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# Went to Woo a Porn Star

Ina Disguise

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# Brimful of Asher

“Look at my hand, mama.” Asher held out his right hand. It was perfectly still.

“Yes, they are not shaking anymore. But what about the children?” his mother fretted and frowned at him. “Would it not be better to take the consultant's job in Scotland and not go through with the divorce?”

“I'm a neurosurgeon, mama. Would you want me to waste years of training to sit behind a desk? Some people shouldn't get married. I told you before you brought Vishaka from India. She has the house, the children, an excellent supply of money. All I want is my little flat and my freedom. Can't I just have that?” he rubbed his thigh as he looked at his mother quizzically.

“Oh Asher. You were always such a good boy, but families should stay together.” The tall and rather glamorous psychiatrist shook her head. “Vishaka needs you. The children need a father.”

“Vishaka needs me like she needs a hole in the head. She has friends now, and the children. They are all much better off if I see them on Sunday and live my life, mama. They were driving me crazy. I can't live a lie. It's not for me.”

“I think you will regret it.”

“You let me worry about that, mama. I'm just happy to perform surgery again.” Asher picked up his mug of tea. “You wouldn't want me to have to lie to her, would you?”

“You shouldn't have to lie.” Asher's mother looked faintly horrified. “What on earth do you mean?”

“Some things just aren't compatible with marriage.”

“You weren't having an affair? What do I tell her parents?” Her eyes widened.

“No, I wasn't having an affair, mama. I was going crazy. Life is not crazy now, and I have my hands back.” Asher smiled at his mother. “Now I can take care of Vishaka and the children properly and relax, and she can spend time with her friends. Maybe she will meet someone better.” He meant taking care of her financially, of course, which his mother would not agree with, but life was so much better now. “I will see you next month, mama. Give my regards to dad, when he gets back from Delhi.”

“Yes, darling, of course.” Asher's mother was glad to see him so much more relaxed, despite her misgivings about the divorce. She rubbed his back as she followed him to the door. “Love you, baba.”

“Love you too, mama.” Asher smiled and went out to his car, an old jaguar he had retained from his illustrious past.

Asher, a formerly shy and disassociated man due to the rigours of his lengthy medical training, was now so at peace with himself that he was able to follow a strict daily routine. First he would adjust the angles of all the items in his flat until they were just right. Then he would put on his

tracksuit bottoms and his flip flops with a suitably scruffy t shirt, a look he had borrowed from the man who sat behind the counter at the local corner shop, go for his morning swim, enjoy a coffee with his newspaper before meeting with a different lady every morning. The lady would then tell him her requirements and he would provide them, filming the results. By lunchtime, he would upload his edited videos from the previous day and then he would don his suit and stroll into his hospital department feeling relaxed and refreshed and ready to face his day.

Generally he would be finished by late afternoon, and he would recheck his channel, enjoy the work of his online colleagues and arrange to meet more ladies in the days ahead. He was an entirely more relaxed man, a feature noted by his colleagues.

“Asher, my boy, it is good to have you back.” Asher's elderly surgical forbear warmly greeted him. “Those hands back to their best, I hear?” The old man smiled.

“Yes, it is good to be able to concentrate.”

“I used to have a little ritual that helped me. I used to throw dice across the office and write down the numbers until I could see straight.” the old surgeon twinkled. “Did you find your little ritual?”

“I think I can safely say I have a ritual that works, sir, but I couldn't possibly say what that is.” Asher smiled back.

“That's my boy.” the old man laughed. “Anything I can help you with just let me know.”

“Thank you, sir.” Asher proceeded to his clinic. He had a particularly serious case of aneurysms to look at today.

“No Vishaka, I'm sorry, I cannot take the children tomorrow, I am fully booked.” Asher felt bad for not taking them, but he knew his nerves wouldn't take it. He had done his duty by her, he reasoned, she could easily afford a babysitter if she needed one, and he didn't want to start shaking again. She railed at him, her voice rattling his ear down the phone.

“I cannot cancel. I will see them on Sunday.” Asher squeezed his eyes shut. “Call Vibhuti if you have to.” He ended the call, feeling a little selfish, but noting that his heart rate had returned to normal.

He returned to editing his videos, a painstaking and surprisingly time-consuming job he liked to do in the evening when his flat was warm. Pixellating his face and removing any extensive chatting was always important, as was checking on the channel comments, some a bit misogynistic, some racist, some telling him how brilliant he was. His little channel was building up, he was cautiously pleased with his progress. He checked the picture for the lady he was due to meet the following day. She looked pleasant. Long, dark red hair. Pretty, a little plump, which he quite liked, but really he liked them all, especially now he was less nervous around them.

The next morning he went around the small art items in the flat, dusting and positioning them, taking account of the morning light, donned his usual disguise, and went for his swim. The lady behind the counter smiled at him. He smiled back, changed, did his 50 lengths, a few stretches and

went into town for today's date. He did not have quite enough time for his coffee today.

The lady had given him an address in North East London, which was not far, but her requirements so far indicated that she needed at least two hours, which was unusually long.

Once off the bus, he went into a newsagent and bought a large bottle of water, which he drank as he walked along the street. He hoped that this would be enough, since he had not had his coffee this morning. Perhaps a diuretic might be useful? He opted for more water, since he was probably dehydrated from the swim.

As he reached the address she had given him, he realised that she had invited him to her home. They sometimes did this, but he really preferred the ones that travelled in, that stayed in hotels. This ensured that he would not hear from them again, as he really preferred not to.

He rang the doorbell, noting the messy film of black oil on the letterbox. He hoped that it was cleaner inside. She came to the door. She looked just like the picture. She motioned him inside, fiddling with her dressing gown.

“Are you ready?”

“I think I can probably start with your last requirement.” Asher smiled at her. “If that suits?”

“Oh yes, thank you! I have so been looking forward to this!” She beamed. “I can't wait!” She motioned him to the shower unit, removed her dressing gown, crouched down in the cubicle and looked up at him.

“OK, open your mouth please.” Asher looked at her sternly, pulled down his tracksuit bottoms and positioned his camera. She opened her mouth. Asher preceded to carefully micturate into it. She did not spill a drop, although her mouth was, at times, very full.

“Very good. Now we can go to the bedroom.” She came out of the cubicle almost prancing, led him to her untidy room. “Would you mind terribly applying the back of the hairbrush to my bottom now?”

“We can do that if you wish.”

The paradox of this transaction was that Asher had to do as they asked, despite his being 'in charge.' He did his best to sound stern. The last thing he wanted was complaints. Submissives were surprisingly demanding and bossy people, he found, although being told what they wanted was extremely refreshing after the incessant complaints of his ex-wife.

Two hours later, as he had calculated, they had run through her list of wishes and he had his footage. It had been a pleasing morning, she neither talked too much, nor too little and had appeared very pleased with him. Asher enjoyed the sensation of contentment as he made his way home to change for work.

# Cynthia

Cynthia was small, fat, and incredibly glamorous, apparently effortlessly. She bought the cheapest clothes she could find, was usually in combat trousers and a hoodie, and had a deeply unfashionable raw food diet, which made her glow like a beacon.

She was also, despite her mother's recent death, usually the most cheerful person in any given room, which usually got her fired. She had been fired this year three times, not once because of her work. Once, because her bosses were American, and believed that the corporation should determine your politics, at least in public, because that is what they had been told to believe.

The second time, it was because a manager had mistaken her for a naïve submissive, and his wish to place his genitals in her mouth was so great that he could not manage a conversation, therefore he spent his time trying to find methods of frightening her in the hope that she would seek his protection. He finally managed it by getting his co-worker, a beautiful Hindu man, to make repeated complaints about Cynthia breathing, speaking, moving, or anything else he could dream up until the company got fed up listening to it and permanently destroyed any possibility of her working for them again.

The final time she wasn't strictly fired, but refused to return to work because a female manager was jealous of her, and had tried to depress her into being ordinary by making complaints about her, again not work related. Cynthia did not like that. Cynthia planned to spend the rest of her life persuading people to be more like her, and less like them. Cynthia devoted some time to kicking the manager into touch, without risking depression by actually being there.

And so it was that Cynthia reached the age of 48 thoroughly pissed off with convention. She was a small, shy, grieving shiny bauble to be smashed by anyone who felt like it.

“No, I tried voyeurism and it was terribly boring. I do have really weird ideas though, always have had.” Cynthia looked back at her embroidery.

“Well, I kind of gathered that, you were the shyest and most unlikely polyamorist I know.” Lorne went back to the casserole pot for his fourth helping. “This vegetable thing is amazing. I don't even like vegetables.”

“You should have a rather flatulent night, and then you will feel a lot better. I think you should probably try the vibrator trick though.”

“Stick it up my ass and go to sleep you mean?”

“Yeah I am a bit tired of you stinking out the car. It is a bit of a bore driving around with all the windows open.” Cynthia grimaced. “You might sleep better. Then I won't have to listen to you whinging as well as exuding the vile smell of rancid meat. Anyway, I am a retired polyamorist. You can't be a polyamorist with no partners.” She smiled into her sewing. “I wonder if a vibrating butt plug or egg thing might help you?”

“Dear God, no. They all assume I'm gay as it is. A butt plug won't help.” Lorne looked aghast.

“How many people are you showing your ass to?”

“Um, true. What if I get run over?”

“Ah, the clean underwear argument. The likelihood of you being run over is significantly reduced by the fact you never go out, Lorne, so I think you will be fine.” Cynthia selected another colour from her wool box. “Anyway, I shall be dropping you off at your home today, I want to go and whisper sweet nothings to my lovely pet porn star.”

“You are a very strange girl, aren't you?”

“No, I think this fits perfectly with my historic thoughts about relationships actually. Perhaps I am in development mode.” Cynthia put her sewing down. “I don't suppose I have ever told you, have I?”

“No, we didn't really talk about things like that.” Lorne looked a bit guilty.

“What would have been the point? Our relationship has always been about other things. I was with one boyfriend who didn't even know what music I liked for two years, so I frequently find that the people I waste time on know nothing about me. Why do you suppose that is?”

“I'm guessing because you don't actually talk that much.” Lorne looked sheepish. Evidently he was in the guilty phase of his emotional cycle, preceding the usual victim phase he seemed to enjoy. Cynthia was used to it.

“How big of you to notice.” Cynthia looked back into the wool bag, and selected a new shade. She was working on a chair, a beautiful crescent was forming on the top.

“Don't you think it is a wee bit minaret-like for a Hindu?”

“Who cares? Little Shiva would complain anyway, he only knows how to destroy things and whine, apparently. He has no Parvati, that is what is wrong with him. I can't help him with that.” Cynthia was referring to the rather nasty young man who had assisted the manager on job number two to achieve her come-uppance for not wanting to spend her life in Yorkshire being molested by a giant. She was now banned from working for a bank, a financial services company, and a contract agency as a result.

“Are you going to tell me your weird ideas about relationships then?”

“I don't see the point, Lorne. We have been friends for nearly two decades now, despite the obvious reasons why we shouldn't have bothered. It is not like it is suddenly going to turn into a romance now, is it?” Cynthia finished the basketweave section of her sewing, and began to sculpt an enormous rope along the side.

“They're all racist anyway. You think its only white people that are racist?” Lorne looked slightly cross.

“You think I don't know a racist when I come across one? The game is to jump up and down on the

line in the hope of breaking it. That's if you care enough to bother. I take people as I find them, and generally speaking, that makes me dangerously progressive. It's always worth completely ignoring negatives. Little Shiva was beautiful."

"Little Shiva was perfectly ordinary, I've seen the pictures. He doesn't even sound very bright."

"Well, it's all over with now, isn't I?. He came, he saw, he destroyed. I am sure his horrible wife will be very happy with him, the next time, and the time after that, now that he knows he isn't happy. If only he had mentioned her rather than degrading me, this could have been avoided but too bad, how sad." Cynthia was finding it difficult to speak, she was so close to tears. Lorne decided to change the subject.

"So, now, what about the porn star?" Lorne hoped that this would cheer her up. She seemed happier with strange things.

"He's very kind. I don't trust people with shame issues any more. He clearly doesn't have them."

"He makes a living bonking people?"

"So what? How many relationships have I had based on sex? The whole deal about having a bunch of exs around for years was that the sex wasn't the point at all. You think a porn star gets home from work and wants to bonk?" Cynthia glanced over, faintly irritated.

"I don't suppose he does. It wouldn't bother you, then?" Lorne frowned.

"Not really, no. I just want somebody to talk to that isn't full of shit. I've met a lot of people who have appeared to be sane this year, and none of them were. Venal and worthless, as an apparent rule. I think it must be TV that is doing it to them. I can't think what else they are doing that I'm not."

"It's not TV anymore, its Netflix." Lorne laughed.

"Pumping their heads full of selfish self-limiting bile. Same difference." Cynthia handed Lorne her work to hold up and walked to the other side of the room, looking over the colour blend. "Ok yeah, that's working. I wonder what I will come up with for the porn star?" She returned to her seat, taking the shell of the chair from Lorne. "Oh yes, I could do that lovely big footstool with the wheels. That would be extremely useful if you were having a lot of sex."

"Are you planning to have a lot of sex?"

"I suppose I could if I wanted to? What would happen to the artwork though?" Cynthia turned the chair shell over in her hands, chopping off a bunch of lopsided loops to reveal a gob of perfectly differentiated colour, almost as if she had blobbed it on like paint. "I'm not really over Little Shiva."

"I know. He's a fool, though, and a dangerous fool at that."

"He certainly needs to get away from that sadist and probably his wife, but I feel more protective than anything else. He is a poor soul. I can't help him." Cynthia repeated, looking glum. "Shame is like a disease with some people. I'm talking to the mosque at the moment, by the way."

"What on earth are you talking to the mosque about? Is that wise?" Lorne looked alarmed. Like most people who aren't Muslim, he found Islam terrifying.

“I am proposing to do a piece of work involving some rather challenging issues, and I want to be sure that I have taken advice.” Cynthia looked resolute. “I also need a cameraman, and you won't do it.” she looked reproachful. Lorne was suitably chastened. “I'm fed up being held back. Look at that lovely porn star. If he sat and overthought that, he wouldn't be doing it. I admire his spunk.” Cynthia doubled over with giggles.

“I'll bet.” Lorne tightly smiled. He preferred to do the jokes. Cynthia wisely ignored him.

Three hours later, Cynthia dropped Lorne off at his home and returned to hoover, feed the cats, tidy up and talk to her lovely new friend.

“Hello.” the chat box blinked. “Joanna was a bit glum, wasn't she?” Cynthia was referring to a co-star of her new friend.

“Uff, hungover I think.” Hornydevil231 replied. “I am not sure how people get through life having such bad sex without drinking, at least.” Cynthia imagined him rolling his theoretically beautiful eyes.

“You know, I think all prospective brides should be restrained and sit-in on the groom's bonking. It is one of my many idiosyncrasies.”

“How odd? Why?” Hornydevil321 was astonished at this admission.

“Because all men lie, and usually sex is involved somewhere along the line. They appear to be at a natural disadvantage. If you accept the disadvantage, then there is nothing to fight about.”

Cynthia typed very fast, he noted, but he was forced to admit that she was probably right. If one could simply tell the truth with impunity, however, would there be no privacy? In his culture, the problem was always extended family. You couldn't tell anybody anything without it coming back, embellished via some cousin. Then the other family might become involved, there would be a huge quarrel, probably involving money or business, it was all terribly exhausting and stressful. If the problem was an errant partner, why not remove the problem at the root, so to speak?

Having said that, women were often unfaithful too, he met them all the time in his line of work, so he felt a little affronted at Cynthia placing blame at the male door. He felt he ought to object.

“Women are cheats too.” he started, feeling a little put out.

“Gosh yes, I know, but speaking as a very faithful person, I tend to forget altogether. I think a bit of dominance solves that problem, so I'm really making a majority statement rather than a generalisation I think?” Cynthia was probing to see if Hornydevil231 could come up with an even better answer to it. She wondered if he would know. “Perhaps it could depend on the situation?”

“People often don't know for a long time though. They change. What if all the guy wants is to worship his wife's luscious feet, and he doesn't know until his forties, for example?” Hornydevil231 was delighted with his equally fetishistic response. What would she say next?

“Well I think we can see from this site, that people deal with that all the time. I certainly wouldn't come up with that, although I can imagine being quite pleased if someone else did. I was just thinking from the perspective of youth, I guess? Men tend to be lustier and less trustworthy in

youth, and need prodding into life after 45 or so. I think nature probably takes care of that better than social convention. My friend Lorne says that all men are really for is fighting and fucking."

"He is probably right about that, although we express it more in financial terms these days. I am more interested in which elements of submission that women choose though, in case you hadn't already gathered that." Hornydevil231 chuckled. "I keep statistics, in fact, if you are interested?"

"Golly yes I would love to see those." Cynthia was wild with excitement. "How marvellous!"

"I may delineate by country, eventually, too, but I don't have enough yet. What age were you when you knew you were a bit, um, kinky?"

"About 5. I spanked my female friend." Cynthia remembered this with some embarrassment. "It runs pretty deep. How much fun is your job?"

"On here? It is charming. I get to meet a wide variety of women, and I like women. They don't scare me any more, at least."

"They scared you before?" Cynthia was surprised. He seemed so urbane.

"They made me very nervous. Now I find that I am calmer, I seem to be more attractive. Humans are complicated." Hornydevil231 mused "You should do something similar, maybe have some naughty casual sex?"

"I should, but I probably won't. People are scary." Cynthia did not like to admit this. "They always find ways of causing problems." She tugged at her bloomers, pulling the frill down below the top of her boots, trying to focus on the blinking cursor that indicated him typing an answer.

"Problems?"

"It's probably best I don't talk about it." Cynthia felt a tear. She turned the music up, which always seemed to help. "I find ignoring them entirely makes me more attractive, personally."

"Aloof."

"Not really. Terrified would be closer to the mark, but don't tell anyone, they don't know." Cynthia laughed. "Just keep wearing the shades and dancing like you just don't care, that's my motto."

# A Phoenix rising from the Asher

Asher whistled a happy tune as he wandered down the road. He did wonder a little about the strange woman online. It had been only three months since he had started his 'adventures in porn'. Nobody had ever just appeared and said he was beautiful, so he rather liked it. What a strange time for it to happen though? His fans online tended to be congratulating him on mining his source of 'white whores' which he found on one hand faintly offensive, and on the other quite amusing. He didn't personally care what colour they were. He just liked girls, and this was an excellent way of finding out what they wanted without too much ado.

She had mentioned his hand, and he had noticed that since then, he was noticing it more. How odd, to find yourself thinking whimsical thoughts about somebody you couldn't see and hadn't met, whilst in the process of bonking someone right in front of you? It was fascinating, how one's mind worked. He determined that this was worth taking note of, since this was part of what had bothered him about being married. He had drawn the conclusion that conventional love was a trap, and now here was this odd moment saying that it was perhaps a gate? Who knew that someone would approach you on the basis of your mind whilst you were producing anonymous porn videos? All she could see of him was one hand, legs, the sporadic foot, and of course his genitals.

People are very strange, he thought, but how nice! He was learning a lot! His hand was a symbol, he reckoned. He wondered what a hand meant to her? What could his hand be saying?

She was staying away from him he noticed, he was a little curious about it, but she had said she was working on something. Hopefully he would find out soon. Today was Sunday, so time for the kids.

"Hello Asher" Vishaka looked wary. He kissed her cheek and smiled.

"I hope you are well?" Asher looked slightly apologetic. "I am sorry I couldn't babysit."

"Vibhuti did it, it's OK." Vishaka smiled shyly. Asher did not detect annoyance. He was relieved. "I would like to go out for the afternoon, Asher, if that is OK?

"Yes, yes that is ideal. I will make them lunch. They can join in, I brought salad." he waved the shopping bag at her.

"Fabulous. Thank you Asher, and I hope you are OK? Not too lonely in your flat?" Again she looked genuinely friendly. Asher guessed that the break-up had been a relief for her too. They hadn't really had a chance to get to know each other whilst producing their duty brood. It all seemed a bit polite, however. A little cool.

"No, it is fine, and am I right to think we are both on the same page?"

"It's fine Asher, it really is." Vishaka met his eyes and smiled. "It would have been nice for it to have worked out between us, but these things happen. I'm sorry you had to stop working."

"Good." He took his bag through to the kitchen. "See you this evening sometime? No need to rush, I'll handle it."

“The sitter is coming at eight anyway. I didn't want to cramp your style!” Vishaka smiled and almost skipped out of the door with a knapsack in her hand.

Asher smiled and shook his head. The children were playing rather noisily upstairs. He decided to spend some time with them and the toys before lunch.

Some time later, following a delightful few hours of making messes with vegetables and stains with turmeric, he found himself playing Twister with his small giggling children and quite enjoying it. He was getting on better with them too, he found, since he had become less stressed.

Eight o'clock came around faster than expected, although the children were already dressed for bed when the sitter arrived. She was a mother herself, and always seemed to Asher to be a little neglected.

“Hello sir.” This caused Asher to become slightly aroused. He blushed a little as he ushered her in.

“Hello, thank you so much for coming so promptly. They are ready for bed, just watching a film.” He noticed the sitter eyeing him up somewhat hungrily. “I am sure we will meet again.” he smiled naughtily as he gathered his things. He kissed the children. “See you next week.”

“Bye daddy!”

He extricated himself and set off to his flat. He couldn't possibly bonk the sitter, he thought. Since taking up his new hobby, he had found submissives in the most surprising places. Ladies of all ages that he had thought couldn't possibly even notice him would suddenly undo a button on their blouse, tug at their hair, or give some other indication that his maleness had been acknowledged. It was most surprising, and quite enjoyable. Almost like having an entirely new body. He was not invisible any more.

Heart swollen with contentment, he allowed the waves of well-being to carry him back to his flat, whereupon he finalised his arrangements for the following morning. A delightful and somewhat chatty redhead.

“I'm going to suck your big brown cock!” she exclaimed when she saw it. “Gosh it's big! Are you going to put that big brown cock into me! How marvellous! Just wait! One minute until I get the angle just right!”

She did not stop talking throughout, which rather disconcerted him, but it was comedic genius. It is extremely difficult to dominate someone who cannot stop talking. He guessed it was a skill he would have to learn. He stifled his giggles all day. It was nice to spread a little joy.

# Cyn City

“So what do you like about this guy exactly?” Lorne looked confused and a little disgusted.

“He's beautiful.”

“I just see an Indian dude hitting people with a belt and pissing on them. What do you see?” Lorne was bewildered. “I didn't get it with Little Shiva, and I don't get it with this guy? Little Shiva looked like an overdressed yob with big lips and this guy – you can only see half of him anyway?”

“Oh right, OK. The musculature on his back indicates that he has studied. I know this because one of the exs had a similar issue at 23 and this guy has a similarly 'aging' back at 38. I know I have a genetic advantage in that respect and always overworked so I don't have it, but together with the other information, that of his outstandingly well-toned pectorals and very well turned hands and arms, tells me that despite the lengthy studying, he now works standing up and using his arms and hands a lot. The beautifully maintained and very strong hands tell me that he isn't a yob, and although he is careful about the pixellation on his face, the curve of his chest in one of the videos also indicates that he isn't an idiot and is used to commanding a certain amount of respect. When he is whipping them with a belt, he does this lovely little jump which tells me that he is happy and relaxed, and the way he uses his feet is also unusual and rather pleasant. I hate feet generally but his don't upset me at all. I think, in fact, that I hate feet because other people hate feet. He doesn't hate feet.”

“What about his cock?” Lorne was confused that this had not been mentioned, since evidently this would feature heavily in the videos.

“It has a lovely variation in colouration between milk and slightly mouldy dark chocolate, but I don't pay too much attention to it in comparison with the body hair coverage, which is just gorgeous. I don't really think about sex directly at all, oddly enough, I would just like to wriggle about next to him and laugh, which I guess is more dangerous in a way?” Cynthia had evidently thought about this quite a lot. “I mean, evidently wriggling about and laughing ends up with sex at some point, but the wriggling and laughing bit is the only bit that actually matters at the moment.”

“What do you think he does for a living then?” Lorne was fascinated by Cynthia's focus.

“Possibly a lecturer or a medical person? I don't know. I suppose he could be anything from a chef to a lawyer really. I'm thinking about the muscle structure again. Does it matter? He's a porn star as far as we are concerned. Let's just stick to that. Besides which, none of those things are what makes him beautiful.”

“So what makes him beautiful?”

“Honesty. Ingenuity, having dreamt up this idea in the first place. Not wanting anything he isn't given. He is very calm and down to earth. All of those things make him special and beautiful.” Cynthia's face remained impassive, but Lorne detected that she was noticing that she was upset.

“Look at all these silhouettes I did.”

“Some of them are quite naughty.”

“I like how strong they look. I feel much better about being a little sturdy thing.” Cynthia had been making cartoon silhouettes of herself all week. “I like how my creative brain is working on this.”

“Who else have you been talking to?”

“A lovely 18 year old virgin whom I advised to take up a different career, because he is a labourer and very scared of women because he doesn't meet any. A naturist who likes to talk about art and the outdoors. A Geordie dude who is also very nice, but I think he is probably married and on the fly. A Moroccan who is obsessed with anal. Two very young men who are making quite serious attempts to hook up with me.”

“That all sounds terribly civilised.”

“Yes, there are far fewer nut jobs on Pornbub than on Faceblock actually. Fewer dick pics, oddly enough too.” Cynthia smiled. “A lot of them just want a chat. I got a long list of things some dude wanted to do to me the other day and I advised him to take a lot of zinc, which led to a conversation about all the food with zinc in it, and why one needs a lot of zinc if producing a lot of semen.”

“You are mothering porn fans.” Lorne warned, laughing a little. “You are so funny when you don't mean to be.”

“Gee, thanks. I like to think of it as practical and caring.” Cynthia grimaced.

“It is practical and caring, mum.” Lorne teased. “Are you thinking of seeing any of them?”

“Not yet. I have some stuff to finish first. I might though, they seem nice and I need a cameraman. Do you like my djellaba?” Cynthia pirouetted in her pointy hooded woollen kaftan.

“Like an evil druid elf. You are getting more and more eccentric.”

“On recent experience, that can only be a good thing. I do seem to be becoming slightly more dominant than of late, which is also a good thing. Life has been out of control for too long.”

# Geekier than thou

“No, I am not at all sure you can draw the conclusion that golden showers are a subset of BDSM. I know lots of people who for some reason like pee but wouldn't be seen dead with a riding crop or cuffs. I've never really understood that one myself, I assume it is Freudian. I can understand why they want to improve the circulation to the bottom, but not really why they want to smell like a toilet.” Cynthia was examining Asher's records.

“So it is an overlap, you think?” Asher queried.

“Yes, I would say so. There also seem to be lots of them. Scat fans, you don't see many of them, but pee is very popular.” Cynthia continued to ponder. “I am glad to see face-fucking is so in vogue. I horrified one of the more adventurous exs when I came up with that one.”

“Face-fucking was your idea? You must be really old?” Asher laughed.

“I didn't mean it like that. I didn't watch porn at the time, and I dreamt it up to deal with the unpleasant gagging noises.” Cynthia wrinkled her nose.

“The gagging noises are adorable!”

“Seriously, why?”

“Ah I think it is between the fact effort is being made to give pleasure, and the thought of one's giant member being stuck in your throat so that you are forced to swallow.” Asher was again laughing. “Nobody told you the gagging noises were nice?”

“I was always rather confused that they weren't mentioned at all? I always insisted on the safety pillow though. I'm very health and safety conscious.” Cynthia assumed a prim expression at her computer. “A handy pillow is always useful for elevating different bits too.”

“I will have to think about that. So, what did you think of today's videos?” Asher looked at the lengthening list of statistics. “BBW Janet?”

“I think a nice lathery scene with a pot scrubber or large sponge of some sort for her bottom. That was most unfortunate.” Cynthia pictured herself chasing porn stars with a large fluffy powder puff to present pretty bottoms to the world. Why did they all insist on shaving everything? She had never seen so many pimples. She could wear her Victorian underwear for that job, she thought. “So pretty, and yet so sulky.”

Asher was in stitches. “I'm not trying to make art movies.”

“I want to see luxurious soapiness on Janet's bottom. A pot scrubber, because it would make for imaginative domination. A slow dribbling of lather, followed by patting dry and a good firm pussy spanking.” Cynthia was adamant. “And longer videos to attract more girls please. Ladies need 30 minutes.” She remained firm. “Maybe a compilation or two? Just for the length of video I mean? Perhaps a longer one of Cheating Milf Mila? She was unusually talented.”

“I'll see what I can do.” Asher chuckled and signed out to go to the theatre with his mother So odd

and yet so affectionate. What a strange lady? So intense.

"I saw you, the other day. In Amersham. What were you doing there?" His mother looked at him closely.

"Ah the walk of shame, I suspect." Asher was only half lying, as he had been there for a morning appointment with one of his ladies, but he felt the idea that he had stayed the night following a date might be easier to explain. He was by no means a natural liar, but one had to make some concessions for the sake of peace, he felt.

"You are seeing someone? Is she nice? Is she a good Hindu?"

"No, no, and no. It was a one-off. Do I have to date only good Hindu girls?" Asher looked despondent.

"No, of course you can date whomever you want. Just be careful, you don't know who's out there." his mother fretted.

Asher laughed. "I'll be careful, mama, don't worry. How is father?"

"A bit subdued, since the trip. Thank you for coming tonight, he doesn't want to go out much these days." his mother frowned. "I don't know what's wrong with him. He is not quite depressed, but he is certainly not engaging well with me." Being a psychiatrist, Asher's mother was very on top of all problems relating to mental health.

"Perhaps you should take a holiday. The uncertainty might do him good." Asher sensed that his father was restless. Perhaps it was he who was having the affair, since she had been so quick to suggest it as the reason for his divorce.

"Would you want to come with me? That might be fun. We could go to Paris."

"We could, but it might be better if he thinks you are with someone else?" Asher gently pushed the point home to her, looking at her.

"I see what you mean, yes. I could hedge my bets and take Vibhuti?"

"No mother, really. Take some time for yourself. These things are important. Why not try somewhere more exotic and unexpected?"

"Aha, yes I see where we are going with this. I should book a suite in the Maldives or something."

"Yes, mother. You could go the whole hog and book a whole house somewhere random." Asher's idea was growing. "Meet some new people, live it up a little. Buy some inappropriate clothing."

"You are so much fun Asher. I will let you know where I'm going." his mother smiled.

"It is better than a divorce, if you want to avoid it."

"But it's OK for you?" She teased her newly chilled out and wise son.

“Different situation. I am not splitting with Vishaka because I am bored, or because there is anything wrong with her. I am splitting with her because I am not the right man for her.” Asher only realised this as it came out of his mouth. He almost felt noble.

“What about Cape Verde?” his mother had apparently not noticed his nobility. “It is full of huge black men. That will shake him!”

“Fabulous, a Tuesday flight from Manchester, rarely full. I happen to know that.” Asher smiled. “As soon as possible, whilst he cannot complain because he has just spent a month in India.”

“I shall get onto it as soon as I get home!” she appeared to have cheered up markedly.

“Sometimes it is better to take action rather than wait for other people to do it, mama.” Asher felt very old and clever as he kissed his mother goodbye.

Cynthia had left a message, when he returned to his computer. She was not online.

“Perhaps a logo and some butt plugs. It will make it much better with the mothers and solve the thumb issue for the moment. I can make you a logo if you want?”

“Affectionate, and thoughtful! You are a charming lady.” Asher wondered whether he should say it, and smiled as he decided against it for the moment. He had another long day tomorrow.

# Cynthia Kicks Ass

“You know, I've never really accepted that I am a little bit dominant.” Cynthia poured her smoothie from the jug in the kitchen. “It just occurred to me that this is probably why I am always confused.”

“Everybody else knew, trust me.” Lorne grumbled and returned to his sick chair with another bowlful of pineapple. Hence, a benign conversation instantly became malignant.

“Here was me thinking I just attracted unusually weak men.” Cynthia snarled. “It's amazing, for example, how you can manage to feed yourself and yet cannot manage to press the button on a camera.”

“It's not my fault....” This was Lorne's answer to any question. It was untrue, and they both knew it.

“The opportunity cost of sitting listening to you complain is that I do not meet anybody that might actually help. This is not helping, strangely enough.”

“It's obviously time I went home.” Lorne started to gather his mess together. Cynthia went upstairs and cried.

Having dealt with this, Cynthia went on to write to the bank and the financial services company who were preventing her from working. It probably wouldn't do any good, but at least she felt better. She then took an agency and a government department to task over their poor management practises. Again, probably futile, but at least she had done something. She still had some paperwork to do for herself, but this would have to wait.

Endless job applications were taking up most of her time, so none of the physical artwork pieces could be finished, not least because Cynthia was assiduous about her beautiful house. The film work could not be done because Lorne didn't care about anybody apart from himself, so she could not finish that because she did not know anyone, and the academic work she was doing was hugely impeded by a general lack of confidence caused by years of being harassed by stupid people. Stupid people, she found, had a very aggressive attitude and liked to pretend not to understand simple things in order to attack you. Hence, Cynthia had learned that people were generally dangerous and not to be trusted. It was odd, therefore that she had taken one look at Asher and detected some unexpected honesty.

She did not bother to analyse this. She had spent years overthinking things in the past, because of self-doubt or shame, or whatever other excuse she had found. She didn't want to this time. She just wanted something not to be horrible. This was an odd event in her life, not least because she was far from an avid porn watcher as a rule. In fact, so absent was she from her own body that it had entirely closed up before she had taken drastic action with porn and a small vibrator in order to deal with a sciatic problem.

She wondered what life would have been like had she not taken responsibility for her parents. She would have been famous and then probably dead, she surmised, since she had worked twenty hours a day at times in the past. She was certainly healthier than she was at half her age, but was this useful?

It did seem that an attitude of disposability had become a general principle in the UK. The elderly were disposable. The disabled were disposable. Workers were disposable, to the point that nobody gave references any more and you were expected to accept anything anybody said to you as if it were true, even when it was blisteringly obvious that it was not.

The concept of running off with a beautiful porn star was entirely within Cynthia's wide scope of reference. If supposedly competent people were all incredibly incompetent, and also incapable of listening, why would it not make sense that a beautiful, bright, caring and honest person was choosing a life of pornography? Perhaps this had always been the case? Maybe there was some honour left, hidden for much the same reasons that Cynthia had had to hide?

She was trying to be sparing with her chatter, because she did not want to annoy him. It was nice to have something pleasant to focus on. Here was somebody that might finally understand. Cynthia had never been afraid of odd relationships, despite her morbid fear of allegedly normal people, who were apparently characterised by self-interest, stupidity and aggression.

Despite the medium, this particular porn star had managed to convey a routine calm and gentleness that Cynthia felt very attracted to, that, and the self-exposure she now habitually practised to combat the crippling lack of confidence she had had in the past meant that this new episode did not surprise her at all.

# Asher Exposed

“No, please, we are at work.” Asher stepped back from the clutches of the consultant. “This is not appropriate at all.”

Miss Simpson, who had somehow managed to let her hair down from its bun and reach into Asher's trousers in the same movement looked cross. “So you aren't interested?”

“Even if I was interested, I am at work, and we are busy. Now please, we can discuss this over coffee if you want. Here is my mobile number if you want to chat about it, but don't do this again.” He smiled at her awkwardly, handing her his card. “It is very kind of you, but no.”

Miss Simpson was not to be trifled with apparently, although Asher was unaware of having flirted with her. It was most unfortunate that at that moment the Head Neurological Consultant walked in.

“What on earth? Miss Simpson, wait in my office.”

“Yes, sir.” Miss Simpson was already putting her hair back up as she headed for the door.

“What is going on here Asher?”

“I think there has been some misunderstanding between Miss Simpson and I. Please, I really don't want any fuss made about it.” Asher did not want to know what the grievance procedure was about stuff like this.

“She might accuse you. You should make a complaint. You are lucky I saw that. You know what women are like.”

“Well, yes actually I do, and I have no interest in getting involved in a complaint. Please just leave it. I am sure she will be very apologetic, if not you can let me know. You witnessed it anyway.” Asher just wanted to get back to work. “I'm not the sort of person that goes out to damage others over what is essentially rubbish.”

“If you say so Asher, but don't say I didn't warn you. You should get in there first.”

The Head consultant left and Asher made himself a cup of tea before going back to his desk to review the scans. How tiresome!

At length the boss returned to say that Miss Simpson had indeed been very apologetic, and repeated his desire to proceed with a complaint.

“There is nothing between Miss Simpson and I, and there isn't going to be. I do have a life outside this hospital, and I do not want any stress or upset affecting anyone in this department.” Asher sighed. “Please leave me alone.”

“Very well, Asher. I hope you aren't making a mistake.”

“I'm pretty sure I'm not. It was a bit random.”

And so Asher thus discovered that animal magnetism was not always a good thing. He thought of

Cynthia, and what had just happened to her at the bank. Fired for sending an email and giving someone a book. What would have happened to her if she had stuck her hand down someone's trousers, and she wasn't an allegedly responsible hospital consultant? Had the world gone mad?

No wonder she didn't trust anyone. He felt somewhat privileged. He resolved to do something imaginative with his visible hand in a video to cheer her up, and laughed to himself before turning to his reports.

After work, he got a text from Miss Simpson to apologise and thank him for not wanting to report it. He texted back a simple "No problem." and made his way home to edit his videos.

Once at the computer, he felt unusually naughty, and sent a quick message to Cynthia, who was offline. They frequently communicated like this, without direct conversation, which was rather nice.

"I think you want to meet me, and I think I might like to meet you too."

"I think that's distinctly possible." Cynthia had been and gone so fast that he didn't catch her answering. He laughed.

# Breaking Out

Two weeks later, Cynthia drove the cats to the cattery for a couple of days. She left the car at home and took the bus to London, as it was cheaper and she was tired of repairing her car.

On arrival, after a lengthy journey which she spent chatting to an elderly man visiting his daughter, she went to the bus station toilet and changed into the outfit she had described to Asher, just in case he didn't recognise the hair from her silhouettes. They still didn't really know what each other looked like. Maybe he would see her and simply walk away? She wanted him to have that option, because despite feeling better about herself, she still felt like an oversized and inappropriate gnome.

At length, she heard a surprisingly deep voice behind her.

“Gotcha.”

Cynthia laughed and turned around. He was very tall. She smiled at him.

“It's good to see you.” Asher kissed Cynthia on the cheek. “Let's get you some tea and head back to mine.”

They didn't speak much, but it was a comfortable silence, and he took her hand at times as they made their way to his flat.

Once inside, after a shower and more tea, Cynthia stood, partially undressed, as Asher looked her over. They both laughed at this.

“I think you'll probably do. I might have to spank you quite a bit though.” he rolled one of her nipples between his fingertips as they stared at each other.

“What did I do?” Cynthia laughed.

“You are a terrible whore. The very worst.” Asher shook his head.

“How can I be a terrible whore if I don't ever sleep with anyone? I've been celibate for seven years?”

“Yeah, well, a good whore would be putting it out there. That makes you a terrible whore.” Asher stifled his urge to smile.

“I see. In that case yes, I probably am a terrible whore. I see your point.” Cynthia looked studious.

“I shall just have to remind you how to do it.” He twisted the nipple between his fingers.

“That, Asher, could take some time.”

“How appalling.”

“If you accidentally asphyxiate me with your giant knob, please feed my cats.” Cynthia looked genuinely concerned for a moment. They laughed.

About the Author:  Ina Disguise lives in Scotland, with cats.  She is frequently on her website, http://inadisguise.com/ and various social media hotspots.  Her artwork has been in World of Interiors, GQ and Tatler.

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