Juliet's nose while she was already unconscious. I prayed it wasn't too much, but it was critical she stay sleeping.

Then I did it.

I simply copied the movie I just made into the original Orbital directory – the directory someone might be monitoring. I locked the workstation room, sat down behind my office desk, and waited.

18

I almost fell asleep with my head on my desk when I felt the pressure change. Someone had opened the outside door in the lobby. I kept my head down on the desk until I heard the hammer being pulled back. I looked up, and Peck had a .357 pointed at my head. Behind him, an older and harder version of Juliet stood glaring at me.

I started crying. I actually started crying, and never have I felt so powerful. To know I had it in me to command myself the way I just did was... inspiring.

“I fucked up, Peck.”

“Did you, Del?”

I nodded, and made as if I were trying to speak.

Julie slid in to my office and stood in front of Peck.

“You fucking sick freak. You mother fucker! Are you ready to die?”

Fresh tears (from me... only from me), and I pretended to gulp air.

“How... did you know?”

Behind Julie, I heard Peck say, “That’s not important, Del.”

Julie exploded. “We watched you! We watched you pose my daughter in vulgar, perverted ways, and then we watched you sneak into that machine, holding your cock and a knife. I WATCHED as my daughter screamed, and you cut her throat. She tried to get away, and you held her, and fucked her in the ass as she bled to death. You mother fucker!”

“I didn’t mean to... how did you watch? Peck...?”

“It was a setup, Del. Nothing personal. We just wanted to make some movies of her daughter. It never crossed my mind that you would kill her.”

I made as if the lights were coming on in my head, and acted shocked.

“Peck! You hacked my system when I let you make a movie here. You knew the code to get into the studio. That’s why Juliet had it written on her drawing. That was your writing, wasn’t it?” I said to Julie.

She rolled her eyes, and said, “Oh, please. Do you really think it is that hard to fool you?”

“What about your daughter...”

“My daughter thinks she is fucking magic... or did until you killed her.”

I shook my head, and said, “But you were going to use her... what were you going to do, blackmail me into filming her?”

She looked at Peck, and said, “Mr. fucking murdering pervert here is actually catching on. Kill this fucker, Del.”

She had her back to me, and I flipped a piece of paper over on my desk and held it up to Peck. It said:

Shoot the Bitch

My expression went from remorseful murdering pervert, to very serious businessman. He came to a decision in approximately 2 seconds. He stood up, and pressed the gun to her head, and said, “You stupid bitch.”

Very little of her brains landed on my desk

Peck sat back down and pointed the gun at me. The way he saw it, he had to kill me.

In a level voice that carried some command to it, I said, “I keep the girl.”

He set his jaw, and bounced his knee while looking at me. Finally, he put the gun away, and got up. I lifted a ledger up and slid a check face down to him.

“That’s a million dollars. Destroy what you saw. It never happened anyway.”

He folded the check, put it in his top pocket, and took a step toward the door.

“Peck...”

He turned around and looked at me, and I motioned to the body with my chin.

“Do you really trust me with this mess? ...You pick some real winners.”

He turned back around, and as he was walking away, he said, “Leave the door unlocked, and make yourself scarce. If you see them, it will be the last thing you see. You are a

smart man, Mr. Shady. It's just business. Whatever you think you have over me, I better never hear about it. Welcome to your first day on earth."

19

Once again, she was draped over my shoulder, but this time she had a fur coat wrapped around her as we left the building. I heard her breath hitch in the cool night air, and I pulled her down and hugged her. She put her arms around my neck, sighed in my ear, and then puked down my shirt and on the fur coat.

I hugged her tight, and said, "You poor thing, you must be starved."

Author's note: my sincere apologies to anyone in the modeling or photography business who read this story. It simply was impractical for me to do the research needed for a better understanding of your professions. Any inaccuracies, clichés, or stereotypes were the result of me trying to keep the story moving forward.

Nothing in this story is true, or for that matter, even inspired by anything I have experienced. The only time I have ever had sex with an underage girl was when I was an underage boy. That does not mean I am not allowed to look at a teenage girl now and fondly remember the joy of fucking one... at least for now.