The Bargain with Lucifer Pt 2

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Based on the Faust Legend an older English professor has wild sex with younger women

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It was dark and late when Paul got back to the college. The campus was quiet, practically empty except for a few students walking back to their dorms or a couple sitting on the wall circling the fountain, the water turned off for the night. He walked past the dark library and into the empty humanities building to his office on the third floor. Realizing he had to pee, he went down the hall to the men's room, turned on the florescent light, causing him to squint and stood there in front of the urinal, holding his limp penis, watching the pale yellow liquid arcing into the white bowl, thinking about the insane idea of women suddenly lusting after what he was holding in his hand, imagining what it would be like if that actually happened, dismissing the idea, but zipped up and went to the sink to wash his hands, glancing at himself in the mirror, looking at his watery blue eyes, his wrinkled brow, the bags under his eyes, his thinning white hair, wondering what he would look like if he suddenly looked younger and sexier, then sighed, shaking his head from side to side, resigned to the reality that he was an old man now, his longing for a return of his youthful vitality an impossible dream. Suddenly, he remembered the song, "The Impossible Dream" from the musical, *The Man of La Mancha* about Don Quixote and how foolish he was thinking he could win the heart of Dulcinia. Paul wiped his hands with a paper towel and took one last look at him self in the mirror then sighed with deep resignation.

Two days later, his papers graded with shorter than usual comments written in red at the bottom of the last page, he was relieved to know he was now on summer break and could get back to trying to finish the poem he had been working on for several months, hoping he could break though what was blocking him and nail it. He stood at the window of his small apartment in a complex that had a pool and looked down at the people lounging: children splashing, a man with a hairy chest diving off the board at one end, several women wearing bikinis sun bathing, talking to each other, sunglasses, blonde haired, dark haired, their slim tan bodies captivating him, causing him to sigh, something he had been doing a lot lately.

He went back to his notebook and to the poem he had been working on and suddenly, he felt energized and the words started coming like they hadn't in a long time. Rather than finish the poem he had been writing, new words came to him and he just wrote without crossing out a word. He

stopped and read the first line, “*I’m getting old because I haven’t died.*” The line made him laugh, and he continued reading what he had written. When he got down to another line, he felt tears coming to his eyes, a burning ache when he read,

And when I think of love,

getting older doesn’t make the longing go away.

It’s just the thought of a lover’s skin

doesn’t fade that easily and comes back

like a waking dream late at night.

When he finished the poem, reading it over several times, he sat back happy that he was able to write, was able to reach where he hadn’t been able to for the last eight months and felt relieved that he was able to get out what he needed to say. “Maybe I haven’t lost it,” Paul thought, holding the pages he had finished in his hand.

He felt a warm glow come over him and suddenly thought, “I deserve to celebrate,” and got up from his desk, glanced out the window at the people around the pool and decided he was going to go to the Gilded Cage Cafe in town, a local hangout that had good coffee, decadent pastries, served wine and beer, light meals a place where students, teachers, artists gathered to talk or use the internet. He hadn’t been there in over a year but today, after finishing the poem, he felt refreshed and wanted to get a cappuccino or a glass of red wine.

When he went into his bedroom to change his clothes, he looked in the mirror and looked into his eyes, noticing, they looked really blue, not watery the way they usually did, though his skin had wrinkles, he had more color, his cheeks had a glow and he thought he looked good, different and thought finishing a new poem had an impact on him, maybe he would go back to the poem he had been working on for months and felt confident he could nail that one too.

Something made him take off the wrinkled white dress shirt he wore and take out a dark blue t shirt from the drawer and slip in on. “I haven’t worn this shirt in years,” he thought but liked the way it looked on him. He turned to side and noticed his paunchy belly was gone. “What happened, I look thinner,” he said and remembered he hadn’t been eating much recently. He hadn’t felt hungry and realized he often didn’t eat when he was tense or depressed. “Guess I’m losing weight,” he thought, then decided to wear the white sneakers he had in the closet instead of the brown shoes he was wearing. “Why not,” he thought as he sat down on his bed and put them on, liking the way they went with the dark blue jeans he had put on that morning. Before leaving, he glanced at himself in the mirror one more time. “Not bad. You look pretty good for a change, not as wrinkled. ”

When he entered the café, he put the New Yorker magazine he grabbed before leaving on the small table against the brick wall and went up to the counter to order. He knew what he wanted and when

the young woman came to him, “Oh hi, Dr. Cantor,” she said. “I haven’t seen you here in a long time.”

“Well, that’s because I haven’t been here in a long time,” he joked.

“Right,” she laughed. “That explains it. What can I get you?”

“Well, I was going to have a cappuccino, but I think I’ll have a glass of wine. Do you have Chianti?” he asked, suddenly remembering when he vacationed on the Italian Rivieria twenty years ago and the image of him sitting in a café in San Remo when he was on sabbatical working on his second book came to him.

“Yeah, we have Chianti,” she said. “I’ll get it and bring it over to you,” she said.

“Cool,” he said, surprised. He never used that word but it popped out of his mouth and made him chuckle.

When he sat down, he opened his New Yorker, turning the pages, looking at the ads, stopping at an article that looked interesting then the young woman brought over his wine.

“Here you are, Dr. Cantor, she said. “By the way, I was in your writing workshop a few years ago. I’m Wendy Paquin. You probably don’t remember me.”

“Yes, you look familiar,” Paul said, looking up at her, noticing the stud in her nose, the bright brown eyes, her long dusty blond hair and couldn’t help notice how her breasts stretched the green t shirt she was wearing with the words Gilded Cage written in gothic letters and noticed a picture of an empty cage with the door wide open. “Yes, Wendy,” I remember you.” He paused. “I like your shirt and that image of an empty bird cage.”

“I do too,” she said. “Well enjoy your wine,” she added then paused, looking at him. “By the way, you’re looking pretty good,” she said and went back to her place behind the counter.

“Well, that was nice of her to say,” Paul thought as he watched her walk away noticing her short black skirt, the slight swaying of her hips then took a sip of his Chianti, tasting the sweet thick texture on his tongue, again remembering the bright, warm sun of San Remo.

While reading and sipping his wine, he looked around the café at people drinking, talking, reading, noticed the hanging plants, the soft jazz playing and remembered Luke’s Bar and Grill and the contrast in atmosphere. He looked over at a table in the corner at an attractive dark haired young woman sitting by herself wearing a low cut tight orange tank top. She was reading a book and had a yellow scarf tight lightly around her neck, a coffee mug next to her hand. He could see her cleavage and wondered whether she was wearing a bra. “She looks pretty sexy,” he thought then went back to his New Yorker but glanced over at her a few times and saw she looked over at him then went back to her book. He was surprised that she looked at him realizing how rare it was that any woman looked at him, but a few times their eyes met then both looked away and he knew there was an attraction,

but also knew nothing would happen.

When she got up to leave, putting her book in a backpack, he noticed she was wearing grey sweats that were tight on her ass and he wished he had the nerve to talk to her. He wondered what book she was reading and thought he would ask her if he had the chance as a way of starting a conversation. He felt his heart leap when she walked by his table and smiled at him before leaving, their eyes meeting. He noticed how her long dark curly hair flowed over her bare shoulders, her dangling earrings. He was stunned by the way she looked at him realizing it had been years since a young beautiful sexy woman looked at him like that. He could not take his eyes off her as she walked away, and wondered if he'd ever see her again. "Now that's someone I'd like to get to know," he said.

After finishing his wine and the article he was reading, he closed his New Yorker, deciding to go home and work on the poem that had been frustrating him for eight months. Just as he got up he glanced over at Wendy behind the counter. She waved at him and smiled and it struck him as odd that she seemed so happy to see him. He remembered her comment that he looked good, then, as he was leaving, another young woman with short brown hair, glanced at him and smiled as they passed, baffling him that for some reason he was being noticed.

"Maybe it's this blue t-shirt," he wondered, suddenly feeling he looked attractive but didn't know why. He still had wrinkles, still had thinning white hair and a beard. His legs were still stiff, but he liked how a few young women looked at him and smiled but wasn't sure why. When he got back in his car and looked up at the café with its glass door, the sign above it with a the golden gothic lettering, the empty bird cage with the open door, he thought how much he enjoyed being there and decided he would go there again. He liked the vitality, the way people seemed engaged and he also wondered if he would see that sexy woman again and if she looked at him again would he have the nerve to talk to her, ask her what book she was reading, start a conversation.

At home that night, Paul stood at the window and looked down at the pool. No one was there. The water was still, the lights around the pool shining on its blue surface. People sometimes swam on warm summer nights but tonight it was quiet. He had never used the pool, but the idea of sitting out there and getting a tan suddenly appealed to him. Maybe he would do that tomorrow, he thought, remembering he had an old pair of swimming trunks he hadn't worn in years.

He then did another thing he hadn't done in years and that was pour him self a glass of Jack Daniels to sip and listen to an old Mose Allison record, remembering he liked his jazz and satirical lyrics. He sat down on his recliner, turned off the lamp making the room dim, sipped his drink and listened to the steady chords and Mose singing in his distinctive southern drawl, *"I'm not disillusioned, no I'm not disillusioned, I'm not disillusioned...but I'm getting there.*"

That line always made Paul chuckle. He remembered how he had been feeling for the past year or so, maybe longer, hating the idea of reaching the age when he felt his best days were behind him, how painful it felt to see so many attractive women pass him without looking, how, until earlier in the day, he hadn't written a decent line of poetry for a year and how he felt at the café earlier being looked at by not one but several younger women, and now he was eager to return, hoping the woman

in the tight grey sweats would be there.

When he finished his Jack Daniels, the Mose Allison record over, he put on Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," turned off the lamp in back of him and sat in the dark listening to the vitality of the music, and heard himself humming the lovely melodies, moving his hands as if conducting and feeling he was not as depressed as he had been. The thought of getting a tan, maybe getting his bicycle out and exercising, taking bike rides along the river appealed to him. He remembered how he enjoyed having house plants around and decided he was going to do that again but this time he wouldn't let them turn into wilted brown leaves. He would start over, get cuttings from his neighbor, Veronica and buy some from the garden center, remembering how he loved African Violets and Begonias.

When the Vivaldi ended, he lay back in the recliner, looking into the darkness of his living room, enjoying the silence, suddenly liking how he was feeling and now knowing he wanted to change the downward spiral of his life. He remembered the conversation he had with Luke before drinking the potion, remembered saying, "the only thing that can change me is me," dismissing the notion that the ancient brew he drank had any power and that the deal regarding Luke owning his spirit and soul was nonsense. It was up to him to turn his life around, not a potion, not a bargain.

Paul woke up at dawn the next morning, laying in his bed, realizing lines of poetry were coming to him, surprising him, reminding him that this is the way he woke up years ago when he was determined to be the best poet he could be. He thought about the poem he had been stuck on for so many months and now the words were coming to him. He jumped out of bed, went to the bathroom to pee and wash his face then he'd get down to work. He looked in the mirror, looking into his eyes and again noticed they seemed bluer, not as watery, in fact, had a little twinkle and noticed that though he still had bags and a wrinkled brow, for some reason his skin looked smoother, not as pale or pasty looking. He wondered what he would look like without his beard. "I've had this beard since I was twenty-five," he said, remembering how brown it was, also how long his dark curly hair used to be, how it gradually got grey then white. "Well, maybe I'll trim it, make it shorter, or maybe I will just shave it off, wondering how it would feel to see his face without it, the face he hadn't seen in forty five years. His beard, now so much apart of his identity, made him wonder if he had the courage to do that. "What would people think, or say?" he thought. "So what," Paul said to the man in the mirror. "What does it matter what people think?" but knew he wasn't ready to shave off his beard.

In the kitchen, he flipped on the electric coffee maker, remembering he always got his coffee ready the night before, filling the reservoir, putting in the four scoops of coffee, but this morning he added a few pinches of cinnamon, something he used to do but hadn't done in years. He sat down at the small kitchen table, grabbed a pen and turned to the page in his notebook where the stagnant unfinished poem sat, read the lines then scribbled over them, crossing them out. "That sucks," he said and started writing the words that came to him in bed.

He wrote them down, stopped for a minute to pour himself the coffee, put in a little honey and took his first sip, releasing the huge "Ahhhhh" he always did after the first taste, only this time, he savored the taste, looked down at the black liquid, "Wow, that's so delicious," he said out loud, then went back to the kitchen table and continued writing.

Just like yesterday when he finished writing the new poem in under an hour, today the words poured from him with few cross outs. But what he was writing was different than what he had been trying to say months ago. He remembered how stuck he was, how he couldn't break through the barrier that had been blocking him when he was feeling so dark, so pained, so exhausted, but now he couldn't write fast enough. When he finished the draft, knowing he would go over it and refine it later, he picked up his notebook and read it out loud, walking into the other room.

Choosing an illusion doesn't make my life less real,

and if I care to sing

instead of crawling on my hands and knees

holding up a bleeding heart

the sunrise still will sparkle on the lake

and through the trees.

Morning has no pity as it marches through the sky.

The choice is ours to shrink

behind a rock,

complaining until we die

or to let the imagination wink

and look the passing heavens in the eye.

Noon comes fast and bright

and shadows disappear at this hot hour.

What mist that was on the lake at dawn

will surely come again at dark.

And so I dream: The sun that shines

now on your lovely face

will rise tomorrow from my lyric heart.

Paul read the poem over four times liking it better each time, but what surprised him the most was how positive he felt and realized this was a love poem. Why was he writing a love poem? He had no idea whose lovely face he was writing about, but he knew he hadn't written a poem like this since he was in his thirties when he was protesting the war in Vietnam, when he was enraged after the Bay of Pigs fiasco and realized how the CIA and secret organizations really ruled the country. Maybe he was remembering Evelyn or maybe it was truly about someone he hadn't met yet, maybe it was the woman he saw at the café, he didn't know but he loved the line about his lyric heart, the heart that hadn't felt lyrical in years.

When he finished reading the poem, he took a deep breath and went to the window, looking down at the pool. He glanced up at the clock and saw it was already after ten. He had worked on that poem for over three hours and had no idea it was so late. He was hungry now and wondered if he should make himself a nice breakfast to celebrate his new poem, then go down and take a swim, sit in the sun, start getting a tan. He knew he wanted to go back to the Gilded Cage later. Rather than feeling lethargic like he had for so long, he now didn't know what to do first. He felt energized. He had written two poems in two days. He suddenly felt youthful and when he went back to the bathroom to pee again, he looked in the mirror and saw twinkling blue eyes looking back at him. Also, his brow didn't look as wrinkled, his white hair now looked darker, grey, not as thin and for the first time in a long time, he liked what he saw in the mirror

"You know, you're not a bad looking guy, you look pretty good," he said, remembering Wendy saying that yesterday.

Rather than oat meal, he made himself bacon and two eggs up with toasted whole wheat bread spreading butter on it, poured another cup of coffee and devoured his delicious breakfast. After finding his old maroon bathing suit in the back of a drawer, he put it on, glanced at himself in the mirror, noticing his paunch practically gone, "I must be losing weight," he said, then grabbed a towel and walked barefooted to the pool, remembering how much he used to love walking around without shoes or socks.

It was now after eleven and people were already around the pool. He threw his towel on one of the lounge chairs, went to the edge of the pool, stuck his toe in to see how cold the water felt and then without hesitation dove head first and swam underwater to the other side of the pool then immediately turned around and swam back, surprised at how well he could still swim after probably ten or more years of not being in a pool. He climbed out of the pool, lifting himself up by his arms, dried himself off and looked around at the others, noticing the group of women he had seen before on the other side talking, but saw two of them stop talking and look over at him before turning back to their conversation, one lifting her sun glasses.

When he laid down on his lounge, he could feel the warm sun on his skin, how soothing it felt, how relaxed it made him. He closed his eyes and felt himself drifting into a nap then heard someone speaking to him. He opened his eyes but it was hard to see in the sunlight then gradually, he saw one

of the women from the other side of the pool standing in front of his lounge chair. She was wearing a yellow bikini and had a tube of sun lotion in her hand. He would have to be blind not to see her breasts barely covered by the skimpy top, her smooth tan skin, her long auburn hair.

“You better be careful. You’re going to get a bad sun burn if you don’t put some of this lotion on,” she said. “I hope you don’t mind my concern.”

“No of course not, thank you, that’s very considerate of you,” Paul said, looking down at his white pale skin, the grey curly hair on his chest.

“Here, you can use this,” she said, bending over, handing him the brown and white tube.

“Australian Gold,” he read then looked up at her.

“So who are you?” she asked. “I’ve never seen you around the pool. Do you live here?”

“Yes, I do. I’ve been here for almost a year. That’s my apartment over there,” Paul said, pointing to the second floor, “Apartment 2. This is the first time using the pool though.”

“Funny, I never noticed you before today,” she said, pausing, “and I live on the second floor too, Apartment 5, but when I saw you stand by the pool and immediately dive in and swim under water I was impressed. I was sitting over with my friends. We sit around the pool every day but I just noticed you. I hope you don’t mind my being concerned about you getting a sun burn. I know how painful that can be.”

“That’s very kind of you,” Paul said, suddenly feeling his penis twitching and stirring while looking up at her, his eyes roving over her smooth tan legs, her tiny bikini, her barely contained breasts, her long auburn hair.

“I’m Alicia,” she said. I’ve lived here for two years since my divorce.”

“I’m Paul. Paul Cantor,” he said, still surprised that this attractive, sexy woman just came over to let him use her sun tan lotion.

“Are you Paul Cantor, the poet?” she asked. “Are you?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact I am. Are you a poetry fan?”

“I am, sort of,” she said. “I wasn’t sure but I thought that was you but wasn’t sure. I heard you read a year or so ago at the Leaves of Grass Book store and I even bought your book, *Living in the Shade* and you autographed it. That’s why I came over to give you this lotion. I wondered if that was you. I loved your book.”

“Thank you. I’m glad you liked it,” Paul said, feeling himself getting aroused but wanting to hide what

was happening and put the towel over his bathing suit.

“Mind if I join you,” she said, sitting down at the end of his chair, causing him to move his feet aside to give her room. “Ever since my divorce over two years ago, I’ve been reading books and even started writing poetry, it’s not very good but it’s a release.”

“I understand, we all need a release, sometimes,” Paul said feeling Alicia’s leg against his leg, a sensation he hadn’t felt in many years as she sat next to him, felt his arousal getting him hard, surprised that this sexy woman was sitting with him.

“I can’t stop looking at your blue eyes,” Alicia said. “And you have such a nice smile.”

“Really, maybe it’s you making me smile,” he said, realizing he was flirting, speaking in a way that was so unlike him.

She smiled at him then glanced down at the towel covering his erection and Paul knew he was not able to hide what was happening. She looked into his eyes, then back at the tent he was making.

“Is that what I think it is,” she said looking at the towel.

“Yes,” Paul said, then looked into Alicia’s eyes.

She looked at the bulge in the towel then at Paul’s eyes and bit her lower lip and surprised Paul by suddenly moving her hand up his leg, slowly making her way along his inner thigh, under the towel and placed her hand on his hardness.

Stunned at first, he watched her hand and relaxed. “That feels so good,” Paul said, moaning, closing his eyes at the way her hand rubbed then gripped him. “Oh my god what’s happening,” he thought, as the sensation made him lift his ass off the lounge, wanting her hand to keep doing what it was doing.

“I’m so wet, Paul,” she gasped, rubbing him harder, feeling him lifting himself from the lounge chair against her hand, feeling the throbbing in his bathing suit under the towel. “I want you,” she said.

The hungry sound of her voice got Paul so hot, he boldly put his hand on hers as she rubbed his hardness. She then leaned forward, “Listen, I don’t want those women to see what’s going on, so I’m going to go up to my apartment. Wait a few minutes then come up to Apartment Five, just down the hall from your apartment. I’ll leave the door open.”

She got up and walked away, glancing back at Paul, not believing what was happening, as he watched the woman, her yellow skimpy bikini barely covering her ass cheeks, her breasts barely contained by her top, her hips swaying, her long tan legs, her auburn hair. Had she really invited him to meet her in her apartment? And was this him, hornier than ever, knowing he was going to take full advantage of her offer?

Even though women had stopped looking at him several years ago, Paul had never stopped feeling lust for the young women he saw every day on campus, but this was new. Not only had she looked at him, she seduced him, she wanted him and now he wanted her more than he could say.

After a few minutes, he left the poolside, glancing over at the women across from him, glad that they were so busy talking, though he noticed a dark haired woman look over, lifting her sun glasses, then went back to the conversation. He held his towel in front of him, knowing his erection would be noticeable but walked quickly into the building, up the stairs, past his apartment and pushed open the door with the number five and knowing where the bedroom was since this apartment was identical to his, there she was sitting on the bed, leaning against the headboard, her legs wide apart, fingering herself, then sucking her finger while Paul slipped out of his bathing suit, her eyes widening at the sight of his erection and without a word, he was on her bed, between her legs, kissing her, their tongues swirling then without hesitating thrusting deep into her with one hard thrust, her screams filling the room.

Paul pounded her as hard as he could, knowing he wouldn't last long, feeling her tightness gripping his piston like thrusts as he drove into her faster, deeper, each thrust harder than the last, knowing he was on the verge of exploding when he felt her body tensing, trembling then convulsing, her voice screaming, her wetness pouring out of her forcing him to thrust even harder before he too, erupted into a huge overwhelming orgasm.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, ahhhhhhh!" he screamed at the top of his lungs, writhing in ecstasy before collapsing on her, gasping for air, his panting limp body laying heavily on her soft body, her breasts crushed against his chest

After a few minutes, he slid off of her and rolled onto his back, looking up at the ceiling, Alicia turned on her side to face him, draping her leg over Paul's limp penis, rubbed his chest, playing with the curly grey hair, smiling into his eyes, "Well, I think we're going to be good neighbors," she said.

Still astonished at what had just happened, he smiled at her, "I think I'm going to like being your neighbor," he said.

"You better be careful, mister, I'm insatiable," she said

"Is that so," Paul responded. "Well, maybe you've met your match."

"Oh yeah," Alicia said. "I like challenges."

"Yeah, well watch yourself, young lady," he said, "I might be more than you can handle," he added, playfully.

Paul could not believe how he was speaking to her, how she was looking into his eyes. This was so unlike him, but looking at her tan smooth skin, her leg over him, her breasts pressed against his body, aware that he was now in bed with a sexy young woman who had just seduced him and here he was

bragging in a strangely macho way.

“Is this me,” he asked himself while she lowered her lips to his and kissed him.

“I’ve got to keep you to myself and not let those cougars around the pool know about you,” she said.

“Really,” Paul said, remembering the woman who lifted her sunglasses when he left the pool. “Well, good luck. I’m not a one woman man,” he said, again feeling he was speaking like someone else.

“Well, I’ll see what I can do to keep you busy,” she said. “I have my ways.”

Glancing over at the digital clock and seeing it was after one he thought about the Gilded Cage and the dark haired woman he saw yesterday. He took a deep breath, looked up at Alicia smiling into his eyes, not sure what to say in order to leave without hurting her, or, more accurately, not burning any bridges behind him, squirmed away from her.

“Well, I have an appointment downtown, so I have to get going, but don’t be surprised if I want to come over and borrow some sugar from you,” he said, again, surprised at the teasing playful way he was speaking.

When he got out of bed and picked up his bathing suit from the floor, she leaned on her elbow looking at him putting it on, “Aw, do you really have to go,” she said, pouting, and tilting her head to the side.

“I do,” he said, flipping his towel over his shoulder, “Thank you for the sun lotion,” he said. “Maybe I’ll see you at the pool tomorrow.”

“Why don’t you come back here tonight, I’ll make you a nice dinner,” she said.

“That sounds like a tempting invitation,” he said, standing in the doorway of her bedroom.

“Come at six,” she said, looking into his eyes, biting her lower lip. “We’ll have a good time.”

“Six it is,” he said, his eyes roving her smooth naked body then left.

Once in his apartment, Paul poured himself a big glass of water and leaned against his kitchen counter, still in a daze about what had just happened to him in the last hour, exhilarated by how he had just been seduced by his insatiable neighbor and wondered if his life was turning a corner. He felt energized and confident, remembering how Alicia screamed at his powerful thrusts, surprised at his vitality and when he walked into the bathroom to pee, his legs no longer felt stiff. He looked in the mirror and though he still had his white beard and hair, his skin looked smooth and radiant and he saw the ruddy complexion he remembered when he was in his forties. He turned his face from side to side, admiring how he looked, compared to how he looked just a few days ago.

“Think I’ll take a shower and go to the Gilded Cage for a bite to eat and a glass of wine,” he said,

turning on the water, slipping out of his bathing trunks then got in under the warm cascading water. He shampooed his hair, letting the hot water steam up the shower stall, enjoying the sensation of the water on his body. While soaping himself, he felt the urge to masturbate rising, surprised that he could get an erection again so soon after his recent wild episode with Alicia but soon found himself imagining she was with him in the shower, bent over, pressing her hands against the tiles, wiggling her ass, offering herself to him and with his soapy fist jerked off vigorously, shooting his white semen into the air, his orgasm ripping through him, his heavy breathing from the wonderful release thrilling him and thinking about Alicia and how he wanted to take a shower with her and make his fantasy real.

When he got out of the shower, trying to see himself in the foggy mirror, he wiped his hand over the glass and saw, slightly blurred, his wet hair looked grey, his beard more salt and pepper, his face glowing from the hot water. The difference was subtle, not so dramatic as to make him look like a different person but clearly, he didn't look like the world weary poet and English professor of a week ago. Rather, he looked like he had just returned from a vacation, well rested and robust.

"Interesting," Paul muttered, looking at the slightly darker hair on his chest, his stomach flatter. "I wonder if Luke's potion is actually doing something," he thought drying his back and legs, not feeling quite as stiff but then dismissed that notion as irrational. "It's me, I'm just feeling better because of the new poems I wrote and its summer and I'm not teaching" but added, "maybe there's no rational explanation."

Walking into his bedroom, he slipped on a pair of boxer shorts, then another pair of jeans, a pale blue sport shirt, leaving the top buttons undone, revealing a little of the hair on his chest then, instead of the white sneakers, put on a pair of Birkenstock sandals he hadn't worn in years, picked up his New Yorker and drove to the Gilded Cage, feeling like he did when, in his forties, he was invited to be writer in residence for the spring semester at Berkley. Evelyn and the kids stayed home but visited him a few times and he returned for Jonah's birthday during a break, but the atmosphere in the San Francisco area seemed freer, more liberated, more laid back than New England and though he went to a few parties, had some dinner and theater dates with women, had several tempting opportunities after the readings, he remained faithful to Evelyn.

He remembered Jane, a smart, sexy, graduate student, who came on strong, letting him know she wanted him and how his resistance frustrated and confused her. He sat parked in his car reminiscing, remembering the night in her candle lit apartment, after several glasses of wine, how she tried seducing him, how they kissed and held each other, tearing at each others clothes, then for some reason, he suddenly shoved her away, "What's wrong with you?" she yelled. Now, sitting in his car, he closed his eyes at how stupidly foolish he was to walk away from such an amazing sexy woman in the name of fidelity. Why wasn't he like Lord Byron or other poets he knew who threw morality to the wind? Now, however, with the youthful way he was feeling and looking, he sensed he was getting a second chance and was determined not to waste it.

When he walked into the Gilded Cage, taking the same table as the day before, he noticed the young woman he was attracted to sitting in the corner. She didn't notice him at first, standing at the counter,

but when Wendy looked up at him, her eyes widened, “Wow, Dr. Cantor, what happened to you, you look great.”

“Nothing happened to me,” Paul said, delighted at her reaction. “I just got a little sun today and I’m eating better, maybe that’s it.”

“Anyway, what can I get you,” she asked, looking at him with what seemed like adoring eyes.

“I think I’ll have another glass of wine, do you have chardonnay?” he asked, surprised at her reaction.

“Yes, I’ll bring it over to you,” she said, looking into his eyes, smiling, flirting with him.

Before taking his seat, he glanced over at the woman reading her book just as she looked up and their eyes met. She glanced back at her book then back at Paul, her eyes lingering and he decided to be bold and went over to her table, “May I join you,” he asked.

She looked up at him, startled at first then smiled, “Sure, yeah, it’s cool.”

“I saw you here yesterday and wondered what you were reading,” Paul said, surprised at how she spoke, but noticing the low cut tank top, revealing quite a bit of cleavage.

“It’s kind of trashy,” she said, lifting the book to show him the cover with a dark haired woman with one breast exposed being kissed by a dark haired man. “Dangerous Love,” he read, surprised, yet somewhat disappointed she was not reading something more substantial.

“Looks enticing,” Paul said.

“It’s not great literature but I like romance books,” she said, putting it down on the table. “It’s pretty erotic,” she whispered, leaning forward, drawing his eyes to her breasts. “By the way, my name is Mindy, what’s yours?”

“I’m Paul,” he said, reaching over to shake her hand. “Glad to meet you Mindy, I noticed you here yesterday.”

“I noticed you too. I thought you looked distinguished.”

Just then Wendy brought his wine to him, “Enjoy it, Dr. Cantor,” she said, “I’ll bring your magazine over from the other table if you’re going to be sitting here,” she added, glancing at Mindy.

“Dr. Cantor, she called you. Are you a doctor?”

“Well, I’m a professor at the university,” he answered. “Not that kind of doctor, not a medical doctor.”

“Oh I work for a doctor, a dentist. I’m an oral hygienist,” she said.

“Oh so you look down in the mouth,” he said, joking.

“Of course,” she said, not getting his joke. “How else would I clean someone’s teeth?”

Paul nodded, aware his joke went by her, remembered another joke, a clever pun he once heard about dentists. “So do you think tooth is stronger than friction,” he said, certain it would make her groan, but she just looked at him.

“What do you mean?” she said. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Strike two,” Paul muttered to himself, realizing his humor was going over her head. He glanced at the cover of her book, knowing they would not be talking about literature and disappointed by her response to his jokes, and began wondering if his physical attraction for this sexy young woman was dominating his reason. Would he regret seducing her, taking her to his apartment or the Super 8 Motel if he played his cards right?

“So, Mindy, do you come here much?” Paul asked, taking a sip of his wine.

“Nah!” she said. “Just started coming here a few weeks after work. “I just broke up with my boyfriend about a month ago.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that,” Paul said.

“Don’t be,” she said. “The jerk didn’t deserve me. Anyway, that’s why I started coming here instead of to his place after work.”

“I haven’t been here in over a year,” Paul said.

“Yeah, yesterday was the first time I saw you. I thought you looked interesting. I’ve always been attracted to older men, not sure why,” she said, taking a sip of her coffee, looking into Paul’s eyes over the rim.

“Well, I’m flattered that you thought I looked interesting. I thought you looked interesting too,” Paul said, looking into her eyes. “In fact I came here today hoping I would see you.”

“Oh really,” she said, putting her mug down, smiling at him. “Really, you did?” she repeated.

“Yes, and, if you want to know the truth,” Paul said, pausing to take a sip of wine, glancing at her breasts then back into her eyes, “I thought you looked very sexy,” Paul added, emboldened by the way she looked into his eyes and his recent conquest of Alicia. .

“Well, thank you, kind sir,” Mindy said.

“So are you lonely without your boyfriend,” Paul asked.

“Not lonely, exactly, but I started coming here ‘cause I thought maybe I’d meet someone more interesting. He didn’t appreciate me. He wanted one thing, if you know what I mean and I wanted him to treat me special, like I deserve.

“What do you mean you’re not lonely, exactly?” Paul asked, sensing what she meant but wanted to hear what she would say. “What’s missing?”

“You know what’s missing,” she said, leaning forward, smiling, looking into his eyes, revealing more cleavage.

“I think I do,” Paul said, trying not to look at her barely contained breasts but knew he was caught and their eyes met.

“If you want to know the truth, I have my needs,” she said. “So are you attached?”

“No, I’m not attached,” Paul answered.

“I’m surprised,” she said, “A good looking distinguished man, like you.”

“Thank you, Mindy,” Paul said. “I’m not attached, but I have my needs too.”

“Sounds like we both have needs,” Mindy said then picked up the book and looked at the cover and showed it to Paul. “This cover gets me so hot,” she said.

Paul glanced at the cover of the two lovers kissing passionately, the man’s hand on the bare breast.

“Why does the cover get you hot?” Paul asked, looking at the cover then into Mindy’s eyes, waiting for an answer.

“Sometimes I have a need to be ravished like that,” she said.

“Interesting,” Paul said, getting hard from the conversation. “So you have a need to be ravished?” Paul asked, smiling and looking into her eyes.

“I shouldn’t be telling you this,” she said. “You might get the wrong idea about me.”

“What do you mean the wrong idea about you?” Paul asked, “

“You might think I’m a slut,” she answered. “I’m not, you have to know, I’m really a good girl, but my boyfriend just didn’t appreciate me. He treated me like shit, just wanted to get into my pants, if you know what I mean.”

“I know what you mean. You didn’t want to be taken advantage of. You wanted to be appreciated, treated special.”

“Yeah, exactly,” she said, looking at the cover of the book, “Even though I sometimes want to be ravished, I want a man who thinks I’m special, you know, doesn’t treat me like a slut.”

“I understand,” Paul said, feeling his hardness straining against his jeans, suddenly feeling like he wanted to ravish her.

“I feel funny telling you this, Paul, but yesterday when I saw you I thought, now that’s a distinguished looking man, I bet he would appreciate me. Make me feel special. You just had that look about you.”

“Thank you, I told you I came back here today hoping I would see you. I was attracted to you,” Paul said. “But I have to admit this conversation is turning me on.”

“Me, too,” Mindy said.

Encouraged by Mindy’s words, thinking about the word slut and feeling emboldened, Paul finished his wine, leaned forward and said something he never thought he’d have the nerve to say. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Yes, let’s,” she said, picking up her book, throwing it in her canvas bag and started walking to the door.

Paul picked up his New Yorker, holding it in front of his bulge, seeing, as she walked in front of him, her tight faded jeans straining her round ass. “Damn, I want to fuck her,” he gasped, suddenly realizing that she was young enough to be his daughter, if he had one, but shoved that thought from his mind.

As he followed her, Paul noticed Wendy looking at the two of them leaving, her mouth opened in startled surprise. When their eyes met, he got a sense that she also was attracted to him and that without much effort he could get her in his bed.

As soon as they got into Paul’s car, Mindy leaned over and started kissing him, her hand immediately going to his crotch, rubbing his bulge while his hand went between her legs cupping her mound through her tight jeans, their tongues swirling madly.

Feeling his lust growing, he pulled his mouth from hers, gasping and reluctantly took her hand away. “Let’s go. My place is five minutes away,” he said, not believing this was actually happening.

“Hurry,” she said, moving away so he could drive.

Pulling out, driving around the block then towards his apartment, weaving around cars, he looked over at her, their hungry eyes meeting; her long dark hair looking wild; her breasts stretching the tank

top. “I don’t believe what’s happening to me,” he thought looking at Mindy, remembering how she said she wanted to be ravished and now he was going to be the man giving her what she wanted.

“Almost there,” Paul said, stunned when he saw her hands grabbing her breasts, rubbing them hard, thinking how hot she looked, how erotic this whole scene was, astonished how his life was changing, how miraculous it seemed being with Alicia earlier, now Mindy and lurking in the back of his mind Wendy’s slender sexy body came to his mind, as well as the cougars around the pool.

Parking in his reserved spot, both hopped out of the car. Though Paul was tempted to push her against the car door and take her right there in the parking lot, instead he nodded with his head. “Follow me,” he said and they rushed to the entrance, opening the door, letting Mindy follow him up the steps to the second floor then down the hall to his apartment. He quickly glanced at Apartment 5, hoping Alicia would not suddenly step into the hall. He then opened his door, letting Mindy in and immediately slammed her against the closed door, lifting her hands above her head, their mouths kissing fiercely, her legs apart, his body slamming into her, grinding, humping her, their lust out of control.

Suddenly, she bucked him away, squirmed from his arms, turned him around and pushed him against the door quickly unbuttoning and unzipping his jeans, then getting down on her knees, looking up into his hungry eyes, took his hardness in her mouth then started licking and sucking the head before moving her hot wet mouth up and down faster and faster, devouring him, his hand gripping and pulling her hair, while his thrusts filled her mouth.

Feeling he was on the verge of exploding, he pulled her mouth away, lifted her, grabbed her arms, taking her to his recliner and pushed her down on it. “Take those jeans off,” he yelled while pulling his off. She lifted her ass and started squirming out her tight jeans. Paul leaned over her and helped peeling them from her legs, her eyes fixed on his erection sticking straight out.

Looking down at her laying back on his recliner, Paul grabbed Mindy’s legs and put them over the arms of his chair, spreading her legs wide apart, completely open to him. On his knees he dove into her wanting to ravish her with his mouth and tongue, drive her crazy before ravishing her with the pounding of her life.

With her wide open legs hanging over the arms of the chair, Paul’s mouth devoured her, loud hungry growling sounds coming from his throat as he savagely thrust his tongue into her, almost swallowing her flooding pussy..

“Oh my god,” she screamed lifting her ass to his mouth reaching for his head, grabbing his hair then suddenly convulsing in huge spasms, “Ohhhhfuck! I’m cummming!” she screamed.

Her convulsions and loud screaming made it impossible for Paul not to pounce on her and thrust into her hard and deep, wanting to take her, wanting to fuck her into oblivion. He was crazed and more energized than ever before, somehow feeling powerful and strong, not knowing where his strength was coming from, his adrenaline soaring through him, causing him thrust harder and faster and

deeper.

“Fuck me! Fuck me you little slut!” he shouted, surprised to hear those words, feeling he was someone else, using words he never heard come from his mouth. He was out of his mind with wild primal lust.

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” she screamed, lifting her legs over his shoulder, her ass rising from the chair while he pounded her harder and harder, driving her back. “Make me your slut!” she yelled.

No woman had ever shouted those words at him before. This was his chance to live every fantasy he’d ever had, to release every carnal desire he had suppressed all those years of lusting after sexy women. Now he wanted to take full advantage of the opportunities that were now coming into his life, now all he wanted was to fuck Mindy’s brains out and have the orgasm of a lifetime and that’s what was happening as he felt his body tensing, his need to explode reaching the place of no return and then the ultimate explosion swept over him erupting like a volcano shooting hot lava into her, both of them writhing and screaming before he collapsed on her panting body, neither able to budge.

When he came back to earth, feeling the wetness between them, still panting, dazed with the reality that under him lay a sexy young woman he had ravished. Suddenly, he remembered Alicia in Apartment Five inviting him for dinner, realizing that in one day he had more sex than he has had in the last four or five years.

“Well, here we are,” Paul said, panting, lifting his head from her shoulder, looking into her eyes.

“Yeah, wow, I’ve never been fucked like that,” she said.

“That was pretty hot,” Paul said, looking down at her flushed face, her disheveled hair.

“Now what,” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Paul said. “This took me by surprise.”

“Me too, you surprised me,” she said. “You looked so distinguished, but man, you know how to fuck a girl. You have more energy than any guy I’ve been with. You’re amazing. I’m not going to let you get away.”

While hearing Mindy’s flattering words, Paul glanced over at the digital clock glowing in his dimly lit living room, seeing it was already after four and he and Mindy had been ravishing each other for over an hour. He remembered Alicia, wondering if he should ask Mindy to leave, saying he had an appointment and go to his neighbor’s apartment or should he just keep Mindy in his place, have some dinner with her, listen to music, have a stimulating conversation, spend a lust filled night in his bed then she could leave in the morning after fucking each other silly and he’d apologize to Alicia.

And that’s what he decided to do but after putting on his jeans, he put on his favorite Oscar Peterson

CD and asked Mindy if she liked jazz and sighed when she said, it was okay, she didn't get jazz but she liked a band called Hot Potatoes.

"Never heard of them," Paul said, listening to the intricate piano music playing.

"They're pretty loud," Mindy said. "You probably wouldn't like them."

Though he enjoyed having mind blowing sex with Mindy, he felt the words "Strike three" lurking, but pushed it aside for the moment, hopeful there was more to her than a sexy young woman. "How about having a bite to eat with me," he said. "I have some soup I can heat up."

"Yeah, that sounds cool. I'm hungry now," she said, laying back in the recliner wearing only her tank top.

Paul went into the kitchen to heat up the soup, listening to the Oscar Peterson playing. He was wearing only his jeans and no shirt. Stirring the soup, getting some bowls down, he thought about Mindy, hoping he could learn more about her and see what she was interested in, probe her mind, now that he had probed her body.

"Well let's have some soup," he said, bringing the bowls to the table.

She sat down across from him at the kitchen table. "This is a treat. A man who can cook and sweep a girl off her feet," she said.

Paul chuckled, looking at her, aware of how strange it was to have a sexy young woman in his apartment, sitting in his kitchen wearing a tight tank top and nothing else.

"So you're an Oral Hygienist?" Paul asked, trying to think of what they could talk about.

"Yeah for now," she said. "It's okay. I like it, I guess."

"What would you really like to do," Paul asked. "Is there anything you're interested in?"

"Not really,' Mindy said. "I like hanging out with my friends, going to clubs on the weekend, you know, dancing, meeting guys. Sometimes, I think it would be cool to be a model."

Paul sipped his soup, looking at Mindy sitting across from him, thinking about what she was saying about her interests, thinking she was sexy but pretty empty headed.

"Is that it?" Paul asked.

"Well, I like sex…you know that already," she said.

"I know," Paul said, suddenly feeling his erection growing but also wishing they could talk about

something more substantial and strained to think of something that would be stimulating, but suddenly, she surprised him by putting her bare foot between his legs and on his growing erection. He looked at her, sitting with nothing on but her tight tank top, her long leg stretched between his legs. He was barefooted and following her lead did the same thing, pressing his foot against her wet mound, turning each other on.

“This is so hot,” she said, closing her eyes, pushing herself against his foot.

Suddenly, his lust rising he got up from his chair, quickly moved the bowls to the counter, came back to her then roughly lifted her from the chair, pushed her down on his kitchen table, spreading her legs, looking at her round luscious ass, her wetness dripping down her thighs and without hesitating drove into her, the sound of her screaming exciting him, her hands gripping the kitchen table.

Paul leaned over her back, thrusting as hard as he could, “Take it, you little slut!” he yelled, pounding her, his body slamming against her ass, pushing the table forward with each thrust. He felt her pussy gripping him, her body tensing, trembling then suddenly convulsing in a huge orgasm, “Harder! Harder! Don’t stop!” she screamed.

Her shouting and his relentless ramming brought him to the verge of orgasm and suddenly a bolt of energy shot through him giving him more strength and power than he’d ever known. Amazed at his stamina, he kept thrusting harder and harder, aware that Mindy was lying under him unable to move when he gave his final thrust before collapsing on her panting body, feeling dizzy but exhilarated by the lusty wildness he was experiencing now.

“Wow, you’re pretty hot for an older guy,” Mindy said, once he let her up.

Still gasping for air, Paul sat back on the kitchen chair, his limp deflated penis dangling between his legs looking at Mindy now sitting across from him, her long dark hair a mess, their mingled juices on her thighs, realizing he enjoyed their wild afternoon, but also realized he didn’t know what to say to her now that they had fucked like animals.

“Maybe it’s time for you to go,” he said.

“Oh, are you kicking me out,” she said. “I was hoping to spend the night in your bed.”

“Maybe some other time,” Paul said. “I told you I had an appointment tonight,” he added. “Don’t take it personally,” Paul said, seeing she was pouting.

“Let me stay here and I will be here after your appointment,” she said.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Paul said, realizing Alicia probably had plans for them after dinner. “Maybe we can get together tomorrow. Would you like that?”

“Yeah, I guess, if I can’t stay here we can meet up tomorrow,” she said. “That’s okay I guess,” she

added, still seeming disappointed, still pouting.

Just then his phone rang and he lifted his finger to Mindy indicating he'd be a minute. He picked up the phone and heard Alicia asking if he was coming for dinner.

"Yes," Paul answered, turning his back to Mindy. "I'll be there in twenty minutes. I'm running behind here," he said, feeling a little self-conscious standing in his kitchen with no clothes on.

When he hung up, Mindy was shimmying into her jeans, putting on her sneakers, looking at Paul. He walked her to the door, feeling anxious for her to leave so he could get ready to go down the hall to Apartment 5. She stood close to him, putting her hand on his chest, looking into his eyes, "We're going to have fun together, mister," she said then kissed him."

"Yes, we are," Paul answered with his hand on the door knob. "I'm looking forward to seeing you tomorrow and continuing where we left off," he said, knowing he wasn't being honest.

When she left, Paul looked over at the reclining chair where he had ravished Mindy, still finding it hard to believe what was happening to him and now he had to gather his wits and get ready to have dinner and what might follow with Alicia.

(to be continued—See where the potion takes him)