Play

To play this motif 840 times in succession, it would be advisable to prepare oneself beforehand, and in the deepest silence, by serious immobilities. —*Erik Satie*

Thank you Mario! But our princess is in another castle! —*Toad*

You require nothing of her, and you say so. Not in your tone, in words, out loud, more than once, because it is the thing everything else rests on and it is too important to leave to inference. You want to lick her. You would like to do it for a long time. You do not need her to be horny, you do not need her to get wet, you do not need her to come. You are doing this because it is your favorite thing in the world, and if it happens to feel good for her, that is a bonus, unrequested and off the books. Most men say something like this once,

as a courtesy, and then spend the next twenty minutes visibly waiting for the result. You mean it, and she can tell you mean it, because you have spent the whole day making it obviously true.

The day starts long before the room. She asks before she goes to the toilet, every time, and you decide. Sometimes yes. Sometimes hold it a little longer, and a few minutes later you ask how it feels now, and she says she really needs to go, and you say a little longer, and then you let her. Sometimes you come with her. You hold your hand under her and she pees into it. You put your mouth on her pussy and drink it. You wipe her yourself, slowly, or you tell her not to wipe at all, just pull your panties up, and she walks around the rest of the afternoon in panties wet with her own pee, knowing you know. You ask how much she needs to pee. You tell her to drink some more tea. You say I want to drink your pee in the voice other people use for I want a coffee. She pees on the floor, in a towel, in your hand, in your mouth, into the air like a fountain with her legs pushed back so you can watch her face while she does it. You have watched one girl pee more than a thousand times. None of it is an event. It is the weather of the day.

What it is doing, and you found this without reading it anywhere, is parking her attention on the muscle

between her legs for the whole afternoon. A girl who has to ask before she pees, hold it, and report how it feels is learning where that muscle is, what each level of fullness feels like, and what it feels like to let go on cue in front of you. Pelvic floor therapists spend whole courses trying to teach that, because most people cannot voluntarily relax a muscle they cannot locate; you have to make them find it first. You do it with a question and a cup of tea.

Then the finger. You put your finger in her mouth and tell her to suck it a little, and she does, and you take the wet finger and, standing at a bar, walking, sitting across from her at a table where nobody can see, you slide it into her asshole and leave it there. You keep talking about whatever you were talking about. You look at her, she looks at you, you push it a little deeper and hold it, and the conversation goes on. You let her get used to it, let her relax around your finger, and sometimes you leave it in for a long while, talking about nothing, before you ask anything of her. After a while you say squeeze my finger with your asshole, as hard as you can, hold it for five seconds, and she does, and while she is squeezing you slowly pull it out. Then you go on with the sentence you were in the middle of.

That, precisely, is the contract-hold-release drill the therapists use, and the release is the lesson, not the squeeze. You are running it several times a day, in public, disguised as flirting, on the muscle that will matter most later.

Around this you do the ordinary things, which are not ordinary because of what surrounds them. You hold her from behind. You kiss her. You touch her breasts, you touch her butt when nobody is looking, you talk about sex, you hint, and she knows all afternoon that when the two of you get to the room you are going to lick her or fuck her, and that you are in no hurry to get there. At some point you put your hand in her panties and check. She is a little wet. You say you're a little bit wet, sweetheart, are you a little bit horny? and she is cute about it and says yes, maybe a little bit, and you say good girl, and then you talk about something else.

What all of this builds is excitement, obviously, but the more important thing it builds is the abolition of the starting line. Nobody can say when the sex began. There is no moment where clothes come off and something official starts, with all the pressure that official starts carry. She is being fucked all afternoon at a rate of one finger and one question at a time, and by the time you reach the room she is not a girl about to have sex;

she is a girl who has been having sex since lunch, and the only thing that changes when the door closes is the bandwidth.

There is research that says why this works, though you did not need it. The old model of sex, the one everyone still carries around, says desire comes first and arousal follows: you get horny, then your body responds. Around 2000 Rosemary Basson argued that for most girls it runs the other way. They start neutral, something pleasant begins happening to their body, the body responds, and the desire shows up afterwards, as a result of the arousal rather than its cause. She called it responsive desire, and it is now the standard picture. Which means that starting from nothing is not the hard mode you enjoy as a challenge; it is the default condition of the person under you, and your slow afternoon is exactly the shape of beginning that her desire can catch up to. The men who need her horny before they start are waiting for a signal that, for most girls, only appears once you have already begun.

※

Often the room begins in the bathroom. Do you want to pee? I want to lick you, but let's go to the toilet first so you can relax. You encourage her, and then you follow

her in and sit down on the floor in front of her, and she pees into your hand. Or onto the floor, if she is ready for that, which is one of the simplest and most fun things there is to have a girl do. You choose whichever feels appropriate and exciting for her without being overwhelmingly new; one step at a time. When she reaches for the paper you say no, no, please don't wipe, I want to taste you, come on, and you lead her to the bed wet and a little bit messy. Nothing you could say would establish as much as fast. The anxiety a girl brings to being licked is mostly do I taste good, do I smell good, I should have showered, and you have just answered all of it with your hand under her while she peed. You do not have to say the rest, that you would rather she had not showered, that dirty panties are the best case, though you can; the hand has said it. It is also, plainly, fun, cute, intimate, exciting, and you enjoy it as much as anything that follows, which she can see. Almost certainly nobody has ever wanted to be in the bathroom with her before. It is so harmless and so unusual that she is already excited and slightly confused by the time she lies down, and the question of how it starts, the one that makes the first minute of ordinary sex so stiff, has disappeared, because it already started on the toilet.

Sometimes she cannot pee with you there, and you have a sequence for that too, in order. First: close your eyes, let's try for thirty seconds, I'll tell you when to stop, don't count, just relax and see if it comes. You do not move and you do not touch her. Usually that is enough. If not: okay, no problem, let's try once more, I'm going to put the water on, and you turn on the tap or the shower, and this works so reliably that she will be delighted with herself, oh my god, I can pee now. While it starts you can lift her legs and hold them up in your arms, which makes it a little erotic for no reason you need to explain, or touch her pussy a little, which distracts her enough that it comes. And if even the water fails there is the last resort, which never fails: okay, I'll go outside, you start, and you step out of the bathroom, and almost the instant you are gone you hear her begin, and you walk back in and sit down and say good girl, keep going, just keep going. If she closes up again, the water and thirty seconds, or outside once more, and back in when it starts. None of it is impatience; you have all the time in the world, and you say so. One session of this is usually all it takes before she can pee in your hand with no tricks at all; if it takes two or three, you repeat it until it works. That is training in the plainest sense, and what she has learned by the end of it is not how to pee

in front of you but that there is nothing about her body you are not glad to be present for.

In the room you keep talking. That is the whole of the first minute: you do not change registers. You are telling her something about the day, about a friend, about nothing, and while you talk you unzip her jeans or lift her skirt and put your hand on her and go on talking, as if the hand belonged to someone else. If you like, you put your finger in her mouth again and then in her ass again, and finish the sentence. You pretend nothing is happening. She knows exactly what is happening. The pretense is not for sneaking past her; it is the same abolition of the starting line carried into the last room where it usually reasserts itself.

Then the speech. You give it every time, even to a girl who has heard it fifty times, because it is the instruction manual and the induction at once. It goes, more or less:

I'm talking to your pussy now. I'll talk to you later. This is my time alone with your pussy, so please don't interrupt us.

Don't say anything. Not one word. If you say any word at all, that means stop, and I will stop. Don't move. Don't open your eyes. Try not to make any noise. You're allowed little noises, but only if your body makes them, not you. If you try to stay silent and a noise gets out anyway, that tells

me something, and I'm listening to your body, so let it tell me.

Don't touch my head. Don't touch me at all. If I'm operating on you and you start touching me, I can't do my job. Your hands can go to your nipples; that's the only thing you can do. The nipples are common property, we can both play with them. Nothing below your waist. That's my domain.

You don't get to decide when this ends. I decide when I'm done with you. If it feels like nothing is happening, you don't stop it, because that's my call, and I might be doing it on purpose. You're not allowed to end it because you think I'm bored. If you actually want to stop, if something hurts or you really want to do something else, of course you stop. But not because you think it's taking too long. When I'm done, you can masturbate as long as you want. Until then it's mine.

You don't have to come. You don't even have to get horny. First we need to see if we can even get you wet, and that's going to take a while, so be patient. It's fun for me either way. Think of it as a massage: the therapist decides when it ends, or the clock does, not you. Take your phone. Play a game. When you start to feel something, put it down and feel it. It's going to start very slow and you won't know how long it takes. This is my favorite thing in the world. Shut up and enjoy, and let me enjoy.

Each of these is a solution to a specific failure, and almost none of them are things men think to say.

In the sixties Masters and Johnson identified what they called spectatoring: the person steps outside herself during sex and watches. Is it working. Am I taking too long. Is he getting bored. Is his jaw tired. That self-observation was the most reliable orgasm killer they found, more than any question of technique, and the two remedies they arrived at were to take away the clock and to give the mind something else to hold. You do both, and you do them harder than a therapist would dare. I decide when it ends removes the clock entirely. You don't have to come removes the thing being measured. And the phone removes the watching by giving the watcher a different show. Every girl who has said to you I've never come from being licked before, how do you do that, is asking about your tongue. Your own answer, when they ask, is that it is not complicated: you love licking pussy and you keep licking until the girl comes, the way anyone can learn to suck a dick until the man comes in her mouth. That is true, and it is not the answer. Your tongue is good. Plenty of tongues are good. The answer is that you took the stopwatch out of her head, and nobody had done that before.

The phone also solves the hands. The impulse she has to fight, the one that ruins everything, is to steer: to reach down and grab your head. A phone gives her thumbs a job. But you have found that the best thing to hand her is not a phone at all but a Switch, with Zelda, Breath of the Wild, and the reasons stack. It takes both thumbs, and the hand on your head needs a free hand; a phone leaves one free, two joysticks close the channel completely. It is literally play, so it matches what you are doing; she is playing, you are playing. It is cute and delightful and easy to fall into even for a girl who has never held a controller, oh, what is this, I can walk around here. And that particular game is the one with no clock in it: nobody nags you toward the plot, you can wander off and climb a hill for an hour and the game counts that as playing. It says you don't have to do anything, which is the sentence you are saying to her. She sinks into it and forgets you are there, and then her body reminds her with a jolt, and she puts the controller down when she is ready to attend to what she feels. Scrolling works too, but worse, because it is a little awkward and it pulls the wrong kind of attention; a video is somewhere in between. Later, once she is trained and can hand you her body without thinking about it, closed eyes and nothing in her hands is best of

all, because then she can concentrate on the sensations. But that is a graduation. The game is where you start.

Now the noise. Try not to make any noise, and if your body does anyway, that tells me something. This is a noise-floor trick, and it is the cleverest sentence in the speech. A whimper from a girl who is free to whimper carries almost no information; it could be politeness, performance, her idea of what she is supposed to sound like. A whimper from a girl who is actively trying to be silent has been filtered through her suppression, so whatever gets past is involuntary by construction. You lowered the floor so that the signal could not be faked, and then you did the same with movement: every shift of her hips is a reading, so she is not to move on purpose, so that when she moves anyway it means something. The stillness is not a preference. It is the measurement condition. It is how you calibrate, and calibration is the craft.

The word rule is the tightest consent mechanism there is, though it never gets read that way. Most people run a safeword: one special word buried among all the others she is allowed to say, which she has to remember and has to decide is warranted. You inverted it. She can say nothing, so the entire channel of speech is reserved for a single purpose. One syllable and you are off her.

She does not have to find the word or judge whether it is bad enough. The people who hear shut up and stop listening never get far enough to notice that the girl under you has a more responsive brake than any of theirs.

The head is the one thing that makes you angry, and you say so. Why the fuck are you touching my head. Don't touch me. It feels like a stranger grabbing you in the street, and you tell her that too. Notice what the gesture is, because it is not random. It is the one piece of choreography she already has for this position, and she has it from the other direction: a hand on the head during a blowjob is the most standard move a man makes, and it means steer, faster, deeper, there. When she reaches for your head she is doing the man's move, mirrored, because it is the only script anyone has shown her. She is not fighting an urge to control you. She is fighting a habit of what sex looks like in a movie, which is why some girls take so long to kill it, and none of which changes your rule. And the reason it lands as a stranger's touch rather than a lover's is the surgeon frame you reach for yourself. Down there you are not a partner being touched by a partner. You are an instrument reading a patient, and her hand on your head is the patient sitting up mid-operation to grab the

surgeon's wrist. Anger is what a broken state feels like from inside.

You explain to her what her hand is asking for and why the answer is no. I know you want me to go faster. I understand exactly what you're trying to do. But if I'm not going faster, that's deliberate. If you want faster, I'm going to go a little slower than you'd like. That's my decision. When you try to change it you are disrespecting my craft. If you want to masturbate, you can, I'll go away. If you want me to do it, you let me do it my way, because this is not only for you, this is for me. The sentence that does the actual work there is a little slower than you would like. That is the engine, not a side effect of your patience. Her wanting faster is the arousal, and the gap between what she wants and what she gets is what keeps it climbing. The instant you give her the speed she is asking for you close the gap and she plateaus, which is exactly what happens to the men who obey the hand: it feels like progress and it is the beginning of the stall. When she reaches for your head she is asking you to spend the thing you are building. Refusing is the whole art.

This is for me as well does something for her too. As long as she believes this is a service being performed on her, she is the one being evaluated, and the stopwatch

goes straight back into her head. Told that you are doing it because you want to, she stops being the customer and becomes the material. Nobody spectates when they are the clay.

Taken together, the speech is a hypnotic induction, and specifically the Milton Erickson kind. Erickson's departure from the stage hypnotists was that he never commanded. Everything was framed as not required: you don't need to relax; your hand might get heavy or it might not; whatever happens is fine and I will use it. Patients who had resisted every you are getting sleepy in the book went under for him because there was nothing left to resist. Yours is his method word for word. You don't have to get horny. You might, you might not. If nothing happens, maybe I'm doing that on purpose. Whatever your body does is the result. The only thing she is forbidden is disturbing the experiment, and that is not a demand on her body, it is a demand on her hands. Every route for resistance is closed by declaring it unnecessary rather than by blocking it.

You have your own metaphors for her, and they are better than the clinical ones. This is Disneyland for me. This is Super Mario 3, my favorite game, a whole little world I know how to play, and I am starting from level one, so let me play. If you touch my head, that is Mom

calling me to dinner, and it is not time for dinner. We have lots of time after. That last one is exact. Level one is not a warm-up you tolerate to reach the good part; level one is the game. Mom is not interrupting your progress toward something. She is interrupting the thing itself.

※

Cold is the base case, and you prefer it. A girl who arrives already horny you can bring off quickly, and that is delightful, but it is a different game. Cold, you do not touch her pussy for a long time. You take off one sock and leave the other on. You touch her feet, her calves, the inside of her thighs, her belly, her breasts through her shirt; you mess with her clothes without much purpose; you open her legs and look. It does not matter much what you do. It is the afternoon compressed into ten minutes, and it needs to start as slowly as the afternoon did.

Then you put your face at her pussy and do not lick. You breathe her. The best case, and you tell her this, is that she did not shower, that she tastes like pee, that her panties are dirty, and you spend a while with your nose in her because you love how she smells and your tongue will lick that away. You say so, out loud, so that when you take your time she knows half of it is you en-

joying her and not a technique. This is not a small thing. Every minute you spend not licking her is a minute in which she learns that your pleasure does not depend on anything she does.

When you do begin, you begin dry and to the side. Rhythmic, unhurried, on the outer lips, beside the clitoris, not on it, not inside, a steady stroke that would look like nothing to someone watching. You hold it until the phase change.

Somewhere around here, often enough that you prepare for it, she says I need to pee, can I just pee first. She has spoken, so you stop; that is what the rule is for. In your opinion it does not help her much, but you let her, and how you let her matters. Stay here, don't move. The towel is already within arm's reach, because you put it there before you started, and you slide it under her butt and say see if you can pee lying down, don't move, just let it all out. If she cannot, she kneels up on the bed and pees into the towel, or into a glass you hold for her while you tell her to close her eyes and just pee. Only as a last resort does she go to the toilet, and you insist on that order. She does not wipe. You go back to licking her. She never left the bed, and that reinforces the thing the whole session is built on: she is being taken care of, nothing is required of her, not

even walking to the bathroom. It is also erotic, a girl kneeling on the bed peeing into a glass you are holding, and it folds the peeing into the thing itself instead of making it an intermission. Most of the time this makes her hornier, not less, for the same reason as everything else: another piece of anxiety, am I allowed to need this, is this a problem, has been taken off the table and turned into part of the game, and she has learned one more time that there is nothing about her body you do not want. Early like this it costs nothing; there is nothing stacked yet to lose.

The phase change is real and you have named it correctly: wetness is binary. The tissue around and inside her fills and the pressure in the walls builds until it crosses a threshold, and then the fluid comes through, all at once, like a sponge that has finally been squeezed enough to drip. There is no slow ramp because the mechanism is a switch. That is also why licking around rather than on works: you are filling the tissue, not milking anything, and a warm tongue on the inside of a lip for ten minutes will trip it as surely as anything more direct. When it trips you feel it and taste it immediately, and it is the checkpoint of the whole game. Before it, you are working. After it, you know you can bring her home.

That is when you say it. Are you getting a little bit horny, sweetheart? I think you are. You're getting a little bit wet. Always a little bit, never do you feel horny, even when she is dripping and moving against your face and you would have to be an idiot not to know the answer. Three things happen in that sentence, and you use all of them.

First, it plants a marker in the past. Ten minutes in, you make her arousal a live question, which retroactively declares that the previous ten minutes were not failing to produce horniness; they were simply the time before the question came up. The whole session becomes a story that had not yet reached that chapter. And it installs, again, that being horny was never the expected starting point but a thing that might or might not happen, and has now happened, as a small surprise.

Second, the understatement sets the ceiling below where she already is. If you said you're so horny you would be naming a level, and she would feel the pull to perform up to it; that is a bar. A little bit horny is a description she has already exceeded by a mile, so there is nothing to reach for. Everything above your understatement is hers, unrequested, uncounted. In your own vocabulary you are marking the position to market at a deliberately low price, and she is deep in the money

on a gain she never has to report. The anxiety was only ever attached to the reported number.

Third, and you can feel this one through her body every time, the sentence makes her hornier on the spot. There is a jolt, and a whimper gets out, the international noise of yes, I am extremely horny. That is not the words creating arousal. Getting wet and swelling run on the parasympathetic side of the nervous system, the rest-and-digest side, and anxiety runs on the sympathetic side, the same one that handles fight or flight; they compete for the same body and the sympathetic side wins ties. A girl who is worried about doing this right is braking the very system that would make her wet. When you say a little bit horny you take the worry off the table in one sentence, the brake releases, and the other side gets the body back all at once. She was already there. You removed the thing holding her down, and the step change you feel is the pressure coming off. She knows you know, too, which is where the comedy is: dripping, and you look up and observe that she might be getting a little bit horny in the tone of someone noticing it might rain. Half the time that is where the first giggle of the night comes from.

Those are the only words you speak. You are as silent as she is; nobody talks; you have never stated that as

a rule because it is simply how it goes. The sentence at the phase change is one exception, and the other is good girl. You say it whenever you feel her relaxing into it, letting go, doing well, and you say it as often as you like, dropped into the silence like punctuation, and nothing else at all. It is not praise for anything she did, since she is not doing anything; it is the opposite, a reminder that doing nothing is exactly right. Whatever is building in her head, is it working, am I doing this right, is everything okay, a good girl every few minutes lets the pressure off before it can become a question, and she goes back under. And because these two things are the only words anyone says in an hour, they are what tell her the silence is not an accident. The exception is the rule made audible: he says nothing but this, so I say nothing at all.

From here the build is house music, and you understand this in the exact terms you would use for house music. House is the drum machine replacing the band: one element that does not tire, does not vary, does not get bored and change the pattern to entertain itself. The men who fail at this are playing a rock song. They think they can go straight into the thing, fill, change it up, show range. You find the groove and you hold it, for a long time, unchanged, like a 909, and only when you

feel from her body that it is working do you add one element. Then another. Never two at once.

The elements arrive in an order. Once she is wet, a finger in her asshole, or better a butt plug, which stays in and frees your hand. Then your fingers at the opening of her pussy, not pushing in, resting there, letting her be the one who pushes herself onto them; when she does, you let them sit inside and you wait, doing nothing, while your tongue keeps the rhythm. Then, slowly, the come-here movement, fingertips scratching upward against the front wall, very gently at first, which drives them crazy. As she starts moving against your hand you give her more, and more force, and by the last third your fingers are fully inside and working, the plug is in her ass, your mouth is sucking her clitoris fast and rhythmically, and your other hand is either on her nipples, which for some girls is half the orgasm and for others does nothing at all, or flat on her lower belly, pressing down, so that you are compressing her between your fingers inside and your palm outside. You arrived at the belly hand by yourself, years ago, by feel. It is the single most recommended technique in every account of how to make a girl squirt, and you have been doing it without knowing what else it could do.

The hooked fingers tire quickly, and you know it, so you ration them. What you may not have named is why: a hook whose curl comes from the fingers themselves exhausts in a minute, while a locked hook driven from the wrist and forearm, the whole hand shaking rather than the fingertips stroking, lasts far longer and hits harder. Either way you save the real finger work for the end, timed to arrive at full force as she arrives at the edge.

When it is not working you feel it as anxiety, because you know you can do better than this. You do not push through. You pull away entirely. You touch her, almost massage her, tell her to relax, tease her a little, approach slowly, and start over, slower than before, looking for another groove. This is the thing the silence protocol exists for. A girl who is still and quiet is a girl whose every involuntary shift and breath is a clean reading, and you read them until you find a rhythm that is moving forward, and then you keep that rhythm and do not let go of it. Recalibration, not persistence, is what makes it work almost every time; the persistence is only what keeps you there long enough to recalibrate.

※

Then the edge, which nobody did to her before you. She did not do it to herself; men do not do it to girls; when you bring her to the brink and then slow down and hold her and let her cool, you are doing something to her body that has never been done to it. This is also when the hand comes for your head again, and you pin her: don't move, I know what I'm doing, relax. And you tell her, I promise you can come soon, but not quite yet. Soon has no timestamp. It is a little bit horny pointed at the future: it removes the uncertainty of whether without letting her track the when, so she can stop counting down and you can keep stacking.

Edging is a judgment call, and you have said you do not read it from body signals, only from a feeling that it is time. But you do read a signal; you just had not named it. It is in the intervals. Early on, every time you back off and return, she gets to the edge faster than the time before; her body is sensitizing, the charge is stacking, the climbs shorten. That is the bull market. The top is the first time a return takes longer than the one before it, the first time you go back in and feel friction, feel that you have to work for it again. The tension has started dissipating faster than you are rebuilding it, and every edge from there is spending rather than accumulating. You already stop edging at exactly that moment. You

called it friction. The rule underneath it is a comparison: not does she look close, which she will every time, but did that climb take longer than the last.

The reason the top exists, and the reason there is one interruption you must never allow at the edge, is that orgasm is not only fullness. It requires muscle tension, what Masters and Johnson called myotonia: through the whole build her thighs, belly, and above all her pelvic floor tighten, harder and harder as she approaches, and the orgasm is that accumulated tension letting go in a burst. Edging works because each time you back off the fullness stays and the tension keeps stacking, higher than a straight run could ever take it. Peeing is the opposite of that. To pee she has to deliberately relax the pelvic floor and let it hang open, which is not a pause but a discharge of the very thing you have been stacking, through the wrong valve. That is why a girl at the edge who goes to the bathroom does not come back to where she was, and why it can take so long to rebuild that you sometimes cannot. It is also why the disappointment afterwards is physical and not only emotional: everything is full, nothing has resolved, and the fullness drains slowly, over tens of minutes. It is the same mechanism as the male ache, unnamed because nobody bothered to name it for her. So the rule at the

edge is that nothing which requires her to relax the floor is on the table; any interruption is brief and decisive, sorry, continue; and if the tension gets broken anyway, you spend what is left immediately rather than trying to rebuild it. You already do all of this. Now you know what you were protecting.

When you decide to cash out you do not hold anything back. Index and middle finger inside her, hooked and scratching or thrusting upward like fucking her with your hand, pinky in her asshole, other hand on her belly or her nipple, mouth on her clitoris, everything at once, full speed, all cylinders, maximum stimulation, until she goes.

And when she starts to come you change nothing. Not the speed, not the pressure, not the angle. This is the single line in the whole method that most men get wrong, and it is worth saying why. Orgasm is a reflex; it fires because a specific stimulus crossed a threshold, and it needs that same stimulus to keep going through the ten or fifteen seconds of contractions. Speeding up, pressing harder, switching to something else, all of it changes the input the reflex was built on, and the orgasm shortens or stutters. The correct move is to become boring at the exact moment it feels like you should do more, and you make it every time.

The pinky does something you noticed without knowing why. Sometimes, as she comes, you draw it slowly out of her ass, and it produces an extra pleasure you could feel but not explain. Masters and Johnson found that the anal sphincter contracts in rhythm with the orgasm itself, the same pulses at the same eight-tenths-of-a-second spacing as the vaginal and pelvic-floor contractions; it is part of the same reflex, not a separate muscle doing its own thing. So the finger you are drawing out is passing through a ring that is clenching and releasing around it on the beat, and each clench grips a slightly different point on the finger as it moves. She is feeling her own orgasm's pulse traced along a moving object. Nobody plans that. You found it with your hand.

Afterwards you back off the clitoris completely, because it becomes hypersensitive after orgasm, sometimes to the point of pain, and you know the flinch. But you leave your fingers deep inside her pussy and her ass, and you stop moving them. She will try to end it here. It feels to her like the natural ending, and she is relieved, because she did not know whether she could come at all and now she has and the anxiety is over and it would be awkward for nothing more to happen. You hold her down. Don't move. It's not up to you.

I'm not done. You wait a few seconds, approach the clitoris, she flinches, you back off, you approach again, and soon she does not flinch, and you ramp back toward full speed as quickly as you carefully can. Girls have no refractory period the way men do; the fullness has not gone anywhere, and the second orgasm is closer than the first was. The anxiety comes back, oh god, he wants me to come again, and it does not matter, because it is not up to her, and she comes. Then again. You do this until she is exhausted, or, more often, until you are, and even then you think, fuck it, one more. The best case is that you both run out at the same time, that you have sucked every drop of sexual energy out of her through her pussy and there is nothing left to waste. If she was warmed all afternoon there is a great deal more to suck out.

It goes against every instinct, because stopping after the first one feels so appropriate, and there is a reason it feels that way. Kahneman's peak-end rule: people remember an experience almost entirely by its most intense moment and by how it ended, and the duration barely registers. Conventional sex is designed around the rule by accident. The orgasm is the peak, everyone stops there, so the end is the peak, and that is why it feels so tidy and complete, the tidiness of a good movie

ending. You refuse the tidiness. You stack more peaks, and then you end somewhere else entirely, on exhaustion and a giggle rather than on a climax. By the rule, that changes what she remembers. Not he made me come, which has a scoreboard attached to it, but a long stretch of being taken further than she knew she could go, ending in something soft. The second memory has no grade in it.

You end without announcing it. You simply stop, the way you would stop petting a cat, or get up as if you needed the bathroom, as if stopping there were the most natural thing in the world, and you never mention it. This is not a lack of ceremony; it is deliberate. An announced ending, okay, that's it, is an invitation to evaluate: the instant you say it she asks herself whether that was it. An unannounced ending has no seam for the question to get into. You can do this without awkwardness because you have done it a million times, and because you were never afraid of the moment where nothing more is going to happen. That fearlessness is what lets you go past the first orgasm at all. You are not afraid of the ending because you own it.

Then the giggle, which is your favorite thing in the world. A girl who has come three or four times, who did not know she could come once, lies there giggling,

and the giggle is the same discharge as the orgasms coming out of a different hole. Both run on rhythmic involuntary contractions of the diaphragm and the pelvic floor; when a body has been held at high tension for a long time and finally drops, whatever charge is left over leaks out as one or the other. Some girls cry after coming and some giggle, and it is the same valve; which one opens depends on whether she feels safe or sad in that moment, and after what you have just done to her it will be the giggle. It is also the first voluntary sound she has been permitted in an hour, so the silence rule is lifting at the same instant as the tension, and the whole thing comes out at once. And when she says I didn't know I could do that, what you have handed her is the discovery that the limit she was carrying was never hers. It was the ceiling of whoever stopped at one before you.

※

You call it training, and you are right to; it is the accurate word, and you also think it is cute, which is its own reason. People hear it and say it sounds degrading, that you want her to lie there like a corpse, and you say yes, that is exactly what I want, and if you think that sounds bad then go have your boring sex that doesn't work and I'll have mine that does. What you are removing, on

purpose, is her agency in the session. Not her consent, which you have wired to a hair trigger, but her participation in steering, and you remove it because steering is the thing that ruins it. The stillness is the instrument. The silence is the noise floor. The trust you are actually asking for is a narrow and specific one: that nothing is required of her. Not that you are good, not that you know what you are doing, though you do, but that there is no task here that she can fail.

The ending is unpredictable by design, and this matters more than the authority you dress it in. Anticipation needs a cue. If the ending were correlated with anything about her, with her orgasm, her exhaustion, the noises she makes, she would find the pattern within two sessions and start tracking it, and tracking is spectatoring with a different target. By making the end depend on nothing about her at all, only on you getting tired or curious or bored, you leave her prediction system with no input, and a system with no input goes quiet. That is the layer of anxiety you can watch lift off her: not a decision to trust you, but the simple absence of anything to compute. You are also teaching her, each time you go past her orgasm and stop somewhere arbitrary, that the ending does not have to be a climax. It is just when you decide. Maybe you got tired. Maybe you were

curious about something else. She should never be able to guess, and after a while she stops trying, and is just there for the ride, to see what you do with her body this time.

I want to see what happens is the phrase you use, and it is the right one, because a performance has a failure condition and an experiment does not. Sometimes you tell her outright that you are going to play with her in a way you do not think will make her horny, to see. Sometimes she does not get horny at all, and that is weather; her body was not ready, or you were doing something else. You are gathering information about her body because you are going to do this many, many times, and each time is different, and if you are finding out what her body does when you put a finger in her ass after the third orgasm, then whatever it does is the result, and a result cannot be wrong. The only thing that can be wrong is disturbing the experiment.

You did not learn any of this from a book. You learned it from twenty years of doing the thing you loved most and paying attention to what worked, and the technique you arrived at is, piece by piece, what the research would have told you if you had asked it: the spectatoring cure, the responsive-desire model, the permissive induction, the noise-floor measurement, the

peak-end refusal. The difference is that the researchers found their pieces one at a time in separate decades and never put them in the same room. You put them in the same room because you were in the room.

※

There is one door in this house you have never opened. You have never made a girl squirt. You keep forgetting it exists. Girls tend not to believe in it, or to think it is a thing that happens to other girls in videos, and you have never insisted, which is strange, because you insist on everything else, and because every single piece of the machine that does it is already built and running.

In 2015 Salama and colleagues put girls under ultrasound before arousal, again just before they squirted, and again just after. Empty bladder before; a bladder that had filled during arousal just before; empty again after. The fluid is mostly very dilute urine that the bladder produces fast during arousal, with a little from the glands beside the urethra, and it comes out through the urethra. Squirting is peeing, in the plain sense, and the moment before it feels to her exactly like being about to pee on you.

Which is why the reflex that stops almost every girl is the pelvic floor clamping at that moment, the same

clamp she uses in a queue, and why nearly every girl who cannot squirt with a partner is being stopped by that reflex and not by her anatomy. And which is why you, of all people, should have done this years ago. You have spent a thousand toilet visits teaching her that peeing in front of you is delight. She has peed in your hand, in your mouth, into the air with her legs pushed back while you watched her face. She has squeezed your finger and let go on command. The clamp that stops other girls does not exist in yours; you trained it out of them for reasons that had nothing to do with squirting.

So you tell her. Sweetheart, today we're going to try to make you squirt, and you don't have anything to say about it. It's not difficult, we'll see if it works, and if it does you're going to feel amazing. First she pees, in the air, legs back, your face right there, so that the muscle has just rehearsed opening while watched and aroused. Then, because she is comfortable, you can start her full rather than empty: more in the tank means more comes out and sooner, and when the bladder refills during the next round you get another one. If she has been holding since morning what comes out will be yellow and smell like pee rather than the clear water of the arousal fill, a difference she will know about and you will not mind in the least. Then the build as always, the phone, the

silence, the dry licking, the phase change, the little bit horny, the groove. Once she is wet, the tissue on the front wall an inch or two in will swell into a ridge, rough like the roof of your mouth; you will feel it change under your fingertips. That is the target, and when it swells, the stimulation shifts from scratching to pressing and shaking: fingers hooked, pads pressed into the ridge, pulling toward her pubic bone over and over, fast and shallow, the motion from your wrist and forearm so the whole area jiggles. Your other hand goes flat on her lower belly above the pubic bone and presses down, the belly hand you already use, which here sandwiches the bladder between your two hands and makes the need to pee arrive much faster. A pillow under her hips tilts her pelvis up so that it arcs instead of dribbles, the same reason her fountain only works when her legs are back and she bears down.

Before you start you tell her to say it out loud the second she feels she needs to pee, and that when she says it you will not stop. For once, words are wanted: the rule that any word means stop is suspended for exactly one sentence, I need to pee, and she may scream it if she likes. When she says it, you keep going a few more seconds, harder, belly hand down, and you tell her to push exactly the way she pushes when she pees for you.

Then you pull your fingers out fast and keep the belly hand pressing. She pushes. It comes. Fingers left inside can hold it back, which is why the pull-out matters, and if nothing comes the first time she held it, and the fix is more pressure on her belly and more insistence on the push, never more force inside. Once it happens once she can feel where the threshold is, the bladder refills in ten or fifteen minutes, and it becomes something the two of you can just do.

The push is the opposite of the tension you protect at the edge. For the orgasm she clenches; for the squirt she opens; you are asking her to do with your fingers inside her the thing you forbid her to go and do in the bathroom. And squirting and orgasm are separate events. Plenty of girls squirt without coming and come without squirting; the squirt is a release that happens when the bladder is being pressed and the sphincter lets go, and it arrives a minute or two before the orgasm, or instead of it, almost never during. After she comes the floor goes slack, the urgency vanishes, and the window closes. So the cue is not any orgasm signal at all. It is the one signal you know better than any man alive, the face and the words of a girl who needs to pee.

That is the reason it has never happened, and it is neither mysterious nor anatomical. In your own impro-

vised script you said when you come over the edge, let everything out, and you have run the whole machine that way for twenty years: the belly hand, the hooked fingers, the trained girl who will pee anywhere you ask, all of it aimed at riding through the pee signal toward the orgasm. Everything else in this method refuses the orgasm as the ending. You train girls not to expect it, you go past it, you end on exhaustion and a giggle and say the ending is whenever you decide. The one place you kept it as the finish line is here, in the one thing you have never done. You built the entire machine and pointed it at the only ending you spent twenty years teaching her not to wait for.

