

The bar I'm in right now isn't the kind of bar I like at all. This is one of the goth or industrial or techno clubs that have been taking over churches all across America, except this one's not in a church. This club has rented space out of a modern hotel building. It's not like you can tell, though; it's been sectioned off and given a different entrance so as not to scare away the normal hotel guests.

Everything in here is black on black. There's so much black it's absorbing all the light, making it hard to see. Not that there's plenty of light to go around. Everyone around me is wearing black. It's hard for me to recognize anyone with their clothes swallowing any illumination in the room. Any light I do see is usually reflected off of sickly pale skin.

This is grade school science: White reflects all light, and colors reflect only their own wavelength and absorb all others. Black absorbs everything. Pretty much the only colors you'll find here are white and black.

The process goes like this: Electricity is converted to light by a string of Christmas tree lights that have been randomly stapled across

a flat surface somewhere — a ceiling or a wall that's been painted black. Or it comes from a security guard's flashlight, who is making the rounds making sure there are no underage drinkers. That light travels out and hits a naked arm or leg or set of exposed tits and journeys back in the opposite direction, only to be swallowed up by some wall that used to be white drywall until some entrepreneur came in here with a liquor license, a sound system, a couple hundred gallons of black paint and renamed this chunk of the building "The Abyss."

I like pubs. I like bars that are well lit with good music, and I like the good music to be kept at a level where I can actually hear the person who I'm drinking with. Here you can neither see nor hear much of anything that goes on around you. Bars I like don't need security guards.

The security guys who walk around, they can either pray to Saint Matthew the apostle or Saint Amand. Respectively, that's the patron saint of security guards and the patron saint of bouncers, except, really, it's any bar employees.

I wait around till the couple that's sitting in the back corner get up to go dance. It wasn't a long wait. All I had to do was stand there for a couple of minutes until the sound system started blaring "Du Hast," and then they were gone, out on the dance floor, lurching around in stoic contentment. Bodies wrapped in black vinyl. Boots up to their thighs with industrial-strength metal buckles all the way up. Yellow ski goggles that have never been skiing on top of their foreheads.

I'm sitting in the back in my corner when Aisha comes in. I watch her as she walks through the door. The entrance is the best lighted area of the club because security has to check everybody for contraband. It doesn't take long to check Aisha because she's not wearing much in the way of clothing. I watch as she walks into the club and heads straight toward me, not because she can see me but because this is where she told me to be. Once she's out of the light from the entrance she disappears. Every once and a while I catch a glimpse of her as some light catches part of her body, only to disappear again. This continues until she disappears into a crowd of people, and when she emerges she's right in front of my table.

I look at her as she walks up, and I take stock of what's in front of me, bottom to top. She wearing black high-heeled shoes as usual, and then from there I look to see what's next, and it's a long stretch of nothing. There's a lot of bare skin that makes up the whole of her legs. There are no nylons, no pants and no skirt. My eyes continue up until they reach her black panties and a pink shirt with curvy black letters across the chest that reads "angel tits."

This would cause a lot of people to do a double take. But here, there are a good number of girls walking around wearing less.

I tell her I like her shirt, and she tells me, “Nice outfit. Way to wear something that’ll draw attention to us.”

Me, I look totally out of place here, but I don't care because in my opinion I look good. I'm wearing black biker boots, blue jeans with the cuffs rolled up, a white t-shirt and a red jacket with the collar up. To me I look good, James Dean good. To everyone else here I probably look like an asshole.

That's not to say I'm the only one here who's a little out of place. Every night you can count on at least a couple of frat guys who come out to gawk.

Aisha slides around the table and sits sideways on my lap. We're in the back corner at the bar, and I don't think it matters how conspicuous I'm dressed. I doubt anyone's going to notice or care if they do. Aisha's sitting sideways on my lap with one arm draped around my neck. She's got her coat covering her lap, and with her other hand she's already starting to reach down between her legs.

I say, “Hi.”

I say, “I'm fine.” I ask her, “How are you?”

She smirks at me as her hand goes down to my crotch and starts undoing my belt and my jeans. She says, “Funny, since when have I been one to waste time? I'd love to chat all night, but I've got work in the morning.”

When Aisha was younger she used to masturbate before she went to bed at night. After a few years it became standard that she had an orgasm before she went to sleep. Her body got used to it, but it started to bore her. So when she moved out of her parents' house and went to college she started bringing guys to her dorm room or going back to theirs. She still got her orgasm and found a way to make it fresh and exciting again. But after a while even one-night stands got boring. She just didn't have the time for it anymore. She needed something more exciting. If she couldn't get turned on, she couldn't climax. If she couldn't climax she couldn't sleep. She needed to up the ante. This is where I'd come in, me and I don't know how many other guys.

Earlier, when I called this a date — you know, how I said I had to get ready for my “date” tonight? I apologize, but that might have been the wrong word.

I ask Aisha how her boyfriend Gregg is. She says, “Dick.” I'm not sure whether she's correcting me or insulting me.

With her fingers she gets through the puzzle of my belt buckle and my zipper, and she gets my cock in her hand. It's rock hard because I love every minute of this routine. I'm not really sure why, but I love that this girl doesn't like me very much. I love that she's a total bitch and in a normal social setting we wouldn't be able to stand each other, but right now she needs me. We don't much like to look at

each other, but right now we each possess something the other desperately needs to enjoy this evening.

She's trying to hold my dick and at the same time pull her panties over with her thumb. She's trying to stroke my cock as she does this, but really she's jerking me around harder than I feel is comfortable.

I ask her if she's forgetting something.

She rolls her eyes and says, "Right."

She pulls her hand back up and reaches in the top of her panties and pulls out a condom. She brings it up to her mouth. Her lips part, and she takes the corner of the condom wrapper in her teeth and pulls. She spits the corner of the wrapper off into the dark, and for a moment I see it catch a stray bit of light from I don't know where, before it disappears.

She pulls the condom out of the wrapper with her teeth and drops the wrapper to the floor. Then she takes the rubber in her hand and brings it back down to put on me. I'm watching all of this, and it occurs to me then that this might be the most useful function her mouth will serve all night. She gets the condom on me and performs her little dance maneuver with her hand, her panties, and my dick. I feel her weight on top of me as I slip inside her at an uncomfortable and almost painful angle. I shift her weight on top of me until I get her into a more comfortable position that will still look somewhat innocent to passers-by.

I find it, and my prick slides deeper inside her. Her arm around my shoulder, with her hand by my neck, I can feel her nails dig into my neck in response to the penetration. I tell her to be careful; she knows I don't like her to leave marks.

She says, "And you're asking me how my boyfriend's doing?"

I tell her that it's not like that. I tell her I have a job, a nice job, and I don't need bite marks or nail marks on my neck for everyone to see. This is more bullshit. I spend most my day locked in my office working on campaigns. Most people don't see me for longer than the ten minutes it takes me to get in and out of the building. I could tell Aisha all about Shellie, and she wouldn't give a shit. There aren't any feelings to hurt here. But there's no point in getting out of my habit of denial for just one person.

"Sure," she says, rolling her eyes and sliding forward and back on my lap in time with the music. The way we're sitting right now, I'm inside her deep, but there's not much freedom of movement if we want to stay subtle. With the condom and our limited range of motion I can't feel anything. She could slide back and forth on my lap for hours, and I wouldn't cum. She on the other hand, she has no problems with this. We've done this for hours before, she's came dozens of times.

We always meet here. I never understand how something that's turned into a routine can still seem like an adventure to someone like Aisha. Maybe it will, like the other things. Maybe she just needs more time to get tired of it. But we've been doing this for months, usually on Sunday nights, always at the same table.

Every time she calls me she gives me specific instructions. She tells me what time to be there. I'm not to wear anything conspicuous. She tells me what table to sit at. Almost always the instructions are the same. It seems redundant to me, but it's important to her. We're careful about the process, and we don't stand much chance of drawing too much attention back here, but we meet here so much that I'm sure someone must have caught on by now, no matter how cloak and dagger we are about it. I'm sure by now someone's noticed and someone knows what to expect when they see us walk in. Right now even though I can't see them, I imagine dozens of pairs of eyes watching us from the surrounding tables.

But probably not.

Even this close all I can really see is Aisha's face and how it's all red on white. Red lipstick on ivory skin.

I'm sure I'm just being paranoid. Tonight the music is loud, and there's so much traffic walking through the club that I'm sure that no one's paying attention to us. Aisha starts getting brave; she swings one leg over my lap so she's straddling me facing away. She leans forward and rests her arms on the black table in front of us. If I wasn't here it would look like she was just sitting bored. If it wasn't for her ass rhythmically bobbing behind her this could be innocent. Midway through I feel this twitching in my right arm, on the top of my forearm. It doesn't hurt. It's just an annoying muscle twitch. I try to concentrate on Aisha, but my attention keeps getting drawn back to it.

There's actually a patron saint against twitching; it's the skinless Bartholomew I mentioned earlier. But I'm not going to pray to him. Saying a prayer for something as trivial as twitching just seems gratuitous. I start to pull up my sleeve on my jacket to massage the twitching muscle.

All of sudden Aisha stops in mid-stroke, and I can feel her cunt clamp down hard around my prick, and now this feels better than I can ever remember it feeling. Her whole body is tense, and she throws her leg back over me so she's sitting side saddle again, and she's wiggling her ass like she's trying to get my cock out, but it's not happening. That's because I'm like granite right now and buried deep. Her insides are hugging me hard from tension, and they don't want to let go.

She's trying to stay calm, and I'm trying to ask her what's wrong as she's spreading her coat across her lap trying to cover us up.

She doesn't say anything and is staring frantically into the dark. I follow her gaze, and instead of dark I see two figures coming up to the table. The figures resolve into two guys, both dressed in unassuming black outfits. Black shirts, black pants with black pyramid studded belts.

One of them waves at us as he walks up, and he says, "Aisha! What are you doing here? Thought you said you didn't like it here."

I hope this isn't who I think it is, but I know it must be. I pray to God he's oblivious to what's going on and since he's still smiling I hold onto that hope.

He nods toward me and says, "Who's your friend?"

I'm trying to think back, but as far as I can remember right now this has got to be the most fucked-up situation like this that I've ever been, in and it's turning me on like nothing else. Here I am sitting here with Aisha in the back of a bar with my dick inside her, and her cunt is clamped around it so hard it feels like she's trying to choke the life out of it.

I'm sitting here with all of this just fucked up and happening right in front of me, and Aisha says, "Oh, I'm sorry. Dick, this is Jude. Jude this is Dick."

I don't know if it's the situation or the fact that she's gripping me so hard that her voice reverberates down to her loins, but I just can't take it anymore, and it's then that I come inside her.