



VENUSWAVE

Extracts

translated by Ida Cerne

Nina

She waits for Steve. He is bringing some outfits, women's clothes, to try them on, for the first time. It makes her nervous. Two fetish women interacting. Will he even find her attractive, if he concentrates too hard on being a sexy woman for her? If he, who's supposed to be her mirror, wants to be reflected?

She slips into a corset, into a black frock coat with a slit. So her ass can peek out every once and a while as she walks.

He's at the door. With a bulging gym bag.

He's scatterbrained, she's never seen him like this, cornered somehow.

"It's so hot here," he says.

For him, up to now, everything in life was clear, and now they are both about to make his dreams come true."

"I'll get you some coffee."

She grabs the pot and a cup from the kitchen. A strange feeling of domesticity overwhelms her, now that he's in her private domain and she is performing a household task in an erotic outfit. From all that talking and constantly-wanting-to-show-him-something, her hands become clumsy. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad being a real couple in love, not just acting like lovers who meet on the beach during the day. Until now, Nina hasn't allowed any intimacy, just squeezed in some sex, but that's getting harder to do.

Now she sits in the armchair, with her legs crossed, and watches him. How quickly he drinks up! Candle light. He looks at her. His gaze is ecstatic and tender, as he lets out a moan and comes. He kneels down in front of her, grasping her hips, kissing her thighs, his tongue running up and down the insides of her legs, licking the tips of her shiny patent-leather shoes.

"Is there something you want to show me?" she asks softly, and they offer each other a smile.

Steve

Going to her tiny bathroom for the first time, opening the nondescript brown plastic bag from Blackpool and taking out the tightly scrunched up PVC dress, putting it on the back of the toilet, then the bra, the G-string, the wig, the makeup on the vanity, getting myself undressed: out of the jeans, off with the sweatshirt, and then into the dress, pulling it up over the curve of my butt – a strange feeling. The realization of dreams is worse than the dreams themselves. Overcome with extreme fear, a tightening in my chest, mingling with the hope of total liberation. I don't trust her, Nina, the one waiting outside, I am almost filled with hate, because she has it easier, because all she needs to do is react to me. What if she only *said* she was into men who dressed up as women, and didn't really mean it, if she just wants to tease me, if she needs me for something other than the sex I yearn for. The thought that she might break shriek in laughter, makes me furious and desperate. My hands tremble and the eyeliner slips, making a fat wobbly line across my lid. Hectically I reach for some makeup remover pads, Nina doesn't seem to own any, so I take some toilet paper, wet it and begin to rub, my eye gets red and starts to tear up. I force myself to calm down. Try it again. Think about the day I went surfing; how I tried a jump for the first time, the extreme concentration that preceded it. All the brimming thoughts pooled together and focused on the white wave in front of me, approaching at the speed of light, and now...now...I got ready to jump, and then, in the fraction of a second, I knew I was ready, positioned myself and began to lift off, and then in the blink of an eye there was nothing. The pressure of the wind, the sails whipping by, seemed suspended. I stood in the air. I was weightless – until I got back up and the water was like a brick wall as it smashed under the mass of my board. Just like that, I focus in front of the mirror, and the lines of my lids draw themselves, the lips are suddenly perfectly red and the eyelashes twice as long, the bra fits perfectly, the stockings don't have any runs, as I slip them over my shins, knees and thighs – a last look in the mirror and then I open the door and glide out.

Nina

Seduction is Nina's business, and her passion. When she takes pictures, eroticism is in the air and afterwards the aura lingers in the photos. If there's one thing Nina does well – it's that. Without any effort, she manages to make the model feel at ease, as soon as she lifts the Leica to her face and clicks. She makes celebrities laugh. She does dance steps with politicians, before she gets going. Inconspicuously, her eyes take measure of the room, as soon as she steps into an apartment, she pins down motifs already during the small talk, recognizes the ideal angles and vanishing points, draws parallels between facial features and the contours of furniture or window recesses, or attunes herself to the colors. With Nina people explore their boundaries, talk freely about their secret desires, open up during the conversation and in their body language, suddenly become younger.

Steve

Wind is like the call of a lover. You wait endlessly for it, and because it still and still does not come, you turn into a caged tiger. But when it rings, and you hear her voice, you go all soft like a kitten. Only, I don't have a lover at the moment, nope, nada, and the wind is more capricious than all the calls of all the girls in the whole world. There hasn't been a breeze since we came, nothing. No breath of air. The boys are mad at me, because we have been sitting around for three days, and the sails and the boards are rotting away in the garage. Of course it's my fault, I talked them into it – flying to Caldera now, I was the one that studied the weather maps and wind forecasts, I let myself be lulled by Atlantic lows, that much too quickly turned into stable highs, I booked the cheap flights and accommodations. Now we are sitting around, it's evening in Roruengo at the Blue Moon, and if I didn't make dry comments about Frank's stomach or Jason's new flame, we would all die of boredom. What else are we going to do today, but down a few beers and head for the Monasterio, a dance hall in an old abbey, where the DJ stands on a pulpit and, and with much too much summer schmaltz, lets loose a lot of really not so good sounds.

The boys turn their heads. Alexa has arrived. The tourist guide. She greets us with an avalanche of words, and only has eyes for Joe, the waiter.

And then I see her. She's with Alexa. The surroundings blur, I stare at her and fall, spinelessly, into a chair. Love at first sight? Is there even such a thing? Has this slump made me crazy? She has blonde hair, the classic eye-catcher, especially in Roruengo, in

the sun it's probably golden, short with a blunt cut, but the curls just won't be tamed and ruffle up in waves over her forehead, ears and neck. She is wearing a blazer. White, smooth leather, close-fitting, the collar turned up, she looks dominant. Fantastic. I sit up. Alexa introduces us. Her name is Nina. She laughs and doesn't gab ceaselessly like Alexa, just a flighty greeting, her gaze does not rest on anyone, unfortunately not even on me. She turns away and sits down at the next table, so that soon Alexa distances herself from our group. Much too soon, they both leave. It seems they are going to the Monasterio.

Nina

The Monasterio closes its gates, and the Englishman is the only guest left, he's still holding her blazer. Could he even picture what she has just done? Probably not. On the sidewalk he stays close to her, as the lip-ringed girl tries to drag her off to the Troposfera. Nina can't just leave him there, after he was nice enough to watch her jacket.

To the woman she says: "I'll meet you there."

And to him: "Are you coming with us?"

"Where?"

"To an open air disco."

"Yes."

Her thoughts are still with the girl as she opens the car door for him and gets in. But before she can start the engine, he takes her in his arms. She doesn't even have time to react, he is already kissing her on the mouth, and it's so warm and firm, with such momentum, that Nina doesn't even want to fend him off. This surprises her. Her last experience with a man was years ago, she never dreamed of starting something with one again, especially not with this one here, he's not even that attractive. Without any detours, his tongue presses against hers. Despite his assertiveness, there is something soft about him. No pushy aggression, he exudes satiated sensuality. It's so great to lean against him. And that's just what she does in the Troposfera, a fenced-in, concrete, music spewing area in a container port, where voracious night lovers who were shown the door at the surrounding clubs, meet in the quickly emerging light.

The fresh sea breeze sails by, salt mixed into the smell of the first catch of fish, as she stands at the bar with him, and he buys her a beer. At this point she has already forgotten the rough-and-tumble girl, and leans into him, lets herself be pressed and held, rocks and swings in his arms.

He's so big! A round belly, but otherwise well built, strong arms. His face, however, is weird. She has to wonder if she even likes it. Poisoned-apple green eyes under light blond

brows, a Roman nose, a finely chiseled chin. The lips are not full enough to be attractive. Only when he laughs and stretches them like a shiny red rubber band and you can see his teeth, white like glacier ice seen from a plane, does he appear handsome. He's funny and easy-going. This man called Steve.

Nina

Madonna del Mar! She was afraid he would like it here. Never in her life, would she have come here alone. She despises this fun fairground-booth atmosphere. The golden sand beach has been spoiled by an exposed concrete mile of trinket shops and bars, that open up like some foul, toothless mouth cavities and spit out blaring hordes. He knows each and every one of the hustlers and has to stop every few feet. Incomprehensible chunks of words are hurled back and forth. In a drinking hall, Route 66, he perks up right away. Caldera is obviously his dream destination, he would like to stay here forever, he tells her. He'd like nothing more than to plop himself down smack in the middle of this watering hole.

Nina, on the other hand, likes to get lost in the sandy deserts of the north, in a no-man's land. This Steve is definitely not on her wave length.

Except that he's a DJ in Blackpool – that does spark some mild interest.

"Then you have lots of affairs," she laughs, because it doesn't cost anything to speculate on this.

"No, not at all," he says with contempt, just occasional sex, it's not like he's really interested in that many girls.

"They're too dull, especially during sex. No fantasies."

"What kind of fantasies are you talking about?"

"Don't know. But I liked the dress you were wearing yesterday. It made me think of all kinds of things. Kinky sex, submission," there's a twinkle in the apple of his poisonous green eyes.

"Really? I like that a lot ..."

It seems he's into fetishism and staging, just like her. Somehow, he's her mirror. Also an exception in the smooth running of society. It's crazy. How is it that people can tell that about her right away? All she wears here are summer dresses, no revealing signs. Okay,

maybe the riveting dress she wore yesterday did have a few studs, but what else? Doesn't she seem like a harmlessly sunny person without any dark edges?

What is it about her that leads the right people to pick up on it, without having to do anything, without even being aware of it at first. Now it's Steve. He admits that he liked her in the Blue Moon, wanted to approach her then, that's why he talked his surfer sidekicks into going to the Monasterio. His friends know nothing of his secret desires.

"I'm not really into men."

"Oh." He bursts out laughing. "I suspected that when I saw you dance with that blond girl."

"Yep, but, unfortunately, she was not that into women. Unlike the other one."

"The pierced one?"

"Yes. We ended up in the bathroom."

"What? Really?" He laughs his head off. "I thought you were buying dope."

Now they both laugh. She tells him the whole story.

"Sometimes," he says abruptly "I wonder what I'd look like in a dress like that. Like yours."

And when she throws him a curious look, he confesses he'd like to have sex dressed up like a woman. But he hasn't dared to tell any of his partners this.

"I love men in high heels," she exclaims.

"Really?" All at once, he becomes very shy.

She takes him home with her again. The next morning, they do it after breakfast. In a surge of courage, she pulls out her lipstick and rouges his lips. He lets her do it. She tells him he's very beautiful, she straddles him and touches her vagina, begins to stroke her clitoris. They masturbate until they come at the same time. And she squirts in his face. That moves mountains for them.

Nina

She drinks beer – something she rarely does – and is slightly tipsy.

They are still together, even though she wanted to leave long ago, to catch herself, to find herself again. But instead here she is eating bloody steaks with him – a new adventure, this dripping red meat. Then she wants to say good-bye. She's reeling from sleep deprivation.

“Are you joining me for a coffee?” he asks and she lets herself be seduced again.

Late at night Nina takes off. When she drives away from the brightly-lit Roruengo into the darkness of the north, she is struck by sheer happiness. In the course of the following day she will give it up, she will want to pull back from Steve and his friends or wait for the bubble to burst, with its shiny pink contours, that has delicately guided her through a vacation world. She forgets about Munich, she doesn't call home anymore, she forgets her work and that she is a well-known photographer and can pursue her career so much better in Munich. Life is one big brightly colored moment.

Steve's unconditional love inflates her, making her reckless and free. She lives in the now, just wants to be on time for her surfing lesson with Frank, glowing as she drives along the rural road, the radio turned up full, on her way to see Steve, or sometimes her other friends on the island, but she won't stay with them for long, because he is more important. She steps on the brakes, her tires screeching, in front of his apartment complex and runs up the stairs to his place. When her lesson is over, after an hour of training, she goes to her favorite café. She devours cake with whipped cream – he watches her, amused, with his silver rimmed fake Oakleys on the tip of his nose. She is a quick study in surfing, with playful ease she does the moves, and practices her beach start. Every evening she hears from Steve about how magical the day with her was. He hopes this life will never end. But she knows that two people like her and Steve, who want ecstasy in love, no inhibitions in sex, and a high intensity life, cannot be close for more for more than a few uninterrupted days. There is no chance of a day-to-day kind of life. Only the colors of Caldera and the light.

Steve

I have to get used to the twilight, there are only a few candles glimmering in the living room, and a dark figure is sitting crossed-legged in a chair, so motionless that at first I don't even see her. The folds of her frock coat are open.

After my eyes adjust to the shadows, I lean against the doorframe and look at her. Afraid of her reaction. If I don't pass muster, if she doesn't play along, my world will shatter. But these thoughts slowly slip from my consciousness. By now I have lost all sense of truth or reality, I have arrived at the land of dreams, other laws apply here. I don't exist as Steve, as a man, anymore, I am racing towards the realization of my perfect “self”, and Nina is the vehicle to get me there, she will give the stamp of approval on this first attempt to live the dream. She is the beginning. She gets up slowly and walks

towards me, her eyes tender with admiration, and as her voice travels through the room saying "You are a beautiful girl. What's your name?" I know it's done. I have finally arrived.

Nina

He changes in the bathroom. She gets a few more candles; she covers the floor lamp with a red sweatshirt. When she sits down again and looks up, to her great shock, there's a dark haired woman in the doorway staring at her. That first look sends shudders through her limbs like the terror of the unspoken, almost an eerie feeling. Steve has disappeared, in his place stands this strange woman with silky dark hair. Is she real or a mirage, a mere idea? She wears her hair long, with bangs, her face is wonderful: sharp features, big black eye-lashed eyes, deep red lipstick. She stands there without budging and smiles, a mysterious smile, shy and yet sure of her own radiance.

Nina gets up and walks towards her, she is so moved that she carefully, gently, strokes her hair, it yields in a soft puff under her palm, and then she strokes her cheeks. She gracefully lowers her eyes, and Nina whispers: "You're very beautiful, what's your name?"
"Cindy."

"Cindy. A pretty name," she says.

Cindy is wearing a lacquer dress, PVC Steve would call it. Tight and slutty. Shiny as a dark mirror. Black stockings.

She moves in her short dress with inexperienced shy moves, the fabric restrains each step she takes. Nina takes her in with looks of approval, demands she pivots on her heels, bow, stretch her ass towards her and tilt it back and forth flirtatiously. The strange woman does everything she is asked to do, then she bends down to show Nina her cleavage, slips the straps of her dress over her shoulder, slowly pulls the fabric and the bra over her breasts and holds the nipples up to be kissed. Nina sucks on them and becomes turned on.

"I want to please you mistress," says the dark haired woman. "I can be very submissive."

Nina smiles, then she bites. Her teeth snap greedily at the raw flesh. She leaves deep traces along Cindy's upper body.

She orders her to kneel.

'Lick my toes,' she murmurs "And then go up the leg."

The strange woman licks at her feet, with long drags of her tongue. Then she makes her way, obediently, up the inside of her thighs. Nina moans before the inevitable, and juts her hips towards the woman. She pushes aside her panties and lets the tongue reach inside her. Pulsating to the muscular pressing organ, she rubs her clitoris and comes almost immediately. Her climax doesn't seem to stop. When she drifts back, after moments of ecstasy, the brunette is looking up at her and whispering: "I was naughty, mistress, very naughty. I need to be punished."

Nina gets up shakily, walks around her, kicks her in the ass with her high heels so that she falls over, pokes her with the tips of her shoes until she begins to whimper.

"How disobedient were you, Cindy? What naughty things did you do?"

"I showed another girl my pussy." She says softly and casts her eyes to the ground in shame. "Be cruel to me, mistress."

Nina spans her on the ass, bunches the skirt up and slaps again, her eyes feverishly searching the room for something she could use as a whip, but there's nothing, so her eyes move to the shoulder bag, she grabs it and unclips the straps, without missing a beat in the delivery of slaps.

"You've earned this," she says in a quiet voice. "Slut." Then she wraps the strap around her fist and begins to whip her. She stands over her, legs apart.

"I'm going to spit on you now, I like that." Nina whispers to her. Yes, she likes that, she was looking forward to that, to getting a big gulp of water in her mouth, mixing it with saliva and letting it shower down, to pleasure herself, and as she comes to watch as her ejaculate shoots into the face of the person on the floor. A little later she allows the woman to masturbate herself.

When Steve takes off the wig after he comes, he has become totally foreign to her as a man. Without the black nylon hair, his face seems small and gaunt, his own hair is just a tousled mass of stuck-together stubs on his head, the lipstick smeared. Decadent. Fucked-up. But desirable. As a man in female garb, with streaking makeup, just as desirable as Cindy.

Steve

Afterwards we sit on the terrace, under the starry sky, listening to my groovy music and drinking the beer I brought along. I keep breaking out in laughter, I am happy and exuberant. It's really happened, Cindy has seen the light of day. How liberating. With an orgasm and the removing of the wig, she has disappeared into the realm of fantasy, but the certainty remains, she now has a place where she can show up, again and again.

I was blown away when Nina asked me to kneel before her and lick her feet. And when I begged her to punish me for the first time, it was like sinking into the whirling ocean of a long-awaited night, where nothing is sure anymore, I let myself fall completely into Nina, into her power over me – her wishes emerging in inspired moves, her abuse of me. I felt her get caught up in rapture with each slap and in this fury, she didn't know what to do next, how many blows, kicks, how many showers, how many orders and insults, until she had an orgasm standing up and ejaculated on me. It was like black waves crashing over me, waves of powerlessness, the so longed-for submission. And I was overjoyed to be so flooded by this.

After our moments of love, I looked at myself in the mirror with Nina. I see Caldera had rejuvenated us both, our faces are soft – our cheeks full. In us the ecstatic trance is still pulsating. Nina gets her camera and takes a shot of the two of us, our heads pressed together, smiling into the mirror, we look like teenagers, we are so happy, and I dare to say that on behalf of Nina too. Now she slides onto my lap, a sweater on her bare freshly washed skin, and lets me caress her. My light hands move over her body, like vibrations of water passing fish have set into motion.